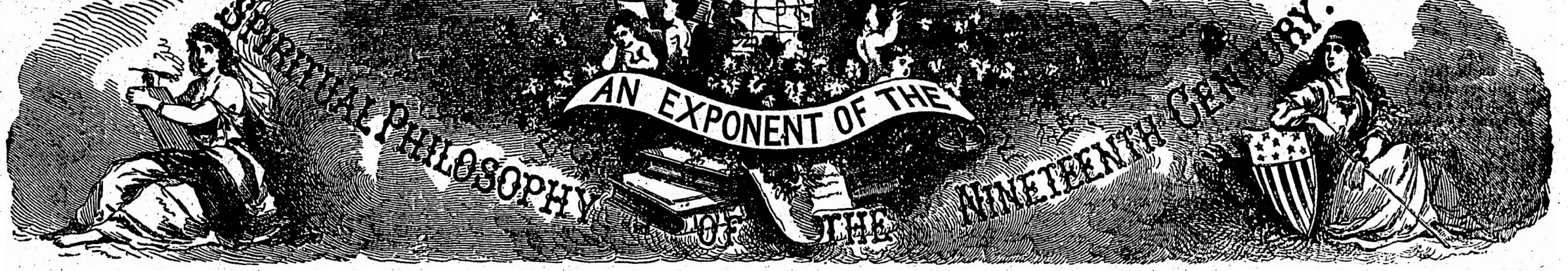


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The Rostrum.

[From the Chicago Daily Times.]

The Spiritual Harvest of the Year.

A Lecture Delivered before the First Society of Spiritualists in Fairbank Hall, Chicago, Ill., Sunday Evening, Dec. 20th, by
MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

"Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy." Spiritualism is of no country, nation or people. It belongs to humanity; it is the possession of the world of souls.

In the seven months that you have not assembled, during which time our medium has been absent in a foreign land, we have not been idle. There have been about fifty public addresses, and as many more private and exceptional ones, to people of varied rank, condition, profession and station, but mostly Spiritualists. In London, probably the largest centre of enlightenment the world now offers, representative minds from every class of the people are Spiritualists. There were members of the Church of England, dissenters, perhaps Roman Catholics, and certainly liberal minds of various denominations, who were, nevertheless, Spiritualists. In all the larger cities of England there are associative bodies of local societies of Spiritualists. But these do not represent all who believe in and accept spirit communion. Nevertheless our medium was invited to address these societies, and with earnestness, cordiality, hospitality and a true spirit of fraternal recognition they send you, Mr. President, and your Society, greetings as Spiritualists, from Nottingham, from Manchester, from Newcastle, from Edinburgh, from Glasgow, from all the cities where varieties of thought, occupation and opinion have kept people apart for centuries. In Edinburgh, the city of classical learning, where sectarian bigotry less than two centuries ago would have driven one to the gallows or to the stake or to the prison for believing in spirit communion, there are those among all classes and denominations who accept it, and the chief party interested in the movement there is represented by the clergy. In Glasgow, the centre of commerce in the north, there is an abiding interest in the spirit of progress. In Manchester there is a spirit growing up, strong and steadfast, not alone for that which is phenomenal in Spiritualism, but deeper still for the spirit of Spiritualism. Then, as we referred to Nottingham before, there is a centre of strong and earnest workers, where the mediums convened to receive our instrument, and where a spirit of true cordiality was sent to you from over the sea. The last expression of good feeling was in London, and came in the form of a distinct expression of gratitude for the presence of our instrument there, and a cordial recognition of all that the Western World is doing in the advancement of human thought, and chiefly in this direction of Spiritualism. For while this subject is popular, socially, in England, and while there is no fashionable circle, no intellectual class from which this is excluded, as a subject of discussion and investigation, legally it is under ban; for there is an old-time law that witches shall be hung, and that sorcerers and those that are engaged in black art, and chiefly fortune-tellers and vagrants, shall be imprisoned; and under this law not only Dr. Slade was arrested, but honest media, professors, graduates, are liable to be arrested at any time, and several of their own countrymen have been imprisoned for three months at a time for exercising the genuine gift of mediumship and holding communion with departed friends—and the more genuine the mediumship the more sure the punishment.

Yet such is the spirit of civilization in England that at this hour professors in the universities, ministers of the gospel, the fashionables of London, meet and hold séances in their houses, give parties and receptions, while at the same time these very media are under the ban of English law. Such are some of the inconsistencies of the government that does not keep pace with the enlightenment of its people, and such some of the differences in the privileges enjoyed between the two nations. This is only referred to as illustrating that there is more than the mere external aspect of Spiritualism. It nowhere has taken the form of creed, organization, or local institutions—but higher than all these is the spirit of Spiritualism that is everywhere apparent; that reveals itself from crowned heads to the lowliest in the cottages, and imparts its life, its vitality, and chiefly its promises to those who are looking heavenward for the new revelation.

Materialism is not wanting there; it has its devotees, those at the shrine of science, some of the most brilliant minds of the age leading the van. There is no ranting and storming after the Bradlaugh school, but an earnest and distinct skepticism that has taken possession of some of the shining lights of church and science. Opposed to this there is no power of church to vitalize that faith that has gone out in the midst of Christian conflicts, that has run the gauntlet of Roman Catholic and Protestant persecutions, that has extinguished many times the fires on many altars, and left ashes and desolation over nearly every foot of English territory. No revival of the ancient faith is possible under the ancient forms. The skepticism of modern times requires necessarily the spirit that is here and now, that will kindle the life of the spirit of truth, and make religion no longer a mockery of human wants and human needs. Singularly enough, while in England, socially and otherwise, the scientific skepticism leads minds to the investigation of Spiritualism in private séances and popular places, in Ireland there are manifestations of spirit already distinctly avowed and well attested in public places, like that of Knock, while visible apparitions make the people worship at the ancient shrine, betokening a revival of faith on the very altars where faith has been put to death. Nor

will this be confined to the Roman Catholic church alone. There will be other shrines and other altars, even in Protestant, skeptical, materialistic England and America, where the new light and new manifestation will appear, not through media, not through Spiritualists, not among those who have been forced to adopt by conviction the faith, but among the unbelieving, as unbelieving as you were before this light came to you, before the word was spoken.

If Mr. Wallace can find time in the midst of scientific pursuits to study carefully and analyze the manifestations of Spiritualism; if Mr. Crookes can take three years out of his young and aspiring life to carefully study the phenomena of Spiritualism; if Mr. Zöllner can pause in the midst of greatest activity, and if five or six other Professors in Germany can stop in the midst of the nineteenth century when materialistic and scientific problems are pressing upon them, and listen to this voice and inquire its meaning, the average man or woman has plenty of time to inquire also; and they are inquiring, for at the loom or the wheel, wherever their duties or labors call them, with hands stained with toil or delicately jeweled, there are still those who do pause and do inquire. Out of the midst of one of the manufacturing towns of England a man has been taken at forty years of age, without education or cultivation of schools, and nightly speaks to crowded audiences in Liverpool, uttering the words of statesmen departed, of wise ones gone before, challenging the attention of the clergy and the press, who report *verbatim* his utterances, and these utterances compare favorably with those that were known to be given while the controlling spirits were still in the form. Out of the midst of England's lowly life a young man has been raised up to speak the word of truth and inspiration in their very midst; is now traversing town after town to spread the gospel of Spiritualism, and yet there is time and eagerness to welcome those from America who come laden with any new fact or new word, and to receive your speaker, after five years' absence, with even greater affection and enthusiasm than were manifested on the preceding visit.

Then what have you to show? During the months that there seemed to be negation, and while outwardly the spirit has been growing, you have measured your strength, you have understood your needs, you have seen your longings, and from the shore across the seas, and from your midst, mediums have been strengthened, and have spoken stronger words and higher truths, and there has been better unfoldment. You have known of the growth of years in these few months. Not only is this true, but the present hour is an hour of great results. You are not only witnessing history, but you are making history. It is a spiritual epoch that you are now encountering.

England may be busy with her wars and rumors of wars; she may have enough on her hands to attend to Ireland, to watch the interests of Greece, to attend to the war in Africa, to prevent Russia from entering Constantinople, but with all these agitations politically she has also time for that which will solve all questions of Church or State, namely, the presence of the spiritual power in the minds of statesmen and people that shall meet the needs of the hour and fulfill the demands of the enlightenment of the nineteenth century; learning this, her problems will cease to trouble her, the murmurs of war will no longer discourage, and she will rise up in spiritual as well as in material strength to do better than which she has to do.

Here, also, there may be questions that agitate the popular mind, but from the season of depression you have risen on a strong wave of political and material prosperity. We pray that they may not drown the voice of the spirit that was needed after the battle of the rebellion was over, after your loved ones had been removed by bloodshed into the other world, after the low moans, the cry of the agonized mother whose heart had been wrung with anguish because her first-born was slain. There was need of love and earnestness then; it came in your hour of need; it uplifted you at the point of your peril; it gave you warning in your danger; it carried you through safely because of the spirit. See to it that in the hour of prosperity you do not overlook the hour of prayer; see to it that the spiritual also shall have equal attention with the material, and it with your various individual affairs you are prosperous, be careful that the spirit is not starved.

Great, indeed, and full of portent is the hour. Because Spiritualism is not an organization, therefore it is more subtle; because its forces are not visible and cannot be numbered, therefore the more distinct and powerful. It was said by the late Archbishop Hughes that he could measure the power of Spiritualism; he could measure the power of the Protestant churches. The reason why, he said, is because they are numbers; we do not know where they are not we find them in every place; they are in all denominations; they are in all places of life; they are in all occupations and professions; they have no chosen schools, nor churches, nor priests, nor shrines, nor synagogues, nor temples, but they are the power of the nineteenth century. Not Spiritualists, remember, but Spiritualism; not you individually or collectively, but the power that is behind and in you and works through you, and is the spirit of that life to which you are turning. As the body is less than the mind, as the mind is less than the spirit, so the spirit is less than the soul itself; that is beyond and in all; and as your body cannot by any possibility be so great as the thinking, acting, living and loving principle that is within you, so there can be no organization, no society, no class, no school, that is as great as the principle of life which it expresses. This is why Spiritualism is all potent. This is why it can enter the Vatican as well as the cottage. This is why it appeals to those in palaces as well as to those in hovels. This is why it speaks all languages and gives all interpretations. This is why it has meaning for every class and grade of people, because all are immortal, because all belong to the spiritual kingdom; and because there is room for all in the great kingdom of the spirit.

We say Spiritualism is neither Catholic, nor Protestant, nor any of the various dissenting denominations, nor is it Buddhist, nor is it simply pantheistic, nor is it atheistic, nor is it atheism, nor is it infidelity, nor is it materialism, nor is it Mahometanism, nor is it Brahminism, but it is the spirit of all these, wherein no form, no church, no ostracism, no persecution, no State law, no distinct line of external form or faith can keep it from the spirit and heart of man. Build up walls and a dungeon; it will find its way thither. Make creeds as long as a scroll that would reach from here to the Orient, and it will reach through them the spirit of life. Array yourselves in stoles of priest or sacerdotal raiment, and it will rear up the child at your feet to teach the word of truth and promise. Persecute those who are its oracles; put them to death; as the witches and martyrs were put to death; a new generation will rear up new teachers, and its voice will be quenched. Make laws that should drown, or burn, or put to death those who are its mouth-pieces, and it still will find a voice in your very hearth; it will haunt the houses where you put them to death, and over the graves of martyrs will rise a scroll of flame that history cannot blot out. It is because it is the spirit of man; it is the

subtle essence and element that solves and enters into and forms the mystery of existence that is at once so all-potent and all-powerful.

You have no fear to bring you together to-night. There is no bond of faith or pledge, there is naught in the external world that by sign or token can cause you to be here, save the very spirit that brings you here. And at this hour we could summon from the various cities of America and England those who would join heart and hand with you, that by an invisible cord and impalpable voice and a spiritual understanding would say: "We are one with you." This Free Masonry of the spirit, this subtle link that connects you with all who are your brothers and sisters, wherever they may be; this silent archway that unites you with those who are afar, also binds you together who are here assembled, and though you speak no outward word of recognition, though there is no glance of eye that is familiar, the heart and the spirit respond, and thousands in the upper air respond also with the silent amen. Our churches and our choirs are invisible, our shrines and our altars are those within the soul. We build up no temples and no outward offerings save these flowers that are the gifts of loving hands, but there is a temple greater and deeper far. St. Peter's may tremble, and St. Peter's may shake on its foundation, for it is the temple of humanity rising up in the very midst of the thunders of the Vatican, striking the old time foundations at their very sources, tearing away the stole of the priest and giving there the robe of the angel instead, and making him who gazes upon the apparition of the virgin turn pale if he wear priestly garb, while the mother and the child are exalted because they see not the form, but the spirit that is above the form.

There shall also be other signs and tokens. The church of truth is rising in the midst of humanity, building itself silently and surely in your hearts; and it is not materialism, it is not skepticism, it is not atheism, it is not doubt nor infidelity, but it is a strong, large, enduring, universal faith, merging humanity into one great spiritual fraternity, and worshipping the one God that is above all. It will not take you into the slough of despond; it will not drag you into the depths of materialism. It can see creeds demolished without demolishing faith in truth or in God. It can even see every stone totter and fall around you from the temples of outward worship, while the true temple of the spirit is rising in your midst, and you are growing strong and glad because of it. It will not demolish churches; it will not burn altars; it will not, as did Cromwell, do vast lands, and shrines, and people, because of its hatred of priestcraft, but it will out of graves make flowers grow, and out of the desolate places make beautiful, shining archways of light, and out of old-time errors will cause to creep new vines of spiritual truth that shall blossom and shed their fragrance all around.

Human hearts and sepulchres shall be illumined by its presence, for the dead shall walk forth clad in the raiments of light, and your spiritual graves shall be opened, and you shall be set free from the charnel houses of fear and shame that have devastated the Christian lands. There will be no word of harshness spoken, there will be no battering away at the outer doors of the temple of error, but within, even by the shrine itself, it will appear as the life of peace and the white light of immortal love. And lo! the walls will part, and the angel hosts will come in and take their abiding places there, as they have taken them in your hearts and at your home altars, and this will be the way: The word of promise will be spoken, the voices of children will add their glad thanksgivings, and there will be no more of war of creed against creed, sect against sect, denomination against denomination; but humanity will be greater than all, and the spirit of God and of man greater than any form of faith that man has known.

Oh! but could you see with the discerning eye of the spirit this hour that is predicted; could you behold it now, as even its imminent signs and tokens are abroad in the world, you would neither despair, nor turn away, nor be sorrowful nor dejected, nor would you feel that the future is hopeless, nor the state of man degenerate. For there is in the midst of this darkness a shining light, a glorious strength and power, and a promise that can make you all exalted, and turn fear and hatred from your doors.

Resplendent with this promise, the Christmas time of the earth is no longer a festival of doubt and gloom and bloodshed, of martyrs slain or of Christ crucified, but it is the festival of promise, of dawn, of the true birth of the spirit, of childhood, of all that promises the new life and the new Saviour, and the spirit of Christianity to the world. For while the body of Christ was born nearly two thousand years ago, his spirit awaits to be born in the hearts and the lives of men, and this Christmas time and this Christmas festival, this closing of the year, is more freighted with promise to that end than all the other years that have been since the star shone in Bethlehem. For now his man hearts that have been estranged are gradually growing nearer. Nations are fighting their last fight with flesh and bondage and darkness, and rising to a higher and nobler fate. There will be at last no war. Arbitration will take the place of the sword, and the free thought and feeling of mankind will rise up against the desolating chains of darkness and against the bloody field of battle. And you shall see anon the new dawn of the new light, that strikes to the quick the heart of nations and rises up in rebellion against oppression, terror or doubt of any kind. As death has been stricken from the minds of many, and the shackles of fear are already clanking at your feet, so the doubt that surrounds nations and the more external forms of human government shall be dispelled. Clouds that have risen shall at last shower their rain and refresh the earth, and man shall be redeemed.

Toward the western world the nations turn with eye of longing hope. You are the centre and light of their eyes. The nations of the east look to you for strength. Columbia is, whatever she may seek to be, the hope of the nations. Shall she disappoint them in spirit? Shall she turn away from that destiny that is before her? Shall she not rather, with uplifted hands and voice, wipe from her garments the last stain of human gore, do justice to the red man, kindle the flame of freedom more fully on her altars, and enliven her spirit with that new religion that pervades and permeates the soul, until at last her shrines shall all be free, and her temples the temples of the soul's worship?

Spiritualists, you are making the history of the future. As the body is but the instrument for which the spirit must work, that work perform also the work of the spirit, so the outermost circles of society and of religious organizations are but mechanisms carried on by the spirit of what is in your midst, and silently the voice that you have heard uttering even the charmed also, taking its place by the side of the man of God in the pulpit, making him say words and giving forth thoughts new and strange to his people. This voice is a voice of living communion, of power, and presence with the spirit of truth. This little centre, for aught you know, will pervade with its silent influence and breath every denomination in Christendom, and power that acts upon you here to-day is not confined to

your visible presence, but angels and ministering spirits and hosts in the upper air are but using you as the forerunners and heralds of that light that is fully dawning.

Never since the world began was there as great a spiritual harvest as in the present year. Never did the golden fruit hang so fair and ripe on the tree of spiritual promise. Never were the sheaves so full of that seed which shall be sown in the spring-time of the nations. Never was there greater cause for rejoicing, and the final thought is that, out of the harvest of this year, another and another generation shall reap the golden fruitage, and upon the vine of life the purple grapes shall hang that yield to the spirit of man the wine of the kingdom of God's truth.

Lovingly, joyously, gladly we give you greeting, and welcome you to your usual worship. With one accord the band of spirits that have presided over this society greet you. With one accord we receive your greeting and welcome. With one accord we seek for that future that shall unfold more and more of the spirit of truth and cause you to clasp hands with the wise and the good of all nations of the earth, who are your brothers and sisters at this hour.

Spiritual Phenomena.

FORM MATERIALIZATION.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A few days since I chanced to call at Mrs. H. Fay's residence, No. 14 Dover street, Boston, just as a private séance was about convening, which I was kindly permitted to attend. From what I then saw I was satisfied that Mrs. Fay, the presiding medium, is gifted with materializing powers of a high order. After the séance closed I arranged with Mrs. Fay for a séance for Friday evening, the 31st of December, 1880, at which no other persons were to be present save herself and husband, Mr. S. A. Hastings, (the conductor of her séances), Miss C. H., an English lady, lately from Santa Barbara, Cal., and myself. At the time I made this engagement with Mrs. Fay I had never met Miss C., who had sent a letter of introduction to me from my daughter Esther, written a short time before her decease, last July, in California, in which she particularly requested that I would assist her friend during her intended visit to Boston, in her investigation of the materializing phenomena, accompanied with remarks that led me to believe that though a novice, Miss C.'s presence would not seriously disturb the nicely-adjusted conditions that are so imperatively essential on such occasions to insure satisfactory results. I next called to see Miss C., whom I found delighted with the arrangement I had made, and who, at my suggestion, proposed to call at Mrs. Fay's some thirty minutes previous to the commencement of the séance, that they might mutually become somewhat acquainted before entering the circle-room.

On Friday (previous to the evening séance) I called on Mrs. Rockwood, 14 East Springfield street, the widely and long favorably known trance and medical medium, on which occasion several members of my family, as well as other spirits, communicated orally with me. Referring to the proposed evening circle, my daughter Esther told me she was very glad I had arranged for her friend to attend it, and that her mother would be the first of our family who would appear in materialized form, and hand me a lily, after which she thought she herself would be able to appear so life-like that her friend Miss C. would recognize her.

On my arrival at Mrs. Fay's I found Miss C. (to whom I had given a card) already there, but was sorry to learn that Mrs. Fay feared her presence might not be favorable to the manifestations; not because Miss C. was inharmorous in her feelings, but for the reason that her knowledge of the phenomena was so limited that it brought a disturbing influence to her own mind which might exert an unfavorable effect on the occurrences of the evening. As is usual, (so far as I have observed, with all materializing mediums), Mrs. Fay repeatedly solicited us both to examine the interior of the curtain cabinet in a full light, which I was pleased to find Miss C. (as I had done,) declined doing, as many experiences have taught me that such a course often exerts a deleterious influence on the proceedings of the spirits, from some cause that I am unable to explain, as it is for an expert in natural philosophy to explain how a blade of grass grows. I have been thus somewhat prolix in preliminaries, that readers may be better able to appreciate the significance of some of the phases of phenomena I shall relate.

Almost immediately after the medium had entered the cabinet and the light subdued to meet the necessary conditions, and before Mrs. Fay had become entranced, one of her female guides in a fully materialized form, clothed in white, opened the curtain and told us that the mind of the medium was somewhat disturbed, and not exactly in a condition to admit of the best quality of manifestations. Shortly after this, my wife appeared, clothed as usual in brilliant white of exceedingly fine material, having a bright star in the center of her forehead. She approached and handed me a small bouquet of flowers, among which was a rose and a pink, but no lily, as I had been promised.

My wife came outside the curtain several times and embraced and kissed me, as is her usual wont; but her features were so imperfectly developed that were it not for other accompaniments I should not have been able to fully identify her. The star was significant of what I have been told, in years past, repeatedly, through many different mediums, is her spirit name. Many times entranced mediums have said to me, "Your star is here," meaning to indicate that the spirit-form was attended by a star. I do not, however, remember becoming to me before in materialized form with the emblematic star on her forehead. After my wife retired, a younger sister of hers mate-

rialized, but her face and features were also very imperfect. Then another female spirit came just outside the curtain, clothed in a black (apparently silk) dress. Her features, also, were imperfectly developed, but on every occasion of her repeated returns to and from the cabinet they became more and more distinct, until I was finally enabled to perceive in them an emaciated likeness to my wife's eldest sister, who passed away in New York City after a lingering illness, twenty or more years ago. I said, "Why, you look like my wife's sister C.; but why are you so thin in the face, and why do you come clothed in black?" The presiding guide of the medium told me in reply that this was the first time the spirit had ever materialized, and that, in accordance with spirit law, she had to appear just as she went, very much reduced in flesh by her last sickness, and in like garments to those in which her earthly form was buried. I may here say that my wife had four sisters, all of whom are in the spirit-world, the three younger of whom have several times materialized their spirit-forms, through different mediums, in my presence, whilst this eldest sister had never, to my knowledge, shown herself before that evening.

Many spirits came in quick succession, among whom was my daughter Anna, whom I identified with tolerable certainty, although like those of others her features were imperfectly developed. My daughter Mary also came in like manner.

After several other manifestations, a male form was presented, whose features were so much better developed than those preceding had been, that I readily identified a brother of my wife. Like him the form was stoutly built, and had a very heavy beard. He came wearing a pair of black pants, buttoned over what looked like the upper part of a white shroud. He seemed very happy, and more than once jubilantly kicked out his right foot with great force. On my asking why he came in so singular a costume, the guide of the medium told me that, like his sister, this was the spirit's first appearance in materialized form, and that he came in accordance with law, in like garments with those in which his lifeless body was interred. He was not at all emaciated in appearance, as was his sister, which seems to accord with facts, as he died very suddenly in a fit, while in full habit of body. Two of my wife's brothers have several times materialized in my presence, but this was the first time I have known this one to materialize.

The above I give as specimens only of the many spirits who materialized during the evening, numbering in all, I should think, more than a score, most of them presenting their forms many times. In several instances two spirits showed themselves at the same time, but imperfectly developed, especially in form. On one occasion I went to the cabinet, by request of the guides of the medium, and closely inspected two of these spirits that stood side by side, just within the open curtain. The face and features of one of them were quite well defined, much more so than the other, whilst the bodies of both resembled mere skeletons, dressed in apparently shapeless white linen or cotton. I stood close by the cabinet for several minutes whilst these spirits were striving to make their faces plain to me. They would draw the curtain suddenly one side and present both their faces at once close to me. At each presentation they appeared plainer and plainer, until the one on my right became as distinct and intelligent as the face of any living human being—the features of the other not so distinct, but yet quite discernible. Finally, after retiring for a time, they each presented a face (without the form), at the same time, at openings in the curtain, when their features and faces both became so distinct that there was no mistaking them for anything else than intelligent human beings. After an hour or more the manifestations became stronger at each successive appearance. Several cabinet spirits came out fully materialized, among them a very tall, graceful female spirit, magnificently attired in white cambric, with a redundancy of flowing lace of the finest quality, which streamed in scarf-like volumes from her head and person, whilst her superabundant dress lay in ample greenlike folds about her feet. She came to each one of us and presented us all with carefully selected flowers from a bouquet she held in one hand, and also passed behind our chairs laying clouds of gossamer-like lace on our heads. I have seldom seen a more beautiful spirit at any séance.

Several of the friends of Mr. Fay and Mr. Hastings also materialized and came out to them. The features of some of these I examined closely, and found them to be accurately and naturally defined in every respect. Miss C. became exceedingly interested in the manifestations, and often gave expression to her enraptured feelings, which probably had its influence on the mind of the medium, for the manifestations toward the close of the séance became very strong and satisfactory. One of the guides of the medium now requested Miss C. to come to the cabinet and look upon the medium and the spirit both at the same time. The curtain was widely opened, and the spirit-guide commenced making flashes of light over the face and person of the medium, (who could now be distinctly seen by all present), that so closely resembled the light made by lucifer matches, that I remarked that I thought the spirit present must have obtained some of them, (not however with a sinister intent,) and was using them in the cabinet. My curiosity was excited in this respect, and after Miss C. resumed her seat I went to the cabinet myself so as to inspect the proceedings more closely, when the guide of the medium left, and my daughter Anna took her place and proceeded to light up the face and person of the medium, as she was plainly

shown to us all, sitting in her chair, after the same manner the medium's guide had previously done. But now instead of my daughter's features being imperfectly developed, as they had been at her first appearance an hour before, she stood before me an exact *for simile* in person, height, complexion, color and quality of hair, eyes, limb and feature, in every respect as I had known her when in full health and exuberant spirits in earth-life. On my playfully remarking to her that she must have got some matches from Pluto's realms to make the lights with, Anna came outside of the cabinet, her beautiful and expressive features wreathed in smiles, and commenced washing and wringing her hands as it were in sparks of fire. Repeatedly she permitted me to take her hand in mine, and place the ball of my thumb over one of the lights as it rested on her hand, of the size of a five-cent silver coin. But I could feel nothing there any more than if my thumb had been placed on a sunbeam, although as often as I removed it there would be the light still remaining on her hand as bright as ever. These manifestations were playfully kept up by my spirit-daughter until I became fully satisfied there were no tangible material substances used in exhibiting the phenomena, although when the medium's guide first commenced making the lights, I fancied they were accompanied with a slight odor of sulphur, which, however, totally disappeared after I went to the cabinet.

I now asked my daughter Anna to show Miss C. how she could add to the volume of her hair and lengthen it as she was accustomed to do—for the gratification of the company present—before certain other materializing mediums. Anna bowed her head in assent to my request, and after retiring for a few moments behind the curtain, came out again and commenced manipulating her hair with both hands, which soon (as I have often seen before) commenced growing both in volume and length, until it extended to within twelve or fifteen inches of the floor. This phenomenon was repeated several times, when my delighted daughter Anna retired, and gave place to her sister Esther, who passed from earth-life (the latter part of last July at Santa Barbara, Cal. Esther (who was entirely free from superstition, bigotry and credulity) had suffered long and severely before her decease, bearing the affliction with singular fortitude and resignation, which doubtless disciplined her mind and fitted her for a mansion in the heavens far above those most mortals arrive at immediately on their translation. (Many spirits have testified to this fact.) Her remains were sent home by railroad and interred at Vaucluse by the side of those of her mother and sisters. Before the remains were sent from Santa Barbara, a short service was performed by an estimable friend of hers, a Unitarian clergyman, who characterized my deceased daughter as being possessed in a remarkable degree of the three estimable attributes, "Courage, Sincerity, Tendency." Esther was some six inches less in height than her sister Anna, and more slight in person. She had communicated with me through different mediums very satisfactorily several times before this occasion, including two or more materializations, but in no one instance so strikingly natural, plain and vivid as she now presented herself. Instead of materializing in emaciated, wasted form, such as she passed away in, she now presented herself precisely—yes, I may say with truth *precisely* as she looked when in full health and buoyant with the exuberant spirits that always attended her before her last sickness. In form, feature and expression all *exactly* the same! She was fully recognized by Miss C., although she had only seen my daughter after she had suffered severely with sickness. Esther came to us dressed in a white bodice and dark skirt, which was a favorite costume with her in her girlhood. Her features were lit up with an expression of light and happiness such as the human face is seldom if ever seen to exhibit in earth-life.

Many other manifestations occurred this evening, including an elongation of a female form, beginning at the height of but three or four feet and gradually extending upward to nearly or quite six feet. Several spirit forms also dematerialized in our presence, not as I have often seen by slowly dissipating the elements, as the form stands in full height before the company present, but by gradually sinking down apparently into the floor.

In conclusion, I do not hesitate to say that I believe Mrs. Pay (formerly Mrs. Flynn) to be one of the very best materializing mediums I ever sat in company with at a séance, and that she lacks nothing but to pass through the ordeal of a first-rate "exposure" to entitle her to the crown of martyrdom and place her on as high a level in her sublime gift as any of the Blisses, Holmeses, Seavers, Markes, Pickeringes, Bastian and Taylors, Morgans, Stewarts, Eddys, Motts, Gordons, Jameses or other materializing mediums who have risen, phoenix-like, with the powerful aid and protection of their spirit-guides and guardians from the fires of persecution, and will yet, should they continue faithful to the truth and the angels, put all their enemies to shame.

Jan. 1st, 1881.

A GOOD TEST.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Those who have long perused the *Banner of Light*, have read of so many tests of spirit-existence, power and identity that they hardly need a word from me; yet, on the principle of giving "line upon line, and precept upon precept, here a little, and there a little," I am impressed to record the following:

While filling my engagement as a speaker in New York, I have several times called on my old friend, Dr. Henry Slade. On last Monday afternoon, it was suggested that we have a little séance; so we went into the room, and, after assuring myself (for the benefit of others, and not for myself) that the room was all right, the furniture all right, and the slates thoroughly clean, two slates were placed together and laid on my arm in a room as light as the sun could make it—a small piece of slate-pencil having first been put between the slates. In an instant the writing was heard, and in a brief space of time three raps on the slate indicated that the invisible scribe had finished his task; the slates were taken apart, and on the upper side of the lower one was written the following:

"DEAR FRIENDS: It would do me a great favor to have you call at 31 East 31st street, and say to my friends I am anxious to have them know we do live after what is called death. I left the earth-room on the 26th of October; my age was 66 years. I had my own private opinion as regards death, and I find I was not far out of the way. I came here last week and made this request, but it has not been noticed. I am in hopes to reach my friends and let them know I still live. My name is

CHARLES L. FROST."

That the above communication was honestly written by an invisible power, and in fewer seconds than I could have copied it, I knew as well

as I knew I was in the presence of Dr. Slade; the next thing was to test the truth of the message, so I went to the place indicated in the communication and found a family named Frost living there; I was told that Mr. Charles L. Frost died in that house on the 26th of last October, at the age of sixty-six years; that they did not know Dr. Slade; had never heard of him; and that they did not know nor did they want to know anything about Spiritualism. In short, every point in the message was confirmed. Explanations are now in order from the opposers of Spiritualism. How can this phenomenon and its tests be explained, except on the hypothesis that man has a spirit which survives the dissolution of the body, and which can return and communicate?

Yours in the spiritual cause, MOSES HULL,
1327 Broadway, New York, Dec. 25th, 1880.

For the Banner of Light.

VADE SATANAS!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DAIMONIS."

For ages long the race believed
In darkest spirits, demons vile;
For ages long they sorely grieved,
And feared to trust in Nature's smile.
Their God had placed those monsters grim
About their path to lead astray,
To turn their light to darkness dim,
And hide the cheering blaze of day!

And some for truth have told this tale,
And sought through fear to win the world,
And bade the right by wrong prevail,
As foolish fiends around them huddled.
Oh, shame to them, though of the past!
And double shame in years to come
Be theirs, whose word shall overcast
The soul and make its joyance dumb!

And praise to those in Reason's name,
That found this false and proved it so,
That brought to men a fairer fame,
And larger life wherein to grow.
Let's render praise to each and all
Who labored well with heart and head,
To show that Satan can't appal,
To show the demons long were dead!

They proved them dead from Nature's page,
That never yet has proved untrue;
Her ages know no demon age,
In her domains they never grew:
No mark of demon is there found,
But goodness all the way of life;
In darkest night the stars abound,
And peace has come from toil and strife.

And God, the Good, the Perfect One,
Could not remain if sin were king,
In Abraham His reign were gone,
His angels then no more could sing;
And men would curse and cease to bless,
If wrong of time had no redress,
And summer came not after frost.

Satan is but an image cold,
A shadow of our idle fear,
That ignorance alone made bold,
And Science taught to disappear:
It drove him back, as sun the shades,
It cleared the atmosphere of dread,
And men walk o'er the hills and glades,
And say, "Our enemy is dead!"

But some could not thus let him die,
Ah no! they ill could spare his aid;
Their heaven was left behind the sky,
And men no more would be afraid.
They trusted not to love's pure light,
But gloom that this dark dogma shed,
And they themselves were in its fright
To think the source of ill was dead!

They sought in sorrow where he lay,
That they perhaps might him restore,
And Science went, no more to slay,
But his abode with them explore.
In vain were all their prayers and skill;
He's dead as corpse can ever be;
And now we turn and with good will
His olden virtues plainly see!

'T was found he once had been a god
That former faiths had cast aside,
And on his name the conqueror trod,
And in their speech was vilified.
As creeds succeed they curse the old,
And make the *Deus* demon die,
And in his name the priesthood scold,
Though worshipped once with warm desire.

'T is thus we learn his nature well,
And trace his course from light to shade;
The very name the tale doth tell—
His name of which we were afraid.
Oh, wondrous change—this round of fate
From reverence to scorn and night!
And then once more the opening gate
That brings him back to fields of light!

Thus runs this myth of bygone days,
And circles round Platonic time;
The God the Sausier fathers praise,
And see, as arching sky, sublime:
By Persian faith and Christian word
Becomes for us dread Hades' King,
A name in fearful whispers heard,
That once made that proud welkin ring.

'T is proud relief for sons of earth
To know the Father reigns on high,
That in His love all things had birth,
And in His light all shade shall die;
That naught endures save His life-law;
That men speed on from fear to love;
That we, as children, banish awe,
And His abounding blessing prove.

Thank Heaven for terrors cast aside,
For nightmares lost in shining day,
For thoughts of evil rectified,
For faiths where Christ himself hath away:
Oh, speed the hour when every land
Shall be redeemed from fear and thrall,
And this fair earth His temple stand,
Whose life and love are all in all!

Begone, thou falsehood on His name,
Thou darkness hanging round the morn!
Oh, Satan, flee! once more be flame,
And pass beyond the reach of scorn!
God clears the world of sin and death;
God shines on night and winter hour;
He comes with His life-giving breath,
And lo! 'tis summer o'er more!

WE have received two sound, honest books from Colby & Rich, Boston. "The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism," by Epes Sargent, is a synopsis of all facts, arguments, and testimonies by scientific men and others as to the occurrence of the phenomena, and the truth of spirit-communication thereby. Mr. Sargent is a good solid literary workman, and his present book is not only one of the best he has given to the world, but the most comprehensive and useful in the whole range of our literature. It should be in the library of every Spiritualist, and in the hands of every investigator. The other book is "Witchcraft of New England explained by Modern Spiritualism," by Allen Putnam. This writer is one of the veterans of our literature, and acquires himself with much credit in the present literature. The psychological information imparted by his pages throws altogether a new light on the mistaken phenomena of the past, and also needed reflections on that which is transpiring around us. These bulky volumes may be obtained post free on remitting 75 cts. each by Post Office Order to Colby & Rich, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass., U. S. A. *Medium and Daybreak* (London, Eng.), Dec. 3d.

New York and Vicinity.

Christmas Festival.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
The annual Christmas Entertainment of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, of New York, took place at Republican Hall, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 29th. A severe snow storm prevailed all through the day, but at evening it had somewhat abated.

The Committee of Arrangements met at the hall in the afternoon and decorated the Christmas Tree, which was donated by a friend. At an early hour the children, together with their parents and friends, began to gather in the ante-room. At 8 o'clock they marched into the hall, the band in the meantime playing a lively march.

The literary exercises were opened by a song in which all the members of the Lyceum joined—"Good-bye to the Old Year." A recitation by Annie Hunt, entitled "Side by Side," was followed by one from Freddie Gado, written by Dr. S. B. Britton, entitled "Know Thyself," a piano duet by Miss Daisy Sleigh and Miss Dora Young was followed by a recitation by Miss Grace Myrick, "A Noble Deed," Flora Caldwell recited "Dear Little Willie," and Miss Maggie Sleeman gave, in a very superior manner, a humorous recitation, "The Treading Class," which represented the peculiar characteristics of nine different scholars. This excited much merriment. Miss Naomi Leach recited "The Water Mill," which closed the literary exercises.

The officers then presented a handsome book, a Christmas card and a package of candy to every scholar.

After the distribution of the presents the floor was hastily made ready for those who wished to join in the dancing, which was continued to a late hour. When the company dispersed they took home with them pleasant recollections of an exceedingly enjoyable evening.

MARY A. NEWTON,
Guardian of New York C. P. L.

The Cartier's Hall Meetings.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
Moses Hull, on Jan. 2d, closed successfully (financially and otherwise) a seven weeks' engagement with our Society. The hall was crowded, every seat being taken, and many persons in attendance stood for an hour and a half on the occasion of his concluding lecture on the evening of that day, on "Spirits of Devils," Rev. xvi: 14.

Mr. Hull is a very fluent and rapid speaker, every word being heard as plainly at the extreme end of the hall as nearer the platform; his discourses are powerful, logical and convincing. He has given us thirty-eight lectures within the year and—as it is not likely we shall hear him again soon—as a parting remembrance and to show their appreciation of his ministrations here, his friends, during "holiday week," presented Mr. Hull with a fine suit of broadcloth, ministerial pattern. He seemed quite overcome as he received it, and I never saw him at a loss for words before. May he be as much pleased in the remembrance of our appreciation as we are with the spiritual light and unanswerable arguments he gave us.

Prof. Wm. Denton commenced a four weeks' engagement with our Society on Sunday, Jan. 3d. I am not equal to the task of criticizing Mr. Denton's lectures, and will simply say that the mention of his name causes a burst of applause from a New York audience, and that when with us before he drew a more crowded hall with a twenty-five cent fee at the door, than ever greeted any speaker we have had with a ten-cent or free admission. A large number of course tickets are sold, and we expect, during his stay, a rich intellectual feast.

ALFRED WELDON,
Pres. Second Society Spiritualists,
23 East 14th street, New York City.

Brooklyn (N. Y.) Spiritual Fraternity.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
The increasing interest in our meetings was evidenced last evening by the large and thoughtful audience that assembled in our hall; the weather—down to zero—making no difference to those who braved the cold. The exercises were opened by fine singing by Mr. and Mrs. Little, which was heartily appreciated by the audience. The President made a brief address, reviewing the year's work, in which he saw much to encourage.

Deacon D. M. Cole said: An "experience" meeting is what we are to have to-night, and none of us have had the same in the year now closing, either physically, morally or spiritually—neither can we now comprehend how much we have been benefited by our associative work; but we can all now realize how much more can be done in God, more the love governs our lives here, and have been blessed with communion with the spirit-world. Sunday evening last in Boston I attended one of Mrs. Fay's materializing circles. Twenty different forms appeared and six different ones came to me personally, and I have not the slightest doubt as to their genuineness.

W. C. Bowen said: I can see progress in a more rational conception of God than what I was taught in childhood, and this is due to the influence of the spirit-world and communication with the spirit-world. In regard to our own immediate work as a Fraternity, I see progress in the year now closing. Our Fraternity has been a success from the start, and the large number of representative men and women in our ranks, and the use of the outside of it, who have brought to us their best thoughts and have been glad to speak from our platform, show the hearty and wide spread sympathy in our efforts to place Spiritualism upon a true scientific basis, as well as upon its own plane, and to use the large number of thoughtful people who attend our meetings show that it has been and is to be more largely in the future one of the "thought-centers" of this great city. I am sure, for the skies are bright, and the future influence of this Fraternity is to be far greater and more beneficial.

Judge P. P. Good, of Plainfield, N. J., said: I regret that I am unable to meet with you regularly now, as in the past. We can all see the progress of our cause, over the civilized world, and take fresh courage in our efforts to bring our philosophy to the hearts of those who are ignorant of its teachings. The Judge gave an interesting account of the missionary efforts of Father Morse in the city where he lived, by circulating spiritual papers, books, &c., among the Orthodox, and spoke of the hearty endorsement, by clergymen and others, of Bro. Samuel Watson's works.

Bro. J. W. Wilson said: It is some fifteen years since I left the Church, and it has always been a subject of serious thought with me if Spiritualism could sustain us in the time of death; and this week I have had a practical illustration of its beneficence in the passing of my eldest daughter, who was in the last stage of confinement, and before her sickness said that she would not live, made the most minute directions as to her funeral and as to her children—requesting that her old friend, Mrs. Emma F. J. Bullen, might conduct her funeral services, and my only regret is that I did not receive this message in season to reach Mrs. B. When asked if her faith in Spiritualism was strong and clear she said, "Yes, it has been my joy and blessing for many years, and in this hour the Saviour that leads me the shores of the immortal world."

W. R. Tice said: I wish to bear testimony to the powers of Mrs. Fay of Boston, having had thirty séances with her—and I boarded in the house, and had every opportunity to test the medium, finding always that her phenomena were genuine. He spoke of a gentleman who had a friend pass to the spirit-world, and who came and gave him the words agreed upon before death, and who brought a bouquet of flowers at the same time, and dematerialized before all who were present.

Dr. William Wilson said: I was absent from home, having been away for three months, had heard from my family every week, and in a few days prior to this incident on going to bed one night many miles from home, I felt a pulling of the bed-clothes, and saw a small boy four years old; on a second look I found it was my own little boy, and he said, "Good-bye, papa, I am going to the spirit-world, and I shall be with you in a few days." As my last letters gave information of his perfect health, it could not have been mind reading, or thought projected, but the individual spirit presence of my boy.

Mr. J. T. Little said: "I have seen for some time, standing by the side of Bro. J. W. Wilson, three spirits, and I must describe them," which he did so that they were recognized. Mrs. Little gave a very beautiful and interesting account of the closing of the year's work and the beginning of the new year—giving us from the spiritual world New Year's greetings and promises of strength and spiritual aid in the work.

Our meeting closed with a beautiful song sung by Mrs. and Mrs. Little. It was 10:30 P. M. at the session closed.

S. B. NICHOLS,
467 Waverley avenue, Jan. 1st.

Wilson, the celebrated vocalist, was upset one day in his carriage near Edinburgh. A Scotch paper, after recording the accident, said, "We are happy to state he was able to appear the following evening in three pieces."

Banner Correspondence.

Minnesota.

CHAMPLIN.—Mary J. Colburn writes: "The cause so long languishing in this region has received a new impulse from the inspired utterances of Dr. George H. Geer, the youthful Minnesota orator, who has just given a series of lectures in this place and the neighboring city of Anoka; and I deem it but justice to him and the cause he advocates to make this public acknowledgment of his valuable services. His lectures were upon subjects of a practical nature, logical in style, and were delivered with such magnetic power that his highly intelligent audiences seemed charmed by the magic of his eloquence. Dr. Geer is a natural orator, a scholar and a gentleman—on the rostrum dignified and impressive, in the social circle unassuming and affable. He won the applause of those who heard him, and gained the friendship of all who made his acquaintance. He has recently returned from a successful lecturing tour in the Eastern States, and is now speaking in this State under the auspices of the Minnesota State Spiritualists' Association. In behalf of the Spiritualists of this section, I bespeak for him a cordial reception from the friends of the cause in whatever place he may visit."

MINNEAPOLIS.—Mrs. Dr. A. Coombs, after alluding to the wonderful growth of the locality in which she resides and the great industrial interests of the city, the flouring mills alone grinding eight million bushels of wheat the past year, says: "We have in spiritual matters the regular ministrations of Miss Susie M. Johnson, who for the last three years has labored earnestly for the good of the cause, leaving no effort unmade that she could put forth in building up a Society. She hires a hall, paying for it out of what is collected after the lectures. In the afternoon we have what is called a mediums' meeting, which is well attended. I have seen as many as one hundred persons present, most of them receiving good tests. One hour is devoted to mediums in speaking and giving tests. These meetings have created great interest among curiously seekers, and are doing a good work among the people who are tired of the food they receive from the church. At the expiration of the hour set apart for the mediums we devote one-half hour to five-minute speeches, and are privileged to listen to many grand and beautiful remarks on scientific as well as spiritualistic matters."

Massachusetts.

BOSTON.—A correspondent writes recommending the Children's Lyceum course to the favorable consideration of the public. Beside the good work these schools accomplish for the young, they also exercise a direct influence, says the writer, upon the adult class in the community—the interest in their exercises tending even to bring into their halls many doubters and skeptics, "who, while they would on no account visit a spiritual séance, or attend the delivery of a discourse on the Spiritual Philosophy and phenomena, will however witness the services held by the Lyceums, and express pleasure at the manner in which such schools are conducted." "We have," he further remarks regarding the organization with which he is connected, "had many such attend our sessions, and after having seen the course of exercises adopted have brought their children, and placed them in our school. Thus becoming interested in the work—and their former prejudices and opinions regarding Spiritualists being found to be false—they commenced to investigate, and soon became workers in the great cause of Spiritualism. With such testimony as this of the usefulness of this branch of the work, it seems to me that it becomes a duty to the spirit-world, of those who have received comfort in their moments of sorrow, encouragement in their labors, and perfect peace and rest in regard to their future home, to aid in every manner possible those who stand in the field ready to take the children of to day, and make these men and women of the future free from those prejudices which have so heavily retarded the progress of spiritual enlightenment in the past."

GRIFFINFIELD.—"Spiritualism is alive here," writes a correspondent, "and is represented by several fine mediums, of whom I may mention the veteran and tried and true Capt. L. H. Stone, as also Miss Adah Bond, clairvoyant physician, whose excellent practice in this and adjoining towns is very successful. Our friend, C. L. Butler, still floats at his masthead the *Banner of Light*. May the gifts of the season be many to you in the shape of new subscriptions."

Illinois.

ELIZA.—Susan Glancy, in renewing her subscription to the *Banner of Light*, writes: "I have been several times to see the materializing medium, Harvey Mott, at Memphis, Mo. I am perfectly satisfied that I have seen and talked with my friends of the spirit-world, and have derived great satisfaction from my attendance at Mr. Mott's séances. I take great pleasure in reading the *Banner*, and could not do without it. I am glad to see you uphold the materializing mediums in your paper, for I think it is our duty to help them all we can."

STERLING.—A correspondent writes: "The Spiritualists in this vicinity have recently had the pleasure of a visit from Mrs. Ophelia T. Samuel of Chicago, and the advantage of a short course of lectures delivered through her under control. Although there are but a few Spiritualists here, the attendance has been fair, and the lectures listened to with marked interest by all. In view of her departure, a reception was tendered to her on the evening of Dec. 14th, at which Dr. J. A. Marvin, as the representative of a host of friends, made an address thanking her most cordially for the good service she had rendered the people and the cause, and encouraging her to continue on her holy mission to elevate and bless mankind. To this Mrs. S., under control, responded in an eloquent and feeling manner."

Ohio.

TIQUA.—Mrs. Charles Stewart writes: "As the old *Banner of Light* comes to me weekly, freighted with its precious truths to gladden the hearts of my family circle, the first thing I do is to scan over its columns to see who of my near neighbors have testified to the truth of Spiritualism since the last issue of the paper. Contributors to the *Banner*, in giving accounts of circles and meetings of various kinds in the interest of Spiritualism, may not be aware of the good they are doing or the added strength they impart to other workers in the good cause. I thank those contributors, for they furnish encouragement to little bands such as our Tiqua band of Spiritualists. We have no organization in this place. We hold circles every Sunday evening with good success and bright promises for the future if we continue them. We have a lady in our midst who is being developed as a trance speaker of considerable promise. Her guide purports to be E. V. Wilson. I will take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Pauline Wilson Stephens for her article in the *Banner*, headed 'The Early Days of E. V. Wilson.' That article came in good time to prove the identity of our medium's guide. Tiqua is a good place for a test medium, a test medium and lecturer combined, or, better still, a good materializing medium. The latter would reap a rich harvest in Tiqua. If this comes to the notice of a materializing medium I shall be glad to hear from him or her."

Indian Territory.

VINITA.—Frank Howard proposes to establish a spiritual library, and, in sending for books, writes: "I was formerly a missionary in this country, under the patronage of the American Baptist Home Mission Society. I ceased preaching what I did not believe over three years ago. I was in Washington, D. C., in June, 1878, and met a medium at a house where I called. She was not a professional, but she told me things that no one in that city knew but myself, and closed by giving me a test from my wife in the spirit-land, which was conclusive—perfectly so."

California.

BEAR VALLEY.—Mrs. Frances Lord Swadley writes: "A few years since circumstances brought me to the Land of the Sierras, the far-famed 'big trees' and the Golden Gate leading to the city of San Francisco—a city thoroughly cosmopolitan, representing every nationality, and in no respect an exception to the rest of God's universe in the worship of mammon."

But one does feel a little nearer heaven in such an incomparable climate, where flowers bloom perennially and there is in reality no winter. The *Banner of Light* is everything its name implies to its patrons here across the continent, as elsewhere. Thomas Gales Foster's lectures at Exora Hall, in San Francisco, this winter, are, as usual, very profound and logical, and have been listened to by a very appreciative audience. Mr. Foster speaks in his normal state, though evidently he and Mr. Dayton (his former spirit control) have not dissolved partnership."

The Magazines.

THE ATLANTIC MAGAZINE.—Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, forward to our address the January number (which is also the initial issue of a new volume) of this standard periodical. The table of contents is of extended character and varied excellence: Elizabeth Stuart Phelps commences a new and entertaining serial entitled "Friends: A Duel"; T. B. Aldrich presents an article on "Smith," which, from its peculiar nature, will attract many readers; Henry James, Jr., John Fliske, Miss Harriet W. Preston, William M. Rosetti, Richard Grant White, and others, furnish original contributions of value and interest. John G. Whittier has a tender poem in memory of Lydia Maria Child, which is one of the noblest and most charming Mr. Whittier has ever written. Mr. Stedman also has a fine poem on "Ye Tombs of Ye Poet Chaucer." Other verse-fiction, essays, stories, and an unusually varied "Contributor's Club," complete a superb number of this magazine.

A. WILLIAMS & Co., 283 Washington street, corner School street, Boston, furnish us with the January numbers of SCHENNER'S MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE and ST. NICHOLAS—both of which excellent publications they have on sale at their counters. SCHENNER'S for the current month has an extended and varied table of contents, prominent among which are the continuation of Eugene Schuyler's splendid historical *resumé* of Peter the Great's career as Ruler and Reformer; the conclusion of "Tiger Lily," by Julia Schuyler; "The London Theatres," containing pictures of leading ladies and gentlemen of the English metropolitan stage, in favorite characters; "In Albania with the Ghegs," the conclusion of the series of illustrated papers on "Jean-François Millet—Peasant and Painter"; "Welsh Fairs" (among the illustrations of which those on "Hiring Fair Night" and "Hiring Fair Morning" are unique and graphic, and evidently drawn from "the life"); "The Battle of Waterloo Enacted," etc., etc. The usual departments of "Home and Society," "Topics of the Time," etc., enter harmoniously into the make-up of a charming number.

ST. NICHOLAS for January opens with an exquisite frontispiece entitled "Fire-light Phantoms." This is followed by an attractive array of poems, tales, choice engravings, etc., which constitute, as it were, a smile on the face of the magazine in welcome to its patrons for the new year. "The Children's Fan Brigade"; "Out of Style" (a poem with a moral); "How the Aristocrats Sailed Away," and "Neddy" (a sketch of aboriginal life by "Bright Eyes," illustrated) are among the chief points of interest. "Every Boy his Own Ice Boat" will prove entertaining to the "youngsters," and "The Gentle Craft," which is its closing illustration, is instinct with all the modest, delicate, yet dashing insolence of feminine childhood; Hjalmar North Boyesen has a fine poem entitled "The Brier-Rose"; and the same is true of Margaret Johnson, who contributes really classic verse, "Handel." The very little ones are not forgotten; and the imaginative and executive powers of the patron of the magazine are given a theme of exercise in "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," by twenty engravings *en suite* by Hopkins, which pictures are to furnish the basis of a story, which the children are invited to contribute, each in his or her own fashion—the one judged the best description of the sketches, and received before the 20th of January, to be printed in *St. Nicholas* for March. The choice illustrated, finely-printed and thought-laden pages of this magazine render it an honor to its publishers and editors, and an ever-recurring joy to its patrons.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART.—Cassell, Pelter, Galpin & Co., 556 Broadway, New York, the publishers, send us the latest number of this worthy claimant of the public patronage. Its frontispiece is a full-page characteristic illustration (by H. G. Glindon) titled "A Charge of Witchcraft," the characters in which are incarnations of the stupid bigotry, ignorant superstition and official vanity of the Dogberry type, which were foremost in these raids upon the poor old women of those dark days; the pictures given in connection with the "Cradles of Art" series are very fine; and among other portraits of persons and events may be mentioned the sketches of "Elijah" (by Sir Frederick Loughton, P. R. A.); "Peel Castle" (in the Maximalist article); "In the Forest" (by Fritz A. Knabach); "Salome" (by Henri Regnault); and "Fruitless Labor" (by H. Geyling).

Mr. Baxter in Philadelphia.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
The new year opened auspiciously for the First Society of Spiritualists in this city. Mr. J. Frank Baxter, who has been here for several successive seasons on monthly engagements, and who, among others, from the first has become a favorite on our platform, and with our people, occupied the rostrum last Sunday, Jan. 2d, and gave us a practical discourse on "The Opening Year." His audience was large, enthusiastic and responsive.

In the evening of that day, at the spacious hall 810 Spring Garden street, nearly an hour before the time for the exercises, every available seat had been taken, and people were crowding for standing-room, and many going away in disappointment. The President was obliged to clear the aisles before the programme was entered upon. The music was very fine from a choir in one location, and from Mr. Baxter as soloist, accompanied by a quartette chorus on the platform. The lecture on "Spiritualism in Retrospect and Prospect," was well adapted to the day and audience, and elicited applause and much praise. Mr. Baxter certainly "grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength." He never did better than on this occasion.

According to his custom he exhibited his mediumship, and never to better advantage, or with more telling results. In every instance, save one, his statements were verified. While I cannot give the matter in detail, I feel its importance enough to do so. Permit me to mention the names of those from whom communications were received, as I feel desirous for parties in this vicinity to see them, knowing well what the effect will be. They were: "Alexander J. Derbyshire," "Col. John K. Murphy," "Mrs. Elvina Elliott," and her husband, "Samuel Barry," "Edward Pelouze," "Johnnie Rogers," and "Thomas E. Green."

There may be lecturers who excel, there may be vocalists superior and organists finer, there may be as good mediums, but surely Mr. Baxter, with his combined gifts, is without an equal, and is calculated to revolutionize thought, and honor the cause of Spiritualism in our land. Mr. Baxter remains with us for several weeks, and we are insured favorable results.

Thus the "ball is moving" in the Quaker City, and if the year has opened as favorably everywhere as here, a short time only will elapse to find Spiritualism the popular calling of the age. We wish all a "happy New Year."

Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 3d, 1881.

"TRANSCENDENTAL PHYSICS."—In this work Prof. Zöllner gives elaborate reports of over thirty meetings for experiments with Mr. Slade, the "psychic," or medium. The experiments were conducted in a deliberate and thoroughly scientific manner, with results that sometimes astounded Mr. Slade himself. They were witnessed by many men of eminence in the scientific world, such as Prof. Weber, the physicist, and Prof. Fechner and Scheibner, of the University of Leipzig. Every conceivable test was devised and tried, to show Slade himself assisting in the scientific experiment, and the barest possibility of deception or illusion or doubt. The results it would be useless to merely tabulate; they ought to be read in connection with the careful description of conditions here given. Suffice it to say that the experiments were abundantly convinced that in and from "space of four dimensions" phenomena of a most abnormal character occurred. The evidence for the facts is overwhelming; the explanation is very difficult to give or to understand. The book is enriched with a number of exceedingly interesting diagrams, and, in addition to the descriptions of Prof. Zöllner's experiments, contains a valuable translator's preface, a fine dedication of the book to William Crookes, and some interesting appendices—"The Truthseeker," London, Eng.

Paper, pp. 90. Price 50 cents, postage free.
For sale by COLBY & RICH.

at **ANDREWS' BAZAR** for January,—a capital number ;
W. R. Andrews publisher, Tribune Building, New
York, and 171 West 4th street, Cincinnati, O.

Message Department.

Public Free-Circle Meetings.
Are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, corner of
Providence street and Montgomery street, every THURSDAY
and FRIDAY AFTERNOON. 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 absolute
necessity. The public are cordially invited.
The messages published under the above heading indicate
that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their
earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil—consequently those who pass from the earthly sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress to a higher condition. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her own. All express 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 informing us of the fact for publication.
As our angelic visitors desire to behold natural flowers upon our fire-flower table, we solicit donations of such from the friends in earth-life who may feel that it is a pleasure to place upon the altar of Spirituality their floral offerings.
Miss Shelhamer wishes it distinctly understood that she gives no private sittings at any time; neither does she receive visitors on Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Fridays.
Letters appealing to this department, in order to ensure prompt attention, should in every instance be addressed to Colby & Rich, or to
LEWIS B. WILSON, Chairman.

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

The following messages given Jan. 11th is published in advance by request.

John Pierpont.

Friends, it is my desire to speak to you, and likewise to have my words go forth through the columns of our valuable journal. My words should sink deep into every heart, for I feel this subject of which I desire to speak pressing upon me, so that I am forced to give it utterance.
I am here to-day in behalf of the needy and the suffering. I am here to make an appeal to you and the readers of the *Banner of Light* for those poor suffering mortals who are to-day without food and shelter and proper clothing. This is an inclement season of the year, when much distress walks abroad in your midst; when walls of hunger and of cold go forth and reach spirit ears in the immortal world, and it is only through earthly conditions that we may work. I am here to ask you to contribute whatever little sum you may have to spare for the alleviation of the wants and necessities of the poor and needy, and also to invite our friends everywhere to send in their contributions for the "God's Poor Fund." You have no idea of the applications of the demands even, made upon this fund for relief. You have no conception of the amount of suffering and distress which reaches our ears and observation, and which we are at times powerless to relieve. If we in the higher life had two thousand dollars to expend yearly for the purpose of relieving the necessities of the needy who apply to us, and we bestowed it only on worthy cases, it would scarcely suffice. Now the funds for this purpose come in very slowly, and it is impossible to meet all the demands.

Again we say unto all, give to us what you have to spare, be it little or be it much. "From those unto whom much is given much is required; from those who possess little, a mite is all sufficient; even good will and sympathy can be received, when no pecuniary assistance can be presented. Friends, let this consideration sink deep into your hearts, that you may feel it to be a privilege and blessing to assist the needy, to relieve the sufferings of the destitute. Every penny bestowed upon the "God's Poor Fund" of the *Banner of Light* Establishment will be expended in a worthy manner; it will be bestowed upon the needy; and we tell you that even then there will be much suffering that cannot be alleviated. John Pierpont.

Séance Nov. 19th, 1880.

Invocation.

O thou Supreme Ruler of the universe! we ask thy blessing upon this assembly, and may thy benediction fall upon the disembodied souls who gather here in order to gain instruction or experience for the advancement of their spiritual needs. We ask thy blessing to rest upon all humanity; may it flow out in love and tenderness to the lowly and the needy, and also rest upon the hearts of those who, in the material, are affluent and possess all that they require, making them feel its genial warmth radiating throughout their being, causing them to send out to those who are below them in material things the assistance, strength, aid and encouragement which they need. We ask that all those who are in comfortable circumstances this day may remember the poor and unfortunate; that their hearts may burn with sympathy and kindness; that they may go forth from their pleasant homes and seek out those who are in distress and in need and give them the needed assistance.

John A. Curtis.

I belonged in Providence. It is a good many years since I passed out of the body. In looking over the old city I find great changes have taken place. Well, I was considered a slow coach, and to tell the truth, my friends, I am not entirely satisfied with these new changes. I find many of the old landmarks removed, and the old familiar places have been so changed that I don't recognize them at all; and as it is with the people—they have changed entirely; they are no more like they used to be than nothing at all. Why, my goodness gracious! when I was in the body, a man of seventy years was not a young prig, dressed up with eye-glasses and kid gloves! Not at all. I don't see but things have turned topsy-turvy. A friend here says I have been asleep and have just woken up. Well, perhaps I have; I don't know; but I don't feel at home, any way, when I come round to the old places.

Now I have been to see Simmons. Simmons won't believe that spirits can come back. I've tried to touch him up a bit, but, "bless your soul," he's so much engaged in trying to get a cent, and get it into his pocket, that he don't care whether spirits can come round or not; in fact he'd a little rather they would n't, because, you see, they look him over. "Now I don't know what to make of it all. I think it has come to a pretty pass when everything has got to be turned upside down and topsy-turvy, and you don't know whether you are standing on your head or your heels! I am sure I did n't when I was down in Providence last. I turned around disgusted, and left. Now I have some friends in Providence; my father's family passed over long ago; thank the Lord for that! I would n't have had 'em live in these dreary days for anything; but those who have come up after us, they are like the rest of the lot—they want to get on their fine clothes, to make a good appearance, and to have their money in their pockets, and they want to do it all without working for it, that's the worst of it. They don't want to put in and dig, like their fathers and grandfathers did, not a bit of it! The easier it comes the better."

I have come here to send out my word, to tell them the old man is looking on—he isn't dead, by any means—he just wants a chance to talk to them in private, where he can give one of his good old-fashioned lectures. They know pretty well what that is. The girls used to say, "Oh dear! when father gets on his glasses, and glares at us, we know what is coming." Just tell them

I've got my glasses on, and I've been glaring at them pretty well. The way they have brought up their young ones is a caution. I think they had better turn around now, and try to look after their souls, instead of after their pockets, that's all I've got to say.

I am much obliged to you, Mr. Chairman. I am not finding any fault with this present company. I do n't know but what they deserve it. I do n't know anything about them; if they find this to be a good fit I am perfectly willing to lend it to them. My name is John A. Curtis.

Mrs. Alice Fraser.

I resided in Wakefield when I passed away, which was more than eight years ago. I have been striving to return and send my love to my friends, and to tell them I have met many dear friends on the spiritual side. I am rejoiced that I passed to another life when I did, for all was beautiful to me in both worlds. I had no regrets to leave behind me, only that of separating myself from my dear ones; but I find there is no such thing as separation to those souls who truly love each other, and I have been able to return closer, still closer, to the hearts of those dear to me, than I could have done while in the body.

I was not quite twenty-one years of age when I passed away, and my friends felt very sad and sorrowful that I should be called from earth at such an early age; but I would say to them, I rejoice that you have arisen out of your darkened conditions; that you have made changes since I passed over. You can now see that all was for the best. I would send to you an assurance that my home in the spiritual world is more beautiful, more soul-satisfying, more sweet than anything I could have experienced upon the earth. I have met my father; he gave me kindly greeting and welcome, and took me to his beautiful home which he had prepared and inhabited in the other life. My father's name is and was Capt. David Pierce; he belonged in Bangor, Me. He desires me to send out to his friends his greeting, and to say he is well situated in the other life. Many and many a time he has returned to friends, because he delights to journey abroad. He tells me to say he is safely anchored and at rest.

I desire to add that I have remarked changes and experiences passing over the heads of my friends on earth. Many of them have been pleasant and joyous; some of them have been sad and full of sorrow; but they have all been for the advancement of their spirits. When they come over and join me in the other world, they will then know and recognize that every shadow was only to brighten up their spiritual life, while every pleasure was only to sweeten their inner being. I wish them to strive to live in harmony with their own natures, seek to benefit others, give to the poor and needy the helping hand, and extend their helpfulness to those who are in want. I would not have one friend of mine see any one suffer where they can render assistance; and if they would brighten and purify their own souls, and would likewise desire to please and bless and benefit myself and those with me in the higher life, they will give assistance where it is required; they will always strive to speak kindly and cheerfully, and give a smile to all.

I send my love, and say I will return if possible to you again and give you more. My name is Mrs. Alice Fraser.

Carrie Lewis.

[To the Chairman:] I want to come. Can I come? I want to send my love home to my mamma; she's crying about me. I've been gone away not a long time, but my mamma thinks it is a long time—she feels real lonesome, too. I want to tell her I has n't gone away. I comes close to her, and I do n't like to see her cry. I want to tell her that Auntie Susie takes care of me; she is real pretty, and she lets me play round just as I've a mind to. I was n't four years old, mister, when I went to sleep, I was n't, and I did n't feel good all down round here [putting her hand over her chest]; I was all sore and achy, then I shut my eyes, and went off to a pretty place with Aunt Susie. Aunt Susie only went away to heaven a little while before I did; she came for me, and mother felt as though everything was going away from her. I want to tell her she has got Henry left, and he is going to be a real good boy to her. I can come back and play with him, too—he is my big brother—eight years old. And please tell my mamma that when I went to sleep I had white beads in my hand. Aunt Susie gave me the white beads when I went to see her and grandma. When I was so bad and achy, I wanted them, and mamma let me take them, and when I shut my eyes up, and went to Aunt Susie, mamma put them on my throat when she shut me up with the flowers. I've got some just like 'em, only prettier.

Does you want to know my name? It is Carrie Lewis. My mamma lives in Philadelphia. She is coming away, a long way, in the cars. I do n't know whether she is coming here or not; she is coming a long way to see some people, Aunt Susie says, and there's a medium there, one that she wants to come to her through. She wants mamma to stay at her friend's four weeks. My mamma is n't coming till the snow has come and gone away. My mamma's name is Sarah J. Lewis. Aunt Susie is telling Carrie what to say. She says my papa is coming home next summer, and she wants her to come and see her friends before summer comes, because papa is coming home from way off in the West, off in Nevada. Please say we send lots of love to mamma, and papa too.

Séance Nov. 23rd, 1880.

George Pressman.

I have returned here to-day more for my own experience than for the welfare of any other, although it is my desire to send forth my word of greeting to friends on earth, and to tell them I am well situated, so far as external objects go, in the immortal world; but I find myself—not yet entirely satisfied. My energies were directed in business channels, on earth, and I have not as yet been able to take up the threads of my active life and weave them into a complete fabric. I am told that I shall soon find a channel where I may direct my energies and work off the superfluous forces of my being both for the sake of those who are in the mortal form and for the advancement and welfare of my own individual being, and I am brought here by a friend for this purpose—to gain experience, in order that I may work to some advantage in the future.

It is but a very short time since I passed away from the mortal form. I was an old man; I had lived in the body many, many years, and gained much of experience which had been shadowy and painful as well as pleasant and sunny; and as I look back over my chequered career I find that it has all been planned wisely and well for my own individual interest, and I

would say to my friends, Although I return to greet you, although I shall ever remember you with the heart's warmest affections, yet I would not return to the material body for existence. I desire to pass on and on, beyond earthly scenes and conditions, just as soon as I may free my spirit from these experiences which bind me to earth. I am well known, friends, I may say, in the city of Baltimore, where I resided and where my business energies were directed. I wish my associates and friends in that city to remember me kindly—not as one who is dead and should be forgotten—but as one who has advanced, passed on and attained one degree higher. I shall be glad to meet and welcome you when you also are called to the higher life. My name is George Pressman.

Mary Crowley.

[To the Chairman:] Excuse me, sir, but may I give a message? I lived in Boston. It is nearly two years since I died. I died in the spring, and I have been anxious to send a message to my friends. I left a dear mother—her name is Julia Crowley. I want my friends to know that I am happy in the spirit-world, where there is no hard and taxing labor to perform, but all we have to do is pleasant and agreeable to us. We do not desire to be idle, but the work that comes to us is such as is pleasant and such as we can perform without difficulty. I have been trying for a long time to send a letter home, and to say that after I died I felt that I had passed out into a new country; it seemed as though all was so beautiful and bright and blooming that I had gone far away from the earth-life and entered upon something new. But I was soon called back, because I felt the sorrow on earth, and it seemed to penetrate my spirit and to keep me here. I have risen above that, now. I have been striving to learn something, to gain an education in the other life, so that I may be of advantage to my friends as well as to myself. I have a friend, a young girl, I would like very much to reach, and I think that perhaps she may see my letter—I mean the one who was my most intimate friend; she will know. I want to come to her, if it is possible, somewhere in Boston, and speak privately. I want to tell her concerning some things we talked about when I was here, and I feel that it will be of use to her. I don't want her to be frightened; I will not harm her. I feel that I can do her good in more ways than one. My name is Mary Crowley. I was twenty-three years old.

Jonathan Brooks.

Well, friends, I feel like having a little talk. Am I permitted? I desire to send out first my warm, fraternal greeting and love to my friends in Connecticut, particularly those in Norwich and in New London. They will believe—at least some of them will, others will not—that I am still active and taking an interest in all that concerns humanity, and watching the progress of things spiritually. I take an active interest in all the affairs of this Spiritualism, and wherever I can be of any service to a returning spirit I am always anxious to be present. I have watched the work of disembodied intelligences for many years; I have kept watch over the course of Spiritualism from the spirit-side of life almost since its introduction upon the earth, and I may say that it astonishes me to see the advancement the spirit-world has made in returning to earthly scenes and manifesting through matter. Why, my friends, if you could take a look behind the scenes of mortal existence and witness the supreme efforts, I may say, which spirits have to exert to overcome the obstacles placed in the way of their returning to earth to manifest to their friends and to humanity through material organisms, you would not wonder that more is not given, but would say it is wonderful they do so well. I have seen spirits time and again fall in their attempts to make themselves known. I have seen them partially succeed, where it was almost impossible to tell from the material side whether it was a spirit in control or whether it was a personation by the medium for imposture; and yet the spirit was behind the medium using all its powers to make itself known. I have seen this so many times that I have paused to inquire: "Why attempt the work? why not be content until your friends come over to the spirit-side of life?"

Then the reply has been given with force to my spirit, "We can never rest content; we must work on and on, and by some method strive to manifest our presence to humanity, and give the assurance that we live, and because we live they shall live also. We must work with our utmost endeavor to throw aside the clouds of error, the clouds of superstition, of doubt and dread that are hedging humanity in, and filling the human mind with fears concerning the immortal life, by giving it false ideas concerning the divine and eternal Presence who rules over all things." So the spiritual world works on and on, never discouraged; though oftentimes thrown back upon itself in its work, it gathers more force, and presses onward and onward, in order to convey to mankind a knowledge of the true life that lies beyond the border. While one superstitious fear remains, while there is the terror of death, while there is a shrinking from the grave, while there is a terrible fear of some eternal punishment beyond, while there is one idea of a selfish, jealous, angry God, spirits will work with their utmost endeavor to break down those barriers which exist between them and their mortal friends, to cast aside the clouds that envelope their friends on earth, and reveal to them the beauties and glories that lie beyond.

And not only this; there are spirits, countless thousands of them, sending out their forces to instruct humanity concerning the real life of man, to give him a knowledge of his true condition, and to reveal to his inner understanding that as he sows on earth so shall he reap in the spiritual world; that if he is unmanly, if his life is ignoble, he will certainly reap a punishment beyond—not of material flame and fire, but he will feel the burning flame within, which scorches the soul with its agony of remorse and urges it on to make reparation for its wrong doing by striving to benefit others. While there is a need of such information, while humanity presses onward in ignorance, sowing abroad the seeds of selfishness, and striving to gain all that it requires for the individual I, and not for the benefit of another, the spiritual world will send forth its agents to impart to the children of earth the knowledge and information and truth required.

I would say to those who have often inquired, "Why do not some of my loved ones come to me?" Friends, you know not how your loved ones are working anxiously, earnestly to reveal their presence to you. If you could realize that they are by your side frequently, striving to minister to your spirits, to give you the knowledge and consolation you most require, you

would feel to bless them for all they are doing. It is not possible for every spirit to manifest through a material organism; it is not possible for every intelligence beyond the grave to return with undoubted assurances of its presence and give unquestionable evidences of its identity. The spirit must possess a certain assimilation to the medium that it comes in contact with; there must be a certain sympathy between the organism of the medium and that of the spirit, in order that the latter may manifest naturally; and again, a spirit must possess the determined will-power if he or she would return and speak to friends; he must put aside all other considerations but the one grand desire and determination to manifest, in order to be able to do so satisfactorily.

You may have little ones returning to you, you may have feeble, weak women, you may have strong, sturdy men, you may have old, decrepit beings return who passed out bowed down by the weight of years; but in spirit they have thrown these off, and they possess this determined will in order to manifest. It may come from anxiety; it may come from a desire to chase away the cloud of sorrow and to give consolation to mourning friends. But there must be some grand impetus to urge the spirit onward and enable it to cast away all fear and trembling and to take no note of the surroundings, in order to be able to send out its word to its friends on the earth.

I am informed by those who understand more of this than I do, that a time will come when a medium will be found in every household, and spiritual communion will be known as a thing of common occurrence. The denizens of earth will then ask for that culture and development of spirit which will lead them to walk and talk with the angels.

I did not come to deliver a sermon, but when I found myself in possession the impulse seemed to come and cause me to speak concerning these things, not only to my individual friends but also to any who care to listen.

I would also say that I have welcomed many friends to the spirit side of life since my departure, and I have not found one who was not delighted to realize and gain the knowledge that there was no barrier so great between mortals and immortals but that it could be overcome; and they were pleased to find that if they desired they could return and manifest to their loved ones. You may call me, sir, Jonathan Brooks.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Nov. 23.—Samuel Miller; Clara Alice Morley.
Nov. 27.—Dwight S. Tarr; Lydia M. Flinders; Lizzie Atkinson; Mary Bennett; Samuel Taylor; Dr. Henry Clark; John Anguish.
Nov. 30.—Evelyn T. Chandler; Willie Foster; Asa Fletcher; Mary Arnold; William Howland; Henry S. Tolman; Jennie Wiley.
Dec. 3.—Rev. Thomas C. Moss; Lyman Odell; Mrs. G. H. Harty; John A. Barnard; Nancy Packard; Sarah Jane H. Jones; John W. Thayer; John L. Chandler; James W. Butler; George P. Elliot; Elias Shaw; Nellie A. Langman; Simon Thomas; Lillie Perkins.
Dec. 10.—Mrs. A. M. French; Flora B. Cartmell; William Butler; George P. Elliot; Elias Shaw; Nellie A. Langman; Simon Thomas; Lillie Perkins.
Dec. 17.—Helen S. Loud; Freddie P. Fluke; Samuel Curtis; Big Beaver.
Dec. 24.—Gideon Frost; Katie F. Hand; Lizzie L. Groves; Julia Leonard; Robert L. Thiden; Mary J. Knowles; Rosalie Abbot; Jennie Ryder; Emma Gray.
Dec. 31.—Rev. E. W. Porter; John L. Chandler; James W. Butler; Helen S. Loud; Freddie P. Fluke; Samuel Curtis; Big Beaver.
Jan. 7.—Robert Davidson; Louis L. Peckham; Eva May Clark; Hattie C. Palmer; Mary E. Fuller; Frances Black; Mattie Styles; Florestine Reed.
Jan. 14.—Hannah Brittain; Willie J. Gray; Thomas Evans; Adeline Merrill; Henry J. Hubbard; Galeb H. Hutchinson; Mrs. Jennie Johnson; Dancie Bear.
Jan. 21.—Rev. Nathaniel Russell; Mrs. Betsey Moore; George W. Thayer; Ella Armstrong; Maria Long; B. F. Hughes; Samuel G. Howe.
Jan. 28.—James Mott; Mary Goodwin; Isaac D. Smith; S. J. Baker; Richard M. Collier.
Feb. 4.—Samuel F. Monroe; Clarence Henry Gordon; Clara L. Lehman; Martha A. Dodge; Joseph Hill; Charlotte Engle; Winnie Jacobs; L. Judd Pardee.

REPLIES TO QUESTIONS.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
MRS. EMMA HARDING BRITTEN,
AT THE BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLIC FREE-CIRCLE ROOM.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—[By E. K. Thomas.] How can the philosophy of Spiritualism be associated with political economy so as to benefit man in the world?

Ans.—Political economy will never be honest, never just, never harmonious, never wholly successful, until it is vitalized by Spiritualism! The doctrines of Spiritualism do not deal with political economy, but with political economists. When political economists are Spiritualists, they will begin to realize that they are responsible not only here but hereafter, and it is in these principles of character, these depths of moral power, that political economists will commence a reform, not externally but internally, from which all external reforms will take shape. When the economists themselves are Spiritualists, you may look for the dawn of a better day; when they can hear the voice of the spirit, when they can study the magnificent scheme of harmony that prevails throughout all the spheres, that system of harmony which is the grand politics of heaven—for politics, after all, is but the general sum of all the people's interests and welfare. All methods of government, when spiritual, are methods of government founded upon justice, modified by kindness, carried forward with a determined sense of individual responsibility which will never allow us to do wrong to the least of God's creatures, and which realizes that the smallest wrong extends throughout the body politic of the whole community. When once, I say, this grand Spiritual Philosophy shall have permeated the minds of men in place and in power, politics will then necessarily become spiritual. The alliance of the politician with the Spiritualist is the perfect harmony between justice and mercy, between the duties of man here and his responsibility hereafter. Heaven speed the day when none but Spiritualists in the best sense will gravitate to the sphere of politics; then shall we recognize that governments are instituted for the benefit of the governed, and never till then.

Q.—[By J. F. L., Philadelphia, Pa.] What protection is there for a sensitive person who finds himself subject to another in the earth-life, whose stronger magnetic will-power holds said sensitive under control? Is there safety in appealing to spirit-guidance, while under such control? Does not this sensitive draw nearer to those spirits who are more in sympathy with this earthly controller than he does to his own spirit-friends?

A.—Whenever there is any undue control by a spirit, embodied or disembodied, over another, there is obsession, and that is both illegitimate and injurious. Every living creature is a spirit, incarnated in matter and individualized, a carving, a statue, a sculpture by the hand of the Infinite, and whoever attempts to modify, alter or bend this, beyond the special carving which the Creator has wrought in that one individual, stands between the Creator and the creature, and usurps an illegal, unjustifiable power. That is the first point to which we would call your attention. In this new dispensation we have constantly entered into magnetic relations with each other, unconscious of

our danger, fascinated by the marvels which psychology opens before us, astounded to find magnetism an open gate, through which all may walk, and find themselves in a new world, treading new fields of discovery, exploring a new country, with the marvels of its unwrought, unwritten and untrod history dawning before us, and widening out into such glorious vistas of power that we are unconsciously led on, without knowledge of danger, without any recognized guide, glad to receive the aid of any one who interests himself by the way to point out the paths we are searching for. Thus have thousands of sensitives entered upon paths of danger, they knew not how, nor whether they tended. Like the beautiful grain of wheat, that standard of good and use, the staff of life, when pulverized and made into bread, and distributed amongst the famishing multitude—that source of all evil, wrong and brutality, when transmuted into the fermented liquor! Like the steel, sharp and useful, the strong and mighty instrument of all operations and all activities, when fashioned into useful tools—that destroyer when in the hand of the murderer! Thus it is that magnetism and psychology, the operators of spiritual life, and the tools by which we may carve our way to the highest forms of knowledge in the spiritual lyceums, become murder to the soul, destruction to the mind, when abused. We would now call your attention to the remedy, and although we would not wish to deal homeopathically, by adding poison to poison, we know of no other way, and must, upon the homeopathic principle, administer a higher and stronger, a more potent magnetism than that which has already subdued the subject. To de-magnetize, to break the chains that hang around the neck of the soul, to liberate the spirit from the impure thralldom in which he or she is already held, is the only method we can prescribe; and we would say, in closing this very important branch of the subject, that as we advance into these untrodden lyceums of magnetism and psychology, we are beginning to be more and more conscious of their potentiality; of the danger of the abuse, as well as the virtues of use. At present we must remind the listener, as we would the world, that we are only in the dawn of the day. We have been deserted by our spiritual teachers, by those who, thousands of years ago, should have known and understood the important charge: "Now concerning spiritual gifts, brethren, I would not have you ignorant." We have been left ignorant; we, the people, we the workers. With the burden of a mighty and burning civilization pressed upon us we have been unable to pause on the way, to study out these spiritual laws, which we had entrusted to those whom we highly revered, to interpret for us. They have failed in their duty, they have left us helpless, left us at the mercy of our own means of experiment. Remember, that every failure you may make by the way, every fresh experiment which appears to be a failure, is so much gained, is another step toward eventual triumph in the unfoldment of the stupendous science of the soul. Magnetism and psychology are the two columns of the sublime temple of ancient magic and of Modern Spiritualism. As we advance into this temple, we shall find, until we have studied these basic laws, we are unable to comprehend the magnetism and psychology of the better world; but fully understanding that magnetism is for the transfer of occult force from body to body, and psychology for the transfer of mental power from one mind to another, we hold in our hands the sure clue to the powers and possibilities of Spiritualism. Till we know this, we are at the mercy of the mesmerizer and psychologist. The only remedy we can apply to these conditions of subjugation, is to call for the spiritual physician, not the spirit alone; call for the spiritual physician of earth, the good magnetizer, the holy psychologist, who, by the aid of healthful magnetism and high, holy will, can become as potent to save as the good Master himself. Whatever powers he exhibited, were only ensamples for the race; whatever possibilities were manifest in the life teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, belong to you who enter upon life's duties with the same resolve to do good, the same pure, holy purpose for good; and virtue will go out of your very garments, the sick and the suffering will creep to your side, and by the touch of those garments, saturated with the healthful, holy purpose of your spirit, all the powers and potencies of evil will depart, and in the end you will become Christs, who can expel "legions of devils" in the form of obnoxious spirits. Thus it is, friends, we commend to you the study of magnetism and psychology. Armed with reason and with philosophy, with care enter within this noble temple of uses, and study, that ye may all realize the promise of the Master, "If ye have but faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye may remove mountains."

Verifications of Spirit Messages.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
In your issue of Oct. 23d last we received a communication from ANNIE CORA, a dear child of ours, who has been for many years in spirit-life, and it rejoices our hearts very much that she has been given power, through that excellent medium, Miss Shelhamer, to call us of her beautiful home and of her kind endeavors to assist other spirits to come to their friends in this life. We send to all of you our heartfelt thanks for this sacred truth. Yours for the right,
Wollaston, Dec. 28th, 1880. H. C. COFFIN.

MARY A. WEIGHTMAN'S MESSAGE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
I am happy to be able to verify the communication from my beloved wife in spirit-life, who passed on May 7th, 1878. The message was also recognized by many beloved friends, who read your valuable paper in St. Louis. Her name was MARY ANN WEIGHTMAN. My family all join in sending their warmest regards to you and the blessed instrument through whom it came. Our earnest prayer is that you may go on with your noble work, and that God and the holy angels may aid and assist you.
Yours in eternal friendship,
WM. H. WEIGHTMAN.
St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 19th, 1880.

The Rights of Married Women.

The following is the full text of a law passed by the last Oregon Legislature, and signed by the Governor, regarding the rights of married women:

SEC. 1. All laws which impose or recognize civil disabilities upon a wife, which are not imposed or recognized as extending to the husband, are hereby repealed; provided that this act shall not confer the right to vote or hold office upon the wife except as is otherwise provided by law; and for any unjust usurpation of her property or her natural rights she shall have the same right to appeal in her own name alone to the courts of law or equity for redress that her husband has.

SEC. 2. Henceforth the rights and responsibilities of the parent, in the absence of intestacy, shall be equal, and the mother shall be as fully entitled to the custody and control of the children and their earnings as the father; and in case of the father's death, the mother shall come into as full control of the children and their estates as the father does in case of the mother's death. All laws and portions of laws inconsistent with the foregoing are hereby repealed.

What maintains one vice would bring up two children.—Franklin.

Translated.

Public Workers Recently Passed On: Services of the Brooklyn Fraternity In Memoriam Epes Sargent, Esq.: Accounts from Various Sources Regarding the Demise of D. C. Densmore, John Tyerman, Jennie S. Rudd, and Margaret Jameson.

Brooklyn (N. Y.) Spiritual Fraternity Memorial Services.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A large and sympathetic meeting assembled in Fraternity Hall, last evening, to pay tribute to the memory of our risen brother, EPES SARGENT. The exercises were opened by the singing of a beautiful hymn by Mr. and Mrs. Lillie, in which the spiritualist, Thos. S. W. Russell, read, with fine eloquent effect, the poem "I Still Live," given through Miss Lizzie Doten by the spirit of Achsa W. Sprague; the reading of this fine poem made a marked effect upon the people.

After this reading Dr. Eugene Crowell took the platform and said: It is nineteen years since I have spoken in public, with the exception of remarks made at one of the Fraternity meetings some two months ago; but the invitation of your President was earnest, and my respect for the life and labors of our brother, that I could not otherwise than affirmatively respond. He is not dead, but lives, and is with us, and in this wider field can do more for our cause than when in the bodily form.

"I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Even so saith the spirit, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

It is now nearly thirty-three years since the advent of Modern Spiritualism. As Jesus was born in a manger, so Modern Spiritualism was ushered into existence in an obscure, humble dwelling, and a child was its godfather. As Jesus surrounded himself with earnest, faithful men whose mission it was to receive from his lips the truths and impart it to others, so Modern Spiritualism has attracted to its standard many noble and good men who have received its truths from the lips of angels, and, through persecution and obloquy, have proclaimed them to the world. Among these, Hare, Majes, Tallmadge, Edmonds, Owen and Sargent stand forth as the first and noblest—men whose self-denying labors in diffusing the light of Spiritualism have rendered their names illustrious as benefactors of their race; and when the truths they have taught have become generally accepted, as in time they will be, their memory will be cherished and the history of their lives will be inscribed upon the hearts of all future generations.

"Upward, forever upward,
Toward the glorious sublime,
Of the conquerors of time."

But it is in memory of the last of this galaxy of noble souls that to-night we are gathered to pay a merited tribute of affection and gratitude. He was the last of those who were spared to walk with us in our earthly pilgrimage, to counsel, advise and strengthen us in our efforts to advance the interests of the cause we love—a cause which was so dear to his heart that neither time, labor nor effort ever weighed against the full performance of his duty in its behalf.

Notwithstanding Mr. Sargent's life was an exceptionally busy one, and his literary labors incessantly pressing—he being one of the ablest and most voluminous of American writers—he yet managed to present rich stores of spiritual knowledge and experience in a number of volumes, which, in respect to ripeness of thought, clear, logical statement and transparent honesty of intention, are not excelled, if equaled, by any works which have been written and published in the interests of Spiritualism.

The first of these works, *Planchette*, published in 1851, has probably been instrumental in winning more believers to our faith than any other work. For a Spiritualist publication it has had an extensive circulation; and by its presenting Spiritualism in its true light, as a philosophy, it attracted the attention of many cultured minds, among these Alfred R. Wallace, the eminent naturalist, who, through its personal, was led to thoroughly investigate our phenomena and philosophy, and as a consequence of this to openly embrace Spiritualism, and to become one of its most illustrious defenders.

His second work, *The Proof Palpable of Immortality*, published in 1875, was mainly a presentation of the evidence of the verity of materialization; and this evidence was so interwoven with and strengthened by forcible, logical argument, that the question was placed beyond controversy.

But his last work, *The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism*, published only one month since, will probably be his most successful and useful work, it being not only the most fruitage of his life thought and experience, but, appearing as it does at a time when Spiritualism has gained a recognized status in the eyes of intelligent people, which it has never before fully attained, it will be read with a degree of respectful attention which heretofore has not been accorded to similar publications. This improved condition of the public mind will gradually lead to a reconsideration of his hasty judgment regarding Spiritualism, and more impartially and truthfully consider its merits. For these reasons this last work of Mr. Sargent's has not met with that torrent of scorn and abuse or that contemptuous indifference which it has been the lot of previous Spiritualist publications to meet. And it is not only fortunate that Mr. Sargent's last work was published at this favorable period, but equally fortunate for Spiritualism that this, his last work, should be, in its latest, yet the most complete in the interest of its truth and the presentation of the most advanced knowledge that at this day we possess.

And here the question may properly be asked, "Was it to accomplish this important work that his life was spared in his serious illness a year ago?" Such things do occur, and in our day; and I conceive it not only possible, but probable, that his earthly existence at that time was prolonged to enable him to complete this crowning work of his life.

"'Tis beautiful to die, when life,
With all its duties done,
Drifts on as drifts a summer cloud
To greet the setting sun."

Of some who leave us for the other world too much is said in eulogy—of our departed brother too much in praise cannot be said. Indiscriminate praise of the departed is to be condemned; deserved praise of them is a duty to be discharged. As at times it is proper for the benefit of the living to defeat and condemn the vices of some of the so-called dead, so at others it is eminently proper to portray and commend the virtues and usefulness of those of another order: Those of the first class are warning examples; those of the second are models for imitation!

There are others present to-night who are better able than I to pay deserved tribute to the memory of our ascended brother, and to them I will leave the further duty of portraying his virtues and describing his self-denying labors in behalf of our holy and glorious cause. Men like him do not die. They are only transformed to another scene of activity, where their works do follow them; where their field of labor is extended, and their capacity for usefulness increased. We may be assured that our brother will not idly rest in his new home. He will, as when here, unceasingly labor for humanity, and the fruits of his labors in the future will be largely reaped by those who yet remain in the flesh.

Dr. Crowell was welcomed with hearty applause on his taking the platform, and received the signal of approval at the close of his address.

Prof. J. R. Buchanan was the next speaker. He said: I shall make no extended address to-night. I am here gladly to unite with you in your appreciation of the life and labors of Bro. Sargent; and we all well know that those whose lives have been pure and good and devoted to the welfare and uplifting of the race, do not lose their interest in the world left behind, but still live and labor in the world left behind, in zeal and effect for the upbuilding of the kingdom of heaven in the life here and now; and as

we send out our highest and noblest aspirations so will we receive the influx of light and love from the spiritual world.

Bro. Sargent has gone to this other world, and has learned some things that will help us in our work here. His intellect is as strong and clear as ever, his love for the cause as true, and it is the highest souls in the spirit-world who come closest to us. He has gone from us, leaving behind a luminous light whose effulgence will grow brighter and brighter.

We are taught by Psychometry how subtle are these influences and forces, and to test this power through one skilled in this science, I tested one of Bro. Sargent's letters by handing it to Mrs. C. H. Decker, whom many of you know. She knew not the contents of the envelope handed to her, nor who was the author. Mrs. Decker remarked in regard to it:

"This impresses me as a penetrating, inquiring mind, full of sympathy, and somewhat critical, but very tolerant. It seems to have an interest for studying deep subjects, which his mind reaches out to fathom. He has fine mental powers, and acquires information without great labor, and seems to have cultivated his fine memory."

I think he has literary taste. I perceive authorship. He has fine abilities, and is given to reflection. He has a very independent mind, and is rather cold in expression. When any subject is publicly agitated, if he approves, he boldly defends it. If a believer in the Spiritual Philosophy, he will not hide it, but will boldly defend it. It seems to me he was deeply interested in it, and was an experimental inquirer. He had great advantages in being so thoroughly penetrative and intellectual, and embraced every opportunity to obtain entire satisfaction. He did a great deal for the advancement of Spiritualism. He had a scientific mind, wrote a great deal and defended mediums.

But he wrote on other subjects, being a literary man, and attained great popularity. His writings could be quoted and respected even by those not inclined to follow him in Spiritualism. He was esteemed as a literary and philosophic mind. He was a great logician, and reasoned most finely. He must have been a friend of yours, he knew you well.

There was great mental activity, but a spiritual light passes over me as from a spirit; I don't comprehend this unless he has passed away since this letter was written; I feel a tingling sensation, as if the spirit was knitted anew—as if he had not finished his labors, and was about resuming them here in spirit. There is a mind that he left behind, which he has given, but builds up all structures that have been commenced in earth life. They will be carried out in spirit-life, and he will attain an exalted position. He seems to have gone through a great many spiritual spheres, and realized their life, and is prepared to enter on exalted spheres on the other side.

What a towering mind this is; he seems to take hold of the very foundations of Spiritual Philosophy; he takes hold and weaves together these strands and particles of evidence. It will help a new movement in spiritual philosophy to settle many questions. He takes cognizance of the differences of leaders in spiritual philosophy, and has the power now to throw much light on those questions. He will cooperate with you and those who are with you in sentiment—with your teachings.

He has left the mortal form, but not long, and he has much more to learn before he will feel himself prepared to come back to earth as a teacher.

His impression comes to me now that this is a spirit, and was EPES SARGENT. The brightness of his mind was obliterated only for a brief time. There was a preparation for the change, but his great desire to finish his labor here kept his spirit in the body longer than it would have been otherwise. He was reluctant to go—not that he had any aversion to death, or premonitions of failure in ability to continue his work in the future, but he would like to have remained in the body long enough to complete the certain work that he had planned.

I feel that he is not yet ready to leave his teachings as a spirit, but the delay will be brief. He will soon be heard from through many channels. I think his first public announcement will be in the *Banner of Light* after a season of rest.

Dr. Buchanan explained briefly the subtle influence of this power, and that psychometry was to unfold a grand future in the cause of Spiritualism, and stated that Mrs. Decker could not have known in any way that the sealed letter was from Mr. Sargent. He closed with an earnest appeal for us to cultivate the gifts of the spirit and to emulate the virtues and powers of our risen brother.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Shepard Lillie then sang a beautiful song: "Watching at the Golden Gate."

Mrs. J. Shepard Lillie gave the closing address, and took for her text "In Memoriam." What a wonderful change, she said, has Modern Spiritualism made in thirty-three years in the views and hopes of this great city. The *Scientific Basis of Spiritualism* is the cornerstone in the up-building of the new spiritual church, whose dome is the blue arch of the eternal heavens, and whose walls enclose every son and daughter of humanity. Our faith and its phenomena are no longer the despair of science, but the true exponents of those silent and unseen forces that are working such marvels in human life. Our brother is not dead nor gone from us. He is still here in sympathy and hearty accord with all earnest, loving souls whose aspirations reach out to the infinite. We can take courage from his life and example to strive to nobly do our work.

The speaker defined mediumship at length, and the laws of control, and closed her eloquent address with the assurance that with him who had gone before there was no darkness, for he was basking in the full sunlight of God's love.

Her remarks terminated with a beautiful improvised poem. Before pronouncing the benediction, the speaker said, joyously, many bands of spirits with flowers which were brought and distributed among the Fraternity, with a blessing from our dear ones to strengthen and encourage us in our work; and we felt the very presence, not only of Bro. Sargent, but others who were life workers in our cause: The strong and faithful Dr. Gardner; the benign presence of Dr. Hallcock; the saintly face of Achsa W. Sprague; the loving spirit of Fannie Conant; the wise and faithful defenders of our faith, Henry C. Wright, Robert Dale Owen, Judge Edmonds, Dr. Hare, Gov. Caldwell, Dr. E. W. Wilson, Mr. Jennie Dixon and Mrs. Jarvis—all seemed to be visibly present, and to rejoice with us that our brother has reached the evergreen shores of the Summer Land.

The exercises did not close until 10:30 p. m., and the friends lingered in the hall until a late hour, as if loth to depart. — S. B. NICHOLS, 467 Waerly Avenue, Jan. 8th, 1881.

Demise of D. C. Densmore, Editor of the "Voice of Angels."

Another worker has been called home to join that immortal host of angels who from the shining heights of eternal life work earnestly and unceasingly for the amelioration of human suffering and the enlightenment of mankind.

Mr. D. C. Densmore, after a long and painful illness, passed to the spirit-world Monday morning, Jan. 3d, 1881, in his 63rd year. We have to record a noble work performed by our ascended brother: A strange and eventful experience his life was. As seaman, ship builder, healer and publisher, he was known throughout the United States, but particularly in New England, where he was born, and where he received his education. Mr. Densmore's maternal parent was a Quaker, of retiring disposition and pleasant address, from whom he undoubtedly inherited his mediumistic powers. At an early age the subject of our sketch heard voices calling to him, giving him instruction and advice when no human being could be seen. His career as a traveler and seaman was full of wonderful experience; but the most remarkable portion of his

life was that part connected with the issue and publication of the *Voice of Angels*, a semi-monthly paper devoted to the cause of Spiritualism, the first number of which appeared some five years since, and which still continues to appear at its regular date of publication.

In 1871 Mr. Densmore, then residing in Philadelphia, and attending to his business of healing the sick by laying on of hands, considered the idea of issuing a circular in the form of a small newspaper, in order to increase his business. While revolving this plan in his mind he was waited upon by his old friend, L. Judd Pardee—a well known worker for the spiritual cause, who had then been a resident of the spirit-world for about five years—and advised to issue a spiritual journal for the enlightenment of mankind, of which he—Spirit Pardee—would be the editor. Naturally this novel proposition startled and disconcerted Mr. Densmore, who was entirely unacquainted with the art of Journalism. But Mr. Pardee continued to appear from time to time in company with other spirits, all of whom urged the publication of a spiritual paper for their benefit and for mankind.

Spirits were undoubtedly at work in this movement, and finally to satisfy himself and the spirit-world that the whole arrangement was a mistake, Mr. Densmore consented to issue a small paper—devoted to spiritual subjects and questions—at stated intervals. This was accomplished unaided and alone as far as mortal assistance goes. Mr. D. issued the first numbers of his *Journal*, and awaited the crash! But none came. Instead, the *Voice of Angels*—as his paper is called—seemed to meet a demand and supply a want, and letters from far and near attested to the reality and importance of the work the spirit-world had entered upon. As the manuscripts of Mr. Pardee and other spirits—including Mr. Densmore's spirit daughter Tulle, an untiring worker—Mr. D. continued to edit his paper until health and strength failed. But the spirit-world had him in its keeping. Friends and co-workers were raised up to aid him in his labors; the light of truth continued to shine out from the pages of the *Voice of Angels*; and many a longing heart received, through its instrumentality, tidings of their loved and lost, and knowledge of their eternal home.

Although published in Boston, the *Voice of Angels* is mostly read in the Western States. It reaches far-away towns and homes where no other news of Spiritualism ever penetrates. It supplies a want which nothing else can do, and we bid it God speed in its work for the enlightenment and consolation of human kind.

What more can we say of our now ascended Brother Densmore but that his work lives and its results shall follow him? Faithful to the voice of the spirit, he held on to his task in spite of slanders and storms. That very sensitiveness that made him at times misunderstood by others rendered him susceptible to the influence of the angels. The result of his work, in its mission of peace and good will and light to mourning hearts, proves it to have been of spirit direction and guidance, and we feel that he can now revert with satisfaction to the past. In company with spirit workers may he still press onward in his labors for the cause of Truth.

Funeral services over the remains of Mr. Densmore were held at his former residence, 5 Dwight street, Boston, on Wednesday, Jan. 5th. A goodly number of sympathizing friends were in attendance to pay respect to and take a farewell look at the form of our ascended brother. The services, which were conducted by Mr. J. Wm. Fletcher (under the control of Spirit L. Judd Pardee) and Miss M. T. Shelhamer, were of an affecting and impressive nature, yet full of that sweet consolation which ever breathes to the believer in Spiritualism the tidings of immortality and the continued presence and love of our so-called dead.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

David C. Densmore, proprietor and publisher of the *Voice of Angels*, has passed to the higher life, as already chronicled in the *Banner*. During an illness of three months, in which he constantly suffered much distress in breathing, he was cheerful and hopeful of regaining his health, that he might carry on the work which in the last years of his life engrossed his whole attention. His days were no doubt shortened by his close application to business, he working far beyond his strength and allowing himself no rest or relaxation.

Mr. Densmore lived to see the *Voice of Angels* a success. Begun under circumstances far from encouraging, and carried on amidst many difficulties, the paper has become, in homes all over our land and across the seas, a loved and honored guest. Doubting at first, the wisdom of the undertaking, he often said if it could fail it ought to; but his heart was in it, and spirit advisers urged him on. Receiving from time to time words of appreciation from all classes, he was encouraged to devote still more of his attention to the paper, till he was wholly absorbed in it.

Spiritualism has lost an earnest worker; the poor and distressed of every condition a tender friend, of large heart and ready sympathy, the woes of men ever appealed to his consciousness, and he responded with intense devotion to the work of instructing and comforting them—not in the large way which wins the regard of the world, but in the small and unobtrusive ways in which a loving, unselfish nature must always be giving.

Mr. Densmore had his own peculiar mission, his own way of thinking and doing things; and this way often led him apart from the grooves in which his fellows walked. His mind gave no reflected light—such as it was, it came fresh and clear from its source. He believed in his work, in men, in himself. He preached Spiritualism, and gave expression in his daily life to the truths of the harmonious philosophy.

His work here is over, and yet not done. According to our beautiful faith he is still engaged in the work of "saying the lost." With enlarged capacities and keener perceptions, is he not more earnestly and effectively taking his place in the ranks of workers on the other side? At rest from the cares of earth, his voice now swells the chorus of angel voices that, sweeping down to earth, reaches our finer senses, and awakens to a holier life.

Boston, Mass.

John Tyerman

Passed to spirit-life, after a brief illness, from Woolloomooloo, Sydney, Australia, Nov. 27th, 1880, at the earthly age of forty-two years.

It is but little more than two years ago that I read in the *Banner of Light* of the success in the lecture-fields of America achieved by John Tyerman of this city. Eighteen months ago I was instrumental in getting him to visit Adelaide, where he planted our standard, and last Christmas Day I met him for the first time in the flesh. I feel sure that his numerous friends in the United States, while rejoicing with him in his deliverance from physical suffering, will spare a sigh of sympathy for the widow and the fatherless who have been left behind.

John Tyerman lived on this earth only forty-two years, but he did more for Liberalism and Spiritualism in Australia than perhaps any other man or woman ever seen in our midst. He was a man who fought the great life-battle as few have done before him. He toiled for wife and family, year after year, with varying success. As a Wesleyan minister and Church of England catechist, he labored in the colonies of New Zealand and Victoria, and was asked to preach in opposition to Modern Spiritualism while living in the latter place. He declined, if it must be done without previous investigation. He did investigate, and became a champion of the cause. His license to preach was revoked by his bishop (Perry), and he has since been engaged in the lecture field. In all these southern lands his voice has been heard upholding freedom and opposing bigotry; and we had hoped to hear more from him for many years to come.

He crossed the river on this side from a dreary point, but it is not too much to say that his welcome on the other side was that of a wanderer returning home after years of absence.

His funeral, which took place on Monday, Nov. 29th, was very largely attended by friends of progress of all sections, including Materialists and Spiritualists. The exercises were conducted by Mr. H. Gale, and brief addresses were made by several friends on both sides of the veil. Our friend will be greatly missed, not only in Sydney, but in other parts of this great Southern land.

Yours sincerely, L. E. HARCUS, Sydney, N. S. W., Dec. 2d, 1880.

Transition of Mrs. Jennie S. Rudd.

This widely-known medium passed to her spirit-home on the 6th inst. from her residence, in South Scituate, Mass., after a distressing illness of more than two years. Funeral services were held at the house on the 10th inst., conducted by her much valued friend, Dr. Isaac P. Greenleaf, whose discourse was beautifully eloquent and appropriate. The remains were subsequently taken to Bristol, Conn., accompanied by her family, where Dr. Greenleaf delivered another address at the hall on the 11th inst., after which they were placed in the little cemetery near "Lake Compounce," a spot selected by and given to her some years ago while laboring in that vicinity.

Mrs. Rudd was the daughter of Col. Barnabas and Rosina Conklin, and was born at Fort Independence, Boston harbor, March 11th, 1833. Her mother having died at child-birth, her afflicted father, whose regiment was about being ordered to Florida in the then existing war, placed the babe in care of a fellow-soldier and his wife named Close, intending soon to resign his commission in the army and devote himself to his motherless child; but he died in Pensacola, and Jennie never knew any other parents than the people who brought her up. She was emphatically a natural-born medium. Her wonderful powers of clairvoyance and clairaudience developed themselves at her earliest recollection, and her little playmates, who could never be seen by her foster-parents, were supposed by her to be flesh and blood, although she could never tell whence they came nor whither they went.

When she was eight years of age Mr. Close was stationed for a few months at the Charlestown Navy Yard. She became a great favorite with the officers and a daily visitor at the yard, where her remarkable reading of character afforded much merriment to the soldiers.

At eighteen years of age, when pursuing her studies at Taunton, Mass., she first met her future husband, whom she immediately recognized as such from a vision given her some years before. Neither of them had ever formed any other attachment, and their married life of over twenty-nine years has been distinguished by its peacefulness and unalloyed happiness. She was one of the first trance mediums in the country, and during the earlier portion of her married life perhaps did more to convince and convert skeptics than almost any other private medium who has appeared among us.

In 1873 she accepted the State Agency of the Connecticut Spiritualist Association, which position she occupied with marked success until her connection with the *Banner of Light*. There she made multitudes of friends, who will read this obituary with unfeigned sorrow. In March, 1876, she commenced her ministrations at the *Banner of Light* Circle-Room, being led thither against her inclination and judgment, and in conformity with a prediction made to her seven years before through a medium in Providence, R. I., an account of which, written by William Foster, appeared in the *Banner* several years ago.

The preliminary interviews with the editor were very remarkable, and showed unmistakably the ruling hand of the Invisibles. Her control, Dr. Mann, informed Mr. Colby that the medium would remain with him three weeks, at the expiration of which time she should withdraw and a new one would be provided, which prophecy was fulfilled to the letter.

Her health, never robust, failed her so completely in Dec., '78, that from that date until her resignation in July, '79, she was frequently unable to attend her circles, and even when present was obliged to have a companion to assist her to and from the Circle-Room.

For about eight weeks previous to the final change she was confined to her bed, and for most of that time was a great sufferer. The final departure of the spirit, however, was peaceful in the extreme. Her husband, who was her constant attendant day and night, noted the approaching change and instantly called her two sons. She signified her consciousness almost to the last moment, breathed shorter and shorter for ten minutes, and passed away as an infant falls asleep.

She was a lady of singular purity of life, a devoted and affectionate wife and mother, a faithful friend, and indefatigable worker in the glorious cause so dear to us all.

The poem read by Dr. Greenleaf at the funeral was so eminently appropriate in her case that it almost seemed written for the occasion, echoing, as it does, the sentiments so often expressed by her in life:

"Up and away like the dew of the morning,
That soars from the earth to its home in the sun,
Let me steal away, gently and lovingly,
Only remembered by what I have done.
I need not be missed if my life has been bearing
(As its summer and autumn moved silently on)
The bloom, and the fruit, and the seed in its season;
I shall still be remembered by what I have done.
Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken,
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to ages—all about me forgotten,
Save the truths I have spoken, the things I have done."

WM. H. RUDD, South Scituate, Mass., Jan. 12th, 1881.

Death of a Good Medium and Good Woman—Clerical Misrepresentation.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: A few weeks since there passed to the spirit-world, from her residence in Kansas City, Mo., the immortal portion of Mrs. Margaret Jameson, a well-known medium and estimable woman. As a test medium she was excelled by few, and her sphere of usefulness, in advancing the truths of spiritual communion, was deep and wide. Her taking away is a serious loss to the cause of Spiritualism in that vicinity, and her place as a public instrument in the dissemination of spiritual light and knowledge will be difficult to fill. In addition to being an excellent medium, she was what is far better, a good woman, upright, generous-hearted, sympathetic, a good wife and mother, and an intelligent defender of Liberal Spiritualism. The funeral services, Sunday, Dec. 12th, were impressive and touching. In addition to an eloquent address from Col. E. G. Granville, of Atchison, Kan., Mr. Robinson, while entranced, delivered two impromptu poems, one at the residence, and the second at the grave; concerning which the *Kansas City Journal of Commerce* says of the first, that "it produced a profound impression on all present," and of the second that it "was so affecting and powerful that all who heard it could only wonder and admire." Resolutions of sympathy and condolence with the afflicted family were passed by the Kansas City Liberal League, of which she was a member.

In a sermon delivered the day of her burial, Rev. S. B. Bell made the following deliberate misrepresentation both of the League and Mrs. Jameson: "What no life to come? No Paradise? Christ is dead! Hope itself is dead! It is beyond all human speech, horrible! And yet this is all that the Liberal League has to offer to this city to-day. This morning they announce that they are going to bury a dead woman of their number according to their belief. That is to say, with no more hope than a dead dog. It is awful!"

Would it be believed that, only a few months ago, Rev. Mr. Bell, while riding to a funeral in the same hack with Mrs. Jameson, being introduced to her, inquired if she were the medium of that name; and she having responded in the affirmative, in conversation gave him most substantial proof of her belief in immortality! When she told the reverend gentleman that, were it not for her family, she would be content to die the next day, he seemed terrified at the idea of death; and Mrs. Jameson afterwards asserted that she never saw a person so afraid of death as Rev. Dr. Bell. And yet he now talks of her burial "with no more hope than that of a dead dog!"

Again: so far from the Liberal League burying her "with no more hope than that of a dead dog," the resolutions unanimously adopted by the League, in her respect, speak of her as having been "removed from her earthly tabernacle to the realization of her confidence of a continued existence of a higher and purer life," and they also express regret for the loss of her "earthly life." A more glaring instance of clerical misrepresentation has not disgraced the nineteenth century, in all probability.

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN, Proviso of San Francisco, Cal.

The Prospectus of the *Banner of Light*, the leading paper of this country in the interests of Spiritualism, will be found in another column. In its columns may be found some of the choicest gems of thought and investigation in relation to the future of which we know so little.—*Dryden (N. Y.) Weekly Herald*.

Cleveland (O.) Notes.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: I am sorry to report that the effort to raise a lecture fund by subscription, so that the meetings of the First Society of Spiritualists in this city might be thrown open free to the public, is a failure, as far as having continuous meetings this winter; and were it not for the meetings of the Children's Progressive Lyceum the Spiritualists of Cleveland would be deprived of the general social intercourse that they have enjoyed for the past twenty years. This apathy is sad indeed.

A *Spiritual Meteor*.—The brilliant lecture delivered here by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Sunday, Dec. 10th, and already noticed by you in your issue of Jan. 1st, was like a ray of light to those overtaken by darkness; and, considering the cultured and attentive audience present, it seems to me strange that enough money was not volunteered on the spot to provide for speaking the balance of the winter; but there was not, and with one or two notable exceptions, the public and private appeals for funds have scarcely been heeded. Yet in spite of this lethargy a hope is entertained that arrangements will be completed with a few of our prominent speakers before the winter is over.

Christmas Festivities.—Through the energy of a few and the generosity of many, the little ones of the Children's Progressive Lyceum had a good time on Monday, the 27th of December. Speaking, singing, dancing, refreshments and a good time in general, for old and young, made up one of the merriest of Christmas celebrations in this or any other city.

A *Novel Suggestion*.—During my recent flying visit East I suggested first to the Brooklyn Lyceum, and afterwards to the New York one, that a "Lyceum Circle of Correspondence" should be formed, taking in all the Lyceums in the country. It seems so far to have met with favor, for Conductor W. C. Bowen, of Brooklyn, N. Y., having started it, Nov. 28th, Mrs. Mary A. Newton, Conductor of the New York Lyceum, added to it, and sent it to Boston, where the indefatigable Conductor J. B. Hatch, of the Shawmut, added another link to the chain, and sent it to the Cleveland Lyceum, where it arrived safely, and will now be taken care of by Chas. Collier, Acting Conductor, who will soon forward it to Chicago, on its way westward. Great results are expected from the banding together of the various Lyceums in the country—each will strengthen the other.

Marriage and Christening.—The usual festivities of the season were enhanced by the happy marriage of Mr. Thomas Graves and Miss Ellen Weber, by your humble servant, at the residence of the bridegroom's parents, on Thursday, Dec. 23d. Following the marriage ceremony was the christening of a son and daughter of the elder Mr. and Mrs. Graves. All Spiritualists of this city are not ashamed to be known as such.

The *Forthcoming Anniversary*.—Preparations are already on foot for the celebration of the Thirty-Third Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism by a two days' meeting in this city. All previous efforts are to be eclipsed by the managers, and the Spiritualists of Cleveland and neighboring towns will, no doubt, rally as on former occasions, and help make the success it deserves to be.

"Ho! For Yaterland!"—Dr. B. Cyriax, a homeopathic physician of many years' practice in this city, and a well-known medium and trance speaker, sails on Saturday, Jan. 16th, on the steamship *Otar*, of the North German Lloyd Line from New York to Bremen; from thence he goes to Leipzig, on invitation of the society there to deliver a course of lectures on Philosophical Spiritualism—to fill the demand caused by the phenomena as presented through Dr. Shade, and others. The doctor will be absent some time, and will speak probably in all the principal cities of Europe. His address will be, care Wm. Besser, publisher, Leipzig, Germany.

Yours for Spiritualism,
(without any prefix.)
THOS. LINES.

We take pleasure in calling attention to the advertisement in our columns of the mammoth Seed House of D. M. Frimby & Co., of Detroit, Mich., the most extensive Seed Dealers in the country, whose business has been built up entirely through the quality and purity of the seeds they supply, and who have thus obtained the confidence of the public as reliable seedsmen. Their Seed Annual for 1881 contains a vast amount of useful information suited to all who have a flower or vegetable garden, and can be obtained from them free on application.

The death of "Bogus Charley," a companion of Captain Jack, who had a great notoriety during the Modoc war, is announced. He died at La Grand, Oregon, being on his way to visit his sister in Lewistown, Indian Territory.

When life is a drag, and you have lost all hope, then trust in Hop Bitters.

Passed to Spirit-Life:

From Naperville, Ill., Dec. 11th, 1880, Mrs. Ann B. Whipple, in the 84th year of her age. Mrs. H. M. MAHCY, Chicago, Ill.

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