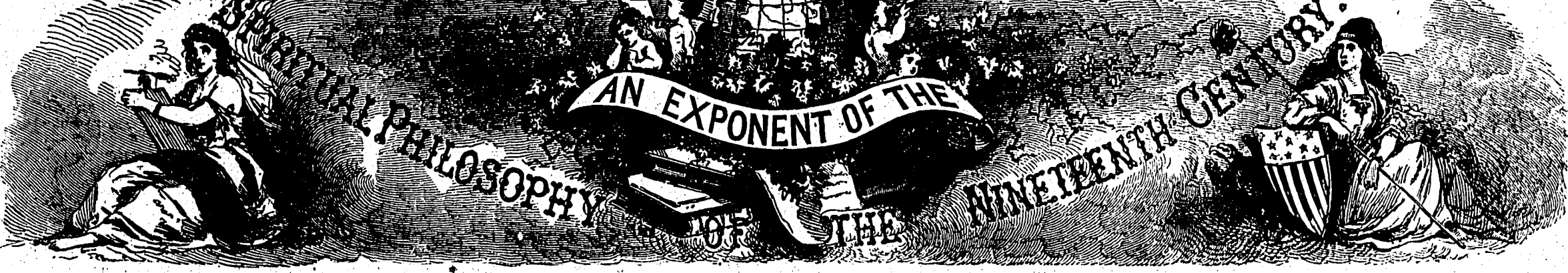


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## Free Thought.

### MATERIALIZING MEDIUMS VERSUS THE "HIGHER ASPECTS."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Nature has culminated in this nineteenth century in the development of the two most remarkable specimens of human nature that have ever before appeared on earth. The first of these is known as the "form-materializing medium," who outstrips more than a thousand-fold, in the arts of "fraud and trickery," all the sorcerers, conjurers, wizards and witches that were ever known or heard of on earth. The representative "materializing medium" is generally a female of middle age, rather slender in form, and clothed in simple, close-fitting garments; one who exhibits a mild, amiable expression of countenance, beneath which, however, is concealed the most wicked heart that can be conceived of, her occupation being solely to deceive her credulous victims at the expense of the most sacred relations and instincts of humanity; a crime that so far surpasses all others in magnitude that an eternal squirming in a hell of fire and brimstone can never atone for its enormity. The *modus operandi* of this *Hecate's* diabolical enchantments, by which she pretends to recall to earth-life the spirits of the dead, in tangible forms, to be seen, felt and heard by their sorrowing relatives and friends on earth, is after this order: Having permitted herself to be stripped to the skin by a committee of her own sex, and every portion of her body, limbs, fingers and toes, examined, her eyelids turned inside out, and her hair carefully combed with the finest toothed comb to be obtained, the medium is then reclined with garments of the committee's furnishing, and permitted to take her seat in a cane-bottomed chair, in some convenient corner of a room, secluded from the attending visitors behind a dark, loose cambric curtain, parted its whole length in the middle and open at each side. With all these precautions taken, whether helped by the devil or not, such are the wonderful powers of the diabolical medium, that scarcely has the circle of a dozen orscore of sitters become *harmonized* (as idiotic believers in the phenomena term it), than alleged spirits of the departed come pouring forth from the parted curtain, either singly or in groups, many of them so exactly resembling (as the poor deluded fools present think) departed wives, husbands, fathers, mothers, children, cousins and friends, that they are unmistakably recognized by their relatives and friends as being no other than their lost loved ones brought to life again. Although the writer may be ashamed to own his ever having been present at these diabolical gatherings called séances, truth compels him to own that he has often seen from ten to forty, and even more, of these made-up, so-called *spirits* appear of an evening, several of whom, for the time being, he was actually forced to believe, through some "devilish contrivance" of the enchantress, were actually the living forms of those he knew when they were alive on earth. So wide-spread became the horrid delusion, that it threatened to lead astray all the weak-minded and credulous blockheads in America and England, and would doubtless have soon done so, had it not pleased an all-wise Divine Providence, just at the critical juncture, to bring to the rescue a class of superior beings, rivaling God Almighty in presence and wisdom, and far surpassing in a knowledge of the laws that prevail in the heavenly spheres all the angels and archangels that dwell therein.

These wise men first made their appearance in the West more than four years ago, and gradually progressed eastward until the movement brought up in the city of London. They soon became very numerous in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, where they assumed the cognomen of "Higher Aspects," on account of their superlative wisdom and skill in detecting all "frauds and trickery" in the so-called mediums for form-materialization. After hav-

ing "exposed" several mediums in their nefarious practices, most of the latter became so alarmed that they declined permitting the "Higher Aspects" to attend their séances. This, however, had but little effect in nullifying the operations of the "Higher Aspects," for such were their astonishing powers of insight, observation, and modes of acquiring knowledge through the employment of spies and the relishing and manipulating popular reports put in circulation, and enlarging thereon in their own particular journals, that they still kept up the war on the pestilent mediums with great success. When the "Higher Aspect" philosophers first began operations they dwelt much on the hidden trap-door theory. Later, when that became too thin, they adopted simply that of the "confederate" theory. This being proved fallacious, they next wisely concentrated all their forces on the "insufficient examination" of the person of the subtle, soul-destroying medium, contending that, notwithstanding the examination that has been described, there was still sufficient room left to have stowed in and about her person, undiscovered, all the coats, pants, vests, cloaks, gowns with trails two yards long, shawls, socks, stockings, boots, shoes, slippers, hats, bonnets, ornamental feathers, precious stones, beads, veils, whiskers, moustaches, wigs, yards upon yards of flowing lace, and the hundred and one other articles of dress and ornament that were used to clothe and deck the forty or more forms that materialized (as the cunning yet heartless tricksters call it) of an evening. More than all this, these accomplished "Higher Aspects" prove to the satisfaction of "all sensible and honest Spiritualists" who are capable of arriving at correct conclusions through exact observation and testing of facts by scientific methods, rather than their own fallacious senses, that these bewitched mediums possess the power of taking from their persons, in rapid succession, as occasion requires, each one of the hidden articles in turn, and clothe their own persons therein, with an exactitude of arrangement that would put to the blush half-a-dozen of the most accomplished Parisian firewomen, and in almost an instant of time appear again before the sitters in the person of a little boy or girl, an old man or an old woman, and so on *ad infinitum*, each and all of whom would be clothed in the most-fitting garments adapted to their sex and degree, and all this done in pitch darkness equalled by nothing on earth but the mind of a back-sliding Spiritualist, in whose breast the light has become entirely extinguished, through unfaithfulness and a selfish ambition to become distinguished as a high priest and scientist among his or her ignorant brethren and sisters.

In addition to all this the black-art materializing medium possesses the astonishing power of restoring to their hiding places about her person every article as it is taken from the exterior, and that in a moment of time, to make room for another exhibition of what she avers to be a spirit form, or to show herself sitting in her seat (as she often does) calm and contented to all appearance, in her ordinary clothing, as a summer morning. Wonder upon wonders! where was the like ever seen before in heaven, earth, or—that other place to which naughty folks are bound! But the strangest of all is that were this child of Satan to consent to exercise her powers on the stage of a theatre, with no pretension to other occult aid or faculty than she herself possesses, thus relinquishing her pretended claim to semi-divine powers, she would find score upon score, the world over, of the theatrical managers who would gladly pay her for each night's exhibition a far greater sum than the most skillful of her trickster tribe ever received from the credulous dupes she devotes her energies and time to deceive, on the tenderest and most sacred relations of life, in a full year. It is true that the false-hearted, fendish medium alleges that it is a thing impossible that she should perform her mission (that is the canting word) either in the promiscuous assembly of a theatre or in midst of the company of a holy set of "Higher Aspects," but the latter know this to be false, through the teachings of their own higher intuition, or the reports of the secret spies they set on the track of the wicked medium, who, though often "exposed," and even brought to death's door through the bodily and mental wounds she is subjected to at the hands of her righteous "exposers," still persists, under the infliction of every species of suffering, torture, contumely and abuse, to hold fast to her malignant profession, with like tenacity and faithfulness as did the chosen disciples of the gifted Nazarene, though the reward be imprisonment and death, as has been the case in some instances.

But a brighter day is dawning! Already have the skillful machinations of the "Higher Aspects" driven, as I hear, every materializing medium from the field in England, leaving the former noble guardians and protectors of the public weal at liberty to make a further move in putting down the accursed phenomena of Modern Spiritualism by the prosecution of another attack on the horrid dark-circle mediums, as I see is announced by the "Higher Aspect" who was perhaps foremost in extinguishing the first-named order of fraudulent mediums in that country, as reported in a recent London journal, as follows: "In the interests of truth and progress in knowledge—for the avoidance of errors, for the protection of the mediums exposed to risks that we cannot gauge, let darkness be done away with, and in our public circles 'let there be light.' Is it that grand? Go on, gentlemen; don't mind one word that pretended spirits say about the 'condition' of darkness being as necessary to germinate a spirit-form as to materialize other produc-

tions of nature. But now that you have crushed out the impositions of materializing mediums in England, send over to America a dozen more Wallises to assist our own 'Higher Aspects' to do the same work here. And when as a next move you finish up all the dark-circle mediums in good Old England, come over and assist us by missionary effort to accomplish the same task in America, and so on, step by step, until every phenomenal medium is driven from the field, and a good and true and faithful 'Higher Aspect' priest or clergyman is regularly installed in the pulpits of the coming spiritual church to teach the laity in the ways that lead to salvation, and thus make Spiritualism respectable. A 'LOWER ASPECT.'

### Emmanuel and Immanuel.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It has often seemed to me a matter of regret that Emmanuel Swedenborg and Immanuel Kant never came into direct personal relations. Swedenborg was born at Falun, Sweden, in 1688 (January 29th), and died in London in 1772 (March 29th). Kant was born in Königsberg, Prussia, in 1724 (April 21st) where he died, in 1804 (February 24th), during his life of eighty years never having traveled further than thirty miles from his native city. Swedenborg's life was spent mainly in Sweden, the northern German States, and in England, and he saw eighty-four years. He was a profound mathematician, an erudite scholar, and was thoroughly versed in every phase of physical science known in his time. The same may be said of Kant; but his quiet life passed in the vocation of a professor of philosophy in the University of Königsberg.

Both men opened veins of profound influence upon the cultivated thought of the present age. Kant was the founder of the so-called Critical Philosophy of Germany, a philosophy which attempts to settle the problem of the extent and validity of our knowledge of reality, and particularly of our capacity to know anything of the constitution of matter and spirit, of immortality, of moral freedom and of a Supreme Being. The conclusion of his studies was, that the judgments of the speculative intellect on all these transcendental subjects were indecisive, and were capable of settling nothing. Opening as he did so wide a door to skepticism, his influence was a good medicine for dogmatic theology, by liberalizing the religious sentiment of the greater part of Christendom. Its tendencies in this direction are yet by no means exhausted. Kant has been the emancipator of many a bond-slave of religious belief, by stimulating them to rational inquiry. Kant and Lessing in Germany, and Rousseau and Voltaire in France, were for the latter part of the last, and for the present century, the malignant physicians who administered doubt to the Church in cathartic doses. The patient is still capable of taking more medicine of the same kind without harm to her constitution.

While Kant—*primus inter pares*—has been the minister of healthful skepticism to this age, Swedenborg, on the other hand, has been the herald of positive convictions, tending to liberalize religious feeling by lifting men to a plane of supersensual realities, where the tenacity of the atmosphere is fatal to doubt. Swedenborg was a person who believed as easily as the man of mere brute sense; but he was a seer of objects in a realm into which none of the merely brute senses can penetrate; a realm, however, simply supersensual, not supernatural. He announced his convictions without parade or bluster, committed them to the safe-keeping of writings in a dead language, and trusted to time to grow and ripen the fruit of his labors. He had no hungry cravings for fame to gratify. Many things, we know, he "saw through a glass darkly"; but he also saw clearly many principles that prevail in the supersensual world; and he left as a legacy in his writings, gleams of light that will one day serve to distinguish his truths from his errors. He was the great forerunner of the rapidly oncoming age of faith, when doubt shall be the helpful, humble servant of belief, instead as now, her obstreperous and defiant bully.

Kant, the father of rational modern skepticism, had heard of Swedenborg, and wrote him one letter when Swedenborg was nearly seventy years of age and the writer about thirty-two. But no written answer was returned. How Kant was affected by Swedenborg's pretensions I suppose can be learned from Kant's essay on the "Dreams of a Ghost-Seer," contained in the seventh volume of Rosenkranz and Schubert's edition of his works. A reference to this volume in an essay of the late Prof. Zöllner, brought to my notice the full and well-attested account of two clairvoyant experiences of Swedenborg, for the truth of which Kant ventures to vouch. As in different biographies of Swedenborg, only an abridged statement of these facts is accessible. I have translated in full, from Kant's crabbéd German, a letter in which he gives the particulars with careful accuracy. The letter was addressed to a Miss Charlotte von Knobloch, a lady of rank, but her residence was not given in connection with the published copy of the letter, nor was it printed with the style of address usual in epistolary correspondence. I trust the original authority for these stories, even in Kant's unwieldy sentences, will not prove uninteresting to its readers, if put on record in the *Banner*. Washington, D. C., June 17th, 1882. D. L.

[To Lady Charlotte von Knobloch.]

"KÖNIGSBERG, August 10, 1758.  
I should not have so long deprived myself of the honor and the pleasure of obeying the command of a lady who is the ornament of her sex, by dispatching the desired report, had I not considered it necessary to collect more complete information upon the subject. The tenor of the

narrative upon which I enter is of a character quite different from those with which, environed with all the graces, it is permitted one to penetrate the private apartments of the fair. I might also feel myself liable to censure, if upon the reading of it a source of doubt should for a moment suspend that liberty with which contented innocence is wont to look upon the entire creation, were I not certain that though pictures of this kind revive that shuddering call attributable to early educational impressions, yet the enlightened lady who reads this will not fail to find in it all the charm that can be derived from a proper appreciation of the facts presented. Permit me, gracious lady, to explain my action in this matter, as it might seem that a vulgar illusion may perhaps have in some degree disposed me to seek for the stories that are in accord with it, and to accept them readily without careful examination.

I am not aware that any one has ever been able to detect in me a trace of an inclination to the marvelous, or of the infirmity of an easy credulity. So much is certain, that in spite of all the stories of the manifestations and dealings of the spirit-world, which I have known to me, the highest probability is known to me. I have always considered it most in accordance with the rule of sound reason to take my stand on the negative side; not as I knew that I had discerned their impossibility (for as yet how little is known to us of the nature of a spirit), but because taken as a whole they have not been sufficiently proved. For the rest, considering the incomprehensibility of these phenomena as well as the nullity, there are so many difficulties to embarrass investigation, and on the other hand, there have been so many deceptions discovered, and there is so great a liability to be deceived in dealing with the matter, that I, who am not generally fond of incommensurate myself, do not consider it wise to be alarmed in a church-yard, or in the dark. This was my mental attitude for a long period before the story concerning Mr. von Swedenborg came to my knowledge.

I had this account from a Danish officer, a friend and former pupil, who, with many other guests at the table of the Austrian Minister in Copenhagen (von Dietrichstein), read a letter just received by the Minister from Baron von Luetzow, the Mecklenburg ambassador in Stockholm. In this letter von Luetzow informed the Minister that in company with the Dutch ambassador, at the residence of the Queen of Denmark, he was present at the telling of this strange story concerning Mr. von Swedenborg, of which, most gracious lady, you have already heard. The credibility of such a story startled me; for it is hard to believe that an ambassador should write to another a narration to be made public, announcing anything concerning the queen of a court to which he is accredited, that is untrue, and at the relation of which a respectable company was present. That I might not blindly reject a narrative in favor of manifestations and visions by reason of a new prejudice, I deemed it reasonable to get more accurate information about this story. I wrote to Copenhagen to the officer mentioned, giving him all proper suggestions. He replied that on receiving my letter he had again spoken to Count von Dietrichstein, that the facts were actually as related, and that Prof. Schlegel had assured him that there was no doubt whatever about its truth. As, however, he was just about to return to the army, under Gen. St. Germain, he advised me to write to Mr. von Swedenborg himself, to ascertain the more precise particulars. I wrote accordingly to that strange man, and the letter was delivered to him by an English merchant in Stockholm. It was reported to me that Mr. von Swedenborg received the letter kindly, and promised to answer it. But this answer never came. Meanwhile I made the acquaintance of a very Englishman, who sojourns here during the last summer, who on the score of the friendly intimacy that had grown up between us, I requested upon his journey to Stockholm to inform himself accurately in regard to the wonderful endowments of Mr. von Swedenborg. His first letter informed me that the story, as declared by the most respectable people in Stockholm, was exactly as I have related it to you. At that date he had not spoken to Mr. von Swedenborg, but he hoped to do so, though he found it difficult to convince himself that all could be true, which the most sober people of that city assert, about his secret intercourse with the invisible spirit-world. His later letters, however, are in a different tone. He has not only spoken to Mr. von Swedenborg, but has visited him at his house, and is in extreme astonishment over this whole strange matter. Swedenborg is a rational, agreeable and open-hearted man; he is a learned man, and my friend has promised to send me some long some of his writings. He spoke to my friend without reserve, declaring that God has given him the strange endowment of holding intercourse with departed souls at pleasure. He appealed to quite notorious facts. When reminded of my letter, he replied that he had received, and would have answered it, had he not been in contemplation to publish the strange occurrence to the world. He was to go to London in May of this year, where he would publish his book, in which would be found an answer to every point of my letter.

In illustration, most gracious lady, of facts of which the living public is a witness, and of which the person who reported them to me was able to investigate on the spot, please accept the two following occurrences:  
Madame Marteville, the widow of the Dutch Minister in Stockholm, some time after the death of her husband was called upon by the goldsmith Croon to pay for a service of silver table-plate which her husband had ordered of him. The widow was convinced that her husband had been much too accurate and methodical to leave this debt unpaid, but she could produce no receipt. In this difficulty, and because the amount was considerable, she invited Mr. von Swedenborg to call upon her. After some apologies, she requested that if as everybody said, he had the extraordinary faculty of speaking with departed souls, he would obtain some intelligence from her husband as to the settlement of the bill for the plate. Swedenborg was not reluctant to gratify her wish. Three days afterwards the lady had a coffee party at her house. Mr. von Swedenborg dropped in, and in his cool way informed her that he had spoken with her husband. The debt had been paid seven years before his death, and the receipt could be found in a chest of drawers in a chamber above stairs. The lady replied that this chest had been entirely emptied, and that among all the papers the receipt had not been found. Swedenborg said that her husband had told him that if a drawer on the left side were pulled out, a board would be exposed that should be thrust aside, when a secret drawer would be discovered, in which his private Dutch correspondence had been kept, and where the receipt would be found. Upon this information the lady, accompanied by the entire party, repaired to the upper room. The chest was opened according to directions, when the secret drawer, of which she knew nothing, was found, and in it the papers men-

tioned, to the great astonishment of all present.

The following occurrence, however, seems to me to have the greatest evidence in its favor, and really takes away any ground for reasonable doubt. In the latter part of the month of September 1772, Mr. von Swedenborg, coming from England, landed at Gothenburg about four o'clock on a Saturday evening. Mr. William Castel invited him to his house with a company of fifteen persons. About six o'clock in the evening Mr. von Swedenborg went out of doors and returned to the room where the company was assembled, pale with alarm. He said that a destructive fire had broken out in Stockholm on the Suedermalm (Gothenburg is about two hundred and seventy-five miles from Stockholm), and was spreading. He said that the house of a friend, whom he named, was in ashes, and that his own was in danger. About eight o'clock, after going out again, he exclaimed with delight, "God be praised! the fire is extinguished three doors from my house!" This statement greatly excited the whole town, and particularly the company, and it was reported the same evening to the governor. On Sunday morning Swedenborg was summoned to the governor, who questioned him about the fire. Swedenborg described the conflagration accurately,—where it had begun, where it ceased, and the time of its continuance. The same day the story spread through the whole town, and on account of the notice taken of it by the governor a still greater excitement prevailed, as many were anxious for the friends of their property. Monday evening a special messenger dispatched from Stockholm, during the fire, by the board of merchants, arrived at Gothenburg. In the letters which he brought the fire was described exactly as related by Swedenborg. Thursday morning a royal courier sent to the governor, arrived with an account of the conflagration, of the losses resulting from it, and the houses burned, which did not differ in the least from the account which Swedenborg had given at the very time it was in progress; for the fire was extinguished about eight o'clock.

What can be said against the credibility of this occurrence? The friend who writes me, has investigated the matter not only in Stockholm, but he has devoted nearly two months to the inquiry in Gothenburg, where he was well acquainted with the most respectable families, and has been able to inform himself thoroughly by the testimony of a whole city; in which, so recent was the occurrence (1772), the greater part of the eye-witnesses are still living. He has at the same time explained the mode in which, according to Swedenborg, his intercourse with spirits is carried on, and has communicated to me the ideas he entertains of the condition of departed souls. This is a strange narration, but time fails me to give any exposition of it. How much I wish that I had been able myself to question this singular man; for my friend is not such an expert in so conducting an inquiry, as to elicit the greatest degree of light on such a subject. I wait anxiously for the book which Swedenborg is to bring out in London. Arrangements have been made for me to receive it, as soon as it shall have come from the press.

So much for the present I have to offer to satisfy your curiosity. I know not, most gracious lady, whether you desire to know the opinion which I would venture to pass upon a subject so delicate. Abilities much greater than mine could present but little reliable about it. But of whatever value my opinion may be, your command would induce me to give it in writing, should your sojourn in the country continue, and should I be unable to communicate it by word of mouth. I fear that I may have abused your permission to write you, my hasty and unskillful pen having engaged your attention already too long.

I am with the profoundest respect,  
Your humble servant,  
J. KANT.

### Tolerance of New Opinions.

Few persons, comparatively, are as tolerant as they should be of the opinions of others, especially if those opinions involve any idea in advance or radically opposed to those they themselves hold. It is one of the phenomena of human life that mankind have made any progress, since every step forward has been met with almost insurmountable obstacles. Rev. John Page Hopps, at the great meeting at Leicester, Eng., called to pay public tribute to the memory of Charles Darwin, closed his remarks with the following upon this point:

"Again and again has it happened in the history of the world that the bringer of the light has been received with derision, that the messenger of the Eternal has been smitten on the mouth. Will the time ever come when the utterer of new truths will be no longer compelled to suffer continually at the hands of the very men he comes to bless?—when we shall follow the brave explorer with benedictions; and put up guiding lights, and not threats and warnings, for the strong brothers who will have the truth, and who dare to tell it? Oh, it is a sorrowful chapter in the history of poor humanity—this of the story of its great redeemers. Aristides was banished, and Socrates poisoned, by the Athenians; Jesus was crucified by the Jews; John Huss was burnt alive by fellow Christians; by ignorant priests, Copernicus and Galileo were worried, and Bruno was burnt alive; by an ignorant mob Priestley was driven out of his native land; and almost every heretic in Science or Religion has been made to pay the penalty of showing humanity the new and better way. Has that no message for us all? I say it has, for the 'heretic' has still to make his way against contented Orthodoxy and indolent conservatism. It becomes us, indeed, to be careful in investigation, and cautious in coming to a conclusion, but that is perfectly compatible with the truth-seeker's spirit and openness of mind. It is not to be doubted that we are all only seeing in a mirror, darkly; and it ought to be our joy to have the light shine more and more, unto the perfect day; considering that we triumph when we leave behind any error that we have outgrown."

The fact that a quart of plus, half-plus and needles was lately found in a mouse-nest at Newton Lower Falls, in pulling down the piazza of an old hotel, may not be a fact of importance in itself. Nevertheless, a partial solution of the puzzle of generations as to what becomes of the plus, is furnished by this Massachusetts mouse.

Statistics appear to show that Germany surpasses all other countries in the consumption of matches, the number used there daily being as great as from ten to fifteen per head of the population. This fact is attributed to the almost universal custom of smoking. In Belgium the consumption is about nine per head; in England, eight; in France, six.

Some do first, think afterwards, and repent forever.



## Banner Correspondence.

## Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA.—Helen Barnard Densmore writes: "Philadelphia has been favored recently with a course of lectures from Mr. W. J. Colville, which have been well attended and received with appreciation. This truly inspired speaker is doing a great work in spreading the new gospel of Spiritualism wherever he is called. His discourses are of a high order, in an intellectual and literary sense, as well as of great spiritual elevation. At one of the social receptions given to him at the residence of Col. S. P. Kase, he gave a very interesting discourse on the physical life and development of the planets of our solar system as compared with the earth, which was listened to with an earnest attention and evident acceptance by those present. It was taught in this discourse that worlds were brought into existence for the sole purpose of furnishing a theatre for souls to express themselves in matter up to the end of a given knowledge and a certain temptations in all forms and of all kinds; that these lives made up a system of embodiments which closes with the soul's triumph over all the evils to be found in material life.

We were told that in Mercury the attainment of a high degree of physical perfection was the highest ambition of its inhabitants; that that planet was in a lower state of animal, vegetable and spiritual progress than the earth, and the cultivation of the soil was their almost universal occupation; that Venus was in a high state of artistic and aesthetic cultivation; that art and music were the dominant passions there, with less intellectual and spiritual development; sensuous delights everywhere abounding, and the cultivation of the beautiful the highest aim of life. On the earth the demon to be overcome was defined to be intellectualism; man's intellect being here worshipped and deified at the expense of the spiritual.

On Mars and Jupiter is to be found a much higher state of existence, matter being dominated by the spirit to a much greater degree than on either this earth or on those planets nearest to the sun; that exalted spirits from those planets, especially from Mars, are sent as special embodiments to the earth as teachers and messengers for spiritual truth.

Life on the more distant planets from the sun, beyond Jupiter, was said to be of such an exalted character that there is no language understandable on earth in which to depict its glories and achievements.

The fact that such a statement of the nature and destiny of the soul—having for the central idea and cornerstone the recently despised and rejected doctrine of successive embodiments, or lives, of the same spirit—was so received, speaks volumes for the increasing liberality of the people; for, on the supposition that it is believed by only a small percentage, it is an encouraging token of the times when the subject can be thus received and discussed. The teachings through Mr. Colville are identical on this subject with those given through Mrs. Richmond.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher, on their arrival here, were hospitably received, and entertained by these heroic friends of mediums, Col. and Mrs. Kase, who are ever ready with kindly hearts and open hands to greet the messengers of earth's new evangel. Mrs. Fletcher came to Philadelphia first, because it was from this city that she received the first and warmest messages of love and sympathy during her trial and imprisonment; words of condolence were called to her after the sentence was pronounced, and an invitation to come to them on her release.

I was satisfied from the letters written by T. L. Nichols from London, published in the *Banner of Light* during this unrighteous persecution, that the tales so glibly circulated against Mrs. Fletcher could not be correct—that there was some terrible mistake somewhere—and now that I have met her, seen the records of the trial, heard her side of the matter, I stand amazed at the story of her wrongs. There is no disguising the fact that had Mrs. F. not been a Spiritualist and a medium, the suit brought against her by the prosecutrix could not have stood a day. The case would have been laughed out of court, indeed, could never have got into court, for on its merits no indictment could have been found. When Mrs. Fletcher's counsel implored her to deny her mediumship, to claim only to be her husband's assistant, [and hence largely irresponsible] and painted the certainty of conviction if she persisted in admitting her mediumship, she refused, but answered the pointed question in the affirmative. Mrs. Fletcher was enthusiastically received in Philadelphia. The crust of prejudice and ignorance in regard to the case were pierced, and the press was not only just but generous in its allusions.

## Maine.

FARMINGTON.—Charles Hamblet writes: "I have witnessed the most convincing manifestations of spirit-power in my own family, my daughter, being the medium. At times she would sit with her back to an organ, her hands being held in mine, and the organ would be played. At other times I would place paper and a pencil in the room unknown to her, and ask my little boy who is in the spirit-life to write to me; and he complied with my request. Frequently this spirit-child would come and play with her by throwing a pillow from her bed to one side of the room and back again, playing in this way night after night, my wife and myself being in the same room. It used to be a pleasure to us to have him come. Sometimes he would write upon the headboard of the bed, as if with a hard substance that would scratch the varnish and remain there. A gentleman by the name of Reed, who was a great skeptic, wished to test this. I told him I would let her come to his place and stop with his wife, and she might hold her hands and be convinced. He replied he would then believe. I told him to be sure not to risk any nice piece of furniture, for it would be injured, but he said he would risk that, and the result was he had his name indelibly written on the headboard of a black walnut bedstead. He soon after wrote to me, saying he had seen enough to convince any one.

At one time, having a sitting at Mrs. Whittin's, on Brackett street, Portland, (I then lived at the head of Spruce street, on Emery,) my daughter's guides came and said they would go up to our house and get a thimble that belonged to my wife, fetch it there and carry it back. We examined her, according to their request, and found she had no such thimble in her pocket, or about her. Quicker than thought it was brought, and we all examined it. Then they said they would carry it back and I would find it on the mantel when I returned home. Upon

reaching the house on our return I went in first, and found the thimble just as they stated.

Many tests have been given through my wife; one I will mention. At our little boy's death, just after his burial, a Mr. Frothingham, who then preached in Portland, and attended his funeral, afterwards called to condole with us in our loss. He said: "Your little one is dead." My wife was then controlled by a spirit who said: "He is not dead," and addressed him for ten minutes or more in the Hebrew and Greek language, so perfect in expression that he said it was the best he ever heard, and a test to him; and he felt my wife had a gift similar to those of the days of Pentecost; that God was ever the same to grant us power to commune with our departed ones.

I consider it a great credit to be ranked with those who are breaking down the old walls of religious sectarian beliefs. There is nothing so comforting, so cheering to one's heart, as to feel assured of the possibility of holding communion with departed friends. I have no doubt, no fear of the future; it is sometimes rather a pleasure to look forward to that happy moment when this prison-house that now confines my spirit shall be vacated. Could I raise the veil that hangs between this and the spirit-life, and disclose to the sight of skeptics the angelic forms, the beautiful faces that await them on the other shore, I should not fail to convert the greatest disbeliever in a future life; but as it is necessary for each mortal in the flesh to labor to gain his new birth spiritually, it is well that we all have different gifts, different capacities to arrive at this great certainty. With me it has become a fact, a knowledge; I might say with one of old, "My faith hath made me whole."

## New York.

NORWICH.—T. Spencer Baker writes: "May 25th and June 4th were feast days to us indeed, for we were then permitted to sit and listen to soul-inspiring utterances as they were breathed forth through the inspired lips of the eloquent speaker, Miss Leslie N. Goodell, of Amherst, Mass.

We were extremely fortunate in securing her presence among us for this season, and as equally unfortunate in not being able to retain her for a longer time, but we were obliged to forego the pleasure, as she is under the direction of a noble band of spirits, and has a mission elsewhere to perform; happy indeed will that society or circle be into whose presence she may be directed.

During the delivery of her discourses here, the audiences were spell-bound. Previous to her appearance it had been a difficult matter for Spiritualists to harmonize for any concerted action, but through her ministrations we have been brought into harmony, and all seem to be willing to put shoulder to the wheel, and more life into the work of spreading the truths of the glorious gospel of the New Dispensation. Spiritualism has been at a low ebb in Norwich for several years, but now that we have a hall under our own supervision we are determined to remain idle no longer.

Another grand object has been accomplished by the appearance and ministration of Miss Goodell among us, and that is, there seems to be a changed sentiment and feeling manifested by those who are not identified with us, as the audiences on her last Sunday plainly manifested, for they were largely sprinkled by members of our various church organizations, who, we learn, were well pleased with the exercises. We are well satisfied that if she had remained another Sunday with us our hall could not have accommodated all who would have been willing to come.

The psychometric readings given from photographs of living or deceased persons were truly remarkable; and were invariably recognized by persons in the audience."

## Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS.—A. Libermann writes: "It is so seldom we see any account in your estimable paper of the labors in the field of Spiritualism in this vicinity, that I venture to inform you there are many thousands of Spiritualists in this city. A few devoted friends of our sacred cause belonging to the old Society have rented a room in Odd Fellows' Hall, on Camp street, where we meet every Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock. We have trance-speakers, who lecture on subjects given by the audience, and questions are answered to the satisfaction of those present. We hope our little band may increase and require more room by fall. We shall continue our meetings through the summer months, and invite all Spiritualists who come to New Orleans to visit us. The members of our Society greet you and thank you for all the good you do to the cause and to humanity through the *Banner of Light*. May it continue in the work until all the world accepts the truth it so well defends and promulgates."

## Michigan.

JACKSON.—J. C. W. writes: "We recently had the pleasure of listening to an able lecture from Mrs. Bullene. Over twenty years ago we listened to several very interesting and able lectures from the speaker, then Emma Frances Jay. We were much pleased to note at this time that Mrs. B.'s power as a lecturer had not diminished. She is on her way to Denver, Colorado, and our friends will do well to secure her services on her line of travel. Mrs. Bullene's present address is the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* office, Chicago, Ill."

## Wisconsin.

OMRO.—A postal-card—received too late for insertion last week, and bearing the names of Wm. M. Lockwood, President, and Dr. J. C. Phillips, Secretary—announces officially that, failing in their efforts to secure the desired speakers and test-mediums, the management concluded to defer holding the usual June meeting of the Northern Wisconsin Spiritual Conference. The next Convention will be held in September, due notice of which will be given in the usual way.

## The July Magazines.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.—opens its present installment with an attractive continuation of Thomas Hardy's "Two on a Tower." Rev. O. B. Frothingham contributes a thoughtful paper on "Care for the People Under Despotism" (in which, however, Democracy is considered to be less a friend to the material comfort of the people at large than the so-called paternal governments in Europe—in that, in the opinion of Mr. F., the passion for individuality, "for the independence of the separate man," is not one which works willingly for the good of the mass); Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and William Henry Bishop carry forward their serials with interest; the fifth number in "Studies in the South" is reached; a poem, announced as the last one written by the late Henry W. Longfellow, and bearing the title of "The Bells of San Blas," has a parting memory around it which will ar-

peal to all its readers—the manuscript bearing date of March 15th, which was but a few days before the great poet's fatal illness; Henry D. Lloyd (author of "The Story of a Great Monopoly") writes pungently regarding "The Political Economy of Seventy-three Million Dollars"; "The Fate of the Daylight," by Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, embodies an attractive narrative from her sketches always do; Annie R. Annan, Susan Coolidge and H. C. Bunner furnish additional poems; and other good articles, together with reviews of recent literature, the "Contributors' Club," etc., etc., enter into the make-up of what is really a capital number of a popular favorite.

THE CENTURY has on its first page a portrait of R. W. Emerson, engraved by G. Krueger from a photograph of the Bust by D. C. French, and for its first article, "Among the Thlinkits in Alaska," by C. E. S. Wood, finely illustrated with numerous engravings by four of the best artists. The conclusion is given of Thomas Carlyle's "Reminiscences of My Irish Journey." An article that will specially interest our readers is that upon Henry D. Thoreau, by John Burroughs, the individuality of whose life was so strongly marked that it made a world-wide impression. The sketch is made the more valuable by a portrait that accompanies it, none having before appeared, and this from a type taken in 1841. W. D. Howells contains "A Modern Instance." A seasonable article is "The Evolution of the American Yacht," illustrated. The concluding part of "The Bee-hives of California," by John Muir, is illustrated with engravings that will make glad the heart of the naturalist. It is sufficient to say of the remaining contents of this number that they are all good, and in variety most excellent. For sale by A. Williams & Co., 283 Washington street, Boston.

WIDE AWAKE comes in its mid summer dress like a fairy of the woods with its hands full of flowers for the young folks. A full page picture, "The Pipers," is its opening attraction, and descriptive of it a poem by Elizabeth Cummings, every way delightful. A brilliant story, "The Assistant," by Mrs. M. H. Catherine, gives good lessons in determination, devotion and generosity. "A Summer Evening's Entertainment," by G. B. Bartlett, will prove very acceptable to all who wish to entertain themselves or others, inasmuch as it gives diagrams for the construction of a portable stage, and instructions for presenting upon it tableaux, pictures, statuary and pantomimes. "Wild Flower Papers," by Amanda B. Harris, with illustrations by Miss L. B. Humphrey, No. 14, of which is here given, will add much to the enjoyment of summer ramblers in the information they give respecting the wild flowers of the fields and woods. "How Jabez saw the Elephant," "A Visit to a Camphor Refinery," "Lost Among Savages," "The Fairy Flag," "A Skye Folk-Lore Ballad," and a dozen or more other stories, sketches and poems, all finely illustrated, complete the contents of one of the best numbers of this monthly. D. Lothrop & Co., publishers, Boston. London: James Clarke & Co., 12 Fleet street.

ST. NICHOLAS has for its prominent feature, to boys at least, a history of the American Newspaper Press, by Harlan H. Ballard, the first hero in that line being Benjamin Franklin. A boy published a paper in Philadelphia during the war of 1812, and in 1820 Nathaniel Hawthorne, then sixteen years of age, published the *Speaker*, price twelve cents per annum, payment to be made at the end of the year. Reaching more recent enterprises of the kind, the writer details much of interest. Several engravings illustrate the article. In the way of stories we have "Inside a Fish-Net," by Sarah J. Preharris; "Tinkie," by S. A. Shields—all about a dog; "Tag's Coon," by Frank R. Stockton; "An Early American Rebellion," by F. N. Doubleday; "The Extra Train," by Young Joe; "The Boy Who Lost the Fourth of July," by Sophie Sweet. These with many fine poems, a continuation of "Donald and Dorothy," by Mary Mapes Dodge, "How Santa Claus Came to Harry in Summer-Time," for very little folk; the attractive discourses of Jack-in-the-Pulpit and the Puzzle Box, are enough to satisfy the most ravenous of youthful longings for good things. The Century Co., New York. For sale by A. Williams & Co., 283 Washington street, Boston.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART has for its frontispiece a very touching picture, "The Widower," from a painting by Luke Fildes. A. R. A. father with a sick child in his arms and four other children about him, all too young to realize their loss, except the eldest, a girl of ten or twelve years, form a scene that, though sad, is true to life. "Licensing Beggars in Spain," from the picture by J. B. Burgess, A. R. A., represents a motley collection, and will give Americans a view of a phase of human society unknown in this country. The other full-page engravings are, "The Mountain Sprite," from the picture by Conrad Dietl, and "A Sailor's Wife," from the Group in Bronze by Legros. An article in this number in advocacy of reform in the dress of women, "Fitness and Fashion," with four illustrations, is worthy of attention on account of its suggestions looking to health and comfort, rather than to fashion and the vagaries of the modiste. A vignette forming the initial of a poem, "The Two Painters," is a study that imparts more of a lesson than many a sermon. Near a score of other illustrations adorn the present issue of this admirable teacher of art. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., London, Paris, and 739 Broadway, New York.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL MAGAZINE opens with a portrait of Robert Browning, a brief biography and a phrenological outline of his leading characteristics; following which "The Transcendentalists and Brook Farm," by Amelle V. Pettit, is given, and will be found quite interesting, more particularly in its allusions to the Industrial Association at the "Farm" in West Roxbury, established by Geo. Ripley, who gathered about him at that place Geo. W. Curtis, A. Bronson, Alcott, Charles A. Dana, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, and others of like progressive tendencies of thought. Dr. S. B. Brittan contributes a fine poem entitled "A Twilight Meditation." Part II. of "Phrenology and Pestalozzianism," "Scottish Shepherd Dogs," "A Moral Mix," "Whistling Girls, Why Not?" "Rescue Work in Relation to Prostitution and Disease," a paper read at the Women's Congress in October last by Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, and many shorter articles, interesting and instructive, complete the number.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY has for its introductory song, "Which is the Way to London?" supposed to be sung by a man and boy who, attired in the quaint dress of the times of the Puritans, are represented in the frontispiece as plodding their way through "Tinto, the Ferry-House Parrot," is an amusing sketch, matched by another, "The Tame Crow," both descriptive of the mischievous pranks of those "birds of a feather." "Nine Little Pigs" will entertain the children, and the brief sketch teaches a good lesson. There is, however, no need of naming further the attractions of this number. All its patrons look with anticipatory pleasure for the appearance of each issue, and are never disappointed.

THE TRUTH SEEKER. Edited by Rev. John Page Fjorps. The June number contains addresses in memory of Charles Darwin and R. W. Emerson, presumably by the Editor. Of Darwin it is said: "He had no prepossessions to square his facts with; no prejudices to gratify; no scientific or theological creed to maintain. He wanted facts, and he got them. He penetrated beyond complexity to simplicity, behind phenomena to their causes." Of Emerson: "He does not prate about God, like a salesman who can give you the exact measure of the bit of stuff he has to dispose of, but he takes us to the spot where we can feel and say that the place wherein we stand is holy ground. He does not repeat glib phrases about the Christ of Bethlehem and Calvary, but he distills for us the essence of his noblest teachings, and reveals the secret of his inspiration of power." The remaining articles in this number are, "The Soul of Good in Things Evil," Part III., by William Mitchell; "Statistics of Small-Pox and Vaccination in England; deduced from the Returns of the Registrar-General," and "Notes by the Way," London and Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate.

THE MANUFACTURER AND BUILDER, devoted to the Advancement and Diffusion of Practical Science. H. N. Black, Publisher, 21 Park Row, New York; William H. Wahl, Editor.

\*Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cures all female complaints by removing the cause.

## The Spiritual Rostrum.

## The Highest Type of Manhood.

An Inspirational Discourse delivered by  
W. J. COLVILLE,  
in Berkeley Hall, Boston, Sunday Morning,  
April 2d, 1882.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

Our thoughts to-day naturally revert to the transition of one of the most illustrious men of our time—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. He, the great poet of New England, the world-renowned representative of American verse, lies, so far as the mortal frame is concerned, motionless and dead. At this season the eyes of Christians are all turned to the sufferings of Jesus on Calvary for, the redemption of mankind from sin and its consequences; this day begins the most solemn of all the weeks of the year in the Church's calendar. The Jews, moreover, at this season, are about to celebrate the Passover. All nature at this time is reminding us, also, in the amplest and most beautiful way, of the triumph of life through death, as the sun has now once again entered the vernal equinox, and the glad spring and summer months are returning to rejuvenate the earth.

Life and death are everywhere inseparably connected. Without the one we cannot have the other; without winter's cold and sleet and frost and rain, we cannot rejoice in the beauties of the springtime; without the desolating waters of the overflowing Nile, Egypt would be an arid waste instead of a fruitful land; without upheavals in governments and religion, ideas would stand still; human progress would be annihilated. Life depends upon death, as the morning depends upon the evening. Without the dark night there can be no morning glory; without sorrow no fullness of joy; without dark backgrounds no glowing foregrounds; without the loss of earthly friends no recognition of immortal spirits in a brighter world, where the soul, divested of corporeality, is free to enjoy the society of all whom it loves, unfettered by the limitations incident to time and sense.

Our subject to-day is The Highest Type of Manhood; and though we announced it before the news of Longfellow's transition had spread over the earth, the occasion of his so-called death certainly may be a fitting one for the pronouncement of an eulogy upon men of the stamp to which this illustrious hero decidedly belonged. We have called him a "hero," not impulsively, but advisedly; not in the romantic sense in which persons of questionable reputation are styled heroes in novels; not in the sense in which the term hero is employed by those who see no glory in a life destitute of military achievements; not in the sense in which the word is attached to men whose victories have been won over the dead bodies of the thousands they have slain. Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon, Nelson, Washington; all these, and hundreds of other warlike celebrities, may be heroes, but they do not represent to us the most exalted type of manhood. Necessary as warfare may be as a prelude to the reign of the angel of harmony, that angel comes not to earth with sword in hand to kill, but with healing balm to make alive.

However needful strife may be as the precursor of peace, the ultimate object of contention is surely the absence of it. However much we may admire the men who have laid down their lives on the battle-field in defense of right, to secure liberty to the people, we behold in the lives of those who have ruled without the use of carnal weapons, who have governed and slain abuses without the shedding of blood, the fulfillment of a loftier mission than that of the warrior. Far be it from us to speak disparagingly of the services rendered to country and to humanity by our brave soldier youths and veteran generals. Far be it from us to speak lightly of the sacrifices made by those who have gladly left home, friends, ease, in a word, all that made outward life enjoyable, for the battle-field with all its horrors, that they might espouse the cause of down-trodden negro slaves, and emancipate from bitter thralldom the oppressed in every land. We cannot too greatly praise every one who has ever come boldly to the front and faced the cannon's mouth when fighting in a righteous cause; but still there are higher works to be done on earth than those performed by military men. There are methods of advancing the cause of truth and justice immeasurably above all modes of warfare; and to those who labor in these higher fields of moral work, a nobler task is assigned, because their loftier spiritual development permits them to engage in it.

The spiritual view of life is that all workers are equally necessary; that all kinds of occupation are commendable if only entered upon in obedience to the voice of duty, and engaged in in behalf of humanity. In the present state of society baking bread and making garments are just as necessary to the well-being of humanity as any official duties performed by representatives of the nation in Congress. The Senate Chamber is no more essential than the kitchen; without the latter the sitters in the former would be incapable of exertion. Thus it is plainly to be seen that all classes of society are held together by mutual needs, welded into one by the interdependencies of daily life. But granted that all men are born free and equal, as your Declaration of Independence hath it; granted that all are born with equal rights and liberties, which every one is bound to respect, all are not capable of maintaining equality with their competitors. Equality does not mean that all shall be compelled to live on one plane, to keep to one level of attainment. Equality only signifies this, that every human being shall have full and undisturbed liberty to become whatever his own industries and talents can make him; that free educational advantages shall be offered to all alike, and that men shall rise, if they will, but make the effort, to the loftiest positions in the land, unfettered by the yoke of inferior caste or unpopular clan.

Independence and equality signify that without exception Jew and Gentile, however and wherever born, shall be free to exercise every capability to the fullest extent, and that the son of the millionaire shall have no lawful advantage over the son of the crossing-sweeper. The great danger to America, that danger which hourly threatens her, is that she become purse-proud and haughty, worshipping at the shrine of mammon, adoring the golden calf, rendering popular idol-worship, if so be that it fills her coffers with gold. While she boasts of her freedom let her beware that she does not sell it for a mess of pottage. Gold is god in many an American city to a frightful extent; culture even pales before wealth in many places; occupations which, though honest and useful, are not ostentatious, or calculated to feed pride,

or help one to amass a large fortune, are considered lowering, while dishonesty in the guise of a lawful business transaction is everywhere tolerated, and often the most dishonest are allowed to pass for shrewd, smart, intelligent men in what is falsely called the "best society" in the land, because the wealthiest. The accumulation of riches is in itself no sin; to earn the acquirement of an honest competency is every one's duty who has ability and opportunity to insure it; but is there not in life a grander man than the millionaire? is there not a loftier throne than that filled by either the warrior who boasts of his victories on the tented field, or that occupied by one who is simply a very rich man?

No one has ever won a great victory in battle without bringing down many an aged parent's head with sorrow to the grave; without blasting many a young wife's affections and leaving many an orphan child to mourn a father's watchful care. No one has ever succeeded in business through excessive smartness without crushing the hopes of many an aspiring young mind with whom the successful runner for the prize of fame and gold has come into collision. Could we look behind the scenes of our daily life, and, peering into the secret of the rise and triumph of our wealthiest men, what a weary and heart-rending picture of desolation should we behold. It may be, and doubtless is, that all that suffering is but nature's evolutionary work, that multitudes must be sacrificed that the fittest only may survive. We see the little fishes everywhere devoured by large ones. We see tender and sensitive animals fall a prey to the appetites of stronger and fiercer creatures; and, ponder and philosophize as we may, we are all confronted with an impenetrable mystery of life. Life everywhere feeds upon death; birth everywhere depends upon decay; all creation is certainly groaning and travailing in pain, waiting for something higher than it has yet found.

So far as we can penetrate the gloom and rend the mystic veil which hangs over life, we see the divine plan slowly but surely revealing itself; we can confidently persuade ourselves that all is working for the best, that all things must be as they are to evolve a higher order of existence. We can trace, step by step, the steady gain of man, but yet we come to realize a very beautiful truth as we listen to the sublime teachings of pure and holy spirits, and pay attention to the inward monitions of our own souls; and that is, that all suffering is preliminary to a great joy; that suffering is indeed to happiness what the egg is to the bird, the acorn to the oak, and the seed to the flower; that without it there would be neither leaves, flowers nor fruit on the tree of human life; and also that when we no longer require the discipline of sorrow we shall no longer occasion it.

An angel from celestial spheres, having outgrown the necessity to suffer, can occasion no sadness to any one. All our grief springs from our own lack of development, conjoined with that of those around us. Thus the most advanced and exalted spirits inhabiting earthly forms occasion no misery. They are too wise to offend ignorantly, too kind to do so carelessly. This position may be assailed by some as appearing to be in direct contradiction to the teachings of Jesus, who declared that he did not come to bring peace but a sword; that his work would set people at variance with each other, even to the dissolution of the nearest earthly bonds of union. The teachings of Jesus were never cruel or the cause of any offence. The offence came by those and to those in whom these teachings revealed something which needed removal, and its removal could not be accomplished without suffering. Does the sunshine streaming into your cellar bring foulness with it? Is it the cause of the dirt it reveals? Is your broom the introducer of the dust it agitates? Is the medicine which drives the humor in your blood to the surface the cause of that humor being within you? Light, brooms, medicines, reveal and cast out impurities; but their work is always to remove, never to introduce them. So is it with every new truth, with every highly inspired teacher; the truth reveals the error, the truth-teller opposes and unsens the wrong, and the work of purgation or eradication is not always painless to the one out of whom the devil is cast.

But how is it with those who are on a lower plane of life? They cause misery without alleviating it; they agitate evil without dethroning, or casting it out. Any ready speaker can expose the errors of the times, but it requires one possessed of a positive power of divinity to cast them out. As we said last Sunday, it is the easiest thing in the world to tell people how bad they are, but a far more difficult task to assist them in rising superior to the force of temptation and the thralldom of evil habits. We can and do admire the agitator, we have room for the honest iconoclast in our ranks; but the builder of the new people, the architect of the new humanity, is surely entitled to greater reverence than he whose development only allows him to assist in pulling down error without revealing the truth which is to occupy its vacated throne.

We have very recently been called upon to speak of the transition to the spirit-life of many a remarkable man and woman, and it has always been our custom to seek to improve the occasion of their removal from earth by calling your attention to some of the most prominent features in their characters. We have sometimes been accused of speaking too eulogistically of the departed, especially as we have not seldom inveighed against fulsome flattery forming the staple of a funeral address. In the presence of death, no truthful person can be other than shocked at anything approaching insincerity, but when perfect truthfulness allows, nay, compels us to speak in glowing terms of the brother or sister whose body lies inanimate before us, what time can be better, or even so opportune, for the rendition of a grateful tribute to a pure and noble soul? In the presence of death all are hushed and awed into reverential silence, for while death may not be frightful, it is always solemn. It marks a great crisis in the history of a spirit, and all critical moments are solemn ones. The hour of birth is not dreadful, but it is solemn. A spirit then begins a new work in a new body. Tremendous consequences hang upon that little life, oftentimes lying so helplessly in its mother's embrace. The occasions of birth and death are more than all others calculated to uplift mankind, because they compel us to stand still and think.

Reflection is the one thing most greatly lacking in American life. Intrepidity, bustle, excitement, these fill up our days and rob us of half our sleep at night. If one hour every day could be devoted to calm reflection, and to communion with invisible guides, be the miseries and mistakes of life would be halted, or speedily rectified. In the lives of great men we always discover how they enjoyed and profited by



their practice of retirement, self-examination, and a review of their doings. Jesus found it necessary to the carrying out of his mission to spend whole nights alone amid mountain solitudes, or in a boat on the lake of Tiberias. He earnestly recommended the practice of silent prayer in one's own closet, meditation upon life and its stupendous issues, communion with the unseen realm. In hours of silent thought we gather strength for the battle of life; we need, most of us at least, three times as much retirement as we get. Every individual needs a room entirely his own, into which he can enter. Feeling secure from all disturbance, in these haunts of perfect privacy the soul and mind are able to enter into closest converse with the occupants of the unseen world, and to draw from them the instruction and comfort which most of them the toilers in life's vineyard need to fit them for the duties of daily life. The ancients selected mountains and shady groves for temples. There they declared that they saw and talked with the gods, and if the Spiritualists of to-day would but follow the good examples set them by the wisdom of the ancients, while they discard all old time folly, the cause of Spiritualism would soon triumph above all its enemies, and be universally admired and honored.

While one of the necessary means of developing spiritual gifts is by bestowing the most careful and untiring attention upon all the duties of our state, whatever they may be, another means almost as important, if not quite as much so, is the duty of cultivating that passive state of receptivity at regular intervals as shall enable our spirit friends to hold free converse with us, and give all directions needful to the successful carrying out of our plans in life. The highest type of man may be a man of business, keen, cool, calculating; but he will be also a poet, a religious man, a Spiritualist in the highest sense; one whose intellectual and moral nature are so evenly developed that the affections have full play, at the same time that the passions are thoroughly under control. The unique beauty of the character of the Christian Saviour consists in its many-sidedness. Though evidently and eminently a man of one and only one supreme idea, that idea, the idea of saving the world, was sufficiently large to include a complete recognition of the advantages accruing from a well-rounded development.

The character of Jesus was severely criticised by those extremists of the unnatural type, who considered that a life of devotion to spiritual work meant a life of isolation from society, and a neglect of the things of this world. The Essenes, of whom Jesus was undoubtedly in many respects a representative, believed in monastic and conventual life, in total abstinence from all the pleasures of this world. They dressed with severe plainness; were remarkably and often injuriously abstemious in their general mode of living, and, as a rule, looked upon all innocent amusements as sins—making this world a veritable vale of tears. Jesus was a come-outer from all parties among the Jews, though he never renounced Judaism, but was a strict monotheist, and follower of the purest Hebrew precepts till his latest breath. He lived a truly independent life, regardless of the world's frown or smile. If invited to a wedding party he accepted the invitation, and made the occasion an opportunity for enlightening and blessing the guests. We cannot help feeling that the miracle of turning water into wine at Cana of Galilee was really simply the magnetization of the water; the infusion into it of an element which gave it a delicious flavor, far more pleasant than that of an intoxicating stimulant, and that this delicious beverage, so much more palatable than the wine they had previously drunk, would give all assembled a taste for something purer and more healthful, and a distaste for the alcoholic stimulants previously consumed.

Whether this was really so or not, the truly great reformer, the highest kind of man, goes into society wherever he can effect an entrance, and calls out among its members new and pure appetites which overcome the taste for all things pernicious. What use would it be for a man to say to an adulteress: "Go, and sin no more!" unless he could give her some practical assistance in treading the path of virtue? The true reformer is a psychologist, affecting the wills of those around him, and by arousing a desire for the beautiful and pure he succeeds in overcoming an abnormal taste for the injurious. Phrenology declares that there are a great many distinct organs of the human brain; and that each one of these organs has a specific work to do, a particular niche to occupy, a special part to play in the great drama of life. There is no good organ and no bad organ; inequalities in development alone produce angularities and evils in life. Now how can we correct an excess or supply a deficiency? how can we so distribute the vital force that it shall do only good? Surely not by endeavoring to crush out a natural propensity; not by waging war upon an overdeveloped "bump." The only radical and effectual mode of overcoming the evil resulting from the excessive development of one organ is by the careful, steady, scientific cultivation of its opposite, so that the vitality which is superfluously abundant in one channel may flow in some measure into another, thereby producing a harmonious equilibrium. Children frequently complain that their parents tell them to keep out of mischief, without giving them any interesting work with which they can employ their time. Bad habits are only counteracted by good ones; the sole panacea for vice is virtue; positive useful-work is the only safeguard against evil.

Now every great teacher has some fact to present upon which he relies for success in his efforts to wean men from error. Every great scientist leaves opposing theories alone; his work is to demonstrate truth, to reveal fact and let theories shape themselves in accordance with ascertained knowledge. We all know that if twelve and twelve make twenty-four they cannot make anything else; whereas, without proving what they do make we may argue against their making twenty-three, and yet foolishly contend that they make twenty-five. Orthodox Christians and Atheists are very much like two parties of men shutting their eyes to the fact of the multiplication table, fighting over it, each being equally astray in the calculation which he considers the only correct one. Every truly great man has done something, which lives after him, has demonstrated something positive and definite, has been experimentally certain of the truth of something and has then gone to work and made that truth practical. Take for example Angelo. He does not live in a speculation or a negation; he has an idea, it is outwrought, and the great cathedral remains as the embodiment of the conception of his master mind. Long after the Roman Church has fallen almost out of the memory of man as a hierarchy, will this

colossal temple remain as the shrine, and form of an inspiring and elevating art; and millions of the future inhabitants of the world may find it a true sanctuary, a living temple of the spirit. Raphael's pictures must outlive every creedal limitation which causes them to represent theological notions rather than universal truths. His Transfiguration, the masterpiece of his artistic skill, will remain so long as the painting endures as a prophecy of the destiny of man on earth and a record and prophecy of spirit communion. Mozart, interpreting in florid strains the jubilation of human gladness; Beethoven, tenderly unlocking the secret chambers of imagery within the afflicted breast and ministering to its wants by sympathy and upward looking; Mendelssohn, always bold, grand, free, triumphant, conquering all sorrow and sin by the sheer force of spiritual rapture—these geniuses are alive for evermore. You cannot forget any more than you can destroy them. They do not belong to any one age, but to all ages. They are not German or Italian or English, they are simply and sublimely human; and though one special spot of earth may have given their bodies birth, their souls are afflited from spheres celestial.

What the painter does for the eye and the musician for the ear, the poet does for the human family at large by his direct appeal to those affections which sights and sounds of times most powerfully reach. Poetry is not mere rhyme, not necessarily rhyme at all; and yet, all poetry is rhythmical cadence—sentiment of high degree musically expressed. Persons who cannot appreciate poetry ignore blank verse as being prose rather than poetry. They would improve Milton by making his every second line rhyme. They would destroy the loftiest expressions of Dante by removing them out of the realm of the exalted into that of the doggerel verse. How few there are who can really understand and admire the poets; how few who can interpret Homer, that mystic bard of Greece, whose gods and goddesses are none other than the rulers of the country, the contending emotions of the human mind, and the unseen spirits who preside over men and nations. The poet is designated a victim of the imagination; but what is imagination but spiritual realization of beings and things unrecognized by outward sense? The poet's world is the realm of spirit; his companions are angels and the ministering souls who are ever watching and directing all the affairs of earth. The heroes and heroines of Hesiod and Homer, who are they but the spirits who led the ancient Greeks to their victories? while the Trojan gods are none other than the spirits who guide the earth through every painful experience of warfare into an ultimate condition of repose and strength. And what of the spirits of nature, the elves and fairies? What of Flora and Collona, the deities of flowers and harvests? Be assured that in the unseen air you breathe there is a veritable realm of spiritual intelligence, and that every phase of nature's phenomena is controlled by spirits presiding over every department of being.

Every truly great man is criticised; none are ever fully appreciated while they dwell on earth; recognition cometh afterward. Most of the poets have lived a mournful and unrequited life on earth. They remind one of fettered birds; of souls born out of a higher region, and impatient of their stay on earth. Who understood Shelley, Byron, Burns, or Poe? And yet the very mention of their names today fires the public with ecstasy. Their productions grow upon you—like a great city, which strikes you as small and ordinary when you first enter it, but after ten years of sojourn in it you realize somewhat how much greater is its size than your knowledge of it. Like Niagara, which when first beheld is less than one's anticipations, but as you become familiar with it it hourly increases upon you, and when you have spent months beside it you have just begun to feel what an overwhelming power it is. The highest type of man is one who never lets you see all of him at a first glimpse. He does not, because he cannot; his mind is so large, his talent so versatile, that you can only see just the merest fragment of his genius when spending an evening in his society. Mediocrity often dazzles, it never wears. A small mind can appear greater than many a great one on a single occasion; but the great mind, conscious of its power, cares little for its advertisement. It is frequently remarked that one can easily find out how little French a person knows by the amount he displays at an English dinner table, among English-speaking people, or how much he puts into an English letter or novel. The extent of a clergyman's acquaintance with Greek and Hebrew can frequently be measured by the amount found in a sermon preached away from home; the more outside, invariably the less within.

It is said of Socrates that he always appeared in shabby clothing, and utterly disregarded the amenities of civilized life. This is regarded as one of his virtues by some of his biographers, and as a vice by others. In our eyes it is neither a vice nor a virtue, it is simply a revelation, the effect of a cause within himself. His mind was so much engrossed with great things that he had neither time nor strength to bestow on trifles. Any one having a good income, some leisure, and the services of a professional tailor or dressmaker, can dress well. Any one with a fairly well-filled purse and some taste, with the assistance of an upholsterer, can furnish a house prettily, but how few can give to the world living thoughts which continue to inspire mankind even to the one hundredth generation? The most perfect man of all would be the man whose life was so beautiful a combination, so perfect a model of symmetrical unfoldment that every detail was supplied to complete the whole. But we must not ask perfection, infallibility at the hands of erring mortals. This they cannot render. No one's strength is sufficient for all things, no one can excel everywhere and in everything. This being so, are not those lives admirable which sacrifice the lower instead of the higher? the lesser and not the greater, when one or the other must be set aside? Duties often apparently conflict, but one duty is far more important than the other. The wise and truly virtuous man leaves the one that can be left, and attends to the one which cannot without great injury to a multitude. If you are ever so situated that in one path you can benefit two individuals, and in another two hundred, you cannot remain in the former without neglecting your duty to one hundred and ninety-eight.

We are responsible for doing the amount of good we are capable of doing, no more, no less. We ask you to follow blindly no leading spirit; we ask at your hands no surrender of honest conviction in favor of any exemplar, as the pattern set us by every truly great man is that of following conscience, let the world say and do what it will. Ernest Renan, the eminent French

skeptic, in his life of Jesus says that the worship of this great hero will never grow old; and yet he is no friend to Christology. He however sees in the gospel here the impersonation of self-denying love; he looks beyond the form to the spirit, beyond the man Jesus to the eternal Christ, and discovers that there is behind such a life as that portrayed by the evangelist, not one, but myriads of human souls. Buddha as an historic personage may be forgotten or denied, but the great renunciation resulting in the reformation of the religion of India, the abolition of sacrificial rites, and the disbandment of caste remain as accomplished facts. It matters little whether you accept or reject a personal Jesus, the influence which led to the reorganization of society, to the overthrow of the Roman power, to the dispersion of the Jews, to the civilization of the Anglo-Saxon race, is indisputably a force in history; and what abstract force is there which ever accomplishes anything without making use of individual channels of expression? You may call Shakespeare a myth if you will, Homer a myth if you desire, but by such folly you cannot eradicate the influence of their lives, or destroy their influence already and ever exerted. The craze of to-day is to pretend that great men never lived, probably because the deniers of their personality are so petty that to them the existence of such greatness in individual life is too vast an enigma, and too biting a reproach. Some one lived great enough to write noble words, for they are written. Some one lived great enough to do daring deeds, for they are done, and their record and results are with us. Wonder not that in their day the world's saviours were stoned and crucified instead of honored, for it required their teachings to take effect before the public was educated up to an appreciation of their nature.

As our thoughts to-day are largely centred upon Longfellow, we cannot leave our exhausted theme without inquiring very briefly into the secret of his greatness. Why is he so popular and so much beloved? Why are his poems so eagerly read all over the habitable globe? It may be said that he was the first really great poet America ever produced; he started a new era in the history of poetry. He had new materials to work with, and in creating a part of the distinctive literature of a new country he gave to his lays a charming freshness which was a delightful relief to all ears accustomed to the hackneyed similitudes indulged in by poets of earlier times and older countries. America was beginning to have a history when Longfellow appeared upon the scene of action in the rôle of poet. The young Western giant had just begun to run his race, and so entirely different must the history of republicanism be to that of monarchy, that the entire absence of allusion to old customs now almost effete lent a grace and originality to his verse incomparably captivating. Then the history of America is the history of man's great struggle for freedom. Liberty, equality, these are Columbus's watchwords, and to the downtrodden laborers of Europe, Longfellow must ever be an impersonation of the spirit of hope and deliverance. Scott is a greater poet than Burns, but Scott's liberty-loving sons and daughters can never find in the feudalism of Scott the inspiration and hope they discover in the protest of Burns against all royalty other than that of soul. Longfellow was an independent in every sense; an abolitionist—as much so as was Thompson and Garrison. Read his poems on slavery; think of how subtly the poet enters the household and sings his way into the hearts and heads of the people where the orator's or the agitator's voice would at once be silenced, and tell us whether to Longfellow and to Whittier the negro owes much less than to the soldiers who shed their blood for his emancipation? Song, verse, makes its way where declamation and fire can never travel. Moody's preaching without Sankey's singing would have been comparatively inefficacious. Abolish music in the Roman Church, and its influence wanes immediately. Remember, all of you, that the words you sing, the poems you read, have often a power to inculcate ideas and modify principles which no lecture or newspaper article possesses. We unhesitatingly affirm that the songs of Longfellow have revolutionized thought and paved the way for civil and religious liberty as much as any agency ever employed by any mind in the land.

Again, Longfellow spoke to the people en masse as well as to the educated. He not only dealt with the intellect but rather with the tenderest emotions of which the heart is capable; and so thoroughly did he unite the master mind with the confidential friend, that his charming descriptions of home-life are at once the echo of domestic love and felicity, and the voicings of the loftiest dard of human heroism. Longfellow though deeply religious was almost entirely free from dogmatic theology. A liberal Unitarian, he introduced none of the creeds of Christendom over which schoolmen wrangle. A sincere Spiritualist, he made communion with the unseen realm and felt its reality. Can any one deny Longfellow's Spiritualism after having read his "Footsteps of Angels"? To him phenomena were not necessary, because he had clasped in the arms of intuitive knowledge all that phenomena could demonstrate. His "Psalm of Life" and "Excelsior," familiar to you as household words, are records of his own life, breathings of his own spirit, narratives of his own soul-experiences. He is the Alpine traveler; he is the hero whose posthumous influence is to be exerted on earth as a voice from a falling star, and his own heart is only the mirror in which he sees reflected the great throbbing heart of all humanity. Excelsior is the key-note of victory, the watchword of every true aspirant for enduring honors; and what can his transition be but the answer to his soul's earnest cry that it might rise higher. His tender compassion for the oppressed Indian touches a sensitive spot in every sympathetic nature. He portrays Indian character in the person of Hiawatha, his family and companions, as being just as noble and as feeling as that of any other race, and the only way, believe us, to solve the Indian difficulty is to compel the white-population to behold in the red the same elements of manhood and womanhood for which we are distinguished. The Indian is just as susceptible to educational and spiritual influences as the negro. Every argument against the extension of the rights of citizenship to the Indian is a paltry re-hash of the arguments exploded in anti-slavery days, when brought to bear against the negro.

Now that Longfellow has arisen; now that his every word is treasured as never before, we shall soon begin to see how great and beneficent an effect this man's sublime gift of poetry has had and will have, with ever-increasing extensiveness, upon the nation at large, yes, upon all humanity. Is a poet a fitting representa-

tive of the highest type of manhood? Yes, emphatically yes; because, while practically it is the one thing needful in teaching and influence, nothing is so practical as that influence, no one so practical as that teacher who awakens into vigorous life the latent beauty of moral character, and causes man to effect outward reforms in response to inward growth. He assured that greater is he who keepeth his own thoughts pure and noble than he who leads armies to their victory, or sits in solemn state upon an universal throne. Remember, all of you, that outward glory to be enduring results only from inward purity.

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(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

Passed to spirit-life, from the residence of her son in Los Angeles, Arizona, Mrs. Sarah C. Eaton, wife of Collins Eaton, Esq., of Chicago, aged 77 years. Born in Jericho, Vt.

For sixteen years residents of Chicago, and previously of Ogdenburg, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. Eaton have been surrounded by friends who know and prize their sterling worth. Spiritualists know them as among the first to accept, as they have been among the bravest to maintain and support the cause. Mrs. Eaton was a medium and seer, and through her gifts has made glad many hearts in the privacy of her own home; while to her husband and family she has been seer, priestess and oracle for many years. Clear were her visions, so accurate her predictions and instructions. Mr. Eaton has been for years the honored secretary, and Mrs. Eaton was an active member of "The First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago," and of the "Ladies' Union" connected with that society, until failing health and almost total external blindness compelled her to relinquish active labor; but in spirit she always worked. Last fall her husband accompanied her to Arizona, where, it was fondly hoped, the mild climate and clear pure air would act as restoratives to her exhausted physical forces; but this proved not to have been intended by the Higher Wisdom, and she passed peacefully away from her home, manifesting her presence in twenty-four hours or less to her friends in Chicago.

The husband and three sons who remain in earthly life, and the large circle of warm and loving friends, will miss the bodily presence of the strong, patient and loving one who has joined her dear son (Crawford) and other little ones above; yet aware of her freedom from pain, and the restoration of full vision, they can but rejoice in her joy.

The memorial services were held at Mr. Martin's Spirit-Room, corner Wood and Walnut streets, at 12 M. Sunday, May 25th, immediately after the close of the Bible class, Adin Angustus Bates delivering the discourse through Mrs. Richmond's organism.

The floral offerings were very beautiful: A large number of white flowers, with "Sarah" in violet; the gift of Mr. Edgar Eaton; a pillow of white flowers, with "Mother" in violet; the offering of loving sons; a basket filled with choicest exotics from Miss Bushnell; and a profusion of "Apple Blossoms" that bring the name "Ounie" to Mrs. Eaton some years ago when Mrs. Richmond first came to Chicago. These were arranged wherever there was space, and numerous boxes of flowers from S. E. W. Martin were placed where the whole mass would be most effective. It really seemed "a garden of Paradise."

A beautiful and touching incident of the service was the presence of an infant grandchild, who responded in baby talk and laughter whenever "Grandma" was spoken of as being near the babe. At all other times during the service the child was quiet, not crying once.

After the singing of the hymn Mrs. Richmond's control gave the following

## DISCOURSE.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." In my father's house are many mansions—I go to repair a place for you. "Are they not all ministering spirits?" "And there shall be no more death."

These and many other words occur to the mind as we assemble to commemorate, not death, but the birth of our sister into spirit-life. It is true that the outward form, overcome with weakness and with long suffering, has finally yielded to the kind control of nature, and the spirit is set free. It is to commemorate this advent, on this joyous springtime morning, surrounded with evidences of earthly bloom and beauty, that these friends are assembled. It is true that death forever comes suddenly, though long expected. In cases where infirmities have been existing for years, when the silent hand finally touches the brow of the loved one, it is unexpected. However unexpected it is still certain to come, sooner or later, finding you ready or ill prepared; but certainly where death finds one so well prepared, so already in spirit as she who is here to-day to sing with you the song of her new birth, there can be only such tears as necessarily flow from ties of nature; the severing of the outward cord.

Birth into earthly life is welcome. The little babe is hailed as a messenger of joy. Could you think that perhaps some other sphere is made darker by the advent of the little child here; that somewhere the little children in heaven might miss that spirit that comes to earth (for spirit is not born of earth); then perhaps there would not be such gladness as now when the messenger of birth leaves in your household this token of joy. But what will you say of those in spirit-life who receive the spirit after long preparation; after certainly knowing that the loved one must come; after wearing robes of the spirit and preparing beautiful crowns of flowers; after opening the way gradually, lest the light of the spirit should be too dazzling for the eyes lately immured in earthly darkness? What shall you say of the joy of that upper morning; that upper world where one is welcomed as a weary traveler; one who has put off the burden and pain and sorrow of life, leaving nothing of its joys behind?

On your side the picture is accompanied with sadness, chiefly owing to the ancient terror, death, and the teachings that have accompanied it. Let us for the time being put off that raiment of darkness, put off from our minds that teaching, and see what death really is. In autumn time you needs must gather the fruitage of the year. There are no lamentations when the farmer takes home his loads of golden sheaves. There is no sorrowing when the rich, ripe golden and crimson apples come pouring into his treasure-houses; there is rejoicing that through winter snows you will have food to eat. You do not even mourn when the trees shed their leaves, first preparing them with bright colors as though to rebuke your sombre idea of death. How gorgeously Nature prepares her leaves to die. Her trees do not perish, but only the foliage, putting off the outermost raiment of existence, and yet for this every ray of the sun is borrowed; every tint, every choicest penciling, every delicate hue, and the most brilliant colors splashing the hills with bloom, making merry because the leaves are going to enrich the soil whence they came, while the life-forces of the tree withdraw silently into the innermost heart and into the

roots, there to wait the great marvel of spring again. You may mourn for the fleeting nature of flowers; these blossoms are the symbol of fruitage, and if the flowers did not fade where would the fruitage be? Nature, whom you do not claim has an immortal part in every form of life, still has no sorrow for her dead. She puts on her glorious robes of golden and crimson, rejoicing; she gathers her sheaves around her with triumph in the autumn time, weaves a white mantle of winter, and peacefully and joyfully falls upon her rest that should come.

But man, untaught by nature, must needs see in the kindly frost, in the rain that is needful, some darkness, and the autumn of death is freighted with terror; he does not look beyond for the harvest-time and fruitage. Man, peering into every darkened corner for some demon of terror, has found out through some shadow in his own nature, that death is gloom; but he has not discovered it from revelation, he has not discovered it from nature, he has not discovered it from the world of souls. The lesson of death is the second triumph of life; it is the great birth-bond between you and heaven, is the right which all inherit, not to live forever hampered with the house of clay. It is a great token of victory and triumph when earthly bodies are oppressive, and time has wrought her work on the spirit, to know that the spirit can soar away, can even abide in the atmosphere and not be tethered with the garments of death. This is the first and last teaching of nature, the primal bond between you and mother earth—her promise of perpetual life. Yet man turns to nature for encouragement in his erroneous thought of death.

Theology, freighted with human fear, bearing down upon humanity with the weight of sin, has clothed death in terror.

It is not the going to sleep of the human form; it is not the shutting of the outward eye in slumber; but it is that horrible hereafter, painted to you by those who know not of what they speak. Those who deny perpetual inspiration have clothed death in terror. Make room for this revelation that we have quoted to you: the Christ of truth triumphs over the Christ of death. Calvary is not the atonement for man's sins, but the life of Christ is the birth of the spirit from darkness and death to truth and life. These are ministering spirits; "are they not all?" Who are meant by "all," save those who go out from life and join the innumerable throng? Today they return upon the morning breath with the impress of spirit-life upon them; return in the moonlight hour, and hover near you, striving to guide your footsteps; return at the eventide, singing soft and low in the twilight, and bend above you.

Come not in sorrow, but let us rather come with crowns of flowers, with rejoicings and blessings, saying to the awakened spirit, All hail! all hail! from the land of flesh, that sometimes was a burden, through suffering, through affliction. All hail! bearing with you still the roses and the lilies of life in their completeness, bearing the triumph of the spirit that grows stronger when the body passes away, and it has vanquished its suffering and pain; grows stronger when through years of toil, years of affliction, it has won the right to know of immortality, and enters upon it triumphantly! All hail! thou, who through meekness and humility of spirit, in plainness and purity of life, hast gained conquest over weakness and temptation, in the loving ministrations, in every duty hath won the crown of rejoicing!

How gloriously are they received in the upper kingdom! Around about them are encircled friends who have passed before through the silent gateway; These bring robes of the spirit that the soul has woven while in earthly life, triumphant over its darkness; these bring flowers freshly gathered from the gardens of the spirit, that the deeds of life have planted there; these bring a crown of stars, fitting emblem of the spirit's brightness. Angel friends all gather around, and the first thought of the awakened spirit is one of surprise that these friends are standing so near, and yet oftentimes unperceived. You who do not know your dear ones are around you, if there be any such here, who do not realize that they are waiting, watching, aiding, striving to strengthen you every day—with what wonder you will open your eyes in that next morning of existence, to see that they are there, have waited for your coming, have had everything in preparation, and recognize and know and love you all the same, while you have been putting them afar off in the silence beyond, claiming them as your "dead"! How astonished your earthly eyes will be, dimmed to the spiritual light, when the radiance of their countenances shall shine upon you! They bear with your imperfections, do not notice your blindness. If you are weak in any given direction of charity, they cover it with the soft mantle of spirit; make you feel that you are one with them. How glad, yet how humble you will feel when, on that morning, you find yourself better than you expected you were, better than your conscience made you believe you were. After all, when the body is cast aside the better nature comes to view. How glorious it will seem to be in the company of those who do not misunderstand you! The faults that you magnify in yourself they soonest forgive and forget; that which seems to you an impassable barrier between you and them, is bridged over swiftly by their love and charity. They draw you nearer and nearer to themselves by their light, but gradually, lest the radiance overwhelm.

The lesson, therefore, of this morning which we wish to show is, that they whom you call dead ever hover around, filled with renewed life and renewed strength; that death, as it is termed, is the next inevitable step of being, is birth into your native home; the land of the spirit, is that which even to the meanest and poorest of earth's children is a step toward the better, and that which, to those who are ready, is a step of triumph, rejoicing and splendor. The only object of these words in all the beauty and tenderness of this memorial day, is to take your thoughts nearer to the one departed, not through the gateway of tears, but through the avenues of prayer, aspiration, and lofty thought, and to create within you a desire to emulate the good that is with the departed. The gateway being open in your lives and hearts, it is needful to understand that death is nothing to be deplored, that life itself brings all burdens and cares. There is nothing in the spirit-world worse than what you take with you. The heart being pure, the life being good, the intentions being good, then you bear with you greater brightness than you know. Good resolves are not accounted lost, aspirations are not accounted failures, it is not necessary that you shall succeed. No human life is perfect; there is no one that can say there is no blame. Duties that you aspire to do and hope for, aspirations, form the archway that finally bridges over the gulf

of temptation and sinning, and the spirit in each human life finds it necessary, first to aspire before there can be victory. So the spirit finds its aspirations there, its good wishes, its earnest desires, its longing hopes to do that which is best.

Spirit-life has no failures, we say. If you find you have not fully succeeded you have this much builded in the archway of triumph. Thus every spirit finds all of its treasures; nor are its hopes wasted or its good resolutions blasted. Death does not come to set at naught all that you might have done in your earth-life, to place you at once among the lost or among the saved. There is no room in the universe for a lost soul. God is everywhere; souls are not created, but are from the Infinite; none are lost. There is a cloud sometimes upon the earthly vision; there is an obscuring sometimes of the good that is within you, but to be lost is impossible, since Infinite Love encircles all. There is thus much of a stepping-stone to progress; that which was gained here necessarily is not required to be accomplished there. Whatever triumph or vanquishment you have gained over temptation, over appetite, or passion, or terror, or fear, that is so much in the spiritual archway. The spirit, entering the world of souls, takes all its treasures with it, while the blemishes are not so conspicuous as upon earth; for spirits have eyes for beauty more than eyes for blemish. Many of the earthly friends see only the earthly faults, while the spirit-vision, tempered by charity and love, sees the intention, the aspiration, the desire, and does not count the momentary clouding.

It is better for you that the good is eternally triumphant; it is better for you that truth ultimately will succeed; it is better for human life that eternal love is greater than human hatred; it is better for you to know that while blemishes are not suddenly outgrown they are not eternal scars; it is better for you to know that such victory as you gain day by day, in patiently meeting and bearing with the burdens of life, is not in vain, but forms a portion of your inheritance, that the real value is in the kingdom of the spirit. No worldly dwelling, no external adornment, no superficial virtue will be accounted of any value or power compared to the quietude, loveliness, exaltation and peacefulness of the spirit that has triumphed over human imperfection.

Oh! could we pray for any lesson to come more than any other into human life on such a day as this, it would be for you to see with the vision of the spirit that which the spirit actually experiences on passing away from earth: the weakness of but a few days ago supplanted by spiritual strength; the comparative blindness of earthly eyes supplanted by full and perfect vision; the longing for the presence of loved ones, who were separated by many miles of space, now bridged over by actual presence and contact (no separation anywhere), love bringing the spirit instantly to the presence of the loved ones though they are far away—and some needs must be so even to-day—still there is not absence, for with swift wings of thought the spirit flies hither and thither, bridging over the space between all who are severed in outward form, making them gather near each other.

Could you see the triumph, the calmness, the peacefulness, the loveliness of spirit; could you see the reunion between the one lately departed and those who had gone out before; gone out in sorrow, now that sorrow changed to joy; gone out in sadness, now that sadness changed to triumph; gone out in the cloud of earthly life, now grown calm beneath the mild light of the mother's eye; the one conquest the spirit-world at last fulfills; could you see that, we say, that is all you would need. No words were necessary, for the eye would drink in, the heart would understand the full and inexpressible meaning of the Triumph of Death.

But as long as words are needed, let us here say that very few have passed away beneath our notice, under our personal observation, where the change was accompanied with such triumph! There was a great longing before the departure of the spirit to meet again on earth the loved ones—those who are nearest and dearest. That longing amounted sometimes almost to a severance of the spirit from the body; but when she found that it could not be, there was no murmuring, no complaining; only a silent waiting for the messenger that she knew would surely come.

Our sister entered spirit-life without any regrets save such as must necessarily come when she sees her loved ones in sorrow. But theirs is not sorrow that is vain and fallacious, without comfort. It is the tenderness of the severing of outward ties; that which needs must come when the mother's voice is hushed and the mother's form is no more present; when the sister cannot speak, when the wife is not by your side; but if you knew the compensation, if you knew the glory, if you knew the triumph, if any portion of it can enter into your lives, then your sorrow will be tempered by such joy as makes music along the heart-strings. Plaintive though it may be, it is not sad; it is like the music heard at twilight when some unseen hand touches a chord of memory and you faint with weep, but not for sorrow, only for tenderness.

The life of our sister was made up of such deeds as stand recorded on the page of the memory of those who knew her, as shining and bright, gems, gentle deeds, ministering hands, loving words and thoughts made up her life, bearing equally the burdens of life with her companion, uncomplaining, uncomplaining; made up of such tender solicitude to her children that they alone can wear in their hearts their sacred memory and keep it alive forever as an altar consecrated unto her. If one-half of the prayers for their lives are answered, each of her children will be blameless and happy through their earthly existence and eternity; each of those who were near and dear to her heart will be bright and joyous as this glad morning. She was known among you all as intimately as a sister. A constant friend and companion, her presence comes as near almost to you as those loved ones of her own household. She feels one with you, she is one with you this morning. And when you meet in the "Ladies' Union" now, no longer will her blindness and feebleness prevent her from sharing your labors and your thoughts. No longer prevented by a feeble body from answering the wishes of the spirit, she will give you hands strength for toll, your minds greater encouragement. When you meet in your hours of devotion her spirit will be here and sing with you each song of rejoicing, and bid you go forward in the work of love. These blossoms you each have given in symbol of her life. She will carefully gather the spirit of them, bearing them to her home, making there a shrine sacred to the memory of these friends. Apple Blossoms, she would note, are the symbol flowers that "Ounie" gave her. And how shall there be fruitage unless the blossoms

fade? She has passed into the spirit with the fruitage of her life made more and more perfect, while the bloom remains in your hands the symbol of her spiritual growth. All this and your thoughts she notes, also, at a distance, the son and daughter who cannot be here at this hour. She has bridged over the space with the archway of her love, and wishes you to tell them so.

To her, death was neither a stranger nor a messenger of terror. Her spiritual eyes had been unsealed from birth, perceiving for others, as well as for the nearest of her household, the visions of that surpassing land. The sight was there, but when external feebleness came upon her these visions were not always as clear as before. Her spirit never failed, her courage never faltered, for she saw afar, and long years has the thought in her mind been steadfast of the life beyond. The daily communion which her companion, more than any one else can attest, gave evidence that she lived in spirit as much as in this life, for if any bodily infirmity deprived her of the power of mingling, working and seeing with you here there would still be the message given to a friend, or even to a neighbor, that might drop in. The greatest boon of life is thus to have bridged over the River of Death while in full possession of health and mortal power; thus to have walked along life's way in full consciousness of compassing both worlds; thus to have triumphed over the unseen messenger, before the messenger approached or summoned her; to know that by whatsoever path she entered the world of spirit from earth there would be the certainty of loving greeting there, and the certainty of loving memory here. Surely nothing could be added to this save the welcome and ever-peaceful message that drops silently as the light of stars, or as the bloom of flowers, from her into your hearts to-day—the message of triumph, and peace, and promise. Oh, let her words and thoughts sink into your lives! She now is with one who in spirit-life needed her presence; he received her most joyously, her son. She is with others who passed away in very early life, and these form a group around her there, while you form a group in material life.

To her sons here she would say: Bear every memory of her love. It is as these flowers; it is as these leaves—perennial in its bloom. Stronger now in its ability to do; stronger in its power to save and strengthen. To those who are as near as her own children, whom the ties of love brought into the household, she would bear the same message. To the little babe she would give the blessing of her life, a crown of sweet flowers, a joy and baptism and peace, for her spirit-hand has already touched its brow. There has been consciousness of her presence in the household.

There can be no word that can be spoken to the one whose life is linked with hers; silence alone bridges over that space, and all that was in love's brightness and beauty still lives, still is cherished, still is doubly dear; and now every thought and every word and every moment is filled with blessings and crowns his life.

To the friends there is the memory of the dear sister and friend; to the household there is a member added to the family above, and none taken from the earth below. Think not of the form, but only the love of the spirit; that survives and is with you still.

## POEM.

I weave a crown of "Apple Blossoms" bright,  
 For these bear fruitage to the heavenly year;  
 For purity are lilies chaste and white,  
 And roses are for love profound and dear.

And would you see the "Apple Blossoms" grow  
 Upon the "Tree of Life" that hangs overhead,  
 Where no harsh death-winds evermore can blow—  
 Where no fierce thunders evermore can tread?

See, now they sway within the loving breeze,  
 And "Bobolink" has gathered the bright flowers;  
 And these are woven with fair golden sheaves—  
 Links of pure memory in earthly hours.

For her the "Spirit Vision" ever turns  
 To where the light of loving eyes is seen,  
 Brighter still flashing from the spirit urns,  
 Purer in thought, in soul far more serene.

And when "Life's perfect Chain" shall be complete,  
 And all the lingering years shall pass away,  
 Ever through "Inspiration" pure and sweet,  
 She'll hover near and o'er you every day.

By sweet "Wild Flowers" by the "West Wind" blown,  
 By the choice fragrance of the spirit given,  
 She'll show where on the spirit's shining throne  
 The "Silver Crown" of life is known in heaven.

Oh! blessed transformation of the soul,  
 Oh! tuneful wand'er singing your still song!  
 Obeying to God's divine control,  
 Thy loved ones round thy spirit clustering throng:

And lo! they bend unto the mandate still,  
 Knowing that from their presence thou'rt not gone;  
 Obeying to the high and heavenly will,  
 While they rejoice for thee, they say "God's will be done!"

## INVOCATION.

Oh, Heavenly Father, we turn to thee in this hour with praises upon our lips. Though the dispensation may be of tears, we still know that there is light beyond the clouds. The rainbow of promise is ever there. As out of winter's gloom the blossoms of spring-time appear, so may thy children's hearts awaken to brighter bloom and lovelier beauty. May they triumph over sorrow; may they overcome whatever shall sever them from the spirit of her who has risen; may they behold her presence in the morning light, in the noonday hour, in the eventide; may they know that a helping hand is extended, a strong voice is added that has sweetness to beckon them on. Higher glory is given to humanity for every treasure taken from mortal life. May they turn to that Infinite Life as the source of all strength; to that eternal hope as the source of all promise. May each of these near and dear children of her household receive her blessing; may they know her motherly care and love; may they turn toward her with ever-increasing affection; may all save that which is beautiful depart, leaving only the highest and best.

Bless thou the children of her household here and afar. Bless him who, walking not alone, still feels the void he cannot understand, but who every day and hour will be guarded and watched from above by the light of her tender eyes. Bless all, that they may turn to the light of thy love, to the triumph of life, to the victory over death, to the conquest over earthly temptation and striving, to the birth of the immortal tree, the "tree of life whose leaves are for the healing of the nations."

## BENEDICTION.

Oh, Heavenly Parent, bless thy children evermore. May the light of thy love illumine their pathway as they approach the eternal shore. May thy spirit lift forever all the darkened space between, until they shine in that bright realm where thy glory, with silvery sheen, lights the path evermore unto the Eternal Shore. Amen.

Hop Bitters has restored to sobriety and health, perfect wrecks from intemperance.

## Special Notice.

In conjunction with his professional work as lecturer, CEPRAS B. LYNN will act as our representative, soliciting advertisements and subscriptions for the *Banner of Light*, also taking orders for the publications which we offer for sale, and furnishing interesting letters of travel.

CORRY & CO.,

## Gone Home.

Mr. Geo. W. Felton passed to spirit-life from his residence, No. 12 Green street, Malden, Mass., Wednesday morning, June 14th, at 2:30 o'clock, aged 70 years 5 months. He was born in Danvers, but removed to Salem when a child. He was a pattern-maker by trade, and twenty-five years ago obtained a situation at the works of the Boston Rubber Shoe Company in Edgeworth, where he has remained ever since in the respective capacities of pattern maker, designer and overseer of the shoe department. He came to Malden to reside in 1864. He was a valuable man in his business and one universally respected.

His oldest daughter, eight weeks previous to his exit, preceded him to spirit-life, which doubtless produced a depressing effect upon him in a physical sense. His remaining daughter has been an invalid for many years—the father and departed sister doing everything possible for her comfort and relief. She in return was at the last able to administer to them in their final sickness.

The circumstances connected with this family seem mysterious and wonderful to all who know the facts. Mr. Felton leaves a son who is head manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company at Chicago.

The deceased gentleman was a confirmed Spiritualist, and before Spiritualism of modern date appeared, he investigated psychology and clairvoyance with satisfactory results—he was a constant reader of the *Banner of Light*. He looked upon the death change as a second birth, and as essential in human life as the first; he regarded it as a step well as simply a condition, and the amount of happiness and misery in both earth and spirit spheres as depending upon inheritance, circumstances, and education; therefore his idea of a true church was that it should include all humanity without respect to nationality, color or religious belief. He was noted for his generosity in helping as far as able those who were afflicted with cases of sickness, when they were less fortunate than himself. He was a well-to-do man, a successful business man, a good, honest man, faithfully discharging all his abilities entrusted to his care. So highly was he esteemed, that his room in the factory was draped in mourning, and work was suspended for the purpose of allowing the employees an opportunity to attend his funeral—one hundred the looking men in the Company's employ forming themselves into an escort and marching to the Salem-street cemetery, where the remains were deposited in a national cemetery.

Rev. Wm. H. Ryder, Universalist, officiated at the funeral, speaking words that harmonized with the Spiritual Philosophy and the views of the departed; he paid a high tribute to his memory. A quartette of singers rendered appropriate music. The floral offerings were elaborate and in abundance. The Rubber Company presented a very large pillow made of ivy leaves, with roses in each corner, in the center a cross, and a wreath of flowers and a wreath of pines. The workmen presented many bouquets, and a pillow made of choice flowers with the words "Rest" in the center, made from colored flowers. Mayor Converse presented a very beautiful, appropriate wreath made of ivy leaves and silver-colored flowers. A large number of women connected with the rubber factory gathered at the cemetery to take a farewell look of the material form of the departed. He appeared as naturally and as peacefully as if he were at home. He doubtless struggled hard in spirit to overcome disease, as he remarked just before his departure: "This is the first time that I ever was helpless. I do not know as I shall ever be any longer." The remaining daughter, who is now in the city, and without question her father and sister will continue their watchful care over her in her loneliness. What is her loss is the departed spirit's gain. Com.

## In Memoriam.

At a meeting of the American Spiritualist Alliance, held in the City of New York, on the evening of June 12th, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, Since the last meeting of this Alliance, two of its most and highly esteemed members have passed to spirit-life:

Resolved, That we, one and all, bear in grateful remembrance our late brother and sister, Job A. Howland and Helen M. Howland, whose wisdom in counsel, zeal for the living, and high and noble character as human kind, made their lives conspicuous within and without this Society; and that, while we deeply regret the loss of their visible presence amongst us, we are firm in the faith that they will be with us in spirit, to aid and encourage our united efforts to spread abroad a knowledge of those eternal laws which govern the temporal and eternal well-being of every human soul.

Resolved, That while deeply sympathizing with the relatives and friends of our late fellow members in the temporary loss which they, in common with us, have sustained, we are not unmindful that the reward awaiting the employees of the spirit is a glorious one, believing as we do that the sum and measure of our lives here furnish the criterion of our immediate future in the life to come.

Resolved, That the Secretary be instructed to transmit a copy of these resolutions to the immediate relatives of the deceased, and to the Spiritualist Press for publication. HENRY KIDDLE, President.  
 H. F. KIDDLE, Secretary.

Nothing so simple and perfect for coloring as the Diamond Dyes. For carpet rays, better and cheaper than any other dye-stuffs.

## Special Notice.

Albert Morton, having purchased the business successfully conducted many years by Herman Snow, and added it to that established by himself, is now prepared at his store, 210 Stockton street, San Francisco, Cal., to supply the public with spiritual books, magazines and papers, and solicits the cooperation of all Spiritualists on the Pacific Coast, in his effort to promote a knowledge of Spiritualism and present its truths to investigators.

## To Business Men.

Now that this paper, which circulates in every civilized country, has been enlarged by an addition of twenty columns, making sixty in all, we can spare a small portion of its space to accommodate the business community. Our rates are less than one-half of those demanded by the large weekly papers in this and other cities of the Union, which fact should be an inducement to advertisers to utilize the columns of the *Banner of Light*. Heretofore we have been unable to accommodate the public, except in a limited degree, in this direction. We can now do so.

## Married.

In Montpelier, Vt., May 20th, by Rev. Eli Ballou, Hon. James Cressett, of Duxbury, Vt., and Abbie W. Whitner, of Montpelier, Vt.

In San Francisco, Cal., April 11th, by Dr. Dean Clarke, Mr. J. W. Whitaker, of San Francisco, and Mrs. Nettie A. Swart, formerly of Pennsylvania.

## Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Boston, June 11th, William B. Sissons, aged 72 years. Bro. Sissons was a genial man, faithful in the performance of all duties entrusted to his care, which was demonstrated by the fact that he held a position in the Charleston Navy Yard a large part of the time for more than forty years. He also passed through the chairs of Harvard and Yale. He was a devoted husband and father, and a kind and loving friend. He leaves a widow, an only son, two daughters, a brother and three grandchildren. Mrs. Sissons and her family were taken to the home of her father, in the family tomb, with the knowledge that his spirit had rejoined the loved ones of former years. J. H. Conklin, Leavitt street, Boston.

From Middletown, Conn., May 13th, Mrs. Julia A., wife of T. S. Erwin, of Naugatuck, aged 46 years.

For a long time sister Erwin had been in feeble health, although everything that loving friends and medical skill could do was done to restore her. She was a firm believer in the Spiritual Philosophy, and felt that to pass to the "other side" would be joy unspeakable. She was a devoted husband and son, besides a large circle of friends, who deeply loved her departure, and will watch for her spiritual coming. The mortal form was taken to the home of her father, in the family tomb, and there laid away to mingle with kindred left behind, and may they know that she is still present in body she is with them in spirit. Funeral services conducted by Mrs. L. A. Pasco.

From her residence, in Birmingham, Ala., June 16th, after much suffering, Mrs. Adelle P. M. Davis, inspirational medium. Her disease was cancer of the breast. Her only regret was in leaving her orphan boys, aged 14 and 10 years, to make their way alone, without a mother's love and guidance. She was a natural orator, but resided mostly in Boston. She also resided in Michigan and Illinois before coming to Alabama. Birmingham, Ala., June 16th, 1882.

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.















