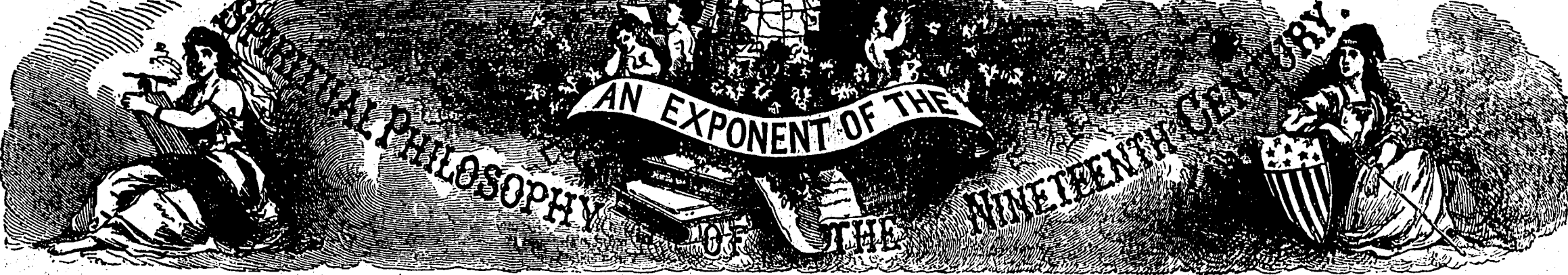


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Spiritual Phenomena.

A TEST-SEANCE BY R. J. SHEAR.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In these days of skepticism regarding spiritualistic phenomena, excepting that of the past, which is founded solely upon blind faith and the teaching of the founders and followers of the Orthodox Church, it is gratifying indeed to all honest, earnest searchers after truth to be enabled to furnish incontrovertible evidence of facts relating to the matter, though they may be stranger than fiction. The subject of spirit-materialization has of late commanded wide interest and attention, and the limited knowledge on the subject, possessed even by many so-called Spiritualists, has called for test-seances by materializing mediums.

Though it be humiliating and trying in the extreme to an honest medium to have his or her honesty questioned, and be required not infrequently to submit to cruel and unreasonable tests, to avoid being branded as an impostor and fraud, yet the manifestations are so marvelous and the human mind is so peculiarly constructed, that to those who have not been "born again," facts, not mere fancy or faith, are required to satisfy the understanding and judgment in this matter. Recently we have had an opportunity of taking a little testimony in the city of Albany, pertinent to the matter in issue, which I will briefly present to the many readers of your widely circulated and valuable journal.

On the evening of the 21st inst. Mr. R. J. Shear, of Dalton, Mass., held a materializing seance at the house of Mr. Watkins, 90 Beaver street, in this city. Although Mr. Shear had not fully recovered from a recent severe illness, he consented to submit to any test which might be agreed upon by those present to witness the manifestations.

The medium brought with him no cabinet, traps, or paraphernalia of any kind. A cabinet, however, was readily improvised by covering a skeleton frame, made of thin, narrow strips of pine tacked together, with black muslin, the frame being about four feet wide by six feet deep, and about six feet high.

This cabinet was placed against the bare solid front wall of the front parlor, between the windows, the opening fronting the centre of the parlor.

A little before eight o'clock in the evening, about fifteen persons had assembled, a majority of whom were skeptics. It was agreed that a committee of three should accompany the medium to his room, and make a thorough examination. This committee accompanied the medium to his room, where he entirely disrobed himself, in which condition it was decided that he should sit in the cabinet. Fearing the medium might take cold without any covering upon him, a dark woollen shawl was thrown about his person, which he held about himself with his hands. In this condition he entered the cabinet. The writer was one of the committee, and saw the medium from the moment he disrobed himself until he was seated in the cane-bottomed chair, the only article in the cabinet. Indeed, no other person approached the cabinet after the medium entered, but the writer, until after the manifestations hereinafter described had occurred.

After a few moments of singing by those present, accompanied by music on a melodeon, the curtain in front of the cabinet was moved one side and a fully materialized form, apparently that of a female, came out, completely clothed in pure white garments. After remaining outside for a short time the form withdrew

into the cabinet and soon reappeared as before. The form was life-like and real in appearance, although unrecognized by any one present, and the clothing seemed real and substantial. Soon after this form retired within the cabinet, the curtain was moved aside, and what appeared to the writer to be a shawl of pure white material was passed from out the cabinet and waved for several moments. Soon after this another form, apparently that of a male, came out of the cabinet, clothed with a light grey suit. After remaining for a short time it disappeared within the cabinet unrecognized. In a short time the medium came out of the cabinet with the dark shawl about him, held in the same manner as when he entered. He seated himself in a chair near the cabinet, being still in a trance. He soon returned to the cabinet, but shortly came out and threw himself on a sofa; where he lay entranced for twenty minutes, when he came out of the trance and at once retired to bed, claiming to be suffering from extreme exhaustion.

During this seance the light was sufficient to enable every person in the room to be plainly recognized. Every person present was satisfied as to the genuine mediumship of Mr. Shear. The writer can honestly affirm that there was not within the cabinet a particle of clothing or cloth, neither was any taken in by the medium, or introduced by any person while the medium was in it, except the dark woollen shawl; and every one present can affirm that the forms which appeared were clothed with other and different articles than the shawl.

Sunday evening Mr. Shear held another seance at the same place, about twenty persons being present, when some eight or nine different forms came out of the cabinet; some writing their names on a paper placed on a stand near the cabinet; others talking from behind the curtain, or through a hollow roll of paper. One of the medium's guides, purporting to be his father, declared that the medium must not submit to any more such tests as he did the night before, as it was very injurious, and greatly retarded the manifestations.

I have told the simple truth as to what I saw and know; now let skeptics and philosophers explain the phenomena. A. B. PRATT.
Albany, N. Y., Jan. 23d, 1882.

(From the Franklin (Ind.) Jeffersonian, Feb. 20.)
INGERSOLL AND SLADE.
SLATE-WRITING EXTRAORDINARY.

Editor Jeffersonian:

A few days ago I received a visit from a friend of mine in Wisconsin. He is well acquainted with Robert Ingersoll, and has often been at his house; and he related to me the following little anecdote concerning him (which transpired only a few weeks ago), which may be interesting to many of your readers.

Bob took it into his head to pay a visit to Henry Slade, the celebrated slate-writing medium, and who, my friend says, is the handsomest man he ever saw, full of energy and magnetic power. Ingersoll purchased a double slate, and tying it together, proceeded to Mr. Slade's residence, who, being acquainted with him, asked him if he wished to get a communication. "That is what I came for," said Bob, placing the slate on the table and covering it with his arms to prevent Mr. S. from touching it. "Mr. Ingersoll," said Slade, "you do not believe in a future state—how can you expect to have a message sent you from that world?" "Never mind," said Bob, "I want to test your skill in this matter, and if you are successful, I may perhaps change my opinion."

They then sat down, one at each end of a long dining-table. Presently Mr. Ingersoll placed his ear to the slate and said he heard some scratching going on, and in a few moments Slade told him to open the slate. He did so, and to his astonishment, found the paper inside leaves of the slate covered with writing. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "this is my brother's writing, and signed by him. Where did it come from? Who wrote it?" "That," replied Mr. S., "you are best able to decide. No one has touched the slate but yourself." "Mr. Slade," he said, "I am exceedingly obliged to you for this beautiful test; there is much room for thought here. And, taking up the slate, he wished him good-night.

May not this incident be the means of causing a reaction in the mind of Ingersoll, and bring him not only to believe in a future state, but in a supreme intelligent Being, who governs and controls the universe. What surprises me most is, that Christians who profess to believe and revere their Bible, as the promulgator of all truth, should scoff and sneer at these practical developments, when that book is full of the historical record of similar manifestations, and before the introduction of fakes and paper messages of a like import and character were written even upon the walls of houses and palaces. Well might they exclaim with Ingersoll, "Who wrote this? Where did it come from?"

But there is an old saying, "Let him laugh that wins," and I can afford to smile at the obstinate incredulity (shall I say willful ignorance?) of many who will not admit that a universal and divine intelligence exists, and over has existed, that governs the whole universe of God, controls and directs all things, and manifests itself in various ways for wise and benevolent purposes both in the physical, as well as in the spiritual world. If (as the good Bishop Simpson says) our departed friends are often close to our elbow, is there anything so very wonderful that they should be able to whisper to us, or send us a loving message, when by the law that governs their spiritual nature they are desirous and in a condition to do so?

"Be not surprised," said Jesus to his disciples; "the time will come when my faithful followers shall be able to perform even greater things than you see me do." S. P. HEINEKEN.

A remarkable case of ingratitude is reported from Plymouth, Mass., where a benevolent lady raised by subscription a sum of money for a destitute family, and with it made them clothing and purchased other necessities. The object of pity showed her gratitude by seeking the arrest of the lady who solicited the money in her name, claiming that she had no right to use it up in purchases, but should have given her the cash.

A physician, on presenting his bill to the executor of an estate of a deceased patient, asked: "Do you wish to have my bill sworn to?" "No," replied the executor, "the death of the deceased is sufficient evidence that you attended him professionally."

Foreign Correspondence.

ECHOES FROM ENGLAND.

NUMBER THIRTY-ONE.

BY J. J. MORSE.

Special Correspondent and European Agent of the Banner of Light.

The old year with all its trials has passed from us, and, in spite of Dame Shipton's prophecy, we are still here. When will people learn to appraise these reputed prophecies of telluric dissolution at their proper worth? Too often such things are only sources of needless alarm to sensitive natures, and, at best, they but serve to show the ignorance and crass stupidity of those who formulate them. By the increased knowledge of the laws governing this world, we are realizing that the reign of law is paramount in all departments of terrestrial existence, and through that increased knowledge we are slowly emerging from beliefs in the silly and mischievous declarations afloat the end of the world that have so often terrified the superstitious and unscientific. It may be questioned, after all, if the year just gone was either better or worse than many that have preceded it. Certainly nations have had sorrows, people trials, crops have failed, and Spiritualism has had its checks in other years as well as the one past, and, on the whole, these inevitable disagreeablenesses were no more plentiful last year than in other periods. Instead of crying over past errors or lamenting coming terrors, let us, with sturdy hearts and strong hands, do the duty of the hour and help in the world's progress and the happiness of our kind. After that, Mr. Editor, let me wish yourself, the staff, and every reader of the *Banner of Light* a happy and prosperous New Year.

The friends of Mr. E. W. Wallis are much gratified to read of the success which continues to mark his visit to your ever hospitable shores, and not a few readers of the *Banner* are greatly pleased at the reports of Mr. Wallis's orations printed therein. But the *Banner* always does its best to help worthy workers in our cause. Mr. Wallis is expected home by the end of April.

The new year has not been marked by any special features here, so far as Spiritualism is concerned, the condition of things remaining much the same as at my last writing. The British National Association of Spiritualists continues its usual fortnightly conferences, the interest of which is fairly sustained. Mr. E. W. Wallis recently read a paper upon his "Personal Experiences in Spiritualism," and when it is stated Mr. Wallis is one of our oldest and best non-professional mediums, and that Mr. Wallis's paper dealt with the phenomena witnessed through the above lady's mediumship, extending over a period of about fifteen years, your readers may judge how interesting the paper was.

The B. N. A. S. recently made an arrangement with the writer for a series of what are termed "Evenings with Mr. Morse," which are held on alternate Monday evenings, and have been exceedingly successful, alike in point of attendance and result obtained from the spirit-controls. The evenings evidently meet an appreciable want.

The many friends of W. H. Harrison will regret to learn from his published statement in his paper, *The Spiritualist*, for Jan. 20th, that unless funds are immediately provided, he will be compelled to abandon the publication of his paper. It is scarcely likely that his friends will fail to support him, as no doubt they will as cordially assist him now as on previous occasions.

The *Medium* presents many excellent features, and has entered upon the new year with unabated vigor. It decidedly improves in tone, and is a capital popular exponent of Spiritualism.

Commencing with its first issue for the new year, *Light* was enlarged to sixteen pages. It is surely winning its way to the front, and on all sides the readers pronounce it by far the best periodical that has ever been devoted to Spiritualism in England. Its staff of contributors comprise the leading and most cultured writers in the cause, and there is little doubt but it will be by far the most influential journal here in future.

A Magazine for the children of Spiritualists, *Little Hands and Little Heads*, edited by Mr. J. S. Farmer, has just come out. It is very nicely got up, illustrated with pretty engravings, and contains interesting short tales of a spiritual and moral character. On this matter more in my next.

Information reaches me as this is being written, of the publication of a work entitled "Chronicles of Spirit-Photography," which contains fifty-four miniature reproductions of genuine spirit-photographs through the mediumship of Hudson, a one time excellent medium for such phenomena. It should be a useful addition to the evidence concerning the department of spiritual manifestations it deals with.

The progress of Spiritualism in the Provinces is receiving an excellent stimulus by the able services of Mrs. E. H. Britten, who is in a state of constant activity upon our various rostrums in the northern and midland counties, her services in every case evoking the utmost enthusiasm, and producing the happiest results. It is a matter of regretful concern that her stay in this country is not a permanent one, for her services are of such value that if she remained here for good it would be a benefit indeed to all concerned in the progress of the cause.

Miss Lottie Fowler is still with us, and meets with a full share of patronage, which is but her due, as she is certainly a most wonderful clairvoyant medium.

Mr. Willie Eglington, the celebrated medium, is at Calcutta, and according to reports received direct, and information printed in the *Indian Mirror*, is meeting with remarkable success. A late manifestation, of which it is affirmed that it comprised the instantaneous transference of a letter from Calcutta to London and back, has set us questioning what next? Mr. Eglington's powers are of a marked nature, and his mediumship is calculated by its results, to stagger the most obstinate of skeptics.

When is Dr. J. M. Peebles's new book upon Jesus to come out? It is often asked for.

Well, sir, as space is valuable let me close this article with the wish that our spirit ministrants may find us all willing workers for humanity and the truth. If so the progress of humanity will be accelerated, and our own happiness increased.

The Progressive Literature Agency and European Depot of Colby & Rich, 4 New Bridge street, Ludgate Circus, London, E. C.

Literary Department.

"OLD GRIP";

OR,

WHAT CAME OF A WOODEN WEDDING.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BY GRACE LELAND.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

One more fragmentary picture, and then we will drop Damon Burrill from our annals, till we return to greet "Old Grip," on the morning after the wooden wedding.

He was sitting at his secretary, one morning, toward noon, assorting papers, and finishing some writing which had occupied his leisure hours for several days, when he was suddenly called away. The call was an urgent one, and he expected to return in a few moments; so his pen was left in the inkstand, and his papers scattered over the desk.

Little Gayle, then a bright, promising child of seven years, was amusing himself in another part of the room, with his box of paints and some pictures. He did not notice his father's prolonged absence; nor did he see, at first, his little pet kitten, which walked demurely in at the open door, and jumped upon the secretary.

Gayle had a taste for colors, and he was as intent on his blue sky—very blue—and green trees and meadows, of an unvarying green—as older artists are on nicer points, when engaged in their work; and the slight rustle of the loose papers under the tiny, velvety paws, did not distract his attention. It only took a few seemingly innocent turns, and soft strokes of those same little paws, to overturn the ink, which rapidly spread and soaked into the papers. Kitty seemed satisfied when she had done this mischief, and, jumping down, went soberly to the busy child, putting her face affectionately up to his.

Strange mystery! What power guided that harmless little creature to bring about so terrible a grief to the innocent child?

We cannot see through blinding griefs the joys that lie beyond!

"Why, Kitty?" said the little boy. "Here I see my picture, Kitty. Oh! you don't care for it, because there's no little mouse running over it. Pretty soon I'll play with you, Kitty dear; but I must finish this picture first. I've two cows to paint; and I'll have this one red, and that one shall have a sort of mixed up color, with spots on it, like our old 'Spot' Mooley."

Kitty seemed to take no particular interest in the fine arts, but walked away to the door, and was soon chasing a butterfly.

Gayle finished his picture, and laid away his things. Then he took a run in the yard, and played awhile with his ball. He had just returned to the sitting-room, and was bounding his ball a few times by throwing it on the floor, when his father came in. Something had occurred which had irritated him exceedingly. Going to his desk to look for a certain paper, he beheld the mischief which Kitty had done. Some very valuable papers had been rendered for the most part illegible.

"Gayle!" he exclaimed, in a tone which made the child tremble, "I'll teach you to meddle with my things! Go out to the wood-shed, and bring me a good large switch. You will find some there. Start, this instant!" he continued, as the child looked at him in terror and amazement.

"Why, papa!" said the little boy, "I did n't do that! I have n't been there!"

"Who has, then?"

"I do n't know."

Hastening to the housekeeper, he inquired if she knew aught of the matter, or if any one but Gayle had been in the room. She knew nothing of it, and said she should have known if any one besides Gayle had been in.

Gayle stood by the secretary, distressed and perplexed. His father shrank from rebuking him. He had never struck him severely. He thought of another method.

"I'll attend to you, sir!" he said, as he began to take away the soiled papers. The housekeeper came in, and the secretary was restored to order. Throwing himself into a large easy-chair, he said to Gayle, kindly now:

"Come to me, my son."

Gayle went to him, with an eager, wistful look on his fine face.

"Now tell me, Gayle, the truth about this. I have concluded not to whip you, but I must punish you in some way, to teach you not to meddle with my papers. But if you tell me a lie, I shall punish you much more severely than I should for anything else."

"Papa, I did n't do it." Slowly and earnestly the child spoke these words.

"And you look me in the face and tell me such a lie as that?" said his father, his temper again aroused.

"It isn't a lie, papa!" sobbed the child. "I was here, painting, a long while, and then I went out and played ball awhile; and then I had just come in, and was bounding my ball a few times, when you came, and I did n't know the ink was spilled."

"So you've been bounding your ball here! And instead of owning up that your ball accidentally flew up, and hit the inkstand, you prefer to tell a miserable, cowardly lie!"

"Oh, papa! my ball didn't fly up! I was the

other side of the room, and I did n't go that way at all. Why, papa! I can't say I did it, for I didn't!"

But the man's temper blinded him to the clear, truthful gaze of his child, and his heart grew yet sterner. With an effort at self-control, he said:

"Gayle, now hear me. I know that you spilled the ink. There has been no one else here to do it. If you will confess that you did it I will not punish you. Your fears, perhaps, will have been punishment enough. But—and here his voice grew hard and stern—"but if you persist in denying it, you shall leave this house. I have no home for a boy that will tell a lie. I have no love for him. He is no boy of mine, for I always spoke the truth."

"Instead of having your dinner," he continued, "you may think about this and decide what you will do; whether you will tell the truth, and be my own little boy, or whether you will continue to tell a lie, and leave your home, and be nobody's boy."

Mr. Burrill went to his dinner, but he was ill at ease, and ate but little. He was lonely without his happy, prattling child beside him, and the meal was soon over.

Poor little Gayle stood overwhelmed with the painful mystery that was pressing so cruelly around and upon him. He was too much perplexed to shed many tears. He was too bewildered even to think. He followed the true instinct of a fine nature, and to his father's repeated question on his return he only replied as before.

"If I had done it I would say so, papa; but I did not do it!"

"Who did?" asked his father, sternly.

"I do n't know. I did n't see anybody."

And in truth the child wondered how it could have been done. Even if he had thought of his kitten, he would not have associated her with the deed.

"Once more," said his father, "answer me. If you say 'yes' you stay; if you say 'no' you go. Did you spill the ink?"

The child burst out into a fit of weeping.

"Answer me, Gayle; did you spill the ink?"

"No," he sobbed; and he repeated—"No! no!"—as if the word were an intelligence, pushing itself into a more distinct utterance; or as if he would convince his father that he was indeed speaking the truth.

But the father saw only what he deemed to be an obstinacy in falsehood, which he believed it to be his duty to uproot and destroy.

"Gayle, look at me!" said he. The child looked through blinding tears. Pointing to the door, Mr. Burrill added:

"Leave the house! You do n't belong to me!

You can get along without any father, or any home, till you are ready to acknowledge that you spilled the ink. Go out, and do n't you come back again till you are ready to say that you did it!"

Sobbing as if his heart would break, Gayle walked slowly out of the house.

Let not the reader think that, in taking this course with little Gayle, Damon Burrill was prompted wholly by his own passions. He was not so hardened, so utterly selfish, as to lose sight of his child's good and happiness, which he really desired. But, like many better men and women—parents more conscientious than he—he made a fatal mistake. He could not read the heart of the little one; he judged from appearances only, when he should have trusted more in the inherent truthfulness of the child. He had never told a lie; and his father should have searched and sifted every attending circumstance, before believing him guilty of falsehood now. Yet, so firm, so unyielding had he become, so willful in all things, that he would not acknowledge himself in the wrong; and he even convinced himself that it was his duty to adhere to his word, and not receive his child to his home again till he made the required confession. He supposed that the first shades of evening would bring him back, penitent and hungry, and he looked forward, almost impatiently, to the hour when he could take back and forgive, and—as he rarely did—kiss his child "good-night."

Little Gayle walked along the door-yard, sobbing bitterly. He sat down on a large stone and looked wistfully back at the house, hoping and yet dreading to see his father.

Soon his father came to the door and looked out. Seeing Gayle, he again said, severely:

"You are not to come back, remember, till you will own that you did it. Till you do, this is no home of yours, and you are no boy of mine!"

Oh! how cruelly those words fell into the tender heart of the child!

And the father turning back, with a grim satisfaction in performing what he imagined to be a parent's duty, felt even as he spoke an upbraiding of conscience, a tender yearning to take his child into his arms with words of kindness. But like many a faithful and conscien-

tious yet mistaken parent, he wronged his child in thought and in deed.

Gayle sat there long and wept. Again and again his father came to the door, and looked out at him, but said nothing. Finally Gayle's fertile imagination began to work.

"Papa doesn't want me to stay here," he thought to himself. "He wants me to go away. And I'll go! I'll go off ever so far. Papa doesn't want his little boy any longer. He's got tired of me, I suppose; and, anyhow, I can't live here any more, because he won't let me, unless I say I did spill the ink. I didn't do it, and so I can't say that I did! There papa comes again. I'll ask him if he wants me to go 'way off and never come back again."

And the earnest voice called out: "Papa!"

But the misguided man, listening to what he believed to be the voice of duty, heeded not his child. In a few minutes he came again to the door.

"Papa," said Gayle again, more timidly than before.

"You needn't call me 'Papa!' you are no boy of mine," was the harsh reply.

And then the heart of the lone child felt a

cruel weight of woe for one so young to bear.

Soon Gayle arose and walked slowly down

the hill and up the road. He had no aim in

view. He only felt that he must go. He

walked about half a mile to a pleasant spot on

the river's bank where he had often been with

his father. Here he threw himself on the

ground and wept as if his heart would break.

At last he arose, irresolute, knowing not what

to do. He climbed up on a high rock which

overhung the river and looked down into the

deep waters, which at this place formed a

swift current. He broke off a dead branch

from a bush near-by and dropped it in, and

watched it as it was carried swiftly out of sight.

But he was in no mood for entertaining him-

self, and the tears again flowed freely.

By a little careless motion, aided by a sudden

breeze, while wiping away his tears, his hand-

kerchief fell from his hand. He saw it catch

on some twigs growing out of a cleft in the side

of the rock immediately over the rapids. He

knew at once that he could not reach it.

"There, now! I've lost my handkerchief!"

he exclaimed aloud; and at once commenced

to search in all his pockets for another. His

face brightened, as from one pocket, with its

proverbial list of articles without an end, he

drew forth another.

He sat down on the top of the rock again, and

his thoughts were busy.

"I wonder," thought he, "what little boys

do when their papas won't let them stay at

home any more. Oh! I know! there was a boy

—but he was a big boy—that came around to

get work. I suppose I could go somewhere and

get work. I can do a good many things, and

somewhere, where they have n't any little boy,

I guess they will be glad to have me come and

live."

Least the reader may think it strange that the

child did not seek some relative, or kind neighbor,

in his abandonment, I will say, in passing,

that the parents of Mrs. Burrill were dead, and

Gayle knew no relative but his father. He had

been kept aloof from the neighbors, as far as

possible, and had been repeatedly taught by his

father not to go to any of them for favors.

Gayle arose, and looked in all directions. He

was thinking which way he would go. Three

roads lay before him. One would take him back

to his home. Another, leading to the south,

looked pleasant, as it led away through villages

and cultivated fields. The other road lay

through a wooded valley; but beyond, in the

far distance, rose the White Mountains. The

child's eyes were fixed on those distant peaks.

A few moments he stood, almost as if listening

to a voice; then, suddenly turning, and spring-

ing down the rock, he walked on fast, and took

the road that led through the forest.

It seemed a child's whim when he turned his

steps toward those far, dim mountains. An

older—and we should say wiser—person would

have gone in the opposite direction, toward the

fuller tide of civilized life, and the hurry and

press of business excitement. But in the heart

of this little child there was an unseen prompt-

er, a heavenly voice, which he heeded; and an

invisible hand pointed the way toward the dis-

tant hills. Shall I tell you why? A trying

place is waiting there—an appointed meeting

between two who now know not each other;

and this appointment, made in the Divine Will,

must be kept by them. And each, unconscious

of the future meeting, hastens thitherward!

There was a little shrinking of the child's

heart, as he entered the deep, silent wood. It

struck a feeling of awe through his spirit, and

for a moment he stopped. He listened, half in

fear. The mysterious voices of that solitary

spot soothed and reassured him, and he felt a

sort of companionship in nature, which he re-

cognized gladly, although he could not have told

it in words.

Mile after mile he walked steadily on, only,

now and then, sitting a little while to rest on

some stone or mossy bank.

The poor child was very hungry and very

tired. Still the interminable forest was around

him. He had looked for some time, as he passed

along, for berries, but had not seen any. At

last he stopped, and throwing himself down on

the bank by the roadside, he moaned—

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! Papa! papa! papa!"

But he was too weary to weep as he had done

before.

He looked up at the sky, through the screen

of tree-tops, with a sort of bewilderment, won-

dering where God was, and if he had forgotten

his little boy. Then he wondered if he had al-

most reached the end of the world where no-

body lived. He began to feel very lonely and

almost afraid.

Suddenly he spied near him a large bush al-

most covered with ripe blackberries. He start-

ed up with a sudden "Hurrah!" which was, I

doubt not, an acceptable thanksgiving to the

Divine Giver of all good.

He ate freely of the berries, and felt refreshed.

"I don't feel afraid any more," was his

thought as he started on. "But I do wish I

could see somebody. It's a great while since

I've met anyone. I wonder if I'm not going to

get to anywhere! Where is somewhere, I wonder?"

It was not long before the shades of evening

sifted down through the silence and the loneli-

ness, and still the child wandered alone in the

heart of the forest.

A new courage and light was infused into his

heart. Do you know why and how, dear read-

er? Is your spiritual vision opened? Do you

see the ministering angel, the loving spirit-

mother, guiding, supporting, comforting her

child? Could the Divine Love be better ex-

pressed or better manifested toward his chil-

dren than thus—by commissioning the freed

spirits in his mansions above to return to min-

ister to the needs of their loved ones below?

Most blessed privilege! thrice blessed ministry!

And in, and above, and beyond all—Glorious!

The child found a dry, mossy bank, under

the shelter of the bushes, before it was quite

dark, and there he laid himself down. He re-

peated his "Now I lay me"—and then added a

few petitions in his own words, as follows:

"Oh God, dear Father in heaven! take good

care of me to-night, I pray, and don't let the

bears or woodchucks find me. And oh! bless

papa, and make him know that I didn't spill

the ink nor tell a lie. Amen."

"I guess God can hear my prayers here, just

as well as if I was at home," he said, talking to

himself; for he longed to hear the sound of

some voice, even if it were only his own. Very

soon sleep closed his eyelids, and the air around

him was holy with the presence of angels.

Returning to find the misguided father, we

learn that he has gone away to a neighboring

town. Before leaving he looked for Gayle, but,

though disappointed, he felt no alarm at not

finding him. Knowing—as he supposed he did

—that the child had done wrong, he also knew

that he would not long resist his own better

nature; and he was, therefore, certain that he

would soon come to him and acknowledge his

fault. He had hoped he would come to him be-

fore he left, for he would be absent till nearly

night.

During the afternoon an uneasy thought of

his child occasionally oppressed him in the

midst of his business, and he hastened home

sooner than he would otherwise have done.

As he drove up to his home he looked, hoping

to see his little boy bounding toward him, with

his usual happy greeting, and impatient for a

reconciliation.

The silence of the place struck a foreboding

through his mind of which he could not rid

himself. Quickly unharnessing his horse, he

hurried into the house.

"Where is Gayle?" he asked of his house-

keeper.

"I have n't seen him. I thought he went

with you," she answered.

A half-audible oath broke from his lips. He

hastened to the door, then turned back.

"Where and when did you see him last?" he

asked.

"When he sat on the stone crying, and you

were at the door looking at him. About half

an hour after that I looked out and he was n't

there. I have n't seen him since."

Mr. Burrill searched every room in the house,

every nook and corner of the barn and other

buildings, then over the fields, and through a

piece of woodland on his own farm. Again and

again he called his name, but only echo an-

swered him. He went to his neighbors and in-

quired if they had seen his boy. One woman

had seen him pass early in the afternoon, walk-

ing slowly. She thought he had been crying.

Her husband kindly joined Mr. Burrill in his

search.

Inquiries made of several persons, as they

went on, proved that they were on the right

track, for they had seen him pass. At last they

met one man who had seen a little boy that

afternoon, standing alone on the high rock over-

hanging the rapids.

"I thought at the time," said he, "it was a

dangerous place for such a little fellow, but I

supposed he had some older person with him

there, and I was in a hurry, and didn't stop."

They climbed eagerly up the steep rock, and

his father called his name again and again,

thinking he might have dropped asleep some-

where near-by. Suddenly one of his compan-

ions exclaimed:

"Hollo! What's that?" He pointed to the

tiny handkerchief fluttering in the wind, from

the fissure in the rock below.

The father looked with eager, straining eyes.

He could see the peculiar pattern of the col-

ored border, and recognized it as Gayle's.

"Oh, my God!" broke from his lips, and he

staggered and would have fallen had not his

companions prevented him.

"My boy is drowned!" he gasped, and in the

sudden shock of agony he would have thrown

himself into the river had he not been held by

strong arms; for men were gathering fast at

the rumor of a lost child.

The only thing that seemed to reach the mind

of the unhappy man with any meaning was the

suggestion, from several of the men, that yet

the child might not be drowned. He might

have dropped his handkerchief and walked on.

Perhaps they would find him, yet. It was a

faint hope; they all felt that probably the child

had slipped into the river, for he had evidently

stood in a very dangerous spot.

Yet the possibility that this was not the case,

that the child might be living yet, nerved their

hearts to a general search. Bells were rung

and the people called together; just as night

was closing in, and a company of strong men

with kind hearts was organized, to proceed with

such method as should make the search a thor-

ough one. And the mothers in the village

clasped their arms more tightly around their

little ones, and prayed with streaming eyes for

the poor little wanderer.

The great forest was searched. Lanterns

glanced here and there, the dead boughs and

bushes crackled ceaselessly to the sweep of arms

and tread of feet, voices resounded, and on the

air was many times echoed the name of Gayle.

The sounds and voices in the distance would

have reached an ear that was awake, in the spot

where Gayle lay; but the boy was locked in a

slumber, whose keys were kept by loving, wise

ones, and he slept on. The sounds died away

in the distance, and the boy was not found.

Not forsaken, sweet child, not forsaken art

thou! Only taken from an unwise parent, to

be guided, through many dangers, but safely at

last, to the shelter of a true and loving heart.

God and his angels are keeping thee!

[Continued in our next.]

AN examination of the delta of

would try. He did, and brought me a strawberry geranium leaf. I tell you I would not and dare not doubt Spiritualism after that. The admission fee to those séances was the small sum of one dollar; and I would not begrudge fifty dollars for that precious leaf, precious to me because my darling little spirit-girl sent it by "Sky" to me.

Mrs. Simpson leaves us to-day (Jan. 27th) en route for her home. We regret very much that she cannot stay with us longer, for she would do a good work in our city were she to remain. She is a lady of good common sense, and is loved and respected by all who know her. Her numerous friends here wish her many happy years on this plane.

California.

SANTA ANA.—D. Edson Smith writes: "A very remarkable medium for physical manifestations is being developed in this place. His name is Knight. He came here last August, an unbeliever in Spiritualism, and was invited to join a séance; accepted the invitation, and received that which set him to thinking in a very serious manner. Unusual physical manifestations also occurred at this sitting, and were attributed by the spirits to the mediumistic powers of Mr. Knight. About two months ago a few of us began sitting with Mr. Knight, and now we have almost uninterrupted manifestations for three hours at a sitting, consisting of table levitation, touches, kisses and hand-shaking, by other than mortals; exchanging of watches, pocket-books, etc.; the playing of many different musical instruments; independent slate-writing; all while the medium's hands are firmly held by one or two of the sitters, the rest joining hands. We are expecting wonderful things from this young man during the coming year, and as he has no ties to bind him in any one place we hope he may be another chosen one to go forth and proclaim the glad tidings of progressive immortality, and demonstrate the fact that our loved ones we thought were dead are still alive and waiting opportunities to assure us of their presence."

SAN FRANCISCO.—T. B. Clark relates the following instance showing the superiority of natural physicians over artificial ones. *Facts* like this are the best arguments that can be employed against the enactment of laws compelling the people to resort to those who rely on diplomas for their skill, and depriving them of the services of those whose merit is in their ability to cure. Our correspondent writes:

"Some nine months ago while in the country I was inoculated with what we call out here 'Poison Oak.' It culminated in a carbuncle on my neck, which compelled me to be under a physician's care over four weeks. It finally became seriously inflamed, and swollen half the size of a hen's egg. The physician said it would be a serious matter, from which I could not be relieved in less than three or four weeks. The next day I called upon another physician who pronounced it a carbuncle of a serious character, and advised me to at once remain at home, and by a continuation of poultices prevent serious results. Thus the character of the inflammation was established by two of our most advanced and able physicians. The next day, being in Oakland, and meeting 'Father Curtis,' a most powerful magnetic healer, of thirty years' experience in healing the sick, lame, deaf, dumb and blind gratis, the old gentleman proposed to cure my carbuncle then and there. He commenced on the philosophical truth that the good are stronger than the evil, forcing the good blood from the sound flesh round about against the thin, watery blood of the inflamed part. In one hour he could rub with all his might over the extremely tender inflamed part without causing any pain. The carbuncle was cured, and I was entirely well. I showed my neck to the physician the third day after and told him how it was done. His reply was this, 'I don't believe any power on earth can cure a carbuncle in one hour.' I said, 'Well, I do not know about the powers you refer to, but I do know that 'Father Curtis' cured that carbuncle.'"

Mr. Curtis said that any sore, boil or carbuncle could be cured in this way, and any person could do it: 'Begin on the sound flesh, force the good blood into the inflamed part, and it will gradually heal. Never put a salve upon the wound, or anything that will force the discharging matter back, as in that case absorption would continue to poison the patient.' I cannot close this message without saying that Mr. Curtis—'Father Curtis,' as we call him—is near seventy years of age; his life is one of purity and benevolence on the material plane, as well as in the free distribution of his magnetic power. His plain, outspoken denunciation of popular theology, and those whose religion consists more of profession than practice, has caused him to be severely berated by those who feel his stinging rebukes; but he is as much above those who for this reason are his enemies as the stars are above the earth."

New York.

BROOKLYN.—J. H. Whitney writes: "I have had the *Banner of Light* ever since the first number was issued, and kept full files until about two years ago, when an accident, or, rather, a mistake occurred by which my complete files were disposed of in my absence. I would rather have lost a small farm, but it was no use repining. The *Banner* needs no praise from its readers; it speaks for itself, and sustains a course in the interest of the grand philosophy of Spiritualism such as no other paper approaches. When will publishers and writers in spiritual literature learn to avoid bickering and unpleasant personalities? May the superior intelligences speed the day, and may the circulation of the *Banner* double its present grand total in all lands, and its editor and publishers enjoy many blessings for this new year of grace, so full of spiritual promise and advancement. I consider the medium for the Message Department one of the most important aids to both worlds. I believe that every message could be verified if people would inquire into them in the localities given."

NEW YORK CITY.—Mrs. Milton Rathbun writes: "The *Banner of Light* is a welcome visitor, and its coming is impatiently awaited by us. We admire the even tenor of your way, and wonder that while being buffeted by the waves of opposition and by the tongue of slander, your hand at the helm is steady. It must be that the 'angels have charge concerning thee.' God bless and prosper thee; may a very gale of prosperity fill the sails of your craft, and speed you right on, beyond the reach of evil disposed spirits, either in the form or out."

SYRACUSE.—Mrs. F. Freeman writes: "I cannot forbear to express my pleasure that the folds of the *Banner of Light* have been increased, and the hope that it may long wave as a beacon of intelligence and progress over the nations of the earth, as I see it is being circulated and read quite extensively abroad. I have read it

for the last twenty years, and should be loth to do without it, and hope I may not be obliged to the few remaining years I may have to stay; for I am now living on borrowed time, having lived the allotted number of years according to the ancient calculation. The *Banner's* cheering and comforting pages, I trust, will be a source of peace and happiness to me in the future as they have been in the past."

Missouri.

MEMPHIS.—A correspondent, I. K. J., on a visit to Mr. Mott's séances, writes: "Being desirous of witnessing the wonderful phenomena reported to occur at the residence of J. H. Mott, Memphis, Mo., I left Kansas City and reaching Memphis availed myself of the hospitalities of the Central Hotel, whose proprietor, Mr. A. C. Drew, entertains all who are the visitors of Mr. Mott at one dollar per day, one half of the regular charge. Mr. Drew is a landlord who understands how to make his guests feel at home, and never fails to do so. Memphis is an old town of about fifteen hundred inhabitants, located on an elevated slope of country, and is the county seat of Scotland County. The materialization séances of Mr. Mott take place at that gentleman's house, and both himself and wife spare no pains to make the visit of a stranger pleasant while sojourning in the city where one may well say 'the spirits are hovering round.' The séances are all and even more than I expected, and words fail me to do justice in my attempt to describe them."

Mr. Mott took his seat in a cabinet built against the East brick wall of the sitting-room. Its dimensions are about six by six feet, and it may properly be termed a closet, with a door having the upper panel open, over which is hung a curtain, of ordinary material, suitable for such purposes. Mrs. Mott seated herself near a small music-box, the strains of which soon harmonized the thoughts of the persons composing the half-circle in the room anxiously waiting for the appearance of their departed friends. We had not long to wait, for in less than three minutes the curtain parted slowly, and in the subdued light we beheld the face of one who claimed to be the managing control of Mr. Mott's séances. He gave the name Mr. Henry Bloetz, and said he would answer the question as to whether any of our spirit-friends were present. This done he opened the curtain and called in subdued voice the names, to which each responded by appearing. The identity is often not so close as we are wont to anticipate. However, this deficiency was soon made up by reminders of little incidents during the conversation with our departed friends, as we call them, and which could not fail to convince the most skeptical of their identity."

The séances continue generally from one to two hours, during which time the investigator has ample opportunity for reflection upon what has heretofore been a blank in his existence, and is led to conclude, as I was, that Spiritualism is destined to be the philosophy, if not religion, of the future."

JOPLIN.—A correspondent, under date of Jan. 18th, writes: "Mrs. Anna Kimball, the noted psychometric reader, lectured last night at Berz Hall. The subject selected by the audience was, 'The Best Life to Live to Gain the Highest Nobility of Soul,' and was spoken upon with as much ease as if she had made it a subject of long study and preparation, instead of entering upon its discussion without a moment's notice. She will lecture again on Friday evening, and on Sunday, both morning and evening. Her lectures are wonderful in many respects, and are exciting marked interest amongst our thinking people."

Illinois.

CHICAGO.—John M. Ferguson writes: "I read your paper with great interest and much enjoyment. Having been introduced to the *Banner of Light* and Spiritualism by Mrs. E. S. Silverston, medium, I should like to say a few words as to her work. I have attended some of the meetings held at 24 West Randolph street, and circles at Mrs. Silverston's residence, 9 South Green street, and became convinced of spirit return through the truthful and responsible tests given by Mrs. S., including psychometric readings of handkerchiefs, gloves, etc., given by her under the spirit-control of 'Luella,' a vivacious Indian maiden who never fails, but endears herself to all whom she meets by her merry yet spiritual teachings. The meetings are a success. I noticed several good mediums there, speaking under spirit control and inspiration. So the good work goes on; God and the angel-world bless all the workers therein."

Verifications of Spirit Messages.

DAVID A. BRAYTON, COL. WILLIAM VIAL, ENOCH STEERE, and HENRY KEEPE.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*: A few weeks ago there appeared in the *Banner of Light* a communication purporting to come from the late DAVID A. BRAYTON, Esq., formerly of this city. Aside from its being copied into one of the evening papers here, and a brief note in relation to it from a Providence Spiritualist in the *Banner*, I do not think the communication had any public notice. Since then I have also read in the *Banner* a communication purporting to come from Mr. ENOCH STEERE, stating he formerly lived in Providence, and last week one from Col. WILLIAM VIAL, one of the best-known residents of Providence, R. I., for very many years.

This note is to say that David A. Brayton, Esq., has been for about a quarter of a century, and until his death, under circumstances such as stated in the communication, the foremost man in this city, in ways pertaining to business. He was rare in ingenuity and courage in business affairs, making his presence felt always, and in departing left an unmistakable void, which is also known and felt here. The language of the communication implies that he is deeply anxious to meet his relatives and friends in the presence of some medium, promising them he will surely be there, prepared to aid them in getting important information which he has to impart to them. I do not know that there has or has not been a compliance with his wishes; but should most certainly think a request calling for an unmistakable void, which is also known and felt here. The language of the communication implies that he is deeply anxious to meet his relatives and friends in the presence of some medium, promising them he will surely be there, prepared to aid them in getting important information which he has to impart to them. I do not know that there has or has not been a compliance with his wishes; but should most certainly think a request calling for an unmistakable void, which is also known and felt here.

In regard to the communication purporting to come from Mr. Enoch Steere, I have to say I have known a gentleman by that name in Providence for nearly thirty years, and from the language of the message conclude it might be from him. The man I knew kept a store of small wares in the dry goods line on South Main street in that city.

The communication in the *Banner* of last week is said to come from Col. William Vial. I do not think there is a business man in the city of Providence who did not know William Vial, either by personal acquaintance or sight. I have known him fully thirty years, and he labored on his farm with his father-in-law, the venerable Ezekiel Anthony, and of late years actively engaged in insurance affairs. He died some time since, when, I do not exactly remember. The message identifies him to me as clearly as

it would be possible for any man to identify himself by letter.

I write to you, hoping, if you see fit to publish what I say, to urge Spiritualists generally who read communications from people they recognize, to register, more frequently than they now do, the fact of such recognition in the *Banner*.

Since the appearance of the message of Mr. Brayton, Dr. Henry Shade was here a few days. One evening he sat with some twenty of the most intelligent gentlemen here in a private circle for slate-writing and other evidences of power apparent in the presence of Dr. Shade. The sittings were of about a dozen gentlemen each. The result was highly satisfactory indeed, and while it was not made plain to all of them that spirits did it, it acknowledged an unseen power utterly free from any agency on the part of Dr. Shade.

During these sittings extraordinary efforts were made to intelligibly communicate by some one signing the initials D. A. B.; and it was very apparent to me and many others that the effort was being made by the spirit of Mr. D. A. Brayton.

I beg to add also that some months ago I read in the *Banner of Light* a communication signed HENRY KEEPE, purporting to come from a man known to me as a financial and railroad matters in New York City.

I knew a gentleman by that name in New York from 1863 until about 1870. He was at that time one of the leading speculative forces of Wall street, and I am not in error, President of the Michigan Southern and Northern Indiana Railroad, now known as the Lake Shore. He was in those days regarded as one of the most successful men engaged in that pursuit, and it was always said of him that he 'never went back on a friend.' At the time of his death he was about building—so rumor stated—a public institution for some charitable purpose on Fifth Avenue, New York, near, and I think opposite, the Catholic Cathedral. He left a large fortune.

B. F. RANDALL.

Full River, Mass., Jan. 4th, 1882.

MRS. ROSE WORSTER.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:

In the Message Department of the *Banner of Light*, Jan. 24th, I saw a message from Mrs. ROSE WORSTER, which I wish to verify. I have been well acquainted with her for the past twelve years. She was a public medium. The message is just like her. I have conversed with her when she gave utterance to some of the sentiments in her message. She says, 'I have my trusted guides with me.' I know how well she trusted her guides, for she always gave them much credit for favors received. She speaks of Mrs. Conant as 'that sweet spirit,' and I have often heard her allude to her in the same endearing manner. Every word of the message is so like her I am fully satisfied it came from her. God bless Miss Shelhamer for serving the spirit-friends and cheering the hearts of mortals.

FANNIE C. DENT.

202 Westminster street, Providence, R. I.

SARAH VINAL.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:

Having noticed in the *Banner of Light* of Jan. 21st the communication from SARAH VINAL, of Quincy, Mass., I take this opportunity to say that I was well acquainted with the lady for many years, and that the sentiments expressed in her communication are in harmony with the character she sustained while on earth. She was a constant attendant on the services of the Unitarian church of that place for many years while able, and at last, as she says in her message, she left a sum of money for its future use. I consider her message as another striking witness to the ability of spirits to communicate with mortals.

Yours truly,

H. O. WHITNEY.

Haverhill, Mass., Jan. 22d, 1882.

MRS. PATTY SPAULDING.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:

The communication from Mrs. PATTY SPAULDING in the *Banner of Light* of Dec. 24th is true. I knew her well as one of the members of our Society, also as a near neighbor and dear friend. As Lotella says, she was a real nice square, and in her stately, genial presence no one could long be sad. She was a firm believer in the Spiritual Philosophy. Her companion, who is our Vice President, often sees her in materialized form. Every particular I can verify; and the friends in this vicinity, also myself, render thanks to Miss Shelhamer and the *Banner* for the welcome messages that have come from time to time from those who have passed over the river.

Yours for the truth, MAY L. FRENCH.

Wildwood, West Groton, Mass.

MARY YAUVEY.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:

I have had the pleasure of reading the pages of the *Banner of Light* most of the time since its commencement, and have usually looked over the Message Department for a message I might recognize. In the Dec. 17th number I found my first one—the message of MARY YAUVEY. I was well acquainted with her forty years ago. She married a Frenchman by the name of Henry, pronounced Yauvey. Her father was Thomas Clark, as reported, and they lived in East Bethel, Vt., many years, and were well known. I see nothing in the message that shows me it is not characteristic; I only attest to the facts mentioned.

Yours truly,

Geo. S. PAINE.

Lexington, Mass., Jan. 30th, 1882.

BELLA W. HAMILTON.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:

My attention was called to a communication in your paper of May 7th, 1881, from BELLA W. HAMILTON, who passed over the river two years ago last December. She was my daughter. The message is correct in every particular. Hoping to hear from the dear ones again in your paper, believe me, Gratefully yours,

Geo. F. HAMILTON.

88 Sheridan Avenue, Jamaica Plain, Mass., January 30th, 1882.

SAMUEL TRYON.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:

In the *Banner* of October 22d is a communication from SAMUEL TRYON, who was his residence at White Plains, N. Y., except that it is like Samuel Tryon, of North Castle, nine miles from White Plains. The statements are correct in regard to business, etc.

M. L. CONGAR.

New York, Nov. 13th, 1881.

A few weeks since Mrs. M. J. Wakely, of Stony Creek, N. Y., was attacked by a sickness that proved fatal, and though neither she nor any of her friends were believers in Spiritualism, she gave to the world in her last moments of earthly life, most conclusive evidence that it has its foundation in truth. A local paper noticing her decease says:

"Hers was one of the most triumphant Christian deaths on record. She had her senses to the last. She was permitted to see sights rarely seen by mortal eyes. Her little two-year-old son, who died some years ago, came to meet his mother; she knew and spoke to him. An innumerable company of angels were present to convey her spirit to its heavenly home. She told her friends not to weep for her, as she was going where sickness and sorrow never come."

It appears after all that, though the church turns its back on Spiritualism, ignores its great truths, and disclaims all recognition of the proofs it gives of a future life, the acknowledgment of the existence of the great fact—the power to see and converse with our departed friends—which is its chief corner-stone, at the last moments of the life of one of its followers, is the prime factor in what constitutes "one of the most triumphant Christian deaths on record."

"The age may not yet be wholly ripe for the reform," says the Boston Herald, "but the death penalty for homicide will as surely be abolished in Massachusetts as the hands of the clock move forward and not backward."

The vigor of youth given to the aged and infirm by using Hop Bitters. Try it.

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TRANSCENDENTAL PHYSICS.

An Account of Experimental Investigations from the Scientific Treatises of

JOHANN CARL FRIEDRICH ZÖLLNER,

Professor of Physical Astronomy at the University of Leipzig, 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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SPECIAL NOTICES.

In quoting from the *BANNER OF LIGHT* care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and communications. Our columns are open to the expression of personal free thought, but we cannot undertake to endorse the various shades of opinion to which our readers are entitled.

We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are indispensable for publication. We reserve the right to return or to destroy any manuscript that is not used. When necessary, we will forward any material for our inspection, the sender will confer a favor by drawing a line around the article, and directing it to the Editor of the *Banner of Light*.

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.

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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.

Wednesday, the 22d of February, being a legal holiday, the *Banner of Light* forms will, the coming week, go to press on Monday, Feb. 26th—one day in advance of the usual time. Speakers and correspondents generally, who have notices which they wish to have inserted in our next issue, will therefore bear this fact in mind, and forward them so that they may arrive at this office early on Monday next.

The *Banner of Light* establishment will also be closed throughout the day on the 22d.

The Theory of Inspiration.

When the strictly secular papers take to discussing and speculating upon this issue of Inspiration, it is because the ecclesiastical organs refuse to, and is moreover a sure sign that it is becoming one of practical, if not of paramount, interest to the public mind. Of course we now refer more particularly to the inspiration of what is commonly styled the Scriptures. It was only a few years ago, as a great number of our readers can testify, that to be known as questioning however slightly the plenary, that is, the literal inspiration of the Bible, was to expose oneself to all the pains and penalties socially of a skeptic and even "an infidel." Scarcely anything was too bad to be said or thought of those who had the hardihood to call in question the divine verity of every word and line of every book which, by canon law only, is made a part of the Bible. The "Sacred Volume" was not permitted even to be criticized, so extremely sacred was it professedly regarded in the eyes of those who were annually raising funds to send missionaries out among idolaters. What used to be the rule in this matter is forcibly, because truthfully, expressed by the Brooklyn *Engle*, which says that "many a Christian father has laid a heavy hand upon the son who dared to express a doubt of some Bible doctrine or narrative, and many a son has run away and shipped before he could escape the persecution of an Orthodox home."

Mr. Beecher occasionally expresses the truth about the matter in his own early experience, telling us how entirely hateful was the hard life that fashioned him according to the doctrine of this same literal inspiration. It is perfectly true that many a young person has come up into life hating the Bible secretly while professing openly to reverence it. Scarcely any, on the hasty reflection, but have felt how contradictory is the spirit of the Old and New Testaments, and remember that Christ himself declared that he came to bring a better gospel, a law of liberty in the place of the old law of ceremonies and observances, and the gospel of love in place of the old Mosaic doctrine of hate. It is one of the strangest anomalies of human history that people have lived so long in dread of the only book which they believed to be inspired; that parents, pastors, youth and untutored readers all alike have shrunk from the task of explaining, reconciling, and bringing into practical relation with their daily life parts of the Old Testament which in every possible respect were a flagrant contradiction of and a continual challenge to the mild and humane teachings of Christ. Such a book they felt could not be wholly inspired. Common sense itself forbade the thought. Men cannot truly endorse what they do not fully believe, however much they may profess to. The younger portion of questioners were habitually put off by the clergy and the teachers with shallow and evasive replies to their questions, and told that the period of doubt would vanish as they grew older.

As has been well observed, to read the biographies of most modern men of genius, especially those who are engaged chiefly in thinking, is to read a varied but an always interesting record of religious skepticism. John Sterling, and Froude, and Frederick Robertson of Brighton, and Arnold of Rugby, and many more illustrious ones that could be named will readily confirm and illustrate the statement. These living and true men of their time and all received the brand of heretics, but, being healthy and vigorous spirits, they were easily able to breast the tide of ecclesiastical obliquity. And the fruit of such silent but sturdy defiance—a second reformation as it has proved to be—is a far more liberal tone of thought in the Protestant churches themselves, a positive loosening in the views of professing Christians, a loosening of the cords and ropes which so jealously excluded those who dared to offer criticisms on the biblical records, a broader comprehension of the relations of the present and the future,

a more charitable habit of thought and conduct, and, best of all, a positive disinclination to take their religion at second hand. Criticism having become in a large degree scientific, the light of positive knowledge is rapidly spreading and the blinding shadows of superstition are receding from the mind's horizon.

We have been reminded that recently the new Bishop of Litchfield, England, in his very first charge to his clergy, raised his warning in their ears against accepting and bolting the old and worthless dogma that of necessity the Bible is inspired in every word and letter, regardless of context, speaker or writer. And Canon Farrar also, in a sermon delivered before Cambridge University, protested that, while his belief in the Bible had in no particular been shaken, he was certain that God never could have spoken some parts of it, because in those parts the worst of sins and crimes were justified, such as slavery, rapine, lust, covetousness, lying and murder. Who in the name of common sense wonders that an ecclesiastic, if he be possessed at least of common sense, should refuse to credit the good and great and loving Father of mankind with purposes which belong only to the ignorant, the wicked and the demoniacal? We are reminded that the church of England abstained from defining inspiration, or from exacting anything more from her clergy than the declared belief that "Holy Scripture doth contain all things necessary to salvation," thus leaving it to be inferred that everything in Scripture is necessarily true or divinely inspired. And there are representative men in the different denominations in our own country, who are fully abreast with the clergy of England and Scotland in their assertions respecting the literal inspiration of the Bible.

We need only mention the names of Dr. Buckley among the Methodists, Mr. Beecher among the Congregationalists, Mr. Phillips Brooks among the Episcopalians, and Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, in the same church, to substantiate our assertion. These men, and their followers also, well know that the compilation of the Bible, as we have it from actual history, will bear out no such assumption as the old and dreary one which the Puritans accepted with thanks from morose and revengeful John Calvin. They know, and we all know and have long known, that Jesus came to set aside altogether the teachings and examples of the Jewish book called the Old Testament, and that we hold fast to those old Jewish doctrines only to delay the progress of humanity and of genuine spiritual ideas.

And this brings us directly to the truth, which all experience combines to attest, that inspiration is a great fact in the universe that cannot be limited to records, so as to make them exclusively sacred, nor to creeds, to make them the sole interpretations and exponents of what is divine. The flow of the Spirit into the human mind is capable of taking innumerable and unexpected forms, and has not been suspended because it is recognized as having been active and effective at one particular period. Men are continually inspired in a degree corresponding to their capacity for spirit reception; and any one who is inclined to live in a truly receptive attitude of mind and spirit will live to confess to himself at last that he has been continually led more or less by the Spirit.

Highly Satisfactory Seance with Mrs. Pickering.

On the afternoon of February 9th we were privileged to attend a sitting for form materializations, held by Mrs. John R. Pickering, at her residence, 132 Chandler street, Boston. The company present numbered sixteen—the male and female elements being about equally represented. During the seance, which lasted some two hours, twenty-three forms came from the cabinet—six being male and seventeen female—and all sizes, from that of the child to that of the full-grown man and woman, were included in the weird but conclusively satisfactory procession.

The seance was opened with a beautiful invocation (offered through the instrumentality of a prominent trance medium of this city, who was one of the party present,) and the usual singing, after which the exercises proceeded, much in the order incident to sittings for the materializing phenomena, so frequently and so minutely described in these columns.

The most remarkable manifestation witnessed during the evening (at least, to our mind it was such, as it had to us an interior significance) was the appearance of a young Indian girl, who held a flag in her hand, and whose attention seemed to be attracted more particularly in our direction than in any other; when we made the remark: "Is that the dress you are to wear when we have another seance?" she clapped her hands and began dancing around the room by way of assent.

A young lady present, an invalid who is undergoing medical treatment in Boston, recognized her mother in one of the forms which appeared, and was informed by the manifesting spirit that it would be but a short time before she (the daughter) would join that ascended parent in the Better Country. The invalid (who is a hopeless consumptive) was cheered by the kindly greeting of her spirit-mother, and expressed herself as ready and perfectly reconciled to go.

The cabinet used during this seance was so small—it consisting only of a curtain drawn across the corner of the room in which the sitting was held—that only one person, the medium, could find accommodations therein, together with the chair on which she sat. There was no possibility of confederacy. The artificial light throughout the seance was excellent, and the means of ingress into the darkened room furnished of themselves the strongest test conditions—since the opening, never so little, of either of the doors, which remained from the first in full view of the company, would have resulted in letting into the apartment the rays of the afternoon sun, which were in no wise dim on that day. Up to the diminutive cabinet several persons present on the afternoon in question were led by materialized forms, and proceeding as far as they could go, were given the opportunity (a fully-improved one) to look in and see the medium plainly, at a distance of perhaps a foot from their visual organs, while at their side stood an individualized materialized form, holding open the curtains of the little alcove. Seven times were the medium and the spirit-form thus simultaneously exhibited to the company during the sitting.

A gentleman from New York, who made one of the circle, was given a strong test of spirit-identity under the following circumstances: A male form nearly six feet in height came out of the cabinet and was recognized by him as having manifested several times before in that city. When asked by this gentleman as to what was his name, the spirit replied in a voice easy of being heard: "George Young." This spirit is the

control of a young lady in New York with whom the gentleman referred to has had frequent sittings, and he had, through her mediumship, stated to our informant that he would materialize for him in Boston, if possible. He kept his word on this occasion, to the great satisfaction of him to whom his promise had been made.

At one time in the afternoon a female spirit came out into the room habited as a Carmelite nun, in white flowing robes, and having dependent from her waist a resplendent rosary, which terminated with a large silver crucifix. It was a surprisingly striking manifestation, both as to clearness of detail and beauty of appearance.

On another occasion during the seance, a spirit form (male) manifested at the aperture, and beckoned a gentleman present to come near, that he might judge of his claims to that friendly recognition which it was plain the spirit confidently anticipated. The gentleman obeyed the summons, but was unable to "place" the individual in his memory with sufficient distinctness to recognize the materialization; whereupon the form made several ineffectual efforts to draw forth from the breast of the gentleman's coat a pocket (or memorandum) book he was in the habit of carrying there; not succeeding, he disappeared, giving tokens of severe disappointment. When he had vanished from the aperture, it dashed upon the gentleman's mind that there might have been something inside the book to which the spirit particularly sought to appeal by way of identification; and stepping up to the shaded light he rapidly ran over its contents, finding among them an fee bill, signed, as he stated, by the father of the spirit who had manifested, and whom he recognized at last through the mental process set at work by the whole train of circumstances which we have just related.

The regular seance for materialization being brought to a close, the medium was taken from the cabinet, and seated outside, in presence of the circle, in order to satisfy her patrons that there was no collusion, direct or indirect, in her manifestations; when to the astonishment of several who had never before attended her seances, hands came out of the cabinet aperture—fingers which took handkerchiefs from the grasp of the sitters, and bearing them inside the temporary alcove, returned them to their owners in some cases finely perfumed, in others tied up in close and intricate knots.

In coming out of the cabinet the medium, of course, left vacant the chair put therein for her accommodation; upon this chair Mr. Pickering placed a good-sized music-box; the curtains being then dropped, the winding up of the box by invisible hands was at once heard, and at intervals the instrument was started and stopped by the unseen workers inside, at the request of ladies and gentlemen present. These occurrences took place when the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Pickering were as plainly in view of all the sitters as were their own. This part of the seance and the manifestations for the afternoon closed by the medium's chair left within the cabinet being thrown forcibly out into the room by way of "good-by."

The ladies and gentlemen composing this circle unite with us in pronouncing it an eminently satisfactory one in every respect.

Mrs. Crindle-Reynolds Again in Difficulty.

A correspondent writes us from New York, Feb. 12th, in the following vein:

"I think it proper to inform you that a bad exposure of Mrs. Crindle-Reynolds took place in this city on Friday night last (10th). Some rather distorted accounts appear in the newspapers to-day, which may reach you. I have seen a number of the people who were present, and they all agree—even C. R. Miller, of the *Psychometric Circular*—that it was an unmistakable detection in the act of fraudulent representations by means of masks and drapery. Yet I have most positive assurances from Prof. Kiddle and others that unquestionable materializations of spirit-forms took place in her presence only a night or two before. These things are puzzling, but Spiritualism will outlive them."

As a public journalist, who acknowledges his duty to his readers to be that he give them such information as is in his possession regarding any matters of current interest, we here epitomize the report of this exposure, as given in the Boston *Herald* of February 13th. The statement appears in connection with a report of the doings at a meeting of Spiritualists held in Everett Hall, Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sunday evening, Feb. 12th:

"She went behind a curtain, which parted in the middle, to begin her materialization. She took no bundles or wraps behind the curtain that could be seen. When the cabinet was examined it was found free from any paraphernalia. The lights were all turned out, with the exception of one; that was turned low, so as to cast a dim light over the room. Presently two materialized spirits appeared before the company. They were clad in the finest illusion, and their faces were seraphic. The drapery was long and flowing from one spirit, which seemed materialized about one-half way down, while the other seemed solid from head to foot, and while the unsteady spirit had a wavy, willowy motion, the other seemed firm and stalwart. The spirit that seemed legless held what appeared to be an outstretched arm to the other, and moved with it when it moved, like a Siamese twin. Suddenly Mr. Beard turned up the gas, and Mrs. Crindle-Reynolds, half-dressed, stood with a mask over her face, clad in illusion, holding at the end of her outstretched arm another mask. From her hand draped folds of flimsy lace. The women uttered screams, and the men were furious with rage. The medium then declared that she was unconscious of what had happened, and claimed that she was ignorant of the possession of the paraphernalia, and that she had been made the instrumentality of evil spirits."

Mr. Brown, who was one of the committee that attended the tests of the seance, replied to this statement that the explanation was unsatisfactory, because he had seen the very masks and the same drapery four or five times before. The report proceeds: "The women said the medium carried the wardrobe in the bosom of her dress, as they had half suspected."

A number of speeches were delivered during the Sunday-night meeting above alluded to, Messrs. Brown, Beard and others re-averring their conviction that the medium had resorted to deception; while Judge A. H. Dailey is reported as stating "that he was prepared to say that Mrs. Crindle-Reynolds was a successful materializing medium, and also that she was a fraud. He admitted that she could produce materialized spirits, but he also knew that in doing so there was a draught upon her vital powers that it was impossible to do so frequently. But her cupidity had been excited, and in her lack of vital power, she had resorted to fraud."

We have thus briefly outlined the new difficulty in which this medium has become involved. Making all due allowance for exaggeration in the reports, as hinted at by our correspondent, we still feel, with Judge Dailey, that, in her case, to use an old adage, "Where there is so much smoke there must be some fire."

We have been repeatedly informed by ear-

est and faithful mediums for materialization, who are silently doing a grand work in building up in the communities in which they dwell an abiding realization of the truth of the verity of form materialization, that it is impossible for a medium of this phase to go on with its continued presentation night after night; the process, they have found in their own cases, is too exhausting to the vital forces, as noted by Judge Dailey, and they have made arrangements for only a limited number of seances per week.

To follow the thought of Judge Dailey, as above attributed to him, the temptation to supplement the genuine phenomena with the simulated, in case the former fail, is frequently too strong to meet with successful resistance on the part of any instrument who yields to a disposition to force to their uttermost the gifts of the spirit in this direction. Though we know nothing personally in regard to the lady and her gifts, having never seen her, yet we doubt not she is a medium, and has genuine gifts, because too many reliable correspondents have avouched to what they have seen in her presence and at her seances to leave the shadow of a doubt as to the verity of her medial development. When, therefore, we note with the sadness which every lover of the good cause must feel, any indication of action on her part which is aside from and calculated to dim the brightness of her record, we have no desire to cast a suspicion upon her mediumship, *per se*.

We desire to enter upon no crusade of crimination and recrimination in regard to this matter. As we have said in a previous issue, equally respectable people conscientiously differ in regard to the validity of what is witnessed at her seances, and this freedom of opinion in society is a social necessity. But personal conflict in the press cannot settle the matter, while it is really injurious to the cause, in that it keeps up useless contention, and consequently multiplies divisions in the ranks of the believers in Spiritualism itself. We feel that the case of Mrs. Reynolds may be safely left to the lapse of time, which in its searching alchemy tries all things earthly, and will inevitably bring about a righteous conclusion—whichever way it may point—concerning her.

Affidavit in re Mrs. Crindle-Reynolds's Mediumship.

To wit: With the *Banner of Light*:

I send with this an affidavit made by three ladies of the highest respectability in regard to a seance held by Mrs. Crindle-Reynolds on Saturday evening last, at which I was present. Fifteen different forms appeared, arrayed in copious drapery, notwithstanding the thorough search made by the ladies of the medium's clothing previous to the manifestations. The "exposure" which took place in Brooklyn on Friday evening, and in which the medium was, as is stated, found holding a mask and drapery in her hand, with other evidences of fraudulent manifestations, may or may not be attributed to the medium. The spirits who ordinarily control Mrs. Reynolds positively aver that it was the work of hostile and malicious spirits, brought there by the malevolent designs and influence of those sitting in the circle, they (her spirit-bands) having been, under the circumstances, vanquished and driven away. Whether this was so or not, there can be no doubt on the part of experienced and intelligent Spiritualists, who know what evil spirits are capable of doing, of its possibility, when the conditions are favorable to their presence.

It is a fact that every physical medium has, more or less, suffered this sad experience of "exposure," however indisputable the evidence of his or her genuine mediumship. It is to be regretted that Mrs. Reynolds should have exposed herself to these conditions by her eagerness to give seances, in opposition to the direct advice of her spirit-friends, and in defiance of the law governing these manifestations. Her sad experience should teach this class of mediums a lesson, which they ought carefully to learn and remember. That experience, however, does not invalidate the thoroughly-established fact of her mediumship, nor, of course, impair the truth of that most striking of all the spirit phenomena of these days.

NEW YORK, Feb. 13th, 1882.

City and County of New York, ss:

Julia L. Prall, Fannie G. Lunt and Elsie D. Dana, being duly and severally sworn, depose and say, that they attended a seance held by Mrs. Crindle-Reynolds for spirit-materialization, at the residence of Mrs. M. E. Williams at No. 938 Sixth Avenue in this city, on the evening of February 11th, 1882; and that before Mrs. Reynolds entered the cabinet she divested herself of her clothing in our presence, and then dressed herself in our presence. We saw every article of clothing which she put on, and know that she had nothing concealed about her dress, which was a tightly-fitting, dark-colored dress. We then accompanied her to the cabinet, and saw her enter it to take her seat, without having once lost sight of her. The cabinet was simply a corner of the room across which a curtain was drawn; and when the spirit-forms came out of it they were clothed in robes, dresses and drapery such as Mrs. Reynolds did not have on or about her person, and which we knew were not in the cabinet when Mrs. Reynolds went into the cabinet, nor when she came out of it.

JULIA L. PRALL,
FANNIE G. LUNT,
ELSIE D. DANA.

Sworn to before me this 11th day of February, 1882.

CHAS. F. LUNT,
Notary Public, New York City.

ADDITIONAL TESTIMONY FROM EMMA HARDINGE BRITTON.

Soon after Mrs. Britton's arrival in England, upon her present visit there, she wrote us a letter describing a seance given just prior to her departure from this country, by Mrs. Crindle (now Mrs. Crindle-Reynolds) at the residence of Col. Kase in Philadelphia, in the course of which epistle she said:

"From the time when we first met at the dinner-table, until the seance commenced, I scarcely lost sight of the medium, and can testify to the fact that she could have had no time to rearrange the simple, tightly-fitting dress she first appeared in. Being an invalid, I was assigned a seat on the sofa, which was close to the alcove used on this occasion as a temporary cabinet. The seance was held in a back drawing-room, the further end of which formed this alcove, separated from the rest of the room by a curtain, parting the middle, and reached only by the one door of entrance at the further end of the drawing-room. By the position I occupied, in close proximity to the curtain, I was enabled to see the medium seated within the alcove every time the curtain was opened, and it was by this arrangement that I am in a position to affirm, that before Mrs. Crindle was well seated, and on the instant that she passed through the curtains, she was violently drawn aside again, and a large female form, with bare arms and neck and a strange, ghastly face, presented herself before the opening, tossing up her arms and gesticulating a greeting to the assembly.

From this time, at short intervals, occupied by singing and conversation, six different forms, large and small, variously attired, and each with some characteristic points of difference, presented themselves at the opening. Two of these figures were little children, one of whom came forward and wrote a letter ad-

ressed to me, handing me the same with tiny, strangely-formed hands. The children laughed, talked and sported about, the other figures whispered, or bowed to the company, and as each apparition opened the curtain I was enabled distinctly to perceive Mrs. Crindle sitting in the chair behind which the figures appeared. On several occasions they sang and talked together, and during the dark seance that followed four instruments were played, and at least two voices sang and spoke at the same time. I have now only to present the following conclusions, and I may do so without further description of the seance, which, in all probability, would present but few features of novelty to the reader.

First, the figures were *not* impersonations by Mrs. Crindle, as they appeared too soon to enable her, even by magic, to change her dress; next, I can testify to having seen her and the spirits at the same time; also, the two little children were individuals, which by no means occurs in Eastern jugglery could have been impersonated by one woman of five feet eight inches in height. Mrs. Crindle did not and could not, by any mortal contrivance under heaven, personate one or more of those apparitions, who or whatever they were.

Next, there was, and there could be, no human possibility of collusion. The seance took place in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Kase, persons of wealth and high social standing. Col. Kase himself is the soul of honor, and I am sure there are scores of persons of the most unquestionable veracity and respectability who will acknowledge with me that the name, character, and very appearance of this noble gentleman and his dear wife are sufficient guarantees of the truth and honesty of every event that transpires in their house. They are simply amongst the best, the truest and most honorable people in the world, and I should as soon expect an angel from heaven to come down and cheat me, as to suppose that falsehood or dishonesty could pass muster with this estimable couple. But again, even if the seance had been held under less favorable circumstances, in that room, and under the conditions above detailed, all chance, or shadow of chance of collusion, was impossible. The night was very stormy, and there were but five or six persons present, besides the host, hostess, my husband and myself. All but two were strangers, and I carefully examined the room and the alcove before Mrs. Crindle entered it; in fact, it was our common sitting-room, and there was not a hiding place for a mouse within it, but was open to scrutiny, and had been so all day, up to the moment when the seance began. The figures that appeared were not and could not be human beings, yet they lived, moved, spoke and sang. Collusion or confederacy could not have been more out of the question had the place been a one-doored dungeon, guarded by a regiment of sentinels.

That Mrs. Crindle might have simulated one of the voices heard, is of course in the category of possibilities; but one throat could not have made two and sometimes three voices, speaking in different places and tones at the same time; nor could one pair of hands have manipulated four instruments at once, especially when they were all in motion. And so, at the end of the seance, I did that which my life-long advocacy of truth and self-respect demanded of me, told Mrs. Crindle, as I now do the readers of this paper, that what I had just witnessed fully satisfied me that she had no other agency in the matter than such as her mediumship afforded; that I was fully convinced the performances of the night had been the work of spirits and not of imposture or confederacy, and that this testimony, whatever it might be worth, I should cheerfully render whenever called upon to do so."

A Singular Circumstance.

On leaving our counting-room Saturday evening, Jan. 21st, we involuntarily took from the counter a copy of the *Banner of Light* of that date, which we placed in our overcoat pocket, wondering why we did so, when we took into consideration the fact that we had previously revised every line of the paper before putting it to press, as is our usual custom. But on arrival at our hotel the mystery was quickly revealed, in the following singular manner: After tea we met a stranger in the reading-room, who casually inquired if there was a periodical depot near by, as he desired to purchase the *Banner of Light* for perusal on Sunday. Then it was the thought flashed upon our mind that perhaps we were impressed by some spirit, for special reasons, to take the paper in question to our residence, and we replied that we had a copy of that paper in our pocket, which he could have; but, instead of handing it to him at once, as we intended to do, we entered into conversation in regard to the return of spirits through media—the gentleman not being a Spiritualist—and finally opened to the fourth page (the Spirit Message Department), and read to him the message given by CAPT. DAVID KEIZER, of Portland, Me., as evidence.

"Why," replied the gentleman, "I am astonished! I am from Portland, Me., and was years ago intimately acquainted with Capt. Keizer; and if you had not spoken his name before reading the message said to come from him, I should have known it was the captain, by the nautical expressions in it—as he never talked in any other way. The statements he makes are all true to the letter. He was for a long time a shipmaster, and I have sailed in one of his vessels. I do not know why it was, but I seemed to be imbued with a sudden desire to get the *Banner of Light*, a paper I had never seen. Perhaps, if there is any truth in spiritual communion, he impressed you to bring me the paper, that I might read his message." Our reply was that we would ascertain the facts in the case, as we knew beyond doubt that spirits of the so-called departed returned to earth after separation from their tabernacles of clay. Upon subsequent investigation we received the information through the medium that Capt. Keizer was anxious to reach his friend, to let him know he still lived and was cognizant of events on earth, as a capital opportunity offered for him to do so by coming into rapport with us. On the following Monday we received a letter from a gentleman residing in Brooklyn, N. Y., verifying the said message as follows:

"DEAR MR. COLBY—I was extremely interested in reading the *Banner of Light* this morning to find in the 'Message Department' one from Capt. David Keizer, of Portland, Me. My first acquaintance commenced with him when quite a young man, he being in the habit of spending a large amount of his time in a clothing store of an intimate friend of his, I being a clerk in said store, and of course saw a great deal of him. No one who knew Capt. Keizer as well as myself but what will come to the conclusion that it was really himself who communicated. He talks in that same style as I used to listen to him some twenty-five years ago. I have always felt a deep interest in your 'Message Department,' and wondering just before taking your paper up this morning if I should find anything from a spirit of my acquaintance, you may imagine my surprise upon perusing Capt. Keizer's message.

Yours very truly,
R. L. HULL.

352 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, L. I., Jan. 21st, 1882.

Speaking of the decadence of the churches, a correspondent calls our attention to the published report of the Fifteenth Annual Meeting of the Merrimack River Baptist Association, in which it is stated that the decrease in the number of members of the churches under its jurisdiction, during the year, had been two hundred and sixty-seven.

We have received the initial number of a new Spiritualist periodical from Calcutta, "PSYCHO NOTES: A RECORD OF SPIRITUAL AND OCCULT RESEARCH," which we shall speak of at greater length in our next.

Religious Views of Theophilus Parsons.

The late Theophilus Parsons, who recently left his earthly tabernacle for the larger and freer life awaiting him, reached a happy old age, dying at eighty-five. His last years, by no means declining ones, were serenely spent, affording delight and comfort to those around him no less than to himself. Mr. Parsons was a believer in the Swedenborgian faith from his early days in college, having become convinced by his reading of the Swedish seer's works at that time. For his entire life he had been an advocate of the New Church creed, and one of its most zealous and effective expositors and defenders. He was, with a few others, the founder of the Swedenborgian Society of Boston, and a member of the New Church of which Thomas Worcester was pastor for more than fifty years. It is said of him that for fifty years Mr. Parsons never missed the communion service.

He worked incessantly to spread abroad in the community a knowledge of the Swedenborgian doctrines—writing, lecturing and publishing books. The list of expository volumes written by him on the Swedenborgian faith is a long one, and they will all repay perusal. He is now reported to have made a careful investigation into the phenomena of Spiritualism, and did not venture to deny the facts, but accepted many of the manifestations as additional proof of the certainty and reality of a future life. Yet he declined an open and unqualified subscription to the truths which Spiritualism enunciates, for the reason that he detected deceit in their mode of presentation, and thought the whole phenomena "disorderly," and therefore "dangerous." What he regarded as good for himself, however, in the special sphere that limited his active belief, he accepted and gladly assimilated.

It is said that he had no fear of death. Such a man ought not to have. It was to him like the more passing into a larger and freer condition of existence. He wished that the change, when it came, should not be attended with much delay, since he instinctively shrank from the pains which might attend the dissolution of his mortal frame. He was gratified in this wish, his end being gentle and painless, and as if he were assisting nature in her own birth of his spirit. Mr. Parsons led an eminently spiritual life while engaged in ordinary affairs, and in that respect set men an example that is worth more than any form of belief. He showed how possible it is to perform one's daily duties and indulge in social recreations and pleasures, and still be in the truest sense a Spiritualist.

Materializations in Brooklyn, N. Y.

A correspondent writes us as follows regarding the private sances now being held in the above-named city, by the lady medium to whose highly successful sittings, given at No. 3 Hancock street, Boston, we have frequently referred in the past:

"Mrs. — holds from two to three sances during the week; the number in each ranges from ten to twelve persons. There seems to be a great interest in her sances, as most of those who attend are anxious to come again. Several persons from Boston have been here. They all say her manifestations are more beautiful than ever. Our spirit friends can bear more light, and the medium and spirit are shown very plainly—thus placing the matter beyond a doubt to any reasonable mind. You would be surprised to know what interest there is in 'Form Manifestations,' and the class of persons anxious: Clergymen, artists, doctors, M. D.s, lawyers, congressmen. Several of Mr. Beecher's church have attended her circles. Two men who conduct a large business in New York attend regularly every week; six weeks ago they were Materialists, now I never saw more happy men. One of them one evening after the circle said to me: 'You do not know how much good coming here does me; my life has been changed; I feel so happy in the thought that I know I shall live again. Only think where I was a few weeks ago! Allow me to say I think no other medium is doing a greater work than Mrs. —. In her quiet way she reaches a class that some mediums are unable to.'"

Death of a Prominent Man from Vaccination.

The special attention of those who advocate vaccination as desirable for every man, woman and child is called to the following, published in the *Detroit Free Press* of Feb. 16:

"SCHOOLCRAFT, Feb. 15.—Daniel Bowe, a Justice of the Peace of this town, and President of the Village Board, died this afternoon. About two weeks ago he was vaccinated, and in a few days his entire arm became very much inflamed, resembling erysipelas, which would not yield to any medical treatment. On last Sunday the inflammation extended to his body, since which time his suffering has been most terrible."

It is not a very pleasing fact to realize, that the children, at least, of this and other States are compelled by law to subject themselves to the danger of incurring suffering and death, as in the case above described, which, by the way, is but one of many, but such is the fact. It remains to be seen whether the people will remonstrate in numbers sufficiently large and in tones sufficiently loud to be heard by their servants, whom they commission to make laws for the benefit of the entire community—not specifically for any class or profession—as to favorably influence their action.

Music Hall—34th Anniversary Exercises.

In order to accommodate all, the Committee of Arrangements has placed the tickets at the extremely low price of fifty cents for a reserved seat for the entire day. Individuals and Societies that may wish, will confer a favor by applying for tickets at once, in order that they may procure the first choice. Tickets and a Plan of the Hall can be found at the *Banner of Light* Bookstore, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston. Orders can also be transmitted to J. B. Hatch, 54 Green street, Charlestown District, (Boston,) and such will be filled by return mail.

Anti-Vaccination Meeting.

Information reaches us that a public meeting of the First Anti-Vaccination League of America was to be held at Stock Hall, No. 11 East 14th street, New York, on Thursday, Feb. 16th, 1882, at 8 p. m., at which the fallacies and evils of vaccination, and the injustice of compelling it, would be duly considered; Drs. Robert A. Gunn, Alexander Wilder, George W. Winterburn, Mr. Henry Bergh and others, being the speakers who were to address the meeting.

Mr. E. Cole writes us from Elkhart, Ind., as follows concerning A. B. French, Esq., of Clyde, O., who has recently been laboring in that locality: "Mr. French is an able and eloquent speaker and good reasoner, and should be kept in the field all the time, where he is capable of doing so much good."

Read what T. B. Clark says, on our third page, regarding "Father Curtis," of San Francisco, and his remarkable healing powers.

The Bliss Media.

We shall print next week a full account of what was witnessed by a representative of this paper at a sance with Mr. and Mrs. James A. Bliss, Sunday evening, Feb. 12th, at their residence, 9 Davis street, Boston, together with such additional matter in this direction as may become available.

BOSTON DECLARED HEALTHY.—The Board of Health has issued the following notice: "For the information of American consuls and the accredited agents of the United States at foreign ports, it is hereby resolved and declared that the usual good health prevails in this city and in the adjacent country, and that there is no epidemic of smallpox or other contagious disease in this city, or any immediate danger of such epidemic."

Parties who have been directly or indirectly endeavoring to work up a "smallpox scare," so that fees for "vaccination" may be gained to aid in the support of the deeply impious "Regulars" of Massachusetts, will please take note, and subside.

Mrs. E. M. Hickok, the lecturer, who a year ago completely lost the use of her voice, has, after a long and needed rest, regained it, and resumed her labors on the rostrum. Her efforts are mainly in the direction of inducing people to abstain from drinking intoxicants. Her persuasive eloquence in the temperance field wins the closest attention, and good results follow.

Read Judge Carter's article, second page. Spiritualists should be equally persistent with him in endeavoring to sustain the rights of their speakers everywhere.

Send for Raymond's Phenomenal Paper, free of charge. E. A. W. Raymond, 93 Summer street, Worcester, Mass.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

If you have a sore throat, slight or serious, a piece of camphor gum as large as a pea kept in the mouth until dissolved, will give relief, and oftentimes cure. It is said on good authority if the gum is used in season, you will never have diphtheria—it is a good preventive.

The man who sneaks through life, unwilling to express his genuine sentiments for fear of becoming unpopular with the rabble, is beneath the respect of every intelligent individual, and should be ostracized by all truly intellectual persons.—*The Platonist*.

The *Valley Visitor* (of Newburyport, Mass.) for Feb. 11th, after announcing that Mrs. A. C. Pennell would address the Spiritualists of that city at its state street, on the following day, adds: "The number that there assemble from Sunday to Sunday has doubled within three months, and their theory of spiritual communication is becoming popular."

Keep bright your face,
And cheer the race,
Be helpful to your neighbor;
And do your best,
And only rest,
When you can find no labor!

They are burning brick in Northern Dakota with twisted hay. It is claimed that a kiln of brick can be burned in twenty-four hours by the use of this material.

The light of heaven is in its essence divine wisdom, and the light of heaven is in its essence divine love; from divine wisdom nothing can flow but truth, and from divine love nothing but good.—*Swedenborg*.

Garner up pleasant thoughts in your mind, for pleasant thoughts make pleasant lives.

It has been discovered that cabbages may be prevented from rotting after freezing simply by cutting them open or by making one or two incisions in them with a knife. After freezing the cabbages commence to decay in the centre, caused by the heating inside. When opened sufficiently to let out the heated gases and enable them to become cold at the centre they will not decay.—*Canada Farmer*.

Cast all your better emotions into your dealings with others. Thus will you be free from condemnation in your own heart.

If gravitation were to cease, and steel wires were used to hold the earth in her orbit, each wire being as large as the heaviest telegraph wire (No. 4), it would require nine to each square inch of the earth's surface, and the whole surface being covered, our globe would have to be covered as thickly as blades of grass upon a lawn.

A gentleman who has been bored by book-borrowers asks us what book there is that he can purchase which he will get a chance to read himself. We do not know of one, unless it is the revised edition of the New Testament.

In Italy they license hand-organs which are in tune. A discordant note is not permitted. Hand-organs which can't get a license are shipped to this country.—*Ex.*

"Papa," said a little boy, "why do they plant guns? Do they grow and have leaves?" "No, my son; but, like plants, they shoot."

About this time the astute clergyman takes pains to cough a little in the presence of the lady sheep of his flock, and gets rewarded in May by a ticket to Europe and a purse from the brethren here, who, in ordinary man, would have to be covered as thickly as blades of grass upon a lawn.

Col. Ingersoll does not mean that it shall be said, after his death, that he turned from infidelity on his dying bed. His secretary, who writes short-hand, is instructed to take down accurately whatever he may say on that occasion. "There will then be no opportunity," he says, "for any one to put into my mouth utterances contradicting the expressions of my entire life."

Eureka, Nev., has a barber who can speak six different languages. But as he can only speak one at a time, he's no worse than the ordinary barber.—*Boston Post*.

The failure of Mr. Thomas Hughes's Rugby colony, located in the mountains of Tennessee, is announced by the *Rugbyman*.

The Annual State Convention of the New York Woman Suffragists was held in Chickering Hall in that city recently, and was well attended.

Cold is not kept out with a "For God's sake!" or "For the Prophet's sake!" but with four seers of cotton.—*(Affghan)*. A learned man without works is a cloud without rain.—*(Arabia)*. Words without faith is a waste of flowers.—*(Teffin)*. Equivalents of the saying concerning "faith without works."

Thirty-two men lost their lives by an explosion of gas in the Midlothian coal mine in Virginia recently.

TO A DEAD WOMAN.
Not a kiss in life; but one kiss at life's end,
I have set on the face of Death in trust for thee.
Through long years keep it fresh on thy lips, oh friend!
At the gate of Silence give it back to me.
—*[J. C. Burrows, in the Midlothian Century]*.

Unless something unforeseen intervenes, Guitau will be executed June 30th, his motion for a new trial having been overruled.

A new work on etiquette says: "Soup must be eaten with a spoon. Persons who are in the habit of eating soup with a fork or a carving-knife will be slow to adopt these new-fangled ideas.—*Norristown Herald*.

A correspondent informs us that "Mr. M. W. Smith, Deputy Sheriff of West Burke, Vt., desiring a proof of spirit-return through an entire stranger, recently called upon Mrs. C. M. Brown, 24 Concord street, Charlestown District, Boston, and subsequently expressed himself well satisfied with the tests he there obtained from friends now denizens of the spirit-world."

A prominent Spiritualist residing in New York City speaks in the highest terms of Mrs. Cohn, 328 West 4th street, as a medium possessing rare spiritual gifts—her time being all occupied by previous appointments, and some of her patrons being prominent public personages.

Foreign Items of Interest.

ENGLAND.
English papers are directing considerable attention to the subject of Spiritualism, mainly because of the failure of opponents to accept Mr. Fowler's five thousand dollar challenge. Alluding to several well-written letters, in one of them, that seemed to extinguish the opponents of Spiritualism completely, the *Midland and Daybreak* says:

"One writer puts forward the thought that Spiritualism is not simply a matter of phenomena, and that the mediums would stand in a better light if they came forward and answered Mr. W. H. Fletcher's recent lecture, instead of flinging dirt in the eyes of the people by bringing forward a few paltry conjuring tricks."

Recently a lecturer in Bradford, Eng., gave what he called "An Exposure of Spiritualism." At the close of the lecture a gentleman arose and proposed a vote of thanks for the great help it had been to Spiritualism. So unsatisfactory were the exposure's efforts to expose, that the clergyman who had introduced him to the audience offered the next day to refund the money of all who had paid an entrance fee.

AUSTRALIA.
Mr. and Mrs. Walker arrived at Melbourne from Cape Town, Nov. 10th, and on the following evening, together with Mrs. Foye, were tendered a public welcome at Horticultural Hall. Addresses were made, refreshments served, and the occasion terminated with a dance.

Materializations of spirit forms at Mr. Spriggs's sances continue to occur with great power. The *Hartford* reports what took place on one evening as follows:

"George came out strong—stood in the full light, opened the window, leaned on the sill, and looked out into the moonlight whilst shaking hands he placed his face within a few inches of the eyes, so that every feature could be clearly seen; he bears no resemblance to the medium. The female form known as the 'Nun,' appeared stronger than usual on this occasion; showed her face and long, dark hair plainly, drew back the curtain, and leaning over the medium partly dematerialized in view of the sitters. The curtains were drawn and reopened, when she appeared re-formed, and bending over the medium, kissed him. Some remarks being made in preference to her hand, she extended it toward the sitters, the difference between it and the medium's being apparent to all. John Wright, who followed, came out well, and his fair face and wavy, grey beard were in marked contrast with the dark complexion and audience black beard of George. The graceful form of 'Charity' was a feature of the evening; her 'poses' were really beautiful; she, too, drew the curtain and bowed over the medium, her graceful falling over him, and the two forms being distinctly visible to all present."

The Melbourne Children's Progressive Lyceum held its annual picnic November 9th, in conjunction with the Richmond Lyceum. The two Lyceums marched to the music of a band, to the banks of a river, where the Groups being arranged, the exercises began by singing "Morn and the Mountains," followed by Golden Chain recitations. Then came races, callisthenics, dinner, singing, "Jingling matches," etc., both Lyceums returning home at evening, all the members having enjoyed themselves most thoroughly.

The *Hartford* of Light continues its Message Department, verifications being frequently received.

INDIA.
At Calcutta, Mr. Eglington's sances are attended by the most intelligent classes, and manifestations occur that perfectly astound spectators. On one occasion two materialized spirits appeared in the light—one of a Hindu lady, and the other a Hindu gentleman, father and mother respectively of two of the sitters. The *Indian Mirror* of Dec. 17th says:

"One of the sitters was requested to write the name of one of his departed relatives. The name written was not at all shown to Mr. Eglington, nor did he know it, or was likely to know it before. The bit of paper on which the name was written was then folded up and handed over to Mr. Eglington, who, as soon as he received it in its folded state, burnt it in the flame of the lamp before which he sat. It was immediately reduced to ashes, and Mr. Eglington then rubbed the ashes over one of his arms, which he said bore and found to be quite cool and free from heat or cold. But scarcely had Mr. Eglington rubbed the ashes over his arm, when the name of the departed relative of the sitters appeared in a minute or so in distinctly legible characters over the sitters' arm, and as soon as it was written, the materialized spirit had disappeared. A distinct sound of writing was heard in the dark for some time, and a great glow of light emanated from the light was brought in, and a card was found stuck in the edge of a book, near a certain distinguished sitters, and the following Sanskrit text appeared on it in pencil, in pure and excellent Bengali handwriting, with the initials 'E. G.' in the margin. The card was found in a 'sanzo,' which, when rendered into English, runs as follows: 'By devotion and knowledge of God a person is united with Him, i. e., he attains salvation.'"

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

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

Jennie B. Hagan having finished her January engagements will spend February and March in Ashtabula County, O., and vicinity; will make engagements for Sunday and week evenings during that time. Miss Hagan spoke in the Town Hall at Conneaut, O., Feb. 4th, to a large and appreciative audience. Will speak at South Ridge, Monroe, O., Feb. 17th. Address Conneaut, O., care of George Hunt.

Dr. J. M. Peebles has been lecturing with good success in Sparta, Tenn.

E. W. Wallis, of England, had an excellent and successful engagement at Willimantic, Ct., for two Sundays, closing his labors there last Sabbath. For the next two Sundays he will be in Chicago, Ill., where he will speak for the First Society of Spiritualists. During March he supplies the platform of the First Society of Spiritualists in Philadelphia. On anniversary day (31st) he will deliver the stated oration for the Cleveland Spiritualists, and will, further, lecture there Sundays, April 21 and 29th. He will then return East prior to embarking for his home. He expects to hold a farewell meeting in Boston, April 11th, of which mention will be made hereafter.

Frank T. Ripley recently addressed an audience in Milwaukee, Wis., largely composed of Freemasons, and gave tests at its close. He is at liberty to make engagements for April and May. Address him at Oniro, Wis.

Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, of the First Spiritual Society, New York City, and Mrs. H. Shepard-Lille will "exchange" on Sunday, Feb. 26th, Mrs. Brigham speaking in Brooklyn, N. Y., Institute for the Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity, at 3 and 7 1/2 p. m., and Mrs. Lille in Hephzibah Hall, West 33rd street, near 6th Avenue, at 10 1/2 a. m. and 7 1/2 p. m.

Prof. Henry Kiddle will lecture before the Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity Friday evening, Feb. 21st, subject, "Christianity in the Light of Modern Revelation."

Moses and Mattie Hall speak in Buffalo, N. Y., the last two Sundays of February and first two of March.

Miss Jennie Ithill will lecture on Sunday, Feb. 19th, afternoon and evening, in Grand Army Hall, No. 12, Taunton, Mass.

Mrs. Clara A. Field lectured for the Spiritualists at Gil's Hall, Springfield, Mass., Feb. 12th, afternoon and evening, to large and appreciative audiences. Much satisfaction was manifested, and many expressed the desire to listen to her again sometime in the near future. Mrs. Field will speak in the Temple of Honor Hall, Chelsea, Mass., Sunday, Feb. 19th; in Peabody, March 12th; in Manchester, N. H., March 19th, and in Portland, April 9th; She would like to fill the intervening Sundays. Address her at 19 Essex street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. J. C. Ewell, medium, Hotel Norwood, has given up her rooms, and after a short respite will announce her new place of residence.

C. H. Harding, whose address is 136 Essex street, Salem, Mass., is desirous of making engagements as a trance and inspirational speaker.

At Wakefield, Mass., Dr. L. K. Conoley lectured Feb. 12th, giving great satisfaction, says a correspondent, in his address and his remarkably accurate delineations of character.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield, of Worcester, is to address the public at Wakefield, Mass., Feb. 10th. In the afternoon his subject will be: "What and Where is God, Heaven, Hell and the Devil?" In the evening, "The Spirit-World; its Location and its Inhabitants." He will speak there also on the 26th.

Mrs. N. J. Willis commanded the closest attention of an intelligent audience by her eloquent and truthful remarks before the Chelsea (Mass.) Spiritual Association, Sunday, Feb. 12th.

Worcester (Mass.) Meetings.

There is scarcely a more harmonious society of Spiritualists to be found in New England than that which meets at the G. A. R. Hall, Worcester, Mass., every Sunday. The people greet their speakers most cordially and make them feel so thoroughly at home that the work of the day very much lightened. Mrs. Burnham, Mrs. Hynes, Mr. Wallis and others have occupied the platform during the past year, and it is doubtless as much due to their efficient labors as to the general interest in the truth that the cause has prospered so well.

On Sunday, Feb. 12th, the hall was filled at both lectures, it being Mr. J. W. Fletcher's first appearance on this platform, and the greatest enthusiasm was manifested. In the evening the subject was "The Demonstrations of the Present, Contrasted with the Demonstrations of the Past," and from first to last the speaker was so thoroughly in rapport with his audience that the silence was unbroken save by applause expressive of approval. Every available space was occupied, and not a person left the hall during the service. At the close, Mr. Fletcher gave some tests, of such a remarkable nature that every one was corroborated by the friends present, as correct in every particular. So great was the success of the meetings that at the close the committee was called together, and Mr. Fletcher was reengaged for May.

Among the prominent mediums present were Dr. Fuller, Dr. and Mrs. S. H. Prentiss, H. P. Fairfield, the well known lecturer, Mrs. Shirley, and many others prominent in the spiritual ranks.

Mr. Fletcher was announced to speak in First Congregational church, North Brookfield, Monday evening, in Portland, Me., Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, in Springfield, Mass., Friday evening, and also on every Sunday until April. He can be addressed at 2 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

Read announcement, on the eleventh page, of Dr. Eliza Stillman, warmly commended by the late President Garfield and other noted persons.

SECULAR PRESS BUREAU.

RE-ORGANIZED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE OF NEW YORK.

S. B. BRITTON, Chairman Bureau Com.; NELSON CROSS, Secretary; HENRY KIDDLE, Cor. Secretary.

Corresponding members of this Bureau and friends of the cause are expected to call the attention of the Executive Committee to all articles in the secular and religious journals—adverse to the interests of Spiritualism—which may come to their notice; to prepare suitable papers for the Press, under the supervision of the Bureau, and to otherwise aid in the work by their counsel and advice.

The friends of this enterprise everywhere—all who wish well of the SECULAR PRESS BUREAU—who would see the good work go on and prosper on a larger scale of usefulness, are respectfully admonished that the success of this holy war for Truth and against Error must be supplied by the People. All friends are therefore invited to contribute as they may be able to the Fund for this purpose, to the end that the service of the Bureau may be commensurate with the importance of its objects.

Until further notice all literary communications, excepts, etc., intended for consideration by the Bureau can be addressed in care of NELSON CROSS, Secretary, 191 Broadway, New York City.

Funds for the support of the Bureau should be forwarded to Messrs. COLBY & RICH, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, Mass.

AMOUNTS PAID IN FOR 1882.	
Col. Moses Hall (Charlestown, U.S.), Boston, Mass.	\$25.00
Col. Nathan B. Brown, Cambridge, Mass.	2.00
Chas. Miller, Brookville, Ohio	2.00
Cash, Boston, Mass.	5.00
Mrs. H. J. Severance, Cambridge, Mass.	2.00
C. Snyder, Baltimore, Md.	2.00
M. H. Maynard, Council Bluffs, Iowa	1.00
Mrs. Lila Barnard, Dayton, Ohio	10.00
J. H. Wade, Cleveland, O.	50.00
C. Snyder, Baltimore, Md.	10.00
C. W. Wilson, Baltimore, Md.	10.00

Funds Received in Aid of Charles H. Foster.

Amounts previously acknowledged	\$17.30
Friend, Boston, Mass.	20.00
Friend, Springfield, Mass.	25.00
Friend, Smith, Marshfield, Mo.	25.00

The Northern Wisconsin Spiritual Conference.

Will hold a Three Days' Meeting in Spiritual Hall, Oniro, Mar. 21st, 22nd and 23rd. For full particulars see notice in this issue. The meeting will include making this one of the most social and interesting meetings ever held in this place. To carry this object fully, it is necessary for each one to bring their best, and a kindly feeling for every one. Frank T. Ripley, J. G. Barrett and other speakers will be present. Mr. Ripley will give tests from the rostrum. It is respectfully requested that at our last meeting he gave the best ones ever given in this place. J. T. Falmagne has been invited to give for us.

Until further notice, W. M. Lockwood, President, Dr. J. C. Phillips, Secretary.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in *Agate* type, twenty cents for the first and subsequent lines on the second and subsequent pages, and fifteen cents for every insertion on the eleventh page.
Special insertion: Business cards thirty cents per line, *Agate*, each insertion.
Notices in the editorial columns, large type, loaded matter, fifty cents per line.
Payments in all cases in advance.
No electrotype or cuts will be inserted.

Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our Office before 10 a. m. on Saturday or on first appearance of the date whereon they are to appear.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis.
Dr. Willis will be at the Quincy House, in Brattle st., Boston, every Wednesday and Thursday, till further notice, from 10 A. M. till 3 P. M. Jan. 7.

Mrs. Sarah A. Danahy, Physician of the "New School," asks attention to her advertisement in another column.

J. V. Mansfield, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 61 West 42nd street, New York. Terms, \$3 and four 3-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. Jan. 7.

BUSINESS CARDS.

NOTICE TO OUR ENGLISH PATRONS.
J. A. J. and Mrs. C. H. Colby, for the *Banner of Light*, will act as our agent, and receive subscriptions for the *Banner of Light* at fifteen shillings per year. Parties desiring to so subscribe can address Mr. Morse at his office, 4 New Bridge street, London, England, where single copies of the *Banner* can be obtained at 3d. each. It sent per post, 5d. extra. Mr. Morse also keeps for sale the *Spiritual and Reformatory Works* published by Colby & Rich.

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Berkeley Hall.

Death in the Light of the Spiritual Philosophy.

(In Memoriam Mrs. Frances Jackson Eddy.)

A Discourse given by George Thompson, through the Mediumship of
W. J. COLVILLE,
In Berkeley Hall, Boston, Sunday Morning,
Jan. 24th, 1882.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

We come to you this morning, friends and fellow-laborers, in the cause of human progress, freighted with a message of boundless hope, of unending joy. No sable plumes, no tearful eyes, no emblems of grief should greet our vision when our mission is but to announce the ascension to a higher life of one of the noblest and truest daughters of freedom your land has ever known. Memorial services have been very frequent of late. The year 1881 has taken from the world of physical life, and introduced into the realm of spirit, so many dearly-loved and remarkable spirits, that probably none of you remember a year since the Peace Jubilee so filled with the visits of the angel of transition.

To the nation the year just closed has been a most eventful one. July had just burst upon you in all its regal splendor, when, mid the strife of the material elements, a heavier clap of thunder than aught that shakes the outward earth electrified the people of this land with sorrow, as it announced the assassination of him who is now your translated and ever-watchful, though invisible President. You mourned for Garfield, not because you were all so blinded by materiality that you could see only annihilation for him, but because in your failure to comprehend the subtle workings of Infinite Wisdom and Love which govern all things, you felt that his removal would bring misery to the nation. You speak of catastrophes, while angels speak of victories; you speak of loss, when they behold only gain; your eyes are dim with tears, while theirs are radiant with smiles celestial; you speak of death, decay, the tomb, the end, while they speak only of more abundant life, rejuvenation, a happy spirit-home, and the beginning of a series of higher activities than any in which the spirit has yet been engaged.

From out your own midst, from out the immediate circle of those who have been wont to assemble regularly in this beautiful hall, to benefit one another by spiritual contact, as well as to listen to words of inspiration and cheer, many—a great many—have very recently passed to the unseen realm; and many loving hearts in this audience to-day are inquiring of science, philosophy, religion—Where are the dead? and finding that neither science, philosophy nor religion can answer the question satisfactorily to their understanding and their affections, apart from direct spirit intercourse, are gladly availing themselves of all open channels by means of which their friends from the unseen world can reach their own mental consciousness.

To-day we need not remind you, for all hearts are centered more or less directly upon her, we are celebrating the passage to the spirit-land of one of the most regular attendants and faithful supporters of these meetings—Mrs. Frances Jackson Eddy, daughter of my own very dear and highly esteemed friend, Francis Jackson, who preceded his daughter into the enjoyment of a new life twenty years since. The younger portion of this assembly will fall to realize vividly the thrilling incidents in the life of such stalwart abolitionists as William Lloyd Garrison and Francis Jackson. They may have read of them, and heard their names mentioned with tenderest regard by all who strive to live up to the glorious standard of equality acknowledged as the standard of rectitude by the nation; but one must have lived in those exciting days, one must have mingled in that amazing strife, to be able to realize how intense was the struggle, and how bitter the opposition, encountered by all true patriots!

I use the word patriot advisedly; but by a patriot I do not mean a cringing, fawning sycophant, who in his ultra-conservative moods will tolerate and even eulogize every form of vice prevailing in the land of his birth, because a majority of citizens are against the amputation of the corrupt limb, and against the destruction of the cancer-worm which is eating out the very heart of the nation. By a patriot I mean a man, yea, and a woman also, who is loving enough and brave enough to die for country, if need be, but who would rather see a nation perish in the strife than to assist even one's own land to live upon the miseries of others. The noble, gentle, courageous, invincible woman, who has just entered the ranks of the ascended, was a patriot of the highest and truest type. Oh! how she loved America. No heart ever throbbled more tenderly for its own child than her's for the nation. Her heart was essentially and peculiarly a mother's heart, a typical heart, a heart that foreshadows, to no small extent, the heart of the woman of the future: the woman who is a wife, a mother, a housekeeper, a sympathizer, a creature of emotions, of tender susceptibilities, and yet a being with a vigorous mind, an intellect fully equal to a man's; a lion in bravery, a lamb in docility, wise as a crafty diplomatist, and yet as honest and true as the loveliest and purest maiden unversed in the ways of deception. A study of the character of our promoted heroine cannot fail to benefit and inspire with fresh courage all who are struggling against tyranny and ignorance in their varied forms; and we should deem it a grievous wrong to allow this occasion to pass without emphasizing the peculiar points of greatness in the character of our risen friend that made her life especially noteworthy and exemplary.

By nature she was a lady of exceptionally refined and sensitive disposition and temperament. Her physical appearance clearly indicated how delicately she was framed. In her youth she was a charming girl, exquisitely formed, with gentle and yet powerful movements; an apt scholar, devoted to art and all the beauties which adorn our civilization; highly educated, almost fastidious in her tastes, capable of the strongest affections, and withal possessed of a subtle and enchanting loveliness of mind and purity of heart which made her at once loved and feared in society—loved ardently and unceasingly by all who were conscious of their own moral rectitude, and by all, too, who were longing to confide their sorrows and temptations to one who would sooner perish than betray confidence; feared by the impure, the mendacious, the hypocritical—these could not bear the glance of those ingenuous eyes, whose vision seemed to extend even into the inmost recesses of the mind. Francis Jackson's daughter is a woman with a history; truly a woman who has

seen more, braved more, successfully endured more, than almost any woman whose acquaintance we have ever made. Were her life written it would read like a wonderful romance, and exert a powerful influence for good.

From earliest girlhood our arisen sister was her father's pet—his confidante. When scarcely more than a child she understood politics as few men understand them at forty years of age. She could have voted when twenty-one years old far more intelligently than nine-tenths of the men who wish to keep the ballot from women on the pretense that woman is intellectually the inferior of man. She was possessed of one of those singularly penetrative and lucid natures, not uncommon to ladies of tender breeding, combined with resoluteness of purpose amazing to contemplate. She and her father were one in a very sweet and true sense. She never forgot deference to her parent; never presumed upon his affection; this she could not do, her love was so pure and true; and true love is never presumptuous or unduly familiar; it is always deferential, sensitive, always quick to mark every movement of the mind of the loved object so that it can minister to unspoken needs. In this capacity she was all in all to her father, and her father was all in all to her. They understood each other so perfectly that words would often have been intrusive and unwelcome had they been introduced.

In the spirit-world, among advanced spirits, words are entirely unnecessary; thought is communicated from mind to mind with greater speed than that of lightning. When spirits wish to converse, if there be sympathy between them the thought of the one is made evident to the other; and thus, while adjacent to the earth, there may be and are certain spheres where language is arbitrary, beyond the earthly states there is but one, and that an universal language—the language of soul-communication. On earth you often wonder why it is that you understand one person and cannot understand another, even though both may express themselves with perfect accuracy in your own language. Why is it that you can comprehend some persons when they say nothing, while others may incessantly talk at you without ever talking to or with you? This problem can never be solved without a knowledge of what Goethe calls "elective affinity"; certain souls harmonizing, blending with each other as naturally and irresistibly as certain atoms unite, while others repel, and only injure one another. Let us learn from our study of Nature's laws to make allowances for those who cannot see eye to eye with us, remembering that, though they may act toward us with hostility, their conduct may register their ignorance, their organic peculiarities, rather than any deliberate attempt to do us wrong.

When the old historic house in Hollis street was the centre of violent agitation; when persecuted and proscribed men, attacked by violent mobs, were unsafe in the streets and in the public halls of the city; when the name of "abolitionist" was a byword and reproach; when the friends of liberty were everywhere denounced as conspirators against the Government—in the midst of such fierce struggle for the recognition of the rights of man as man, a new light broke in upon her faithful soul. Visions of the bright beyond were clearly revealed to her inward eyes, and she knew positively that death was only a stepping-stone to a newer and higher life. With as much zeal and fidelity as she had ever displayed in the anti-slavery movement, did she espouse the then most unpopular cause of Spiritualism. This incensed many against her more than all her previous actions; but when she found that she must be a martyr of the New Dispensation, she shrank from pain and ostracism no more than did the martyrs of the first Christian Century.

We talk of the bravery of men on the battlefield, and admire the courage they displayed when vanquishing the destroyer. Truly, many men have been brave; truly, many heroes deserve all the laudation offered them. Your statues are none too numerous or too imposing; your eulogies pronounced over the remains of the warrior savor not necessarily of flattery or fanaticism; your observance of Decoration Day every year is an institution which should be countenanced, as a means of helping our innate love of the noble and the brave to expand and purify our lives. But if heroism in man be admirable and wonderful; if heroism in the tented field be marvelous and worthy of highest praise, what think you of the heroism of our heroines, eclipsing that of our heroes?

It is commonly admitted that women can do and endure more pain than men, and yet they suffer more acutely, in proportion to the greater sensitiveness of their natures. Many of your powerful masculine heroes are rugged fellows, with but little susceptibility to those more subtle influences which so prominent a part in molding female character. But think of the female martyrs of the first century; think of the fortitude of those delicately organized creatures who would allow themselves to be torn in pieces by wild beasts in the Roman arena, rather than deny their convictions and save themselves from them through despicable recantation; think of the women of Europe who, in the days of the sixteenth century reformation, gave themselves up willingly to the officers of the Inquisition, making death glorious by their valor and truth; think of Joan D'Arc, who, burnt as a witch, glorified spiritual vision by dying for it; think of Florence Nightingale, who left home, with all its delights and luxuries, to serve the suffering soldiers in the wars; think of Grace Darling, who imperiled her own life at any time and for any distressed mariner, so that she might save human life from destruction by water or by famine. Glance your eye over the pages of biblical history and learn how women attended the beloved teacher to the very end, when all his male disciples forsook him; how they appeared first at the sepulchre on the morning of the resurrection, before his masculine followers had ventured forth to encounter the Roman guard; remember the Carthaginian women who made ropes of their own hair and suffered everything when Carthage was besieged, that they might rescue their city from Roman invaders, and this after courage had almost utterly died out in the hearts of the strongest soldiers. Think of such women of history, and of their bravery, and then if you dare show your face to an audience of persons who are not savages, and plead for the rights of man versus the rights of woman, plead that man shall stand alone in the pulpit and at the bar, that man shall make the laws and enforce them, that man shall elect the representatives of the people and elect them from among members of his own sex only, that man shall be the lord of woman, that wives shall obey their husbands, while husbands are not required to obey their wives, advocate male supremacy, proclaim woman's inferiority to her brother in spite of this

testimony of the ages, and surely if no voice of protest be heard from man or spirit, the very stones will cry out against the outrage perpetrated upon our common humanity.

The lady who fills our thoughts to-day, and whose spirit pervades this room, is one of the most conspicuous, of the noble army of female martyrs whose bravery and patient endurance, whose intelligence and sweetness of character, wondrously combined, fit her to become what she is, a part and parcel of a sphere of advanced and holy souls whose inspiration shall remodel governments, dethrone tyrants, banish oppression in all its manifold forms, and usher in the dispensation of harmony, in which intuition and intellect, science and religion, man and woman, shall everywhere walk hand in hand. All who were acquainted with Mrs. Eddy cannot fail to have remarked how beautifully her religion was honored in her daily life. She lived her religion always. She never talked it unless duty called upon her to open her lips; but when forced to defend a truth dear to her heart, experimentally precious to her in hours of darkest woe, when all earthly fountains of comfort were dried out, Demosthenes could scarcely have been more eloquent, Cicero more polished, or Bunsen more profound. Always gentle and refined, always ladylike and courteous, when roused by wrong to protest against it she was a veritable daughter of thunder. She would stand on the rock of truth and defy the waves of opposition, and would gladly have died in the interests of that truth. Cowardice was as foreign to her, hypocrisy as distasteful as a home in the bowels of the earth would be to an eagle. Her nature was one of those deep rare natures, full of reserve force, which in a moment of emergency can display a strength that seems to lookers on positively supernatural; it was the result of calm reasoning, as well as quick spiritual apprehension. She was a reader and a thinker, as well as a medium. She yielded to nothing blindly, and yet, when convinced that she had been previously mistaken, no one could be more ready to acknowledge an error.

No great mind is obstinate. Firmness tempered by discretion is antipodal to obstinate self-will. Firmness of the true type can never be displayed when there is no positive need for action; it is a protestant only when conscience and reason compel opposition to prevailing ideas and customs. Obstinate makes many self-styled martyrs, but it never makes a really great and true one. Persons may quibble for the sake of argument, and urge their fancies, as though a particular style of dress or mode of life signified absolute devotion to duty. Fanatics and riders of hobbies have often forgotten the weighty portions of the moral law, while they have tithed their mint and anise, and all kinds of small herbs. Jesus would visit the synagogue every Sabbath, and join in the reading of the law; he would accept an invitation to a ruler's house and share in wedding festivities; in all these particulars he was a conformist to the usages of his times; but when principle was at stake, when honor was involved, then the cross was preferable in his eyes to the following of a fashion.

We all deeply need to discriminate closely and carefully between fighting for the sake of gratifying our pugilistic instincts, making ourselves martyrs in the eyes of men, and taking a bold stand for truth whenever occasion demands. Our beloved sister was not afraid of martyrdom, yet she never courted it. She used every wise precaution, and was a person of sober judgment in all things; not at all the kind of woman to be imposed upon by a prevailing delusion, or to become an anarchist. To her, home was the most sacred of all sacred institutions; social and domestic ties were dear to her, and regarded by her as very sacred obligations; but truth was dearer than all, and she was one of the few really noble, self-sacrificing persons who never realized that she had made any sacrifices for the truth's sake.

It is pitiable, without offending against good taste I may say that it is disgusting, to listen to the words of so many who have encountered some opposition for the truth's sake, lamenting that they have made such sacrifices in defense of the cause they have espoused—they have given up so much in becoming Spiritualists. It is no question of giving up, it is a question of receiving every time and all the time. You do not talk of sacrificing brass for gold, glass for diamonds. A sacrifice signifies a surrender of something valuable for something of less worth. If the baubles of earth are of more value in your eyes than the treasures of the immortal spirit; if the favor of men and the applause of fashionable society can more than compensate for your loss of self-respect, an approving conscience, a knowledge of the presence of your dear departed friends, and an assurance that you are increasing their happiness as well as furthering your own, by holding close and free communion with them, and working side by side with them in all your undertakings—if, we say, creature comforts and the plaudits of earth's great men and women; great in the mean, vile, contemptible sense in which people are called great if they but have money, and lands, and titles, irrespective of the nature or quantity of their intelligence or spirituality—if their approval is what you live for, if its loss is the severest blow that can fall upon you, you are foolish indeed if you give up so priceless a gem (?) for so insignificant (?) a compensation as spiritual knowledge; but if, on the other hand, friends, kindred, honors, wealth, all save spiritual light, are as nothing in comparison with that light, then you can make no sacrifice, you can give up nothing worth retaining when you exchange worldly honors for spiritual satisfaction.

No one can serve two masters; multitudes try it, but all fail ignominiously; in their endeavors to please both they please neither. The keenest satire in essay and in fable has been employed in all ages to exhibit in its true light the folly as well as the wickedness of temporizing. Spiritualism is regarded as charlatanism, a vile imposture, a machination of Satan, in many places to-day, because so many who boast of their knowledge of spirit-life when in the society of avowed Spiritualists, are afraid to show their colors to the outside world. In the name of all that is true and all that is sensible, if spirit-communication is a something so unworthy that you have reason to be ashamed of announcing that you practice it, turn your back upon it once for all. If it is no better than existing theologies, then why pursue your investigations any further? If you are ashamed of it anywhere or at any time, have done with it; cast it behind you as a tempter. But if it be to you a source of joy; if it be a new light guiding you otherwise foundering bark safe over the tempestuous waves of life's stormy main; if it be a truth, and you know it to be such—if it is infinitely better than all beside—if it is grander and purer

and mightier than all else, and destined ere long to conquer its every adversary, can you dare to imitate Judas and imprint upon its forehead a traitorous kiss by proffering friendship for it when among its friends, only to denounce and betray it into the hands of its enemies when you are among its foes? Be not like Esau, who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage; follow not the wretched example of the cowards and knaves of history who have accomplished their own misery, brought about their own destruction by trifling with conviction, but follow, rather, the glorious lead of such faithful souls as she whose new birth we this day celebrate. If we ever participate in her reward, we must engage in the self-same battle in which she fought and conquered.

Was she not a conqueror indeed? You who watched her steadily for the twenty years that have elapsed since her father's transition, in 1861, cannot fail to have perceived how completely she rose above every trial to which she was subjected; how her life was spent half, or less than half, on earth; how she could attend to domestic duties, shine in literary and social circles, and yet spend her days and nights with her ascended father. From the moment of his transition a new life came to her. She was two in one—a woman and a man; her father's traits and disposition were clearly discernible in his favorite daughter, and from the moment when she imprinted her farewell kiss upon that beloved parent's marble brow till the day she passed from your vision, he and she were one. She had taken his nature into her own; and then, when earthly things receded, when the beautiful, white mother Death extended her wings and gently bore the patient, loving soul to her home beside the still waters, in green pastures and a far better land, the change came to her in the light of a father calling a child to himself.

We have all one Father in the spirit-life, the Infinite All-God; but how sweet it is to have two fathers, one human and one divine; one infinitely beyond the furthest stretch of thought or imagination, and the other just one step above us, a purely human father—one whom we can comprehend and recognize, as well as apprehend and worship; one into whose arms we have been accustomed to fling ourselves in hours of pain and grief, in years long past; one who to us is the embodiment of all we most love and most need; one through whom the Infinite comes to us as the sun comes in a beam of light. "In my Father's house are many mansions." How often has our treasured sister read these delightful words, and from them extracted solid comfort and surpassing joy. How ineffably sweet is it now to know that she is in her Father's house in every sense, and that death to her, in the light of the Spiritual Philosophy, was no leap in the dark; it was the action of a loving child springing gladly into its father's arms.

What more beautiful event can possibly take place in the history of a human spirit than the event of death, if so be that the spirit about to be delivered from the physical body is ready for the change? Old World notions of the hereafter are fast losing their hold upon men and women everywhere, as they begin to realize that death is only one link in the great chain of everlasting being, and that it is therefore no more dreadful to die than to be born. Death is no more the result of transgression than is birth, unless death be premature, occasioned by the folly or crime of an individual. Then, and then only, can death be regarded in the light of a foe; and even under such painful circumstances as those attending the death of the suicide or the man who has shortened his term of days by dissolute living, a gleam of light illumines the darkness, as we learn of nature everywhere that through the suffering consequent upon error, the soul is delivered from bondage to that ignorance and vice which culminated in a hasty severance of soul and body.

In the spirit-life every spirit finds himself somewhat benefited by the change from earthly life. Evil or undeveloped spirits, who are deaf, blind and impotent on entering the spirit-world, by reason of their having failed to develop a spiritual organism while dwelling on earth, in which they could sense and enjoy the beauties of spirit-life, find that even in their case death has been an angel of blessing. The privation, toil and suffering following upon misdemeanor and neglect of opportunities for spiritual unfoldment, helps them forward by revealing to them how utterly impossible it is to beg, borrow, buy or steal in spirit-life. In the realm of spirit everything must be earned or not attained. We are powerless to use, enjoy, or even perceive that which has no affinity to a developed condition within ourselves. Our homes, our garments, our general surroundings, are the result of our inward state. Creation simply means organization. Scientists declare that matter itself is indestructible, and thus presumably eternal. Every world as much as every organism is simply atoms in aggregate form; dissipate the atoms, disunite them, and the form is gone; reunite them, and it reappears. Man has within himself every element of nature. Man contains everything that is below him; quantity alone exceeds him in the mountain or the ocean, quality can never surpass him. Let man on earth absolutely control his own body, let him subdue every passion, let his spiritual power be the force whereby he conquers every obstacle, and there is nothing on the earth too mighty for him to overcome. Faith, or, more correctly, will-power, more correctly still, soul-force, is adequate, even as proverbially said, to remove a mountain, as everything must eventually yield to spirit, to intelligence, which is the secret source of all power.

Creation in the spirit-world appears no mystery. The action of spirit, transforming chaos into order, is no longer a subject baffling research and engendering strife between schools of conflicting thought, for all around us, everywhere, we behold the work of creation incessantly going on; not, indeed, the making of something out of nothing, but the rendering visible of that which is ordinarily invisible, and the disintegration of forms no longer needed or fitted to survive. In spirit-life no soul is arbitrarily located in a certain spot in the universe; the location is the result and evidence of interior condition: If we are attracted to Europe, to Australia, or to Jupiter; if something in our nature corresponds to dwellers in those parts, we find ourselves there, or we find those whom we seek by our sides. If we love society and cannot endure to be alone, if we have tastes for certain things and occupations, all these tastes can be gratified, as we attract to us, or develop around us, whatsoever can form our natural environment and assist us in the externalization of our especial gifts.

To attempt any description of my spirit home, to endeavor to enlighten you, to any great extent, upon the reality of substance in the spirit-

world, would be to enter upon a field of thought and speech so vast that ages might be consumed easily in the elaboration of our theme; but however fascinating may be a study of the great beyond, however interesting and instructive glowing accounts of other worlds than your own may be, the human heart demands satisfaction in an hour when the brain is utterly unable to work. You all care more for reunion with your loved ones than you do for golden harps, and fringed palms, for verdant pastures and for crystal streams. All the gorgeous beauty of tropic scenery, all the sweet cadence of heavenly melodies, all the beauty and fragrance of celestial flowers is as naught compared with the blessedness of union with the darlings of your heart. Will this unspeakable privilege be denied you? Universes, filled with radiant souls, emphatically answer, No. Chiming angels, whose multitude no man can number, all reply that love can no more be extinguished than God can cease to be. Because you love one another, therefore you will meet; because of your sympathy, no force in nature can draw you apart, as love is the eternal cement, binding together all parts of the great temple of the soul in wonderful and everlasting symmetry.

Is death terrible? To the barbarian, who has received no light from the spheres beyond, whose soul is utterly enveloped in materiality, it may be, as the unknown is always the dreaded; to the man of evil life, who cares for naught save the accumulation of earthly treasure, who goes out into the unseen world conscious of having wronged others, death may be terrible, for there can be no escape from that fear of consequences which is the penalty of transgression throughout the universe. To the materialist, who sees naught beyond death—no resurrection for the real man as a conscious, individual spirit, naught for the body save the charnel-house, and nothing for any part of man other than his body, as the body to him is all, death may be terrible; to the frightened spirit, oppressed with creeds born of ignorance and slavish dread of priestly power and an angry God, to the soul afraid to spread its pinions and fly to the angels for fear they should be devils in disguise, death may be terrible; but to all of these it is less terrible than their fears. To some of them it can only be a joyful and overwhelming surprise; but to the enlightened Spiritualist who has found a truth that robs the grave of all its victory and takes from death all its sting, death is not simply terrible, it is positively delightful. It means exchanging a hut for a palace, a body of humiliation for one that gives perfect freedom to the soul; recognition of dearest friends after long years of imagined absence, and the crowning of every earthly hope.

Death is the precursor of higher life; it comes to every bird, flower, animal and tree; it came long before man dwelt on earth, and without it earth could never have evolved man's physical organism. *Mors janua vite*—"DEATH THE GATE OF LIFE." Write this motto in fair white lilies upon the graves of your dear ones whom the angel of transition has translated to their higher homes. Death for you all, if you will but tread in the path hallowed by the footsteps of the great and good of every age, will be the most welcome visitor who has ever crossed your threshold; but remember, oh, remember, that to win the prize our dear sister has so fully won, we must live as nobly as she lived. Of all the members of our circle represented here, no one has ever set a more blessed example than she who now has gone to her rest and recompense. In the midst of severest trial and fiercest persecution, like the great teacher of Palestine, when reviled she reviled not again; when cruelly injured she only prayed and worked for the good of her oppressors. In the new era now commencing, when love shall be the controlling power, bright as any of the brightest in the galaxy of stars that will shine as beacon-lights in the firmament above the earth, shedding upon it their healing beams, will appear the loving, brave, strong and radiant spirit who upon earth loved to be known as a daughter of Francis Jackson.

Passed to Spirit-Life:

From his home, in West Newton, Jan. 29th, 1882, Dr. Peleg Wadsworth, aged 63 years and 6 months.

His noble and generous heart ever responded to the call for kindness and sympathy. To the poor and sick he was a ministering angel. His wife, who was with him at the time of his passing, was relieved by his strong magnetic hands. We shall all miss him. He leaves a wife and five children.

On Tuesday, Jan. 31st, Capt. Lewis Wentworth, aged 45 years and 3 months.

He passed suddenly at last from his worn, consumptive body, in which for two years he had suffered much. Five weeks ago he came from Maine, when it appeared that he might not live to reach his place of destination, to be with his beloved wife, who was waiting with others of the family beside her father, who is nearing the other side. Tenderly he was cared for, and so much more comfortable did he grow that his friends often forgot how he was a burden. But the bursting of blood vessels caused a sudden change, and he was set at liberty. He leaves a loving wife and three children. The writer officiated, and prays that all may be comforted. M. S. TOWNSEND WOOD.

West Newton, Mass., Feb. 2d, 1882.

From Bradford, Mass., Jan. 21st, 1882, Julia A., wife of Daniel G. Davis, aged 50 years and 2 months.

Sister Davis has been a firm Spiritualist for thirty years, and a constant reader of the *Banner of Light* ever since its first publication. She was unwavering in her assurance of a continued and better life, where she would be known as she was in her soul-life, rather than being judged by the external. She was a good medium in private home-life, and always enjoyed communion with her angel friends, now that she is freed from her long and painful sickness, and the cares and struggles of this earthly experience, where she could naturally and fully express her love and the fruition of her soul's highest hopes in the companionship of the loved in the Summer-land. N. S. GREENLEAF.

Bro. S. Sturdevant, aged about 75 years.

Bro. S. was an old "war-horse" in argument, and took great delight in quoting the passages found within the Bible that are contradictory to reason and common sense. He took naturally to the Spiritual Philosophy, and was a defender of the truth in many a heated discussion with saints (earthly). But a warm humanitarian heart beat beneath the rough exterior. He was a true friend.

Kingstree, Ohio, Feb. 6th, 1882. STUART L. ROGERS.

From New Hartford, Conn., Jan. 18th, 1882, Mary. Polly Carpenter, widow of Marquis Richards, aged 82 years.

C. E. R.

From Brookline, N. H., Jan. 31st, Amos A. Peabody, aged 68 years and 3 months.

[Obituary Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously. When they exceed this number, twenty cents for each additional line, payable in advance, is required. Ten words make a line. No poetry admitted under this heading.]

Mass Convention.

The Spiritualists of Towns and vicinity will hold a Convention at Liberty Hall, Keene, N. H., Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 10th and 11th, 1882.

The following speakers have been engaged: Mrs. S. A. Wiley, of Rockingham, N. H.; Mrs. A. M. Stephens, of Keene, N. H.; Dr. H. P. Fairfield, and Mr. M. F. Hammond, of Worcester, Mass. Many others are expected. There will be three sessions, on Saturday, and a conference of one hour before each day session. All are cordially invited to be present and take part in the sessions. Good testimony will be presented and give tests from the platform each day.

The Ashuelot and Manchester and Keene Railroads will carry passengers for fare one way. Meals can be had for 25 cents each.

Keene, N. H., Feb. 7th, 1882.

Per Order Com.

"THE SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF SPIRITUALISM," BY EPES SARGENT—HIS LATE GREAT WORK PREVIOUS TO HIS DECEASE—IS A BOOK REPLET WITH FACTS, SHOWING THAT THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY IS A NATURAL SCIENCE, AND CONSEQUENTLY NOT OUTSIDE OF NATURE. IT SHOULD BE IN THE HANDS OF EVERY INVESTIGATOR IN THE WORLD.

THE INDIAN PEACE-WHOOP.

Wand'ring in dreams, in mazy rev'ries lost,
A feeling strange came o'er me. Tempest-tossed,
Then calm; and then—a light upon me broke.
I heard a voice, and thus the spirit spoke:
Knowledge is power, we hear the white man say,
And lo! he proves it. We the tribute pay
Of home, of life, of race. Slowly we yield,
And leave the white-man master of the field.
No more the wigwam, squaw nor brave is seen,
Though streams still run and hills and vales are green.
O'er this broad land the white-race rules supreme,
It is its hour—but red-man is our theme.
Has pale-chief all the knowledge, all the power?
All Nature's secrets, animal and flower?
We are big med'cine-braves; we have our sense
And still are with you, although driven hence;
Our hunting-ground, invisible to you, is near;
Some hear our whispers, indistinct or clear.
Having the power through simple modes of life,
We reach the white man; forgiving ancient strife,
Would do him good, would cure the aches and pain
That flesh is heir to—thus good health obtain.
The red-man in the form, with instinct blind,
Of sense a truth that culture failed to find.
As close to earth the Indian puts his ear,
To sense the foot-falls too far off to hear,
Or tread of game, or find perhaps the trail,
Gaining knowledge where higher outlooks fail,
Deep lessons, inexpressible in speech,
And thus the royal road to knowledge reach.

"Knowledge is power," in whispers soft and low
Say we, and prove it, as our records show.
We reached humanity in your grandeur's day,
Aided by spirits high; they show the way;
We had the strength. Then mortals were possessed,
As witches burned and other ways distressed.
Liking our senses, we soon retired
And waited till our mission was desired.
Thus came a solstice to this "dawning light."
Again we come, conditions being right,
To manifest to man this glorious truth—
That death is life, and age immortal youth.

We red-faced souls, to Nature fondly drawn,
Are doing work as spirits of the morn,
And all controls are strengthened by our aid,
And better manifestations then are made.
Hest be the form when aided by our race,
That made it possible in this age to trace
Intelligent connection in spirit-life
With lover, brother, sister, friend or wife,
Whom you thought dead, and thus have found
That no one ever mouldered under ground.
Then o'er the wide earth let the peace-whoop sound;
The spirits have triumphed! The lost are found!

JOHN WETZELHUE.

I do not know but I ought to apologize for allowing my pen, which seems to belong to prose, to stray into the paths of poetry, if the foregoing comes under that head. It was written at the request of Mrs. Hattie Wilson, the well-known colored medium and successful physician, as well as perfect lady. Various Indian controls manifest through her, both instructive and entertaining. I am somewhat familiar with Indians, both in the state of raw material and in the state in which they are pleasantly presented in stories and novels, and I think, when under the control of the arisen order (I mean the Indian spirits), she surpasses any person I ever saw who undertook to manifest them. She looks and acts the Indian to perfection. Any one who has seen her under such control will not very soon forget Saucy Jack, Te-tum or Roscola. Mrs. Wilson said to me, on a late occasion, that she was going to have a reception (that is, what the mediums are in the habit of calling such social gatherings), and that Te-tum, one of her guides, wanted me to write something that would be suitable for her to read on the contemplated occasion; it might be poetry or prose, as I chose, rather impressing me in favor of poetry. Partly because the spirit of an Indian wanted me to do it, and partly to oblige the lady, I said I would try to do so. Soon after this, while seated at my writing-table, where I sometimes, when alone, feel the presence of spirits (if it pleases me to think so, and I think with good reason), the promise I had made to the lady occurred to me, and I began the work, and the poetry as above was written, as if it was the song of good Indians now over the river, to whom I think the "dawning light" is in a measure indebted; they certainly, as every Spiritualist knows, being great factors in most of the phenomena. Soon after this I saw the lady and asked her when she wanted the piece, and she replied: "As soon as she could have it. You have already written it," said she, "and Te-tum said he should be after me until it was done." I do not claim this to be his work or the work of spirits—it does not come up to the celestial standard; but how did this lady know I had written it? I had not told her; and I so often find certain spirits know so definitely my in-comings and outgoings by some "royal road" to such knowledge, that it is not impossible, but very probable, that this invisible Indian was a presence, if not a factor. Owing to this lady's health, the hour for the contemplated reception passed into the domain of "lost arts," in a small sense: I thought then it might not be out of order to print the poetry, and thus take that out of the list of losses, trifle as it is. I am not, however, writing these attached remarks altogether as a setting for the "peace whoop," but am using the circumstances, for the purpose also of reminding the reader how all of us are surrounded by spirits; a fact that cannot be too often impressed upon the spiritual public mind.

I have demonstrated to my entire satisfaction that certain spirits, and, for aught I know, all in my environment, do know my unuttered thoughts, and when for any cause I change my mind into some other direction, and tell no living soul, I learn, when opportunity occurs, that certain spirits were not only cognizant of the fact, but in some instances were more or less the cause. I am so sure of this that it does not seem unreasonable that Te-tum, and even others, should know of such a trifle as fifty lines of poetry. This environment was more apparent to me in my thought, or literary and spiritual work; I think I could make a readable article on this subject of which but few would doubt the truth. It does not end there: the rule holds good in the common affairs of life also. I am engaged, as some of our friends know, in a California enterprise. I dislike to mention it here, and I certainly do not do so with any eye to business (my advertisement attends to that), but to illustrate the point of which I am now writing, that this invisible intelligence is more or less with all of us, and as likely to be in your kitchen, where your pot is boiling, or at your table, as at your prayers. It is so strongly impressed upon me that actually I am as afraid even to think wrong by myself as to talk wrong in the presence of those I love and respect. I did not consult any spirits, nor did any spirits hint to me anything about this enterprise for the two or three months I had it in consideration prior to my visit in September to California. Since my return, with the undertaking begun, accidental interviews with spirits—"silent voices" from distant places—at meetings where platform tests have been in order, messages to me in the Banner of Light Circle-Room,

and sittings with one or two mediums for other purposes, my spirit friends seem not only to have known, and to approve of what I am doing on this particular matter, but they have in some instances referred to definite points in its inception, mentioning trains of thought known only to myself in its connection, showing beyond a doubt that they, the spirits, knew all the time what I was doing; but as if having human and even worldly sense, kept silent, as if they wanted me to work out my own salvation, so to speak; that is, to use my own judgment uninfluenced by them. Then again, we are so nicely poised, how are we going to separate our influences, impressions and judgment from what may be the promptings of spirits? I am very sure we are all mediums, more or less sensitive, some in one direction, some in another. I have thought I was mediumistic with a pen in my hand, and on spiritual matters, not however in the strict sense, but only as we all are; but I find it extends to common or material things; not by any means that we should look in any occult direction for guidance, but follow always our reason, judgment and impressions, and even then we may be acting wiser or more foolish than we know. It seems to me there is just enough plus to ourselves that should prevent us from putting on airs.

When people believe what Modern Spiritualism teaches us as confidently as we believe in the Copernican system in astronomy, and that is not as certain or settled as the fact I have been referring to, that our departed friends are around us, and seeing our every act, and knowing often our thoughts even, what a different world this will be. What a Nemesis is our environment? The old text, "Thou God seest me," pales in practical effect by the side of the eyes of the departed. The symbol of God, or Deity, is an eye. But who fears that eye? except our souls be the lids.

"Our deeds have traveled with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are."

We can all stand that "eye," for in the cosmos we are part of it. But human eyes are what keep us in the straight and narrow way. The spirit-world should be symbolized by an eye that sees in the dark as well as in the light, and that eye, though of the spirit, is human.

Modern Spiritualism teaches just what would make men and women angels here as well as hereafter; and its belief as a positive and literal truth is just what the world needs to-day. It has come, as the spirit Indian is supposed to say in the above rough poetic lines, because in this age conditions were right, and just as naturally as coal and oil were found ready for human use in the earth, the demand came, and lo! there was the supply. The human soul hungered for food which it could not find in the materialistic tide of the last hundred years, and the "Airs of Palestine" responded to this universal soul-hunger; and Rachel dries her tears, for she has found her children.

J. W.

Magnetic Hospital.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As we have public State hospitals devoted to different modes of treatment of disease, allow me, through your columns, to make the following suggestion: That during the present session of the General Court the required number of responsible citizens of the State petition for a charter to establish a hospital where magnetic and clairvoyant treatment will be the principal modes of eradicating disease.

Doubtless there are men of high moral and social standing in society, who know the great value and efficacy of these modes of treatment, who would be willing to move in this highly laudable work of establishing a hospital or an asylum on sound business principles—the management to be under the supervision of a Board of Directors, composed of equal number of men and women.

This form of treatment—magnetism—is becoming so well and favorably known that it seems practical to ask for its equal rights, and that it be placed on the same footing which other modes of treatment enjoy that are really much less successful in relieving many forms of disease.

As there is no public asylum or hospital at this time in the State which openly uses or recognizes the benefit derived from utilizing the subtle forces in nature by and through the human organism, it seems that this is an appropriate time to take an initiatory step toward this practical work. Who will move in the matter? This undertaking need not necessarily interfere with any private or associated enterprises now in preparation tending in the same direction.

A. S. HAYWARD,

Magnetic Physician.

Boston, Jan. 28th, 1882.

In his late message Gov. Long said: "I renew my protest against the barbarism, inefficiency, and peril to innocence, of capital punishment. Failing its abolition, I earnestly urge you to leave to the jury—the best and safest of tribunals—the question of its infliction. This will make conviction surer, will meet more fully the circumstances of each case, and, while still preserving the terror of the death penalty, if there be any virtue in that, will be more in harmony with the humane spirit of the age. The presence of insanity will not then succeed, as it now too often does. Should you abolish the death penalty, you might substitute for it the severest form of imprisonment. Let me remind you, quoting the substance of another's summarization, first, that the present uncertainty of the death verdict lessens the deterrence of the death penalty; second, that with its abolition for smaller offenses, their number, in proportion to the increase of population, and the facilities for their commission, has diminished; and, third, that in civilized communities where it has been totally abolished murders have not become more frequent. Rhode Island is an instance. Statistics show also that the pardoning power is not abused in relation to sentences for murder in the first degree, when commuted from death to imprisonment for life."

THE VACCINATION INQUIRER and Health Review, the Organ of the London Society for the Abolition of Compulsory Vaccination, London: 114 Victoria street, Westminster, S. W., Eng.

The January number gives in its "Notes for the Month" several editorials upon events and opinions having a bearing upon the cause it advocates. It commends Dr. Richardson for what he said at the Brighton Public Health Congress upon the prevailing idea of immunity from disease by means of Pastorian inoculations, designated by him as "a proposition to prevent one peril by setting up another." The longer articles are: "Sanitation, not Vaccination, the True Preventive of Smallpox," a paper read at the Cologne Congress, October, 1881, by William Tebb; "The National Vaccine Establishment," instituted by the House of Commons in 1808. In addition to these, numerous shorter articles serve to render this number useful and instructive, especially to those who in this country are affected by the prevailing panic fear of smallpox or the speculative fever of vaccinators.

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Read "ZOLLNER'S TRANSCENDENTAL PHYSICS." The Rocky Mountain News, of Denver, Col., says it is a very interesting book, worth any one's perusal "who has any desire to investigate the mysteries of spiritual manifestations." Colby & Rich have the work on sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

In these days, when Prof. Phelps, of Andover, is preaching up a new crusade on the old-time "Satanic" plane, thinking people will do well to read that pertinent work by Allen Putnam, Esq., entitled, "WITCHCRAFT OF NEW ENGLAND EXPLAINED BY MODERN SPIRITUALISM"; Colby & Rich, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, have it on sale.

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