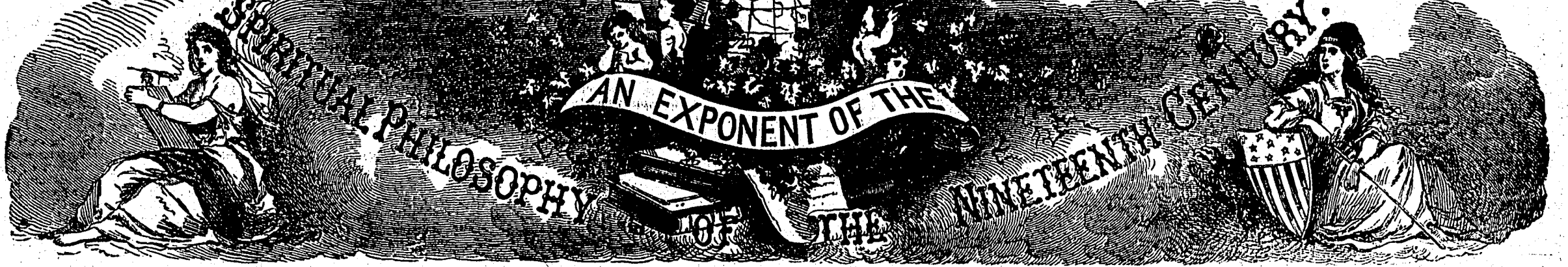


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## The Rostrum.

### Spiritualism—Its Present Crisis— What Does it Portend?

An Inspirational Discourse delivered through  
the Trance Mediumship of  
**MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND,**  
At Parker Memorial Hall, Boston, Sunday  
Afternoon, Dec. 12th, 1880.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

#### INVOCATION.

Oh, thou Infinite Spirit! thou Eternal Splendor! thou Light and Life! thou giver of every gift! we turn to thee in prayer. Upon the altar of thy infinite love we lay our offerings. Not before shrines fashioned by men, not upon altars stained with human blood, the sacrifice of innocence, not within temples or sacerdotal fane, but in the heart, where the spirit forever abides, whose flowers of hope and faith yield incense forever unto thee. Oh God, we praise thee! The matchless firmament of worlds; the glory of the teeming stars; the beauteous symmetry and order of the universe; the splendors ineffable that waken from darkness the slumbering worlds to light, and out of the deeps kindle the immortal glories of space; flowers that leap up to greet the light, responsive to the touch of thy life; mountains that rise with everlasting grandeur, leaning their foreheads against the sky—all these praise thee. Oh God! the voices of the infinite, from spirits disenthralled, angels made glad and free in the light of immortal worlds, souls struggling with time and sense, yet perceiving the glimmerings of immortality—all these praise thee. Countless myriads of beings, clad in immortal splendor, radiant, transfigured, glorified in immortal consciousness—these praise thee over. Deeds of kindness and charity, loving words and truths that sparkle and shine along the corridors of time, matchless teachers, philosophers and poets, the oracles of wisdom, the prophets reared up in thy name to teach thy truth, Moses upon Sinai, Jesus upon Olivet, Brahman—these praise thee. Oh God! we remember the power of thy presence, each old-time altar alive with thy inspiration, and the hearts of men kindled by ever-living fires. We remember the pentecostal seasons, the great sources loosened from their mountain springs, that poured their floods of inspiration on the world, what time the winter of sorrow and doubt, had laid humanity in slumber. Now that slumbering hearts are again kindled, now that another pentecostal day is here, oh Lord! we acknowledge thy presence, the power of thy ministrations, thy voices of angel revelation, thy ministering spirits that speak to every heart, thy tongues of eloquence, thy kindling fires of truth along the beacon heights of time, and all the sweet voices of spirit children that murmur in the ears of earthly parents. Oh God! if there be a little child that shall teach the world, or if out of spiritual inspiration this child be born that shall lead men unto the highest truths, we shall not fail to remember Jesus, nor the prophets, nor yet Krishna, nor the great teachers of the Orient, but all, clad in shining raiment, shall stand arrayed in the light of truth, and men will say, "This is another Christ that is born in the heart and mind of to-day." We pray, oh God! that these fires may be kindled, that these altars may be quenched, that the glorious light of thy truth may beam in every heart, and that tears shed over the darkened tombs and sepulchres of time may be transformed into rainbow hues of light, leading the heart of humanity upward and onward. And to thee; now and ever, oh, Infinite Presence! oh, Divine Spirit! we render thanksgivings and praises.

#### DISCOURSE.

Immortality is the burden of life—its hope if true, its curse if untrue. The ages yield nothing to man that is beautiful or worthy that does not sink to annihilation if the spirit of man shall perish. Consider what a feeble dower of human praise the miser has, and yet his hoarded gold is of more value than dream of poet, or theme of philosopher, or inspired song, or religion itself, unless man be immortal. Consider how soon the blood-stained laurels of the battlefield perish. Unassociated with patriotism, they become the murderer's badge; unredeemed by freedom, they become the brand of Cain. Consider how short-lived the fame of kings, whose only token of human power is that which might maintain and physical despotism enforces—the Pharaohs, execrated of mankind; the Cæsars, sinking into slow ignominy; the dynasties of Europe crumbling and fading from man's sight. But the one word of baptism that redeems a nation, or glorifies a soul, or sets free a slave in bonds; this lives forever. Plato is remembered while Cæsar is forgotten. The songs of the poets are sung while battle-fields are buried in kindly oblivion, and man wraps and enfolds himself in loving thoughts and charities that survive the mere pittance given for external sacrifice. But for the immortal part, what is man? You put away the body; the outward tenement, the earthly possessions are divided, you teach yourselves to forget your dead in their bodily presence, but how carefully do you cherish every kindly word, how well do you re-

member every deed of excellence, how ennobled becomes every virtue, how immortal are they whom you have loved in your memory; and you set them afar off, that they may not be contaminated with the fleshly part, and immortalize them by your sacred memories. Shall man do more for man than God has done for humanity? Shall human love be greater than the Infinite? Shall the light and quenchless power of human history, transmitted, not through letter and syllable of printed page, nor yet through garniture of architectural beauty, nor yet through images of art, but through the precious memories of sacred deeds, shall these be greater than the universe of God to save men's souls?

Immortality is the burden of the hour. It is the theme upon which the spirit of man alone grows sublimely eloquent. Spiritualism at this hour is uppermost. Much it has yielded to the world; a certainty for faith, a sublime knowledge for belief and hope; and it has clasped hands with man's material nature for the purpose of exalting and making him God-like, or of more than ever sinking him into despair. If Spiritualism be not the redeeming quality of the nineteenth century, there shall be no redemption evermore for man. If it does not glorify another dawn behind the death scene, if it does not light the pathway to the tomb and beyond, if it does not restore the lost, if it does not build the matchless temple for the treasure in heaven, if it does not light the incarnated being of man's nature with splendid prophecy and fulfillment, then all ancient splendors will fade away: Egypt will be forgotten; Rome will be buried in oblivion, and all the poets and seers will be wiped from the scroll of human history by the absolute power of man's materialism.

You stand to-day, therefore, on the border line, as the chrysalis may when it is ready to burst the shell, as the bud may when it is ready to become the flower, or as, in some matchless period of creation, a world may stand, pausing ere yet the torch of light has reached its broken atoms and the chaos evolved into harmony and order. With the first scintillations of its being Spiritualism has touched you. It has kissed your hearts and brows with immortal promise. It has descended into your graves; it has taken up your treasures; it has opened your sepulchres; it has unlocked your dungeon coils of fear and doubt and dread. If it does not fulfill all that this portends, then man relapses again into a sphere of doubt deeper, darker, more Lethian than in any preceding age. But he will not. At this hour, however, there is conflict. The struggle is not because Spiritualism is not true, but because it is true. The struggle is not because it is valueless, but because it is so important, so transcendently important, that, like the stanch ship that is intended to breast every storm, it must be tested at every point. The builders may know, the engineers may understand; but still that which is intended to do battle in the whole of human life, in time and immortality, must not be sent forth loosely or idly into the world. It must be perfect, it must be consecrated, it must be that which it claims to be, it must fulfill all its promises, it must absolutely contain all that there is. To-day is the day of destiny. The ship is launched. The builders have been busy; those who have planned and carried forward the work have been aware what they were doing. There is no idleness here. There have been no hours wasted. Spiritualism has yielded more than you expected, for you did not expect it. It has brought more than it promised, for you did not know what the promises were. It has yielded greater harvests than you could have seen, because you did not even know what the seed was, and the result is coming in the great conflict in which it is now engaged. No power save of truth could cause that nation that claims to be the most enlightened and Christian nation upon the face of the earth to resurrect an ancient, effete law, intended to apply, in days of church bigotry and prejudice, to soothsayers and witches and fortune-tellers. No other power than that of a great truth could resurrect an ancient law and bring it to bear in the persecution of modern media. There is that in truth which makes every form of tyranny tremble. Enlightened as this nation is in her social organization, enlightened as she is in every department of human thought, the Church alone is bigoted, and that power which unites Church and State makes it possible to persecute for opinion's sake, and this revival of an ancient form of injustice is the surest evidence of what lies at the foundation of Modern Spiritualism. It means resurrection; and who shall dare to resurrect the dead before the appointed time? It means life immortal, not bestowed, but inherited; "and who shall dare profane immortal life," says an ancient law, "save those who are anointed?" It chooses its anointed; it fixes its times and places; it will not be obedient to the judgment of priest or king. It makes for itself a suitable place and time and a fitting occasion. It will convert those who are without conversion; it will yield balm to the sorrow for the dead; it will say that the dead live. Though thousands of media perish, the truth must prevail, and for each one persecuted or slain, by social ignominy or otherwise, there will rise up a thousand in other places, and tomorrow, in the coming years of Spiritualism, hundreds of thousands of media will arise where there is now not one, because out of the first fruits, and out of the harvest that wrings hearts and brings tears of suffering to human eyes, and makes those who are foremost in the conflict bear the brunt of the battle, there comes always a sunset of augmented and added splendor. And therefore it has been said that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." Heart-blood is as valuable as life-blood, and tears and agony are more certain in their destruction than physical violence. So-

cial and religious ostracism and persecution have done their worst, and you are here to-day to answer for it. You are here in response to the great cry that has come up from humanity and the immortal nature of the soul, and the answer that the spirit-world has given. You are the harvest, the first fruits. You are listening with your hearts, not alone with your ears; you are listening with your souls, not alone with your outward understanding; and you hear the great chronometer, as it ticks in the very temple of time, and it points unerringly to the signs that to-day this spiritual power is being weighed and tested in the hearts of men, and is weighing nations, and kings, and kingdoms, and principalities, and governments, and churches, and States, in its silent balance. The spiritual above the material; the "conflict of ages," not with reference to governments and kingdoms, but with reference to spiritual power and truth in the world. Let us see how it is weighing the nations. Silently, with impalpable tread, it steals into the very heart of German culture and scientific enlightenment, and through an ostracized medium proclaims itself beyond all scientific law or discovery. Silently it walks into the houses of the nobility in Russia; that same Russia that is now trembling in the balance between aggressive warfare in the East and Nihilism or destruction at home; that same Russia that ere long will take up her blood-stained garments, cast them aside and be free. It is weighing that same Germany that crossed the mountain and the river to do battle with a nation that sang the songs of freedom before she knew their syllables, and claims it as a divine right that she shall hold to the service of human slaughter her best sons, all her youth, even for five years; and shall forever remain armed in the face of Christian nations; that same Germany that waits but a little while ere her people speak the voice that is in them for the Fatherland and freedom. How is it weighing the nations? Austria, sitting armed and watching the English fighting the battles of Russia in the East, and preparing by great expenditure of treasure and life the way for Russia to enter the very eye of India. That same Austria that will one day be divided among three great republics, she herself forgotten. That same France that now, in fancied security or partial freedom, slumbers, but will waken with a louder summons and bolder flight to the freedom of a new consciousness of religion, of spiritual birth. That same Italy over which Mazzini prays day and night with angel vigilance and wonderful watchfulness, waiting for the future birth that shall free her from the olden incubus of human tyranny. That same England that, with much of freedom, much of social progress and proudest heights of intellect, still holds in servitude the human conscience and allows persecution for opinions' sake. That same America that at this very hour is the eye of the world and the light of the nations, but will soil her hands with innocent blood along the frontier, and will make the whole century of our civilization a wall from the wronged and afflicted red man; that same America that could give freedom to the slave, but could not encircle and receive from the red man the light of nature's eloquence, the warmth of the spirit of the Great Father. Oh, will she learn the lesson? The spirits of those who are disenthralled by the hand of national slaughter will turn and petition to her counsels in vain, and return with the olive branch of peace to uplift and uprear the media of Modern Spiritualism. Yet the nation will not stay its hand, being weighed in the spiritual balance, to see what time the bright sword of freedom shall come forth, and where the new kingdom is to dawn, if it may not dawn here.

Spiritualism is weighing the hearts and minds of philosophers, teaching those mysterious and occult forces that have as yet been unknown. What is it that prompts Prof. Zöllner to teach that there is a fourth dimension in space; or Mr. Crookes to proclaim his illuminated matter, or luminous atoms? Oh, there is something beyond the ken or measure of natural law, and there must be some explanation of that. There is that which is probing, and penetrating, and searching out the darkened places in every highest form of human culture, crying for "more light"; more room to breathe; expelling from the established church those who dare to breathe a word of prayer in their own way, and drawing into the long line of inspired ones those who are imprisoned by the shackles of a creed or the bonds of external law—a church bursting its chrysalis, being born in the light of a new faith unawakened, redeemed before it can open its eyes, disenthralled and set free by the light of a new inspiration that takes possession of heart and mind unconsciously, and proclaims man's immortality in the presence of the ages. What is this that prompts one after another of those in ecclesiastical orders to cast aside their robes, and breathe in the freer air of infinite inspiration, to join the great ranks of humanity outside the church, a Christ in their midst, saying, "Here is the church, after all; these are my chosen ones, and the little children in the street, these are the kingdom of heaven?"

What is it, we say, that pervades the literature and art of this particular time, and makes conflicts of opinion rise high, and battles in words take the place of battles with the sword, and individualism to reach its utmost height for the sake of uniting itself with the loftier brotherhood of humanity and the fraternity of the spirit-world and of angels? What is it that is weighing spirits also, testing them heart and mind, body and soul, bringing forward anything that may be false or corrupt, and sifting to the very core those who bear the burden of this message to the world? What is it that pierces all kinds of doubt, seizes hold upon you, and

asks questions of material things to test the spirit by? It is that the spirit is testing you, deciding what its place is in your hearts, revealing that it brings to you the highest good.

The immortal part of man is not the physical senses of man, but the thought that is in him. No man yet has ever seen an immortal spirit in essence; no human ear has ever heard an immortal voice, save through the voice of the soul; and that which manifests its presence to your outward senses through created form and materialized image and phenomena that reach the senses of man, is the immortal part, and behind the image is the soul. That you are to perceive. The immortal nature is that which you live. By slow degrees, the spirit casts aside the physical sensations merely, and enters into your spiritual consciousness, takes its place by your side, delights in your sympathies, breathes upon your thoughts, enriches your minds, overflows your life with spiritual culture, and summons you to do the bidding of the highest that is within you, the very spirit of truth.

Ah! but this is a crisis, and you will soon be called upon to discriminate between that which manifests and the manifestation. Spiritualism is not an external form. It is not that which appeals to the eye or sense. It is not that which clothes itself with fine raiment for appearance to the senses. Spiritualism is the soul of immortal life, and the consciousness made manifest in human flesh of existence beyond death. It is the burden of all existence, the light of the eye, the bloom of the cheek, and these are its expression. The image of art, the harmony of music, the rhythm of poetry, all that is known or breathed to the outward senses, the soul of this is spirit, and Spiritualism is its expression. And you are not to forget that the you which you think immortal, is neither the raiment which you wear nor the body that is cast aside in death, nor the color of hair and eyes, but that a transfigured image shall still exist, born of the same spirit and pervaded by the same life, called spirit form. But neither is this immortal. The immortal part is the life, the intelligence, the consciousness of being, the splendor of love and charity and truth, that constitute you. And the blessing of it is, that the shadows and imperfections, like so many shells, gradually break and are cast aside as dead leaves, as outward forms, as sheathings that must perish, while the perfection of man constitute the immortal part of man. Soul and life, thought and intelligence, are the expressions of that which is innermost. And just as light reveals itself in many colored rays according to the vibrations, and through the window pane may be portrayed in red and yellow and blue, yet its rays in their own source are pure and perfect from the one radiant beam, so the soul of humanity is immortal by its very nature, is perfect in that immortality; and this promise constitutes the burden and theme of spiritual existence. It is not that your blemishes are to exist forever, not that the faults and imperfections of time are to be borne upon your shoulders throughout the eternal pilgrimage. It is not that, like pack-horses, you are to be ridden across the mountain heights of eternity by the faults and blemishes of your material nature, or like camels in the desert carrying many things that are not required, lest they may be needed on the long pilgrimage. Gradually the very failings that are dear to you, the very faults that you cherish, the very sins that you think you could not live without, these leave you, and the immortal spirit becomes really that which is expressed by immortality. The blessing of Spiritualism is, that it does not saddle any individual or class of individuals with human imperfections. It makes the individual alone responsible, and Deity, the laws of nature, and all surrounding things the necessities for that state that is within man; and it shows by its laws of unfoldment and growth how every degrading condition may be overcome, every fault may be outgrown, every blemish cast aside, every imperfection obliterated, and the spirit, as the perfect drop of water, stand pure, clear and crystallized in the light of the immortal sun. Do you comprehend the problem? Do you understand what it is to be an individual, an immortal being, a clear drop of that distilled essence, shining and sparkling in the light of the Infinite, robbed of all imperfection? Have you seen the dew upon the flower? Have you seen it in the chalice of the rose? Have you seen the starry, frozen gems that deck life with frost-blossoms? Or have you seen the stars at night, that seem to hang as pendants from some sublime temple, lighting the pathway to mortals? Thus in the Infinite hang all souls as crystal drops distilled in the great fountain of life, partaking of its essence, divine and perfect, their divinity never lost nor obliterated by time, nor blotted out by sensation, nor made dim by any fault or error, but working its way through all human struggles, overcoming all sinfulness, and standing clear and free and pure in that endless sunlight.

Then imagine the satisfaction of such souls, like orbs that move around some central sun, familiar groups of kindred spirits, hearts that were near and dear to one another in outward life, each casting off its imperfections and coming nearer to each other! The great minds of earth recognize each other, not through their material bodies, but notwithstanding their material bodies. Great souls clasp hands across the centuries of time, that have never seen the lip or eye or form, but only have seen and loved the soul, the thought. Great intelligences greet one another across centuries of time in the spirit-realm, and know they are linked and bound by kindred thoughts. Here, sheathed in your outward form, clothed about and concealed from one another by time and sense, hiding in the dusky corners of individual foibles, withdrawn from one another's inspection by time, by passion, by the flaws of external nature

low beautiful it will be to you to stand revealed—to have these shells and shackles one by one broken, and to look into the eyes of mother or father, sister or friend, and find them more perfect than you imagined; to feel that the better nature is always unfolding and bringing you nearer together; that as sparks are thrown off into space and then are brought together by their affinity for light, so human souls, thrown out into time and sense, are severed, but are drawn together again by cords invisible, each to the one spiritual centre.

Oh, make room in your hearts and lives for this truth, for it will come. It will shed its light and exert its power upon human life; it will clear out the charnel-houses; it will make room for the flowers of immortal hope and splendor; it will fulfill the prophecies; it will shield you with its friendly pinions; it will inspire you with its living breath; it will restore you to those whom you love; it will weave its shining scintillations all around you. It must overcome creed and dogma; it must establish the new religion in your hearts; it must undo the fetters and ties and bonds of ages; it must be the religion of the nations, the hope of philosophy and poetry and art; and the Church of Christ, disenthralled from time and sense, set free to dwell in the hearts of men, not with his angels passing into the upper air, but with new truth, the Comforter that was promised, abiding in your midst, dwelling by your firesides, taking up his abode within your hearts, implanting there the choicest blossoms of immortal life, make you know that the grosser part is leaving, and that humanity, in the light of immortal life, is slowly rising into flower and into fruition.

We see the tree of life, that mystic tree pictured in the apocalypse; we see its glowing blossoms hanging bright and fair above the charmed river whose name is Truth. We see the twelve manner of fruits, the twelve wonderful fruits, the twelve stars of the world. We see these stars as embodied truths, uplifting man through the various stages of darkness into the light. We see in the midst of this tree that which is all-glorious and beautiful. We hear the voice of the new King, speaking, not to the few, but to the many, reaching the hearts of all earth's children, calling upon them to come out of their tombs and sepulchres, and behold the flowers and fruitage of this tree. We see the glories of the resurrection morn, which come to your lives whenever the truth touches them with flame, whenever the new kingdom is born within you. And at this hour we announce that the triumph will come; that in the next year the trials will gradually cease, and the new morning with all its beauty dawn upon you. Angels and disembodied spirits and radiant faces will hover about your firesides, wherever you have made them welcome; wherever the voices of inspiration have touched your hearts; wherever your lives have been ennobled and uplifted; wherever your immortal natures have striven with the clay, and overcome the temptations of time and sense. Oh! make room for the new dispensation, for the new light of the spirit, for the building of new temples, for the consecration of new altars, for the light of that kingdom which is quenchless, for that immortality that exalts, uplifts and glorifies humanity, the only hope of the world, the only redeeming power of all nations and all men.

### A Stirring Picture by M. D. Conway.

In the course of a sermon delivered by him in Boston, some time since, Rev. Mr. Conway gave utterance to the following eloquent passage:

"I stood beside the open grave of an eminent American historian over whom a funeral service was rehearsed by an eminent English clergyman. The service is a survival from barbarism—of all burial services the grossest. It declares death to be sent by God's wrath in vengeance for the sin of Adam, when even the illiterate know that death made the earth beneath us a cemetery of animal form before man existed. In the presence of weeping friends it thanked God for taking the beloved historian, Motley, out of this wicked world, every ear giving the heart's lie to the lip's thanksgiving. The historian had been a philosopher, and every sentence of the ceremony was contradicted by the testimony of his life. The Dean of Westminster, who read, is a very liberal thinker, and not one form he used could have expressed the conviction of his mind. They who stood around while the solemn fare went on were rational and educated people, and not one perhaps heard a sentence he or she deemed appropriate to the occasion or to the age. While the Dean was reading this antiquated stuff the Nineteenth Century came by; it came by in the shape of a North London train, whose shrill whistle screamed under the cemetery walls as if it would rouse all sleepers, dead or living. The scream and roar drowned the Dean's voice; he paused in the middle of a sentence, and waited with closed eyes. In that pause the steam-voice cried: 'Behold! I make all things new! What are you about there with the notions of old Syria? They are dead as the mummies that coney them. Why should Egyptian darkness linger on that grave when elsewhere the sun is shining, and action, invention, art, are delivering man from that fear of a fictitious curse with which you still pall life and death? Can you not work your soul as nobly as your iron?' When the nineteenth century had passed on the Dean relapsed into the first century again, breaking his silence with the words 'through Jesus Christ our Lord.' Now is it that a ceremony which knowledge has reduced to an anomaly and a deformity holds its own against all the light of our time?"

[77] Immediately following Secretary Schurz's remarks about the Ponca Indians came a decision from Judge Dundy, of the United States Court sitting at Omaha, that the Poncas have a legal estate in their old reservation, and are entitled to its possession. Public opinion in Boston is very pronounced against the Secretary's treatment of the case. The Commissioners' report maintains that the Poncas do not wish to return, and a document to that effect, signed by twenty chiefs, is published. All this will, however be taken with a grain of salt by those who are familiar with the ways of the white man where Indians are concerned.—The American Sentry.



Spiritual Phenomena.

MATERIALIZATION IN CALIFORNIA.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
On the 13th of last October we were favored with the presence of a materializing medium, Mrs. C. M. Sawyer, of San Francisco. She cheerfully consented to be placed under test-conditions, and, after a thorough examination of her person by a committee of ladies, consisting of Mrs. Crosby, Mrs. Hammond and Mrs. Young, and an equally complete one of the room and all things in it, the medium seated herself in a chair placed in a recess formed by the chimney. In this chair she was secured that every one present was satisfied any participation by her in what might transpire was utterly impossible.

There were two independent voices that directed the séance—those of Maudy and Elam. Singling was called for, and commenced by the spirit Indian girl, Maudy, who also announced names and replied to questions. Twenty-one chairs were arranged in three rows, and seventeen of them were occupied. Those seated in the front row took hold of a wire, the ends of which terminated in the two ends of the cabinet. The light—a common lamp—was shaded by a thin blue cambric screen.

While singing, hands came, differing in size and shape; arms, also; one, a man's hand and arm to the shoulder, dressed in a neatly-fitting shirt-sleeve, having the wristband well turned back, displaying the snowy wrist.

Then came a full form in pure white, taller and broader-chested than the medium, calling attention to her heavy, long, dark curls, (the medium's hair was short and yellow,) pulling them out straight, and also up, to show that they were attached to her scalp. She was recognized at once as the daughter of Mrs. Guild. This form came twice. The voice said it was "her step on the porch." Mrs. G. heard before coming to the séance. This spirit wished to take her little sister Maudy in her arms, as she was to be a medium.

The next form was very clear and beautiful, in pure white, scintillating with life; dark, luxuriant hair. Recognized as the daughter of Mrs. Hunter, who was present.

Next came a sister of Mrs. Ludby, sparkling with interest and apparent joy that she could be seen and known. It really seemed as if we might feel their hands and clasp their forms as easily as we could hear their kisses and voices. True, the medium was out of sight, but the ends of the rope that bound her were before us. Our room was light, and we knew her body could not come through the table, which by spirit hands had been drawn close across the front of the cabinet.

The fourth appearance, a face only, was recognized as Dr. S. P. Lord, deceased only thirteen days. His gray hair, toothless mouth and shaven chin were clearly defined. His speech was hesitating and difficult, as before he passed away, and that, with what he said, was very convincing to his friends. Several persons at once recognized him, he having resided in the precincts over twenty years.

The voice announced a bride, and questioned, said, as also by numerous raps, that she came to the writer of this. In a moment the curtains parted, and my sister, Mary L. Crippen, in orange wreath, long veil and full bridal robes, walked out three steps, kissed her hand, and turned her back to us, thus revealing the dark brown hair coiled low on her neck, also the fair white skin of her beautiful shoulders, apparently full of life. With my own hands I arranged the draperies and folds of her veil, that completely covered her to her feet, on the morning of her marriage, also the flowers at her neck and in her hair. Six weeks after her marriage, with my own hands, I dressed her for the grave. Surely I am capable of remembering my own sister!

Explaining this to the friends I inadvertently said, "Twenty-two years last August, at Moscow, Ind., in bridal robes, we laid her in the grave," thus remembering, I exclaimed, "No, no, not my sister, but her body of clay we laid in the grave." At that instant she parted the curtain, and again came out, three steps, and half kneeling extended upward her left arm, and clearly whispered the word "risen." Then rising to her feet, kissed her hand, and turning, took one step toward the cabinet, and melted away before our eyes—dissolved, as we have seen white clouds absorbed by the clearer atmosphere. "The clouds are not lost, neither is she; both had simply etherialized, and were then too fine for our coarser vision to perceive."

Once in my own home this darling sister, in company with my husband, Wm. J. Young, of Holse City, Idaho, deceased, had stood out clear and fair; in style of dress peculiar to her present music-room and artist studio; but I could offer only my own unsupported testimony to the truth of it. On this blessed evening there were at least seventeen persons who witnessed her presence, and can testify to the truth of what I have here stated.

The next form appeared in a sitting posture, in shirt sleeves, without a vest. Brown hair, long, dark wavy curls, which he stroked with his left hand from the mouth down, turning the ends up over the right hand, thus displaying a glossy shirt-bosom. The features were sharply defined and recognized as those of Dr. Hall, of Sacramento, who passed away about sixteen or seventeen years ago. NOTICE: The folded card-table had been pulled up closely in front of the cabinet. All these forms seemed to walk directly through the table. It did not in any apparent manner obstruct or hinder their coming or going.

There were two half-forms of men that were not recognized, and several faces. [The second evening, in forty-five minutes, the equivalent of eleven full and two half-forms came out, all but two being recognized and called by name.]

We the undersigned, residents of Nevada City, attest to the correctness of the above description of the séance held with Mrs. C. M. Sawyer on the evening of Oct. 13th, 1880.

MRS. F. GUILD.  
LEWIS EDMONS.  
CATARINE EDMONS.  
MRS. J. LUDBY.  
L. M. BOWDOIN.

Nevada City, Cal., Nov. 9th, 1880.

BEYOND THE GRAVE.

HOW MRS. JEWELL BECAME A SPIRITUALIST—INFLUENCE OF PHEBE CAREY.

A reporter of the Portland, Me., *Argus* recently called on Mrs. C. H. Jewell at her home, No. 68 Lincoln street, to find out if there was any truth in the rumors about certain surprising spiritual phenomena manifested through her. Mrs. Jewell is a nice, intelligent looking lady, apparently about thirty-three years old. She has a pleasantly modulated voice, and a ready flow of correct language. As her father was a Baptist minister, Mrs. Jewell was brought up to look upon Spiritualism as a delusion and a fraud, and she would probably now be holding the same opinion had it not been for a series of strange occurrences dating from June, 1879. About that time, in company with her husband, who was also a strong disbeliever in spiritualistic manifestations, she attended a séance held at the house of one of her friends in Brooklyn. In the course of the evening she was made aware of the presence of some unknown power attempting to control her faculties. She was greatly disturbed and alarmed at this novel experience, and, by a strong effort of will, was able to resist the advances of the bold spirit, and she soon after left the gathering. But it seems this spirit was decidedly persistent, and the next evening, in the quiet of her home, no one except her husband being with her, she again became possessed of those strange sensations which had before so disturbed and alarmed her. This time yielding to a sudden fancy, she resolved not to interpose her will against succumbing to the spirit influence—for such she felt it must be. In a few minutes she was in a trance state, and a pencil and paper, wrote a message to her husband from a brother of his who passed from earth some four years ago. After this she held private sittings, only members of her own family being present, and received a number of communications from various spirits, which she put down on paper. She continued to receive communications, ever and anon, none, however, of a specially important spirit, until last September. On the evening of Sunday, Sept. 20th, Mrs. Jewell attended a séance held at the house of Asa Hanson. The company had just finished singing the "Sweet By-and-By," when suddenly Mrs. Jewell felt a strong controlling influence, and the words of the following poem from her astonished the assembly:

THE SWEET LONG AGO.  
Many were the joys of that sweet olden time,  
The mist which surrounded them but made them sublime;  
When life's labor's done, and our heads are laid low,  
Then others will come and sing the sweet song,  
The lips that are young now will soon sing the praise,  
And join in the song of our youthful days,  
And the sweet by-and-by, with its music so low,  
Will go hand in hand with the sweet tones of song,  
She did not know what spirit had controlled her dur-

ing the delivery of the above stanzas, only that it was a strange one. Subsequently, at her home, the spirit warned her that on earth she had been known as Phebe Carey. The Carey sisters, Alice and Phebe, as readers will remember, gained an enviable reputation as gifted poets, and died within a year of each other. Mrs. Jewell stated that she had never read any of the latter's poetry, and barely knew that such a woman had lived. Mrs. Jewell, since the first night when controlled by the spirit of Phebe Carey, has written, through the latter's influence, an average of two poems a week, some of them containing over sixty-eight lines. But the most singular fact to a non-believer in Spiritualism is yet to be told. It seems it is the custom of Mrs. Jewell, when controlled by Miss Carey's spirit, which is quite frequently the case, to sit at home, to be the medium of communication between the spirit and Mr. Jewell. In answer to a question, the spirit informed Mr. Jewell that it controlled two other persons, one of whom lived in New York City. The spirit said that through neither of these persons could it give utterance to its poetry. It had been searching for an organization through which it could again indulge in the poetic art, which had been its chief solace and delight when it was in the body of Phebe Carey. He should know positively that it was the spirit of Phebe Carey talking through his wife, as he had only the spirit's word for it, which would hardly be called good evidence in court. The spirit then said it would give him a test which would be conclusive as to its identity. It would influence the person in New York already referred to to write a letter to Mrs. Jewell the coming week. Mr. Jewell made a note of the promise. Mrs. Jewell's memorandum book after this second letter was named of the street on which the person in New York lived, as told by the spirit. Mr. Jewell was asked by the spirit not to mention anything about the letter to his wife, who, it must be borne in mind, when in these states is utterly unconscious, and on waking from them knows nothing at all of the conversation that occurs between the controlling spirit and Mr. Jewell.

A few days passed, and on the 23rd of October Mrs. Jewell received a letter from New York, signed by Eliza Holt. The letter, which is remarkably well written, begins by the writer apologizing for taking the liberty of addressing an utter stranger. But, through the influence of the spirit of Phebe Carey, the writer said she felt it her duty to do so, and gave to her an account of what the spirit had imparted to her in reference to its controlling Mrs. Jewell. The writer said Phebe Carey had been one of her dearest and most intimate friends, and requested Mrs. Jewell to send some of the poems she had been induced to write by Phebe's spirit, and also all the circumstances connected therewith. Mrs. Jewell did as requested, and sent two poems, one chosen by Miss Carey and the other by Mr. Jewell. About a week after this second letter was received from a New York lady, in which she expressed the delight she had experienced from reading the poems, which she said bore unmistakable evidence of emanating from her friend now in the spirit-land. This letter was not signed Eliza Holt, but by the name of a lady well known in the literary world. Last week Mr. Jewell received a call from one of the leading writers for *Littell's Living Age*, who said he was a cousin of the New York lady, and, at her request, he called on Mrs. Jewell, being "brought to her by the name of Eliza Holt." He was shown the poems written by the spirit influence, and was greatly affected by some of them. The name of the New York lady and the gentleman are withheld for the present by request. Mrs. Jewell, prior to her marriage with Mr. Jewell, had never written a number of terms. She has never done any literary work, except to contribute a few prose articles to the newspapers. She says she is utterly incapable of composing such poetry as has been given her through the spirits.

MEDIUMSHIP OF KEELER AND ROTHERMEL.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
In a recent *Banner* I laid before your readers an account of a series of light sittings with Messrs. Keeler and Rothermel, closing with a test one in my own rooms. Since then I have had another private sitting—this time a dark one. The conditions were test ones, viz: that the medium should have both hands held through the entire séance by myself and a member of my family; and that the assistant should also be held. The two mediums sat one at the head and the other at the foot of an extension table. I held both Mr. Rothermel's hands under mine; my sister held Mr. Keeler's in the same way, the assistant sitting at the back of the room, guarded by a young man.

Under these conditions very strange and varied manifestations took place during two hours, both in the séance room and in an adjoining one. Throughout the whole evening the mediums conversed freely, often when manifestations were going on at the far end of the next room; proof was thus given to the whole circle, as well as to my sister and myself, that the mediums had no connection with the phenomena.

Flowers were brought, lights, blue, yellow, were seen—seen as it were in the air; the room; hands, soft and smooth, touched the sitters and took off brooches, chains and rings at request. Some one asked, in a whisper, that the guitar should touch the ceiling; it instantly rose, circled over our heads with a strange whirling sound, and scraped the ceiling loudly. It then passed into the next room through the folding doors, which closed behind it, and we heard the sound of dancing and of heavy blows on the far wall.

I will not trespass on your space by entering into further details of the phenomena, which took place under the stringent conditions which, as I have told you, Messrs. Keeler and Rothermel were good enough to give us, but will conclude by expressing my firm conviction of their absolute genuineness.

I forgot to say that the persons of both the mediums, and of the assistant, were examined before the sitting began. This precaution was taken, not I need hardly say, to satisfy myself, but to enable me to meet the absurd "machinery" theory.

M. C.  
Boston, Mass., Dec. 9th.

IN RE SPIRIT IDENTITY.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
In listening to the expression of ideas coming from intellectual and well-meaning persons, it is at the same time interesting and surprising to notice the widely differing opinions regarding the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism. Some admit the phenomena, but have no settled convictions as to their origin; while others accept the theory of their being produced by spirits, entertaining grave doubts of their being able to establish their identity.

Having had abundant opportunities for observation during the last fifteen years, please allow me to submit for the consideration of your readers the following:

About two weeks ago Mr. H. J. Newton, of this city sat alone at the table with Dr. Slade, when a message was obtained through independent writing, signed J. W. Edmonds.

Mr. Newton took the slate containing this message to the Spiritualists' Conference in the Harvard Rooms, where he exhibited it, explaining the manner in which the writing was produced, &c.

In the discussion that followed this point was raised: That, as a literary production, it was so far beneath the ability of the reputed author that it was a scandal upon his name to ascribe it to him.

That the independent writing occurring in the presence of Dr. Slade often resembles his own, is a feature that has been observed by many investigators; while at other times not the slightest trace of his penmanship is perceptible.

So, also, in the materializations; I have seen a hand show itself from underneath the table, at the opposite end from where Dr. Slade was sitting, his left hand joined with my hands on the top of the table, his right holding the slate under the corner of the table, which, being forty-two inches in length, the impossibility of its being Dr. Slade's hand was self-evident. Notwithstanding all this, the hand, wrist, white cuff and end of coat-sleeve so exactly resembled Dr. Slade's that I would have felt sure they were his had he been in a position to have rendered it possible.

At other times, under similar conditions, hands have appeared differing in size and shape, from that of a small child to those of immense proportions, the drapery at the wrist showing appropriate variations.

At the sittings for form materializations only one instance occurs to me when Dr. Slade and the person sitting with him both said a face appeared at the aperture in the curtain resembling the Doctor in every particular.

The independent voices occurring in his presence also exhibit all these variations in tone, &c., while at times the whispings, so close and penetrating to one's ear, are so like his voice as to make you feel that his organs are being used to produce the sound, though you know positively that neither Dr. Slade nor any other person is at the point from which the voice proceeds.

Subsequent to the discussion referred to respecting the message signed J. W. Edmonds, the gentleman who raised the point of its inferiority came here and

had a sitting with Dr. Slade, at which there was obtained a message signed by the name of a person, giving his age, name of the street and number of the house at which he had lived. Taking the slate containing the message, this gentleman went to the place indicated, where all the statements contained in the message were verified; also the handwriting was, on comparing it with specimens obtained at the house, found to be in the handwriting of the person purporting to have written the message on the slate.

If, in all these phases of the phenomena, that which appears to be evidence of the medium's individuality is so plainly visible at times, while at other times it is entirely eliminated, is it unreasonable to suppose that the giving expression to ideas may be similarly affected? Not until one has given this subject much thought, aided by repeated experiments, can he (or she) by any possibility be in a condition to take a philosophical view of the case, nor are his (or her) opinions as a rule worthy of serious consideration.

Therefore I think myself warranted in saying the difficulties pertaining to the question of identity are greatly lessened by increasing our knowledge, whereby we are able to make due allowance for imperfections, and for which those possessing little or no experience regard us as being over-credulous.

J. SIMMONS.

238 West Thirty-third street, New York, Dec. 12th.

THE KING'S MESSAGE.

1881.

Under the great hill sloping bare  
To eave and meadow and common lot,  
In his council chamber and oaken chair,  
Sat the worshipful Governor Endicott.  
A grave, strong man who knew no peer  
In the pilgrim land, where he ruled in fear  
Of God, not man, and for good or ill  
Heid his trust with an iron will.

He had shorn with his sword the cross from out  
The flag, and cloven the May pole down,  
Harried the heather round about,  
And whipped the Quakers from town to town.  
Earnest and honest, a man at need  
To burn like a torch for his own harsh creed,  
He kept with the Shaal in the ground of his zeal  
The gate of the holy commonweal.

His brow was clouded, his eye was stern,  
With a look of mingled sorrow and wrath;  
"Woe's me!" he murmured; "at every turn  
The pestilent Quakers are in my path!  
Some have scourged, and banished some,  
To Kerdon with the Quaker, and still they come,  
Fast as the tide of you bay sets in,  
Sowing their heresy's seed of sin."

"Did we count on this? Did we leave behind  
The graves of our kin, the comfort and ease  
Of our English hearths and homes, to find  
Troubles of Israel such as these?  
Shall I, a Governor, be led by God forbid!  
I will do as the prophets to Agag did;  
They come to poison the wells of the word,  
I will hear them in pieces before the Lord!"

The door swung open, and Rawson, the clerk,  
Entered, and whispered under breath,  
"There waits below for the hangman's work  
A lowly man, the noble and the dead."  
Shattuck, of Salem, unheeded of the whip,  
Brought over in Master Goldsmith's ship,  
At anchor here in a Christian port,  
With freight of the devil and all his sort!"

Twice and thrice on his chamber floor  
Striding fiercely from wall to wall,  
"The Lord do so to me and to my kin,  
If I hang not all!"  
Bring hither the Quaker," Calm, sedate,  
With the look of a man at ease with fate,  
Into that presence grim and dread  
Came Samuel Shattuck, with hat on head.

"Of with the knife's lat!" An angry hand  
Smote down; but the Quaker said,  
With a quiet smile, "By the king's command  
I bear his message and stand in his stead."  
In the Governor's hand a missile he laid  
With the royal arms on its steel displayed,  
And the proud man, awake as he gazes the threat,  
Uncovering, "Give Mr. Shattuck his hat."

He turned to the Quaker, bowing low:  
"The king commandeth your friends' release,  
Do not let him be obeyed, although  
To his subjects' sorrow and sin's increase.  
What he here enjoineth, John Endicott,  
His low servant, shall obey with cheer:  
You are free! God grant the spirit you own,  
May take you from us to parts unknown."

So the door of the jail was open cast,  
And like Daniel out of the lion's den  
Tender youth and girlhood passed,  
And the old men, in their iron-cased men,  
And the women of an appointed tie,  
Was lifted in praise and thanks on high,  
And the little maid from New Netherlands  
Kissed, in her joy, the doomed man's hands.

And one, whose call was to minister  
To the souls in prison, beside him went,  
An ancient woman, hearing with her  
The linen shroud for his burial meant.  
For she, not counting her own life dear,  
In the strength of a love that cast out fear,  
Had watched and served where her brethren died  
In the cross and the cross-bearers' tread.

One moment they pause on the way to look  
On the martyr's corner of the common side,  
And scarce scourged Wharton, of Salem, took  
His burden of prophecy up, and cried:  
"Rest, souls of the valiant! Not in vain  
Have ye borne the Master's cross of pain;  
Ye have fought the fight where ye were crowned,  
With a fourfold chain ye have Satan bound!"

The autumn haze lay soft and still  
On wood and meadow and upland farms;  
On the brow of Snow Hill the great windmill  
Slowly and lazily swung its arms;  
Broad the sunset stretched away  
With its capers and islands the turquoise bay;  
And over water and dusk of pines  
Blue hills lifted their faint outlines.

The topaz leaves of the walnut glowed,  
The sumach added its crimson fleck,  
And double in air and water shined  
The tinted mirage of the sunset glow.  
Through frost-flowers fringes of pale star-mist,  
And gentian fringes of amethyst,  
And royal plumes of golden rod,  
The grazing cattle on Centry trod.

But as they who see not, the Quakers saw  
The world about them; they only thought  
With the heart of a poet, and the eye of a seer,  
Of the great deliverance God had wrought.  
Through lane and alley the gazing town  
Noisily followed them up and down;  
Some with scoffing and brutal jeer,  
Some with pity and words of cheer.

One brave voice rose above the din,  
Uplifted by the wind of many days,  
Cried from the door of his Red Lion Inn:  
"Men of Boston, give God the praise!  
No more shall innocent blood eal down  
The basis of wrath on your guilty town,  
The freedom of words to you,  
Is dear to all, and to all is due."

"I see the vision of days to come,  
When your beautiful City of the Bay  
Shall be Christian liberty's chosen home,  
And none shall his neighbor's rights gainsay.  
The varying times of worship shall be dead  
And no great prayer to God ascend,  
And hands of mutual charity raise  
Walls of salvation and gates of praise."

So passed the Quakers through Boston town,  
Whose painful ministers sighed to see  
The walls of their sheep-fold falling down,  
And whose hearts were sore with the pain  
But the years went on, and brought no wrong;  
With milder counsels the State grew strong,  
As outward letter and inward light  
Kept the balance of truth aright.

The Puritan spirit perishing not,  
To Concord's yeoman the signal sent,  
And spoke in the voice of the commoner not  
That severed the chains of a continent.  
With its gentler mission of peace and good-will  
The thought of the Quaker is living still,  
And the freedom of soul he prophesied  
Is gospel and law where its martyrs died.

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE RELIGION OF SPIRITUALISM—ITS PHENOMENA AND PHILOSOPHY.

This is a volume of 399 pages, recently issued by its author, Rev. Samuel Watson, Memphis, Tenn., price 25 cents. It is a valuable treatise on the phenomena of Spiritualism, and of which "The Religion of Spiritualism" is the latest.

For thirty-six years Dr. Watson was a Methodist minister, the evidence of the truth of Spiritualism coming to him in a most conclusive manner, he did not "hide his light under a bushel," but like the true man that he is, he boldly proclaimed his convictions, and that he might be subject to no ecclesiastical restriction, he resigned his office, and was ordained as an Independent Minister of the Gospel. We shall obtain a supply of Dr. Watson's book, and every way in our power will aid in its circulation. —Miller's Circular, Brooklyn, N. Y.

For sale by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

When a dog launches his bark he is likely to sail across a howling sea.

Banner Correspondence.

New York.

BINGHAMTON.—O. H. P. Kinney writes that the Fourth Annual Convention of the Chenango Valley Association of Spiritualists was held in this place on the 19th, 20th and 21st of November, and reports that there was a good attendance from the first, and especially on Sunday, the last day. The services were of the usual character, conferences and addresses, and they were of more than average interest. Mrs. Colby, of St. Louis, spoke four times. She is of a masculine temperament, speaks with great force and energy, and strikes hard and effective blows on the head of error wherever it shows itself.

Mrs. Abby N. Burnham, of Boston, delivered two very effective and pleasing lectures, in connection with one of which she gave tests, which were mainly recognized, and in many instances claimed to be quite remarkable. Her lectures were perfectly charming. Woven in with her sweet, humane, sympathetic utterances was a strong thread of logic that came home to the reason and understanding of her audience. Mrs. Burnham is evidently a builder, and while she beautifies and adorns the spiritual edifice, as it comes out into visible and tangible form, she looks well to its strength and permanence.

Lyman C. Howe, who has labored for the Spiritualists of this place for the past two years with marked success, gave one of his grand lectures on mediumship. Bro. Howe never fails, and no public speaker of my acquaintance wears so well and stands so high with all classes.

Dr. T. L. Brown, of Binghamton, President of the Free Thinkers' Association of the United States, spoke of the laws of life and health, to the entire satisfaction of his hearers.

On the whole the Convention was an interesting and, I trust, profitable one. New officers were elected, namely: President, Geo. W. Pierce; Vice President, Miss Jennie Ray; Secretaries, Mr. and Mrs. Condit; the remaining officers being the same as last year.

NEW YORK CITY.—John McLeod writes that with assurances of the guardianship of his spirit-friends he left his home in New Zealand, on the 6th of last January, for the purpose of availing himself of the patent laws of this country. Arriving in San Francisco, he was informed that mediums in New York would be expecting him. Calling upon Dr. MacLennan, he found that the Doctor could at will transmute a shock like a galvanic battery, and no longer wondered that he was able to restore Dr. Slade's health. Mr. McLeod, upon reaching New York, attended the Spiritual Conference at Republican Hall, where he met two ladies: "One of them," he writes, "a Miss Parmerly, who is soon to offer her services as a public medium, asked me if I was from California. On my replying in the affirmative she said, 'You were announced at Mrs. Dr. Morrell's circle last Friday, and John was given as the name.' I met Miss P. at Mrs. Morrell's the next day, when Mrs. M. told me of every event of any note that had occurred to me during the last twenty years, while time is surely confirming what she told me of the future. Mrs. M. told Miss P. that some spirit desired to write, and Miss P. took up a pencil. The result was that I received long letters from Robert Dale Owen and Horace Greeley. Both were congratulatory and prophetic. At the time I had doubts as to the presence of either of those distinguished spirits, though I had always entertained great admiration for Owen. In short, the names of distinguished men mentioned there made me very doubtful of all I got relating to the future. But subsequently I had interviews with the spirit of my mother, through the unconscious trance medium, Mrs. Ross, of Providence, and my mother (whose presence there is to me a matter of knowledge) confirmed the truth of these letters and names, while time has verified already much of what they told me was to transpire. Since that time I have received valuable communications from the accomplished and noble R. D. Owen—invaluable communications on scientific and other subjects. I have also had many communications through various mediums in this city, relating to the past, present and future, during the last eight or nine months. Many of their predictions have been fulfilled, and I have little doubt but time will prove them all true—from the fact that since I landed in this country I have not as yet found out one error or contradiction in all the communications I have received. I know this is unusual, but in most cases of contradictions, etc., the inquirer or sister has more to do with it himself than the medium has."

BINGHAMTON.—Lyman C. Howe contributes his testimony to the merits of a noble worker in the field of spiritual effort, as follows: "Abby N. Burnham came a stranger to Binghamton, to attend our fourth Annual Convention; and she has done an excellent work and made many warm friends. Her lectures are full of thought and inspiring warmth and moral excellence. Purify and sweetness breathe from her sphere. Her soul illuminates her speech and touches the hearts of her hearers. She appeals to the spiritual and evokes the holiest emotions. Her manner is original, gentle, forcible. She is thoroughly progressive and healthfully radical. She is a spiritual builder. She does not indulge in wholesale abuse, but strikes at error and conserves the good in all things. I have seldom listened to a more instructive, interesting, thrilling discourse than was hers on Saturday evening. Besides, she gave some very interesting tests to several parties. When I saw the strong man weep, it seemed to me that these tears attested the value of her work. I would like to say more, but will not trespass. I love to bear testimony to the noble work and all worthy workers. If I can help the cause by a just word and friendly tribute, I am blessed. Those who call Abby Burnham to dispense the bread of life, will not be likely to regret their choice. She will elevate, inspire and bless."

Indiana.

DARLINGTON.—Mr. I. D. Murphy writes of the satisfaction derived by him at the materializing séances of Mrs. Anna Stewart, at Terre Haute. His wife passed to the spirit-world on the 13th of November, 1879. Two months previous she had accompanied him to Mrs. Stewart's. During a séance, they recognized the spirit-forms of four of their friends. He says: "One of them came a third time, sat down eight feet from the cabinet and conversed with us full ten minutes. She then said she must go, and rising to do so, de-materialized in full view of all when she had passed about half the distance to the cabinet. The next night, William Lewis, who had passed to spirit-life three months before, appeared at the cabinet door, and I plainly saw and recognized him. Three of his children were present, but the door being only partly open, they did not see the spirit. He retired, and soon came again, when the children sprang forward, one of them grasping his hand; but the excitement on the part of all was such that de-materialization took place. This was in November, 1879. In November, 1880, Daniel Lewis, son of the Lewis above named, wrote a letter asking various questions of his father and sent it to Mr. Mansfield, of New York. The answer inquired made was this: 'Did you ever materialize in Mrs. Anna Stewart's cabinet at Terre Haute?' In due time the answer came, 'Yes, and Murphy saw me.' I want this to be known, because Mrs. Stewart has been unjustly accused, and it will aid in substantiating the fact of her mediumship. I have never seen Mr. Mansfield, have never written to him, and it was absolutely impossible for him to know of me or the event alluded to. On the 11th of November of the present year I again visited Terre Haute, and attended seventeen séances. I made close examinations, and am positive no chance for deception existed. Besides, the door of the cabinet was open so that we could all see the medium while the spirit promenade the platform. I have seen the spirit and the medium stand side by side on the platform. At one time I was called to the door by my wife, and in the course of the conversation the control of the medium disputed a certain matter my wife affirmed, and they debated the question in my immediate presence, proving most conclusively there were two distinct intelligences. In all, my wife came to me twelve times, and I was fully convinced it was really her."

Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS.—James L. Frith writes that Mrs. W. H. Crane's peculiar form of mediumship for slate-writing has been the means of awakening considerable interest in Spiritualism among all classes of people.

Illinois.

AURORA.—A correspondent forwards us a copy of the *Herald* of this place, wherein occurs an editorial on the relative positions of Dr. Thomas, the liberal Methodist, and the bigoted advocates of "historic" Methodism. In the course of the article the *Herald* editor says of Dr. T.'s views:

"His expressions are evidently a sincere statement of his convictions, and do not differ materially from the views held by many Universalists. He disbelieves that view of the doctrine of the atonement, which holds it to be a penalty for sin, but affirms his belief in an atonement which is effectual in saving all. He denies the endlessness of punishment, but affirms a belief in a future punishment, and in everlasting laws which will always and forever punish sin, but will not punish any individual sinner forever. He denies the plenary inspiration of the Bible, but holds, with the Discipline, that it contains a revelation of God."

We are, however, somewhat astounded to read—after this sweeping re-explanation (to call it by no more comprehensive term) of the old dogmas of the church—the following open confession in the comments made by the *Herald* editor upon the synopsis he has just drawn up:

"There are many good men both in and out of the church who hold to views similar to those of Dr. Thomas, but who do not find in the liberal churches the deep religious sentiment which is necessary to them, and which pervades all his teachings, and they thoroughly sympathize with him in his struggles for liberty of conscience while adhering to duty."

Here we have an admission virtually recognizing that in addition to the natural atonement which the church has to sustain on the surface from the opposition of those outside its borders, there exists within it a more potent agency for its final disruption—viz., the gradual acceptance of wider views, and the rejection of old dogmas among its own distinctive membership. If we read the matter aright the editor alluded to relates to the position of a "sentiment" the bond of union which now holds the evangelical brotherhood together. Reason and sentiment are both excellent in their place, but when the latter antagonizes the former it is in this enlightened age only a question of time as to which of the two will come off conqueror.

Connecticut.

BALTIMORE.—A correspondent, "C," under date of Dec. 4th, writes: "During the two weeks past the people of this vicinity have enjoyed addresses on Spiritualism, given by Capt. Brown, of Williamstown, Conn., an inspirational speaker, on the evening of Nov. 18th, and Miss Leslie N. Goodell, psychometrist and public lecturer, of Amherst, Mass., on the evening of Dec. 2d. At each of the gatherings, in the mammoth hall of A. & W. Sprague, a large, cultured and appreciative audience was present, and the silence which pervaded the room was marked during the addresses. The remarks on Spiritualism were of a very interesting and instructive character. Several beautiful poems were eloquently read before and after the addresses. An invocation from the lips of Miss Goodell by far surpassed anything heard in Baltimore since Mrs. Brigham was here. The degree of appreciation that welcomed these speakers on spiritual matters may be judged by the fact that, on the evening previous, a Methodist meeting, generally announced to take place, held in the same room, brought out only seven persons, while the announcements of Capt. Brown's and Miss Goodell's appearance brought out an intellectual audience, sufficient to more than fill the large seating capacity of the hall, at an early hour."

To Mr. Silas Frink, a strong believer and advocate of Spiritualism, a subscriber for the *Banner of Light*, and a gentleman whose interest in the spiritual welfare of his fellow-men is always prominent in conversation, are due the unanimous thanks of a host of friends in this locality for his interest in arranging for these meetings. We believe much good has been done, and hope to have the meetings continued."

Massachusetts.

NEWBURYPORT.—J. T. Loring writes, Dec. 8th: "In the *Banner of Light* of Dec. 4th is a communication from Mrs. SALINE D. CLEMENT, who passed away from Newburyport, aged eighty-one years. I carried the *Banner* to the daughter of the spirit. She read the message, and admitted the name and age were those of her mother, who passed to spirit-life last May. But she could not return and communicate! I do not! There are many church-members who are not ready to admit the fact that their spirit-friends can return and hold sweet communion with them; but as growth and development are in harmony with natural laws, we must wait for the good time coming, when all can realize the beauty of spirit-communion."

BERNARDSTON.—A correspondent writes: "P. A. Field has been an evangelical minister for twenty-five years, and is now a Spiritualist, and having settled at this place he would be pleased to engage at any time to lecture in any locality where his services are desirable, and where he can do anything to spread the light of the Spiritual Philosophy. He is developed as both a trance and an inspirational speaker. Dr. C. C. Holman and Mr. Field have established a Mediums' Home at Pleasant Hill, one-half







## TO BOOK-PURCHASERS.

COLBY & RICH, Publishers and Bookellers, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province Street, Boston, Mass., have for sale a large assortment of Spiritualist, Progressive, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Books, at Wholesale and Retail.

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## SPECIAL NOTICES.

In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (columns) or otherwise of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of impartial free thought, but we cannot undertake to enforce the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents give utterance. We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable as guarantees of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve manuscripts that are not used. When newspapers are forwarded which contain matter for our inspection, the writer will confer a favor by drawing a line around the article he desires specially to recommend for perusal.

Notice of Spiritualist Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Monday, as the BANNER OF LIGHT goes to press every Tuesday.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1880.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE.  
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THE WORK OF SPIRITUALISM.—As broad as the universe, it extends from the highest spheres of angelic life to the lowest conditions of human ignorance. It is as broad as Wisdom, as comprehensive as Love, and its mission is to bless mankind.—John Pierpont.

The Banner of Light Bookstore will not be open on the 25th inst.

## The Apparitions and "Miracles" at Knock.

In the village of Knock, County Mayo, Ireland, is a Catholic church, a plain, cruciform building, having a tall square tower at its west end, and at the opposite extremity a sacristy. It is asserted by several persons who were witnesses of what they state as having occurred, that on the gable of this sacristy, on a dark, rainy night of August, 1879, an apparition appeared. A lad who was one of the first to observe it states that being out with a younger brother he was compelled to seek shelter from the storm in the house of a relative near the chapel. While there one whom he knew came in, and exclaimed, "Oh, come up to the chapel, and see the Blessed Virgin against the wall." The boy, and all who were there present, ran out, and, as he says, beheld the end of the chapel covered with light. He says he saw the blessed Virgin standing like a statue. On her right was St. Joseph, bending toward her, and on her left St. John, dressed like a bishop, holding in his left hand a book, his right hand raised, with two fingers pointing upward. Above, and on the left of St. John, was an altar, with a lamb on it, round which moved what seemed to be the wings of angels, no heads nor bodies being visible. The figures did not appear like pictures, but stood out, statue-like, from the wall, which was entirely covered by the strange light. One after another came, until twelve persons stood gazing at the remarkable vision. The parish priest did not see the apparition, but remembers that upon that night his housekeeper came in greatly excited, exclaiming, "Oh, your reverence, the wonderful and beautiful sight! The Blessed Virgin has appeared at the chapel with St. Joseph and St. John, and we have stood looking at them this long time. Oh, your reverence, the wonderful sight!"

On the night of the 8th of January, a teacher of the National School, expecting to see something, went with her assistant to the chapel field, and about half-past eleven she saw a row of lights along the wall. They strayed about, gradually grew dim, then brightened again, and finally vanished, not one by one but all together. She then beheld a small figure, about eighteen inches high. In her account she says: "From the appearance of the head and shoulders I took it to be the figure of the Blessed Virgin."

On the 12th of February Archdeacon Cavanagh beheld the last spiritual vision at the chapel. He says on that night he beheld a brilliant star outside the gable. It illuminated the whole place, and then moved until it struck the spot where the Blessed Virgin was seen. He says: "I have frequently, about eight or nine at night, seen a golden light floating about the gable, with stars and brilliant lights flashing through it, but I never saw anything so dazzling as that one star." Inside the church he at various times beheld stars floating about the altar and windows.

Although the apparitions were first seen on the 21st of August, cures dominated "miracles" announced twelve days subsequent, and evidence relating to the whole subject taken by direction of Archbishop MacHail on the 8th of October ensuing, publicity of the occurrences was not made until the 9th of January of the present year. At that date an account appeared in the *Tuam News*. But the ecclesiastical authorities had not pronounced a final opinion respecting them, and what was published was told in a cautious, hesitating manner, though the parish priest had expressed his firm belief in the reality of the apparitions and in the genuineness of the cures said to have followed.

Numerous visitors had already arrived at Knock, but the public announcement of the favor of God upon the church, and the "miracles" performed there, had the effect to attract immense crowds of pilgrims from Limerick, Cork and other parts of Ireland, as also from England and Scotland. Mondays and Thursdays the village was overwhelmed, many thousands being present at one time. The wall on which the "Mother of God" was said to have been seen excited the utmost degree of reverence, and multitudes of people knelt before it, repeating prayers, while others brought sick children upon whom they lavished attention in the intervals of devotion.

There is little within the chapel of an attractive nature. An unpretending altar is there, and a feeble attempt at decoration manifests itself in two or three small windows of stained

glass. There are seats only for twenty or thirty persons. The floor is roughly flagged and full of holes made by devotees who in their eagerness to possess some of the substance of the building, supposed by them to possess miraculous curative powers, have dug beneath the level of the stones. But notwithstanding these drawbacks the entire area is filled with pilgrims, whose slowly and solemnly uttered petitions arise in a ceaseless hum.

During the early days of the excitement the walls, especially that portion where the vision appeared, were in a fair way of being entirely demolished and carried off by those who took small scraps of cement from them. This was put a stop to by boarding them over. The particles of cement taken were carefully treasured and borne away by some, whilst others moistened and applied it, while in view of the chapel, to their bodies as a means of cure.

No account of the cures was made for several months, but they finally became so numerous and so frequent—almost continuous—that Archdeacon Cavanagh deemed it his duty to make a record of the exact particulars of such cases as could be proved to his satisfaction. He therefore opened a diary, which he entitled, "An Account of the Miraculous Cures wrought at the gable of the Chapel here, where the blessed Virgin Mary, the Immaculate Mother, appeared on the 21st of August last." To this is appended a note specifying that the cures had been wrought on persons who either prayed on the spot or applied cement or clay taken from the church to the parts of the body affected by pains or wounds.

Thus much of the origin and early history of what the world is told to have been a miraculous vision followed by equally miraculous cures. A mere hamlet that ten months since was but an obscure spot with an extremely small population, is now a town that on a single day was crowded with 15,000 visitors. Hotels have been established, and the Midland line of railway, by which the place is reached, has so increased its passenger traffic that its dividends have nearly doubled.

We would not undervalue the good that has been accomplished, or may be, by the power, whatever its origin. There seems to be, so far as we are informed, no doubt that the unusual lights, and possibly apparitions, were seen as described; the number of witnesses who testify to having beheld them would naturally preclude all doubts on that score; and for the same reason, to which may be added a largely increased amount of evidence not only from witnesses but from those who have personally experienced benefit therefrom, we conclude remarkable cures have been effected. But similar lights, apparitions and cures have been familiar as household words to Spiritualists in nearly all parts of the world for the past twenty or more years. Not that we would question their previous appearance, but the advent of Modern Spiritualism was the advent of a new era, or an awakening of powers that have ever existed, a knowledge of which has been kept from the people through priestly intolerance and selfishness.

It is reported that Rev. Stephen H. Tynge, Jr., preached a sermon in which he distinctly asserted that miraculous cures have been performed at Knock. In view of this extraordinary acknowledgment the *New York Times* asks how Mr. Tynge can remain hostile to a church which can show this incontestable proof of divine favor? Happily for the world a belief in miracles is rapidly becoming obsolete. Faith in a Guiding Hand, a power that no force of circumstance can thwart, leads every thinking, rational mind to know that a supernatural event is an impossibility; that Nature's laws cannot be suspended. With the withdrawal of the supposed possibility of the existence of "Miracles," the support on which the Catholic church has for centuries confidently relied as an "incontestable proof of divine favor," leaves it powerless as a specially ordained vicegerent of God for the salvation of men. But the Catholic church will soon learn, if it does not already know, that this gift of healing, which it has claimed to be the chief of all miracles, is not held exclusively by any church, man, or class of men, age or nation; that the history of the world shows it to have been exercised as frequently out of the church as in it, and that the act of healing is not specially or necessarily a religious act. Even in Ireland, one of the most noted instruments of the healing power existed in 1682, in the person of Mr. Valentine Greatrakes, a Protestant gentleman, who in that year "had an impulse, or strong persuasion in his mind, for which he could not account, that the gift of healing was conferred upon him. He mentioned it to his wife, but she thought it a strange imagination." However, he followed the course he was forced to pursue by some power outside of himself, and his fame spread all over Ireland and England. In 1686 he visited England, laid his hands on one thousand persons in a month, and performed wonderful cures. The Bishop of Dromore, testifying to his marvelous work, says, "I have known pains fly strangely before his hands, dimness cleared and deafness cured by his touch."

We cannot for want of space follow out this subject to greater length, but refer those who would become convinced of the fact that the "miracles" performed in the little, poorly-furnished, uncomfortable chapel in Ireland have been and are performed at our very doors, to that work, ably edited by our valued correspondent, Mr. A. E. Newton, "The Modern Bethesda, or The Gift of Healing Restored, being Some Account of the Life and Labors of Dr. J. R. Newton," probably the best work extant upon the subject.

Dr. Newton has been very successful in the exercise of natural healing powers, and his cures, many of them instantaneous, are numbered by thousands; yet there are hundreds of others thus gifted, we might say thousands, and their number is rapidly increasing. It might be well, therefore, for those who contemplate a pilgrimage to Knock to look about them and ascertain if the same benefits may not be obtained in their midst. And it is somewhat singular to note that a clergyman of an Evangelical Church should publicly announce his belief in the appearance of spiritual visions and the exercise of the gifts of healing three thousand miles distant, and utter no word of recognition of events of the same nature, equally if not more entitled to a claim upon his attention, occurring in his very midst.

There is doubtless a purpose on the part of the spiritual world in the demonstrations of their presence and power in localities that cannot be reached by any other means than an appeal to their religious beliefs; and there are indications that the work is not to be confined to a single locality, for a second apparition at Ballyraggett, in the County of Kilkenny, has drawn a large number to that place. The chapel where the scenes are said to have occurred is situated on

rising ground, and at least a dozen persons say they saw the figure full size, white, resembling a statue, projected from the wall. Inside the chapel a brilliant star was seen over the altar, "like a ball of fire." Others declared they witnessed groups of angels round the figure. As usual, sick persons are gathering to this spot, also; and, expecting a concourse at Knock, the Central Railway Company are giving return tickets at single fares, tents are pitched at the chapel gate, and stands erected for the sale of rosaries, statues and religious pictures, as well as of refreshments for the pilgrims.

In connection with the above, and as further evidence of the occurrence of similar cures without any claim being advanced of their being "miraculous," we give the following facts from a statement made in the *Harbinger*, published at Melbourne, Australia, in its issue of Nov. 1, a copy of which has just reached us.

Mr. G. M. Stephen, to whom we have previously alluded, was busily employed during October in Melbourne in exercising his gift of healing with beneficial results, having reached there on the 10th of that month. The *Harbinger* says:

"Mr. Stephen having announced his intention to operate upon the poor gratuitously in a public hall on Wednesday afternoon, we reserved ourselves for the occasion, as being the most favorable for observing the effects in varied cases. Accordingly on Wednesday the 13th, we proceeded—shortly before the time announced for opening—to the Temperance Hall, the broad entrance to which presented a curious sight, the seats on both sides being filled with rows of the halt, lame and blind. Two sick children lay in baskets, whilst a mother held another in her arms. Crowds of persons anxious to get a sight of the proceedings thronged the door, and when the inner one was opened crowded into the room.

Before commencing operations Mr. Stephen requested those present to give him a clear space before the platform, as the close proximity of the spectators interfered with the forces through which he operated; some effort was made to comply, but such was the eagerness of patients to be operated upon, and others to witness the operations, that immediately Mr. Stephen began, the crowd pressed so closely upon him as to seriously impede his actions, and render his first attempts futile; to obviate this he retired with one patient to the further end of the room, and treated him successfully. This created a diversion, and by the efforts of one or two friends the people were kept sufficiently to allow room for the operations. About thirty cases were treated, among which were the following:

Man, bent nearly double with rheumatism, neck and arms stiff and painful. Pains relieved, and enabled to lift hands over his head.

Man, rheumatism in head and spine, arm stiff—pains relieved, and the man enabled to lift both hands to the crown of his head, which he had not been able to do for many months.

Man, cancer in tongue, paralysis, pains all through the body. This man was a miserable object, with body and legs bent, moaning with pain, and scarcely able to move on crutches. In about five minutes the pains were removed, the limbs considerably straightened, and he was able to walk the platform without crutches. He went away blessing God.

Man, pain in back (two and a half years)—pains taken away.

Man, pains in back, rheumatism in legs—cured.

Man, weakness in spine, pain in lower part of back and hips—pains removed.

Man, blind, optic nerves paralyzed. Saw objects, pointed at gas bracket and to a window; said there was "no mistake about it."

Woman, rheumatism in temple, blind in one eye (twenty years)—pains removed, could see a little with blind eye.

Man, accident to spine (ten years), no strength since, rheumatism in left shoulder—could stand more upright. Lady sitting near stated she was under medical treatment for deafness without any good result, but since she had been sitting there the hearing had begun to return.

Mr. Stephen was equally successful on the following Wednesday, the majority of those who presented themselves being either cured or relieved."

## Ill-Starred Tremont Temple.

The Tremont Temple began as a theatre for public entertainments, and, after rebuilding, has opened again in the original line of business. This must be because entertainments are found to "pay" best. It has been a caterer of public amusements from the beginning. It was an out-and-out theatre at first, in which some first-class plays were acted. Even while it was being run in that capacity, some godly-given revivalist assumed the task of prophesying that it would yet become a temple of divine worship, which was the only ascertained reason for its being named a Temple after the prophesied change actually came.

As a theatre, it was burned to the ground; and great were the rejoicings of the pious folk of the city at its having come to so deserved an end. Fire, they thought, was the only element by which the location itself could be purified for a better use. Therefore its conflagration was a distinct judgment from heaven visited upon the theatre. A red bolt, launched straight from the skies, could not have been a more significant expression of the divine displeasure. Yet, on grounds of simple common sense, it would be difficult to understand why the walls of the doomed and devilish theatre were not thrown down to the ground while they were erecting, instead of being suffered to be completed, and such an amount of wickedness had been consummated. There is where this too ready interpretation of heaven's judgments are fatally faulty. Somehow these pharisees are not admitted to quite all of heaven's secrets.

But it is just as well, in passing, to keep in mind that after the Temple's turn came to be consumed with fire—communicated in a manner that to this day is a sealed mystery—there was nothing said by these same judgment hunters about the wrath of Heaven and the descent of retribution. So it seems that, while, in one case, fire is sent from Heaven for purposes of purification, in the other case it must have been sent from an entirely different quarter—say the opposite one—since, of course, no Temple can be supposed to need purifying like a theatre! Large and profound indeed are the views of the superficially pious and good, who hold, as they believe and wish, all the rest of us in the hollow of their hands.

The Temple has, since its transformation, as prophesied, been a theatre of experiences quite as strange and striking as any that were represented by the mimics of the boards. It would seem as if it were impossible to get the theatrical, or show, element out of the location. It looks very much as if it were destined to return to its original state. So few weeks ago was it since a "reverend" showman hung out his juggling traps within its walls, and tricked ministers, deacons, superintendents, committees, and all with his shallow combinations of fraud. But it is all in the line of its original business, as already hinted. The Temple had the notorious Kallach for a player once, and the interest spread so rapidly that his part was carried into the court-room for a more faithful representation. No actor was ever more widely advertised in the public press.

That particular "star" was finally dismissed after fulfilling his engagement, and made haste

to put the breadth of the continent between himself and the unsavory scene of his professional acting. Of course he was one of those who denounced theatres and cried up temples, and knew the judgments of heaven when they were visited on others as easily as a boy is supposed to know his father. After an interregnum of comparative quiet, during which, of course, the treasury failed to flourish according to the expectations of the prophetess, an actor named Fulton appeared on the scene—a different one from his more notorious predecessor, yet full of the same spirit of assurance and sensation. He raised a lurid smoke all around him for a time, and enjoyed the fame of making a great many more persons mad than pious.

It was one of the peculiarly religious ecstasies of Fulton to find delight in the misfortunes of those he hated, and no one ever carried around in his quiver more arrows of divine judgment, all carefully numbered and labelled. When the great conflagration licked up the *Banner of Light* office, Fulton strode hurriedly to the front of his preaching platform and announced to the public, as if he had just received a message from heaven, that the destruction of the *Banner* office was one of God's judgments; and he piously expressed the hope that it had utterly destroyed the power of this established journal to give forth another one of its utterances to mankind. That was the spirit of Fulton, the professed follower of the humble Nazarene.

But it has never yet appeared that he thought the recent burning of the Temple itself was a divine judgment dealt out upon it. Is it to be wondered at that the people see through such shallow phariseism, and refuse to support places in which it is publicly made to do duty for religion? The last act in the theatrical career of the Temple is the recent appearance of one "Reverend" Arthur A. Waite, a person who does not appear as yet to have received the customary degree of D. D., but who has nevertheless won fame, after its kind, by giving what he styles "Chalk Talks About Jesus." From this sort of public amusement he has advanced to the more profitable stage of fooling the clergy by forming trick combinations to "expose" Spiritualism.

Rev. Dr. Washburn informs the *New York Independent* that "Rev." Mr. Waite was desirous of doing what he could to "put an end to the fatal error of so clear-headed a man as Mr. Cook" (Joseph Cook), as well as to "save the souls of deluded Spiritualists." To carry out his comedy, Mr. Waite employs the services of a circus-clown and another person who possesses certain mediumistic powers, and who travels on the front or hind part of his name with equal facility. "Somerby" is the assumed name of the former, and "Warren" alternates with "Lincoln" as the medial and the "exposing" name of the latter. This party of rare birds, after giving a performance in Tremont Temple, and thereby restoring it to its original character, has taken to the "Provinces," as they say in London. In New Haven they were denounced as "frauds," and Lincoln was arrested under the law. The pretended "exposure" was itself exposed, but too late to be of any avail to Tremont Temple. That structure, begun as a theatre, has been run on theatrical principles, and, after being visited by a judgment of heaven in the form of fire, has reopened with a cheap and vulgar comedy only to invite the attention of some new judgment.

## Mr. Sargent's Book.

If the criticisms of the new work on Spiritualism by Epes Sargent are to be no more serious or truthful than the one which recently appeared in the *Boston Transcript* over the signature "G. P. G.," it will have to be taken for granted that the opponents of Spiritualism have made up their minds that they have at length encountered a statement and an analysis of the whole subject against which it is hopeless to make any further headway, either by prejudice or passion. They therefore think it the part of discretion to let the matter alone for the present, except, perhaps, to study up some way by which it can be treated from their accustomed standpoint. To say the least, they are baffled. They do not know where or how to take hold of the matter. This direct appeal to simple fact and pure reason puts them to a test for which they have made no previous preparation.

But while the case stands in this way, one person has disclosed himself who is ready to subvert and deny the truth itself in the hope of making headway against a cause that, by being its own steady revelator, needs neither advocates nor defenders. An individual confessing to the ownership of the above initials has actually had the effrontery to assail Mr. Sargent's book with such poor and feeble weapons as mendacity has been able to place in his hands. He even asserted that Mr. Sargent "actually represents John Stuart Mill as a believer in Spiritualism." He likewise asserted that Mr. Sargent "includes in a list of believers Carpenter, the English naturalist." Now both of these statements are deliberate misquotations and falsehoods. Anybody can criticize a book in that way, if he is sufficiently destitute of a conscience and sufficiently endowed with brass. Or, if he proceeds without reference to either of these, he is still at liberty to do his work in the simple capacity of an ass.

A keen-bladed writer has hamstrung this pseudo critic in the columns of the same paper, over the initials "J. O. S." He shows, what of course all readers of the book well know, that Mr. Sargent represents no such thing as that John Stuart Mill was "a believer in Spiritualism." He retorts that the author "distinctly recognizes the well known fact that Mr. Mill was not only an unbeliever in Spiritualism, but a skeptic as to any life above or beyond this world." The extract from Mill to which this misquoting and mendacious critic refers was quoted merely for the purpose of showing that his opinion in regard to "the origin of the belief in immortality among primitive races of men" coincides with that of the author. For this purpose, truly says "J. O. S.," the extract was appropriate and complete, requiring no explanation from the context. But "G. P. G." happened to be so uselessly gifted with the power of insight as to discover that Mr. Sargent's mere quotation of Mr. Mill to this extent was equivalent to an assertion that Mr. Mill was a believer in ghosts.

In regard to the other assertion of "G. P. G.," that Mr. Sargent includes in his list of believers Carpenter, the English naturalist, "J. O. S." retorts upon him by quoting Mr. Sargent's own words, taken from page 160 of his book. They are as follows: "I have left off believing in death, so called, writes Philip Pearsall Carpenter, the naturalist, (brother of Dr. W. B. Carpenter, who has fought so against our facts), and goes on to say," etc., etc. Now in this passage Mr. Sargent explicitly states that Dr. Car-

penter is not a Spiritualist, and all through his book he alludes to Dr. W. B. Carpenter's unwavering hostility to Spiritualism. Philip Pearsall was a naturalist of distinction when living, and one of his books is to be published by the Smithsonian Institution. He was also an avowed Spiritualist. And this is the style of criticism to which the latter-day opponents of Spiritualism are obliged to descend. It is perfectly evident that they despair of making any further headway by holding fast by the truth.

## Premature Hostility.

In the Message Department of the *Banner of Light* there recently appeared a message from Spirit Acha W. Sprague, who was known to so many when in the form for her good works and words. She had something timely to communicate on the medium question, which is at present engaging, rightly and wrongly, so much attention among Spiritualists. She admits that since she left her earth-form a new phase of mediumship has sprung up on earth, and one that was long foretold by the spirits controlling a great many mediums all over the country. It was to be a mediumship that would bring dear ones from beyond tangibly and close to the mortal friend.

The materializing phase, she tells us, is more opposed and denounced by Spiritualists themselves than any one that has ever come to earth. In seeking for the reason of this, she pertinently asks if we are so sure of the presence of our dear ones that we do not want any additional evidence. Are we unwilling to believe that our loved ones can manifest so tangibly through matter that there can be no mistake? It seems to the spirits as if it were so, for many a believer in Spiritualism puts forth unceasing efforts to throw obstacles in the way of spirits wishing to manifest in the materializing phase, which it is almost dangerous for a spirit to strive to overcome. Like the free sunshine, Spiritualism may be shut out of our homes by darkening the windows; but that proves nothing against Spiritualism, and everything against ourselves.

If, says the communicating spirit above referred to, we shut ourselves up within our outer beings, if we close all the avenues through which we may perceive the presence of spirits, we may not realize and recognize the spiritual glory, even though it is all around us. And, she adds, there is no surer way of shutting out the sunshine of spiritual truth than by denouncing and traducing the mediums, when they should be encouraged and given a proper support. We never can, she says, and never will advocate a blind confidence in any one, or in anything; but we do counsel every being to exercise his judgment and his reasoning powers. We do ask toleration. If at times something occurs which seems strange and incomprehensible, do not denounce your mediums, but investigate patiently and in the spirit of love. In time, we shall be sure to understand why these peculiar manifestations occur.

It really seems like the pettishness of childhood to contest the facts, which are entitled to as fair a chance as all other facts, in so hot a spirit. There can be no such thing as an intention, deliberately conceived, to oppose the reception of this particular phase of mediumship before it has fairly established itself. Let us keep in mind that the spirits choose their own methods of manifesting, and try to remember that they have by no means exhausted their power to make themselves known. We are in too great haste to judge beings who can see better and further than we can, and whose very conditions are so far superior to our own that we are almost forbidden to oppose them with our shorter-sighted criticisms.

## Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten

Informs us that she will be happy to meet her friends and the public at the *Banner of Light* Public Free Circle-Room, Thursday afternoon, Dec. 23d, at 3 P. M., when her controlling spirit-guides will devote an hour to answering questions from those present.

Mrs. Britten will also devote the evening of the same day—Thursday—to answering questions from the audience, at Highland Hall, Roxbury. These will be Mrs. Britten's last and only meetings in Boston and vicinity previous to her departure for Europe.

## Our List of Meetings—also of Speakers.

We print as often as our space will admit, a free list, wherein are given the locations at which Spiritualist meetings are held; and the same is true of another list—also free—which presents the names and addresses of a large proportion of the Spiritualist speakers. Now, to be of any use whatever, these lists must be correct. As the new year is about to open, we earnestly ask those who are knowing to the existence of any errors in either list, to notify us forthwith, that the reliability of these statistics may be assured for '81.

## Glad Tidings!

The bill regulating the practice of medicine and surgery in the Green Mountain State, to which reference has of late been made in these columns, was dismissed by the Vermont House of Representatives at Montpelier, Dec. 20th. How do the "Regular" medical bigots of Massachusetts, who, it is rumored, are even now working "under cover" to prepare the way for the presentation of a similar ordinance this winter in Boston, like the opening of the campaign in New England!

## Dr. Slade at Republican Hall.

Dr. Henry Slade, the world-renowned medium, will deliver a lecture in Republican Hall, New York City, on Sunday evening, Dec. 26th. Subject, "The Duties and Responsibilities of Spiritualists, and the Influence of one Person over Another."

No doubt exists in our mind that this announcement will call together a large and—in the outcome—satisfied audience.

We call the attention of our readers to the article on our second page, headed "Beyond the Grave," which gives an interesting account of the development, as a writing-medium, of Mrs. Jewell, who resides in Portland, Me. Mr. George Woods of Cambridgeport, the well-known organ builder, called at our office a few days ago, and assured us that the statements made in the account are correct; that he is well acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Jewell, who recently visited them in Portland, and is fully conversant with all the facts.

A recent letter from Harry Bastian informs us that he has received much benefit from his host Mr. Regan's magnetic healing gift since his return to London from Hamburg, where his health failed him on account of his continued and arduous duties since arriving in Europe. He hopes soon to be in condition to resume his work.







## Message Department.

**Public Free-Circle Meetings.**  
Are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, corner of  
Province street and Montgomery Place, every Monday  
and Friday at 8 o'clock. The hall will be open at 2  
o'clock, and services commence at 3 o'clock precisely, at  
which time the doors will be closed, allowing no access  
until the conclusion of the service, except in case of abso-  
lute necessity. The public are cordially invited.  
The messages published under the above heading indi-  
cate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their  
earthly life, but beyond—whether for good or evil—con-  
sequently those who pass from the earthly sphere in an unde-  
veloped state, eventually progress to a higher condition.  
We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by  
spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or  
her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—  
no more.

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

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

Miss Shelhamer 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 appearing in this department in order to  
ensure prompt attention, should in every instance be ad-  
dressed to Colby & Rich, or to  
LEWIS B. WILSON, Chairman.

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

### Special Notice, By the Controlling Spirit, in regard to advancing Spirit Messages.

A few words, Mr. Chairman, I wish to say, in  
behalf of the band who control this circle, as  
likewise the expression of my own ideas: that  
we consider it best not to advance spirit mes-  
sages given here, unless there is something im-  
portant in the message which demands immedi-  
ate publication. We are forced to speak in this  
way, because we are receiving many requests  
from friends in the mortal that certain mes-  
sages which they see announced for publication  
in your columns may be advanced. If we allow  
this to be done, from time to time, it will work  
an injustice to other spirits who have manifest-  
ed before them, whose messages should take  
precedence. If, at any time, a spirit control-  
ling at this place feels that it is important for  
his message to be advanced, we shall be pleased  
to give permission; or, if the friends of the  
spirit show that there is something important  
which is needed to be seen before the regular  
time, we are also willing such messages should  
be advanced. Not otherwise.

Science Nov. 9th, 1880.

### Invocation.

Oh thou Eternal Spirit, who art the infinite soul of  
all life, whose abiding presence is felt everywhere,  
who art the sun and substance of all things; thou  
grand and mighty ruler of the universe, we praise thee  
that to day our souls are nearer our eternal home.  
We bless thee that constantly, as the years go by,  
bearing the fruitage of work performed, every life is  
continually being called nearer to thy kingdom. Even  
though the shadows of distress and sorrow fall upon  
the heart, even though the crust of human weakness,  
selfishness and degradation enslave the soul, yet thy  
voice is ever calling to us from on high to rise above  
all earthly conditions and experiences that would  
draw the spirit downward, and reach out toward thee  
and thy angels for knowledge, truth and wisdom con-  
cerning the laws of life. We ask that thou wilt send  
abundant influences that will touch the hearts and  
souls of thy dear humanity, that they may seek to  
come into holy communion with angelic ones, and gain  
some new comprehension of the laws of being and the  
purposes of life.

### Amasa Lyman.

The years are passing since I was called from  
the mortal to dwell with the immortals in the  
eternal spheres; and as I look backward I feel  
in spirit that I must return to my friends and  
associates, and speak to them concerning my  
new abode, and the life which they are to live  
in the future. I find many, many dear souls  
enmeshed in mortal flesh, who are bowed and  
weeping in anguish because of the loss of those  
near and dear to them, and I feel a desire born  
within my soul to speak to them earnestly, to  
give them hope, comfort and cheer, because  
their dear ones are not dead, but live in a world  
of light and glory. Oh, I would say to those  
who "sorrow and mourn as without hope,"  
Why is it that you will bow beside the cold  
hearthstone of blind faith? Why will you weep  
over the dead ashes of doubt and fear, and in  
trembling accents mourn because you know  
not whether your loved ones have fled, when  
just beyond your sight there gleams the light  
and radiance of perfect knowledge for you and  
for mankind—tidings concerning the loved who  
have gone before, and information concerning the  
world whither all are tending?

Oh, friends, weep not in sorrow that your  
loved ones die! Rather rejoice that death is  
given to you and to all mankind, as an angel  
who welcomes you to a sphere of change and  
progress, where you may unfold your highest  
capabilities and advance toward that progres-  
sion which is beyond what you could attain  
here. In the mortal you are cramped and con-  
fined; you are limited, because materiality sur-  
rounds you. In the spiritual world there are  
no limitations; opportunities are presented to  
every spirit to pass onward from one sphere or  
condition to a higher, from one world to an-  
other, still advancing by steps that grow bright-  
er and brighter, still receiving more of wisdom,  
truth and knowledge. Like the flowers, you  
are capable of unfolding into perfect purity,  
beauty and maturity; like the flowers, you may  
receive from on high light which shall beautify  
and enrich your lives. Therefore, dear friends,  
go on, still onward; search for spiritual light,  
truth, and knowledge; cast aside the old gar-  
ments of unbelief, throw aside the old bottles  
which you strive to fill with the "new wine"  
of life, and learn all you can concerning that  
immortal existence which awaits you. Throw  
aside the old forms and emerge into a larger  
and diviner life; and as you go onward, reach-  
ing out for knowledge from beyond, strive to  
extend to those who sit in darkness some of  
that light which you receive, some of that  
knowledge which has been a blessing to your  
own souls.

I have sought for an instrument that I might  
use for purposes of my own in returning to  
mortal life. I have sought long and earnestly.  
At times I have been enabled to send forth my  
thoughts through the mediumistic lips of others,  
and yet I am not satisfied; still shall I seek on  
earnestly to find a brain and an organism thor-  
oughly adapted to my own, which I may use in  
order to transmit lessons of truth concerning  
the immortal world. And I would say to my  
family and associates: Friends, I am with you  
now as truly and as closely as when in the mor-  
tal form. Although I have stepped beyond the  
material, just as I would step from one room to  
another, yet I can send to you my influence, I  
can give you my thoughts, I can enwrap you  
with my affections, and draw you upward to  
my own sphere of existence. Therefore re-

member that I am with you in love, and draw  
from the fountains of your own affection that  
which will stimulate me to still press onward,  
striving to attain some higher good which I may  
transmit to you and to those in need. I am  
from Salt Lake City. I have long and earnest-  
ly sought to send my words back through the  
channel of the *Banner of Light*. Now I would  
say to my friends, having succeeded so far, I  
shall still press onward, striving to send to you  
all words of encouragement and cheer from the  
spirit-world, as I may be provided with avenues  
and channels to do so. I am Amasa Lyman.

### George Carter.

[To the Chairman:] Sir, I have friends in Ken-  
tucky that, it seems to me, I should feel indeed  
highly privileged to meet. I am not sure that I  
may do so by coming here, yet I think it worth  
the trial. Particular friends of mine who are  
in Louisville I am most anxious to reach, to  
send out to them some tidings of my own exist-  
ence. It is ten years since I passed from earth;  
you may well believe it would be a pleasure to  
me to return and manifest to those connected  
with me by ties and associations. While in the  
body my interests were almost entirely centred  
in material things. I had a love of life, and a  
love of the good things which the earth pro-  
vides, and my friends will not be surprised to  
find me still interested in what pertains to ma-  
terial life; yet the ten years of my spiritual ex-  
istence have sloughed off something of my material  
desires and earthly longings, therefore it would  
please me somewhat to speak to my old  
associates concerning the life which I am now  
living, and which, of a necessity, they all must  
lead sometime in the future. I know my par-  
ticular friends will feel more interested in my  
return, if I speak to them concerning their own  
material interests and welfare, and I will say:  
You are doing very well as you are; I would not  
advise you to take one step, or to perform any  
new work; keep on as you have been going, and  
you will have sufficient for your needs, and for  
your future welfare, and, as the good things of  
life are given to you, forget not to extend the  
helping hand to others who are not as fortunate  
as you are; forget not that there are many  
needy suffering ones around, who should share  
in your wealth, because they have a claim upon  
you, belonging, as you all do, to one great family  
or brotherhood. I do not know that I was par-  
ticularly generous when upon earth; but I can  
say now, that every penny I bestowed in giving  
assistance to others, aiding them to gain a liv-  
elihood for themselves, or in appeasing the wants  
of the suffering and the needy, has become a  
star of light to me in my spiritual home; and  
had I understood this law better, and sent  
abroad my influence for good, and also dispensed  
my bounty more freely, I am sure that my spiri-  
tual life would have been brighter and more  
pleasant to me than it has been. That is why I  
desire my friends to look into this matter. I do  
not want them to encourage idleness, but to re-  
lieve the necessities of others by assisting them  
in gaining a livelihood for themselves, whereby  
they may work out their own salvation materi-  
ally, as well as spiritually. And, my friends, I  
should most assuredly like to greet you, through  
some individual, and speak concerning your own  
lives, and also my own, while I was in the form  
and now since I have passed beyond the mortal.  
You may say, "George was not wont to speak  
like this when in the form." That is true, be-  
cause I was so absorbed in material affairs. My  
whole interest seemed to be so engulphed in the  
art of making and keeping wealth that I could  
not attend to my spiritual wants and needs.

Now that I have grown above the material,  
somewhat, I perceive that the spirit is what we  
should attend to; we must work for the advance-  
ment of our lives interiorly, we must strive to  
develop the good within. If we would enjoy life  
and happiness in the world beyond. As my ma-  
terial existence was confined to a few years,  
comparatively speaking, and my eternal life will  
extend for untold ages, certainly I should return  
and speak concerning the attributes of the  
spirit, which most need unfolding. I am pained  
to say I find my friends wrapping themselves up  
in the selfishness of a carnal existence; they  
are so absorbed in money-getting that they do  
not attend to the wants and needs of others as  
they should do. This is why I send out my  
word, also a knowledge that I have returned,  
asking them to receive my message, also to give  
me opportunities of returning and speaking in  
private.

One more word. My affairs were conducted  
and settled as I could wish, speaking from the  
standpoint I occupied in the body, but I desire  
my nephew, also my sister-in-law, to use part  
of what I possessed for the enlightenment of the  
ignorant, for teaching the poor, needy little  
children, who do not receive instruction and  
light as they should. I do desire these friends  
to look up those who are in need, and put them  
in the way of becoming educated and capable  
of caring for themselves. Only a part of my  
possessions do I ask you to make use of in this  
way, and if you will do so, you will not only  
brighten your own spirits, but you will give me  
more ease and pleasure. My name is George  
Carter.

### Dr. Charles Dunham.

I announce myself, Mr. Chairman, that my  
friends may know that the death of the body  
does not end the existence of the spirit; that  
violence may destroy the earthly tabernacle,  
but it cannot assail the spirit; the interior man  
may pass on to new scenes of life and labor  
and still be able to work for himself and others.  
I would say to my associates, I have passed on-  
ward from your scene of action and labor to  
one yet higher. For the last few years I have  
been silent, because I have been earnestly de-  
siring to learn more of the world which I have  
entered and to learn more concerning the laws  
of life. I am interested in my old work. I am,  
as ever, interested in the medical profession,  
and I shall ever continue to take an interest in  
all that concerns humanity; but I now perceive  
that many of the laws of life are so subtle that  
we, whilst still embodied in the flesh, cannot  
perceive their operations and understand the  
causes of many effects which lie beneath the  
vision; consequently we are unable to cope  
with these effects, and our work is often bung-  
ling and unskilled.

It would give me unbounded pleasure to re-  
turn to my associates in some private way, and  
speak to them concerning their life-work. I  
feel that they would not desire me to speak this  
from a public place, and it seems to me im-  
portant that I should give them what I have learn-  
ed of their work and also of my own work while  
on earth. You understand so little of the hu-  
man organism, so little, while on earth, con-  
cerning the various influences which act upon  
the physical frame—because of the spirit work-  
ing within—that you cannot understandingly  
go to work to operate upon that organism and  
control its various ills. I am informed that a  
time will come when the members of the medi-

cal profession will understand the subtle laws  
of life so far that they may use the various  
agents at their command for performing a no-  
ble work. I find that the magnetism of no two  
individuals corresponds; I find there is a differ-  
ence in every organism you come in contact  
with; consequently there are no two organisms  
that should be treated alike; there should be  
some divergence in the treatment of every case  
—what is a curative agency for one will poison  
the system of another, although his complaint  
outwardly appears to be the same. It is be-  
cause you do not understand this that you  
work, as it were, in the dark. Now it is easy  
for my coadjutors and friends to inform them-  
selves concerning these things. If they will  
only do so, they will find themselves gaining  
control of human ills so far as they pertain to  
the flesh; they will also find themselves under-  
standing the subtle laws of the interior life  
which affect the outward, and in this way they  
will apply their remedies to much better advan-  
tage. I certainly and earnestly hope my friends  
will respond to my call and give me an oppor-  
tunity to speak to them as I would like to do.  
Dr. Charles Dunham, to friends in New Brun-  
swick and adjacent places in New Jersey.

### Abbie K. Freeman.

[To the Chairman:] I would like very much  
to speak, sir. I feel that I must come, and from  
this place send out a word of warning and ad-  
vice to one who is, at this time, and has been  
for many long months, in trouble and doubt  
concerning which way she shall move. I do not  
wish to state the place where I come from, be-  
cause I must not attract attention to that one  
whom I desire to reach. I am sure she will get  
my message, and I am likewise sure that she  
does not wish any one to know of her trouble;  
but I would say to her: Sarah, you yourself are  
responsible for some of the trouble which has  
come upon you. Although you err ignorantly,  
yet it is none the less your own error which is  
bringing this avalanche of woes upon your spirit.  
I have heard your cry for assistance. I know  
that you have said: "If Aunt Abbie was only  
here, she would tell me what to do." Now I  
have come to tell you what to do, in order to  
throw aside this sorrow that you find creeping  
gradually yet surely in. You have long noticed  
the ways of your son; you have long observed  
that his course is tending downward, and that  
he is giving up his time to dissipation. I wish  
to say: Do you not know that Fred is suscepti-  
ble to influences which come about him? do  
you not know that he is susceptible to those  
spirit influences which are attracted to you, and  
which, you know, at times, surround you? You  
must be aware of this, because through his in-  
strumentality you have received messages from  
his father and others.

And now I wish to say to you, Surround your  
son with the best and purest influences which  
you can gather about you. I mean, surround  
him with individuals in the form who are spiri-  
tually inclined; open your home, and invite in  
your spiritualistic friends, and hold circles; in-  
voke the presence of the higher influences to  
come, as you do when songs of spirituality and  
invocations for light are sent outward from  
your own hearts. Do this once or twice a week;  
attend spiritual meetings more than you have  
done in the past; in this way you will draw  
about your home higher influences, which will  
become strength for your son and also for your-  
self. And this is what I wish to speak about:  
Many times in the past you have felt weak and  
debilitated, you have felt as though all strength  
was leaving you, and that your days were num-  
bered, and then your physician and friends have  
advised you to take a stimulant! They have  
advised you to take, once or twice a day, a little  
wine, or something of that kind, to support your  
physical system! Now, I know very well, Sarah,  
that a little wine will never harm you, because  
you have no desire to take anything of the kind;  
but by bringing that bottle of wine into your  
house, you draw around influences that have  
been addicted to the drinking of strong liquor,  
and although they cannot make use of you to  
satisfy their cravings and wants, they will make  
use of the most susceptible one who comes un-  
der their influence, and your son being the most  
susceptible one, going forth also into compan-  
ionship that does not come to your home, opens  
the doorway to those influences to come in,  
and consequently he is very often led into scenes  
of dissipation and riot. Now, Sarah, I say to  
you, banish the baneful stimulant from your  
home; go out more into the open air; do not  
brood so much over your sorrows; partake  
freely of fruit and vegetables. You certainly  
have no need of stimulants to tone up your sys-  
tem, notwithstanding what the physician tells  
to you. *Be your own physician.* Let common  
sense aid your judgment in these things. Sur-  
round your son with the best influences, and be  
determined nothing evil shall come to him from  
without, so far as you can prevent it, and I be-  
lieve in the space of a few short months you  
will find that he is on a better road. I think  
that if you hold these séances which we desire,  
and invite in your friends, you will find better  
conditions surrounding yourself and your home,  
and that in a little while we will be able to  
bring your son into them, and make use of him  
as a grand instrument, for he is a good medium  
for spiritual influences, and the spirit-world  
hope to make use of him for their own purposes.  
First he must gain strength of will and spirit,  
in order to resist temptation; he must draw  
around him a band of higher influences who  
will be a guard of strength for his soul; then  
will we be delighted to make use of him in order  
to instruct, and benefit, and bless others. My  
name is Abbie K. Freeman.

### Richard McIntire.

I want to add my word of testimony to the  
truth of Spiritualism. I had no doubt of it  
while in the body. Spiritualism was a grand  
comfort and consolation as well as a teacher to  
my soul, long before I passed on to enjoy the  
fruits of the spirit. Now I wish to come to send  
back some of my good things to my friends who  
remain on earth. I would like them to know  
that the first spirit that my eyes fell upon was  
my loving and devoted companion, who for many  
years led me on gladly, searching for spiritual  
truth and knowledge, because I knew that she  
had passed beyond, and my great desire was to  
be with her and meet her in the angel-world.

The beautiful roses were blooming in all their  
fresh, sweet fragrance, in early summer, when  
gently and peacefully my spirit was drawn from  
mortal scenes, out into the broad, free realms of  
spiritual life, and it was like the calm passing  
away of a beautiful sunset; all was so serene  
and bright around me that I felt I was indeed  
being wafted into scenes of celestial glory. I  
did not desire to say much to friends or to any  
one, only to enjoy the sweet luxury of immortal  
life, but now I would say to one and all: Go on  
in your work; never hide your light from any  
eye; let it stream out broad and free; let all  
mankind know whether you are going and what

your hopes are for the future. There is no need  
of loud ranting and talking, there is no need of  
violent words being used to convince your  
neighbors that you are a believer in immortali-  
ty. No; let your life-work show what you hope  
for in the future; let your earnest, calm life  
flow out beautiful and free, as a blessing to all  
with whom you come in contact; let it flow si-  
lently if it will, yet surely, watering the lives of  
those around you with its sweet, refreshing  
dew, but yet let the truth be known and felt  
abroad—that you are living daily, hourly in  
communion with the loving angels of heaven,  
that you are hoping, and, indeed, that you know  
you shall meet them all again in the by-and-by.

Many years passed over my head in the mor-  
tal form, every one of which was of blessing to  
my spirit. Shadows and sorrows came to my  
life, as they must come to all, but I can perceive  
that every one was a lesson of good for me,  
which even now and forever I shall make use of  
for my own spirit's advancement, and I would  
say to each friend: Regret not your experiences  
of life; let the shadows point you onward toward  
something better; let each sorrow and trouble  
purify your spirit for the higher life, and if you  
have erred let it be a warning to you for the fu-  
ture; if you have made mistakes let them be the  
means of making you more careful and endur-  
ing and patient for the time to come. Let every  
experience be a lesson for your life, and when  
you enter our immortal world you will rejoice  
that the years came to you as they did, that not  
one pain was spared you while in the flesh.

I am from North Reading, Mass. I have many  
friends in the mortal world whom I come to greet in  
this way, and to bear them the love, affection  
and remembrances of their dear ones on the  
other shore. Richard McIntire.

### Deacon George W. Holmes.

That intelligence who has just manifested  
seems to have been a very unobtrusive individ-  
ual, for I perceive a very mellow, beautiful light  
emanating from his being and brightening up  
the surrounding objects. This seems to teach  
me a lesson, which perhaps my spirit needs. I  
am here to-day more particularly for my own  
interest than for that of any other, yet it will  
give me pleasure to speak and to send out my  
voice to my friends, that they may know that I  
have returned from the land of souls to give  
them greeting. I must say that I find this ex-  
perience a pleasant one, although I shrink from  
it at first. I did not desire to return and speak  
through mortal lips. I do not know that I had  
any particular desire to find Spiritualism a  
truth, because I thought I had something bet-  
ter and higher. My own ideas and opinions and  
beliefs concerning the eternal world, and they  
were all my own, are somewhat modified, yet I  
am in hopes to attain much of that glory I  
reached out for when I was on earth. I wish to  
say to my friends, Keep on in your way; receive  
all the good you can, receive all the instruction  
concerning your soul's welfare, but keep on in  
your way and you will receive a sure reward in  
the future. I am told I have not received so  
much light as my spirit requires concerning my  
existence. Probably I have not, yet I am com-  
paratively happy. I have recently met my com-  
panion; she has joined me, and together we  
live, and have also met our dear ones, who  
years ago passed away. We are happy, and we  
send back our greetings to our friends. I am  
obliged to admit that Spiritualism is true, and  
that we can return after the death of the body  
to speak to our friends. I find a desire awak-  
ening within me to learn more of its laws and con-  
ditions, and perhaps I may consent to return  
again and speak to those who remain on earth  
concerning what I have seen and what I am  
learning. As I said before, this is for my own  
interest, to-day; it is an experience that I, at  
last, have felt I required, and have consented  
to take upon myself. My name is Deacon George  
W. Holmes. I would be known by friends in  
Bridgewater.

### William H. Llewellyn.

[To the Chairman:] I am glad to meet you  
and to be here. I made up my mind some time  
ago that I should manifest through all the  
mediums that I could, and speak through the  
columns of all our spiritual journals, if possi-  
ble. That may seem a very selfish move on my  
part; but when I tell my friends that every  
time I return to a medium and take control, I  
receive just so much strength and influence  
and power to go on in my work for others, I  
am persuaded they will feel it is not entirely  
for my own individual interest that I do so. I  
have sent words of greeting to them before, and  
I still desire to have them go out from my  
spirit with my love and blessing. I am earnestly  
working for the spiritual cause. I am rejoiced  
to find that after years had laid their weight  
upon me, and I had felt the burden and heat of  
material life, I was suddenly summoned home  
to take part in the spiritual existence of all  
those grand souls who had passed on before.  
It was in a very short time that I found myself  
endowed with powers and possibilities where-  
by I might work out and unfold my own indi-  
viduality still more, and also work for the ben-  
efit of those poor darkened souls who were in  
need of assistance, strength and instruction.  
It is my desire to dispense my spiritual wealth  
freely and without stint. I would not hold one  
treasure to myself that another needs; I would  
not hold one blessing that would purify and  
beautify the life of any other, and I hope to dis-  
pense what I possess for the benefit of some  
who are in darkness and more unfortunate  
than myself. I did desire to do what I could  
when on earth for the benefit of others. I  
know better than any one else how I was lim-  
ited. I can see now more clearly than any one  
else why I might have done even more; yet I  
feel that to advance and press on is the highest  
work of a spirit, and I wish to take all my  
friends with me.

I wish to say to my dear companion, you are  
still with me; you press on, side by side with  
me, and I can work in connection with yourself  
for the good of others, and while here it will  
be a pleasure to me to send back my love and  
remembrance to those who walk by my side.  
One whom I shall call Bro. Criss says, "Be kind  
enough to give my greeting and remembrance."  
Say I send back my love also. I am working also  
to unfold my own spirit, and to understand the  
laws of being more thoroughly than I did when in  
the body." He bids me say that the clouds which  
seemed to obscure his being when on earth are  
fading away, and he, in connection with many  
others, is working out into the light, and striv-  
ing to be of benefit to some one who is more un-  
fortunate. I expect to carry away with me  
from these precincts, and from individuals gath-  
ered together here, such an amount of magnet-  
ism, power and influence that I may go forth  
among my old associates and friends, and per-  
meate them with the desires which I find my  
soul filled with. I am told I shall attain this  
power here to go forth with my work, conse-  
quently I am rejoiced that I have spoken, and

would say to my friends, Press on; I shall  
meet you in the by-and-by. William H. Llew-  
ellyn, of San Jose, Cal.

### Mary Hutchins.

[To the Chairman:] Please, may I come and  
see the flowers? [A bouquet on the table.] I  
did not have any flowers when I was here. I  
used to see them in the windows, but I could not  
get any. I lived in Springfield. I was eight  
years old. I went out, and I did not have any  
shoes on—I went out and took cold; it made me  
all sore round here [putting her hands around her  
throat], and then I died. I go to school now.  
I could not when I was here. My name is Mary  
Hutchins. There is a lady in Springfield who  
is real kind to my mamma. I want to thank  
her; her name is Mrs. Sprague. I don't know  
whether she knows that little girls can come  
back or not, but she went to see my mamma,  
and gave her lots of things. After I died she  
made me a pretty dress, and put it on. She was  
real kind, and I want to thank her. I want  
to tell her that I see she has got a little boy over  
where I live; his name is Johnnie. He is grow-  
ing up—he is bigger than I am. He wants to  
send his love to her, and he wants to come to  
his mamma. He can't come here, because he  
has tried. I do not know why, I guess he don't  
know how to talk here; so I told him I would  
come and speak for him, because his mamma  
was so kind to my mamma. I want her to go  
and see my mamma, please, and tell her that I  
have come back, and it is real warm, and pretty,  
and nice where I live; that I am happy now,  
only I do not like to see mamma so cold and sad.  
[To the Chairman:] Do you think I can come  
again? [Yes.] My mother's name is Mary, too,  
just like mine. I guess it is two years since I  
went away. It seems so.

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Nov. 12.—Rev. William C. Wisner; Mrs. Emma L. Bar-  
rows; James Warren; Thomas West; Louisa Wilkins; Agnes  
Peck; John A. Stevenson; Emma S. Dodge.  
Nov. 13.—Rev. H. H. Burdett; Mrs. Mary A. Burdett;  
Merrick; Col. J. P. Burdett; Mary E. Collins; Henry Kaynor;  
Sarah L. Martin.  
Nov. 14.—Juliette T. Burton; R. W. Huntington; Betsey  
Hunt; George Luther; Corolla Gifford; John A. Curtis;  
Mrs. Alice Frazor; Carrie Lewis.  
Nov. 21.—George Freestman; Mary Crowley; Sarah Mil-  
lison; Charles Brooks; Clara H. Gifford; John A. Curtis;  
Nov. 27.—David S. Tarr; Lydia M. Flinders; Lizzie At-  
kinson; Mary Beaman; Samuel Taylor; Dr. Henry Clark;  
John Keastus.  
Nov. 28.—Evelyn T. Chandler; Willie Foote; Anna Fletcher;  
Mary Arnold; William Howland; Henry S. Tolman;  
John Keastus.  
Dec. 1.—Rev. Thomas C. Moses; Lyman Odell; Mrs. C. H.  
Hardy; John A. Barnard; Nancy Packard; Sarah Jane  
Reed; Jonathan Perry.  
Dec. 10.—Mrs. A. M. French; Flora B. Cartnoll; White  
John Edwards; George P. Martin; Mary Abbie Poole; Aunt  
Chloe; Forest Flower.  
Dec. 11.—Mrs. A. M. French; Flora B. Cartnoll; White  
John Edwards; George P. Martin; Mary Abbie Poole; Aunt  
Chloe; Forest Flower.  
Dec. 12.—Rev. E. W. Foster; Mrs. A. M. French; John  
Wood; Helen S. Loud; Freddie P. Fiske; Samuel Curtis;  
Big Beaver.  
Dec. 13.—Gideon Frost; Katie F. Hand; Lizzie L. Groves;  
John Edwards; Robert L. Tildon; Mary J. Knowles; Ros-  
alie Abbott; Jennie Ryder; Emma Gray.

### The Uses and Joys of Spirit-Com- munion.

AS SEEN FROM THE SPIRIT-SIDE OF LIFE.  
[A spirit-message to Thomas R. Hazard from  
his daughter.]

My Dear Father—I am delighted to feel that I  
can come and commune with you in spirit while  
bearing to you the love of all your dear ones.  
Oh, father, I am daily growing stronger and  
happier and more glorified. It all seems so  
beautiful—that I can show myself so tangibly to  
you as I do. It strengthens me for my work,  
for, father, I am engaged in striving to assist  
the poor and suffering ones, both in spirit and  
mortal life. Oh, I see so much need in the  
world, so much misery that makes my heart  
ache whenever I return to manifest to earthly  
scenes! And sometimes it is not only that I  
may express my love and sympathy for you that  
gives me pleasure, but also because I feel that  
every time I return I gather strength to prose-  
cute my own individual work for others.

Dear father, the angels bless you and bring  
you strength daily and hourly; they bring  
you undying testimony of their presence and  
evidence of their love for you. By-and-by they  
will meet and greet you in their own sweet  
home. Your own GERTIE.

### Verification of Dr. Shaw's Message.

In the *Banner of Light* of Dec. 11th there is a mes-  
sage from Dr. SHAW, of Indianapolis, Ind. I knew  
Dr. Shaw well. About twenty-six years ago he was an  
earnest, working Spiritualist, entertaining mediums,  
holding circles in his house, and using all available  
means to promulgate our glorious cause. The message  
is eminently characteristic of him, and I doubt not it  
came from my old friend, with whom I have sat in cir-  
cles many times. Mrs. J. C. HUNT.  
Somerville, Mass., Dec. 14th, 1880.

The announcement of the *Banner of  
Light*, which appears in another column, will  
repay perusal. It is one of our brightest ex-  
changes. It is radical to the core, but a pure,  
clean family paper. Send for a specimen copy.  
—The *Laure Republican*, *Laure-de-Grace, Md.*

Milk is adulterated not only with water, but also  
with salt to give it a specific gravity, and with burnt  
sugar and other ingredients to give it a rich color.  
The doctored milk is of course an unhealthy beverage.  
No wonder so many young children die who partake  
of it.

### Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Sacramento, Cal., Oct. 29th, 1880, Benjamin Todd,  
aged 57 years.  
Mr. Todd has been an active worker and lecturer in the  
spiritual ranks for over twenty years. He came to the Pa-  
cific coast twelve or fifteen years ago, and was soon  
after started a spiritual paper in San Francisco called  
the *Banner of Progress*, and sustained it by his individual  
efforts for over two years. He was a man of great energy  
and ability, and was a member of the Spiritual Society  
of the Pacific coast. He has done a great deal of  
good in promulgating the truths of Spiritualism. For the  
last three years he has been a resident of Sacramento, and  
has been a member of the Spiritual Society of that city.  
Being a strong advocate of the Greenback Question, he was  
elected by that party as a candidate for the Assembly  
in 1878. He threw all his energy into the work, and  
carried several counties prior to the election, laboring so  
intensely as to overtax his powers physically and mentally,  
which brought on brain fever, and now that they are relieved  
as above mentioned. The Spiritual Society assumed  
the responsibility of the obsequies, as a slight token of re-  
spect for one who had done so much for the cause of truth  
and light. Mrs. King, a trance speaker of ability, in the hall of the  
Spiritual Society, to a large audience. Appropriate re-  
marks were also made at the grave by Mrs. Ann Smith.  
He will long be remembered for the noble work he has done  
for the cause of truth in the States, and on the Pacific slope.  
SACRAMENTO, CAL. FAULINE W. STEPHENS.

From Norwood, Mass., Nov. 23d, 1880, Alanson Turner,  
aged 84 years 10 months and 11 days.

From the Bible phraseology might appropriately be used:  
"Behold an Israelite indeed, who has not seen gold and  
silver, but since his retirement from a successful  
manufacturing business, been for many years one of the  
most honored and respected citizens of Norwood. He was  
a man of strict integrity and great kindness of heart;  
of dignified and courteous demeanor, intelligent and well-in-  
formed on all current subjects of practical importance, and  
ever ready and able to give his reasons for the opinions he  
entertained. Several years since he became interested in  
the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism; and both  
to himself and his devoted wife, who preceded him in the  
spirit-world about two years, it was a light shining in a  
dark place. The beauty of their lives recommended their  
faith to all who knew them; and now that they are reunited  
in the home of the soul, their surviving children and re-  
latives think with grateful emotions of their honorable and  
useful career upon the earth, in the domestic circle and in  
all their social relations, and of the joy that awaits the re-  
union of such friends in the higher life. By the request of  
Mrs. Turner, made long ago, and now that they are re-  
united, appropriate remarks at the funeral, the pastor of the  
Universalist Society participating in the exercises."

From Pompey, Onondaga Co., N. Y., Reuben Billings,  
in the 92d year of his age.

Obituary Notices not exceeding twenty lines published  
gratis. When they exceed this number, they are charged  
at the rate of one cent per line, payable in ad-  
vance. A line of capital letters averages ten words. Poetry  
inadmissible in this department.







