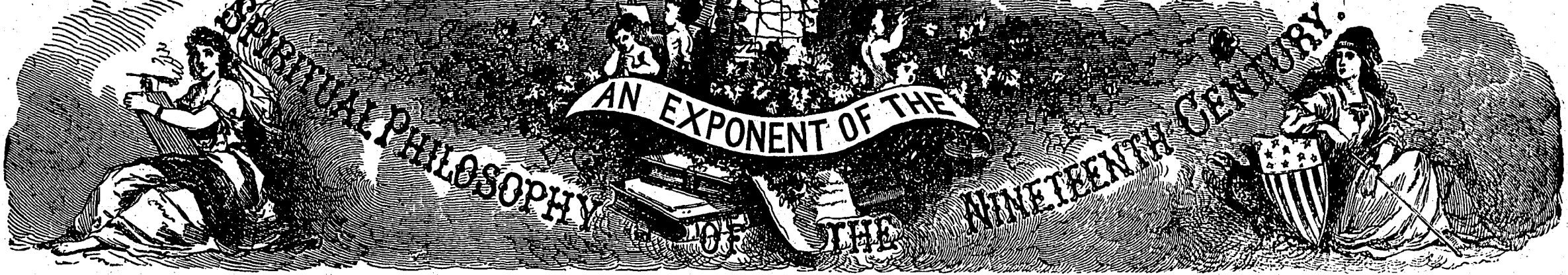


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XLIX.

COLBY & RICH,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1881.

\$3.00 Per Annum,  
Postage Free.

NO. 12.

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## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1881.

### PENUMBRAL SKETCHES.

J. S. Thrasher's Message Corroborated.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

"Now came still evening on, and twilight gray  
Had in her sober livery all things clad."

Such was the fact to the world and to me on the closing in of a pleasantly and busily occupied Sunday in May of this present year. I had laid down my pen and folded my notes and papers, and seeing a copy of Paradise Lost handy on the table, I laid the book on them, to keep them intact during my absence, which was to attend a circle. The book in question may have invited the draft of the above quotation to begin with, or the man behind the book; it is difficult to tell the exact factors of inspiration, and I do not know in this connection as it is of any consequence. After a pleasant and somewhat thoughtful walk of about half an hour, in which I took no note of time, not even of its loss, I found myself at the medium's door. This was Miss Shelhamer's home circle evening, not for visitors except on invitation, and I was one of the privileged. It proved indeed a privilege, and enables me to corroborate the return of a friend whose name heads this article, and to say also it is one of the most perfect identifications of an individual spirit I ever had or ever heard of; and the circumstances in connection forbid any such explanation as mind-reading, or unconscious cerebration, as is often suggested, at least by those who strain at a gnat in the spiritual manifestations and swallow camels in other matters. Such perfect tests of identification as the one of which I am speaking are very rare comparatively among experiences, not tests of spirits, but tests or proofs of identification, and therefore it is worthy of elaborate record; and that is my apology for the space I occupy.

I do not know as it is wise or serious to begin as I have in this somewhat poetical manner; but it expresses the state of my feelings, and may be an impression; I do not say it is, but it reminds me of Junius. Speaking of the eagle, he says: "The feather that adorns the royal bird sustains his flight; strip him of his plumage and you pin him to the earth." I trust, then, the "plumage" of this article, if there should be any, will be forgiven. How much my occupation during the day had to do with the sentimentality of the hour, or how much it had to do with the fact that made this occasion a privilege, I will not undertake to say. I think we sometimes accidentally make conditions that are not always at our command on call; that is my apology now for being so minute. The day had been wholly spent in my study; my books, papers, pigeon-hole contents and correspondence around me, and to some extent in me; it had been a sort of "washing-day" in my literary life. Our thoughts, you know, have queer ways of reaching us; autographic suggestions not only carry memories with them, but they carry presences also. How much, then, of my day's thoughtful occupation had to do with the connection made with my Texan friend I do not know; perhaps my condition was not in any sense a factor; but I feel impressed to begin in this way, and even to call to my aid, in the way, perhaps, of superfluities "plumage," the sweet orphic lines of Emerson, in suggestion of connections that exist, that are not always *prima facie*, where the poet says:

"And on his mind at dawn of day  
Soft shadows of the evening lay;  
For the provision is allied  
Unto the thing so signified.  
Or say, the forecast that awaits  
Is the same genius that creates."

Before giving the circumstances in connection with the communication that has inspired this article, I will first briefly speak of the man and his association with me, and our correspondential intimacy.

J. S. Thrasher, whose initials were autographically and typographically and, indelibly during life, impressed on my mind as J. S. Thrasher, was a rare man, and, I think, had a toning influence on my style of expression. The initials of which I have spoken are an important item in this statement, and I shall refer to them again when I reach the proper place. I always called Mr. Thrasher, in my correspondence, the Sage of Galveston, beginning my letters, "My Dear Sage," and, in return I suppose, he always began his letters to me "My Dear Philosopher." I became very much attached to him, and the

attachment was mutual. It began in this way: something I had written had attracted his attention, and he wrote to me inquiringly, and the reply opened a correspondence which has not ended, it now seems, with his life in the form. I have a box—it is now before me—of about a cubic foot in dimensions, full of his letters to me. There are more bright thoughts, wise words, good advice and common sense in them than can be found in any package of letters that I know of with an equal number of words. Our pen acquaintance began in 1874. My attachment to him was not because he appreciated my articles, for he was much more of a critic than a patron. I used to think oftener of what he would say, when I was writing an article, than what the reading public would say; there was where he toned me up, and I have no doubt he is now saying, "Condense, John, condense," and I am going to after this; but, for reasons already stated, I want the privilege of superfluity now, for I feel that I am writing on an important matter.

The "Sage of Galveston," as I still like to call him, was a man of wide experience, and had led an active life, commercial, political and literary. Some twenty odd years ago he was on the editorial staff of the *New York Herald*, occupying the position several years. He was born in New England, but left it when a young man. He lived at the South the latter part of his life, beginning his residence there before the late war; and when he came across my pathway, as I have said, some six or seven years ago, he was and had been long a resident of Galveston. He was then a Spiritualist, had lost by death his wife and children, so his home in the ordinary sense was desolate. His aged mother lived with him, and she seemed to be his only connecting link with this life. He was singularly modest and retiring for so full a man, and was very happy in his belief in Spiritualism. He had very thoroughly investigated it, and being satisfied he stayed satisfied, living the life that Spiritualism teaches, at least teaches theoretically. I trust that some day, as our truth gets incorporated into humanity more generally, there will be more Thrashers living practical lives than now, so that it will be less of a theory and more of a life.

The "Sage" had great practical common sense in Spiritualism as in everything else. He seemed to know where he was going, when this life closed in, more intelligently than most men that I have met, and he has gone there; and now tells me, as his "message" will show, that "he is quite comfortable." How natural that easy way of saying it, so like him, as the general tenor of that box of letters will show. He put himself in the shape to take life easy. Having made up his mind, in his lonely domestic state, that commerce and enterprise would allure him no more, or disturb his mind, he invested his available means in an annuity that supported him generously, so that he could live to his liking, and have something for charity, and be hospitable, as many traveling Spiritualists can testify. He often sent for mediums to visit him; they became residents at his house for longer or shorter periods, and great was the comfort he took in the manifestations at his own home and elsewhere. Even the account of them gladdened my heart. His experiences and wise conclusions have helped the stability of my own sensuous experiences. I do not mean that I needed his evidences to endorse mine, but it is so pleasant to find bright, scholarly, cultured minds in accord with one's own. He lived with the spirits; he seemed to fully realize that he had invisible company. As I have said, commerce and business, which once allured him, had no attractions for him, and when he died, the competency he had died with him. I do not know as that was a wise investment, but I think it was wise for him. At any rate, when he died he was not weighed with the ballast of wealth that anchors so many spirits to earth after their bodies are dead and buried. It was, of course, a misfortune to have been left alone, death taking his family, but he felt always near them, and on many important occasions they were vividly manifest.

He visited the East once a year during the last three years of his life, and we were much together during these three visits. When last here, in the summer of 1879, he spent a few months in the western part of the State for his health, which was poor. He was then alone in the world, his aged mother having a few months before passed on, near fourscore and ten, and he seemed ready to go himself, and felt, and so did I, that he was near the end of the road; and when I bade him good-bye in the fall of that year, as he left for the South, he said, as he had said many times before, *au revoir*, meaning that he would manifest at the earliest opportunity, and report how he found things. He has now done so, at least in a measure, and to me, who have his letters, that tally with the tenor of his message, the report is ample and satisfactory, and I am glad he has been, and is to be, near me; I knew it before he said so. I am glad he proposes to communicate again, and perhaps continue, and thus, though the "river" divides us, we are not divided.

In getting the "true inwardness" of this identification the reader must permit me to refer again to his initials. He signed his name on his two or three hundred letters as J. S. Thrasher. Capital J's and S's in writing are often written alike, but in addressing his letters to me the J in John was a J, and came below the line, while the I or J in his signature did not, but was written exactly as he wrote the personal pronoun I, and I always superscribed my letters to him J. S. Thrasher. After a pen acquaintance of about a year, I noticed his name printed in a list of small contributions in a newspaper, thus, "J. S. Thrasher, Galveston, \$3.00," and I became as perfectly satisfied that his initial let-

ter was an J as I am that mine is a J. There was no occasion for settling the point, for in all our correspondence he spoke of me as the Philosopher, and I addressed him as the Sage; "my dear Philosopher," "my dear Sage." The discovery that the initial letter was a J, as this article is headed, is due to the fact that the spirit knew his own name better than I did.

I have written a pretty long introduction or episode after leaving the reader at the door of Miss Shelhamer's house on that Sunday evening in May; but the many words since written will enable me to be both brief and intelligent in finishing up the corroboration. I do not propose to present a record of that circle, only that which bears on this subject. In the course of the evening I had had an interesting and characteristic letter from the spirit of Ralph Huntington; the control had also said that my daughter Hattie and sister Adeline, my brother, father and father-in-law, were present; therefore I had six friends among the invisibles. The control afterwards said, addressing me: "There is a spirit who comes to you and wants to be recognized; he died a good way off, and a year or more ago." I said: "Who is he? what is his name?" I will see if I can get it," said the control; and after some hesitation said something that sounded like Frasier and James; but as I knew no James and no Frasier, I said: "Cannot some of my spirit-friends tell me his name?" He did not know any of them, but the spirit said he had tried hard to manifest, and had promised me that he would; and the control said he seemed disappointed and persevering. I said: "Tell the spirit to come to the Banner Circle, and try to manifest there"; and the control said he would if he could. A little while after this "Lotela" controlled the medium. She is an Indian spirit of a lively turn of mind, and she said: "Wetherbee chief, that spirit that knows you is here still, and wants to be recognized." I said I wanted the recognition as much he did, and I was sorry I was so stupid. She then said: "I see four large letters right over him and you—S A G E." "Oh," said I, "the 'Sage of Galveston,' my friend Thrasher. True—he died over a year ago, and promised to manifest." The spirit was delighted, and I still more so—for it was so impossible for our acquaintance to have been known by the medium, and the *ecce homo* of "Sage" was wholly correspondential and private. This was an extremely interesting affair to me; but the climax was the message that came from him the succeeding Friday at the Banner Circle.

I went to the circle. I do not go often; have not the time; was detained down town that afternoon to meet a friend late, and so went to the circle to pass the time, and the message published in the last *Banner of Light* was given. Very few people—not more than one or two—in this city know Mr. Thrasher, or of my close correspondential relations, and I do not believe a living soul in the world knows that he was in the habit of addressing me as "My Dear Philosopher," and that makes it a test; he refers to me, as will be seen by his message, as his friend and philosopher, and I can show over two hundred letters from him, beginning "My Dear Philosopher," or referring to me as his philosopher and friend. Oh, how my heart died within me when he closed the message thus: "You may say it is J. S. Thrasher, of Galveston, Texas, to his philosopher friend, John Wetherbee, of Boston." The J broke my heart! Everything else was perfect. I don't know what I would have given to have had that spoken at I instead of a J. I felt and knew it came from my Galveston friend, but why spirits so often get twisted on some trifle that the man himself never would mistake if he was in the form, but a spirit often does, is one of the unaccountables.

There was no mistaking the message and the circumstances as being from my friend the Sage, but the J coming instead of an I led me into a careful investigation, and I spent three evenings carefully reading his letters, and, to my great joy, I found two of them out of the lot signed with a J. That settled all the other I's to be J's, and in one letter, where he was quoting something of mine, and putting his own version also, he put at the end of mine as author, J. W., and at the end of his, J. S. T. Before I had discovered the fact I wrote South to a friend for information, and have received a reply that his initial letter was J. So it seems the spirit was right and I was wrong. If on the evening that I spent at Miss Shelhamer's circle I had known this—that his initial letter was a J—I would probably have made my connection with him more readily; and when the spirit was saying James and approximating to a Thrasher by saying Frasier, I would not have had to have waited for the "Sage" suggestion before I recognized him; but in the end it was all for the best.

I may not have succeeded in making this as clear as I could wish, as there is so much esoteric in its nature not convertible into exoteric without an unwarranted elaboration, but to me it covers the whole ground, and I must ask the reader to take the unspoken and unspeakable minutiae on my say-so, and believe my *ipse dixit* when I say it is conclusive.

I do not see how any one can doubt the value to spirits and to mortals of the "Message Department," which some have criticized; I do not say value for the intrinsic matter of the messages as very interesting reading, but for the source of them. This is not the first time I have had a message through the *Banner* Circle, that was heaven-born, as the readers of this paper know, but so remarkable and intelligent a one as this from Thrasher's spirit, coming just while some are questioning the wisdom of giving the spirits this public hearing, makes me feel like putting the accent on that syllable of the *Banner*, as if it were more important than anything else. I do not say it is so; but as an interesting feature in the *Banner* it has proved its right to be there, and I think adds to the interest and the value of the paper.

## Funeral Services of Alanson Hall.

Held in Chicago, Ill., Wednesday, March 23, 1881.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

Mr. Hall was born in the State of Vermont, in the year 1814; moved to Chicago thirty-three years ago, where he has since resided. He lost most of his property in the fire of 1871, which it is thought helped cause a stroke of paralysis that occurred the following spring, and from which he never fully recovered. On Monday, March 14th, he was taken suddenly ill, and the only hope held out for his recovery was that there be an operation performed, which was accomplished without the wished-for result, and he passed from his earthly form Monday, March 21st, at the age of 66 years 4 months. He was very much beloved by his many friends.

The funeral services occurred at his late residence, 547 Fulton street, on Wednesday morning, being conducted by the spirit controls of Mrs. Corn L. V. Richmond, assisted by Mrs. DeWolf and Mrs. Maud E. Lord.

There was no ostentatious display; a few floral offerings, elegant and appropriate; a casket inscribed "Our Father," and a house filled with sincere and sympathizing friends.

The following is a synopsis of the discourse by Mrs. Richmond:

### INVOCATION.

Oh thou Heavenly Parent, thou giver of life, and that other life that men call death; thou to whom in every hour we turn, but chiefly in the hour of trial, when outward sorrow sets its seal upon the spirit, and the shades of time obscure the light of eternity, oh, be with us at this hour; not because we come as those who weep without comfort; not because the grief of thy children here is greater than they can bear; but because thy tenderness bids them lean on thee in life, and praise thee for all thou dost in time bestow. Now, as the outward form of life is folded in the rest and stillness called death, we would ask that their vision may be opened to behold the presence and love of the departed; behold with beautiful vision the realm into which the loved ones enter. May they perceive him thus risen. This is an hour not of sorrow, but of sacred and solemn joy, wherein by the hand of the sweet Angel Death, thy child of earth is led to fields of higher aspiration and love, fulfilling every duty better, and freed from pain, passing peacefully into the presence of ministering ones who waited for him there. Let us not vex his spirit; let us not with selfish sorrow draw him from the new-found joy. Oh, our Father! in the midst of this outward shadow, may thy children see that morning golden into which he has passed. How radiant the spirits that come thronging thither to greet him! May thy children here feel that his angel will fill the place of the departed form, wherein with quickened power and resurrected life he may prove he has awakened from the earthly death. While it is winter on earth it is spring-time in the spirit-land. May our ministrations by thy love be as dew-drops on the flower to these dear ones, and may they by the hand of this snowy messenger rejoice. They shall be made stronger and glad in the consciousness of that rest that has come to him, the beloved risen one. And forever shall we praise thee in all changes and seasons, joys and sorrows, oh our God, our parent! Amen.

### THE DISCOURSE.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors; for their works follow with them."—Rev. xiv. 13.

There is no death. Jesus has said:

"In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you."—John xiv. 2.

Another writer in the world of modern inspiration has said:

"As the unfolding of the flower—  
As the butterfly whose matchless wing  
Through death awakens to sunlit bowers,  
No longer a low and creeping thing,  
As the budding of the cherry-salt,  
Is the birth through death to heavenly bliss."

Friends, dearly beloved, once more in the presence of this silent messenger, whose name is mis-called death, we are assembled. We say that this is not an hour of sorrow, this solemn commemoration of higher birth. You do not know when the child is born on earth what sphere may be made desolate because of the angel child that comes to dwell in your household; so, at this hour, it is not given perhaps to all to know that while the outward form seems to rest, love's welcoming breath heralds the birth of the loved one into the land of the spirit.

This is no death or departure, but a grand transformation of the spirit into an added life, a triumph over the afflictions and sufferings of the body. The one lesson of this transfiguration called death when a loved one passes away is, that this is the change for which all the years of life are but preparations, but as years of childhood to the sum of earthly life; is that state to which every day and hour of existence tends. Spiritualism teaches in the present day that there is certainly no death. How it admonishes grief; teaches that the life you prize is composed of only a few brief snatches before the fuller existence; that earthly life is as the primary school; that the spirit is weaving its immortal raiment every hour and moment while here on earth.

There is a spiritual home resplendent or shadowy, according to your state, not fashioned with hands, but one of the many mansions in the Father's house. Happy are they who have made such preparation that to them death is no great monster to be overcome with terrors, but the best beloved angel who stands at the hour of final dissolution to release the spirit from the form; the latter passing to earth, the former becoming disincarnated.

The angel of spiritual resurrection comes in the hour you call death, when the spirits stand freely and willingly triumphant. No language can portray, no scene in life of which we are aware, no love or victory of ambition, no conquest on field of battle, or bubble of fame can compare to this the supreme moment of being. The gathering of the sheaves upon the harvest-field, the purpling of fruit on the vine, the golden apples and crimson gathered by a careful hand—such is the ripened life whose spirit birth we this day commemorate. Happy are they who look upon this scene, who see no misery in this heavenly harvest.

For death to snatch away the young babe first smiling upon its mother's bosom seems sad; but what would heaven be without little children? For the young, in the first bud and bloom of existence—youths and maidens—to be torn from your sight and from earthly joy seems ruthless; but what would heaven be without the young? And in middle life, when every hope is about to be realized, every seed sown about to yield fruition, when duties and pleasures unite in claiming the full strength of man and womanhood, you cannot let them go.

You say they cannot be spared; yet what can you say when, having filled nearly the full measure of years, when the form gives affliction and no gladness, and the outward life is merged in the falling senses, when all hope is in spiritual life, the very next step the other birth, how can you claim them? Their lives have given all they could bestow upon earth; shall

not this hour of triumph be theirs? A little child, passing away in the presence of a household of loved ones, said: "Oh, mother, do not hold me so." "I am not holding you, love, you are on the pillow," the mother said. "Yes, you are holding me in your thoughts." Up to that hour the mother had thought it could not be that she must die; but when the pleading voice said, "Do not hold me, angels are here," for the first time the mother said, "Thy will be done." How shall you keep those who, though bound and enwined by many acts and deeds around your hearts—deeds of love and gentleness—have earned the right to pass away? Our loved brother here, so lately departed, so lately risen and not departed, fulfilling the measure of nearly sixty-seven years of earthly life, a life in which there was no ostentation, a life crowned with gentleness and loving deeds, everything that love and honor could bring, winning all to him, suffering quietly for many years, bearing with equal patience and fortitude the joys and sorrows of life, having no battle with the world—our brother has *earned* this hour; it is the hour of his triumph. Peacefully accepting death as inevitable, still was his death unexpected; at the last, when the summons came, as it always comes, you ever think it is not quite so near, so this house of clay by this heavenly life seems broken; but after all, his knowledge that it must be coming before long, made it easier for the loved one to go. Let us remember—let those remember who are the loved ones of this household, for this knowledge wards off the loss—just here is where Spiritualism bridges over that wide chasm created by death, and joins the living human world to the living upper sphere in the marriage-feast of the spirit of man. But never until this modern time has the space between life and death, time and eternity, been spanned by the presence of the departed, brought to you every day in watchful, tender care.

The loved one is not removed, is not conveyed by angels far out of sight, but is here, transformed. There came upon him sweet sleep and rest for the weary, tired spirit somewhat partook of the suffering of the form and guardian spirits, loving ones, minister unto him. Soon in the full life of manhood, strong in love, strong in hope, and in his ministry, he shall manifest daily.

The body was a barrier between him and you. Now he can watch over his sons and their interests, and minister daily to her who was and is his companion, sharing her joys.

Spiritualism is that which comes between you and the loss of death to bind by the spirit presence those whom Materialism would annihilate, and theology put far away, but who are brought by this heavenly knowledge one degree nearer by the removal of the physical form; it teaches that these little tender buds (these grandchildren) growing up will be all the more dear, and he will be able to minister to them.

How he blessed them, and all of you, when he thought the hour of dissolution here! Should there not be triumph and rejoicings? Dear wife, dear children, dear grandchildren, shall these not all be united? You feel that this day is the altar of life that links you to the immortal world.

May this consciousness cause you to know that this is a sacred hour of joy, wherein, freed from suffering and pain, he still unites life with life, love with love, of all of which it is the token. And he would thank all for the kindness that came from you to him, though he was seldom in your midst; for the kindness that for the sake of his family and friends, you ministered to him, he would now thank you from his spirit state. Look up, and see where he stands in the crowning glory of spiritual manhood.

### POEM.

(To the wife—handling her a white rose.)  
I take this fragrant, snowy flower;  
And for his sake give it to thee;  
He says it is the bridal rose  
That you shall wear in eternity.  
When the hand of death unites the gate  
Long years hence—for which he'll wait.  
In the years of wedded life  
Age has come creeping on apace.  
He has not felt the storm or strife.  
Nor marked Time's changes on your face,  
That won, with love's reflected light,  
His spirit; and so within his sight  
Thou'rt crowned with life's morning bloom.  
He waits you in the world above,  
Transfigured from death's darkened gloom  
By deathless, changeless love.  
Oh, wear the white rose every day—  
A snowy flower—for his sake;  
And he will watch your onward way,  
And all your burdens strive to take.

(To the daughter-in-law—handling her a white carnation.)  
I give to thee a snowy flower,  
A token of his love, dear child,  
For that sweet motherhood, life's dower,  
Unfolds surpassing sweet and mild  
That she within thy heart is set,  
Only a sweet bud given to you.  
Infancy's life's blest annulet;  
Let not his memory fade from view;  
But may she still revere his name  
Forever, as a vestal flame.

(To the two sons—handling them each a green leaf.)  
I take two leaves for memory green,  
Be you the branches strong for aye;  
On which your mother still may lean,  
To prove that love, strengthened on high,  
Has given her to your keeping here—  
Henceforth may she be doubly dear.  
Keep ever, for his spirit's sake,  
Sacred this gift of memory.  
His blessing and his love here take,  
And bear them on eternally.

(To his little grandson—handling a tuberose.)  
I give to thee, dear child, this bloom—  
Receive it for grandfather's sake;  
His spirit shall aye hover near,  
And o'er you his deep love awake  
Sweet visions that shall o'er you smile,  
And every earthly care beguile.  
Wear that tuberose, for it is given  
For inspiration—dew of Heaven.  
A lovely wreath of spirit-flowers  
His presence bids me fashion here,  
Like garlands in the angel bowers;  
And he, transferred to that blest sphere,  
Where all are twined in wreaths of love,  
Will wait for you in the world above.

### (To all.)

And now may the Heavenly Father breathe  
His blessings on you day by day;  
And may you ever more receive  
The light that points to the heavenly way;  
That at the last, in Love's garden bright,  
You all may be linked in the Father's sight.

\*An infant granddaughter of the deceased.



### SHeltered.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DAISIES."

I see you sheltered from the storm,  
In regions calm and tropic fair;  
I see you safe, away from harm,  
Where sin can nevermore ensnare!

Yet this imparts but little peace  
Through all the days so sad with grief,  
While if, my love, I had you here,  
How swift my heart would find relief!

What though distress at times were ours,  
And hardships came, with sharp sword-thrust?  
We two could face the fiercest strife,  
And glory in our common trust.

And then at last to sink to rest,  
Ah! sweet as such a dream of bliss!  
But oh! the anguish and regret,  
As day by day thy form I miss!

### Spiritual Phenomena.

#### Satisfactory Materializations.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Having attended two materializing seances held by Mrs. Elsie Crindle at 105 Stockton street, in this city, before she went East, I wish to give my testimony to what I consider the genuineness of the manifestations there witnessed, and the reliability of Mrs. C.'s mediumship.

I shall speak only of my first evening's experience, as the second was nearly a duplicate thereof.

About thirty ladies and gentlemen were assembled in a parlor, connecting with which by sliding doors was a smaller room ordinarily used as a bed-room.

Another gentleman and myself were selected—both being strangers, and therefore supposed skeptics—and requested to examine the bed-room, which was afterward darkened, and used as a "cabinet." This we did with great care and minuteness, and found nothing from which "ghosts," or counterfeit ghosts, could be improvised, and found also that the only door and window leading outside (into a lighted and frequented hallway) were completely sealed, so as to guard against ingress or egress.

Upon our announcement that everything was satisfactory the gas was extinguished in the cabinet-room, and a black curtain hung over the opening made by the sliding doors between the two rooms.

Mrs. Crindle, dressed in dark brown, retired alone (visibly) behind the curtain, and in five or ten seconds at furthest, a female form, much shorter and stouter than Mrs. C., parted the curtains, and walked out before the company dressed in white, with a shawl thrown over her head; her skirt fell but little below her knees, and she wore neither shoes nor stockings.

Mr. Gruff (the spirit director of the seance) informed us from behind the curtain that the form was that of a peasant girl, as her appearance indicated.

As she withdrew another female form, taller and more slender than the medium, appeared instantly at the curtain, and, after hesitating a little, walked out into the light. She also was clad in white, a loose robe falling to her feet, which were bare. Several persons present saluted her as "Empress Josephine," which salutations were acknowledged by low courtesy and subdued words. The company sang "Home Again," in the air of which the apparition joined with a voice of marvelous sweetness and purity and great power.

A gentleman present then sang the Marseillaise Hymn in French, at which the spirit seemed perfectly delighted, clapping her hands, and smiling and waving her hand toward the singer, gleefully cried, "Très bien! très bien!" at the end of each stanza.

The "Empress" retired to gain strength several times, but was out in the lighted room fully half-an-hour, and then retired, after gracefully courtesying several times and repeatedly saying, "Bon soir," apparently loth to depart. This spirit was very beautiful in form and feature, and every movement was the very perfection of grace and dignified ease.

She was reminded by some one that she was that night not wearing her crown, whereupon with a pleasant smile she removed from her head a soft white cloth which had previously been wound, turban-like, around it, and displayed what appeared to be a rich diadem of wrought gold.

Briefly, I will say that other forms, to the number of ten or twelve, of various heights, complexions, &c., with differing clothing, and of both sexes, came to the aperture, and some out into the well-lighted room; some talked and laughed and shook hands with members of the circle; one wrote messages on sheets of paper, and another on a slate. Several were recognized, as stated by numbers of the company, and at one time no less than three were in view whilst the voice of Mr. Gruff could be heard inside.

On two or three occasions when persons were called to the aperture by spirit friends, whom they recognized and by whom they were caressed, they assured me that they saw a number of forms within the cabinet, and at the same time the entranced medium could be plainly seen, sitting in her chair.

After the seance was finished we two again carefully examined the small room, and I cannot possibly see where there was any chance for assistance to come to the medium from living persons outside or inside the rooms, or how there could be any fraud or deception of any character.

There are many public mediums of various phases in San Francisco through whom converts are daily made. Not to be invidious, I shall mention Mrs. Francis, of 622 Ellis street, as a very honest and reliable slate-writing medium. I know of many important tests having been received, and much good accomplished through her mediumship. J. S. J.

#### San Francisco, Cal.

#### Old Bull and Spiritualism.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

During my long and intimate relations with the great violinist, Ole Bull, I had many opportunities of ascertaining his theological views. He frequently called into requisition the aid of reputable spirit-mediums, among the most prominent of whom were Dr. J. V. Mansfield and Charles H. Foster. One evening Ole Bull, his son Alexander, Prof. Vincenzo Botta, his wife, and the writer, by special invitation, passed an evening at the rooms of Mr. Foster (Mrs. Foster also being present). The marvelous results attending our investigations on that memorable occasion will never be effaced from my memory.

After Ole Bull had received many convincing proofs of the soul's immortality through the spirit of his first wife and other spirit-friends, which caused not a little excitement in the great musician and his son, Mr. Foster suddenly became influenced by the spirit of a very beautiful lady, a relative of Prof. Botta. Prof.

Botta is well known as one of the most profound thinkers of modern times. He was formerly a prominent member of the Italian Parliament, and since his residence in America has been the principal correspondent of the most powerful political journal in Italy. A confirmed skeptic in everything appertaining to Modern Spiritualism, it was quite evident to all present that Mr. Foster did not have an ordinary intellect to encounter, and the interest became intense. "The spirit present," said Mr. Foster addressing Prof. Botta, "tells me that she is your aunt, and that her name is Marguerita." Mr. B. made no reply, and Mr. Foster proceeded: "The lady tells me that she died in the village of Marguerita. She carries a beautiful flower in her hand which she calls Marguerita." Here Prof. Botta, who had hitherto been as calm as became the philosopher which he is, began to show unmistakable signs of astonishment, and said: "It is an occult force, but every word the medium has told me is true. I did have an aunt whose name was Marguerita; she was intensely fond of daisies, the Italian name of which is Marguerita. She died in Marguerita, an Italian village, the existence of which is known to but few Italians even, for it is small, and in an isolated part of Italy. Strange and wonderful as are these developments, I can account for them only as the result of some occult force." "A few days after," he said, "I saw Prof. Botta, and he confirmed the above in detail, assuring me that he was not thinking of this deceased aunt at the seance, and again advancing the hypothesis of 'occult force.' I may also add that during this remarkable seance Alexander, the son of Ole Bull, became so excited when receiving a communication from his mother that it was with difficulty he could be induced to keep his seat." J. JAY WATSON.

Woolthie Cottage, Beverly Cove, Mass.

#### Western Locals, Etc.

Ballston Spa, N. Y.—The Good Work of B. J. Barber—A conversation with the "Pilgrim" on interesting topics—Miscellaneous items.

Ballston is an enterprising town six miles from Saratoga. The people are intelligent and progressive. In 1876 Mr. B. J. Barber erected a neat chapel, which he consecrated to the use of Spiritualists and Liberalists. Many of our prominent speakers have lectured here. The audiences are uniformly large and attentive. Mrs. Brigham is a regular visitor each month. On May 22d the writer had the pleasure of meeting Messrs. Moore, Noxon, Vandenberg, and many others. The *Banner of Light* has many warm friends in this beautiful place.

THE "PILGRIM"—A CONVERSATION.  
The other day the itinerating paths of the "Pilgrim" and the *Banner of Light* commissioner crossed. A temporary halt was called, when the following conversation took place:

Q.—Dr. Peckles, how is your health?

A.—I am better than I was a few weeks ago. I lectured between forty and fifty successive nights, and caught a severe cold which brought on a congestion and cough, and then followed hemorrhage of the lungs. I have had a severe time, and have learned that I must take better care of the physical in the future.

Q.—Do you intend to visit Australia this season?

A.—I have been cordially invited to revisit Australia and spend several months there in lecturing. A few days ago I received a cablegram to "come immediately." I purposed at first to do so; but owing to my recent illness, coupled with the fact that Prof. Denton will sail for Australia at the very time I designed going, I have decided to postpone my journey for a little time.

Q.—Have you read Denton's new work, "Is Darwin Right?"

A.—I have, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it one of his most interesting, practical, and useful volumes. Its pages, richly laden with vigorous thought, are as enticing as they are instructive. Avoiding unpronounceable technical terms, he goes straight to the root of the matter, showing some of the weak and unwarranted positions connected with Darwinism; and yet he approves and endorses Mr. Darwin's hypotheses so far as he conscientiously could. Such a course well becomes the manliness of science. I should have fully reviewed this admirable book ere this, had it not been for my late severe illness. It will yet be done. . . . It is to be regretted by some that Mr. Denton has committed himself to the theory of "spontaneous generation"—a dogma not only closely akin to the "special creation" hypothesis, but a dogma or theory only rejected by many of the leading scientists of the age. . . . I have been for years a believer in the grand principle of evolution, the correlation of evolution.

Q.—When I entered the room you were busily engaged in perusing a musty-looking volume. What items of interest were you gathering from it?

A.—I find that the Christians of the first and second centuries were persecuted by pagans. Some of the heathen philosophers, who are so much lauded in these days of materialistic thought, not only endorsed but also committed suicide; even the great Plato justified persecution. In the first and second centuries, when Greeks and Romans embraced Christianity, they put up their swords and refused to fight; they cultivated peace, engaged in the work of charity, encouraged visions and spiritual gifts, and held property as a common inheritance. This was true Christianity.

Q.—What is Spiritualism in the West, where you have been traveling?

A.—Spiritualism is all right. As a power, as a spiritual force, as a demonstrated fact, it is going on unto a complete victory. This battle is virtually fought. Materialists are startled and puzzled at its astounding phenomena, while many of the more tolerant and liberal of the clergy of the land admit its cardinal truths, and indirectly preach its sublime philosophy from their pulpits. There is a fundamental difference between Spiritualism and Spiritualism as much as between a fact and a moral truth. Spiritualism is confined to the fact of spirit communion, which, of course, is all-important; and yet this fact is no more a religion, in itself, than the fact of oceanic telegraphy. In its best and highest sense Spiritualism is a fact, a religion, and a moral philosophy, and it is in perfect consonance with primitive Christianity.

Q.—(Interrupting)—What do you call primitive Christianity?

A.—The Christianity of Jesus Christ and the Apostles.

Q.—Will you be so kind as to proceed on your line of thought?

A.—With pleasure. Organic Spiritualism, in the sense of a united and concentrated movement, has failed to meet the ideal of many of the old pioneers who entered upon the work with the bias and inspiration of denominationalism; hence having been left to the mercy of the law of liberality the sectarian denominations, and quickening the spiritual natures of their members, has induced them to seek anew for the foundations of their faith in immortality. The old sectarian church is dead; creeds are stumbling-blocks; sects are provincial and geographical; but Spiritualism, in contradistinction from Materialism, is universal in its aims and eternal in its destiny.

Q.—What have you to say relative to the current debate over the significance of the term "Christian?"

A.—I have defined my position on that question many times that I am tired of it.

Q.—Will you please re-state your views?

A.—Certainly, if you so desire. Listen: Jesus was a man—he ate, slept, hungered, drank, and died a martyr. Christ is a spiritual force, a baptismal power—the uplifting and saving principle; hence Paul, in one of his highest moments, said: "This was a Christian, a Christian is not a sect, a creed, a form; but a life—a sweet, forgiving, loving life. Spiritualism I regard as a re-affirmation, or the adaptation of true original Christianity to this day and age."

As the Anglo-Saxon race, pushing itself into every land and every island, is the coming and crowning race, so the Christian religion, divested of its creedal excrescences, and aflame with the spiritual baptism of divine truth, is destined to be the civilizing and culminating religion of the world.

Q.—I am glad that debates over such questions can be carried on without engendering unfriendly feelings. Do not you think so?

A.—Most assuredly. A high-minded man or gentlemanly scholar will impugn another's motives, or fail to award sincerity and intellectual integrity to those who differ from him in conviction. Offensive personalities are to be avoided—this has been my effort for years. I regret that rumor has it that there is a settled antagonism in feeling between Buchanan, Kiddle and myself on one side, and Davis, Tuttle and Coleman, and other philosophical Spiritualists on the other, upon the subject of "Christian Spiritualism." I speak only for myself—rumors, with scarcely an exception, are notorious lies! I have criticized the writings of several persons; they have criticized mine—are we any the less friends? The idea is preposterous that enmity is involved in an honest difference of opinion. I respect my learned colleagues—they are co-workers: for the truths they have written and the good they have done I esteem and honor them.

Q.—Did you settle these mooted questions during your visit?

A.—Young man, such questions, like those of "fate and free-will," will be discussed for centuries to come! While men differ in their intellectual notions of things they may, and ought, to cherish the most kindly sympathies for each other.

Q.—Did you visit Bro. A. B. French while you were in Chicago?

A.—Yes, I gave two courses of lectures in Clyde, where he resides. His popularity at home is certainly very flattering to him. He is an able speaker, and is possessed of extraordinary eloquence. He ought to devote his whole time and energies to public work.

Q.—I am told that your late work from the press of Colby & Rich is selling rapidly. Is this so?

A.—Yes: my work on "Immortality: Our Employment Hereafter," has sold remarkably well. Indeed, my most sanguine expectations have been more than realized. There is a strong desire among the people to know of that future whither we are all journeying.

Q.—Where do you intend to spend the summer?

A.—At my home, in Hammononton, N. J., in my library, reading and reciting; unless I conclude that it will be more conducive to my health to go West into the mountain regions of Colorado. When the chilly autumn days come, if I do not start for Australia I shall follow the birds South into Florida, Louisiana, Texas or some other warm and sunny latitude.

NOTES.  
Remember the Sturges, Mich., meeting June 17th, 18th and 19th.

The West will be largely represented at the Eastern Camp-Meetings this summer.

The Fitchburg Band declined an engagement at Coney Island in order to play at Lake Pleasant.

The "premium engravings" given with each year's subscription to the *Banner of Light* are greatly admired by the people.

Mediumship is the foundation of Modern Spiritualism. What the telescope is to the astronomer, mediumship is to the Spiritualist.

The list of speakers at Lake Pleasant this year is first-class. The most capricious critic cannot fail to be satisfied. As usual, the *Banner of Light* will publish reports of the proceedings.

What the writer has good reason to expect: A long list of new subscribers to the *Banner of Light* during the coming summer. Readers, is your name on the list at the *Banner* office? If not, see to it that you remedy the defect at once.

CERIAS.

#### Verifications of Spirit-Messages.

FOREST FLOWER—CHARLES PARKER.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The communication published in the *Banner of Light*, Feb. 12th, from FOREST FLOWER I know to be true. She, with two others of my band, promised to send communications from your circle. Waiting to hear from them is the reason I have not acknowledged before. I can also vouch for the correctness of the communication from CHARLES PARKER, of Shirley, printed May 7th. He was a former officer of our Association. His companion, who is a constant attendant at our meetings, also verifies it as correct. At her request he promised to come to the *Banner of Light* Circle and let skeptical friends know he still lived. Many thanks to Miss Shielhamer and the *Banner* for the privilege of hearing from returning spirits.

Ever for the truth, MARY L. FRENCH.

Wildwood, West Groton, Mass., May 23, 1881.

CORA L. WITTER.

DEAR MISS SHIELHAMER—Please accept the sincere thanks of parents and grandparents for the message printed in the *Banner of Light* of May 12th from CORA L. WITTER. All of the expressions contained in it are very characteristic of her when in earth-life, and taken in connection with her remark that her "throat was all well now," are positive proof of her identity—as she was suffering from diphtheria when she passed away. I feel it my duty, as well as a pleasure, to assure you that the message is recognized by each member of the family as coming from our dear child. May the blessings of the angel-world ever attend her, as my fervent wish.

Very respectfully,  
Mrs. S. L. WITTER.

Keseville, N. Y., May 30th, 1881.

EDMUND DOLE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In the Message Department of your issue of April 2d, 1881, is a communication from EDMUND DOLE, of Limington, Me. Having an acquaintance there, I had the curiosity (if the searching after truth can be thus designated) to write him regarding Mr. Dole, telling him of the communication from the medium which had been written purposely, and the article on mediumship was written, no doubt, in Limington. The gentleman who wrote me is one of the leading citizens of the place. I talked with him last fall on the subject of Spiritualism, and he writes in the letter above: "It is well to commence thinking of the abode to which our lives are tending, but for myself I fall to catch the tangibility with which some are almost ravished."

Your Circle and Message Department should be a most powerful lever to bear up the cause they so nobly sustain, and I am most anxious to see them vindicated, both on account of my own personal interest and especially as I believe the time is up, and the New Dispensation is fairly upon us, and there only needs the declaration that the descension of the spirit, like the dove of old, may be witnessed and acknowledged by all. Again, if the impression prevails that young Dole shot himself, he ought certainly to be vindicated and "written on at a seance," and thus the imputation against your Message Department set right.

I was in at your Circle twice last fall, and the idea that a letter from Limington or any other extraneous source could find its way into the spirit department is most absurd. These are the impressions to be corrected, and good will flow out of it.

I am yours very truly,  
GEO. WADSWORTH.

Apoka, Florida, May 14th, 1881.

VACCINATION AUTHORITIES CHANGING THEIR LANGUAGE EVERY YEAR.—There was every reason why consumption should diminish, and yet it increased. Our food was more wholesome, the air of our dwellings was better, sanitary conditions had been improved, and there was every condition of better health in the community; and yet consumption went on increasing. This was a reproach upon our medical system, and he wanted the doctors to consent to look into the matter. They said: "It is not because it did not come from a medical man. If the statistics quoted that night about the increase of consumption and erysipelas were true, and if the doctors would kindly look into the thing, they might find out that it was not because it did not come from a medical man. If the statistics of Parliament should continue upon the statute-book imposing cumulative penalties upon a spirit which changed its language every year.—Sir Thomas Chambers, M. P.

#### PSYCHOLOGY, MEDIUMSHIP, ETC.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It has been a long time since I have written for your columns, and I suppose many of your readers have never heard of me, and those who used to be familiar with me as one of the hard workers and constant contributors to the *Banner of Light*, have forgotten that I ever existed. But, as my Orthodox friends would say, I am still on praying ground, and have something to communicate.

It is well known to many that I have been for years constantly engaged in lecturing upon the general subject of Psychology, illustrating by practical experiments man's mental conditions and mental relations. In doing this work I have traveled largely, and have had an opportunity to meet the people, and study them from a peculiar standpoint of observation. In fact, I have been lecturing upon Spiritualism under the name of Psychology, and I have been developing mediums under the name of Mesmeric Sensitives.

In this work I have been as loyal to my faith in Spiritualism as I have been to my own God. I have been as loyal to the truth as I have been to the possibility of a continuing life. In fact, I prove to them, by scientific demonstration with their own people, that matter is but the slave of mind; that the senses are not of the body, but the soul; that the real man is the spiritual man, eternally related through the spiritual senses to a spiritual life which is infinite, while the body is the organic medium of communication which the soul uses for its outward expression, always limited and more or less imperfect, becoming more so from disease or age, and finally ceasing when the organic structure becomes so worn out or broken that the spirit can cling to it no longer.

I do not suggest this by my experiments, but I impress the lesson by calling special attention to the evident significance of the facts. I tell them if man has a soul there must be some proof of it. Here is scientific evidence; here are actual, realistic facts, that not only prove the possibility of a continuing life, but indicate that when a man is dead he is vastly more alive than he ever was before, for then the soul rises into the unrestricted exercise of its infinite powers.

Man's physical and spiritual life commence together, the one mortal, the other immortal; the one temporary, and dependent upon the ever-changing conditions of organic matter, the other related to the eternal verities of the "Things." The physical sense sees the outward form, which crumbles and decays and passes away; the spiritual sense sees the interior life, which endures forever.

MEDIAL GIFTS.  
There never has been a medium whose gifts were sufficient to attract public attention, that has not been accused of imposture or collusion, no matter how genuine the manifestations or how honest the medium. This fact has filled the path of the medium with thorns, and paved it with sharp stones, and the poor sensitive who has been weary in sad and weary years, their heaven-born gifts, giving to us the evidences of immortality, proving our heritage to a higher life, are exercised at the expense of their own happiness, and often to the destruction of their physical health, too often ending in physical death. I can count by scores the mediums who have suffered martyrdom, going down to death in the midst of life; not because mediumship in itself destroyed them, but because the sensitive nature was worn out by the persecutions, the bitter accusations, the cold indifference, the bigoted opposition that the world has manifested toward them.

It is true that our best mediums were developed in private circles among sympathetic friends who, instead of doubting their honesty, received with joy the demonstrations of the presence of the loved and lost, and were filled with gratitude toward the medium through whom their loved ones came. To prove the great truth to the world strangers are invited, and, coming full of doubts and unbelief, the trials of the medium commence. Test-conditions are instituted, the innocent medium is looked upon with suspicion, and the labor commenced in love and joy goes on in agony or is prevented altogether. In this atmosphere of doubt and distrust, inharmonious is at once developed, and the very conditions for satisfaction and happiness are utterly destroyed. The sensitive seer is away, saying, "I told you they could not play their tricks on me!" He thinks that he has settled the question, and that the whole belief in spirit-intercourse is based upon the trickery of mediums and the credulity of their dupes.

The circle should be a place kept sacred from the presence of caviling skeptics, of sneering doubters, who, instead of seeking after truth candidly and honestly, are really seeking material for ridicule.

It is a common thing for a person to go to a medium, and in asking for a sitting, say, "I don't believe anything in this, and I want you to convince me." He might as well say, "I think you are a fraud, and I want you to prove that you are not." He does not follow the maxim of the law, that believes every one innocent till proved guilty, but quite the reverse. This proposition produces an agitation in the mind of the medium which will very likely prevent any satisfactory communication. After trying once or twice in this way, this investigator declares that he can get nothing, and concludes, because he has not, that no other person has; and when some friend who has been more fortunate tells him of the positive and truthful phenomena which he has witnessed, the skeptic smiles incredulously, and says to himself, "Poor dupe!"

I am satisfied that the person sitting for communications has as much to do with the success of the seance as the medium. I believe, further, that mediums should never sit for any persons when they feel they can do nothing for them. It is useless to try to force the mind into a receptive state, and it is impossible to get passive in the presence of disturbing conditions.

Now, there is another source of tribulation and suffering which comes directly from the friends of mediums, which I wish to speak of, and that is this:

These friends will bring an acquaintance to a circle or a medium, and introduce him by saying, "Now, Mr. A. is a thorough skeptic, and we have brought him here to have you convince him." Most likely this very remark will fill the medium's mind with such anxiety that the very purpose of the visit will be subverted. We must never forget that the medium is the passive instrument in the hands of higher powers, and the effort which they make to do what their friends require of them disturbs the conditions through which the spirits communicate. The more anxious the medium is to succeed, the less likely he will be to do so.

Let them keep themselves as free from any disturbing influence as possible, and let those who wish to get the benefit of the medium's gifts avoid saying or doing anything which will irritate the medium, which will very likely prevent any satisfactory communication.

If facts are presented beyond the knowledge or power of the medium, rejoice and be glad. If you fail to get anything, it will not be your fault, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you tried. Do not let one failure, or a dozen, prevent you from improving other opportunities of investigation as they

present themselves. Some mediums are able to give the very best of tests for some people, while they can do nothing for others. The people who get the tests say, "What a splendid medium! So-and-so is!" while the others say, "I could get nothing; what a fraud!"

Again, a medium may succeed, admirably at one time, and at another, with the same person, make a complete failure. All these experiences I have had with mediums, and I presume every honest investigator will agree with me that it is impossible to draw definite conclusions of the medium-powers of any one by a single sitting. Therefore let us have patience and charity, and hesitate long before we call any medium a "fraud."

A. E. CARPENTER.

Gloucester, Mass.

#### New Publications.

CHRISTIANITY FROM A SCIENTIFIC AND HISTORICAL STANDPOINT. By William N. McLaren, Attorney at Law, 1 vol. 8, pp. 141. Kansas City, Mo.: Hamsey, Miller & Hudson.

The author claims that although in the sphere of religion it has been considered a sacrilege if not a crime for a person to have a mind of his own, the time has come when freedom of thought on this, as on all other subjects, is destined to prevail. Assuming that all into whose hands his book may fall have had the affirmative of the question of the truth of Christianity, instilled into their minds, his aim is to present, as fully and fairly as he can, what may be brought forward to negative that religion; so that, having both sides, the thoughtful reader will be able to determine for himself and to his own satisfaction whether Christianity is entitled to the lofty position it holds in the minds of the American people.

In discussing this question he refrains from abuse and ridicule, as unfair weapons with which to assail or support any doctrine. Making a distinction between Christianity and Universal Religion, he argues that while we have had for centuries all that can be deduced in support of the former, the evidences of the nature and existence of the latter are constantly accumulating and are likely to continue to do so.

The arguments against the divine origin of Christianity, and its inefficiency for the work it is claimed to be engaged in, are clearly and forcibly stated. As illustrative of the latter, the condition of Scotland is cited, that country being more strictly governed by the principles of Christianity than any other. The Church has there held, until quite recently, almost omnipotent sway over the people. It has more houses dedicated to the worship of God in proportion to its population than any other country. Theatres and all forms of public amusement have been discontinued by the clergy, and looked upon as irreproachable. A child could not pick a flower by the wayside without being reprimanded for the sin he thus committed. Every semblance of work and business was suspended on Sundays and fast-days, and in the parish schools upon week-days the Bible and Catechism formed a prominent part of the studies. Upon this the author remarks: "Now, if there is one place above another which ought to be moral—if religion could promote morality—that place is Scotland. But what are the facts? The proportion of misery, wretchedness and vice exceeds that of any other country known. Strangers have been struck with astonishment at the state of things among the alleys of Glasgow, Edinburgh and other cities. There are few countries where there is more crime in proportion to the population, and so great is this that of recent years the public have felt so alarmed at the utter inefficiency of religion to extinguish vice that they have begun to cease trusting entirely to the Church and to call in aid the assistance of the State." This is, indeed, a dark picture, and we confess to being somewhat surprised at its revelation, but as the author was for many years a member of the Supreme Bar in Scotland, he has had opportunities to know of these things, and it is undoubtedly a correct one.

As a substitute for the religion he would overthrow, the author of this book would teach men from their youth up to do right because it is right, and not because commanded to do so by a God who to a majority of mankind appears to be both arbitrary and tyrannical. He would also remove all temptations to evil, by the arm of the law if need be. The virtue of the earlier Romans was due, not to the religion they professed, for that was as corrupt as any ever known, but to a systematic education in the public schools and under the parental roof of a belief in the true dignity of manhood, and the practice of virtue for its own sake.

The book is ably written, and will do much toward loosening the fetters of creed and priestly power that bind human souls; but it is incomplete in its scheme for the redemption of man because of its failure to recognize the spirituality of life, and the unseen agencies at work for the elevation of humanity. When the writer says other religions are preparing to take Christianity's place, just as Christianity itself succeeded the religion of Jupiter and Juno in Rome, and adds, "the most important of these is Universalism," he lingers a hundred leagues behind the age he lives in; for, though honoring that form of belief for what it has done, we look upon it as a part of Christianity, and fall to see the possibility of a part becoming equal to the whole.

Yet we do see in Modern Spiritualism a power that bids fair to become the rock of ages upon which will be built the altar of a universal religion. Its principles and its faith have been the life-germ of every system of religion the world has ever known; and the day is near at hand when, surviving the upheaval of human thought that is destined to destroy all forms of bigotry and creedal despotism, it will exist and be known as the hope of all nations, and the final Saviour of all mankind.

GYPSIES, or, Why we went Gypsying in the Sierras. By Dio Lewis, M. D., author of "Our Digestion," "Our Secret Sins," "Weak Lungs, and How to Make them Strong," etc. Boston: Eastern Book Company.

Dr. Lewis went to the Pacific coast for the purpose of recreation after thirty years of professional service, and remained there three years, passing the summers among the mountains of California, camping out in a climate which, from what he has seen and experienced, he judges to be capable of restoring health to nearly every person who has suffered from its absence. The story of that period is related in a familiar, chatty style, and though the author disclaims all effort to impart information, he nevertheless gives in his lively narrative more than is to be found in some more pretentious volumes. From personal observation he presents considerable insight into the habits, manners and customs of the Chinese, his remarks concerning them giving the reader a far better and more correct knowledge of that patient and industrious class than is usually obtained from newspaper correspondents, whose accounts are too frequently toned to political preferences, or written for purely selfish aims. The journey to the Yosemite, and the many incidents on the way to and within the charmed circle of that remarkable region, are pleasantly described. Reaching "Inspiration Point," the matchless vision of the valley opened upon the party, and one of them, a lady, was so overwhelmed that she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. As faithfully as possible the author describes the sublime proportions and beauty of that great worshipping temple of Nature; but no pen of mortal can present anything like an accurate representation of the reality.

Considerable is said about the general climate of California, which, the author remarks, is always a surprise to the new-comer. During the first year he had one hundred and sixty six days and nights almost without a cloud. In New England an appointment is always made with the proviso, "if it don't rain"; but no such qualification is needed there. The first morning after the party's arrival he exclaims:



## Banner Correspondence.

## Maine.

**WATERFORD.**—Regarding certain theological matters, Mr. Oliver Porter writes: "Are Bible teachings divinely inspired and binding on Christians? If so, why not keep the seventh day holy—holy to rest of servants and cattle? Moses restrained grasping task-masters from working them the seven days in full; but Jesus held that all days were alike holy, and that a portion of each day for rest and recreation was far better; therefore he disregarded the day and was styled a Sabbath-breaker. Why not wash each other's feet, as expressly commanded? Why women speak in public, when expressly forbidden? Or is it said that Paul was not under special influence or control at the time? Why pray in public, when expressly forbidden by Jesus, who regarded it as ostentatious, selfish and extravagant—too much gathering the wheat into my barn, and performing, too, by proxy, rather, as he is supposed, retire into a dark, secluded place, finding a negative and receptive condition for coming into blissful rapport with a guardian spirit, thus elevating and developing the soul? If humility is the motive of kneeling at prayers, why not improve on it by resting on one knee and bowing the head to the floor? Why not practice circumspection, which is equally as binding as the other ordinances? Jesus did not, as many suppose, institute such days, sacraments, or anything whatever; but, in his mission, he observed, ceremonies, &c., his mission being solely to declare the full truth to be a witness unto it as given to and through him from an angelic spirit whom he called his and our father and friend, in order to establish the important fact of the brotherhood of mankind, and who demanded that the benevolent works performed through him and others should be sufficient to command their confidence and faith. He that believeth on me, believeth on him that sent me, and he that hath seen me, hath seen the Father. This is the mystical faith, so unexplainable and misunderstood. Jesus did not claim it for himself as the power was given him. It is faith in his Controller—the Truth-teller. Let us no longer be led by a blind faith, but by that which leads to high and noble actions, and is full of hope. Jesus requested his disciples at the Last Supper to remember him, because he knew that his life was in the hands of others, and that his disciples were losing courage; hence, fearing they might after his departure, falter and possibly give up the cause, he requested them to remember him while passing bread and wine around, promising he would be spiritually in their midst. Herein lies an important fact. Jesus did soon come in materialized form while they were together in conference with closed doors, and also appeared to thousands of others openly, proving demonstrably that he was alive, forevermore. 'I have seen him, and he is living,' a fact that they were in painful doubt of, death being regarded as an enemy, and full of terrors. This great truth set them free indeed; free from the bondage of fear and death. For this reason Paul with others, in an enthusiasm that knew no bounds, went forth preaching Christ crucified and the resurrection, and with a spiritual outpouring made converts by the thousands."

## Colorado.

**CORNWALL.**—Mrs. H. F. Sickles writes: "Away up here among the jagged peaks of the Rocky Mountains, where the advance-guard of civilization has just been mounted to watch the moving columns of enterprise as they march with rapid strides toward our silvery cliffs, you may not suppose we drink deeply at the fountain of thought. But here may be found many who are quite at home in the various departments of science, many who are seeking to investigate problems in moral ethics with as much aptitude and earnestness as those who dwell in densely populated cities. In a large majority of cases our people are untrammelled by theological dogmas and the superstitions of the dark ages. They have no veneration for error because of its antiquity, nor do they reject truth because the present day reveals its existence. Some of us, reading the *Banner of Light*, without any fixed or definite opinion concerning the Spiritual Philosophy, but our reading has led us to inquire concerning the office, work and powers of human thought, the functions of intellectual life and activity, and the probabilities of immortality."

How few among the enlightened and educated people of the world, in proportion to the number, have ever attempted a fair and rational examination of the subtle powers of the human soul! Commanding their frowns, they have despised the potent forces residing in this omnipotent agency. Thought is the talisman at whose touch the wonders of a world are opened to our view; the key that unlocks the portals of a universe of mystery; the window through which the soul may look to catch a view of unseen grandeur in the constellation of planets; a becoming vehicle in which we may traverse the intricate avenues of science and philosophy. Thought is the unerring witness that demonstrates the truth of man's immortality and unveils the future life. It unlocks the chambers of slumbering centuries and grasps the empire of reason and freedom. It reveals human duties in a light peculiar to itself, and points us to the value of being practical. It admonishes us on the other hand that all the lessons which it can impart are of themselves of little worth unless they are applied to the practice and experience of life. What though our grand old mountains, their frowning peaks far up toward the heavens, the sun shine in all its resplendent glory, the flowers yield their richest perfume, the pure sparkling waters of the laughing streamlet flow, the eyes of the blind do not see the sublime grandeur of the mountains nor the radiance of the fountain of light; the heedless and indifferent do not comprehend the beauty or fragrance of the blossoming flower, and he who refuses to drink from the water may perish of thirst by its side."

And so, while the evidences of immortal thought are being supplied in every direction; while the sweet songs of the bright spirit of thought are wafted to our ears from the battlements of immortality, breathing the entrancing melody of "Peace on earth and good will to man," if the rich gifts of the soul do not make men thoughtful, and consequently better and nobler—if they fail to render us more free, more generous, more liberal, more generous and forgiving, then are they of no use, and absolutely without value."

## Illinois.

**DUNDEE.**—Incidents in the early history of Spiritualism in Illinois are related by C. D. Read, of Ayer, Mass., as follows: "In 1837 I moved with my family to Dundee, Kane Co., Ill., and there found a society, numbering about twenty, that had been organized two or three years before, and had built a church about one and a half miles from Dundee and half a mile from Carpentersville (a small village in the town of Dundee). It was located on high ground, near a large wood, quite a distance from the road; was circular in form, about thirty feet in diameter, and twenty-five or thirty feet high; the roof was a half globe covered with tin, and had a small cupola upon it. Within the building was a raised platform with seats around next to the wall and a railing in front. In front of this and on the main floor another railing was placed next to the rail, and several chairs for those who took part in the meetings. In the centre of the room was placed a round table standing upon glass. A wire was attached to the edge of the table, which, in coils about ten inches apart, passed from the table to the dome; several wires, running straight up the coils, being lashed to these, held them in place, the whole forming a circular coil of wire about three feet in diameter, from table to dome. A high frame was placed near the table and a bass drum placed upon it, with the drumsticks lying beside it. Two wires were attached to the upper ends of the frame, running down and connected with the table. At short distances along these wires were hung small bells, and a few musical instruments were on the table. Meetings were held Sundays, and frequently during the evening; and very fine discourses being often delivered by an entranced lady medium. She was a woman without even a common school education, but delivered eloquent

and instructive discourses that very few if any of the ministers of the gospel could equal by weeks of study and preparation. At some of the seances the drum and other instruments would be played upon. Occasionally the drum-sticks would strike the wires to which bells were attached, producing an almost deafening sound, and as soon as all was still a lamp was lit and the stick found lodged up in the coils of wire above the table. The writer was then a skeptic, but his skepticism has since vanished. I left Carpentersville at about the time of the commencement of the war, and soon after the society was disbanded."

## Vermont.

**BARTONSVILLE.**—J. W. Atwood writes: "About the same number of lectures were given here as usual for the year 1880, and the prospects for 1881 seem to be encouraging. The speakers for 1880 were Mrs. Kenyon, Dr. Conley, J. F. Baxter. Mr. Baxter had not been here before. His audiences were larger than any I have seen for the last five years. His lectures, singing and playing seemed to interest and please all, even those who do not believe in Spiritualism. The tests given by him were acknowledged by some I have spoken with to be true and very convincing, age, name and day of death being correctly stated. One test I will mention: Mr. Baxter described a death in a family who lived not near by, and not by the road, but out in the lot, which was a fact, the house being twenty to thirty rods from the road. He said the death occurred on such a day. A neighbor who heard the description went to see this man, and was told that the death was not on the day mentioned. As the graveyard was not far distant, they went to see what the date was on the gravestone, and found that Mr. Baxter was right, according to the inscription on the stone. I saw the man a few weeks after; he acknowledged the test to be perfect, and said it was not a case of mind-reading, as he was not at the meeting. The *Dunbar*, in my opinion, is right in tone and management, it seems to be a necessity to me for mental food."

## Missouri.

**ST. LOUIS.**—R. D. Goodwin writes: "First know you are right, then go ahead, has been my motto through life, though it has many times caused me much trouble and loss. In order to know how to do right I had to investigate. I also find that each day of my life brings with it a new experience; that not anything comes by chance, and that there can be no perfect without a cause. I believe that I am a child of destiny—though compelled to 'work out my own salvation' (it may be) with fear and trembling. Many times have I tried to fight against fate, and to hold up my ancestral pride, but I am to-day simply what I am—an instrument in the hands of unseen forces, by whom I have been guarded, protected and led from my cradle to present old age, and I believe it is God Almighty that works in me to will and to do of His own 'good pleasure.' I have just returned from the borders of Mexico, Texas, etc., where my life was more than once placed in jeopardy. I was in hopes that now I could continue to remain at home in the bosom of my quiet family, but I find this cannot be. I must take up my staff and travel in the field of reform."

## Ohio.

**EAST LIVERPOOL.**—W. F. Ball, M. D., writes: "Mr. W. H. Powell has been with us, and we had four seances, proving beyond a doubt that the pencil or material used to write at his seances is produced by something beyond human comprehension. We formed a circle for a dark seance, with banjo, violin, pipe, organ, bell, &c., placed behind the medium, out of reach, and took our seats with the distinct understanding that we should hold each other by the hand closely, two skeptics holding the medium all the time, and that there could be no possibility for him or any other person to reach the instruments. The lights had not been extinguished more than fifteen minutes when the violin began to be sounded. It rose up and passed over my wife, touching her upon the head and catching in her hair, when spirit-hands released it and it was wafted about the room and came down to the centre-table. Again the banjo was raised and floated about the room near a ceiling, being thrown into the air, so that all could know its whereabouts, and hands could be heard handling it. Spirit-hands patted a goodly number on head and cheeks as a tender caress. Mr. Powell as a medium we can recommend to all honest skeptics."

## Oregon.

**PHOENIX.**—H. C. Hutton writes that he has, for a number of years, read the *Banner of Light*, and has a high appreciation of the Message Department. He mentions it very remarkably and convincingly, and the presence of the *Banner* in his home may consider dead, and of their knowledge of earthly affairs, received by him through the mediumship of Mrs. P. W. Stephens, sister of E. V. Wilson. It appears that a number of years since a relative of our correspondent was found dead, and it was reported that he committed suicide; but returning he declared that such was not the case; that though he passed away by violence it was not by his own hand, but by the hand of another, and that he was fully aware of the fact, and that he had been told so. The fact that his friends on earth had been led to believe he had committed suicide had hindered him in his efforts to progress, and he was pained with the thought that it was possible for those who knew him when on earth to believe him capable of committing such an act."

## Connecticut.

**WILLIMANTIC.**—Lottie Fowler, writing from the Aldrich House, Providence, says the Spiritualists at Willimantic (which place she recently visited) are fully alive to the interests of the cause; and the local newspapers are also liberally disposed in regard to it. The Spiritualists have a fine church, and sustain Sunday meetings—day and evening—the Children's Lyceum session occurring at noon.

## The Witchcraft of New England.

"Modern Spiritualism" seems to "explain" a great many things. It certainly does explain many things in the past that have until now been to the majority a sealed book. "Witchcraft" is a term which is explained. The theory that some people were disgraced or ugly, while other people were simply frightened fools, has never covered a title of the tremendous facts. Mr. Putnam has taken an unbeaten track, and while we cannot see our way through the angle on his lines, we are bound to say that he has presented a very remarkable case, and has produced an uncommonly interesting book. It is difficult to convey in a brief notice an adequate account of his explanation; but the following extracts from his Preface will probably indicate with sufficient clearness the character of his work: "It is not our purpose to write history, but to give new explanation of old events. The long and widely-spread theory that New England witchcraft was exclusively but outworkings of mundane fraud, imposture, cunning, trickery, malice, and the like, has never adequately met the reasonable demand of common sense, which always asks that specified agents and forces shall be probably competent to produce all such effects as are distinctly ascribed to them. Persons who of old were afflicted in manner that was then called bewitchment, and others through or from whom the afflictions were alleged to proceed, have been extensively supposed to have possessed organizations, temperaments and properties which rendered them exceptionally pliant under subtle forces, either magnetic, mesmeric, or psychologic, and who, consequently, at times could make use of the most extensive and extensive knowledge whose marvelousness indicated mysterious source, and ostensible performers of acts deemed more than natural, and which, in fact, were the production of the will of man, and were made use of in many cases unexplained. The theory that some people were disgraced or ugly, while other people were simply frightened fools, has never covered a title of the tremendous facts. 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## TO BOOK-PURCHASERS.

COLBY & RICH, Publishers of *Banner of Light*, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province Street, Boston, Mass., keep for sale a complete assortment of *Spiritual, Progressive, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Books*, at Wholesale and Retail.

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In quoting from the *BANNER OF LIGHT* care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of important facts, but we do not undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents give utterance. We do not receive anonymous letters and communications. The nature and address of the contributor in all cases is indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve manuscripts that are not used. When manuscripts are forwarded which contain matter for our inspection, the sender will confer a favor by drawing a line around the article he desires specially to recommend for publication.

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

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1881.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE,  
No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province Street (Lower Floor).

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS:  
THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY,  
14 Franklin Street, Boston.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,  
39 and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

## COLBY &amp; RICH,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

ISAAC B. RICH, Business Manager.  
LESTER COLBY, Editor.  
JOHN W. DAY, Assistant Editor.

Business Letters should be addressed to ISAAC B. RICH, Banner of Light Publishing House, Boston, Mass. All other letters and communications should be forwarded to LESTER COLBY.

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

## The Banner Free Circles.

No public circle will be held at this office on Friday, 10th inst., neither will there be one on Friday, the 17th, that being a legal holiday. Circles, however, will be held on the 14th, 21st, and the 24th, closing the season. They will be resumed Sept. 2d.

## The Cruelties of "Philanthropy."

The definition of philanthropy is about as difficult an achievement as could well be proposed to modern times. There is a great deal of it that disdains to approach the professed objects of its ostentatious sympathy, and haughtily repels all appeals for its aid. If it could only have the supreme government of the human race it would make servile dependence and genuine misery the standing condition of existence. It is self-righteous to the last degree; blotted with a sense of its own importance; rigid and inflexible in its notions of government and control; and altogether odious to the recipients of favors which excite anything but feelings of lively gratitude. There is no form, in truth, that is more terribly worked than that which is made to stand for philanthropy.

A fair illustration of this sort of philanthropy was very recently furnished in the Court of Quarter Sessions of Philadelphia. The accepted dogma of public charity received a good showing up. It was reported at deserved length, with appropriate commentary, in the *New York Herald*. Our so-called modern civilization could not be more cruelly satirized than by this individual case. The Justice delivered the opinion of charity, lashing hypocritical philanthropy as it deserved; and in doing so he only voiced to the public the sentiments for whose free and open expression in these columns we have been repeatedly rebuked by the hypocritical press that would fain hold the moral government of the world in its hand.

The case in question was that of an unfortunate and erring girl, who had been taken from New York to Philadelphia by her base betrayer, and there deserted and left to her fate. On one of the most inclement mornings of the past winter a dead infant was found in the area of a high tenement house in the latter city, whose upper rooms were let to nightly lodgers. It was discovered that a young woman had taken one of these upper rooms the night previous, and had given birth to a child. She confessed that she had thrown it from the window, but insisted that it was dead when it was born. She was dragged from her bed in her prostrate condition by an officer, and forced to walk down three flights of stairs, and to the nearest station-house, where she was at once put under lock and key.

When, a few days afterward, she was brought before a magistrate, he made haste to send her off to Moyamensing prison on a charge of infanticide. But for the earnest efforts of a couple of young lawyers, who became interested in her case from having been convinced of her innocence, she would have been found guilty. Her story was not a new one, but the old one of betrayed affection, and final desertion. Being without friend or acquaintance in a strange city, and feeling keenly the condition to which she was cruelly reduced, she wandered about the streets for several days, and at length in sheer desperation from want and hunger, with the immediate prospect of maternity before her, she accosted a young girl, who gave her a few cents and the offer of a night's lodging.

On the following day she was drifting again. She encountered a woman of the town, who, in her company, for days together sought refuge in some of the public hospitals for the purpose of passing the trying ordeal of her confinement. The following is the literal testimony of this public woman in regard to their efforts to obtain shelter for the wronged and accused girl in her critical condition:

"I heard of this friendless girl and asked her to my quarters. They were poor enough—only one room—but such as I had I tried to give her. The stranger passed most of her time in tears, and seemed utterly hopeless. Realizing the importance of medical aid for her in the hour of confinement, and being too poor myself to procure it for her, I started with her on the second day to find such a place. Lizzie Anderson, the prisoner in the dock, was utterly penniless—had been left without a cent." [Then follows the story of charity's cold shoulder to actual and evident distress:] "First we applied at the Nurses' Home or Lying-in Charity, as it is called, at Cherry and Eleventh streets. The matron heard the case and admitted that it was a desperate one. She then asked if Lizzie could produce her marriage certificate and pay

five dollars per week for her board; but when she learned that Lizzie could do neither the one or the other the scene ended abruptly. There we went to the Homeopathic Hospital, but there was no room for Lizzie's admission. The young physician said she must go to the almshouse. To the Guardians of the Poor, then, we went—to the office on Seventh street. A clerk told us I must take my companion before Magistrate Pole and ask her commitment. We went to the magistrate's, but he refused to commit her unless she would give the name of her husband and swear out a warrant for his arrest, so that he could be compelled to pay the county for her keeping. This, after some hesitation—desperate as was her situation—she refused to do. I advised her to do so. We next applied at the Home Mission, No. 533 Arch street, in hopes of getting Lizzie a ticket to New York; but the officer in charge would not give her one, although she pleaded piteously for it. He finally offered to sell her one for one dollar. Neither she nor I had so much money. We then went to the Young Women's Christian Association on Seventh street. The matron said firmly and promptly that she could not do anything for her, as soon as she saw her condition, asked for her certificate, and made Lizzie cry bitterly. Finally she said we had better go to the Sixth Ward Relief Association, a branch of the Young Women's Christian Association. There we had almost similar experience. Finally we went to an intelligence office, No. 411 Arch street, in the hope that she might find some kind person who would take her as a servant, under the circumstances. She there met an elderly gentleman, who engaged her, but seeing her condition declined to take her home, although she begged him to, and declared that she would work for nothing long enough after her trouble to cover all the expenses. He still firmly declined, but expressed his sympathy by giving her one dollar. Lizzie and I immediately spent this money in food. I had not eaten anything that day, and she not since the morning of the previous day. When it was too late we recollected that it would have proved a ticket to New York. Then we both felt sorry. But we had been so hungry. At last she returned with me to my room. On several mornings thereafter, seeing that she was a burden to me, as she said, she left. I afterwards learned that, as a last resort, she pledged her small gold ring, the only article of jewelry she had left, for twenty-five cents, and took the room in which her child was born.

Was there ever a more pitiful tale told than this, right in the face and eyes of our vaunted civilization? On the conclusion of it, the District Attorney rose and addressed the jury on the enormity of the offense charged, the difficulty of proving guilt, and the doubts cast upon the criminality of the accused girl. He therefore deemed it best to abandon the case. The Judge had previously advised to this humane and just course. And thereupon the latter directed the two girls who were called as witnesses to come to the bar. He caused them to be seated on a raised platform, in full view of the crowded court-room. He then proceeded to remark on the case as follows, nearly everybody rising to see and listen, as if to a solemn discourse:

"Gentlemen, I have called these two girls to the bar of this court that you may see them, while I say a few words upon another phase of this case. This defendant, Lizzie Aronson, was shown by the testimony of the defense to have come to this city, a stranger, and to have been a homeless wanderer on the streets without money, without friends. In her utter loneliness and friendliness, driven to seek charity from the passer-by, she accosted this girl here (pointing to Lizzie Fick), and, without hesitation, she shared her poverty with her, giving her a share of the money and comforts she possessed. This other young woman (pointing to Ida Wilson), who, unfortunately, has not led a correct life, however much her moral nature may have been warped in one respect, gave an exhibition of practical Christianity—a practical Christianity, I repeat with emphasis—when she likewise gave this friendless sister shelter, that would furnish a wholesome example to most of those who are clothed with purple and fine linen. I am sorry to admit that if this poor, friendless girl had applied to nine out of ten of those very people who compose the wealthy classes she would probably have sought in vain the shelter she recovered from this episode. I, therefore, repeat this as the time and the place to make mention from the bench of the kindness of heart displayed by these two girls, and have for that reason dwelt upon their acts because of the striking contrast which they afford to the conduct of the so-called charities of this city. It has been clearly shown that this defendant, in the midst of her wants and when the critical hour of her motherhood was near, went from one of these so-called charities to the other, and each of them sought admission with the evident purpose of giving her child respectable birth. In this laudable desire she was thwarted at every turn in consequence of the various regulations governing the so-called benevolent institutions, under none of which, unfortunately, was she a fit candidate for admission. At last, alone, in utter squalor, nearly naked, without fire or the most ordinary comforts, amid the darkness of a bitter winter's night, and, unassisted, she gave birth to her child—whether alive or dead the Almighty and she only will ever know."

After an interval, in which the bill of indictment was passed to the foreman of the jury, Judge Allison concluded: "I direct that you do acquit the prisoner."

Rarely is a scene enacted in a court-room like this. What a travesty of professed philanthropy is this story of the two women, asking shelter in the institutions that announce their devotion to that alone! How cutting, nay, how withering, are the comments of the Justice on the pretences which charity makes in her cold and haughty way! And how just and true is his arraignment of that bastard philanthropy which is put to open shame by the plain and pathetic testimony of two fallen women! He pointed with a rebuking emphasis to the contrast between the genuine kindness of heart displayed by these two unfortunate and erring girls and the conduct of the so-called religious charities of the city. His words go straight to the better sensibilities of the human heart like winged arrows.

## A Florentine Medium.

The *Revue Spirite* has received the information from Florence, that "A book of poetry of a superior order, in Italian, entitled *Il Pellegrinaggio nei Cieli* (The Pilgrimage in the Heavens) has been obtained by a medium, who hardly understands his own language, and who knows nothing about the rules of poetry. Gino Fancicucci declares that he cannot claim the paternity of this poem, since it was dictated to him by spirits. According to literary men, this volume is excellent as regards capacity and form, and its prosody is irreproachable." The medium is a young man.

The Old Colony Railroad Company has manifested its wisdom and foresight by establishing a schedule of excursion rates for the season. It must make more popular than ever the many pleasant resorts on its line of road. For instance, the fare to Nantucket and return is placed at \$4; Plymouth and return, \$1.50; Oak Bluffs and return, \$3; and similar low rates to Onset Bay Grove and the many other places. The summer time-table goes into effect on Monday, June 13th.

Miss Lottie Fowler has returned to Boston, and can be found at 14 Montgomery Place. See card, fifth page.

## Robertson Smith's Case.

The Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, as everybody now knows, has voted to disperse with the further services of Prof. W. Robertson Smith, as a theological professor. His offence was having written an article on the "Hebrew Language and Literature" in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, some teachings in which, in the judgment of the Assembly, make it no longer safe that Prof. Smith should continue to teach in one of the colleges. The case has very naturally created a good deal of excited feeling in the Scottish Church. The *Edinburgh Scotsman* says the decision will carry very little weight with outsiders. It is as if one were knocked down when he could not be met in argument.

It is rather interesting to note the commentary on the case in some of our home journals, inasmuch as it shows to what extent liberalism has made inroads on old theology and the vindictive spirit of authority. So far as the technical and outward law of the case is concerned, says the *Boston Advertiser*, Mr. Smith cannot complain. When he entered the service of the Free Church of Scotland, it says, he agreed to submit to its exclusive jurisdiction in all doctrinal matters, and "to firmly, constantly, and to the utmost of his power to assert, maintain and defend the said doctrine, worship, discipline, and government" of the Free Church. The *Advertiser* conceives that his article on Hebrew literature in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* is a direct blow at this act and declaration. But it regards his case on moral grounds as a different one from what it is on the grounds of discipline.

It admits, however, that even on moral grounds he ought not to have remained in a communion whose laws he thinks bad, wrong, tyrannical and intolerable. It says of him that he is "one of the greatest of all scholars in Old Testament matters," and that any university might be proud to count him among its members. And it inquires whether the rules of the Free Church of Scotland are worth much to the cause of Christian learning, when great and Christian scholars like Prof. Smith cannot find room within its narrow gates. "The written law of the Free Church," says the *Advertiser*, "has been obeyed, while the gospel of Christ's Church has been trampled into the dust." Also that "no rational mind will ever mistake it (the Free Church of Scotland) for the Church of the New Testament, which fortunately is not confined to a sect in Scotland." There is much posturing and balancing on the *Advertiser's* part to get this opinion out, but there it is at last.

The Blacks of Edinburgh, who are republishing the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, have offered Prof. Smith a position on their staff of writers, and he has accepted. The Assembly voted him to be an unsafe theological teacher, which was equivalent to deposing him from his place, but did not touch his salary. Prof. Smith told them he would not eat bread that he did not earn. They are afraid to dismiss him summarily, for fear of reducing the tenure of office of ministers, as well as of professors, to that of tenancy at will. At present, ministers in Scotland are believed to be life tenants. If, therefore, they dismiss him, the Free Church will be dragged into conflict with the civil courts. When the result of the vote in the Assembly was announced, it being only a light majority against Prof. Smith, it was followed by a scene of unparalleled uproar. The cheers of the victors were nearly drowned in the howls, groans and hisses of a large proportion of the audience. This is the way Old Theology is steadily breaking up.

## Neshaminy Falls Camp-Meeting.

The First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia have issued a circular announcing that their Third Annual Camp-Meeting will be held at Neshaminy Falls, Bucks Co., Pa., commencing July 15th and continuing until August 15th. The success that has attended the meetings heretofore has led to the leasing of the grounds for a term of years and to the making of many permanent improvements, and every indication exists that the gathering of the present summer will be fully as successful as any that have preceded it. Full information regarding location, route, tents, board, &c., can be had by applying or writing to the Superintendent, Capt. Keller, 613 Spring Garden street, or James Shumway, Secretary of the Association, 507 Minor street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A BOSTON PHYSICIAN IN TROUBLE.—Dr. Fred. A. Marden, superintendent of the county hospital at Milwaukee, has been impeached, says the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, on the charge of having violated the person of a former inmate of the institution under his care. In support of the impeachment, an affidavit by the alleged victim was presented, she being under treatment for inflammatory rheumatism at the time. The *Inter-Ocean* says further that Dr. Marden has until now ranked high in the community. He graduated in Harvard University and in Long Island College Hospital, practiced in Boston, Mass., where he also served his district in the State Legislature. *Boston Herald*, June 6th, 1881.

This is the fellow who got elected some three years ago to the Massachusetts Legislature for the express purpose of inflicting upon this Commonwealth, if possible, the obnoxious "Doctors' Law," so-called; in which effort he himself and his "Regular" abettors were signally defeated.

Mrs. H. V. Ross, whose materializing séances in this city gave much satisfaction to those who attended them, was obliged to leave at a moment's notice in answer to a telegram announcing the serious illness of her mother at her home in Newport, R. I. Reaching Newport as speedily as she could, she found her mother unconscious, in which condition she remained a few days and then passed to join those in whose presence and guidance she had long believed and trusted. Mrs. Ross was prostrated by the event, and has held no séances since its occurrence, May 19th, but proposes now to re-commence them. Her present residence is East Providence, R. I., at which place she may be addressed, care of P. O. Box 25.

Mrs. Thayer, the well-known flower medium, recently gave a very successful séance at the residence of Col. S. P. Kase in Philadelphia. A letter from that gentleman informs us that on the occasion we allude to, flowers were produced in great abundance, notwithstanding the weather at the time was very unfavorable for such demonstrations of spirit-power. Mental requests were made by various persons for special varieties of flowers, and these requests were promptly answered by the desired flowers being placed in their hands.

It should be borne in mind that the *Banner of Light* can be had at Berkeley Hall every Sunday. We shall print one of Bro. Colville's fine addresses soon.

Mr. Berks Hutchinson, whose efforts in Cape Town, South Africa, to extend a knowledge of the truths of Spiritualism, arrived in London on the 24th ult.

## Demise of Dr. Paul Caster.

Dr. Paul Caster, who has been actively and successfully engaged in healing the sick for nearly fifteen years, has relinquished his labors upon earth, to enter upon those of the higher life. As a man remarkable in the exercise of heaven-born, spiritual gifts, he will be long held in grateful remembrance. At the commencement of his career he announced himself as a "faith-doctor," and as such journeyed from place to place, doing much good and receiving but meagre remuneration for his services, until 1868, when he became located in Ottumwa, Iowa, where he remained until the time of his departure from the material form, on the 18th of last April. Very many of the cures he performed were marvelous in the extreme, and such as in past ages, and among some people even in this age, would be deemed miraculous. An immense quantity of canes, crutches and other appliances employed as aids and supports by the weak, sick and disabled, were in his possession as proofs of his success. As the end of his earthly pilgrimage approached, he was aware of the fact, and knowing that those who style themselves "Christians" frequently give false reports of the last hours of those not of their faith, he sent for the Methodist minister to be present and witness his departure. To a friend he said: "Mr. Emory, don't you see the angels standing here all around my bed?" "No, Doctor, I do not; but I presume you do." "Yes, I do indeed. They have come to take me, and I am going with them." He then turned on his side, and in a short time passed away with his spirit-guides. The clergyman who was present admitted that there could be no doubt that he saw angel visitors.

## Revere Beach Land Company.

The First Annual Report of this Company has just been issued, and exhibits a prosperous condition of its affairs, and it is thought by those well informed upon such matters that no Company has been organized in the vicinity of Boston with such promise of rapid and assured success as everything betokens it in possession of. Its landed property extends nearly a mile and a half along the most attractive portion of Revere Beach and Broad Sound Point. It holds also "The Pavilion Hotel" and other buildings, the renting of which yields a little more than 16 per cent. on their value. The stock is in 25,000 shares at \$10.00 each, and the officers are substantial and reliable men.

A Traveller correspondent mourns over Boston's lack of wharf facilities, and with a good deal of justice. He says: "Steamers and ships of mammoth proportions are knocking at our port's door for permission to enter, and we, with bowed heads and blushing cheeks, are saying, 'You cannot come in, for we have not wharves to accommodate you.' All which is very true. But why does not 'C. E. W.' suggest to the city of Boston to purchase from the General Government the Charlestown Navy Yard, where there is plenty of room for wharves, and water enough to float the largest ships? This would be, in our opinion, the grandest move in the right direction ever entered upon, the result of which, if adopted, would make Boston harbor one of the finest in the world. There are plenty of good island sites in the harbor for the navy-yard, where a dry dock could be built at comparatively small cost. Why do not Mr. Moses Dow and other Charlestown capitalists agitate the subject? By so doing, we have no doubt magnificent results would be speedily reached."

Byron Boardman, Esq., of Norwich, Ct., during the discussion of the *medicos' "protective" law* in Connecticut wrote to *Cooley's Weekly* and *The Western Press* a series of telling articles in favor of freedom in medicine. He has since embodied these views in a leaflet for distribution—a number of copies of which we have received and placed in the hands of a gentleman in Boston, who will see that they are diffused in quarters where their presence and perusal will do good.

"THE DICTIONARY OF EDUCATION AND INSTRUCTION," edited by Henry Kiddle and A. J. Schen, will soon be published by E. Steiger & Co., 25 Park Place, New York. From specimen pages received we judge that it will prove to be of great value to every teacher as a professional *va-de-mecum*, the constant use of which will enable a faithful instructor to more than double the value of his services. It will consist of upward of 300 pages.

A family living on a farm near Little Rock, Ark., consisting of parents and several children, have discovered the development of remarkable clairvoyant powers in the youngest daughter, Winnie. The *Gazette*, of Little Rock, says she sits "in a kind of trance," and gives wonderful information respecting the living and "the dead." Her power is considered "supernatural," and attracts great attention in that locality.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum of New York City met for the last time for the present season on Sunday, June 6th. The exercises were exceedingly interesting—being appropriate to what is termed "Flower Sunday." A report of the meeting, furnished us by Mrs. Mary A. Newton, Guardian, will appear next week. The Lyceum will meet again on the second Sunday of September.

An extended and comprehensive article by John W. Grattan, Counselor at Law, Pittsburgh, Pa., entitled "The Latest Confirmation of the Truth of Spiritual Phenomena," and relating the writer's experiences with Mr. R. W. Sour, of Titusville, Pa., psychographic medium, is on file for publication in these columns at the earliest opportunity which offers.

The attack by L. L. Palmer (in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* of the 21st ult.) on Mrs. Ada-Hoyt Foye, of San Francisco, is shameful, as we are aware she is one of our most reliable mediums. Years ago we tested her powers, and know whereof we speak. As a platform test medium she is probably the equal of any we have in the United States.

We have received from M. G. Peck, M. D., Chairman of Committee, the announcement that Prof. J. R. Buchanan's Sunday services for the development of Religion and Philosophy, will be held in Cartier's Hall, 23 East 14th street, New York City, every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, until the 5th of July, 1881. All are invited.

By reference to our seventh page, the reader will find the card of Mrs. Julia M. Carpenter. This lady has been long and favorably known in the specialties to which she devotes her mediumistic development.

Attention is called to the card of James A. Bliss in another column.

## The Shawmut Lyceum at Music Hall.

On the afternoon of June 5th, the Shawmut Spiritual Lyceum observed "Floral Sunday" in Music Hall, the services being in every way worthy of the occasion which evoked them, and the beautiful weather with which Bostonians were favored on that date. The platform in front of the great organ was tastefully decorated with wreaths and sprays in varied colors, and a profusion of flowers. Several elegant canary birds suspended near the verge of the platform contributed the harmony of their cheerful voices. In the centre of the platform was placed an imitation of the front elevation of an Indian wigwam—oil portraits of the late William White and Dr. H. F. Gardner being so disposed as to form the base of the triangle, while a portrait of Mrs. J. H. Conant was affixed near the apex—the uppermost point of the miniature dwelling being surmounted by a figure representing an Indian *regardant*. This structure was set off with flowers, green leaves, etc., and flanked with orange and lemon trees; and reflected great credit upon its designer and constructor, Master W. F. Rand. Portraits of J. B. Hatch and L. Colby were suspended upon the right and left fronts of the great organ.

On the right and left of the speakers' stand were placed small tables upon which were displayed photographs of Vernie Allyn (the son of Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, who passed to spirit-life some time since), and (in group) the young Misses Koste and Daisy Howard (concerning whose decease at Brooklyn we published not long since an admirable address by Mrs. F. O. Iyzer). The first-named picture was wreathed in smilax and fuchsias, while the latter was tastefully arrayed by the ladies of the Shawmut in blossoms appropriate to the names—the side of the picture where Koste was located being adorned with roses, while the other was covered with field daisies. A large table dight with hand-bouquets bespoke that the Floral March was to be made of practical interest to all participating in it.

The space in the centre of the floor of the hall was devoted to the positions of the various groups; where also the new targets "In place" made a fine display.

As an opening exercise, the Lyceum in processional form (using the regular formation of the *Banner March*) moved into the hall, its members joining in the song "Marching Along," a good orchestra, led by Miss Dawkins, Musical Director, furnishing the accompaniment. Conductor J. B. Hatch then called the meeting formally to order, and introduced Dr. Samuel Grover, of Boston, who delivered a feeling invocation. Silver Chain Sentinels, led by Mr. Hatch, and participated in by officers and scholars, followed; then came the *Banner March*, in which upward of one hundred and forty persons—children and leaders—joined. The display was very fine, and the marching highly creditable. Mrs. Biggs, Guardian, being debilitated by sickness from attendance, her place was taken by Mrs. Josie Stevens, assistant—Mrs. Hattie E. Sheldon, the former assistant, acting for the day in her old capacity.

The distinctively literary part of the programme now being reached, was pushed forward with such rapidity as was possible. It comprised mainly a well-received reading of "The Blue and Gray," by L. S. Anderson; recitations by Master Haskell Baxter, Charles Tilton, Charlie Gray and Albert Rand, and Misses Grace Burroughs, Elsie Tarbox (a volunteer whose services were evidently appreciated), Carrie Hough, Bessie Brown and Eva Conekie; selections (piano) by Claudia Russell, Cora Packard and Jennie Bell; and songs by that popular favorite, Little Hattie Rice.

"The Rhyme of the Targets," (written by John W. Day) and "The Progression of the Groups," (written by Mrs. Mary F. Smith)—both pieces (poetical), having as their object the tracing of the expansion of the child and its ideas and capacities by beautiful progression—were successfully rendered, the following members of the group participating in one or both exercises: Alice Messer, Minnie Richards, Minnie Warner, Grace Burroughs, Bertie Kemp, Fannie Briggs, Bessie Stevens, Bessie Brown, Emma Ware, Lucy Gerry, Kittie May Bosquet, Ella Carr, Ada Madden, Lottie Baker, Hattie Morgan, Eva Conekie, Cora Murray, Della Murray, Claudia Russell, Florence Twitcheell, Carrie Hough (and two others, whose names are not at hand). Miss Lizzie J. Thompson directed the presentation of the "Rhyme," and recited its interpretation with a faithful appreciation of its requirements; while Mr. Hatch conducted the rendition of the latter piece—the scholars showing in its course the result of careful drilling.

The wing movements, conducted by W. F. Rand, were executed with spirit and precision. Seated upon the platform were several talented ladies and gentlemen, whose services had been placed at the disposal of Mr. Hatch, and during the afternoon the audience was given the pleasure of listening to them. Miss Jeannette Howells recited "The Creeds of the Bells" and "Sandalphon" with that high degree of excellence which those who know her have learned to anticipate when her name is announced; Dr. Howard sang acceptably, "Not a Sparrow Falseth"; Miss Jennie Styles favored the people with two vocal selections; Mr. Ed. D. Stickney, who makes prophecy of becoming an eloquentist of rare merit, read "The Sergeant's Story" in an effective manner; Miss Emmeline Ellwood gave a touching recital of "The Story of a Faithful Soul"; and Miss Lizzie J. Thompson presented a rendering of "Money Musk," which was much admired. [Owing to the lateness of the hour the expected addresses by John Wetherbee, Mrs. Laura Kendrick, Henry C. Lull and Norwood Damon were not delivered.]

Toward the close of the meeting Conductor Hatch called attention to the fact that he had issued special invitations to Gov. Long and Mayor Prince to attend, and that he had received from both the chief magistrate of the State and the head of the city pleasant and courteous letters wherein a previous engagement (in the first instance) and long-continued sickness (in the other) were assigned as the reasons for absence on the present occasion. He desired to emphasize this point as being the first instance met with—at least during his own experience—wherein the existence of a Spiritualistic organization had been recognized, and that also in a kindly way, by those so high up among "the powers that be" in the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts. Mr. Hatch also introduced to the audience Mrs. Lang, who, as Miss Mary Ann Sanborn, was once closely identified with the Children's Lyceum Movement, and who had in the past accomplished much faithful and important Lyceum work at Mercantile, Eliot and other halls in Boston, thereby earning the affectionate remembrance of the friends of the cause, which followed her to her home and to the private life which she had chosen after years of self-sacrificing labor.

The exercises of the day closed with the Floral March, in the course of which each one in the line received a bouquet. Great credit is due Conductor Hatch and his assistants for the successful manner in which the details of the occasion were carried out; and the Shawmut has every reason to cherish hereafter a pleasant memory of the 5th of June at Music Hall.

The preparations for the session were made by a Committee of Arrangements consisting of May L. Biggs, Hattie E. W. Brown, Maggie J. Folsom, Hattie Richards, J. B. Hatch, Jr., (Secretary), G. F. Rand, (Assistant Conductor), E. Stevens, Mrs. H. Hatch, Emma J. Rand and A. J. Smith. J. B. Hatch, Conductor of the Shawmut, being Chairman and general director. The floral display, other than the "wigwam," was arranged by the ladies of the Committee and others in the Lyceum. The Committee desired to return thanks to the Spiritualists of Boston for the attendance on that day, and all the aid—pecuniary, floral and otherwise—extended by them to the enterprise. The management also extends special thanks to Mrs. Johnston for a floral stand and a harp which she presented. The harp was constructed with two broken strings, typical of the Shawmut's loss, recently, of two of its young members, Johnnie Bentley and Winnie Graves. U. S. Beals, of Hingham, who provided many flowers for the Lyceum, also has the thanks of that organization; and also the thanks of the committee at Horticultural Hall, who gave several vases of choice "Fashion Flowers."

A large delegation of the friends of Dr. Samuel Grover met at his residence, 162 West Concord street, Boston, on Monday evening, June 6th, to congratulate that gentleman on the attainment of his sixty-third year in mortal life. A happy evening was the result: fine music and readings by those celebrated artists, Nellie C. Annie A., George T. Katie B. and J. F. Park—known to the public as the "Park Family"; well-appreciated recitations and songs by Charles W. Sullivan—Mrs. Nellie M. Day, accompanist; felicitous remarks by Capt. Richard Holmes, John Wetherbee, Dr. John H. Currier, Dr. A. H. Richardson and J. B. Hatch; responses thereto by the host; and the partaking of refreshments at the close, comprising the order of exercises.







## Message Department.

### Public Free-Circle Meetings.

Are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, corner of Franklin Street and Montgomery Place, every Wednesday 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 earthly 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 but forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her own. All expressions as much of truth as they perceive, no more.

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

As our angel visitors desire to behold natural flowers upon our Circle-room table, we select 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 writes it distinctly understood that she gives no private sittings at any time; neither does she receive visitors on Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Fridays.

Letters sent pertaining to this department, in order to ensure prompt attention, should in every instance be addressed to Colby & Rich, or to Lewis B. Wilcox, Chairman.

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

#### Dr. John C. Warren.

I am glad to find myself in possession of the medium, for many reasons. I am assisted to control by my father, who is the medical adviser of this instrument, old Dr. John Warren. I have a message to give from this place that I feel can be best given here, and so I intrude myself upon you. I take an active interest in the welfare of humanity; I must always do so. I feel that in no way can I so outwork my own inward powers and accomplish a good and lasting work, as by returning and seeking to benefit and instruct those who are suffering. And I find so much to be done, so many who are living daily and hourly in violation of the natural rules of life, who are crying out because of the load of pain and weariness pressing them down, and yet who have no idea that it is their own work that brings this pressure upon them. It is rather because of what they do not perform that they are thus tried and troubled. I see so many denying themselves fresh air—that vitalizing element which is so essential to good health; I find so many, especially among our women, who confine themselves in their homes, afraid almost of a ray of sunlight, that natural creative agent, which will, when allowed to do so, hunt out the dark corners and cleanse and purify them, which will benefit the entire system and eliminate from it all taint of corruption; I find so many afraid of pure air and sunshine, that I stand aghast in wonder, not only that you have, but that you are raising up a race of invalids, who are so debilitated that they hardly care whether they live or not.

But I have not returned especially to speak of these things, only to say in relation to them that it is a pleasure to me to go out into these homes and seek to influence individuals who are thus suffering; to awaken their attention to their daily mode of living; to arouse thought, concerning their diet, that they may learn what food is wholesome and what is detrimental to their systems.

I do not confine my labors entirely to any one channel or source, for I find work to do in connection with my father, in the hospitals and in other places; but I have one medium through whom I have performed, I may say, great work in the past—lasting work; and through whom I expect to perform a great work—in company with others of her spirit-band—in the future.

And I wish to call the attention of the spiritual public to a project of hers, or rather of her spirit-band, to benefit humanity, by healing the weak and afflicted, spiritually and bodily; and we hope the idea will be sustained and carried on to completion, so that in the by-and-by relays of force, and power, and health, and life-giving strength may be sent forth to others who are weak and suffering. I refer to Mrs. Dr. A. E. Cutler, who is my especial medium, and who proposes to build and furnish a home on Wickett's Island, in Onset Bay, East Wareham, Mass.—a work which is steadily moving forward to completion. It is for no private purpose, for the enriching of no individual, but is for those who are weak and afflicted—particularly for spiritual mediums suffering from bodily ills or spiritual ailments and influences which they do not understand—that they may there find health, and strength, and vitality to resist adverse influences, and to cultivate their spiritual gifts while receiving physical life. I trust that the work of my medium will be forwarded by helpful hands and hearts; that it will be sustained; that she and her spirit-guides may not find themselves forced to lay aside their work even for a time, because humanity has not yet grown up to that condition where it can realize that good performed for others, assistance rendered to the ignorant, rebound to the spiritual credit and welfare of the giver.

I wish to add that our institution at Wickett's Island is intended as a school, as well as a home, where the spiritually weak and ignorant—in spirit-life as well as in mortal—may receive strength and instruction from spirit-teachers through their helpful and well-loved instruments.

[To the Chairman:] This is all I desire to say; I thank you for your courtesy in providing me the means, and allowing me to express myself. I desire you to publish my message sometime in June. I am Dr. John Collins Warren. In the past I was called, and known, as Dr. John C. Warren, of Boston. April 26.

#### William Fishbough.

Through the kind invitation of your Spirit Chairman, I am privileged and assisted to return at this early moment from the spiritual world. I feel deeply grateful to Mr. Pierpont\* for thus permitting me to express myself, feebly though it be, through this organism, for I desire to send out a cheering word to my friends, to assure them of my continued interest in their welfare. In truth, I do not care to speak of the manner of my departure; it was sudden to me, rest assured; it was a swift blow, and I passed to the spirit-world. I did not linger, for I passed immediately from the body. My friends may feel sure that I am satisfied. I feel myself that perhaps my work was accomplished, so far as I could make it profitable to mankind. I had upon my mind and upon my hands what I considered a great work—a work to be performed for truth and for justice. I felt that it was only right for me to perform that labor in which I was engaged, and when I passed to the spirit-world, I felt then, as I feel now, that truth and justice demanded the work, and I trust that it will be carried on to completion by friends who remain in the form. I have no antagonism to any living soul in the mortal or

\* (President of the Band of Spirits controlling the Public Circles.)

in the spiritual. I set down naught in malice, but all things I desire to accomplish through clarity and tenderness of spirit. I cannot feel that the truth should be repressed and justice denied because of any one, and so I shall continue to work on in the future, and to influence and impress those in sympathy with me, who shall be engaged in like pursuits to my own. I particularly wish to send out my fraternal love, my tenderest greetings to my friends, to my spiritual brothers, Peebles and Buchanan, Crowell and Kiddle and others. I desire them to feel that I shall be with them, to give them of my influence whenever possible, to extend to them at all times my earnest sympathy in their labors of love for humanity's sake. I need not add I wait my love and sympathy to those nearest and dearest to me. This will be felt in the quiet precincts of home. I desire not to unveil the sanctity of these beautiful relations which bind heart to heart and soul to soul. I bring my regards to all friends, and assure them I feel bright and active, and ready for work.

If you please, Mr. Chairman, you will advance my message, by the permission of your Spirit Chairman. William Fishbough, of Brooklyn, N. Y. May 27.

### Séance held Feb. 18th, 1881.

#### Invocation.

Oh, thou Eternal Spirit, Author of All Life, whose manifold works we behold on every side, we recognize thee as the central source of all wisdom, love and power. From thee we gain that sensation which causes us to sympathize with thee and with thy dear ones; from thee we catch the faint, sweet inspirations of the eternal life, which would draw us upward, ever onward toward thee and thy realm eternal; from thee we gather all that strength and purpose and power which causes the human soul to unfold and progress upward from below. And oh, we would bring to thee this hour all the strength and the aspirations of our souls, all their sweet desires, that we may lay them upon thee, in order to bring to ourselves from on high a new power, a new impetus that will cause our spirits to journey on, strengthened and refreshed, in their mission of love unto others. And we ask that thou wilt send down thine angels and give them power, or give them sight to discern future things, that they may strength to return and speak to mourning hearts, that comfort and consolation may come to earth, and humanity may rejoice in a knowledge of eternal life and of the immortal existence of the loved ones gone before. We praise thee for all life, for all things; and we come to thee with the hope ever burning within the soul, that the knowledge and faith of thy dear ones shall still grow outward and expand toward the sun; that light of truth, and that light of love, that in this own good time, become uplifted upon a higher and a better plane, from which they may perceive the realities of life, and be ready to fulfill the mission which thou hast allotted each one.

#### Ira Holt.

Well! well! well! this is an experience which I feel to be well worth the having, yet which is strange and novel to me. I have been watching the various intelligences taking possession of this little frail body and manifesting themselves as best they could, and I have wondered how they performed their work so well, considering that they were using an organism foreign to their own, and one in many cases I should judge to be the antipodes of the one they themselves possessed. But I felt interested to take this experience upon myself, and at the same time to manifest to my friends. I was very old, and I had lived in the body for seventy-five years, and I had truly a strange experience, one that was eventful and varied at times, but after all one that was of benefit. Weariness, age and infirmities seemed to press upon me at the last, as was only natural. I was at length glad to find myself free from them all, and able to travel about here and there, to visit old scenes and familiar places, and recognize faces that I once knew well. I sought to make my presence known immediately after my departure, but this was no easy task. I find that we cannot expect to return immediately after the death of the body, and, opposed to all the preconceived opinions of our fellows, enter into an open door without knocking or preparing for our entrance. So I find myself here preparing the way, in hopes that I shall return again sometime nearer to the homes of my friends and make myself known. I feel that I could unfold a strange tale to them, one that would be startling in the extreme. I expect I shall be able to do so in the future. I shall work for this, at all events.

I send my greeting to each one; I forget none; but I do not feel to call them over here to-day; I am not sure that it would be wise. The stepping out of the body seems to give an intelligent being larger capacities, or rather it gives what capacities he possessed an opportunity to unfold more fully, and he is surprised at the largeness of life; he is astonished to find himself in the condition that he does, and to find his fellows about as well off as he is himself. I do not see one whom I have known in any worse condition than myself; I do not know that I find them any better off. We seem to occupy a similar plane, each one to be working out his own business, and attending to that which seems to be most important to him.

During my latter days I was at Arlington Heights, where I passed away. In former years I resided in Fitchburg, Mass. I have friends here. I hope to meet them. You may call me Ira Holt.

#### Celia A. Thayer.

Life, with its duties, pressed upon me. I felt deeply and sincerely the work I seemed called upon to perform, and I sought to do it, although there were days of pain and weariness when I could not labor for this end, when I could not send out the cheering words, or the pleasant tale, which spoke of my own hopes and the promises of the future, and which I felt would be of interest to humanity. Shielding myself behind another name, I seemed to express my individuality and my identity in what I gave forth to the world, and I felt, oh, if I can only benefit some other, if I can only lighten the burdens of some soul, and brighten the pathway of some spirit in its journey toward the future life, I should indeed feel blessed and satisfied. And I feel the same work still pressing upon me, in the spirit-world. I find it possible for spirits of the so-called dead to return and manifest to friends. This knowledge was not mine while in the form; if it had been I know I could have extended my work; I could have filled it with a sweeter hope and a brighter light that would have thrilled the hearts of others, that would have caused them to sing a new song of joy. But yet I feel I did the best I could. Now, opportunities are mine to return and still press on with my work; I have found several organisms adapted to me, through whom I can speak the cheering word, and send forth the song of light and joy, which, I hope, will sink into some heart, and cause it to become renewed in strength for the journey and battles of life.

And so I am contented, and I return joyfully, to send forth my word and my love to friends, to assure them I am happy in my new life and happy in my new work. A blossom opens before me which seems to bloom for me, and its fragrance enters into my spirit, imparting vigor and light to encourage me on. The sun streams down joyfully and brightly upon my way, and as the birds warble their notes of gladness I feel that all life is joy, that all nature is glad

because humanity can live, can rejoice in each other's weal and sympathize in each other's woe, and can send forth love and tenderness from heart to heart. I return to say to my friends, Regret not my early departure; only feel that I have been translated to a higher plane, that I have ascended another step in the stairway of life, and that I can look down from another height upon you who are pressing onward, and can shower down some light, some consolation and peace that will be of blessing to your spirits. I bring a green leaf: my friends will understand to what it refers; it is evergreen—it will never fade. In the future I shall bring it to them, far and near, that they may behold an olive branch of peace coming from on high, to strengthen and gladden the weary heart and suffering frame. The friends I especially desire to reach are in Milwaukee, Wis. I somehow feel they will perceive my message, and will extend a welcome to me. If so, I know I shall be able to return more closely to their sides, in order to impress them with my presence, and to give them some knowledge and information concerning a spiritual world; and I feel, also, that through some one of the organisms that I can control, I shall be able to convey to some messages, some words of love, some ideas expressed in my old familiar style, that they are truly from myself. Celia A. Thayer.

### Séance held Feb. 25th, 1881.

#### Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are ready for your questions, Mr. Chairman.

Q.—Does it ever happen that a person who may be what it is customary to call "death struck," and who passes in some degree to the spirit-world, returns fully to this life, regains his usual health, and remains perhaps for many years after an inhabitant of this stage of existence?

A.—In the history of humanity many cases of suspended animation have occurred; cases where the physical powers have become inoperative. In a few of these instances it may have been that the spirit could not loosen its hold of the material, and has retained a consciousness of all outside physical life working around about the inanimate form; but in many instances the tie binding the spirit to the mortal has been loosened, and the spirit has been enabled to pass out from the physical life into the spiritual spheres proper, and has there gained a knowledge of spiritual existence, then through some shock to the physical form the spirit has been brought back into contact with material life and has regained possession of the mortal form. In some instances the spirit has retained consciousness of what occurred, and of its experiences while passing out into the spiritual state; in other instances all consciousness has been lost. Many, many times has this occurred, and the person has regained physical life and strength, remaining in the mortal form for many years. It sometimes happens that a being who has passed through such an experience will, in later years, become developed as a seer or clairvoyant; in other instances the person seems to possess no abnormal powers whatever.

Q.—In case of a spirit controlling a medium, so as to use the medium's vocal organs and address an audience or an individual, is it requisite that the spirit should be in close proximity with the medium? If not, at what distance can the spirit exercise that power?

A.—You are perhaps aware that the mesmerizer can control his subject, after experimenting upon the subject for some time, at any distance whatsoever. It is also possible for a spirit to control his medium at a distance, but the spirit must have become perfectly familiar with the organism of the medium, so much so that the sensitive will always remain negative to the influence of that particular spirit. When such a case as this occurs, the controlling spirit may influence his medium, even though he be distant many hundreds of miles.

Q.—Can a spirit control more than one mediumistic person at the same time, so that the spirit's identity is recognizable in each?

A.—We have always believed that what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and to do anything well one must engage all his powers and attention upon the work. It is possible for a spirit to control or influence two mediums at one and the same time, or at least, at so nearly the same time that the few seconds elapsing would be imperceptible to mortals; but we do not believe that the spirit can influence at the same time and thoroughly identify himself through each medium. So far as our observation goes, a spirit must engage all his attention and exert all his powers upon the organism of a medium, in order to control that sensitive sufficiently well to be thoroughly identified in every respect.

#### Thomas Smallwood.

I feel to come back, and to manifest, that my friends may know I have returned, that they may know that my journey was safely ended, and that I arrived in a spirit-world where I found eternal existence, and where I met my long-lost, ever-beloved friends. Oh! the angel of death had visited my home, and taken away those who were near and dear to me; those whose images filled my heart, ever and ever, and yet I believed in an All-Wise, Over-ruling Providence, and felt that all was for the best. And now that I have discovered my dear ones, in a beautiful world where all is joyful, I can indeed say, all is well, all is for the best. And although I passed many, many long years in the physical life, far exceeding the limited span which has been allotted to man, even passing beyond the four score years, yet I find myself possessed of powers and abilities, and I know that I can still work actively and earnestly, as I delighted to do in my years of vigorous manhood. I was known very well in Massachusetts. I resided for many years in Newton, and I feel that some friends, perhaps one of my own dear ones, will see and recognize my message, and feel that I have indeed sent out a little word from the land beyond the veil. And I have dear ones in New York. I passed home from Harlem, N. Y., and I would like my friends there, those of my family, to know that I have returned, that I come to bless them for all their goodness and their tenderness as exhibited to me in my latter days, and to assure them that although they do not believe this beautiful philosophy, yet it is true. I feel, however, that even though they do not accept it while they are in the mortal form, yet when they reach this spiritual world, and find their dear friends all united in one family circle, they will rejoice that this spiritual philosophy is true, and that they likewise will have the opportunity of returning to their loved ones to bless, influence and encourage them in the journey of life. I was well known in business circles, as in years ago I was myself a business-

turer and a man of business; and I would assure my old associates that I am still a man of business, although I desire to exercise my faculties in other departments than that in which I was engaged when in the form. I have met again many old associates, those not connected with me by ties of relationship, yet with whom I was connected in business ways, who passed on long before I did, and I feel glad that I may shake them by the hand as in days of yore, and associate with them as congenially and sympathetically as I could when in the mortal life. I am Thomas Smallwood.

#### Eliza B. Safford.

I lived fifty-six years on earth. A few years have passed since I was called to the spirit-world. I have never returned before—indeed, I have not had opportunities for returning to my friends; but I have friends, many of them, on earth, and it seems to me I can do no better than to come back and speak to them, to assure them of my power of returning. I was ill for quite a number of months, and it seemed to me every day that I could not hold out much longer; and yet the will-power seemed again to regain new strength, and I still existed in the worn-out frame of earth. Many of my friends thought I would pass away long before I did; but at last the summons came, and I was called to go. I wish to thank them all for every loving attention, for all the long weeks and months of unwearied kindness bestowed upon me, and to assure them if it is possible I will in some way repay them for each little act, either here or when they come to me in the spirit-world. There seems to be so much for me to say, it presses upon me; and yet, I cannot gather it as I would like to do. I wish to say, Carrie, dear child, I have watched over and cared for you to the best of my ability since my departure from the mortal form, and I have sought long and earnestly to announce my presence to you; but as you had no mediumistic powers yourself, and as there seemed to be no one whom I could control near to you, I found it impossible to do as I wished; but while I am here I wish you to know that I shall ever guard you as best I can, through all the years that are to come to you—for I realize fully that you will remain on earth for many long years. I shall be ever ready to assist and strengthen you, if it is possible. My friends are in Richmond, Va. My name is Eliza B. Safford.

#### Charles E. Stetson.

I feel that perhaps it is possible for me to reach my family and my friends, especially my brother, all of whom are in Bangor, Maine. The months are lengthening into years since I passed on. I did not believe in Spiritualism, although my father was a liberal one. I felt that there was a spiritual world, and that all who passed from this life would find opportunities for growth, and would perhaps be permitted to rejoin their friends, and live together in loving communion one with the other; but I did not believe it possible for spirits to return and manifest through mortals; I did not believe that spirits or angels could bring down their holy influence from on high, and have it assimilate with the influences of mortals here below; consequently I had no faith in this philosophy or religion; but I am glad to avail myself of the opportunities which it affords to return to my friends and to announce to them that I have enlarged my belief somewhat, because I have added knowledge to faith; first faith, then knowledge; and if my friends will only have a little faith that perhaps it is for me to return to them and manifest, or at least to guard them in material ways, and to benefit them spiritually, I feel that it will give me strength and power to convey to them that positive knowledge which they cannot deny. I have watched over my little ones, I have found them growing and developing, and I feel glad to assure my friends that I am satisfied with all that has been done for the welfare of my family. I am rejoiced to find my friends gathering around my little ones and guarding them, and am perfectly satisfied with all that has been done. If they will give me an opportunity to return in private and speak concerning a few little matters in which I was interested while here, it seems to me my satisfaction will be more than complete; I shall desire nothing more. I send my love to all, and will return at any time when I feel they desire my presence. Charles E. Stetson.

#### Lemuel Thompson.

Nearly a score of years have passed since I died and was buried, as you speak in mortal language, yet I feel that the term is incorrect. I did not die—that is, I did not become unconscious, insensate, inanimate as a man; I became more conscious than ever before in my life, and yet I attained to a good old age in the mortal. I cannot feel that I missed any experiences of life that I required, for, like the full, ripe grain, I fell and was gathered home; yet there are friends of mine, there are descendants, there are members of my family yet remaining on the earth, and I feel that perhaps it would be well for me to send out some little token of my presence in their midst, at times; and not finding any other convenient channel, I have returned here to manifest myself and to tell my friends to inform all who knew of me, that I am happy and well in the spirit-world. I feel now that I was somewhat bigoted when in the form—that I paid too much attention to creed and dogma; and was not tolerant enough to the beliefs and faiths of others. I thought that all who did not believe as I did were treading an uncertain way, and perhaps they would not reach the kingdom; but I have come to the conclusion that whatever path a human being follows it must eventually lead him to the kingdom of truth and knowledge, and all who enter the kingdom of knowledge will soon find themselves possessed of the desire to learn, and learn all that they can of life and its duties. In that way they will emerge from the darkness of error, and all ignorance will slough away from them; they will indeed desire to live pure and good in order to harmonize with those beings who are above and around them. Consequently I feel that all are treading the path which is marked out for them, and that by-and-by all will reach the same plane of existence, and will then desire to not only unfold themselves and to grow more perfect, but to extend all the sympathy and kindness possible to all with whom they come in contact.

I did not come back to preach; but when I thought of my old ideas, and how they clouded and cramped my being after my departure from earth, I felt that perhaps if I could send out a little thought to my friends, to those of my family who remain below, why, it might perhaps fall upon good ground and take root. I was known pretty extensively around my former abiding place as one who was a business man in a small way, perhaps, but yet who was energetic at all times, and could not brook the hand of disease, which seemed to blight his powers—so many times spoke to friends and acquaintances concerning the business activities

of life, and was desirous again to engage in them. Well, that of course was impossible, and I was called home to another life, where I find a new occupation and plenty to do. I find that I can engage all my powers and yet have time to spare to send out a ray of light and encouragement to some other struggling soul. But it was many long months before I found this, for, as I said, I was clouded and prejudiced, consequently could not enter into a full participation of all the enjoyments and labors of spiritual life.

I lived in New York City. My name is Lemuel Thompson.

#### Eunice S. Somers.

I propose to announce my presence to friends, for it is a delight to me to return to my spirit-home and enter the presence of those friends I knew and loved on earth. It was a sad moment when I passed to the spirit-world, for it did not seem possible that I was to be called home so early in life and so soon. My friends could hardly realize that I was indeed called, and had passed away from them; and yet I found myself returning, day after day, to speak a loving word, to plant a tender thought in the hearts of those I loved so well, that they might find some peace and consolation, and believe that all was well with me. Many times have I entered my earthly home and participated in the enjoyments of the hour; many times have I entered the family circle in the twilight, and felt that I was indeed at home; and if they could have realized my presence there, I would have been perfectly happy. I wish to send my love to all. To my friends and to those with whom I associated in my later years of life, I wish to say that many times I have thought of the old school days, and found that I could still participate in the exercises; that while I remained by the side of my dearest friend I could understand all that was taking place, and could keep pace with her in her studies and her work. But I have found a higher school even than that in the spirit-world, which I have entered, where I hope and desire to learn, so that by-and-by I may be able to go out here and there as a teacher, to struggling mortals who desire to know something of the future life, and something of its duties and its work. I feel that perhaps if my friends can learn that I have returned, they will feel better, they will feel to rejoice, and that they may in the coming time give me opportunities to return and speak with them, face to face. I can return now. I sometimes think that they feel my presence; and many times, when they are thinking of me, I rejoice to know that they wonder where I am, and what I am doing, and if it is possible, really and truly, for me to be with them and recognize their work. I would say, Yes, all this and more is possible; I can return, and shall do so often. I am Eunice S. Somers. I lived in Rockland, Mass.

#### Henry Meredith.

Time passes, and I find that it is nearly two years since I passed to the spirit-world. I was ill for a long time, and life hung heavily upon me; pain and suffering seemed to fall upon my physical frame, till the spirit became thoroughly worn out and exhausted. I have been striving to reemerge in the spirit-world, and now I find myself strengthened and refreshed, so much so that I desire to go out and among the friends of earth, and see if I cannot strengthen and vitalize some of those poor, weary ones who seem to faint and falter because of the weakness of physical life. I passed away from the Good Samaritan Hospital at Cincinnati. I most earnestly say that I feel I can never be sufficiently thankful for the kind care and attention bestowed upon me in my illness. If it is possible, I would like to have my friends and the nurses and the good doctors know that I have returned, and that I come to thank them and to bless them for all the attention which I received. I feel that their attention not only soothed my physical body, but it also benefited me spiritually, because the remembrance of it will, I think, stimulate me to endeavor in some way to bestow attention and kindness upon the weary and suffering. I feel that no better work can be done than to establish these Good Samaritan institutions where the weak and feeble may gain strength where they may receive care and attention, and where they may pass away quietly, if they must, and where a blessing certainly is to be found—at least, it was so in my experience—and it seems to me that if those who possess largely of the world's wealth would bestow it upon some such institutions as these, they would not only benefit themselves, but they would, indeed, bestow a blessing upon the suffering human beings who are around them.

I feel that I shall gain strength and power by returning here to-day, and I thank you kindly for this privilege. I will seek to benefit you if I can; if not, I will do what it is possible for me to do for others. I was forty years old when I passed on, and it will be two years in the coming summer. My name is Henry Meredith.

#### Ula M. Shedd.

[To the Chairman:] Do spirits always feel bad when they come? I had the diphtheria, and my throat feels just as it did then—sore and painful. My head, too, feels sore and bad. I wanted to come very much; it seems to me that I ought to come. I lived in North Cambridge. I have been here two or three times, but I could not get in. I was thirteen years old when I died. I am over fourteen now. I wanted to send my love to mother and father, and to tell them I am all right now. I guess I will be—I was before I came. I want them to know that I go to school, and that I like to go over so much, it seems so pleasant; but I don't learn lessons in the spirit-world—do you here? We have object-lessons—that is, we learn from objects, and so gain an understanding of them better, because we experiment with them, and our teachers are very kind in explaining, so that we may comprehend each lesson before we take up another. I have been round to the circles in different places, and have seen spirits coming, and I thought I would like to come over so much. I have tried to influence two or three mediums, and I did a little, but not much. I think perhaps I will be able to come again sometime, where and speak or write, and in that way gain more information, and perhaps reach my mother, that she may know I am really and truly come. That is what I want. I send her my love and tell her I often come home, and it does me good to have her think of me. Her name is Lucy A. Shedd; my name is Ula M. Shedd.

#### Sophia Havens.

[To the Chairman:] Do you let old ladies come? I was very old. I lived so long here that it seemed as though I must keep on living; but I went at last, and I feel that I am growing old. I was one of my friends died and left me, and I remained here till I felt all alone; so I was glad when I, too, could die. I think you people ought to be glad for the privilege of dying. When you live to be over ninety years old, and see most of your friends going away from you, and those who are left full of active life, and feel yourself growing old and feeble, and of not much use, I think you will be glad of the privilege of dying; and more so now than I am, because I am growing on a new life; and although I come back here old and worn out, yet when I am away from earthly scenes I am pretty strong and active and smart, I can tell you. I did not know but what some of the friends and the old folks would be glad to hear tell of my coming back, and so I have come to tell them that dying is pretty good after all, and they will find it so if they live as they ought to live, that's all. And I would like to say that I have seen Mary Leavitt; she is smart and active, and I am growing old. I don't know but what she will be stepping out one of these days a new creature—so she appears to me. She sends her regards to all friends. I must say we did find some friends who were kind to us, and I feel to bless them all.

Now you will excuse me for coming, won't you? I am ever so much obliged for the permission. I am Sophia Havens, from Portsmouth, N. H.

#### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

March 1.—George P. Morris; Maria Mitchell; Walter Evans; George Moore; Hannah N. Thresher; Otis Buckner; Chauncey Paul.

March 4.—Thomas Greene Mitchell; Alice Wilber; William A. Haines; Jennie D. Reed; George A. Riley; Lydia Leavitt; David Leavitt.

May 31.—Benjamin Hathaway; George S. Stephens; Sarah Hale; Carrie Lane; Charles Emerson.

June 3.—Oliver B. Allen; Robert Jeffrey; Samuel Young; Capt. George Taylor; Mattie Williams; Abigail Thompson.



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May 28, -4w

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May 4, -4

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TYPICAL MEDIUM, Psychometrist and Clairvoyant. Will answer letters, send hand-writing, sex and age, and \$1.00, stamped and directed envelope. Business letters given daily. Will answer calls to lecture, 10 Essex Street, Boston, May 21.

## J. W. VAN NAME, M.D., Clairvoyant and

Magnetic Physician, 8 Davis Street, Boston, Mass. Office days: Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. Examinations made from lock of hair. Will answer calls to lecture Sundays. Terms moderate. Circles Wednesday evenings. 4w-May 28.

## MRS. CLARA A. FIELD,

BUSINESS and Medical Clairvoyant, Psychometrist. Readings by letter, \$2.00; age and sex, 10 Essex Street, May 21.

## Mrs. M. J. Folsom,

MEDICAL MEDIUM, 2 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

Readings by letter, \$2.00; age and sex, 10 Essex Street, May 21.

## MRS. FANNIE A. DODD,

MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, Test Medium, 44 Tremont Street, between Tremont Temple and Montgomery Pl. June 11, -4w

## Mrs. S. E. Crossman, M. D.,

MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, Examination by letter, \$2.00, 5 Temple Place, Boston, June 11, -4w

## CELIA M. NICKERSON,

TRANCE and Writing Medium, 1648 Washington Street, Boston, June 11, -4w

## MRS. L. W. LITCH,

PHYSICIAN and Test Medium, No. 29 South Russell Street (first door in rear), Boston. Circles Sunday evenings and Thursday afternoons. 13w-April 23.

## A. P. WEBBER,

MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, 157 WEST NEWTON STREET, Hours from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. Will visit patients. May 7.

## MRS. ALDEN,

TRANCE MEDIUM, Medical Examinations and Magnetic treatment, 329 Tremont Street, Boston, June 4, -4w

## AUGUSTIA DWINELS,

CLAIRVOYANT, Trance and Prophetic Medium, No. 141 Tremont Street, Room 9 (formerly 23 Winter Street), Boston. 2w-June 11.

## MRS. IDA NEWTON,

Magnetic Healer, 155 Court Street, Room 29, Boston, June 11, -4w

## Dr. Charles T. Buffum,

TRANCE, Medical and Business Medium, 146 Washington Street, Boston, June 9 to 15, 13w-April 20.

## FRANCIS M. REHICK,

TRANCE MEDIUM for Spiritual Communications and Healing of Spirit and Body, 91 Pembroke Street, June 11, -4w

## MRS. JENNIE CROSSE, Test, Clairvoyant,

Business and Healing Medium, Six readings by mail 50 cents and stamp. Whole life-reading, \$1.00 and 2 stamps. 32 Kendall Street, Boston. Jan. 23.

## A. S. HAYWARD, Magnetic Physician, 11

Dwight Street, Boston. Office hours 9 to 4. Other hours will visit patients. Two packages of his powerful *Vital Magnetic Paper* sent on receipt of \$1.00. April 2.

## SAMUEL GROVER, Healing Medium, 162 West

Concord Street, Dr. G. will attend funerals if requested. Nov. 27.

## JOSEPH L. NEWMAN, Magnetic Healer, No.

85 Montgomery Place, Room 4, Boston, Mass. Office hours, from 1 to 4 P. M. May 7.

## MRS. J. L. PLUMB, M. D., will visit the sick

and answer all kinds of letters for \$1.00 and stamp. 63 Russell Street, Charlestown District. 1w-June 11.

## I. P. GREENLEAF,

TRANCE and INSPIRATIONAL SPEAKER.

Will attend to calls to speak at short notice. Also funerals attended on notice. Onset May, East Wareham, Mass.

## MRS. JULIA M. CARPENTER will examine

and prescribe for the physical, mental and moral condition. Enclose lock of hair and \$2.00. Mrs. CARPENTER has a positive cure for Cancer, Melancholia, packages \$1.00 each. Box 85, East Gloucester, Mass. 6w-May 28.

## MAGNETIZED PAPER.

To Heal the Sick or Develop Mediumship.

Special Notice from "Bliss' Chief's" Band.

"ME, Red Cloud, speak for Blackfoot, the great Medicine Chief from happy hunting-grounds. He says he loves white chiefs and squaws. He travels like the wind. He goes to Chicago. He big chief. Blackfoot want much work to do. Him want to show him healing power. Make sick people well. Where paper go, Blackfoot go. Go quick. Send right away."

All persons sick in body or mind that desire to be healed, also those that desire to be developed as spiritual mediums, will be furnished with Blackfoot's Magnetized Paper, for 10 cents per sheet. 12 sheets \$1.00, or 1 sheet each week for one month for 40 cents, two months for 70 cents, three months, \$1.00. Address: JAMES A. BLISS, 713 Sanson Street, Philadelphia, Pa. (Communications by June 4, and 32-cent stamps.)

## SOUL READING,

Or Psychometrical delineation of Character.

MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit her in person, or send their photograph or lock of hair, she will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition; and changes in past and future life; physical disease, with prescription therefor; what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be successful; and the best means of attaining it. Send, lock of hair or photograph, \$2.00, and four 3-cent stamps. Brief delineation, \$1.00.

MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE, Centre Street, between Church and Friaire Streets, White Water, Walworth Co., Wis. April 2.

## Consult Prof. A. B. Severance,

If you are in trouble; if you are diseased; if you wish to marry; if you are living in unhappy married relations; if you wish to consult with spirit friends upon any subject pertaining to medical life. Send, lock of hair or photograph, one dollar. Address 210 Grand Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis. 1w-June 4.

## DR. CARPENTER gives Magnetic Treatments

and Sittings for Development. Diseases diagnosed. Full diagnosis or full business letter, \$1.00 and two 3-cent stamps. Private sittings daily from 9 A. M. till 5 P. M., Sundays excepted. Willingham, Conn. 1w-June 11.

## PSYCHOMETRY.

POWER has been given me to delineate character, to describe the mental and spiritual capacities of persons, and sometimes to indicate their future and their best location for health, harmony and business. Persons desiring aid of this sort will please send me their handwriting, state age and sex, and enclose \$1.00, with stamped and addressed envelope. JOHN M. SPEAR, 2210 Mount Vernon Street, Philadelphia, Pa. May 15, -4w

## MRS. FANNIE M. BROWN,

MEDICAL, CLAIRVOYANT, BUSINESS and TEST MEDIUM. Brief diagnosis of disease from lock of hair, or brief letter on business, 50 cents and two 3-cent stamps. Full diagnosis or full business letter, \$1.00 and two 3-cent stamps. Private sittings daily from 9 A. M. till 5 P. M., Sundays excepted. Willingham, Conn. 1w-June 11.

## DR. J. E. BRIGGS'S

## Magnetic Wonder!

FOR THE EFFECTUAL, SAFE AND SURE CURE OF ALL DISEASES OF WOMEN.

These Powders, by their unequalled Tonic Properties, preserve from disease those delicate and complex organs, upon the perfect and healthy action of which so greatly depend the general health and happiness of woman. Truly Woman's Friend, being a Certain Local Cure for all the complaints incidental to females. They are put up in boxes, may be sent by mail on receipt of price \$1.00 per box, or six boxes for \$5.00.

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## New Books.

## TRANSCENDENTAL PHYSICS.

An Account of Experimental Investigations from the Scientific Treatises of

JOHANN CARL FRIEDRICH ZOLLNER

Professor of Physical Astronomy at the University of Leipzig, etc., etc.

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

CHARLES CARLETON MASSEY,

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

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Large 12mo. Illustrated. Cloth, tinted paper. Price \$1.50, postage free.

IN ENGLAND THIS WORK SELLS FOR \$1.00.

We have received a few copies of the English edition of the above work, which we will send by mail for \$1.00 per copy.

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## A Book of Mystery.

THE LIFE OF MARY WHITTY.

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BY ALBERT BARNES DORMAN.

An Authentic Narrative of the Wonderful Manifestations, Extraordinary Miracles and Astonishing Developments as they Occurred in the Life of this Remarkable Young Lady.

Paper, with portrait of medium. Price 25 cents. Former price, 35 cents.

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## The Identity of Primitive Christianity

## AND



Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1881.

The Magazines.

THE ATLANTIC for June—Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Riverside Press, Cambridge—has an array of articles, the scope, comprehensiveness and harmonious combination of which prove that this magazine has lost nothing in its editorial change from a Howells to an Aldrich. "Over on T'other Mountain," by Charles Egbert Cresswell, is an entertaining sketch of Southern life. "Bergen Days," by H. H., is an extremely entertaining picture of Norwegian customs, etc.; John C. Rogers contributes a careful article, illustrated with diagrams, on the Battle of Waterloo, and who lost it, in the course of which paper—he does not as a military critic absolve the grand Emperor from a slight taint of blame as a strategist—he presents proofs and arguments enough to satisfy, we think, any unbiased mind that the inefficiency of Napoleon, as a general, was the result of his own faults, made possible at the time of the Prussians at the closing and critical part of the day, and decided in the interests of embittered hereditary European conservatism that memorialize the contest, whose result, as a distinguished liberalist in England himself expressed it, "set the clock of the world back six ages." Henry James, Jr., continues "The Portrait of a Lady," and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps does the same for "Friends: A Duet"; John Burroughs gives his readers "A Taste of Maine Birch"; the reviews, etc., with which this number is replete, cover diverse topics of interest and many leading publications. The language, put in the mouth of Adam regarding the asphix and reasoning, is full of the rabbinical legend in "The Contributors' Club," sounds vastly like the tone of the New England clergy toward all inquirers when we were a young man; they are not nearly so firmly fixed to-day in their delirious declarations about things they know not of. The list of contents, and Volume XLVII, find a touching close in a poem, "An After-Death," in memory of James T. Fields, one of the ATLANTIC's past editors, who was so recently translated from the mortal to the spirit plane of existence.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE for June—Harper Bros., New York, publishers—opens with an illustrated sketch by S. A. Drake—which is Part I. of a series which must prove of absorbing interest as it proceeds—regarding the White Mountains. Those who have ever visited the spots delineated by the engraver's art (many noted names as artists being included in the list of delineators), will find in the present feature numerous and pleasant reminiscences of their past wanderings, among which may be cited views of the "Conway Meadows," "Lake Umbagog," "Chocoma," "Lovewell's Pond," "The Ledges, North Conway," "Kearsarge in Winter," "Bartlett Boulder," etc., etc. "A Neglected Corner of Europe" (illustrated), "Ballads and Ballad Music Illustrating Shakespeare," "Edwin Booth" (with portrait), "Benvenuto Cellini" (with views of some of his principal works), "The Trial of Jeanne d'Arc" (illustrated), (over which new spelling of an historical name an exchange asserts "no enthusiasm whatever can be aroused"); "A Landlocked," etc., etc. among the articles in the present number. "The First Story" (by Will Carleton, illustrated by Frost), is a poem which will preach a household sermon on a day of the year in which it may be perused; "The Easy Chair," "Literary Record," "Historical Record," and "Editor's Drawer" make a pleasant dessert after the substantial feast which HARPER'S presents for the Month of Roses.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE for June reaches us—as does its brightly companion, ST. NICHOLAS, by the same publishers—through the courtesy of A. WILLIAMS & Co., 283 Washington street corner School street, Boston, who have these periodicals, and many others of like ilk, on sale. In the present number, if we understand aright, SCRIBNER'S makes its final bow to the people, appearing for July with a new name, "THE CENTURY." We think it also could have a new cover. A lively contemporary of ours, the *For Love Will Represent*, on hearing of the proposed change of title exclaimed sentimentally, "We knew that *love* would kill it," and we ourselves felt that there was a danger in this direction; but we are glad to know that it is after all only the designation that is to disappear; we trust that wiser counsels may yet prevail, and that its managers will abandon the distracting nightmare-maze of crooked lines and scrawling letters which now disfigures the outside of this charming magazine, and give its readers a cover more in accord with the peaceful and harmonizing spirit of the nineteenth century. "The Farragut Monument" and "An August Morning with Farragut," are papers in which every lover of the American navy will be interested; "The Lobster at Home" is an illustrated sketch, which bears throughout its lines the breezy freshness of "the salt, salt sea"; the curious conceptions of Bastien-Lepage—as artistically outwrought by him—concerning Joan of Arc are presented with clearness and spirit; "Peter the Great" reaches the eighth instalment of the present series; "Keenan's Charge," by George Parsons Lotthrop, is a poem along which reverberates the bugle blast of heroic endeavor; "Lord Beaconsfield" (with portrait) is a trenchant condensation of facts; "The Revised New Testament" is treated of by Geo. P. Fisher, and is illustrated with a reproduction of two plates from Tyndale's "First New Testament"; the usual departments make a fitting conclusion for an admirable number of a pronounced favorite among magazines.

ST. NICHOLAS for June is overflowing with brilliant attractions for the young, and in no small measure for older readers. It opens with a story relating to the Steele family, the peculiarity of which lay in the fact that all their individual names began with the letter A. Following this are to be found a charming, sprightly poem, "What the Birds Say," by Caroline A. Mason; "The Lost Stopper" (being the conversation and adventures of a beetle and a lizard); "The Mastiff and his Master," by Susan Coolidge; a fairy-like sketch in verse, "Enchantment," by Margaret Vandergrift; "Ostrich Farming" will greatly interest students of natural history. Mary Graham contributes, "Was Kitty Cured?" The remaining articles are of far more than ordinary interest. Several serials are continued. "Jack in the Pulpit" takes in his usual pleasing style to his young friends. "The Letter-Box" has something for every one, and "The Middle-Box" has its full complement of nuts to crack.

WIDE AWAKE for June—D. Lothrop & Co., publishers, 30 and 32 Franklin street, Boston—concludes a semi-yearly division of this "Pleasure Book" for the little ones, and introduces its array of reading matter with a table of the contents just gone before; "Mary in the Morning Glories" is the frontispiece, and Mary Clemmer has a poem on the same topic; "To-Day," by Rev. E. E. Hale, treats of newspapers and their perusal; every Bostonian should read Mrs. M. B. C. Slade's sketch entitled "St. Botolph's Town"; the sketch "Two Little Trunks" receives good pictorial explanation at the skillful hands of Miss L. B. Humphrey; there are also given in the present instalment of this friend of the children several charming poems appropriately illustrated; the continuation of three serials; original music by Mr. Elson; a page of "Tangles," and an offer of Three Money Prizes for the best account of Out-of-Door Amusements.

"OUR LITTLE ONES" for June is received from the Russell Publishing Company, 194 Tremont street, Boston, and is fully up to the high reputation it has rapidly acquired as well deserving the patronage of all who desire to minister to the tastes and pleasures of the youngest of the family. Its attractions this month are: "Daisy Song," "Weezy's Sambo," "Two Naughty Chickies," "Little Red Sukey," "Pussie and Saucy," "How Tim Found a New Home," "The Six Doves," and other sketches, all finely illustrated, some of them with several engravings. Edited by the young people's favorite, "Oliver Optic," this monthly seems destined to hold a position in the front rank of successful publications for children.

THE ILLUSTRATED SCIENTIFIC NEWS for June, Mun & Co., 37 Park Row, New York, contains articles upon Aerial Navigation; The Fireless Locomotive; The New Vehicle, The Equibus; The Mammoth Fireboat; Industrial Secrets; Mexican Pyramids, and

many other subjects, the information given upon which is of great practical value. Many of the articles are finely illustrated.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART—Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., publishers, London, Paris and New York—is received for May. The superlative excellence which the art of wood engraving has attained is well shown in this number of an ever-welcome monthly. The frontispiece is an elegant full page copy of "The Symbol," from a painting by Frank Dicksee, A. R. A., in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, 1881; following which "The Treasure Houses of Art" illustrates in this "Part I." of the collection of Mr. C. P. Matthews by five engravings of his choicest possessions. These are, "The Music Lesson," "The Doubtful Coin," "The Sisters," "Spring Picking Away Winter," and "Palm Blossoms." We are then given: "Our Birds and Their Haunts," five illustrations; "Our Living Artists," with portrait and two engravings, and eight other articles upon subjects of interest, with twenty-one appropriate illustrations, followed by several pages of "Notes," the whole forming a collection of the best in literature and art, and a work of rare merit at a remarkably low price.

THE NURSERY for June completes the twenty-ninth volume of the pioneer of monthlies for young readers. It contains seventeen articles in prose and verse, illustrated with twenty-one of the daintiest, prettiest engravings of the eyes of childhood ever gazed upon. Of the former, "A Picnic in a Strange Garden" tells of a happy day at the foot of the Rocky Mountains; "The Rose," a poem descriptive of nine varieties of the queen of the floral kingdom, by as many little girls; "Kitty Didn't Mean To," "Why the Chick Came Out," "A Polite Dandelion," "Margie's Trial and Ralph's Great-Grandmother," indicate by their titles the charming attractions of this number, which also contains a title-page and index of the volume of which it is the last. Nursery Publishing Company, 36 Broadfield street.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for June—Fowler & Wells, publishers, New York City—contains a portrait of the new Secretary of the Treasury, William Windom, with a brief sketch of his life and phrenological characteristics; also portraits of the late Earl of Beaconsfield, and Sir Josiah Mason. Of the leading articles we may name as being of special interest: "Does Death End All?" "Some Thoughts on the Problem of Poverty," "The Responsibilities of Genius," "Fossils in Mental Science," and "What is a Cold?" The shorter articles are also well laden with information.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH for June comes to us from M. L. Holbrook, publisher, 15 Light street, New York, with "How to Prevent Rheumatism," "Fish as Food," and "Kinesiotherapeutics"—this last formidable-looking word meaning simply the Movement Cure—among its general articles. The remaining contents comprise, under the usual classifications of "Topics of the Month" and "Studies in Hygiene for Women," much information that is very desirable all should know who desire to keep their families and themselves healthy.

THE PRIMARY TEACHER, a Monthly devoted to Interests of Primary Instruction, Wm. E. Sheldon, editor, New England Publishing Co., 16 Hawley street. The June number contains an excellent supply of helps to teachers.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE for June—James Vick, Seedsman and Florist, Rochester, N. Y., publisher—is received, and is a fine number.

Spiritualist Meetings in Brooklyn and New York.

THE SPIRITUALIST CONFERENCE MEETINGS are held at Everett Hall, 285 Fulton street, every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. After the opening exercises, which are given by the Conference, the part in the exercises have spoken, any person in the audience will be free to speak *pro or con*, under the ten-minute rule. J. David, Chairman.

THE SPIRITUAL FRATERNITY CONFERENCE MEETINGS will be held until further notice at Brooklyn Institute, corner Washington and Convent streets, every Friday evening, 8 P. M. J. David, President.

THE EASTERN DISTRICT SPIRITUAL FRATERNITY MEETINGS at Latham's Hall, Ninth street, near Grand, every Sunday, at 7 P. M. J. David, President.

THE EASTERN DISTRICT SPIRITUAL FRATERNITY MEETINGS every Wednesday evening at Phoenix Hall, at 7 P. M. Charles R. Miller, President; W. H. Collins, Secretary.

NEW YORK.

THE PEOPLE'S LIBERAL SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE MEETINGS are held at 10 East 11th street, every Sunday, at 10 P. M. The first speaker is allowed twenty minutes after that, those first recognized by the chairman ten minutes each, and last and strangers having the preference. George F. Welch, Chairman.

Brooklyn (N. Y.) Spiritual Fraternity.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The announcement that Mrs. B. Shepard Little would conduct a meeting, this evening brought together, notwithstanding the intense heat, a large audience, and our hall was well filled. The subject announced for the lecture was "What Will the Future of the Race be?" Mrs. Little pronounced very ably and eloquently, and the speaker said the subject as announced can have a great effect as well as a local character, and proceeded at much length to show the growth and progress of religious ideas in the past, and in the present, and the conditions of human life, using for a text the old saying, "As a man sows so shall he also reap." In tracing the development of man's religious nature it was shown that high conceptions of spirit and truths in the soul of the past, and in the present, and the conditions of human life, and hence a higher civilization; that each soul reaped for himself or herself such a harvest as each one had sown; and that all true progress toward the Divine Spirit must be through the unfoldings of the human mind of personal religious culture; as this divine seed is sown broadcast, each soul is quickened into growth. As the soil is prepared by active and earnest life-work and as the Divine Soul was so largely manifested in the life of Christ, we can very properly regard him as one of the marked stones in the path of religious progress. So with Servetus when his life was sacrificed that free thought and free speech could be made possible. As the fruits of his life were so largely manifested in the life of Christ, we can very properly regard him as one of the marked stones in the path of religious progress. So with Servetus when his life was sacrificed that free thought and free speech could be made possible. As the fruits of his life were so largely manifested in the life of Christ, we can very properly regard him as one of the marked stones in the path of religious progress.

W. J. Colville's Meetings.

On Sunday, June 6th, the morning services at Berkeley Hall, 100 West 42nd street, were attended by five musical selections by members of the Germania Orchestra, following which Mr. W. J. Colville delivered a discourse, his subject being: "The Day of Pentecost." Speaking of the phases of spiritualism, he pointed out the various phases of its development, and the manifestation of an elevating tendency to be a manifestation of the true Holy Spirit. The great need of the age is spiritual unity. Too many efforts are made to do too much, and the result is a confusion of unity. Unity allows of infinite variety, but continues her forces so that one does not clash with another. Nature's flowers are all different, and yet how wonderfully they all accord. One color sets off another; so in the spiritual world, the various phases of spiritualism are all different, and yet how wonderfully they all accord. One color sets off another; so in the spiritual world, the various phases of spiritualism are all different, and yet how wonderfully they all accord. One color sets off another; so in the spiritual world, the various phases of spiritualism are all different, and yet how wonderfully they all accord.

A KANSAS CITY CASE.

Which is the Most Remarkable on Record, as the only Possible Relief

Was Recommended by a Messenger from the Other World.

Kansas City Times.

Learning that something of a very unusual character had occurred in connection with one of our Kansas City merchants, Mr. Justin Robinson, of 1416 Grand avenue, a representative of this paper visited the house last Sunday evening. It happened that he arrived just in time to hear a very interesting and eloquent lecture upon the "Synopsis of the History of a Medium's Life," which Mr. Robinson had been requested to deliver to a large number of friends who had assembled for the purpose.

Addressing Mr. Robinson afterward on the subject of the visit, we were informed that it was true he had received a message from the materialized presence of his deceased mother, in which she recommended a remedy for what the doctors pronounced an incurable disease.

Reporter: "It is so seldom those outside of your circle hear of such practical communications being received from the other world, I wish you would tell me all about it."

Mr. Robinson: "Very well; where shall I commence? At the suffering and inconvenience I experienced from the malady—Bright's Disease of the Kidneys?"

"No; I think not. Most of our readers know about the disease, and that it is considered incurable. Tell me how your mother came to give you this message. Has she ever appeared at any other times?"

"Yes, I have seen her several times; sometimes, when all alone, and at other times in the presence of many witnesses, when she became materialized under the influence of a medium. On this occasion I was alone, at night, and in my bed, where I had been confined for a long time by the disease. My mother silently approached it is a strange fact that while we can feel their touch we can never hear their tread, and sitting by the bedside, took my hand and began to talk. There were several subjects discussed which I do not care to mention; after which she proceeded to tell me that there was yet a work for me to do, which must be performed before I could secure my mission here on earth as accomplished."

"Could you have accomplished it in the embossed condition in which you then were?"

"Oh, no; and I so replied to my mother, asking what there was I could take that would restore me to health. She told me that there was one remedy that would cure Bright's disease of the kidneys, as had been revealed to her in spirit-life, and that was Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure; and that I must use it, for my future usefulness depended upon that alone."

"Did you hesitate about following this instruction?"

"Not at all. I had suffered so for ten years that it had become part of my life to try anything I could hear of which might possibly be of benefit; and if a stranger, instead of my mother's spirit, had first told me of this wonderful remedy, I should have used it just the same. Why, I believe I had given a trial to every other remedy known, besides visiting nearly every medical spring in the country, and employing the services of numerous physicians. At this time I had severe pains in the region of the kidneys, from which they darted up my back, into my head, and even attacked my eyes—the pains in the spine being especially violent. I had not been out of bed for a week, and yet, three days after, I was so improved as to be up and about, and my improvement continued steadily until I had used fifteen bottles of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, when I considered its further use unneeded for it. It had done me more good than all the other medicines together that I had taken in ten years."

"Do they use medicine in the spirit-world?"

"Oh, no! There is no sickness there. But the inhabitants of that land see and know everything which occurs here, and they have that higher vision which enables them to distinguish the good from the bad, and see what would be best for our use here below."

"Could you feel the presence of your mother's hand in yours, like the touch of a human hand?"

"Yes, with this exception: It did not seem like a human touch of flesh and blood. Not that it was cold and clammy, but there was an absence of warmth and vitality, almost of that sense of communication such as occurs when two members of our world come in contact."

"Has your mother ever recommended this medicine to others?"

"Not that I am aware of. But I have done so frequently, and every one who has tried it has been benefited thereby."

Hearing a car approaching we hastily said good-by, feeling as we departed that we had listened to a remarkable experience, and that Mr. Robinson certainly had the appearance of being a perfectly healthy man. Happening to meet Mr. J. A. White, the druggist, who has just opened a new store at 720 East Twelfth street, we mentioned the above incident, and asked if he believed there was a cure for Bright's and other chronic kidney troubles. He answered:

"Yes, sir, I do. I know there is."

"How do you know?"

"From my own experience and from the testimony of others. I had been a victim of kidney disease for a long time, and as it was continually growing more troublesome I was changing from one remedy to another. I guess I tried every proprietary medicine in my establishment as well as every prescription I could think of. I consulted three different physicians, the most prominent in the place, and learned from them that it was a severe kidney trouble, which I already knew, besides receiving prescriptions which I had already prepared and tried. I had many of the most annoying as well as painful symptoms and suffered more than I like to remember even at this distant date. One day, when having such pains in my back that it seemed as if I could not endure the agony many hours, I had occasion to bend over for something under the counter, when the pain became so intensified that I was temporarily paralyzed and unable to rise. After being helped to a couch I chanced to remember of some remarkable cures credited to Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and sent out for a bottle, as I had never kept any up to that time in my store."

"Then you do keep it now?"

"Well, I should say that I did; and I never expect to keep anything better. Why, in two days I had received more benefit than I had from all the medicine previously taken; and before exhausting the first bottle I was completely cured. I looked upon it as almost miraculous, in my case, for generally not less than three bottles are necessary, as it is a medicine which slowly builds up the worn-out and exhausted kidneys, instead of one which stimulates those organs."

"My wife has since used it, and derived the greatest benefit therefrom. It is a medicine that I recommend exclusively in such diseases, because it has the rare merit of being perfectly harmless of itself, yet beneficial in all derangements of the liver and kidneys, from biliousness to Bright's disease."

Two inevitable conclusions come to every reader of advanced ideas from the above facts. First, the inhabitants of this earth are watched and cared for by the dwellers in higher spheres, and secondly, a remedy which is recommended from the other world and so thoroughly endorsed in this, must possess most wonderful merits, and such as recommend it to all who have the elements of disease, or are suffering and longing for happiness.

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

NEW ERA HALL.—The Showman Spiritualist Lectures in this hall, 176 Tremont street, every Sunday at 10 P. M. J. B. Hatch, Conductor.

PAINE MEMORIAL HALL.—Children's Progressive Lectures, every Sunday at 10 P. M. J. B. Hatch, Conductor.

REVERLEY HALL.—Free Spiritual Meetings are held in this hall, 100 South Street, every Sunday at 8 P. M. J. B. Hatch, Conductor.

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Lyons.

MECHANICS' HALL.—Dr. Geo. Burdett informs us that Mrs. H. Morse, of Boston, occupied the platform at this place on Sunday, May 29th, giving two excellent discourses. Her subject in the afternoon was "Life—Its Aim and Objects," in the evening, "Man—His Role in the Universe." On Sunday, June 5th, Mrs. C. M. Ireland, Mrs. Kimball, of Peabody, and Mrs. E. M. Libby, of Salem, were to occupy the platform.

First Session of Spiritualists.

Our Conference meetings continue to be very interesting, as well as profitable; and we are really having some fine things. On Sunday, June 5th, Mr. C. M. Ireland, of Peabody, and Mrs. E. M. Libby, of Salem, were to occupy the platform.

Mr. J. William Fletcher.

On Tuesday evening, May 31st, there was a large and select audience at Mr. Fletcher's benefit, held in Academy Hall, Philadelphia. The exercises consisted of music, readings, &c., followed by a lecture by Mr. Fletcher upon "Jerusalem." This lecture, delivered for the one hundred and sixty-third time, has never yet failed in exciting much interest and entertaining the audiences. After its delivery a short service was given by Mrs. C. M. Ireland, the California medium. Sunday, June 5th, Mr. Fletcher was to speak in Beverly, Mass., and was greeted by two good audiences. Many people were present from Salem and adjacent towns. After the evening lecture some very striking tests were given.

The Voice of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia.

Whereas, J. William Fletcher, late of England, has been engaged during the months of March and May of this year, 1881, to the great satisfaction of the members of the First Association of Spiritualists of Philadelphia as their speaker in the public meetings regularly held by them; now be it

Echoes from Brooklyn.

From a letter written by S. W. R., Recording Secretary of the Children's Progressive Lyceum at Prospect Park was a grand success. The members of the school desire to return their sincere thanks to all who by monetary or other means helped on the enterprise.

Spiritualist's Picnic.

The Eighth Annual Picnic of the Association of Spiritualists of Western Connecticut will be held at Lake Umbagog, N. H., on Sunday, June 12th, 1881.

Echoes from Brooklyn.

From a letter written by S. W. R., Recording Secretary of the Children's Progressive Lyceum at Prospect Park was a grand success. The members of the school desire to return their sincere thanks to all who by monetary or other means helped on the enterprise.