

of mingle with? Oh! it is to add such poor
tures that I sigh for wealth, that I might
one them from their unhappy condition.”
the speaker pushed her bonnet back with
energy that told of the earnestness of her
sire.

[Continued in our next.]

the gun answer was relied on : " Many of the dispo-
nably were deprived of their sees." One of the manage-
ment, however, asked the meaning of the statement. After
a long pause one boy put up his hand and said : " He
means that their eyes put out!"

Ab, look! these ships upon the main,
Behold, 'e'en as they hasten past,
Those phantom sailors on the mast;
And list the songs they sing, the notes
Tuned sweetly in their tawny throats:
"We come," they cry, "sweet Spain, sweet
Spain!"
Then fades each shadny mast. Away!
These be gray ghosts of yesterday.

—Edgar Snyder Miller, in *Courier-Journal*.

FOR MY CARRIE.

My darling! I could not forsake thee,
Since love makes the shrine of my heart,
And thou art the queen of my being,
And never in time will we part.

The grand dual forces of Nature
Combine in the centers of life;
And when they have once been united
They, divinely, are husband and wife.

All outer distinctions are changing,
And fall as the leaves of the trees;
Presenting their seasons of beauty,
And aiming the mortal to please;

But grander and holier beauties,
In soul life must cluster for aye,
When we live our divine dual being
In the sunlight of Infinite day.

Onset, Aug. 5th, 1886

POST-MORTEM CONFESSIONS BY HARVARD PROFESSORS, COMMENTED UPON.

BY ALLEN PUTNAM.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In your issue of August 7th, and other issues therein noted, you put forth responses by several spirits concerned in the Harvard investigation to letters soliciting statements of their present views pertaining to their doings, while in mortal, with that memorable transaction.

Those special individuals, while mortals, were holders and adorners of positions which bespoke their power to comprehend, qualify and sway the tendencies of public opinion and belief. They severally were ranked high—prominently high—in the esteem of both the recent past and the present generation. They were emphatically learned and good men, holding and deserving public confidence in their wisdom, their philanthropy and their competency to weigh the merits and forecast the influences of passing events and operative beliefs, as accurately and well as any residents around or in the city of Boston.

Such were the men who deemed the phenomena and teachings called spiritual, pernicious in action upon the public mind, and therefore to be decried as illusive and deluding, and to be prevented, if possible, from gaining wider credence in and stronger influence over society.

No feeling, no thought prompts me to censure any individual named, nor them collectively as a band assailing a cause which I espoused and deemed holy.

As a Spiritualist I am thankful for what they did with intent to demolish the structure of my faith. Yet as their fellow-being, some of them now have my pity, that they needfully have been anguished by a conscious and pressing sense of hasty harshness in their treatment of some innocent outworkers of marvels. Now they ask forgiveness by those innocent ones whom they once viewed as culprits, and, solely to crush Spiritualism out of them and the public, treated with cruel severity.

Why can I feel thankful? Why may all Spiritualists be thankful for what such men did to abolish our faith? For myself, I make response as follows:

Rarely, if ever, has to-day's Spiritualism received as weighty evidence that it is what its espousers claim, viz., that it has base on fact positive, and involves rich blessings for humanity in both mundane and spirit-spheres, as has now been furnished in and by the recent writings of those deplorable Harvard Professors who, when in mortal, deliberately and vigorously assailed it because, as viewed by them, it was a pernicious bubble. Their assault, combined with their frank confession now, when spirits, that they were powerless in assault, were baffled, puts them high among the most efficient testifiers to its verity and inviolability.

The single fact that from out the realm of spirit they now put forth through use of a mortal's hand responses to my letters, proves that some departed ones have communed with a survivor in mortal. Such fact alone may do more to establish conviction in logical and thinking minds, than the whole Board of the College Faculty could have accomplished by twenty-nine years' vigorous use of their highest learning, keenest logic, expanded science and fervent eloquence in exposition and advocacy of the cause while they were robes of flesh. Its assailants once, they now reveal their incompetence when using their most efficient mental weapons to crush or even bruise it. Few others could or can wield such weapons with force equaling theirs. Where such ones failed, who can anticipate success?

Had they not been assailants baffled while in mortal, no words from them now, as spirits, could take such tenacious hold upon the minds of their successors in high collegiate positions, of graduates from colleges, of thinking, logical minds in all grades and classes in society, as their grasp now gets and will retain through all time. As skillful testers of spiritualistic metal, they found it precious, valuable for a currency whose worth would command wide and abiding circulation. Their post-mortem stamp of approval upon it more than overbalances their mundane allegations that it was spurious.

INVESTIGATION??? Yes, such it proved to be. By its discovery was made that some intelligence, with powers other than mortals possess, was broadly applying forces among men which brought out into mortal view operations requiring operators not known by ablest mundane scientists. Who did this? Harvard's ablest expounders of theology, literature, natural sciences and mathematics combined did it. Their report, now made "after twenty-nine years' consideration," involves such strong testimony that Modern Spiritualism has basis on solid fact that their work begins to be and is long and widely to be so helpful to the cause of Spiritualism, that this writer puts those Professors among—high among—efficient agents whose doings tend to broaden reception and enhance the beneficence of that revolutionizing and enlightening truth: Thanks to them for their attack.

It is obvious that to make their assailing work beneficent, as it has now become and will be in the future, there was needed some dauntless Dr. Gardner, backed by unflinching supporters, upon whom the hammers of science might be swung with vigor and force. Such ones were on hand, stood their ground, and let science try the resisting properties of themselves; those properties proved to be an anvil, receiving the heavy blows unharmed.

Apart from firm resistance, there never would have come forth the strong—the vastly strong—proof that departed ones can and do, and may long henceforth and in hosts, hold communion with their survivors and successors in mortal, imparting to the latter accounts of personal experiences in the life beyond, and teaching mortals how best to train themselves

as aspirants for peace and joy in the inevitable hereafter.

Spirit friends, ye who projected and enacted the assault upon Spiritualism and Spiritualists in 1867, please view yourselves, far as possible, as having been more helpful to a vast and good cause by your assault upon it than you could have been by espousing and advocating it. I sincerely view you thus. Strong opposition to any new cause of magnitude and general interest draws public attention to it, leads to close scrutiny of its claims, reveals its weaknesses, brings into view its strength, leads to forecastings of its future action and results. In the case before us you and I were on opposing sides, each party conscientiously believing it was advocating right and opposing wrong—teaching truth and denouncing error. Thus far—and that is very far—we were alike.

You—the most of you—were restrained by your positions, avocations and habits of thought, from mingling freely with most of those people who were early known to be instruments through whom marvels were being manifested, and also with that grade of beholders who felt free to give openly and to anybody, accounts of marvels they had witnessed or heard of.

The restrictive bonds of position and avocation were upon each one of you, holding you mainly within orbits of scholastic and social circulation, within which was given at first scarcely a hint, or not more than a few vague hints, that any new thing of special interest was transpiring in your surrounding Nazareth. I was free from any such hamperings.

Later on, occult workers of marvels found a facile instrument within your accustomed orbits, and through that put forth such demonstrations of their power as led you to view their instrument as personally guilty of imposture, fraud or diabolism, and to maltreat and banish him therefore. For the harshness and cruelty bestowed by some of you upon Willis and Mansfield, stinging and prolonged self-reproach may be richly deserved and needfully endured.

Simply as opponents of the general cause, viz., Spiritualism, and its adherents, Walker, Felton and Lunt, regarded what they assailed as either diabolic or illusive, void of good, full of evil, and therefore to be fought down. Agassiz and Pelree surmised, perhaps even knew, that facts existed on which the claims of the Spiritualists might rest firmly. Still, they may have viewed the influences of Spiritualism as they then saw them hostile to the public good, and warred against it from good motives. I can and do trust that their action against the general cause gives to no one of them all any regret or disquietude; also I hope that they may see, and derive pleasure from seeing, that the assault they made has been and will continue long to be highly helpful in revealing the source of Spiritualism's emanation, and the involved purposes and ultimate aims of those who in realms above supervise the methods and processes for gaining its wide reception among such mortals as will be disposed and able to keep on opening, and holding steadily open, gates for the egress earthward of wise teachers and powerful helpers from realms of supernal experiences and wisdom.

On the 27th of January, 1886, at home, I wrote to Spirit C. C. Felton, aiming only to quench, if I could, flames of indignation against him which had been burning in the spirits' scribble—Mansfield—twenty-eight years. On the 29th I carried the letter to Mansfield, seeking response through him. Felton, using Mansfield's hands, opens his reply thus: "I was with you, and so were our old but dear friends, Dr. Luther V. Bell, President Walker, Pelree and H. F. Gardner this early morning. It was by our united action that you were forced to come and talk with me through the man I so abused while I lived in mortal." Why those spirits specially? What was the relation of those parties severally to the Harvard investigation, and therefore to me?

Prior to that time, ostensibly to myself and the public, Prof. Felton was main projector and manager of that assault upon Spiritualism. Now we learn that President Walker was at the head; Prof. Pelree was chairman of the assailing Committee, Dr. Gardner was head of the assailed party, and Dr. Bell was a non-partisan observer of the conflict. Thus it is rendered probable that my writing to Felton on Jan. 27th was known by those spirits before, or surely on the early morning of the 26th, though the letter was all the while in my own keeping, its very existence known by no mortal but myself, yet as a band it is claimed they put upon me a force which carried me forthwith to the spirits' scribble. Fair inference from this is that the response to my letter had been agreed upon by, and had the approval of that special band as a whole. Though not myself meddlesome enough to be conscious of promptings and away by spirits, yet I give credence to affirmations that they do at times prompt acts which I perform; and especially such as pertain to the cause of Spiritualism. Prospectively even then they may have seen the sequel down to this time, though I then had no aim beyond that of changing Mansfield's feelings toward Felton.

Felton no doubt honestly and sincerely thought that people were being led on by Spiritualism "to follow a bubble" that would in his opinion "burst in the near future." He acted conscientiously and for what he believed was public good; he however was too harsh in action and speech. But manfully he now "freely and fully begs Mansfield's pardon." Says also that he and Eustis are ready to "proclaim to the world" their "wrong doings with young Willis." Also that he now knows "that Mansfield is all that he has professed, or all that is claimed for him by his friends."

It is pleasing to hear Mansfield say, as he does, that since that acknowledgement was made, the fires of his resentment against Felton which had been burning for twenty-eight years have fully died out.

My sole aim in writing the first letter in the foregoing series was fully attained at that time, and no intention or desire then existed in my mind to extend my correspondence with supernals.

After the publication of Felton's communication, and as a result from it, I was prompted by a letter from A. J. Helms of Cleveland, O., to write to Spirit Prof. Agassiz. Did so, and in that spirit's response I first found that the famous Harvard onslaught upon Spiritualism was deliberately planned by the College Faculty, under the leading of President Walker. Found, also, that Agassiz went into the conflict less in obedience to perception of safety in Spiritualism than to the wishes of the College President.

By saying as he does that he differed less from me than the public generally supposed, he at least hints that he apprehended that something more firm than Felton's "bubble"

was to be encountered, yet he did not view it as an adamantine wall, for he says they made assaults "believing they could demolish the structure," but soon found they "were powerless in the matter."

The world's need of Spiritualism can hardly be stated more strongly than it is when one such as he says: "The unexplainable phenomena exhibited by the mediums were my only evidence or hope of a conscious individuality beyond the tomb." A great, if not the chief difficulty in getting the source of the phenomena of Spiritualism correctly determined, is the non-persistence of leaders in science when they encounter phenomena not explainable by what they already know. Even the great Agassiz says distinctly that he turned his back upon and gave a wide berth to phenomena because they baffled his skill to explain their source and quality. Such procedure manifests good reason why now, as in a former age, supernal prescience and wisdom revealed new truths to babes first rather than to the wise and prudent.

In connection with anything seen but yet not appearing within the explored realm of outward nature, the greater and more renowned the scientist the less is he willing to concede the existence of a reputed marvelous fact, or, if conceding that much, is less willing to put its reality and its claims as to source of issuance to rigid logical test. The tetherings of position and reputation hold the learned back from rangings into the realms of mystery. The less learned and less great are more free to enter and explore such domain. What an Agassiz could not explain by his science, he turned his back upon.

Special attention is asked to the response made by President Walker, who not only by his position, but also, in my view, as a man, broadly unfolded, strong, firm, wise and good, somewhat out-ranked either of his subordinates. See how gratefully he opens his reply to me: "I thank you, doubly so, for allowing me an opportunity to express my regrets for my course toward Spiritualism when I was in the body mortal."

Some mortals express wonder why spirits who innocently held erroneous views of matters while here which led them from good motives, to act so harshly and unwisely that, when released from the body, they feel a need and have strong desire to make confession and ask forgiveness earthward—some I say—wonder why such omit to do so through any one of the many mediumistic mortals. My response is, that conditions on this side, well fitted for so doing, may be of very rare occurrence, because such conditions rarely can be brought about by the spirits alone. Mortals usually have an important part to perform in furnishing fit conditions for such operations. Often among the necessary conditions may be the presence of, or a call from a mortal who is in mental and emotional mood and condition to welcome, appreciate, and wisely use what shall be put forth. For some reason, "Thanks, doubly so," were given in this case for the furnishing of "opportunity to express regrets." President Walker, doubtless, was well aware that no other graduate from Harvard, scarcely any other mortal survives, who was both so well acquainted with the harsh treatment of Willis, and the rash attack of the assailing committee, as myself. The terms in which he addresses me, I think, imply his confidence—a very helpful condition—that I would seek to avoid other than beneficent use of whatever he might say.

He feelingly states that now it would give him much pleasure to take young Willis by the hand and confess his error; asks me to go and take Willis by the hand, and ask him to forgive and forget, saying, also, that he would be with me in so doing. I did go, not doubting that he was with me, and gained relief thereby.

I am apprehensive that this good man's memory failed to serve him fully when he says that the Faculty only gave Willis permission to resign connection with the Divinity School; according to my memory they expelled him.

Scarcely any other statements in all my correspondence with these assailants of Spiritualism have given me so much surprise as Agassiz's remarks; one that President W. was at their head, and the other that he deemed the intelligence underlying the phenomena of Spiritualism "demoniacal." That President himself now freely confesses that though "not in the front ranks of the battle, . . . so far as advice was needed or solicited, he was not coy in imparting it."

That any other cultured and able theologian than Prof. Phelps of Andover and those akin to him should have deemed these modern outworkings from the realms of mystery demoniacal, astonishes me. I know their likes were so viewed in the days of Salem witchcraft, and the lessons of that age show that mortal combats with the devil are waged and prosecuted with direful havoc and suffering among mortals. I am loth to view such statement by President Walker as other than a casual remark dropped in a state of bewilderment. The candid, warm sympathy, kindness and deep regrets for acts which erroneous views of strange phenomena led him to perform, cause that beloved and venerated President to be by no means less, but even more highly elevated than ever before in my esteem, and to be much more warmly loved by me than he would have been but for a course which brought him to be testator of the genuineness of spirit-return, and as such subsequently to become prominent among the most credible attestors of the fact of its genuineness by means of his own response to a mundane epistle now while he dwells in spirit-land: May his mundane errors of perception and consequent seeming wrongs in action, come to be, as I conceive they eventually may be viewed by himself, as his mainly instrumentally or mediumistically, he having been urged by higher intelligences for putting to crucial test the fact of spirit-return. Thus could he be made a more efficient promulgator of that momentous fact—fact pregnant with blessings—than he could have been through advocacy of it by his able pen and persuasive tongue. Good from seeming evil.

Next comes Hon. George Lunt, who left his mortal form not till early in 1885. He gives a rapid but clear account of his agreement to aid the Faculty through his paper—Boston Courier—in their assault upon what was distasteful to him and seemed belittling. He went into the work in good conscience; and I, from personal observation at the trial, know that at the outset he was as resolutely and unflinchingly pugnacious as any one of the assailants. But reflections upon the abilities and standing of many avowed Spiritualists soon after moderated his ardor; yet he thought best to hold on even to "a troublesome elephant" for a while, and postpone report to some future time. He saw, too, many recruits joined the other side; also his associates had explosions in their own camp, bursting forth from both Agassiz and

Felton. He closes with the significant statement that a host of intelligent spirits recently concluded, upon deliberate consultation, "that the revelations of to day were only stepping-stones to those more mighty in the near distance."

Rev. George Putnam, D. D., confesses freely that he believed spirits returned while he occupied the pulpit, but then he deemed it prudent not to avow it openly. The same is true to-day, I think, in the case of more than half of the liberal clergymen in this vicinity. I also wonder—as he says spirits Drs. Lothrop and Channing do—"that the churches attempt to stand in open opposition to the very groundwork of their faith." He says, too, that "aside from evidence manifested to mortals of another life through spirit-communication, there is none whatsoever."

I can see the twinkle of his eye when, speaking of the Harvard investigators, he calls them "the now more repenting crowd"—hinting, perhaps, that he himself needed to repent a little for his course in regard to Spiritualism. Be that as it may, he did not oppose the cause, nor dread its action upon his parishioners. The hesitancy of such a man, in the high position he held in his denomination, in his official connection with Harvard College and in public esteem generally, his hesitancy to openly espouse Spiritualism, may be deemed censurable by many people, especially by Spiritualists; but his course—which was letting the matter alone, letting it work on, neither decried nor commended—was as well, I doubt not—was, perhaps, better for the cause of Spiritualism itself than would have resulted had there been, as almost inevitably there must, disturbance in his parish and the community if he openly and frequently preached Spiritualism under its own name. As the rose would smell as sweet under any other name, so the essence of Spiritualism, which he often poured out, would be as operative unnamed as if specifically labeled, and be even more widely acceptable.

During a few years in early life I was in the ministry, and often deemed it prudent, when viewing my relations to the parish, to be guarded in speech upon topics other than purely religious, if the topics were highly interesting to the public, and upon which public opinion was divided. Prudence ranks well up among those virtues which are the eventual outworkers of beneficence. Though Spiritualism is modifying religions, it comes not simply as a religion; it makes its first appeals to science, to reason, to logic. Till these establish the fact of spirit-return, the clergy may be most helpful to its advance by leaving it undisturbed.

Professor Pelree, chairman of the investigating committee, and nearly the rival of Agassiz in the management of the operations, (those two receiving but little active aid from their two much younger, and then much less renowned associates) speaks out in frankness, showing himself to have been strongest of them all in moral bravery—was willing to avow publicly that they were unable to account for the facts. In this he is supported by Lunt.

Spiritualists had demonstrated their claims as clearly to his mind "as any problem of mathematics." "But," says he, "holding the position I did, I could not act in contrariety to the ideas sustained by the Faculty." He says distinctly he "did not willingly enter the contest," and "did protest against it." He closes—and, I think, thereby receiving as well as giving pleasure—with the statement that "after twenty-nine years of deliberation we have given our views of that long-promised REPORT." Fullness of time for the report to appear was not till now. Earlier, while the reporters were in mortal, the report would have been less valuable.

Many readers probably will not be in mental mood to perceive probable correctness in the supposition which the writer's mind inclines to hold, viz.: That from its inception to its close, now with a report from the spirit-spheres, the assault of the Harvard Faculty upon Spiritualism, together with its resultant sequels, have measurably been under the supervision and sway of supernal prescience, wisdom and power, and so prosecuted that the assailants should eventually not only be themselves demonstrators of the truth they assailed, but also should personally make demonstrating record of its verity by their use severally of a mortal hand. That much they have done. The reporting process itself was spiritual, and proves spirit-communication with one mortal to have been a verity—the very thing that was to be demonstrated, and now has been by Harvard's ablest mathematicians and others.

We have done with the College attachés. Next comes a non-partisan observer, yet an equal in attainments and public esteem to the leading actors in the battle, Dr. Luther V. Bell, head manager of the McLean Asylum for the Insane.

This searcher for and lover of facts, witnessed many phenomena called spiritual, but never such ones as gave him full conviction that they were put forth by beings who had once been men or women on earth's surface. Indeed he had doubts up to the close of his mundane life, whether man was destined to live beyond the grave—he could only hope for a future life. How strongly that state of such a mind teaches the desirableness of so distinct and extensive return by spirits as shall banish all doubt upon a subject so interwoven in the mental states of every thoughtful, foregoing intellect. Not till he passed out of the mortal did he get satisfactory response to the question, "If a man die, shall he live again?" Passing out, his doubts were instantly ended; for at once he grasped the hands of old earth acquaintances—hands as palpable to his spirit-hand, as solid and substantial to the touch, as had been their mortal hands in his mortal grasp. Nothing is ghostly about a spirit as seen and handled by a spirit.

The earnestness in which Dr. Bell announces that Luther V. Bell lives, also, that this old acquaintance and that one, lives, bespeaks in him intense pleasure and joy that his doubts have been solved, and perhaps indicates in him a strong desire to so emphatically announce the fact that he lives, as to give conviction to doubting mortal minds that they surely will live beyond the tomb. His case, like that of Agassiz, indicates that scientific searchers of highest order are probably more liable than most others to find weakness in one reputed evidence of a future life after another; till they have set aside all evidence on which the mass of mortals confidently rest, and get themselves enveloped in thick and cheerless mists of doubt. With Luther V. Bell the problem is solved. Though he has died to earth, he still lives, and so reports.

Last, but by no means the most sorrowful corner, was Dr. Henry F. Gardner. It is pleasant to see that in the realm beyond, when consulting bands of college officials gathered from time to time to decide upon what should be

put forth in response to my letters, we find with them their mundane confidant, Dr. Gardner.

Felton, the first to respond, says: "I was with you, and so were our old but dear friends, Dr. Luther V. Bell, President Walker, Pelree and H. F. Gardner, early this morning. It was by our united action that you were forced to come and talk with me." Thus at the outset it appears, Walker, the head of the College Faculty, Pelree, Chairman of their Committee, Dr. Gardner, leader of their opponents, and Luther V. Bell, the non-partisan looker-on, united their forces to bring me into converse with Felton. A band consisting of those special co-workers upon me suggests the probability that even then, when my aim was only to lessen or extinguish Mansfield's wrath toward Felton, they foresaw the extended and important sequel. They then, designedly perhaps, harnessed me for vastly more work than I suspected.

Gardner's statement is that he was a "silent looker-on" at the correspondence between me and the others; that it gave him great joy "to see them throw up the glove."

What interests and impresses me most in his account is the statement that he "never met a more pleased set of spirits than they were that they had unbundled their troubled souls—"They do not," he says, "look like the same spirits."

Such statement indicates that "confession, good for the soul" here, is so even for the soul of a spirit after its release from earth, when it can and does reach a wronged or injured mortal to be the fitting receiver of the confession. The lesson is here taught that opening wide the doors for return to the mundane sphere may give many a burdened spirit unprecedented opportunity to gain relief by confession earthward. Wrong is easiest and best righted where they were perpetrated.

Before bringing this article to its close, mention should be made that when commenting upon Prof. Felton's article in the BANNER issue of Feb. 27th, I too sweepingly claimed to be the only graduate from Harvard who has advocated Spiritualism on the rostrum or in the public press over his own name. There is one notable exception as to use of the pen. Thos. B. Hall, Esq., of Boston, has ably and well put forth the finer essence of Spiritualism in books and articles over his name; and in so doing, while tethered by the restraining cords which rope the members of a profession within defined limits, has exhibited much more courage than was needful in my case.

Moral courage and love of truth surely were not and are not greater in me than in very many of the clergymen and others among us. It is therefore needful for me to presume that had I remained in the ministry I should not have been the contestant I was against my old associates in Mother Harvard's Halls. I claim no merit for my course, but am grateful for early bereavements and debility which induced me to unbind and throw aside the bands which limit ranges for mental roving by the devotees to either of the three learned professions, or by eminent scientists and philosophers.

Though it be a fact that Thos. B. Hall, Esq., and myself are the only graduates from Harvard who have in print over their own names to much, if any extent, advocated and expounded Spiritualism—and that I myself am the only one who in this vicinity has advocated it upon the rostrum, it is not to be inferred that no other Harvard graduates have freely and openly avowed belief of it. Judge Willard Phillips of Cambridge, Judge Joseph G. Waters of Salem, James Farish of Portland, made open declaration of their reception of it. Very many others have been and are known by me to believe it who have deemed it prudent not to say so openly.

The chief early advocates of the cause in this vicinity had their prior education elsewhere than at Harvard. Rev. Adin Ballou, Rev. Herman Snow, Rev. John M. Spear, Rev. John Pierpont, Epes Sargent, A. E. Newton, Luther Colby, John S. Adams, Judge Ladd of Cambridge, Rev. Mr. Mountford and other early expounders of this cause were not sons of Alma Mater—Nourishing Mother—HARVARD.

Dr. Gardner closes with an exhortation that I "spare no pains to place the correspondence before the world." He adds that "it will be as well received as it has been anxiously looked for." Rejoice, he says, "My Dear Putnam, that you live to read and publish the long looked-for Report."

My cousin, Rev. George Putnam, expressed his joy that my days had been prolonged till I could get and publish this account. Because of anticipated beneficence which in both the mundane and supernal spheres may naturally outflow from the procurement and publication of the preceding correspondence, I do rejoice that my life in mortal has been prolonged till this special work was accomplished. More for that than for aught else, do I rejoice that my span of life stretched on till it embraces four-score and three years and nine months.

No other mortal is likely to, hardly can, experience joy born of the foregoing revelations, that shall equal what thence has come to me. Through more than thirty years I have been the open advocate of Spiritualism, because, as a reasoner from its facts, I early had to view it as the harbinger and enfolding of vast light, and aid to immortal dwellers on both sides of the line between the mortal and the spirit-realm. Advocacy of it brought me into and held me in prolonged conflict with old associates and friends, who looked upon me not simply as a deluded one, but also as the leader of others into harmful errors. Being such in their view, their thoughts and feelings, and in many cases their deportment have been a depressing weight upon my shoulders; and from none others has there come upon me weight more taxing to my powers of endurance than from the members of the Faculty of Harvard College. Thank heaven that part of the burden is not only taken off now, but the hands that imposed it are now put forth to help me bear up under whatever pressure may come upon me from other sources.

In a portion of broad nature's mental and emotional domain, which was first revealed to my vision by the morning rays of Modern Spiritualism's light, a young upstart from the soil there soon attracted my careful attention. The mental eye saw it labeled with promise that it would contribute largely to "The Healing of the Nations." Since then it has become well rooted, and is vigorous in its growth, promising to yield good fruit, not only from the time onward through the coming ages. Thanks to the Infinite gardener that he has employed me to aid in the culture of such a tree when it was but a sapling in nursery.

The present and prospective state and promise of that young tree move me reverently and gratefully to close, as in your recent comments you thought I might say, to the morning joys of the Infinite Balm of Life, and one of old "Now let my servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

46 Cleaveland street, Boston.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1886.

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Before the oncoming light of Truth, Creeds tremble, Ignorance dies, Error decays, and Humanity rises to its proper sphere of Knowledge.—*Spirit John Pierpont.*

Growing Old.

The sum and substance of it is, let materialism say what it will, that the world—that is, life—is merely the way we look at it. In other words, we exist in our imaginings, our ideals, our hopes, fears, and satisfactions. Our senses supply us bodily with what is simply needed to enable the spirit to indulge in its activities. As it is taught and trained, so will those activities give pleasure, or fail to do so. The inheritance of temperament must always govern, for this sets up limits we cannot transcend; but no controlling conditions were ever imposed for the purpose of robbing us of either enjoyment or opportunity, but rather to stimulate and inspire us, to breed a desirable discontent and therefore a strife for the better, and to hold us fast by a fixed footing while we struggle for a healthy and happy growth toward the nobler and the higher in all directions.

A writer in the *Chicago Times* recently freed his mind of the nightmarish load that lay across it, by drawing a picture of the imagined misery of a man who had reached extreme old age and had nothing left him but to wait for the end. "Directly in front of him," he says, "and so close to him that he can almost touch it, hangs a pall-like curtain which shuts off his vision. He regards it with unmitigated horror and apprehension. Beyond it lies the unknown, the inexplicable, the menacing, the troublous No-Man's Land, with all its frightful possibilities and its dread uncertainties. In vain are the efforts to obtain a glimpse of the secrets lying beyond the veil with which the man who has grown old occupies himself. It is a course of self-inflicted torture. He haunts the adyta of Christian temples, inhales the mystic vapors of so-called inspiration, listens to the utterances, the promises of the oracles, and secures no assurances that leave him at rest. From Delphi to Didyma, from Calophon to Achaia he wanders, invoking the priestesses of annihilation, of eternal pain, of immortal felicity, and from each gains—nothing. Still the impenetrable curtain shuts out the beyond, and to his frantic interrogations there is no response."

And he finally falls into a condition of "reckless hopelessness," blasphemes, perhaps, over his destiny, and lets his light go out in darkness.

It is a repulsive picture of utter despair, by one who has worked himself up to an expression which has no proportionate meaning. However much one may doubt, or even apprehend, it is impossible for him to sink to such abnormal depths, and still live on, as are portrayed above. Nor need anybody suffer such imaginary woes, now that Modern Spiritualism has brought its welcome revelation to the knowledge of humankind. The questioners and doubters and unbelievers may run from temple to oracle, and from priest to platform, in search of the unknown and shall be no wiser still; but Spiritualism tells them in direct terms that which they vainly make search for elsewhere. And this is why it is indeed a new revelation, made when the world was waiting with painful eagerness for it, and made because it was thus sure to be received.

With this blessed assurance of a continuation of the present life, and this certain knowledge that the riches of love and friendship will continue to be shared in the life beyond, there should be no gloomy apprehensions as we draw nearer to the end. The absolute certainty of the future is sufficient to dissipate all fears and remove all doubts. The future is as secure as the past. The process of transition is known to be anything but unnatural, and therefore it is attended with the deepest satisfactions. And it is most fitting that as we approach the remote confines of earth-life, and instinctively look out into the beyond, we should domesticate ourselves with calm and placid contemplations of what is so soon to come for us. With this certain knowledge of the future life, there is all the more reason why we should ever be filled with a contented, and at times with a rapturous, joy at the prospect of an early release from the present clogs and burdens that drag down the spirit in its aspirations, and compel it to live a life of constant strife and warfare with obstructing influences.

And coming to extreme old age in the possession of such knowledge and under the influence of such a spirit, how much more wisely is it possible for one to employ his time, how much

more, genuine happiness is there for one to enjoy, with what a mellow ripeness will the faculties employ themselves in the offices set them to perform, and how inexpressibly rich and profound do the experiences of life grow in a review of the past years and a forecasting of the far larger existence that is already in sight.

The philosophers of the old time did not come to old age in any such spirit of fear and trembling as the unhappy writer whom we have quoted manifests. They gloried in their age, for to them it meant wisdom. If they had no such clear and direct knowledge of another, or a continuous, life as we have, they at least were not afflicted with any such spirit-quakings and soul-shudderings as afflict this unfortunate person. They grew more and more tranquil in the vale of years. They testified to the possession of a happiness that no earthly power could take away. Old age was the triumph of their rational lives, the consummation and crown of earthly existence for them. Plato had passed four-score, and was still engaged in his profound speculations. Cato was pleading eloquently before the Roman Senate and courts after he had passed three-score and ten. The elder Scipio was near ninety, and still continued his labors and accumulated honors. The poet Ennius was contented and happy at eighty, though he was in the narrow straits of poverty. Read Cicero's thoughtful discourse on Old Age; and ponder the beautiful thoughts of our own Theodore Parker on the same noble theme; and then answer, if possible, that the latest period of a well-spent life is not the fullest of fruition, does not most abound with pleasing consolations, and is not the happiest because nearest the open gate through which we all are to pass.

Rev. Dowling in Answer to Cut Bono?

One of the last and latest of the grand army of narrow-gauge bigots to have his sneer at Spiritualism is Rev. George T. Dowling, who preached on a recent Sunday on the "Truths and Errors of Modern Spiritualism," in Euclid Avenue Baptist Church, Cleveland. It almost goes without saying that he professed to have found all the truths in his Bible (revised edition?) and all the errors outside of its sacred covers. That is the stereotyped form of it. And almost of course, too, he took the text for such a harangue from Jeremiah, that prophet of lamentations, who in these times would simply have been treated for his liver. Mr. Dowling is of the Baptist persuasion, which is enough to account for much of the iron-rust that clings to his thinking. Admitting that Spiritualism possessed a fascination for human belief, because it claims to bring a message from out the shadows, he considers it all the more dangerous because there is foundation of truth in some of its teachings. Much obliged to Rev. Mr. Dowling! He would be thought to know truth when he sees it. But he adds that this is always the trouble with systems of error which have any life.

"Now," exclaims Baptist Dowling, "there is no need for what is commonly called Spiritualism." And might it not with equal truth be asserted that there is no need for what is commonly called Dowling? This world little knows how much it has which it could just as well do without. But it happens to be the world that calls for Spiritualism, while the call for Dowling has never been heard beyond the limits of his hard-shell existence. Not only is there no need, however, for Spiritualism in his Reverend opinion, but "whatever of good there is in it is borrowed from the Bible, and all the rest of its teaching is evil, and evil only." Well, then, that must settle it, so far as Dowling is concerned. Nevertheless, he proceeds to dally with this "evil, and only evil," just as if he did not believe there was any danger. First, he attacks "their pretended revelations." He allows that we may commune with spirits, and that the Bible teaches that. Especially with the Holy Spirit, he theologizes add: And "thus" there is, a basis of truth in the teaching of Spiritualism, and the Rev. Dowling insists that it is borrowed from the Bible.

And he further allows that there is "a basis of fact for many of its reported manifestations." Much obliged again, Mr. Dowling! We are certainly getting on. For proof of this last assertion he appeals to individual experience. He has to confess that "there is yet an unexplored realm of scientific study concerning the influence of mind over mind." But that, he says, "has nothing to do with Spiritualism." Oh! no, Rev. Mr. Dowling, of course not! How knowing you are at this critical point of the discussion, if that may be called discussion which denies a hearing entirely to one of the parties and loftily waves him out of court. But the influence of a living mind over another mind, he would have us understand, is not the same thing as the influence of a dead mind over a living. This last he cannot stomach or stand; and there the argument ends. "Though these phenomena may as yet be only partially explained by scientific experts," says our oracle, "there is no possible reason to believe that they are Spiritualism." So there ends that. For Rev. Mr. Dowling knows, and if he does not know he ought to, and who shall grow so bold as to contradict or even to doubt him.

"I pronounce Spiritualism to be the greatest deception in the whole world," he declaims. If the spirits have anything to do with it, he pronounces them evil spirits, for, be it understood, Mr. Dowling can tell the difference in spirits if anybody can, and he is no wise backward in proclaiming it. With such spirits as these are, he advises his hearers to have nothing to do. He charges the fraudulent character of the phenomena to the nature of the evidence. He must have been peculiarly unfortunate in his investigations of Spiritualism; or can it possibly be that he has not investigated? When told that his grandmother can move a table in his presence, he conclusively replies that his grandmother ought to be ashamed of herself. When told of other movements of furniture by invisible forces, he closes the quest for truth by saying: "I think the spirits better be taught how to behave." That settles that—for Mr. Dowling at least. He regards everything told or shown him as "utterly ridiculous." How much more ridiculous is it than for him to mount a pulpit and declare that certain things cannot occur without the suspension of natural laws? As if, forsooth, Rev. Mr. Dowling possessed a full knowledge of natural laws, and could accurately say what is an act done under their operation and what is an act requiring their suspension!

Thereupon this Mr. Dowling proceeds to put tests to the spirits from the pulpit he is so proudly perched in. He wants them to read a letter for him that he says is in somebody's pocket across the seas. He wants them to read to him the verse from Shakespeare which he will copy and seal in a box and hide away. He demands that spirits shall make themselves "useful," for example, in telling him who stole

his umbrella. And, above all things, he wants the spirits to add something to the treasury of the world's thought. Here he evidently believes he has got them, for he knows how hard it is for him to do that simple thing himself. And he is finally dissatisfied with "the poison of the moral influence" of Spiritualism. On that point, after the *tu quoque* fashion, we might refer him by way of comparison to the example of sundry good Baptist brothers in the ministry and out who have recently shed a poisonous "moral influence" in community whose far-reaching power cannot be transcended by aught that the un-churches have to offer.

There is nothing more to be said of this talk of Mr. Dowling on Spiritualism, as in fact there is nothing in what we have so far quoted for him. It is east wind entirely. Mr. Dowling is evidently one of those persons who, while professing at the top of his voice to hate deception, will all the same employ the blessed philosophy and truths of Spiritualism on funeral occasions, and get square with it by insulting Spiritualists on all other.

Evidence in Favor of Materialization.

Prof. Henry Kiddle has given in the *Spiritual Offering* a lengthy and very just and appreciative review of Mr. E. A. Brackett's new and interesting book, "Materialized Apparitions." At the outset he remarks that the author's culture as an artist rendered him in some respects an exceptionally competent observer and judge of the peculiar phenomena he made an object of study; while the obviously fair and unprejudiced condition of his mind, unlike the mental states in which many highly educated men approach the subject, enabled him to do it full justice. For this reason Prof. Kiddle commends the book to friends of Spiritualism and all who are investigating its phenomena as a courageous, faithful and well-written exposition of the truth of spirit-materialization, the evidence presented in which no well-ordered, unprejudiced mind can possibly resist. He furthermore thinks it to be one of the most valuable additions made of late to the literature of Modern Spiritualism, an opinion which we fully endorse, and which no one who examines the work will fail to do.

After introducing passages from the book relating to the appearance and disappearance in full view of the spirit-wife of Mr. Brackett, the form apparently sinking through the carpet and floor, her head and shoulders being the last visible, Mr. Kiddle remarks that such evidence cannot but be demonstrable proof that "mysterious, visible, and palpable forms make their appearance, in the presence, and through the unconscious agency, of certain peculiarly constituted persons called mediums."

Further evidence is given in other extracts from Mr. Brackett's record of experiences, which Prof. Kiddle quotes. For instance: "I have been taken into the cabinet, and, with my left arm around the form (to all appearance as solid as my own), have put my right hand on the entranced medium, and while in this position have seen a white luminous cloud rise slowly from the side of the medium until it reached the height of nearly six feet. I could have passed my hand through it without resistance. In a few seconds it condensed into a human form, that cordially greeted and shook hands with me, having a hand as substantial as my own. . . . While talking with her (the control), I had my left arm around the waist of the form that took me into the cabinet. With my right hand I reached out and satisfied myself that the man I was sitting in her chair entranced. There could be no mistake; there were four of us in the cabinet, the two forms that appeared to be materialized, the medium and myself!"

Continuing, the reviewer says: "In regard to the important question, who are these 'apparitions' that present themselves in material form, and manifest all the elements and characteristics of human personality? Mr. Brackett expresses his views with considerable caution and reserve. He manifestly has a positive conviction in his own mind, which he feels it to be very difficult to transfer by logical argument to others who have not had his experience. In regard to the suggestion that these 'materialized apparitions' are merely 'effigies,' or 'lay figures,' and not what they purport to be, Mr. Brackett expresses himself with some directness, remarking that 'it was not easy to understand how any intelligent investigator, who has given the subject any considerable attention, should come to such a conclusion.'"

Prof. Kiddle next considers the author's view of the mental condition in which an inquirer should enter upon an investigation of the phenomena under notice, as well as all other phenomena denominated spiritual, and in reference to a very satisfactory result of the adoption of Mr. Brackett's method, mentioned by him, says:

"Here was a demonstration of spiritual genuineness, which, to all who have investigated with the same spirit, which the witnesses of what are called 'fraud proof conditions' will scarcely be able to understand or appreciate, because it seems to them like a surrender of critical, scientific methods, such methods being confined to a forcible restraint of the medium to prevent personation."

Mr. Brackett and his reviewer evidently are of the opinion that restraint of the physical form of the medium through the operation of some occult law correspondingly binds and restrains his spiritual form, and in some measure that of the invisible workers, hampering, and sometimes rendering altogether nugatory their efforts to produce the desired manifestations. This view is taken by many students of the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism; and it is worthy of thought and inquiry how far the point in question bears upon what at the scenes of mediums known to be truthful, incidents occur that have the appearance of being attempts to commit fraud.

In approaching the conclusion of his able review, Prof. Kiddle says:

"In relation to the identity of these beings—the most important point in connection with the whole subject, for if they are not the genuine manifestations of departed human spirits, their appearance affords no direct proof of our continued existence after death—it will be obvious to the reader that while Mr. Brackett endeavors to confine himself strictly to scientific, logical evidence, he entertains little if any doubt that the phenomena, taken in their entirety, justify the conviction that these 'apparitions' are the spirits of the dead. . . . Their own testimony of deceased human beings, in all their manifestations to all observers, in every sense, through every medium, and in every part of the world in which these investigations have taken place, constitutes a mass of cumulative evidence which ought to be irresistible."

Materialized Apparitions: If Not Beings from Another Life. By E. A. Brackett. Memo, cloth, pp. 122. Boston: Colby & Rich.

A boy eleven years of age by the name of Charlie Morse, residing in Hartford, Wis., has suddenly and quite unexpectedly to his parents and friends, been developed as an independent slate-writing medium. A representative of *The Social Drift*, published at Muskegon, recently tested the phenomenon and became convinced of its genuineness.

See the announcement of "Celestial Sonnets" by B. M. Lawrence, M. D., fifth page.

At It Again.

The **BANNER OF LIGHT** has always held the ground that the maintenance of our free school system is the grand hope of American liberty, and that in justice to all parties these common schools should be made entirely secular. Let fiery zealots teach their warring dogmas elsewhere, if they will—the State should see to it that only practical information for every-day life and its duties is presented to the young under its auspices. God-in-the-Constitution Seelye thinks otherwise, and has spoiled quite a number of pages in a late number of *The Forum* in the effort to prove that religion—whichever religion? by the way, as there are many—should be inculcated will ye nil ye in the public schools. We are glad to see the *New York Sun*, the *Boston Index*, the *Waco (Tex.) Independent Pulpit* and other papers scourging this would-be religio-political mazzette as he deserves. The *Sun* gets at the root of the whole matter when it says in its closing paragraph:

"The State can have nothing to do with religious education, but must leave it entirely to the church, unless, indeed, Church and State are united; and PRESIDENT SEELYE'S ARGUMENT IS REALLY AN ARGUMENT FOR SUCH A UNION."

Keep Up, or Keep Quiet.

The *Valley Visitor* (Newburyport, Mass.) after noting that "Rev. Mr. Mills objects to Sunday newspapers, because, he says, they make the services of the sanctuary seem dull and monotonous," is hard-hearted enough to add, for that Reverend's own private thinking, the suggestion in effect that the pulpit make some effort to "keep up with the procession," instead of perversely hanging back and complaining of every agency outside of its own peculiar methods which is working for the good of the present age:

"Would it not be better [asks its editor] to render these services so animated and interesting, that the newspaper would be the dull and monotonous thing, compared to them. We don't hear that a single man of the many-tongued audience on the Pentecost occasion was found sitting back and reading a newspaper, not even to get news from the battle-fields. When Paul was making his defense before Agrippa, one hundred boys might have yelled from the streets: 'Here you have the *Germ. Herald*, *Visitor*! all about the war in Italy' and not a man in all that multitude would have moved his head."

S. J. T.

GREYSTONE, AUG. 4, 1886.

Once more, oh all adjusting Death!
The nation's Pantheon opens wide;
Once more a common sorrow saith
A strong, wise man has died.

Faults doubtless had he. Had we not
Our own, to question and asperse
The worth we doubted or forgot?
Until we stood beside his hearse?

Ambitious, cautious, yet the man
To strike down fraud with resolute hand;
A patriot, if a partisan,
He loved his native land.

So let the mourning bells be rung,
The banner drop its folds half way,
And let the public pen and tongue
Their fitting tribute pay.

Then let us vow above his bier
To set our feet on party lies,
And wound no more a living ear
With words that Death denies.

—John G. Whittier, in Boston Transcript.

We received last Sunday afternoon at Onset Bay evidence which, to our mind at least, settles the question of the reliability and genuineness of the medial powers of Mrs. Dis Debar beyond question. We were passing along the street with Mrs. Maggie Butler, of Boston, when that lady suddenly remarked: "Why, here comes Mrs. Debar now," and we unexpectedly encountered the lady, who asked us to go to her residence, which was near at hand. She then at once, and in an off-hand manner, picked up and placed in our hands a blank card some six inches square, asking that it be put upon our forehead, which we did; a hand-mirror was then placed in such a position that we were enabled to see the surface of the card as we held it up after the manner so well known to those attending her sittings for this order of manifestation. While looking into this mirror we saw the figures come into distinctness upon the whilom blank surface until in less than three minutes of time we were in possession of a fine portrait in oil colors (the pigments being still wet) of a young lady, with a smaller and less prominent male countenance in the left hand corner of the sketch. The lady portrayed had clearly-marked hazel eyes, auburn hair and a fresh complexion, and the colors were blended with neatness and delicacy. The card did not for a moment leave our hands after we received it, and the medium all the while was several feet distant from us. The picture is to be seen at the **BANNER OF LIGHT** Bookstore, and any one who thinks it can be produced in fresh oil colors in three minutes by any means other than the occult process which distinguishes this lady's development, is welcome to his opinion—it certainly is one with which we cannot agree.

A recent issue of *The Woman's Journal* contains the following regarding the use by women of the franchise in Washington Territory:

"Two falsehoods relative to the women of Washington Territory, which have lately gone the rounds of the papers, are refuted by authoritative contradiction. It was said that few women voted. The writer of the article, 'Voters in Washington Territory,' in our issue of to-day, is well known to us as a highly respected citizen of Walla Walla. She testifies that when the election voted as generally as did the men, 750 women voting, in her own precinct alone in a total vote of 2,000. Rev. Louis A. Banks, until recently a citizen of Washington Territory ever since woman suffrage was established there, affirms in the *Boston Journal*, from his own personal knowledge, that in no State or Territory has temperance sentiment and legislation made such rapid advance within the past three years as in Washington Territory under woman suffrage."

Detroit, Mich., despatches of the 14th inst., record that an important treaty with the tribes has just been arranged by the Indian Commission. The White Earth Indians have already signed the agreement, which will be binding only when signed by those on the other reservation: It provides for the removal of the Red Lake, Leech Lake, White Oak Point, Boisfort, Winnipegagooshah, Rat Portage, Mille Lacs and Gull Lake tribes to White Earth reservation—heads of families to have 100 acres, minors aged 18, 80 acres, and children 40, with buildings, oxen and rations for two years, at the end of fifty years the land to be deeded in fee simple. The other reservations are to be surveyed and sold by sealed proposals in 40-acre lots, the money to be held by the United States at 5 per cent. as a fund for the benefit of all.

New Zealand's Volcanoes.

In our issue for July 17th we gave an account of the recent and terrible visitation which New Zealand had experienced in the way of earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and concurrent elemental disturbances. San Francisco dispatches of Aug. 10th give the following additional particulars, brought by the steamer *Mariposa*, which arrived there on Sunday evening, Aug. 8th, from Australia:

Heavy earthquakes were still felt in the Tarawera and Sulphur Springs districts, and severe shocks still occurred in the Rotorua district. Relief had been sent out reported that Lake Tarawera had considerably. The oil bath at Whakarewarewa was throwing up stones and mud to the height of twenty feet, and the great boiling lagoon of Papatangi would suddenly rise as much as two feet and then as quickly fall. A similar phenomenon was observed at the Kuiran cauldron, which would rise two feet in half an hour and then as quickly return to its normal level. Mr. Dinsey, the telegraph officer in charge of the Rotorua station, reports that the earthquakes were heaviest, reported on June 25th that Volcano No. 1 was dead and that Nos. 2 and 3 were steaming. No. 4 was still throwing up mud. Lake Rotomahana was comparatively quiet, with only one geyser in the center playing. The Park Terrace geysers were still blowing up clouds of steam, but were less active than they had been. The immense craters created between Tarawera and White Terrace continued to steam, and the cone on top of Tarawera mountain was throwing out volumes of black smoke and steam.

The *New Zealand Herald* says: On Galatia Plains the volcanic showers of mud at times took very eccentric courses, overleaping one section of land and striking another further on in the same line. Hector, who is making a scientific examination of the volcanic districts, said he expected that the volcanic cone which was thrown up in Lake Rotomahana during the disturbances had already on July 1st attained a height of 600 feet and was steadily adding to its height. He has named it Mount Hazard, after the gentleman of that name who lost his life on the night of the great eruption. A chemical examination of the volcanic ash shows that they are mostly composed of the basaltic soil. Every human being had abandoned the entire portion of country situated within the limits of the volcanic system.

In some places traveling was impossible, the white dust so thickly settling on the roads that it could not proceed. Men endeavoring to go on foot sank thigh deep and were compelled to crawl on hands and knees. The deposit in some places was from 25 feet to 30 feet deep. An exceptionally splendid manifestation of the "afterglow," which is so complete an enigma to all physicists, occurred at Wellington, New Zealand, says the *Mail* of that place, on the evening of July 5th. At the edge of the vivid ray glow where it merged into pink and violet, the crescent moon appeared of the brilliant yet delicate green color, presenting a most curious and beautiful appearance. The unwanted spectacle remained visible only a few minutes.

Revaccination an Absurdity.

William E. Gladstone has said that compulsory revaccination "reduces the thing to an absurdity." The early vaccinators even questioned the possibility of revaccination. They argued that as vaccination was equivalent to an attack of smallpox, it must be equally preventive of revaccination as of smallpox. If it were otherwise what ground, it was asked, would remain for their faith? This position was held for a long period, and when revaccination was known not only to be possible but to be practiced, its utility was strenuously denied.

THE SPIRIT MESSAGE DEPARTMENT the present week gives communications received on May 18th and 21st, together with an invocation, and the answers of the controlling intelligence to questions regarding Atlantis and its "local" effect on the spirit-world; Father Cleveland brings five intelligences who desire light as to their present surroundings and future prospects, and Lotela voices messages for seven others who send greetings to their loved ones yet in the mortal. Particular attention should be bestowed upon the communication headed "Mary," whose advice, like "Wisdom" in Ecclesiastes, is "profitable to direct" when she says: "I would like to talk earnestly and clearly to every medium who is made use of by the spirit-world for a good work, and beg them to do just that which is brought to them; to exercise wisely their own powers; but not to seek for popularity or for something more than they possess, because it is not well for them nor for the world."

Zion's Herald of this city contains an article strongly recommending Adamson's Cough Balsam, manufactured by F. W. Kinsman & Co. of New York. It says that testimonials of the most flattering character (almost without number) could be given from those who have used the Balsam. Now if this is really the case—and coming as it does from a reliable source—why don't this firm that has put the Balsam on the market, advertise it in the **BANNER**, which circulates extensively in every civilized country in the world? Such a valuable medicine is much needed, as it is alleged that it is the best remedy in use for the speedy cure of croup, colds, and throat or lung diseases.

We had a pleasant call last week from Edwin Wilder, of Hingham, who in the old days was President of the State Spiritualist Association of Massachusetts. Mr. Wilder informed us that while at Onset Bay recently he received a strong test of spirit presence through the mediumship of Edgar W. Emerson. Mr. W. is highly pleased with Onset, as all are who make the pilgrimage to its shores.

Hon. John S. Ladd, one of the early pioneers in and students of Spiritualism in this vicinity, now lies very low, we are informed, at his residence in Cambridge. The knowledge he possesses of the presence of spirit friends, in this time of suffering, is a source of comfort to him, and with patience he awaits the result—whether it be return to health or otherwise.

Walter Howell, the English "fance" speaker, bids "good bye" for awhile to his American friends in a soulful letter which will be found on our third page. We shall be pleased to hear from him at any time as a correspondent upon his arrival in Great Britain.

The *Boston Evening Transcript* of Aug. 7th reprints (with due credit) from the **BANNER OF LIGHT** of June 26th, under the caption "Is Bjornstjerne Bjornson a 'Spiritualist'?" Dr. H. G. Petersen's remarks prefatory to his translation of "Vis-Knut."

W. J. Colville is doing good work in the Temple, San Francisco. The reader's attention is called to a report of answers by his guides to various questions, which will be found on our third page.

Gerald Massey is to deliver twelve lectures in St. George's Hall, London, on literary, evolutionary, and other subjects, Tuesday and Friday evenings, commencing Aug. 31st.

Any one having a copy of "A. R. MAGRO," in good condition, to dispose of, can address, stating lowest price, P. O. Box 84, Boston, Mass.

Read Allen Putnam's reflections on the spirit side of the Harvard matter—second page.

The Camp Meeting at Mt. Pleasant Park, Ia., is reported to be in full tide of success.

Attention is called to the card of J. H. Ibel, magnetic healer, in another column.

NOW IN THE HANDS OF THE PUBLISHERS:

[illegible]

Put the Bible in the school. Falsed be the hand that would take the Bible from the college at the school.—*Rev. Talmage.*

Falsed be the hand that would make the college and school religious, when the Constitution, reason, and common sense demand that they should be Secular!—*Boston Investigator.*

Dunklee's New Golden Eagle Furnaces give the mildest and softest and the greatest amount of heat for fuel consumed, and are the easiest to clean and take care of.—W. H. White, Janitor of seven large schoolhouses in Cambridge.

ALLEN PUTNAM, ESQ., will answer calls to lecture or to attend funerals. Address him No. 46 Clarendon street, Boston, Mass.

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N. B.—THE EDITOR OF THE STARGAZER, the pioneer Astrologer of America. Private Consultation Parlor, Hotel Van Rensselaer, 210A Tremont street, Suite 1.

AU21 14*

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Message Department.

The Messages published under the above heading indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life, and that they are not in an undeveloped state, eventually progress to higher conditions. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her own. All express a mass of truth as they perceive it.

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

Letters of inquiry regarding this department of the BANNER should not be addressed to the medium in any case.

Lewis B. Wilson, Chairman.

The Free-Circle Meetings

At this office have been suspended for the summer. They will be resumed, as usual, on the 14th of September next.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
Miss M. T. Shelhamer.

Report of Public Stance held May 18th, 1886—
Continued from our last issue.

Father Cleveland.

The spiritual directors of this circle have always sought to impress upon the public that in addition to this being an avenue through which spirits might come personally to their bereaved friends on earth with a message of consolation or of advice, it was also maintained as an educational school, where spirits unversed in a spiritual education, or those bound down by physical law to the material condition, might come and gather instruction, advice and magnetic support from spirits from higher schools, who gather here, and where they might also be given the opportunity of attaining themselves one more to a mortal organism and expressing their thought in their own way, for the purpose of either receiving instruction or experience, or of leaving within this circle something of their distress, and the adverse magnetism which prevented them from rising in the scale of spiritual happiness.

It has ever been my privilege and pleasure, since passing from the body, to unite myself here with such friends as carry on this good work, and endeavor, in this way, to assist those unfortunate spirits who need advice and counsel from those who employ their time and powers in ministering to the needs of others; and at various times I have brought spirits into this circle, knowing they would be welcomed and given an opportunity to free themselves from confining conditions.

I wish, at this moment, to return my thanks, not only to the spiritual directors of this circle, who are invisible to mortal sight, but also to the mundane friends who keep open this avenue for such work as this, not to speak of the larger, but not more important, work of waiting intelligent communications from spirits to their mortal friends.

I will not undertake to speak as I would like to of the beneficent work that is established in the spirit-world, as well as on earth, of uplifting the fallen, strengthening the weak and befriending the unfortunate; but could you see, as I see, with spiritual vision, you would stand amazed at the largeness of the work, at the means employed, at the grand results accomplished. You would not wonder at mortals and undeveloped spirits coming to earth, who would not think strange that occasionally an intelligence comes, not refined, not pure-spoken, but you would only wonder that so much of ignorance, of brutality, is outgrown so rapidly by the spirits whom society sends to us, year after year, laden with corruption, covered with a pall of error, of ignorance and impurity. They are constantly coming, and they are constantly reaching out for new light, assistance and instruction, all of which is freely bestowed upon them.

To-day I have with me several spirits. None of them were uneducated, none of them were immoral, as the world considers morality, none of them dwell in the lower abysses of society, but yet they are unhappy, because of the undeveloped of the higher spiritual parts of their natures. They feel that they have not sought for light and instruction as they should have done under the opportunities afforded them. I feel that if these spirits were given an opportunity of speaking, of taking control of a mortal organism, and thus becoming once more energized to the conditions of life-awakened to the realities of spiritual existence—it will be beneficial to them; so I have the permission of your spirit-chairman to assist them to control.

Fred Barnard.

How do you do, Mr. Chairman? I never saw you before. [You are welcome, all the same.] Do you think you can help me to find my mother? Her name is Mary Barnard. I tell you, sir, I don't know where she is, but when I left her she was in Portland, Maine. She may be there now. I don't know, but I think it's a long time since I went away from her. Sometimes when I try to think of it, it seems all dark, and I can't think clearly; my head seems all wound up, and almost as if it were a great strain on it—that it must break; but then, again, things are clearer, and I can remember better.

I was only a boy when I went away from my mother—a boy in his teens. She didn't want me to go; she begged me not to; but I thought I knew better than she did, or anybody else, and so I went away on the ship, and I was gone a long time—so long, that my mother never heard from me again. Well, sometimes I thought I would write to her, but I never did; what I was doing, but sometimes we got away off in foreign waters, and seldom found a mail ship that we could send our letters by; and I suppose I got careless and indifferent, and forgot all about it.

A good while went by, and I roamed about from one place to another, until my twenty-fifth year. I got into some scrapes, but I don't think I need to tell all about it; do I? [Just as you feel about that.] Well, I don't feel like that in the present to think of. I don't know as it will be pleasant or good; do you think it will? [It will do you more good than any body else.] Well, I'll risk that. As I was going to tell you, I got into some unpleasant predicaments. I suppose if I had staid at home with my mother—as she wanted me to—I would have cleared up of it; of course I would; but I don't do it. I got mixed up a good deal with some other chaps, and we got into trouble at a distant point, and I was shut up. I had been breaking down in health for quite a while before that, and I seemed to sink lower and lower; and after a while—as not very long while either—I went out of the body.

I don't know how long ago that was. Sometimes it seems as though it was only a matter of a few weeks or months; then again it seems as though it was an everlasting age, and I could not tell you. But I have been in a queer way. I have been first to one place and then another; down by the sea in ships, and all around Liverpool, then further off to the coast of France; and somehow, it seemed as though I was going over; in a dream, but the very things I went through after I left my home, and I don't seem to do much of anything else.

Well, I didn't mind it at first; it seemed about as natural as anything could be, but now I am getting tired of it; it doesn't seem just right to be always going round and round in the same way and never find anything very satisfying. I wish you could tell me how to get out of it. [You are now taking the first step.] How? [It is the pleasant way brought you here, think it still further away.] He seems to be a real nice old man—I like him very well; but he doesn't seem to get me out. [You'll see things differently after you leave here.] Will I be going just the same round over and over again?

I would like to find my mother and tell her I am sorry. I left her; I am sorry I did not pay more attention to what she said. Over where I am they tell me I'm out of the body, and I understand that, because I saw my body after I left it, and I knew they put it away; but sometimes it seems as though I was just right back in it again, going through the same things, only it is more like a dream than a reality, and sometimes when I am quiet, and am thinking of the

past, I hear my mother call me! I know I hear her voice, and I try to follow it, and go where she is, but I cannot do it. Just when it seems as though I heard it clear, and am about reaching her, there seems to come up a dark wall, something solid, that I can't get through, and I don't know what it means. She's in the body, other people tell me, and the old crusty says so, too. He's a sort of a captain of the cruise, you know, and seems to know just how to direct things. He says she's here on this side still, that she's never heard from me, and she sends out a great longing to know something about me, or to hear from me, and that's what I hear that seems to be her voice, but I can't get there. [She may read what you say, as we shall print it.] If I thought that, I'd be everlasting glad that I got back here. I'd like my mother to know that I've really gone out of the body, I think it is better for me, and I'll turn up all right by-and-by. Don't you think so, do you? [They just tell her so. I don't know whether I will or not, but I'm going to try to.]

I don't know what I've got to do now. This old captain here says I've got to do something before I can steer clear ahead; I got into an awful mess with a chap, and got the best of him, somehow or other, and this old captain of ours says I've got to clear things up with him before I can steer straight ahead into a brighter port. I don't see how this is going to be. [You'll meet him and have a settlement.] I don't care anything about that. [It will be better for him and good for you.] He's an everlasting sneak. [You can afford to forgive him—you'll feel better for it.] Do you think so? Do you think that'll steer me home to my mother? [I certainly do.] You do! I don't know where to find him. I don't like the idea very much, but I suppose I can do it. I'll try to.

I believe I feel better already. I don't see how it is. I'm ever so much obliged to you, sir. You don't know me, but you are very kind to take up of these things. If I could give you something, I would. My name is Fred Barnard.

I don't like to think I have made a wreck of life. Do you believe I have? Do you think I can get righted somehow?

Samuel Chase.

I have been watching the young man who has just been speaking to you, Mr. Chairman, and I have been quite interested in his history. He seems to be in trouble. I find a great many others are in trouble of one kind or another. It is true I see intelligences around me who seem to be free from all care and perplexity and know just how to navigate themselves, but I am a little embarrassed in this line.

My trouble is nothing like that of the young man, and yet I feel as though there was a great weight pressing upon me all the time. I tell us some things about me on my head, and I sometimes feel as though I was carrying the weight of the universe on my shoulders. Now, why it is I cannot tell you; but perhaps if I explain a little concerning myself you may be able to give me a little advice.

I understand that I am what people call a spirit, and yet I cannot quite comprehend the term, because I seem to be embodied; I have a form that is clothed upon with natural habiliments, and I cannot quite catch the meaning of the term; but, however, I know I am not of my physical body, and I am supposed to be a spirit, independent of earth and separate from all earthly interests.

Well, now, the trouble is that I do not separate from earthly interests, and I do not know much, or even anything, about what you call the spirit-world. That, sir, didn't trouble me very much until lately. I was a man of energy and business ability. I prided myself upon my perspicacity in looking into business affairs, and I think I could turn a point in the interest of my concerns about as quickly as most any other man.

I had an interest in large manufacturing concerns, and I became absorbed in those affairs. I took but little thought of outside things; I allowed my family and my friends to do pretty much as they pleased, only they must not ask me to take part in their pursuits and pleasures, but must allow me to do just as I thought best. The outcome of the matter was that I gave all my time and thought to building up a large business reputation, and of course to its monetary interests.

I suppose I did not pay proper attention to health, and I was taken from the body just about the time when I felt that I ought to be here, that my business demanded my presence and my attention. Well, though I understood that I had stepped from the body, I felt just the same as I did before; so if I entered my office and moved among my working-people, or came into contact with my business colleagues, it seemed to me that I ought to be respected and listened to as I was in the body. I expressed my opinion on matters that were very important to me, but it did not seem to be acted upon.

I saw certain ventures made by others that appeared foolish, and though I stretched out my hand and raised my voice to prevent them, they took no heed, and the consequence was they lost where they might have gained. That disturbed me very much, and I wondered how it was possible for them not to see as I could see.

Now, perhaps, you will have an idea of my situation. I was there in the old haunts, moving among the old business associations and taking an active part in them, yet bringing no result in my efforts; and I have been there most of the time, not only in one locality but in several, because I had interests at several places.

I have felt sometimes, in thinking of my possessions, as though a great weight bowed me down and bent me over, so that I could not see anything very clearly. I have been perplexed, and puzzled, and encumbered, all of which is a mystery to me.

Well, I have grown tired of this kind of a life and I want to rise out of it. I find that there are those in earth who have taken all these concerns into their own hands, who seem to think they know more about it than anybody else, and I don't know as I could help them. Now, I want to throw off all this, and I don't know how to do it. I have been trying to get somewhere, to somebody who could give me a hint. Somewhere I don't know how I came in contact with the gentleman who spoke to you here—the elderly gentleman who has been very kind, and who promised me relief if I would accompany him somewhere and do as he requested.

Well, I have come here, and have tried to do as desired, and now I await results. I assure you, sir, I am like a child who doesn't know the first thing in life. Can you tell me what is the object of my coming here? I don't know how it is, there doesn't seem to be anything else but business that appeals to my interest; that is the one point I have been gravitating around for forty years. Not that I have been in the spirit-world forty years, you understand. I had a business life of nearly forty years, and after I went out of the body it seemed as if there were two or three points, and I revolved around them, so to speak. If I put my thought and means into a business, and it didn't promise good results, I should speedily take them out; any business man would do that; but I don't just see the way clear. You'll soon see it clear, Father Cleveland will help you. Thank you. I'll be very glad to do as you have suggested.

I don't suppose it would be of any use to try to get into communication with my old-time friends here, to advise with them on business matters. [I don't think it would be wise to do so, at present.] I rather agree with you. [You'd better take a look into the spirit-world, and see how you like that.] I've heard there was such a place—the spirit-world, where men and women live, but I seem to see nothing but a sort of humdrum life. Do they have any chance there for one to exercise his mental energy? [All the energy a man has, finds ample employment there.] I had an idea it was a sort of vague, unsatisfactory mode of existence, that did very well for school-boys and love-sick youths. I should be very glad to learn I had been mistaken, if I am a spirit and have got to take up that kind of life.

I will give you my name: it is Samuel Chase. I have been in Pittsburgh and in various parts of Ohio. I was interested in the iron manufacture. I was myself interested considerably in the working of that metal. I don't know that any friend of mine will care to hear

anything about me, now that I have stepped out of the body, but it is rather a pleasure to come back in this way, and I am very grateful to you for your kindness.

Hannah Stetson.

[This spirit was quite dignified and reserved in her manners, but evidently was embarrassed as to her true situation, and how she came here. When the Chairman welcomed her, and told her that Father Cleveland brought her here, she said: "There's an old gentleman here who told me if I would come with him I should get what I wanted. Well, I have come. You are a stranger to me. I never saw this place before. Where are we?" [In Boston, Mass.] Then we're up North. But how came it here? I've got it back again. How came it here? [Referring to what she seems to hold in her hand.] Do you see it? You ought not to try to get it away.

I had a pleasant home; it was all my own; and I had nice and costly dresses. I admired them; I used to stand and watch them shimmer and shine, and take such pleasure in gazing upon them! I don't know anything about you Northern people. My home was at Charleston, S. C. I was alone for a long while; my father, mother and other dear ones had been laid away; but I had a fine place, and friends gathered around me. I knew nothing of any other life; I questioned nothing of my life, for this was all I knew. I had a life of my own, with its sunshine and its flowers, its bright jewels and its beautiful gifts. I gathered them all up, placed them about me and made a display of them, and I revelled in their beauty.

Sometimes I don't know—I can't tell you, sir, how long ago it was, but I grew ill, and I began to move about my home slowly, with halting steps. The weakness grew upon me, and by-and-by I felt as though I was losing a hold on earth; I had nothing to look forward to, and I did not want to give up what I had here. Something happened, I don't know what, but I lost hold on the things that were so precious to me, and others came into my home; they were like strangers to me, though I was connected with my family; they came to my beautiful place and took possession of what I had cherished; they scattered my possessions in different ways and in different quarters; some took one thing that I had prized, and some another, and I saw them but could not make a cry. I did attempt to make an outcry, I started up, and I came and I went, but I felt as though I was being blown away, and I felt as though my life was blasted. I had many things that I prized, some for their association, some for their value, and some for different reasons, but all they went. I don't know how long ago it was—I can't tell you anything about it, but it seemed a good while to me since this thing commenced to be, and I have been looking around trying to get hold of what is mine, and I can't do it.

I had, among other things, a beautiful bracelet, set with rubies, emeralds and diamonds, and I prized that for a special reason—I prized it not only for its value and quaintness, but for its association and memory, and I followed the one who had it. I saw him have the jewels taken out and disposed of for a large sum, and I felt that I must cry out at the sacrilege; I thought if I could get that again it would make me happy. Don't you see I have it? [Lifting both hands to show it.] How did it come here? Oh! but you must not have it. [I don't want it.] I saw it come here. They took the jewels out of my bracelet, and I saw them go. I don't say I could take it away with me? [Yes, if it is of any use to you.] Anything is of use that is of value—isn't it to you? [It is in this life, but you are now in the spirit-world.] I don't know anything about it. I haven't seen any spirit-world; I have only seen this world; and I have been trying to get what belongs to me that is in this world. That is all I ask. [Your mind is bent too much on this world's affairs; you have yet to learn of the spiritual life, where you will find comfort and pleasure, and where you will not be troubled by the things of this world.] I don't understand; you speak strangely. But then I believe all the Northern people do speak strangely. [You will meet in the spirit-world the friends you know here, who have been "dead" for some time.] Meet my friends! Why, I can't conceive it possible for me to find those who are dead! [They are alive.] Where? [In the spirit-world, the same as you are.] What authority have you for saying so? [Those that come back.] Come back from the dead? [Yes, the same as you are doing to-day.] Don't you know that you have left your body, and are a spirit now? I know something very strange happened to me, and I seemed to lose control of my possessions; but I don't understand you when you say I have lost my body, because, sir, I have a body, and I make use of it in moving around from place to place, principally in the vicinity of my home, and looking on those who are there. [That is a spiritual body; the one you occupied here is in the ground.] A spiritual body seems to me to be very tangible and material. I don't see how it is just as tangible as your body was here. You will pardon me if I seem to doubt, but this is all very strange to me.

Can you tell me what year this is? [1886.] Are you sure? [Yes.] But I don't understand it. I don't know anything about the eighties. Why, if I can collect my scattered senses, the last I can remember is somewhere in the latter part of the sixties, and I think you must be mistaken in saying this is eighty-six. [This was not that kind of a dream, have I? I was not that kind of a dream, have I? I don't know; how I should lose all track of time, I shall try to puzzle it out. I thank you, sir, for speaking so kindly. I feel impelled to give you my name: Hannah Stetson.]

William Dorsey.

[To the Chairman:] What's the matter with me, cap'n? [The spirit seemed a little disturbed.] [I guess you've got a chill.] No, I haven't got a chill; I feel as though I was red hot, and full of pins. Don't call that a chill, do you? Got anything to drink here? [No; you don't need it now.] Yes, I do. I need it powerfully bid. [You don't need to drink where you are.] But I do. I want it all the time; I could take it in as a goose does water. The more I get, the more I want; how are you going to get over a thing like that? [Stop it entirely.] Oh! yes; "stop it entirely." Ahem! you're a teetotaler—that's the way they all talk—they don't know anything about it. Oh! do give us a drink. [If you get along without it this afternoon, you won't want any more.]

I don't know what I am here for; you can't seem to do anything for me. [Where did you come from?] Ah! this Boston? [Yes.] Well, I lived right straight here. I've been living here always, think. Can't get very far away from it. I got mixed up in a sort of a fog, and I don't know what you call it, but I got away from that kind of drink, and I thought if I could get a good stiff drink I would. What is this place? [The Banner of Light Circle-Room.] What are these people doing here? I don't see them afore. [They came to hear you spirits talk. Didn't you know you were a spirit—that you were "dead," as the world calls it?] Oh! get out! What are you talking about? Just as though I didn't know whether I was dead or not. I've seen a lot of things to-day. This is real, ain't it? [Taking hold of the table.] And these are real? [Taking the vase of flowers.] Then what do you say I'm dead for? [You haven't got the body you used to have.] You think I've been drinking, don't you? You're a teetotaler, ain't you? You have n't been drinking? And you are telling what you believe to be the straight, honest bright truth? And you say I am dead! Don't talk that nonsense to me. [Your spirit inhabited a body once; how are you going to get it back, and are now in the spirit-world, I'm going to find out if I'm there when I'm going to find out.] I didn't always drink like a fish. [How long have you been away?] All I know about it is, one time when I was I don't know, I think it's likely it was some time ago—I was asleep, all right, you know, and I woke up suddenly. I seemed all in a smoke, and I felt an awful feeling. I couldn't breathe, and it stifled me, this smoke, or whatever it was. I kept feeling worse and worse. I don't like to think of it, because I get it back again. You have n't got any smoke here, have you? I don't know the way I kept feeling until it kind of died out, and I didn't know anything more of it, and I got all choked up, didn't breathe smoothly, as though

my nose was tightened up with a plug. That's all I know about it. No one would ever think anything was the matter with me. [You were smothered to death.] And here I am alive. That's pretty kind of talk for a sensible man, ain't it? [What is the last year you remember?] I don't remember, and I can't tell you when I was born or when I was in '36. I think I can tell you my name. It is William Dorsey, or Bill Dorsey—generally William when I got among company. I don't want a drink now I wouldn't take it if you offered it to me.

Do you know my little girl? I've got a little girl somewhere around Boston—her name is Katie Dorsey. I suppose I'm what you call an Irish-American. I was born in this country, but my father wasn't. Do you suppose my little girl would want to hear anything from me? I think she would. She's a good-sized girl, but she's a little girl to me. I don't know anything about where she is. I haven't seen her for a long time. She must be here somewhere. I wish you would send her my love. If I can get to her, or she can hunt me out, we'll get along all right, and I'll find out about that smothering business.

I don't want to say that you ever tell what is n't true, but it's mighty queer to me. [I want you to come again and tell me how you are getting along—whether you comprehend your new condition.] I don't know. I'll see about it. I don't make no promises. I want to build a house. I could take hold, and help build a house. I want to build one, and how am I going to do it? [You'll have plenty of chances in the spirit-world.] I don't know any spirit-world. I'm going now. [Where are you going?] I don't know. I'm going somewhere.

Mary.

[This spirit came in sobbing violently for awhile, and then said:]

Is this part of the work one has to do in trying to rise above unpleasant conditions? I don't like to do it. I know that I am a spirit, and I have known ever since I passed from the body that I was a dweller in the spirit-life, and I have a mortal—I understand that. I knew before I passed away that I could not long stay on earth, so I am not like certain spirits who in coming back to earth are unconscious of their real condition, who do not know that they have parted with the physical, and wonder why they cannot act and speak as they once did.

I knew about Spiritualism long before I died, and so I had learned something of the spirit-world, and of those who return to mortals to manifest their intelligence. I have been so unhappy in the other life. I have been surrounded by dark conditions. I can call it darkness, because the way has been so uncertain to me; the mist have arisen and shut me in, until I could not see those whom I wished to meet, though I sometimes heard them speak to me, calling me to have courage and faith to make the effort to pierce the darkness. I could not see them, I could not get to them, and I have long known that I ought to come back and take possession of a medium, because in some way and by some law a spirit can so begin again, and leave at least something of its unpleasantness.

I do not like to tell my story; and yet the brave, kind missionary, who takes such joy in searching out unhappy spirits and ministering to their needs, has advised me again and again to do so. I have told him that it did not concern others, it only concerned myself, and if I suffered, if I felt distressed and unable to do those things and reach those friends I hoped to, the world had no part in it; but he tries to make me see that it is a duty for me to speak, and warning to others, even if I do not care to find a resting place for myself in this way; he thinks that I ought to speak, in order, perhaps, to chain the attention of some other one who might do as I did. But I am familiar with Boston, and my friends walk its streets every day; and I have friends in other places. I do not wish them to know that I come in this way; perhaps it is because I shrink a little from them, knowing what I must say of myself—but it is more because I would not pain them. I do not wish to bring one grief, one sad thought to those who would only bring peace, comfort and great joy to me.

For years I have been in a restless, dissatisfied, unhappy condition; yet I do not complain, because I can see now that it was only the inevitable result of my own doings.

I told you I was a Spiritualist, but I was also a medium. From my earliest childhood I felt the presence of invisible beings; sometimes I saw them, sometimes they talked with me and I could answer. I did not often speak of it, because I found others did not have the same experience, and they thought it strange. But when I grew up I began to know something of Spiritualism, and then the spirits came to me to make use of my organism for their own work. For a long while, and yet not so very long either, but for awhile, I was used by spirits whom I learned to love, whose presence I recognized when they came to me. They came in their own way, bearing messages of consolation to those mourning hearts who came seeking knowledge of their departed ones, who came with evidences of spiritual communion, and sometimes I was used with a breath of magnetic strength to poor, weak, suffering bodies, and I was doing my work in that way.

But after awhile I was told by certain spirits, through the mediumship of others, that I had great powers that could be developed, and I should be a wonderful medium to astonish the world, and I began to sit for such development, but the results were not as satisfactory as I wished, and after awhile I thought I found my powers falling me, to an extent. I could not always get those things from the spirit-world that I asked for, and my friends demanded, and then it came that I began to make claims of having special powers, and of receiving wonderful demonstrations of spirit-power; and so some of my friends believed more fully than ever. They received what I gave them, thinking that it all came from their particular spirit-friends—but it did not.

I felt an influence surrounding me that made me strong; it seemed as though I had the power of five men, and yet what was done and given was performed by myself, under, perhaps, some sort of an influence from another life.

But do not make that my excuse. I know that I had not wished to surprise the public. I had not tried to astonish and to make the world think that I had superior powers; I would not have drawn that kind of a bag to me.

I was not happy in my work; it continually wore upon me until my health failed, and I passed on to the spirit-world. I knew I was going, and that I should not be contented with what came to me, because I knew very well that I had been doing wrong.

When I went to the spirit-world I looked around and tried to find those I had loved, I asked for my friends, those who had guided me in the days when I labored for them. They did not come. There was one sweet little messenger, who gave words of cheer to mourning hearts, and there were others, strong and good, and I called for them. I asked for the spirits who had been with me, to come and help me rise above my restless, dissatisfied state of mind. And then I saw some beings, strong and powerful, but with repugnant faces and distorted features. They came up to me, until I became frightened and shrank away from them. They told me they were the influences who had been with me in my work, I knew that they were not the first kind and loving friends whom I had seen; but I was forced to believe they had been drawn to me in my later years. I don't know what became of them. I was so frightened—I never heard of spirits losing consciousness and fainting away—but I did lose all thought and memory, and everything seemed a blank around me. I cannot tell how long it lasted—it was a long while, I think—and when I came to myself, those dark influences were gone. I don't know what they were, but somehow all the while since I have felt the same kind of magnetism which they brought to me, and then I would sometimes think they were trying to force me back into their work.

I saw the good missionary a long while ago, and talked with him about it. He said it could not be long before I should see my own former guides; that they were trying to help me; that they wished me to atone; and it was only right for me to come and speak of my experience, for those who have the gift of mediumship may perhaps have not to do ought that their highest convictions of right and the exalted

intelligences of the spirit-spheres would not approve. I would like to talk earnestly and clearly to every medium who is made use of by the spirit-world for a good work, and beg them to do just that which is brought to them; to exercise wisely their own powers; but not to seek for popularity, or for something more than they possess, because it is not well for them nor for the world.

It is impossible for me to say here all that I feel on this subject. I don't know as I have told clearly what I wished; but I promised to do what I could. I am anxious to do all I can to spread the truth, and to do only that which is right, and hope it will have a good effect on some one.

I do not complain at all of what has come to me, because I knew better all the while, and knew that I was doing wrong. There was not the same excuse for me as for those who are not clearly conscious of right and wrong.

I would like somehow to find a way of reaching those who are easily tempted and give them an influence that would strengthen them in trying to do right, because I know it is always the best course to pursue.

The friend who brought me told me I need not give my name, but you may call me Mary.

[The spirit bowed her head upon her hands and sobbed before she left.]

Report of Public Stance held May 21st, 1886, Invocation.

Oh! thou Supreme Spirit, thou Over-Soul of All Love, of all Life, we draw near to thee in aspiration and thought at this hour; we would come into communion with thy angel ones, to learn of thee and thy laws. We seek thy protection, we come like children to a wise teacher, asking knowledge and information.

Our Father God, may our hearts glow in purity toward thee; may our lives blossom out in love toward our fellow creatures; may sympathy and kindly feeling bind soul to soul, and draw the angels nearer to our lives. To-day we welcome returning spirits, not only to receive from them the word that will identify them to mortal life, but to come under their inspiration, to partake of their influence, to grow wise and strong by their presence. May good and true intelligences receive power to pass on from this place and from all such places as this, with healing on their wings, with joy and tranquility in their hearts, with a kindly mission toward humanity, and may human hearts on earth grow receptive to the truth, and be ready to entertain these angels, knowing that they will receive from them only the blessings of life and of love.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will now consider your questions, Mr. Chairman.

QUE.—[By A. E. Hempstead.] If the spirit-land corresponds in identity to the localities of this material world, how would it be affected by the sinking of a great continent like Atlantis, with its vast population?

ANS.—The spirit-world is identical with the various localities of earth in this respect; that around and about all mortals may be spirits interested in the word that will identify them to mortal life, but to come under their inspiration, to partake of their influence, to grow wise and strong by their presence. May good and true intelligences receive power to pass on from this place and from all such places as this, with healing on their wings, with joy and tranquility in their hearts, with a kindly mission toward humanity, and may human hearts on earth grow receptive to the truth, and be ready to entertain these angels, knowing that they will receive from them only the blessings of life and of love.

Those spiritual localities and the spirits abiding there, that are identical with the localities of earth, will be affected more or less by the sinking of a great continent like Atlantis. The spirits who lived in close contact with the inhabitants of Atlantis at the time it was submerged must have felt a powerful shock—must have been affected, to an extent, similar to the manner in which the mundane inhabitants of Atlantis were affected. But the spirit cannot be destroyed; and these spirits, having found the localities to which they were before drawn removed from them—submerged or destroyed—they had the power, which they exercised, to rise to higher conditions, to loftier heights, and to other localities, where they could not possibly be affected by any material condition; and the spirits of those who inhabited bodies upon Atlantis at the time of the submergence of that continent, were also attracted to a higher altitude of being, and founded a new life—a new continent, so to speak—in an upper spiritual country.

Q.—If there is a spiritual Atlantis on the spirit-side, is it not accessible to those born into spirit-life since its earthly existence?

A.—There is a spiritual Atlantis, founded by the spirits who lived in close contact with the inhabitants of Atlantis at the time it was submerged. These people are highly cultivated and educated, very intelligent and refined; their personal appearance is not at all gross, but very ethereal; their pursuits are of a literary or mental character; they are very fond of music, and study the arts. This spiritual Atlantis is accessible to all spirits of an exalted nature, who desire to study the manner of life of this people, and who can come into sympathy with them, their pursuits and their pleasures. A spirit who desires to discover truth for himself, to study into the arts, the literature, as well as the history of any particular people of the spiritual world, and who at the same time has so far governed himself as to be able to control his will, can, whenever other duties will permit, travel to the particular locality to which his thought is directed, and investigate its scenes and its people for himself.

Loteta, the Indian Maiden.

Spoke for the following-named spirits: How do, Wilson brave? Loteta, going to rush these messages off quick, 'cause some of these spirits will feel awfully disappointed if Loteta don't speak for 'em.

Hannah Tripp.

Right here 'an old lady, and she has n't been out of the body very long. She would like to send her love back to her friends. Loteta should think she had some children here. She has, though they are grown-up people, some very near to her. She would like them to grow very near to her. She would like them to be better and more finished in the spirit world, better and more finished than she is. She would like them to be like her, and she would like to see them do well, and will try to help them, because she is stronger now than she was when she went out of the body. Her name is Hannah Tripp. [She reports from Westport, Mass.]

Harvey H. Kirk.

Here's a brave that looks as though he had been through lots and lots of things. He gives the name of Harvey H. Kirk. He wants to send word to some friends down South, in Louisiana, that he has been trying to help them, to bring things to them that would make their lot better. He has some interests out in Austin, Texas, and he has been there a good deal, hanging around, trying to get things into shape. He seems to think he'll get more power. He has seen a good many strange things and taken part in a good many, but he says he is all right.

Now Loteta, 'ess, quite a number of spirits who have not been over very long; she would like to speak for them if she can, because they have either some business, some interests to look after, or somebody that's sorry after 'em, you know.

Harriet Stevens.

Loteta, yet the name of Harriet Stevens. She comes from Marlboro, Mass. She sends her love to her friends, and does not wish one to grieve for her. She is happily situated in a beautiful world. She has been interested in the arrangement of some affairs that were connected with her in the body; but she says do not disturb her mind now; for she feels as if

