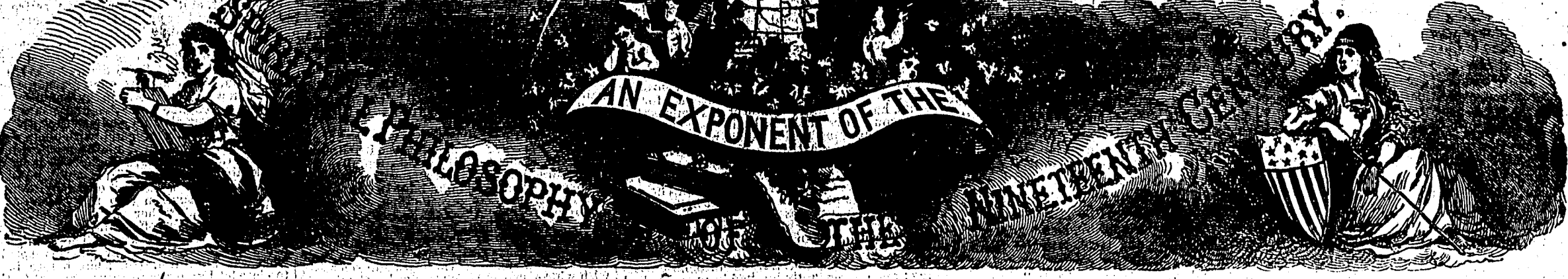


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. LX.

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To be made manifest to the soul must first be torn up and shall not only accept suffering for the sake of better things, but shall also accept suffering for the sake of better things.

The Rostrum.

Notes of a Discourse Delivered by the Rev. Mrs. T. B. Stryker, Sunday Morning, Nov. 14th, at the Metropolitan Church for Humanity, No. 251 West 23d Street, New York.

(Specially reported for the Banner of Light)

[Mrs. S., in addition to other phases of mediumship, has within a comparatively short period developed as a remarkable trance speaker. On taking her seat on the platform prior to her address, she quickly passes into the unconscious state, and on rising a subject is presented to her by some one present, which is handled by the controlling spirit with great intellectual and oratorical force, for thirty to forty minutes, during which time the speaker's own personal identity is entirely lost. Those who have known her from childhood, as many in the vicinity of New York do, and know she never had the advantage of special study in biblical or classical knowledge, or in elocution, readily believe she is but the mouthpiece of some spirit of a high order of intelligence. And those who do not know these antecedents cannot but be astonished at the wisdom and grace of oratory shown in these impromptu addresses. The reporter regrets that the detached notes of her remarks here given can present only a faint idea of the whole address.]

THE PURE IN HEART SHALL SEE GOD.

What is the significance of purity? Is it a belief in something we cannot understand or digest? Can I turn to imperfect man, to ignorance, vice and pollution, to understand this? No! Imperfection is found everywhere in connection with humanity. But there is an element in man which teaches us that God alone is perfect. . . . Then we cannot trust to the finite wisdom of man to teach us the meaning of these words, . . . to show us in what way the pure in heart—the man who has fully unfolded his divine nature—shall see God. . . . The founder of our religion, the Jesus of Nazareth, was a pure man, and his religion was a humanitarian religion; but he rebuked those who came to him to inquire concerning certain things, calling him "Good Master," by saying "There is none good but God. . . . He was a child of the living God, and taught his followers to look within themselves and purify their own hearts first; then they might go forth and seek to purify the hearts of others. . . .

The term pure in heart signifies purity of purpose, purity of desire. Can we ever expect to reach this purity in its fullness while dwelling in the body? Every man realizes his weakness. The wider the circle of our knowledge, the more we see our weakness. . . . As we ascend from sphere to sphere and become more and more divine, we shall become better and better, and at last become so pure that we may see God. . . . All masterpieces, all great works, represent the brain which conceived them and the hand that brought them forth. . . . So when we look on God's works, our souls rise in adoration as we think of the mind that placed the rolling stars in their places. . . .

But can I conceive of such a God being a crude, selfish being, with passion and hatred toward those he has created? No! I will break from these peculiar tales written of him in the past, to the works in nature, and there realize that "The hand that formed them is divine." . . . The more we come in rapport with the great author of our being, the better can we understand his works in the vast field of nature, and the bountiful provision he has made for us. . . .

We are indeed the children of God, and sooner or later we shall come into a knowledge of our relationship. . . . If the mighty rushing of the waters or the ruffling of the tiny leaflet moves not my brother to adoration and praise for the great being who presides over all nature, while it moves me, is that any reason why I am fundamentally different from him? . . . We are all differently unfolded, and in due time he will come on the plane I am on. He may even now adore God in a different way from what I do; a way in which he better understands him as a father. . . . I cannot erect a standard for others to march by; too much of this was done in times past. . . .

To each individual is given the possibility of working out his salvation in his own way. I may help my brother man by imparting to him a knowledge of my own experience, but that is all I can do. . . . Each one forms his own idea of the Creator, and work as we may this idea remains in him. . . . One can become pure in heart only by reaching out for himself, by efforts to discover and cleanse every spot and blemish in his character and then going forward to seek and obtain one virtue after another till the fountain within is purified. . . .

Encompassed by the material element in which we dwell, we are more or less limited in our unfoldment. But it is our duty to make the best unfoldment of high and good purposes for and within ourselves that we can. No bleeding lamb can help us. In this. . . . He that yearns for God, honestly, according to the dictates of his own conscience, will reach the everlasting shores. The prize there is not a crown and a robe, but an evolution of purity through which in time the individual will be able to see God. . . .

At the great Tribunal of Justice in the other world we have a right to demand recognition of every good effort in this life. . . . And where shall those look for help who are striving after a better unfoldment of their spiritual natures in applications toward a higher life? No priest or pope can help in this work. We must by actual and earnest effort take up this work of cleansing our own hearts. We may find in the old religious weapons to aid us in this struggle, but the work must be done by ourselves. . . .

When we have succeeded in making the best unfoldment of the gifts in our own possession, then we can go to help our fellow-men. And eternity is none too long for this work. We can far better preach to them when we can preach of the gospel within us, and lead our brothers in the right way more truly when we lead them by the goodness of our own lives. . . . Let us sit not in judgment on one another, but each try to find in his fellow-man some good, and not be desirous of enlarging on the evil we may happen to find in others. Let us cease casting stones at others; perhaps the things we seem to see wrong in others are often but reflections of the evil within ourselves. . . .

Are you oppressed and anxious with the thought that your fellow-man is sinning against you? Reflect, then, whether you are not in like manner sinning against him, or if not against him against some other. Sit not in judgment on your fellow-man, at least till you are sure your own life is purified. . . . We are all endeavoring to reach the goal of eternal happiness. Some seem taking a short cut, rolling in gold, taking no interest in their fellow-men, forgetful of that immortal spark which will live forever in the realm of God. . . . Take this one thought home with you—There is no royal road to a pure life; every individual must strive for himself. No man can become pure in heart and love God who is constantly thinking evil of his brethren. Seek first the Kingdom of Heaven and all things will be added unto thee. . . .

And what is the Kingdom of Heaven? Pearly gates, a jasper sea, streets of gold? No; it is a spiritual unfoldment—the creation of a harmony of condition in earth-life. . . . And this can only be accomplished by an ardent desire to unfold the spiritual nature. We can see God only through a perfect unfoldment. . . .

Free Thought.

"WHAT IS RELIGION?"

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Will you allow one who has been a reader of the BANNER from the first number, to say that the article of A. E. Newton on "What is Religion?" (in the issue of Nov. 13th) is the fairest, the clearest, the best he ever read on this subject there or elsewhere?

It is rarely that those who think for themselves and have firm opinions of their own can sympathize with a writer in full, and when it can be done what a pleasure to say so. There are honest and intellectual persons who will read this production with a feeling that it wants depth and breadth, when in truth it abounds in just these qualities. It is a mistaken idea that one cannot be religious and at the same time decidedly liberal in sentiment. To be religious is one thing, to venerate religions is quite another. Were all the bibles and churches to be burned, religion would still glow in the minds of those whose veneration is large with given individual culture. . . .

Many seem to think that morality is religion, means the same development, when quite a distinction should be made between them. A man may be moral and not religious. Moral states are more desirable than religious, both here and hereafter. Veneration—the foundation of the religious sentiment—is the key-stone of the arch, and is only positively useful when it permeates and strengthens the moral nature. Some immoral men pray sincerely, while there are models of morality who do not believe in a God, called by whatever name. . . .

In conversation with a gentleman of undoubted integrity and goodness I had occasion to speak of God, when he interrupted me with, "What do you mean by God?" I told him I could only give him my highest conception, and, in one sense, we found our own God; that I could see the reason why he asked the question was, that his veneration was small. He smilingly took one of my fingers and placed it in a hollow where the organ should have been. "Where a faculty is totally wanting, be it Time, Tune, Order or Number [or Veneration], the person will be idiotic to that extent, and on that point. When, therefore, a person informs you that he cannot distinguish one tune from another, he simply tells you that he is, to this extent at least, idiotic." . . .

ANNOT WALKER.

Hamilton, Mass., Nov. 13th, 1886.

TO THE POTATO.

[The following unpublished verses of Robert Burns have been brought to light in Ayshire, clear proofs existing, it is said, of their genuineness.]

Gude e'en, my auld acquaintance onie,
I'm glad to see thee bloom the bonnie;
Of fruits and flowers there is nae monie
Can match wi' thee;
I question much if there be onie,
At least to me.
It's now twa months sice ye've been wi' us,
As soon's ye can come in and see us;
Ye'll banish poverty quite frae us,
The time ye stay.
And troth I hope ye winna lea' us
Till Whittunday.
I'll mak' my braw young bonnie wench
Place thee upon a bowl or trencher;
Wi' floods o' milk as deep as Stinchar,
In case I had it.
I'll show thee fairly the daisie dichter,
When once I said it.
Yer now the poor folk's bread and scone,
And hungry meals ye gar stan' on;
Frae me to him that fills the throne,
O happy Britan!
Bath young and auld man, wife and wean,
Ye had them eating.

The chief of a tribe of Digger Indians worships a stone called "his god." On being thought to say these words missionaries ought to be hurried out thereabout with a minute. This chief neither drinks, sweats, stews, nor exhibits envy toward his fellow-men; he is said to be moral, honest and industrious. *Editor of the Banner of Light.*

A Spirit's Story.

THE BRIGHT BEYOND.

A NARRATIVE OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCES IN THE HIGHER LIFE.

Written Automatically, through the hand of a young lady Medium in Illinois, by an Intelligence foreign to her own, and by her furnished for publication in the Banner of Light.

III.
We went further on, and came to a broad stretch of garden filled with all kinds of beautiful flowering plants and shrubs; some towered gracefully above our heads, while their delicate pink and blue blossoms filled the air with fragrance. Even the tiny blue Forget-me-nots were there, amid the soft, cool, green grass; and as my eyes fell upon them they looked so familiar that I knelt down and pressed them to my face. Then, what a flood of tenderness swept over me! Forget me not. It seemed like a pleading from the dear ones of earth, not to forget them in my glorious happiness. But most of all, it seemed like the still, small voice, speaking to my soul, "Forget me not."

How could I ever forget the unspeakable love of God, that so richly rewarded the little good there was in me, and placed me here, with limitless possibilities for becoming better, and bringing my soul into harmony with His nature!

Feeling a desire to pick some of the flowers, I looked to my Guide for permission, who nodded a smiling consent, as she said, "Our Father placed them here for our enjoyment."

I plucked a few, and gently put them in my bosom, and felt that I had been strengthened by them. As we wandered through the garden we saw many people at work, though it ought hardly to be called work, so keen seemed their pleasure. Some were transplanting flowers, where the blossoms would the more perfectly show their delicacy and beauty; while others were arranging beds in all manner of graceful shapes. Only one, of all those employed there, seemed not to enter into his work with his whole heart, and I inquired of my Guide the meaning, to which she replied:

"He it was who, while on earth, had no appreciation for the beauty of the floral world, and looked upon flowers as chance productions, rather than the result of God's goodness toward us, in placing objects of beauty about for our enjoyment. So he was brought here to work among them until the love for flowers should spring up in his heart, and, expanding, cultivate his whole moral nature, and enable him to more fully appreciate and enjoy this beautiful land. Not all are dealt with in that way; but he was in need of just such training. It is love in our hearts that brings us our heaven."

"But," I asked, "what of those whose lives on earth are passed in wickedness—from whose hearts all feelings but those of selfishness are crushed; those who have no encouragement to do else than wrong, those who despise the good influences that come to them, and love darkness rather than light: What of them?"

"Alas!" she replied, "I grieve for them; but even they will not suffer through eternity for sins committed during the time of life on earth. They do not have heaven, for they are shut out of it by their own wicked desires; but there is some hidden channel, some secret way to every human heart, though it may not have been discovered while in life. God gives to every one some good, some right impulses, that the stains of earth and things of time may, perhaps, cover up, but in the atmosphere of this life, in due time, they will push upward through the rough covering that envelopes them, and gradually expand into a deeper and fuller goodness, that shall, as it grows, quicken the moral perceptions and at last bring heaven to the heart to which before it was unknown. We are all in the divine keeping. Is it not glorious to feel so safe and secure? Do you not feel that you have changed since coming here?"

"Yes, indeed, I know that I have, for now I am convinced that in some way, though unknown to me, it is best for my mother and sister to remain where they are for a time. The wild longing that possessed my soul to bring them here is gone, and a peace and contentment, a resting on the Infinite Wisdom, has taken its place."

"Yes, I know," she replied, "so many of us have that same experience. It is such a natural thing to want to help some one; and to have our dear ones with us is the joy of our lives; and sometimes it seems as though we must have them.—Where would you like to go now?"

I replied that I would enjoy visiting the nursery, if she was at liberty to take me, and asked if there were many of them.

"Oh! yes, a great many. I will take you now," she said, and going along past groups of people, houses being completed, and gardens of flowers, we reached a large and beautiful place, apart from all else, in which were many hundreds of little children gathered. They were of all sizes, from the tiny infant to the child of four or five years. Many mothers were there, giving them loving care and instruction. . . .

My Guide seemed perfectly at home, taking up first one and then another of the little ones in her arms and giving each a shower of kisses, or assisting some tiny tottler in its first steps. Some were playing with blocks of all sizes and shapes; some with tops or hoops or brightly-colored balls; and all seemed happy and content. One little one, of about three years, with bright golden hair that hung in ringlets, and

eyes of deepest blue, was sorting flowers, putting all of a color by themselves, and often pressing the lovely blossoms to her little face, then laughing aloud in her sweet enjoyment of their beauty and fragrance.

I saw many heart-broken mothers find heaven there by having their children restored to their empty arms.

"Are all these attendants mothers?" I asked. "Oh! no. There are many here who, through their love of children, are fitted to instruct them. Many were teachers while on earth, and continue their work here where there are no disadvantages under which to labor."

I noticed the garments of the little ones exceeded in beauty and radiance those of the older people, and asked the reason.

"Because these little ones, in their innocence and purity, are nearer to the great heart of God and more in harmony with his nature. When we leave here, if you will notice particularly the difference in the brilliancy of the vestments of the people, you will mark the varying degrees of moral progression to which each has attained."

We lingered a long time, and I was loth to go even then; but, knowing it need not be our last visit, we retraced our steps. Soon I heard sweet strains of music, and, looking about, saw a man seated in a retired place, sheltered by overhanging boughs, and playing upon some musical instrument unfamiliar to me.

I drew near and asked if I might listen. He gave a pleasant consent, and added by way of explanation: "There is soon to be a concert in the Grove-room, and I came here to practice." The music he produced was the most beautiful I had ever heard, and I thought I enjoyed it with my whole soul. But I little knew my soul's capacity, for what then seemed the limit was but the beginning of enjoyment.

He seemed pleased with my rapt attention, and after the practice was over we wandered away together among the people, conversing pleasantly of what we saw, until I bethought me of what my Guide had said about the difference in brilliancy of apparel, and, giving my attention to it, found that some did, indeed, far outshine others, not only in radiance of garment but in expression of face, also—for faces radiate affection and garments radiate light. The robes of some seemed of a soft, white color, almost bordering on grey and lacking in luster, while others reflected a soft shimmer of light or quivered with brilliant-colored radiance. It is wonderful what a power of expression the eye possesses; it is, of a truth, the window through which the soul shines forth, and here we seem to know and understand each other by simply looking into the eyes.

IV.

We wandered around until, after a time, we found ourselves beyond the outskirts of the inhabited space and near an entrance, then threw ourselves upon a grassy slope and watched with interest the people just entering upon their new existence. Some came alone; some were conducted by loving relatives. Sleeping babes were brought in on their mother's breast. Wives greeted their long-lost husbands, and lovers, long separated, were reunited in this land of Light and Love!

Soon our attention was called to a large crowd—men, women and children, all entering at once. We wondered what was the occasion, and were informed that a great steamer had been burned in mid-ocean and nearly all on board had perished. Some of this company, we noticed, remained near us, but I felt no impulse to go forward and help receive them. This I realized keenly, and regretted my inability to assist.

After seeing many enter we arose to go, but just then my attention was called to a man of imposing appearance, who came in as if long expected, and, pausing, looked around as though waiting to be received. His air of bewildered surprise and disappointment amused me. On seeing us he approached, and, after looking closely at me, asked:

"Where is the Lord? I expected to find Him here to welcome me home." I replied that I had never seen him and could not tell where He was.

He looked at me in bewildered astonishment for a moment, then asked:

"Have you just come?"

"No," I replied, "I have been here a short time."

"I would like to send word to the Lord," he said, "that I have been faithful to the trust He gave me, and, having finished my work, have come to claim the reward promised in His Word for those who have been workers in His Vineyard."

"I cannot carry your message," I replied. "Have you no relatives or friends here? Perhaps I could bring them to you."

"I have many acquaintances who have gone to Glory; but only one of my family has crossed Death's stream, and he was an unregenerated son, who, having refused the salvation of Christ, died in his sins, and has no doubt gone to the place of darkness and eternal woe."

"I have never heard of such a place since I

left the earth," I replied: "Darkness and death are left behind when we enter this life." He looked at me inquiringly for a moment, turned and looked at his surroundings; then said, to himself rather than to me:

"Surely, surely, this is the beauty of Heaven; but where are the 'Pearly Gates,' the 'Streets of Gold,' the 'Throne of God,' the 'Judgment Seat,' the 'Lamb's Book of Life,' the 'River,' and the 'Tree of Life'? I cannot have reached my destination! Can you direct me to the Heavenly City?"

Although I had never spoken to any one about the Pearly Gate, and the city I had seen on my first entrance, I felt the knowledge creeping into my heart, and with it a great joy at being able to instruct some one. I, who had previously been the constant recipient of instruction, was now enabled to impart information; so I answered:

"I cannot lead you there. Only those whose hearts are full to overflowing with God's spirit of love and mercy to all can gain an entrance to the city. When we are worthy to go in at the Pearly Gate we will need no guide. Our souls will be drawn thither, as the needle is irresistibly drawn to the magnet. There will be no doubts, no questioning."

"This is strange!" he said, then, running his fingers through his hair, he murmured: "I cannot understand it at all." Then turning to me he said:

"I have been a minister of the Gospel for many years. I have preached faithfully the doctrines of the Church, have urged young and old to accept Him and life eternal, or suffer the penalty of everlasting death and damnation; have carefully instructed my flock what to do and what to refrain from doing; have warned them against indulging in sinful pleasures of the world, that would draw their hearts from God; and now am I to be shut out from the joys of my Lord after all these years of patient service and consecrated effort in his behalf?"

He talked so earnestly that my heart was, for a time, troubled as to how I should explain to him the heavenly condition of things; but when he ceased speaking my doubt had flown, and I replied:

"Not only love to God, but also love to man and a spirit of compassion for all, even those in the darkness of error, is necessary to the entrance of Heaven. A soul who could be content to enjoy even celestial beauty, believing his own soul, or even an acquaintance, to be suffering everlasting torture, is not fit for Heaven. And those who conceive God to possess a character so cruel as to condemn the creatures of his love, having finite understanding and capability, to an eternal, never-ending suffering for sins committed during the short time allotted them on earth, have been worshipping a monster of their own creation, and not the infinite God of Wisdom, Mercy and Love! They have not only deceived themselves, but all those who trustingly accepted their teaching. Sin brings punishment—years of sorrow and contrition; but eventually the good in their natures will be roused and stimulated to growth; and the soul, thereby redeemed from its punishment, will bask in the sunlight of divine love."

He listened to me with rapt attention, and as I finished speaking he sank upon the turf, with tears streaming from his eyes, and murmured, "Let me think, let me think."

Knowing God's spirit was at work in his heart, I turned to beckon my companion away, and found to my surprise he had already gone. I then left the minister to his thoughts, and returned to the village.

V.

As I wandered about the streets, I saw on a broad Common, with walks leading to various entrances, a large and finely finished building. The beautiful and tastefully arranged beds of flowers in the plateau made a picture at once attractive and imposing. Seeing several people going up the steps to the main entrance, curiosity prompted me to join them.

On entering, I found myself in an immense Picture Gallery. The entire floor was one large room. Massive, richly carved columns supported the ceiling, while the walls were covered by the most exquisite paintings. There were pictures of battles, where light contended with Might, and Truth with Superstition and Error. Sometimes light and truth seemed vanquished for a time, but at last, came off more than conquerors. Seated about the room were many people engaged in copying; some worked upon landscapes, some upon life-sized human figures, while others copied the foliage of a tree, and still others a delicately rounded hand and arm.

I ascended the winding stairs to the rooms above, and found artists frescoing the walls. It afforded me great pleasure to watch the gradually unfolding beauty, as the outlines developed, and I spent a long time, talking with these workers, but having never had any taste for painting, I felt no inclination to join in their employment.

After leaving this place, I saw children playing merry games on velvet lawns, and many people upon verandas enjoying ease and comfort. There were no harsh sounds, no signs of discord to break in upon the peace and harmony of the village. The faces of the people were so bright and cordial, that I felt I would be kindly welcomed did I choose to enter any of the homes.

Passing along I came to a small cottage, which I at once recognized as the home of my friend, who, with her husband and daughter, sat on the veranda. They beckoned me to come in, and I at once yielded to the impulse to join them. The mother gave me a comfortable seat, and we chatted pleasantly on what I had seen.

In a basket upon a small stand near at hand was an abundance of luscious fruit, which I had a desire to taste as soon as my eyes fell upon it. My friend, divining my thoughts, passed some, which I gratefully accepted. How shall I explain the keen enjoyment I experienced? I was not hungry, yet I felt that a need had been satisfied. The fruit was far more beautiful than any earthly kind could be; and the mellowness and delicious flavor were intensified, yet I did not eat as I used to on earth, realizing that I consumed a substance. It was rather the essence of smell and taste that I enjoyed, without the grossness of the material element.

We spoke of our life on earth, its many annoyances, vexations and perplexities, and laughed softly to ourselves as we recalled some things that had given us much trouble there, and that are so clearly seen and explained in this life. It was such a pleasure to talk it over, and to know that all that was disagreeable was passed, never to return; that it seemed as though I had always known them. Finally, the daughter was asked to sing, and readily complied.

Her song was not like the songs of earth; it was a sort of willowy, wavy contralto, which expressed the meaning much more fully than could mere hymns of praise expressed in rhyme. As near as I can recall them these were the words she sang:

"Jesus was our 'Elder Brother.' His heart was so closely drawn to God and his nature so in harmony with all good and noble impulses, that he was the teacher and leader of mankind. He was as a light shining on a dark way, showing the pitfalls and rough places, so that those who followed could choose the better path that leads to goodness, happiness, and to God. But so bound were the minds of the people by superstition and error that they rejected his teaching, and at last, subjected him to an ignominious death on the cross; then, by his purity of thought and life, he at once took his place as leader and teacher in the Heavenly Land, and helps us in our weakness to see the Right and the Truth more clearly."

Her voice was sweet and soft, and before she concluded I found myself joining in the melody. The song reminded me of my experience with the clergyman at the entrance, and I related it. The mother sighed softly as she said: "How hard it is to break down the barriers that custom and belief have built about us, and that shut the best love of God from our lives. But the walls are finally demolished; light pours into our hearts as a flood in which we lose our imperfections."

I spent a long time with them, and when I left they bade me at any and all times to feel welcome as one of their household.

(To be continued.)

The Spiritual Postroom.

Recent Experiences in Psychography at Home and Abroad.

An Address by
WILLIAM EGLINTON,
Before the Spiritualist Alliance in St. James's Hall, London, Nov. 11th, 1886.

(As reported in London Light.)

Mr. Eglington said that when the President and Council of the London Spiritualist Alliance had done him the honor to invite him to read a paper, he felt—however kind their intention regarding himself—it was scarcely so in respect to the audience that should happen to listen to it; for he much feared the spiritualist or psychical public had recently been so surfeited with the discussion which had brought that phase of the phenomena so prominently into notice, that they had become as tired of the mention of psychography as of "telepathy," or "thought-transference." He did not desire to emancipate himself from his friends by running a subject to death as others had done, but they would be somewhat indulgent, perhaps, when they understood he had no choice in the matter.

As a medium he had had considerable experience—experience without stint. He was somewhat embarrassed to enumerate those cases which were not already public property. The recent attack made by Mrs. Sidgwick had called forth a vast amount of evidence which would otherwise have remained unpublished; and he was, thanks to her, denuded of a great deal of originality.

THE ORIGIN OF PSYCHOGRAPHY.

Psychography was but one phase of the many and varied manifestations which were witnessed in Spiritualism. It would be too difficult a task to trace the origin of this phenomenon; but he believed, like a great many other good things bequeathed by our cousins over the water, it was imported from America. It was very certain, however, that the worthy President of the Alliance, who had been the first to introduce the subject, had been known for the last twelve years. Psychography was of course a term that could be applied to all abnormal writing; but it was generally and better known as describing the phenomenon of direct slate-writing. Skeptics and Psychical Researchers fully designated it "fraud," "trickery," "clever conjuring." They were entitled to their own opinion—as he was to his. Perhaps slate-writing was never heard of until Dr. Slade substituted slates for paper, as the reason for the change being that, in the process of writing, the rasping sound of the pencil on the rough, uneven surface of a slate was more capable of appealing to the sense of hearing than that of lead pencil upon paper. To Dr. Slade, then, they owed the introduction of slate-writing, and he thought he was well advised in making the change; for a slate was not a very portable article, and could not be slipped up a sleeve with "hey presto! hurray!" as a piece of paper might, and consequently that was a change of conditions for the better, in his opinion. For years Dr. Slade held the field; his wonderful mediumship attracting the attention of many of the ablest men in the United States of America; and, more recently, in Europe. One result of his power was the conversion of that distinguished scientist, Zöllner, who, though he had gone over to the majority, and had solved the problem for himself, still lived among them in his *Transcendental Physics*, than which no more valuable work existed in the vast literature of Spiritualism.

THE NECESSITY OF CULTURE FOR MEDIUMS.

After Slade, many mediums for the production of slate-writing became known—Mrs. Simpson of Chicago, Watkins of New York, Rogers of the same city, and Mr. Fred Evans of San Francisco, who, from recent accounts, seemed to possess this gift in greater force than any medium yet developed for that phase of manifestation; and he also combined—a rare circumstance among the majority of mediums—an excellent character, with a singular uprightness of purpose. There would have been less opposition to face from the public if all mediums had followed Evans's example, and perhaps the greatest cause of the movement to-day was that so many mediums, possessing excellent psychical powers, were devoid of that principle, cultivation and self-respect which would entitle them to the esteem of those with whom they came in contact. He did not stand there to condemn such; nor was he an apologist for them; but were he to offend ever so much, he would reiterate a thousand times that such mediums were a curse to the movement. In this connection a writer had recently said that one of the most notable signs of the times was the slow but sure advancement of mediums out of the beaten path of psychological dependence, which was so nearly akin to mental slavery, and which in many cases caused the medium to be played on by all who felt disposed to tug the crank of credulity, skepticism, curiosity, or callous-hearted investigation. True, there were many mediums who seemed to take especial pride in their ignorance, and even boast of their total indifference to all forms of polite speech, cultured thought, or wise will-power. In any direction, but he thought that he could see some hopeful indications in several directions, where mediums were beginning to realize that to have any permanent influence in the mundane sphere, they must rise to a plane of thought and action commensurate with the true dignity of their calling, and learn to take their place in the world of thoughts and deeds. (Hear, hear.)

INCIDENTS OF MR. EGLINTON'S PERSONAL DEVELOPMENT.

The speaker fervently hoped these prognostications would be speedily fulfilled. Some mediums had much greater natural power or force than others, which depended almost entirely on

physical causes; but all required development, especially in peculiar phases, such as psychography, which was perhaps the rarest form of manifestation in Spiritualism. He thought it was in 1877 that psychography more particularly arrested his attention as being capable of repetition under crucial conditions; and as he had ever been desirous of going before the world with a phenomenon which should rivet the attention of science, he determined to develop this phase of mediumship as a matter of fact. It was recorded in *Twilight Worlds* how for results, having the assurance of his guides that he would eventually obtain psychography. During that long period he did not get a single word under the satisfactory conditions he demanded. Although he did not particularly pride himself upon this exemplary specimen of perseverance, for he feared in all things he was most impatient, yet he could not help smiling when some one possessing excellent psychical powers came to him, and declared he had been sitting for more than a month, and had not been less than two or three days, and had not succeeded in obtaining a few raps, or a little automatic writing; and consequently he had been compelled to give up "the whole thing" on account of the unsatisfactory delay in development. To such persons he invariably said, "Continue to sit, and come back to me in twelve months' time. If you haven't obtained results by then, I shall advise you to continue for another twelve months, and even another twelve months after that." Considering the enormous importance of developing these gifts, did it seem too much to ask a man to devote a month, or even years of his life to the purpose? He thought not, and if tried for at all, it should be thoroughly tried. He was reminded of a lady whose name was well known to all, who for more than fifteen months patiently endeavored to obtain results through her own mediumship. Although nothing came during that long period, she was advised by him to continue. This she did, and to such a degree of perfection had she attained that messages were obtained through her mediumship, with facility, and more recently she had developed the unique form of manifestation—transcendental photography. That was only one of many instances which he could narrate of persons persistently seeking to cultivate their powers, and finally succeeding. They should think how many similar cases of development might have been retarded by the want of a little of that useful patience by which great things had been accomplished!

It was not until he arrived in India that his development became complete, and in the fullness of his heart he gave many sittings to the seers and mediums, not because he loved them, but because he was anxious to discover whether he could obtain psychography in the presence of strangers and skeptics. They were mutually pleased. He made use of them, and they were converted.

Then commenced what had undoubtedly been the most important work of his career; the first man to succumb to the facts being Kellar, the conjurer. On his return to England, although not actively engaged in proselytizing, he was still sitting, as many there knew, with a view to an increased development of power; and when in India the circumstances again brought him into the ranks of prominent workers, his mediumship was in a condition to withstand the skepticism of an incredulous public. They were all of them, perhaps, conversant with his labors since then; how, one after another, converts had been made to the movement, the most important, and the one giving him the greatest personal satisfaction, being the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. He regretted that he, like many other eminent men whom he had met, and who were similarly placed because of their political and social standing, should not have given his conclusions to the world, not only in respect to his experiences with him, but with other private mediums with whom he had investigated.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

He might here not inappropriately ask a pertinent question: "What was there in Spiritualism which distinguished it from the other so-called beliefs, which were so absolutely afraid of openly and frankly acknowledging their faith? It could not be denied that there was something which retarded them from coming forward; but, whatever it might be, he deemed them arrant cowards, and perhaps their room was preferable to their company. They wanted none among them who would not join hand and heart in their efforts to promote a truth which exercised such a beneficial influence in retarding the progress of that course of modern times—Materialism."

TYPES OF INVESTIGATORS.

He had met some peculiar characters in his experiences; and it was not at all unprofitable to study some of the types of investigators. There was the pompous, self-assertive individual, who entered the séance-room with a patronizing air, deeming both medium and spirits far beneath his level, and who had only one thing to say, "I don't know," because it was "the thing" to say; he had seen some of the clever performers as the mediums talked of slate-writing. Then again, there were the cynical, sarcastic, "broomstick" individuals who, distrusting all evidence, were determined to see for themselves whether their superior powers of observation were not a match for the "clever conjurer." And, apropos of these persons, he would like to say one word. It was now well known that the prime movers of the Society to which these persons belonged were opposed to a systematic investigation of the phenomena of Spiritualism, and that they were also hostile to those who had engaged in it. Now many Spiritualists were also members of that Society, and it behooved them to justify the confidence they had placed in them as their leaders by taking energetic and effective steps to convert the Society of which he spoke to a contrary course, or to leave it. It was very certain that by retaining their membership their position was incompatible with that of the interests of Spiritualism. If that Society were composed of autocratic principles, and all persons alike and voice in its administration, then he would advise any Spiritualist to join it as could be got to do so.

He had also had a very extensive acquaintance with scores of those gushing, delightful souls who, blinding themselves to all investigation, were content with nothing short of communications from grandmothers and grandfathers; and if they did not get such went away deploring the medium as being unsatisfactory. Very often, again, they had men of another stamp—that of an individual who, by pretending to see slates in his mind, and by making that which was absolutely unsatisfactory, sought by subtle reasoning to discredit all human testimony. They thus followed in the footsteps of Mrs. Sidgwick, who had, as they knew, recently made a bitter and personal attack upon him, not because she had discovered that his manifestations were the result of tricks, but because she chose to impugn the enormous amount of testimony which his mediumship had called forth. Yet it was somewhat peculiar that these and other members of the Society for Psychical Research, whilst doubting the evidence in favor of psychography, should ask the public to accept their testimony to the reality of *Phantasms of the Living*. They wanted their evidence to be believed, but they would see us Spiritualists elsewhere before they the Society for Psychical Research, would believe that of other people.

Then there were people of the S. J. D. stamp, men who went to séances and professed to be but were immediately their back was turned, cast aside all the principles they had professed to everything connected with Spiritualism. It was curious to what lengths some of these went in their endeavor to deceive him. That very D. used to amaze him intensely by the queer antics he went through in order to impress him with his disinterestedness; his snortings and contortions and shiverings were worthy of the practiced Shaker. That person was hand and glove with Mrs. Sidgwick; but perhaps they were not aware that another gentleman, who was partial in her crusade against mediums, was the Mr. A., upon whose mediumship Mr. Myers's theory was based, as to automatic writing; but who had proved not only to have simulated phenomena, but also the symptoms which attend mediumship. The Society for Psychical Research was

as welcome to the society of such company as Spiritualists were delighted to be rid of them.

THE TRUE TYPE OF INVESTIGATOR.

But it was useless to further trespass upon their time with other examples. They who had been to séances knew them well, and had, he did not doubt, enjoyed their eccentricities and peculiarities as much as he had. He did not wish them to believe he would lampoon any one—far from it—but as the day was past when such specimens of humanity were allowed to gain admittance to séances, to refer to them as an "experience" he considered not to be out of place.

But a far richer experience was that of enjoying the privilege of meeting the intellectual and keen student of the occult, men like the Professors Wagner, Marcovitch, Butler, Crookes, Torbeom, Edland, Berlin, Dobroslaw, Mosetitz and Zöllner; metaphysicians and philosophers like Akasaka, Massey, Du Prel, Roden, Noel, Hellenbach, Thierse, Drasche, and many others too numerous to mention in detail, and who stood out like giants in the investigations against those pseudo-scientists with whose names they were well acquainted. All honor to them in their brave stand against the crass ignorance and conceit which characterized the latter fraternity. Lord Bacon somewhere had said: "As for the possibility, they are ill discoverers who think there is no land when they can see nothing but sea," and he feared many of the persons to whom he had referred would swamp themselves before they would open their eyes to realize that a land was in sight upon which they could be saved from the dangers by which they were threatened.

In his vocation as a medium he had seen many strange lands, and he met with some queer adventures. A medium's life was not all pleasure, as might be supposed; and there were hardships to be endured which would try the strongest amongst them; hardships, he meant, not the result of physical causes, but due to the mental suffering undergone in missionary work.

He had intended to give the meeting a few of the incidents which occurred during his recent travels in Russia; but in view of the fact that they had to listen to another address he would purposely refrain from doing so.

But these were not "experiences in psychography," they would say; they were nevertheless experiences incidental to that phase of mediumship. Being a public character, all he did was certain to see daylight in time, and he considered he would be doing wrong by anticipating any reports of phenomena which were likely to be published.

THE NEED OF SYSTEMATIC AND PATIENT INVESTIGATION.

He would like to say a word as to the persistent manner in which some people attempted to force their own conditions in investigating the phenomena of Spiritualism. Why should they? If he were invited to the laboratory of a well-known scientist to witness certain chemical experiments, he would be treated as a lunatic if he were, ignorant as he would be of chemistry, to suggest that the experimenter should conform to his conditions. Why then, in turn, when the chemist was ignorant of psychical conditions, should he attempt to dictate his own terms as to the manner in which experiments should be conducted? Any other manifestation should be conducted?

He, the speaker, only professed to do certain things under conditions in which he knew he could best succeed, and he therefore deemed it an impertinence when any person attempted to instruct him in the manner under which he should conduct his experiments. All the investigator had to do was to determine, by repeated observation, whether the results were due to the conscious action of the medium, and if they were, to boldly say so.

The psychical conditions were incomprehensible to most of them, and it was somewhat peculiar to witness how different people affected the results. There were many well-intentioned, sympathetic sitters who were apparently psychically hostile to the production of phenomena; and there were others again, who, although manifestly and outwardly antagonistic, seemed to have an influence for good in commanding results. They could only arrive at a solution of these mysteries by a systematic and patient investigation; not whether the medium was a sitter or a seer, but by examining the force, which undoubtedly existed in the same calm and dispassionate manner as they would anything else submitted to them for inquiry.

He was glad to have been asked to read a paper, because it gave him an opportunity of saying what he had long had in his mind. It concerned all as Spiritualists.

HOME TRUTHS—AN EARNEST APPEAL.

It was not his duty, nor was it his intention, to review what Spiritualism had accomplished. Progression was one of heaven's laws to which individuals and nations alike were subjected; like truth, it might be retarded for a time, but it must advance similarly. They had advanced, but—how much? Did they, as a body, stand to-day in any better position than they did ten, twenty or thirty years ago, when the great question of man's immortality burst upon them? Were they any the wiser? Were they any the better for the knowledge which their faith had brought them? And if not—why not? Should he tell them? The time had come when it would no longer answer the purpose to cover up one's meaning in platitudes. They must hear the truth spoken. Had they shown the necessary courage, the necessary vigilance, the necessary generosity, with which to aid in the spread of Spiritualism? There could be but one answer which their consciences could give—and he said that with deep shame—that they had not. Beyond the few who, like their honored President, had stood the heat and burden and brunt of the battle—men like Mr. C. Blackburn—[applause]—had generously aided with their purses (it was within his knowledge that this gentleman had given to the editor of a defunct spiritual paper no less a sum than £2,500), where had they all been? Were he an outsider, he should say there were not more than a score or so of Spiritualists in the whole of England, so little did they see of them or of their work. What had been done to cultivate their better selves? To educate their children, that they might grow up in the faith and in the practice of its principles? To bind themselves together in a closer social connection? Or to bring them into harmonic relationship with other bodies? Absolutely nothing. They went on gazing day by day, year in and year out, at the wonder of this result or of that, but bestir themselves they did not. If they were asked to put their hands in their pockets to support a paper which their own energies ought to raise above the necessity of appealing for funds, or to contribute to a society which did much useful work, they kept them listlessly in their pockets, and looked on whilst the few supplied that which was lacking from the hearts of the many. Why "Light" could be made self-supporting at once if some of the Spiritualists who were large advertisers were to give that journal its share of advertisements—but he presumed it was because they were ashamed of their announcements appearing in a spiritualistic journal that they did not support it on business principles. It was a peculiarity of some who bragged of their being fellow-believers when they were in the presence of Spiritualists, that they considered themselves degraded by announcing their faith when they were in the presence of skeptics. Perhaps they could not stand ridicule. The many well-known and avowed Spiritualists, who were well known and fortunate—who had passed to the life beyond had evidently been desirous of concealing their faith in death, for he had been pained to see that while multifarious sums were bequeathed to hospitals, and other institutions, not one of them had ever left a penny to promote the cause in which they professed to take so much interest during life.

He had carefully searched the records to find how many people had in Great Britain during the last twenty years, bequeathed sums of money for the advancement of Spiritualism, and he had only been able to find one who had been generous enough to remember the cause which had made his declining years happy and his future certain. This was a poor man who died worth £400, out of which he left £100 to the Spiritual Institution in Southampton-row. How many of those who were wealthy contented a like sum, he wondered. They seemed to satisfy themselves of the truth of what was taught, and then all effort ceased. They did

nothing, although they were aware how much might be done for the poor in their midst. But what was the use of speaking of charity when they allowed their papers to rot for the want of support, and their workers to retire from their midst after years of arduous service, because they could do honorary work no longer? Remember that the many could help where the one could not. But if every one there that night determined to contribute his quota to the general fund, they could at once place the movement in a healthy position by enabling their leaders to engage in active and useful work. But they knew all this, and yet they did nothing. He said it again, and with deep shame, that their inactivity and apathy were an indelible disgrace. He warned them that the day of *ad hoc* for nought sort of way without delivering Spiritualism into the hands of the Philistines, and rather than this should be so let them give up all effort and sink into the insignificance they deserved. These might be home truths—they knew, he was speaking what was absolutely true; but before it was too late let him make an earnest appeal to them to be up and doing, each one contributing his share to the work of labor and love. To borrow the words of Henry George,

"What good gift have my brothers, but I came from search and strife and loving sacrifice?"

[Applause.]

WHAT IS GOING ON.

Last spring Mr. John Dewberry, the keeper of a saloon in Louisville, Ky., died. Soon after the event, Mrs. Dewberry sold the saloon and moved her residence. On the 9th of November, says a dispatch from Louisville, the new proprietors were called upon shortly after 7 o'clock A. M. by a woman heavily veiled, who asked to be allowed to go into the back yard. Her request being granted, she went to the left hand corner of the yard and scraped aside a lot of rubbish, then took a small flower-spade she had concealed in the folds of her dress and dug away the earth until she found a cigar-box. This she removed from the earth and faintly away. The men rushed to the woman's side and found her to be Mrs. Dewberry. The box by her side contained a salt-bag full of gold. This they counted, and found twenty-two-dollar gold pieces and a number of smaller coins, making a total of \$250. When Mrs. Dewberry revived she declared that while sleeping in her room the night before, she was awakened by the touch of a hand on her forehead. Turning in the dim light, she saw the face of her deceased husband. He stood by the bed, and directed Mrs. Dewberry to the spot where she found the money and then disappeared. The dispatch says that the story is corroborated by so many reputable gentlemen that it cannot be doubted.

Demonstrations of the presence of an invisible force and intelligence, similar to those described a few weeks since as occurring near Philadelphia, have been reported as occurring in Peoria, Ill., an account of which was published in the Chicago Tribune. It was first thought that boys were throwing stones and other missiles at the house, and the police were detailed to ferret out the supposed offenders; but no boys were to be found, and the officers themselves were vigorously attacked by the unseen raiders. At length the manifestations became so violent that the family was compelled to leave the house at midnight. Strange whistles were heard from the north, south and west; doors, it is said, were opened and shut by unseen hands; the poker in the coal-box danced a lively jig, and a staid old flatiron went hopping across the floor like a frog. It is stated in the press report that the people occupying the house are Spiritualists, two of them being mediums, and that they explain the demonstrations taking place in harmony with that hypothesis.

The Daily Citizen of Ottawa, Ont., tells of a cure almost instantaneously made in that city on the 18th inst. by Prof. Reynolds, a mesmerist who at that time was lecturing in the Grand Opera House. The subject was a young man, Mr. B. A. Simmons, who for two years could walk only by the aid of crutches, and the cure was performed by a vigorous rubbing of the afflicted parts. It was not exactly a *fatha* cure, for the patient did not for a moment suppose he could be relieved, much less have his disability entirely removed. "Walk across the stage," said the Professor. About to obey, Mr. S. reached for his crutches. "Leave them alone," said the professor. The recent cripple arose, walked across the platform and returned. He experienced a slight pain. The Professor rubbed again for a minute, then took up the crutches and thrust them into a cupboard near by, saying: "You won't need those any more. You may go home now. Good afternoon," and he opened a side door leading from the stage. "He walked home without difficulty," says the account, "and has done much walking since, having hastened all over town to tell his friends the good news."

An interesting ceremony was recently performed at the famous "Standing Rock" in Dakota, from which the local Indian agency takes its name. The Sioux worship this stone, and firmly believe that it is the petrified form of a young squaw who died in the act of appealing to the Great Spirit for the return of her traitor lover. Recently a pedestal was erected for the stone maiden, and when she was to be unveiled the entire local Indian population gathered at the spot. The most important rite to be observed upon this solemn occasion was that of painting the statue, and Sitting Bull declared that only the purest man in all the tribe could render the sacred service. The choice fell upon "Fire Cloud," and after the rite had been performed by him prayers were offered for peace, rain and bountiful crops, and the Indians returned to their villages.

A Protest Against Blue Laws.

At the Warrenton-street Synagogue, Boston, recently, Rev. Dr. Raphael Lasker delivered a forcible address on the Sunday laws, and in opposition to the late decision of the Supreme Court in this matter.

Dr. Lasker first considered the Jewish Sabbath as compared with the Christian Sunday, and traced its antiquity into the remote ages, claiming that so far as man's memory runs back, the seventh day Sabbath is found to be an existing institution.

The most beautiful and glorious maxim of Israel was that the righteous and good of every nation, no matter what their religious systems, were entitled to an equal share in the kingdom of heaven. The Declaration of Independence guaranteed equal rights to all men, and to each to observe the Sabbath and worship as a reason and conscience dictated.

Sunday was instituted by the Emperor Constantine, three hundred and twenty-one years after the new dispensation. He abolished the Sabbath the early Christians and the Jews had established. It was ridiculous to ask Israelites to make Sunday the Sabbath. He reviewed every man who claimed that so far as man's memory runs back, the seventh day Sabbath is found to be an existing institution. The most beautiful and glorious maxim of Israel was that the righteous and good of every nation, no matter what their religious systems, were entitled to an equal share in the kingdom of heaven. The Declaration of Independence guaranteed equal rights to all men, and to each to observe the Sabbath and worship as a reason and conscience dictated.

The State Constitution guaranteed to all freedom of worship. No State had the right to any way religion was right and what was wrong. Dr. Lasker referred to the recent Supreme Court decision. The law on which it was based were the old blue laws, which are enforced by the police only when some bigoted person brings them to the attention of the judges, who are bound to judge the laws as they found them on the statute books. He argued as to the injustice such laws worked toward the Jews. He thought the judges had reviewed the tenth section of chapter fifty of the Revised Statutes, which gave the people the right to perform their labor on the first day of the week provided they did not disturb their neighbors. He claimed that there was nothing like these laws, even in semi-barbaric countries. If the decision was decided in accordance with the statutes, the statutes related to the credit of Massachusetts. Such laws should not stand on the books, as they were not in accord with the progress of the nineteenth century. He thought they needed radical revision and advised that the anti-blue-law legislators be called to them. He believed it should be done, and he had sufficient faith in their liberality and integrity to think they would follow the example of other States, and remove these laws.

He then alluded to the fact that the law was not in accordance with the progress of the nineteenth century.

THE RIVER OF LIGHT.

BY LOUIS HORTON.

"Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."
I've heard it called by a different name—
This river so deep and wide;
And voices that over its waters came
Were lost in a whirling tide.

"T was the 'river of death,' and a 'boatman' pale,
With sorrow and grief and fear,
And the worn-out of an old, old tale,
Rehearsed 'mid floods of tears."

But times are changed, and the 'dark, cold stream'
Throws off its mantle of night;
From shore to shore, like a beautiful dream,
Behold a River of Light!

And white-robed souls, in radiant throngs,
Across the bright waters sail,
While shouts of joy and heavenly songs
Are borne on the balmy gale.

These have walked through the shadowy vale,
Beside our River of Light,
Singing loud hosannas: "Hail, all hail,
Oh land of pure delight!"

The 'boatman' now is an angel fair,
And waits by the gates ajar,
To show the pilgrim entering there
Where the heavenly mansions are.
East Somerville, Mass.

Banner Correspondence.

New Hampshire.

EPHING.—John P. Geyer writes: "We had with us, Nov. 21st, Bro. J. P. Thornydyke, of Manchester, N. H., a trance medium, who addressed us in G. A. R. Hall, afternoon and evening. Mr. Thornydyke is an earnest and efficient worker in the spiritual field, and societies will do well to secure his services. He gives wonderful and beautiful expressions of the higher life, and undoubted evidence, even to those inclined to be somewhat indifferent and skeptical, of the truth of spirit presence and communion. Mr. Thornydyke has entered our homes and has found a place in our hearts. He goes from us followed by the best wishes of those who hope to see him again soon."

Colorado.

SOUTH PUEBLO.—C. J. McClelland writes: "Seeing in your paper letters from all parts of our country, and feeling that this new West is entitled to some little space, I take this opportunity of reminding the many mediums at the East that there is here a broad field for labor. This is a city of twelve thousand inhabitants. None of the churches are well attended (except during revivals), and there seems to be a general falling away from the old faith; in fact the people are constantly growing more liberal, and the most intelligent are demanding new thoughts. There are no liberal societies here, and it would be very pleasant for us if the spirit-world would select instruments and send them forth into this field, where they may be able to effect a great amount of good. There are a number of cities here with railway connections, and it does seem that a good medium could do very effective work by making engagements as they do in the Eastern States. Denver is a city of sixty thousand inhabitants, Leadville, ten thousand, Colorado Springs, eight thousand, and there are smaller towns on the route. There are a number of circles in this town where mediums are being developed, but our progress seems so slow that we are inclined to be discouraged. Mrs. Maud E. Lord is expected here sometime in the near future. She is engaged at Denver and Leadville, and goes from here to San Francisco."

Connecticut.

WEST WINSTED.—E. L. Palmer writes: "Dr. H. P. Merrill visited us and held a séance on the evening of Nov. 20th, and also on evening of 21st. Something like one hundred names, personal descriptions and communications were given through his mediumship, nearly all of which were recognized. The séances were well attended, and Dr. Merrill's control, 'Twilight,' held the audience in perfect harmony on both occasions, while giving tests, as did his other controls in their well-timed remarks. To those who believe, the Doctor gave entire satisfaction, while for those who are skeptical the tests and communications must have excited deep thought at least. In short, the bridge connecting us with the spirit-world seemed thronged with the loved departed; the gates of the Eternal City seemed truly to be ajar, and the angels host returned through their shining portals, bringing to us, eager, waiting mortals, absolute proof of immortality. Dr. M. is no doubt a loyal instrument in the hands of the angel world, and as such will be ever welcomed by the Spiritualists of our place. May success crown him and all other true mediums in the glorious cause of liberty and truth."

Massachusetts.

TOWNSEND HARBOR.—Mary L. French writes: "I have held a few meetings in Townsend Harbor, and have given tests and psychometric readings after the lecture. For the past sixteen years I have been local speaker here, besides doing what I could for neighboring towns. Sometimes, on account of superstition, they would not let me in a hall, but I could always get a schoolhouse, or some good friend would open his doors, and it was amusing to see how the people would flock in, coming over the back roads to our meetings. Superstition and bigotry prevail to a great extent in these little country towns, and the people are interested, and think the Spiritualist woman tells them true in all matters of business. Our meetings open again the first of May. Besides speaking here, I shall do what I can for other towns in the spring. Our Luptonburg friends have had a series of meetings which were very interesting. The last session I have given one hundred and nine lectures, attended seven hundred and fifty, and held fifty test séances, so you see I have not been idle."

BROOKLYN.—Sara E. Hervey writes, Dec. 2d: "Last evening we listened to a highly instructive lecture given at our Ladies' Aid Hall by the guides of W. J. Colville. All present expressed themselves as delighted at the able manner the three subjects given were treated. The poem on 'The Home of the Soul' and 'Prohibition' was extremely fine. Such lectures as these would build up a large society here."

Ohio.

GENEVA.—A. H. James writes: "For a few years I have been a careful investigator of the glorious philosophy and truth that man is immortal, and can return and communicate to mortals, and as I travel from place to place I embrace all opportunities to enjoy the society of Spiritualists, and attend their lectures. As far as I am able to judge, there seems to be a general awakening. Cincinnati and Cleveland have many faithful workers and fine mediums. In Geneva, Ohio, the Spiritualists own a good hall, in which they hold meetings. The room is now occupied by Mrs. Carrie C. Van Duzee, a trance speaker. Her lectures are eloquent beyond my powers of description. She gave many tests, that were mostly recognized. Geneva Spiritualists should be proud to have such a medium, and the surrounding country should not lose the opportunity of hearing some of the grand teachings given by her guides."

Pennsylvania.

PHILADELPHIA.—R. A. Thompson writes: "The First Association of Spiritualists has had great success in its efforts to bring the spirit-world into the shape of a new and better world. Mr. J. C. Wright, of Philadelphia, has been very successful in his efforts to bring the spirit-world into the shape of a new and better world. Mr. J. C. Wright, of Philadelphia, has been very successful in his efforts to bring the spirit-world into the shape of a new and better world."

closed his engagement with us in September. Mr. J. F. Baxter followed. We are now having Miss Jennie B. Hagan, whose audiences are very large and appreciative. Our Lyceum, under the conductors of Mr. Kaufman, assisted by many worthy, active and intelligent ladies and gentlemen, is interesting.

Miss Jennie B. Hagan's specialty is answering questions given from the audience. On a recent evening her control, through her organism, answered twenty-three questions, besides improvising several poems."

Vermont.

WOODSTOCK.—L. J. Gilliland writes: "I have read the BANNER OF LIGHT almost from its start, and value it very highly for its liberality of speech, and the records it gives of spiritual developments. I have been a believer in spiritual power and manifestations for more than fifty years, and my belief has wrought many changes in my life, and made me very happy. I have had many communications from friends who have left the mortal body, and some of them have showed themselves in form, and talked with me, so that I am as positive of the truth of immortality as I am of anything. My house has been the mediums' home for many years."

Our correspondent proceeds to state at considerable length that in his view Spiritualism is identical with Christianity as taught by Jesus the Christ; and for his own part he can see no good reason why he, or any other person, should object to being called a Christian, claiming that Christ and his disciples enunciated the same truths, supported them by the same phenomena, and enforced them with the same arguments as do the Spiritualists of to-day.

December Magazines.

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.—"One New England Thanksgiving," by the editor, Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, is an historical sketch of the festival day it describes, and an entertaining account of its observance, one of them showing the interior of the church in "ye olden time"; the square, called in pews, the quaint occupants with their huge, broad-spreading bonnets, the minister with his arm raised like a weather-vane, the two deacons in chairs below him, and the sounding-board hanging like a great Thanksgiving dinner-platter above him, give one a good idea of the church in the days of our forefathers. A companion to this is "A Thanksgiving Legend," told in pleasing verse by Gilbert Nash. The manner in which Ohio was first approached and settled, and the obstacles that demanded almost superhuman efforts to surmount by the pioneers to what was then the far West, form the subject of a deeply interesting article by J. H. Kennedy. Other contributions of much historical value and interest are: "The Swamp Angel," by W. S. Stryker, "Creole Peculiarities," "Shakespeare's Literary Executor," "Misunderstandings. Halleck and Grant," a portrait of Halleck being given as a frontispiece, and the conclusion of Alfred E. Lee's "From Cedar Mountain to Chantilly." It is gratifying to note that this excellent publication has attained the success which it eminently deserves. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

THE CENTURY.—"Ashland, the Home of Henry Clay," is the title of the opening paper, and one of great historical interest. A fine portrait of that distinguished statesman is given as a frontispiece, and numerous engravings illustrate the sketch of his life and services, one being a portrait of Mr. Clay at the age of between thirty and forty, and another a full-page picture of himself and wife. An article upon "Contemporary French Sculpture" is illustrated by four engravings, including an excellent one of the statue of Jeanne d'Arc by Chapu, now adorning the Luxembourg Gallery. B. E. Martin gives the conclusion of his interesting illustrated sketch, "Old Chelsea," famed as being the home of many celebrities, Carlyle, Turner, Rossetti and others, of whom pleasing reminiscences are given. The second part of the history of Abraham Lincoln, by Nicolay and Hay, surpasses, if possible, in interest the first, with *five stanzas* of Stedman's poem, "The Hand of Lincoln," an engraving of a cast of the hand, and nineteen other illustrations, of which is a fine, full-page one of Black Hawk. The war papers treat of Gettysburg, with maps, portraits and other engravings; and in "Memoranda" Harper's Ferry, South Mountain and Antietam. "Topics of the Time" and "Open Letters" discuss live issues; in the latter "The Union of the American Churches" is considered from a Methodist-Episcopal point of view. The Century Co., New York; Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston.

WIDE AWAKE.—As this is a holiday number its contents are more than usually bright and cheery. The day marked the world over with pleasurable scenes is recognized in pictures of "Christmas Morning with the New Dolls," "Christmas in the Flowery Kingdom," "Christmas Oryzanthemum," a fanciful story of a "Christmas Masquerade," and a poem "To a Christmas Tree Growing." There is also "A Wee Wedding," a Christmas story, and a story of two Shetland ponies, in three chapters, the first of which here given is entitled "Tied to a Christmas Tree." In "Famous Foes," those of Scotch celebrities are described, eight pictures being given in illustration, including Sir Walter Scott and his bull-turret, "Camp," a portrait of Dr. Brown's famous "Rab," and the still more famous "Greyfriars Bobby," who lay for thirteen years on the grave of his master, died there, and what was mortal of him now lies buried in a flower-bed in front of the church. Three new serial stories are commenced, and many other attractions assist to make the number a fitting companion for the holidays. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

Materializations in London.

At a séance for materialization held in London, as reported in the *Medium and Daybreak*, some phases of the phenomenon appeared that were suggestive to those who are studying its *modus operandi*, and furnish food for thought to all. The medium was Mr. Goodfellow, and the writer of the account Mrs. B. Hamilton, who has had much experience with the subject. What she describes occurred in a full light. At first perfect forms were seen; then a head and neck without drapery appeared above the cabinet, when the neck became suddenly elongated to about a yard and a half and the head remained unchanged, suddenly vanished; this was several times repeated. "An immense hand and wrist, much larger than a human being's, with the fingers widely separated, waved above the cabinet, and was as it were flung over, and lay against the curtains. It was remarkably thin in substance, though plainly endowed with life." Other exhibitions of partly developed forms were made, and during the séance some remarkably fine manifestations took place. At a séance the following week, says Mrs. H., "a beautiful female brought a luminous card, and kneeling close to us passed over it quantities of most exquisite lace fully a yard in width, the pattern continually changing. She then threw a quantity over my head and face like a bridal veil. A sister remarking she wished the spirit would leave us some, there came a loud and decided 'No!' I said 'thou shalt not covet.' 'Chunder' quietly finished my sentence by saying, 'Thy neighbor's goods, and 'You see I know your Mythology as well as you do.' At the end of the séance, after the circle had been broken some minutes, I was standing before the cabinet fanning the medium, when hands and feet still were put out, and 'Chunder' was talking to me, and also fanning the medium. He told me to sit down, and no sooner had I done so, than he threw over the fan the questions on which the medium was resting, and finally the heavy curtains, which were pinned over the rod, glided to the floor, showing the medium still lying entranced, and the cabinet completely dismantled."

Lydia E. Plinkham's Vegetable Compound reviews the drooping spirits, invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions.

Closing Lecture by Prof. Wallace.

As noted in our issue of Dec. 4th, Prof. Alfred Russel Wallace has concluded his course of lectures at the Lowell Institute, Boston. The themes treated by him in the last one of his Huntington Hall series were: The colors of plants and flowers, their relation to the protection of the species, and the various methods of fertilization of plants.

The colors of plants in general, said Dr. Wallace, are much less complex than those of animals, and are due, in general, to chemical composition and molecular structure. Unlike the case of animals, protective colors are rare in plants, but a few examples show that they sometimes exist. A certain desert plant is colored to exactly resemble the surrounding rocks, thus preventing its being noticed. Cases of true mimicry of this kind of protection in the case of three very rare fungi, each in company with a commoner species, and exactly resembling it. The commoner species, being poisonous, this prevents its being noticed. In general, flowers have attractive colors, while fruits have either attractive or protective colors, according to their respective condition. For example, the unripe fruits are usually green, and almost indistinguishable from the leaves, but when they assume the ripe attractive tints, as red or brown.

Protection also often lies in the outer coverings being bitter, hard or unattractive. That nuts were not intended for animal consumption is thoroughly shown by their occurrence, thus being to deter the use of cross-fertilization in flowers. He demonstrated his views, that cross-fertilization gives increased vigor and fertility to plants, by a set of elaborate experiments, some of which were described. Cross-fertilization is accomplished by the action of insects, and by other means. Some of these latter are very curious and interesting, and were described at length by Prof. Wallace. In one case, an elastic stamen shoots up on the insect, and the insect, in its effort to get the pollen, is obliged to take the pollen on its body. In others, the insect is attracted by the pollen, and in still another the insect is firmly held by the legs until a sufficient amount of pollen adheres to its body. The more complex modes of cross-fertilization were described in the most interesting manner.

Stereoscopic views were thrown upon the screen, showing how flowers modify to attract insects, and are adapted to visits from certain insects and birds also. One of these was the result of original research conducted by the professor, and only recently published by the audience. Sweet words against bright colors, often, in attracting insects. In general, the more nearly colorless the flower, the sweeter its odor. White flowers are sweetest of all, usually, and these are much more numerous than the colored ones, when the odor comes out much stronger.

Some flowers attract by sham means, showing apparent drops of nectar which are thoroughly delusive. In general, yellow flowers attract most flies; blue and purple, butterflies; and red, bees. But a peculiar purple which exerts its influence only on wasps. From countless instances of natural assistance to cross-fertilization, and from the vigor thus imparted, it would seem to be demonstrated that nature accomplishes what we vainly endeavor to do. There are numerous cases which imply that cross-fertilization is useless, and many examples exist of vigorous, healthy plants, which are self-fertilizing.

In the light of an explanation of this seeming contradiction from Darwin, it is essential for healthy propagation that there should be changes in the constitutions and surroundings of the plants. When variety can be obtained without cross-fertilization, self-fertilization is that is necessary. When plants become restricted, cross-fertilization must be resorted to. This brings about certain modifications, which, as the plant increases, may change, and in time self-fertilization is again employed. What is the result of this? It is the result of the alternate progress and degradation, which always goes on. Any useless part of a flower, or plant, will in time disappear. This accounts for many slight variations, and for the wonderful complexity now observed.

Lyman C. Howe in New York.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: I heard you were in New York while I was there, but I failed to meet you! I found the cause in good active condition, and felt the pulses of the people quickened by the inspirations of the air from the spiritual sphere of their local pastor—Mrs. N. J. T. Brigham—and the able and vigorous ministrations of Bro. J. J. Morse, who is a favorite in the metropolis. I heard many glowing compliments for him, which thrilled me with pride and joy. I was glad to hear our faithful workers commended and encouraged. Bro. Morse and Howell were golden opinions at Cassadaga, and we may be justly proud of them as representatives of the cause. Bro. Morse is a true and devoted worker, and his selfless devotion and industrious efforts to demonstrate beyond the possibility of a doubt the certainty of materialization, or what is equally conclusive—the transference of the human mind to the material plane, are a credit to any mortal. Whether the medium is put through the solid netting bodily or in solution, (I) and there transfigured, or the psychic elements transferred and used to clothe the invisible body with tangible (though not material) elements, and so forth, and so forth, the work of invisible chemists. Bro. Newton has with much patience and painstaking provided fraud-proof conditions which in no way infringe upon the medium's comfort or hinder the operation of the delicate and sensitive instrument of materialization. He has proven that, in this case at least, "test conditions" are no obstacle to success. Mrs. Wells, the medium, has shown a commendable spirit and honesty of purpose in accepting without cavil the conditions of the material plane, and in being content with all appearances of legitimacy. This is (as I have always maintained) quite as essential for the protection of honest mediums and for the vindication of the glorious cause as it is for the satisfaction of honest and doubting mortals. The medium's honest and consistent devotion of Mr. Newton in securing these results without offending the sensitive honor of the medium, or rashly judging any, will be an inspiration to all who are engaged in the cause. The medium's will, in the next decade, settle many debatable questions and enlarge the area of reliable data so as to compel the acceptance of all fair-minded men and women of both the spiritual and material worlds. It is the science of sciences, and the religion of all religions. Upon the integrity, intelligence, industry and critical exactitude of its devotees, in all their efforts to reach the truth, depends the immediate remote acceptance of the Gospel of the world. It is the science of sciences, and the religion of all religions. Upon the integrity, intelligence, industry and critical exactitude of its devotees, in all their efforts to reach the truth, depends the immediate remote acceptance of the Gospel of the world. 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HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH gives in its November number a portrait of Robt. B. Buchanan and sketch of his labors in the service of medical progress and reform; a continuation of its interesting "Talks on Dreams," and other entertaining and instructive

and was somewhat inebriated, and she was asked to give a reading of the poem. She was accompanied by her parents and children, who have many ties to the city. Her intentions of meeting her at the crossing of the river and giving her a welcome. She was a good wife and mother, a pleasant companion, and one whose sympathies were enlisted for the needy, and whose material aid she was able to give, when circumstances permitted. She had left a husband and two children, and was now alone in the city, and her family emigrated to this country when eight years of age. — *Com.*

