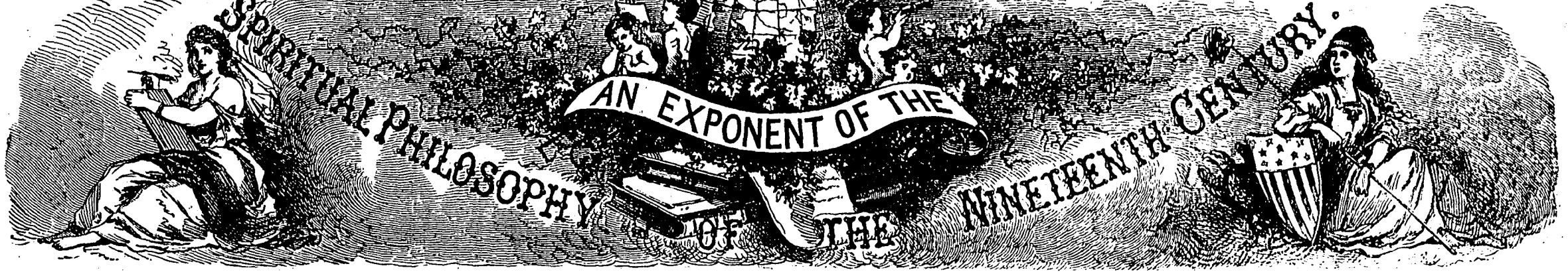


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Foreign Correspondence.

A SECOND PILGRIMAGE AROUND THE WORLD: THE SOUTHERN ROUTE.

BY J. M. PEEBLES.

NUMBER III.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

If any thoughtful traveler in this century were asked, "What is the chief end of man?" he would certainly reply—after carefully studying the practical workings of civilization—"The chief end of man is to get all he can and keep all he gets. This is specially true of Christian countries where gold is the god most worshiped. The civil world actually swarms with sponge-brain people who live to suck everything in and let nothing out—people whose constant purpose is to pump gratification out of others into themselves; and what is painfully provoking, while they thus selfishly pump, they will quote the poet: 'Oh, happiness! our being's end and aim.' Poets are never philosophers. Our being has no end, and happiness should be no one's aim!"

In certain directions, these are degenerate times. Manual labor is not as fashionable as in the days of Solon, Cincinnatus and the Apostle Paul. Business, no longer a conscientious transfer of commodities, is a mere mercenary grab-game. Clutch and keep are the key-words, and society as a whole a perpetual scramble for wealth, pelf and power. But God is not dead, nor does compensation slumber. Astor, Vanderbilt, Stewart, Singer, Ward, once reported rich, are now poor. Through media they tell pitiable tales of mental suffering. In dying, they did not die away from themselves, away from memory, away from retribution! The miser who owns blocks of bricks and mortar, and counts great ships at sea, does not own to-morrow, does not own the air he breathes, the water he drinks, the love he craves, nor the sunbeams that kiss the beggar's forehead. A grave, only a grave, is his earthly heritage.

It is reported that in the soul-trying days of the Revolution, John Hancock, wealthy as well as noble-souled, said, when Boston was in possession of the British, "Burn Boston and make John Hancock a beggar, if the public good requires it." Such keen-edged words exhibit pluck, energy, self-sacrifice! But is not the soul more than the body? and beauteous bliss more than Boston? Then why do not men say, "Burn the richest treasures I have if they corrupt the soul. Burn down the pinnales of my pride, my reputation, my worldly interests, all, if they stand in the way of my spiritual attainment, or a more perfect growth into that ideal Christ, the glory of the ages."

VISITING THE MELBOURNE CHURCHES.

It is Sunday, a delightful Australian Sunday. Let us take a walk among the churches. Step briskly! anything but a sluggish, dawdling gait!

Here we are at the Roman Catholic Cathedral, yet in process of construction. The welcome is a plate, heavy with crowns, half-crowns and shillings, pushed under your nose. Paying, we pass in. The crowd is immense; the music entrancing; the priest, a Jesuit Father; the subject, "Modern Thought," and aimed at Darwin and all the eminent scientists of the age. The speaking was a sorry display of oratory. Several Spiritualists were present. These pronounced the sermon conceited, sappy and stupid; but believing Catholics took it down as do young birds their food. Each religion reveals a physiognomy.

These Roman Catholics seem a self-satisfied people. If they sin, a light penance brings easy absolution. And while boasting that "our church is the oldest Christian church," they can say with equal pride, it is the "most logical church." And this is true. For they have an infallible God; an infallible Lord Jesus; an infallible Douay Bible; an infallible church; an infallible Pope; and all that Catholics have to do is to attend mass; confess their sins; pay the priest and go to glory—all of which is the quintessence of theological logic!

CHURCHMEN ALIAS EPISCOPALIAN.

The Church of England has been denominated "the religion of gentlemen." This dictum the members graciously accept, considering themselves more genteel than dissenters, especially such dissenters as Swedenborgians, Unitarians, and Spiritualists. Stepping into a ritually inclined English Church in Melbourne, on a dreary, drizzly Sunday morning, I witnessed, in the line of decorated windows, flowers, pictures, posturings and altar-lights, quite as much splendor and pageantry as on a previous occasion in

the Roman cathedral. Either was about as good as a theatre. But Jesus! poor Jesus! healed by the wayside, and preached from the deck of a ship!

The congregation was small, the mental atmosphere cold and formal. The service commencing, men in broadcloths and women in silks, repeatedly pronounced themselves "miserable sinners." None present disputed them. Casting my eye about, I saw no poor, no fishermen, and no such "common people" as heard Jesus gladly. The sermon, treating of the sublime mystery of the Godhead—whatever that may be—acted like an anodyne. But exactly what points were made I do not now remember.

Low churchmen are numerically largely in the ascendancy in Australia; and, theologically considered, broadly latitudinarian. The Rev. Mr. Wollaston has not only recently preached a sermon against eternal punishment, but publishing an essay in the Melbourne Review, denying the plenary inspiration of the Bible, he went so far as to point out and classify many downright contradictions. The brethren, remembering Colenso, are in great trouble about it. But as Colenso is Bishop of Natal still, so Wollaston will doubtless remain in the church.

INDEPENDENTS, OR CONGREGATIONALISTS.

This denomination has decidedly a large following in Melbourne. The minister whom I heard last Sunday gave, in a broad Scotch accent, a very fair discourse, more practical and ethical than doctrinal. The church-edifice was neat, costly, and constructed something in the form of an amphitheatre, the seats rising as they extended backwards. The entire audience joined in the singing. Though the creed of Congregationalists is narrow and rigorous, their pulpit utterances within the last twenty-five years have been completely revolutionized. The people have pushed them along. Now-a-days Calvinistic reprobation is not mentioned, election is pleasantly passed by, the devil is half ignored, and hell conceded to be growing more and more comfortable. This preacher manifested considerable hostility, however, to the English Church, hinting that Judas was the first Bishop. But his heaviest artillery was aimed at old pal Rome. During the delivery this minister, neither graceful nor handsome, made up many dreadfully disagreeable faces. And permit me here to ask why nearly all Christians so draw out the word *God*, and intone their prayers with such a grim and hideous unctuousness? And why, again, do they read the Bible, even Solomon's songs, with such deep, sullen solemnity, and look so sour and cross when they speak of religion? Why, it's enough to give sensitive persons a withering palsy to hear some of the Congregationalists, Presbyterian and Baptist ministers of the colony address the "Throne of Grace." Should Johnny chance to look at them, as well as listen, I am sure he would say, "Mine elect are not pretty while they pray."

THE WESLEYANS.

Strolling along one evening toward a Wesleyan drill-meeting, known as a "conference," I reached the consecrated edifice just in time to catch the dying strains of the opening hymn. The attendance was quite limited. The minister, of rubeund face, ponderous lungs, and pimply nose, knelt and "wrestled with God" in prayer, praising him, giving him good advice, and telling him what he ought to do for poor wicked Melbourne. The anatomical "wrestling" and muscular mouthing, all in a Bible twang, were so amusing, mingled with the terrible, that the amen afforded solid relief. Then followed the blood-inspiring hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood."

The purpose of the meeting was evidently to awaken terror, pluck brands from the burning, strengthen the shaky, tap the purses of the rich, and devise effectual means for building up the waste places of an almost despairing Wesleyan Zion.

Knowing that the Wesleys had in their house noises and spiritual manifestations—knowing that the great Commentator, Dr. Adam Clarke, was a Spiritualist, believing in an intercommunication between the two worlds—still these Wesleyans are the bitterest, vilest opponents of Spiritualism in the Colony. And while there are some honorable exceptions, yet regarded as a body they may be considered as boorish ranters and coarse theological thugs! Destitute alike of culture and scholarship, their impudence is only excelled by their ignorance. And yet they may hope for ultimate salvation, because the Bible says, "The Lord preserveth the simple."

Did not the poet Browning have his eye upon them when he wrote:

"I very soon had enough of it.
The hot smell and the human noises,
And my neighbor's coat, the greasy cut of it,
The man with the handkerchief untied tie,
Compared with the pig-of-lead-like pressure
Of the preaching man's immense stupidity."

Yet one fat woman purred with pleasure,
And a dumb round chin went twisting faster,
While she to his periods keeping measure,
Maternally devoured her pastor.
The man with the handkerchief untied tie,
Showed us a horrible wen inside it.
Gave his eyelids yet another screwing,
And worked himself as the woman was doing;
The shoemaker's lad, discreetly choking,
Kept down his cough. 'Twas too provoking!
My soul mad with the nonsense and truth of it,
So saying, like Eve when she plucked the apple,
I wanted a taste, and now there's enough of it,
I flung out of the noisy chapel."

THE FRIENDS, OR QUAKERS.

Starting from friend Terry's book establishment, for the Botanical Gardens, you naturally, near the end of Russell street, drop into the Quaker meeting-house. The building is plain, and a quiet seriousness pervades the atmosphere. There are but few present, and these, as in America, are formal and garment-labeled. The most, however, is no objection, as many of the most aesthetic admire a plain, modest attire. George

Fox, aggressive and grand, was an inspirational medium. And the "quakings" manifest from the first among this people, were really the manifestations of spirits. This they could not or would not understand, and accordingly turned their backs upon the spirit-world. In doing this, virtually slamming their doors in the faces of the angels, they took a religious chill from which they have never recovered. As a body they are dead, and await burial. In their bright, palmy and persecuted days they were progressive, and sought to make converts; now they are quiescent, desponding, and tame as the drab that drapes them. True, they are rich. So was Dives. Sadly be it said, the spirit, the *animus* of the Quaker founders, has departed; the shell only is left, and no vacated shell, however well warmed and tended, can be expected to either grow or hatch. The Quakers, a good people in Australia as elsewhere, have done their work, and their children's children in all lands will be either Spiritualists or Liberals!

THE UNITARIANS.

While neither seeing nor hearing of any Universalists in Australia, the Unitarians have a fair representation. Accompanied on a bright Sunday morning by the gentlemanly Mr. F. A. Andrew, we took seats in a neat little chapel where the familiar voice of a faithful shepherdess, the Rev. Miss Turner, has been heard for several years on each returning Sunday.

After the reading of a service rather too long, and possibly too Orthodox, Miss Turner delivered a discourse which was practical and really very excellent. Two thousand instead of two hundred should have listened to it. There should be more women preachers, teachers and physicians in the world. Mr. Turner is a sturdy opponent of Spiritualism; but when he becomes as intuitive and tolerant as his sister; as sensitively susceptible as C. F. Varley, of the Royal Society; as versatile as Victor Hugo; as poetical as Gerald Massey; as spiritually-minded as John Page Hopps; as learned as Alfred R. Wallace; as scientific as William Crookes; and as philosophical as the German metaphysician, I. H. Von Fichte—all of which gentlemen are Spiritualists—he will think better of Spiritualism. The *theology* of Unitarianism and of Spiritualism, if not identical, are strikingly similar. Generally speaking, Unitarians are Spiritualists, minus the phenomenal manifestations. They are also critics and logicians. If some sects display too much fanaticism, others lack a sound emotional enthusiasm. Too many Unitarian ministers preach to maintain thees rather than to carry a conviction that touching the affections lifts the soul into the beatitudes of heaven. The non-emotional Dombey, of Dickens, must have been a Simon-Pure Unitarian. This denomination will remain numerically small so long as it touches the intellect only. The affectional as well as the rational nature must be fed. To choke down the emotions and stifle the aspirations for spirit-communion and angel ministries, is to ignore the spiritual, the crowning glory of religion!

May it not be largely the mission of Unitarianism, kindling the intellectual, and Spiritualism, agitating and quickening the spiritual, to permeate and liberalize all Christian nations, and thus, Moses-like, lead them to the promised land rather than to possess it themselves? Such is the present outlook. And if the world is enlightened, harmonized, saved, it matters little under what name it is accomplished.

THE WROEITES, OR CHRISTIAN ISRAELITES.

What student investigating the origin of the different religious sects has not read of the eccentricities, travels, prophecies and visions of John Wroe, born Sept. 10th, 1782, in Bradford, Yorkshire, England?

After recovery from a severe sickness he began to have visions and trances, the latter sometimes lasting several days. During these ecstatic seasons he was utterly unconscious of all external things. Though a poor scholar, in 1822 he entered the work of the ministry, preaching, prophesying and relating his visions relative to future wars, famines, pestilences, droughts, discoveries, parliamentary proceedings, death of crowned heads, which taken down when uttered, were sometimes fulfilled to the letter.

Considered religiously, this Wroeite movement is a compound of Judaism and Christianity. This sect has some fifty organized societies in England; their choicest church structure, denominated a "Sanctuary," is located at Ashton, Lancashire. Their Melbourne sanctuary is on Fitzroy street. They meet for worship twice a week; the services on Sunday mornings are conducted Eleusinian-like, with closed doors. Full membership implies belief in the four books of Moses; the four gospels; immersion; circumcision; taking covenant vows; paying tithes; and the settling of all social difficulties in the church. Regarded spiritually, John Wroe was looked upon as the "Messenger of Israel." And Mr. Bignall, residing near Melbourne, and gifted in some degree with open vision and healing, considers himself the direct successor in the "spiritual lead," and would be hailed as "The star of Israel." They can have but one leader or prophet at a time. If others have and exercise spiritual gifts, they must be submitted to the prophet supreme.

Under spirit direction, John Wroe crossed the ocean to America in 1840. He also visited most of the countries of Europe. Anointing Napoleon, he prophesied that he should be President of the French nation. There is no disputing his gift of prophecy. He died here in Australia, February, 1863.

These Christian Israelites, unassuming as the Nazarenes, and plain in their attire as the Quakers,

wear their hair and beards long, are generally vegetarians, oppose devastating wars, seek to right bad marriages, expect that Palestinian Jerusalem will become the spiritual centre of the world, and that the bodies of many, certainly 144,000, will never taste physical death. These having kept the law, will return to Jerusalem redeemed in body and soul, to dwell in that "glorious habitation," as Israel's prophets foretold. The arch-angel, Michael, ever the ruling spirit of Israel, ministered unto Jesus, and Jesus ministered unto John, and John ministers unto him and the Wroeite church, while Spiritualism is under Gabriel! So says Brother Bignall, the Warrantite prophet of Australia.

Will there ever be an end to the multiplication of gods, prophets, priests, and creeds? These Christian Israelites to the contrary, circumcision is an ancient Egyptian practice, and the mortality of all human bodies is as certain as sunset! Honestly, I hate theology, botany and finances, but love religion, admire flowers, and crave spiritual-riches. Sighing, I sing with Pennyson:

"Oh, God, I cannot help it, but at times
They seem to me too narrow, all the faiths
Of this grown world of ours, whose baby eye
Saw them sufficient."

THE AUSTRALIAN ISRAELITES.

The Jews, like the Anglo-Saxons, are everywhere. Melbourne has its full quota. If they love and make money, they take care of their own poor; if they eat meats, they are bloodless and the healthiest that can be procured; and if the majority are Orthodox upon the Old Testament and its out-worn ceremonies, there is among them a growing class, progressive and liberal-minded, who, in the interpretation of Judaism, make the system rational and eminently practical. The Israelites of Melbourne have no magnificent synagogues; and yet they maintain their worship. The Rabbi to whom I listened was neither eloquent nor profound. The singing was good, but the reading of the services tedious.

Becoming acquainted with Mr. Rintel, examining an essay relating to the distinguished Emanuel Deutsch and his researches, and listening recently to long, interesting readings from the Talmudic writings, I can but express surprise that the Talmud, voluminous as it is, has not ere this been translated into English. This distinguished Prussian scholar, Deutsch, well says: "The Talmud ranges over a period of nearly a thousand years; a portion of it was written by Christ's nearest relatives; and, as a whole, it is like a vast buried city, bearing upon all human culture."

The term "Talmud" means learning, or study, and dates back to the Babylonian captivity. The *Banaim*, that is, master-builders, learners, scribes, flourished from 220 B. C. to 230 A. D. "And during this period," observes Prof. Deutsch, "transpired the Maccabean Revolution, the birth of Jesus, the destruction of the Temple of Titus, the revolt of Barcochba under Hadrian, and the final destruction of Jerusalem."

"Eighty years before Christ schools flourished throughout the length and breadth of the land. It was under the presidency of Hillel, originally from Babylon, that Christ was born. At this period education was compulsory. And these were common sayings: 'A scholar is greater than a prophet.' 'Study is more meritorious than sacrifice.' 'Even for the rebuilding of the Temple the schools must not be interrupted.' 'That grand and well-known dictum,' says Prof. Deutsch, 'Do unto others as thou wouldst be done by,' is quoted by Hillel, the President of the Academy, at whose death Jesus was ten years of age, not as anything new, but as an old and well-established dictum, that comprised the whole moral law."

Crucifixion is utterly unknown to the Jewish law, and capital punishment was practically abrogated before the Romans had taken it out of the hands of the Sanhedrin. . . . The Talmudic doctrine of the soul bears more the impress of the Platonic than of the Aristotelian school. It is held to be preëxisting. As God fills the universe, so the soul fills the body. As God is pure, so the soul is pure. . . . Here are more quotations from the Talmud: "This world is like a vestibule and a hall; prepare thyself in the hall that thou mayst be admitted into the palace hereafter. . . . When the righteous die it is the earth that lopes. Four shall not enter Paradise: the scoffer, the liar, the hypocrite, and the slanderer. To slander is to murder. Thy friend has a friend, therefore be discreet. Beat the gods and the priests will tremble. A small coin—a big far makes a great noise. He who humiliates himself will be lifted up. Whosoever does not persecute, whose takes an offence in silence, whose does good because of the love of it—these are the friends of God."

"The Talmud and the New Testament," says Prof. Deutsch, "supplement each other; but to say that the Talmud has borrowed from the New Testament would be like assuming that the Sanscrit sprung from the Latin."

ALBURY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

The river Murray is the Mississippi of Australia. It is small, however, compared to the father of waters. Albury, a far-inland Australian city, sits basin-like in the curve of the crescent-shaped Murray, rimmed around by evergreen hills and mountains. The vineyards in this region are as beautiful as profitable. But the terrible drought the past season put the appearance of the country to considerable disadvantage. Sheep, literally starving, have died off by hundreds of thousands. The interior of this vast country is reported exceedingly dry and barren.

Mr. Watson, having a station in these regions, has sown the good seed of Spiritualism. The three prominent Spiritualists in Albury are Philippi, Aubin and Dr. Barnette. The first-named,

W. Philippi, is considered by many strongly eccentric, if not mad, because original and rigidly honest; because practicing hygienic reform rather than gormandizing; because retired and studious rather than gossiping and fashionable; and because an out-spoken Spiritualist rather than a scheming, worldly materialist. Dr. Barnette's family circle has many attractions. His son is a writing medium. The Moores are liberal-minded and cultivated. The slumbering, self-conceited banker's wife will be wiser ere the cloths echo upon her coffin. Lectures relating to immortality are not fit subjects for ridicule. But no matter—writing injuries in the sand, I engrave benefits, if not upon marble, upon the memory-tablets of my soul.

SYDNEY AND THE INTERCOLONIAL EXHIBITION.

It was only a few days before the close of the Exhibition that I reached Sydney to deliver a course of lectures upon Spiritualism. Our meetings were held Sunday evening, in the Victoria Theatre. Dr. Wilson, formerly a member of Parliament, occupied the chair. Mr. Gale, a most energetic worker, kindly took charge of the arrangements. Sydney has many Spiritualists, some of whom are too cowardly to aver their sentiments. Messrs. Tyerman and Walker's meetings have been largely attended, and they both have future work to do in this priest-ridden city. The press is sluggish and churlish. The editors are too time-serving to be just. Sydney has one morning newspaper, and that is as dry as a peat-shovel. Melbourne dashes off three morning dailies, fresh and vigorous. The Argus is a magnificent journal.

If travelers under Italian skies see the Milan Cathedral before St. Peter's at Rome, the contrast is in the right direction. And precisely so with the Sydney and Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. In order of time they should have been reversed. And yet the Australians have recently done themselves great credit. Naturally enough we were the most interested in the Canadian and American exhibits. These displays were both attractive and extensive. Canada evidently intends to do her share of trade with these colonies. Free trade is a growing thought throughout the world. The cry for protection is as babyish as selfish. While not wishing to criticize unjustly, still I could not help thinking that this Exhibition was largely an advertising dodge—a transference of George street to Prince Alfred Park. I expected to see an exhibition of Australian productions of native industry and ingenuity rather than London pianos, French furniture, Birmingham guns, and other articles of foreign construction. All exhibitions of this character are, however, as a whole, eminently beneficial and commercially advantageous. Sydney is a wealthy city, and New South Wales is said to be in a far better financial condition than Victoria. The latter is a free-trade colony.

There are excellent mediums and lecturers in these colonies. Stances are increasing. The subject of organization is being agitated. Madame von Halle, formerly of San Francisco, is located in Sydney. Besides doing a chiropodist business, she exercises her clairvoyant gifts and practices medicine. She has a large circle of acquaintances and admiring friends. There is a constant call for trustworthy, unselfish and reliable test-mediums, that through them we may receive positive demonstrations of immortality. Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.

THE EXCEEDING SINFULNESS OF SIN.—Sin is a theological word, and is commonly pronounced *ag-in-n-n-n*. But I think the thing which ministers mean by *ag-in-n-n-n* has no more existence than *phlogiston*, which was once adopted to explain combustion. I find *sin*, i. e., *conscious violations of natural right*, but no *sin*, i. e., no conscious and intentional preference of wrong (as such) to right (as such); no condition of "enmity against God." I seldom use the word *sin*—it is damaged phraseology, tainted by contact with infamous notions of man and God. Deacon Wryface, of Hellfire church, says, "Oh, I am a great sinner; I am one mass of sin all over; the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. In me there dwelleth no good thing. There is no health in me."

"Well," you say to him, "for once, Deacon, I think you pretty near right; but you are not yet quite so bad as you talk. What are the special sins you commit?"

"Oh, there ain't any. I haint got a bad habit in the world—no, not one!"

"Then what did you mean by saying, just now, that you were such a sinner?"

"I referred to my nature; it is all *ag-in-n-n-n*."

That is the short of it—"all men are created equal in *ag-in-n-n-n*."

"Orthodox scholars say, 'In the heathen classics you find no consciousness of sin.' It is very true—God be thanked for it!"—Theodore Parker.

LORD AMBERLEY ON SPIRITUALISM.—What more intellectual conviction of a future state can vie with the consoling certainty offered by the Spiritualistic belief, that those whom we have lost on earth still hover around us in our daily course; sometimes even appear to us in bodily form, and converse with us in human speech! No more hope of meeting them again can for a moment equal the delights of seeing their well-known shapes and hearing their familiar tones. Hence the Spiritualist has undoubtedly a source of comfort in his faith which more rational creeds can offer nothing to supply.—Lord Amberley's *Analysis of Religious Belief*, Vol. II, p. 493.

Home at last—housed with the angels, where the voices I hear are like music from an Arabian harp. In striking one chord, all the vibrations go out in harmony home at last! How beautiful to be once, and then once to pass away! And in that once I was a mortal, walking with mortals, talking with mortals and partaking of their festivities. Now I am an immortal; immortality clothes me and feeds me. I am a part of that Grand Whole from whom I came, but to whom I shall never return. My individuality once fixed can never cease to be.—Spirit Rebecca Johnson.

Original Essay.

PHANTOMATIC WHISPERS.

BY JOHN WEDDERBURN.

I am never found kneeling still. I have felt as the poet has written, and the verse will do to begin with, for I have just heard a rap, apparently in the shaded corner of the room. I do not know as there was any significance in it, or more than a simple announcement, telling me I was not alone. Sometimes there is an intelligence in these mysterious sounds beyond that simple fact. I am always inclined to pause a moment to survey a little more carefully my current thought, or the mental surroundings of the moment. I have sometimes thereby even with my intelligent design changed the current of my dream, or occupied myself differently, and to advantage. I do not know as the raps referred to had any more than an accidental effect; any arrest of attention might have resulted the same, even the buzzing of a fly about my nose. In the latter case we could hardly have supposed it a spiritual influence. I am aware the same might be said of the rap; this, however, is in favor of the rap, it was produced apparently without cause, it may be a strain to connect it with spirits, some will say. I can only say to such, that I have proved that they are sometimes connected, and that they are caused by spirits and for a purpose. Why then may they not always be, and we fail to interpret them, or see their significance? It was once said to a John more ancient than I am, thus: "He that hath ears to hear let him hear what the spirit saith unto the churches." These raps seem to utter the same words to me, though I am not a church, or a worshiper in one. But I trust I shall ever put my ear to the ground, so to speak, and listen to the spirit. Hearing you know, like sight, is subjective as well as objective, two persons never see or hear the same object or sound alike. A baby in its father's arms was crying, and some one softly said in his hearing, "Where is that child's mother?" The father said, "In her room in the baggage car." I mention this incident to enhance the definition of hearing, the father had heard all the time, in the crying of that child, what the neighbor had not.

Having satisfied myself beyond all doubt that spirits of departed human beings can manifest their presence by sound and otherwise, and those that are apparently unintelligent, such as the spontaneous raps referred to, have proved to have had in many cases a latent intelligence, so I invariably respond to them, "Good evening!" and semi-pause in what I am about and give the matter a second thought.

On this occasion I had a sheet of paper before me and pen in hand, and had written the words "Phantomatic Whispers, No. 2," and was in a reverie, with half a dozen points pressing for treatment, and wondering which thread I had better unroll, when this rap arrested me. Oh! how I wish I was a medium, and could question these sounds, or sometimes tongues, but they never repeat, or continue when I am all attention, so I have to figure my match from my own tinder, not theirs. There happened to be on the table by my side at this moment a volume of "Macaulay's Essays," and I thought I would carelessly read a little before I wrote any more, as I took the book I felt a slight touch upon my hair, I say hair, because it was not expressive enough to say head. When children are trying to find something hidden, and they are near to it, the hider says, "You burn." I felt then in my seeking as if the spirit, by that touch, had said "You burn," or that I was near it; thought; so I continued turning over the leaves and carelessly looking at the several subjects, and was attracted by some pencil marks in the article on "Southey's Colloquies of Society," and became interested in the article.

I do not know as the rap or the touch had anything to do with this book, or the article in the book, or that any other arrest of my attention might not have had the same effect without any spirit; but the subject was very singular, and on the very train, or vein of thoughts which rightfully or wrongfully I am calling "Phantomatic Whispers," so that I will give it the benefit of the doubt and let it color this article, just as if there was an intelligent understanding between the spirit and me, and perhaps there is.

This book of Southey's was written about fifty years ago. He was a writer of repute, and poet laureate of his day, as Tennyson is now. The poet, according to his story, is sitting over his newspaper and meditating about the death of the Princess Charlotte, when an elderly person of very dignified aspect makes his appearance, announces himself as a stranger from a distant country. Southey supposes him to be an American traveler, but the visitor informs him that he is not an American but a spirit. The stranger holds out his hand; it has neither weight nor substance. Mr. Southey upon this becomes serious, his hair stands on end, and he addresses the specter to tell him what he is and why he comes. The phantom turns out to be Sir Thomas More. The traces of martyrdom, it seems, are worn in the other world as stars and ribbons are worn in this, for Sir Thomas shew the poet a red streak round his neck, brighter than a ruby, and in speaking of it remarked that Cranmer wore a suit of flames in the Summer-Land in honor of his death. It is hardly necessary to say to the historians among the readers of the Banner that Sir Thomas More had been beheaded by Henry VIII, and Cranmer was burned at the stake in the reign of Queen Mary. To digress a little, I do not suppose Prof. Webster, who attends on Mr. Boothby, the medium, has any such significant mark around his neck as Sir Thomas had, as martyrs are those who die in virtue's cause, but this mark on that distinguished spirit made me think of the Doctor, and wonder if the statement was true, as a general thing, or only an inference, so I stop in this way to notice it.

This book of Southey's may have been a fiction, but, in the light of what we know are facts to-day, it pleases me to believe he was relating an actual occurrence; so then, a quarter of a century prior to the "dawning light" of Modern Spiritualism, the author of "Thalaba among the Ruins of Babylon" had a spiritual manifestation, in fact a materialization. Literature is full of such incidents; can any one wonder, then, that so many of the bright lights in the past were believers in ghosts? such as the old strong-minded Johnson, Goethe the genius of Germany, Sir Walter Scott, who was a medium himself, and Lord Byron the gifted poet, and many others, who, if living to day would be on the side of Spiritualism, and are, in fact, from a Spiritualist standpoint. It would almost seem probable, would it not? from the contents of that book, that there was some connection between the "rap" that I started with and the "touch" that seemed to say "You burn!" and the book that contained the thought so in keeping with the idea that seems disposed to follow these papers.

I make no pretension to be a light in the world, or even in my world; but, such as I am, I am on the side of the worthies named. I believe in ghosts! I am as sure there are invisible spirits in my room now, as I am that there are books in it, or pictures on the wall. Macaulay, in criticizing this work of Southey, rebuts the evidence very much in the same way as the *strands* do to day the Spiritualist manifestations. He says, "Sir Thomas tells Mr. Southey nothing about future events; in fact disclaims the gift of prescience." As if a spirit must be a god because he has left his flesh and bones! He, the specter, has learned, says the critic, "to talk modern English, and has read the new publications, and likes a jest as he did when he feasted with the executioner; though we cannot say that the quality of his wit has improved any since his long sojourn in Paradise." Why should he not have kept up with the times? He was not a Rip Van Winkle who had been asleep for three hundred years. Macaulay says again, "What cost of machinery, what poverty in effect! a ghost brought in to say what any man might have said." He says also, "That Sir Thomas and Southey seemed more like two Southseys talking together," showing that in those days there

was some similarity between the medium and the spirit communicating through him, all of which is very natural with what we know of the subject to day, even to materializations. The great objection Macaulay had to this whole spiritualistic colloquy was that the arisen Sir Thomas had very human ideas; talked very much as a man would talk; in other words, he was still a man. If there is one thing favorably accented in my mind in connection with Modern Spiritualism, it is the fact of the perpetuity of our humanity; that after life's fitful fever is over we are still human beings. The very criticisms that Macaulay made fifty years ago, and the similar ones made to day by skeptics regarding the spiritual theory of the manifestations, only show the reasonableness of the claim, and instead of being criticisms are corroborations.

It would hardly seem necessary for a spirit to "rap" or "touch" my attention to a colloquy like this, or as Macaulay would say, "What a cost of machinery, what poverty in effect," to make a spirit the suggester of this trifle, and, as I have said, I do not know as a spirit had anything to do with it; but I know that sometimes when sitting with a woman who has a familiar spirit, as the Bible would say, I have been furnished with such notices, and sometimes the interview has expanded the trifle, so as to show more method in it than at first I thought. Let me relate an instance: I was writing as I am now, and my attention was arrested in the same way; and with it came a sudden thought; and for reasons I stopped writing and followed the sudden thought, and carried it out practically, wondering why I had not thought of it before or sooner; the details need not now be related. The next time I went to Mrs. Hardy's circle (now Perkins), which was a few days after, a well known spirit friend of mine, whom I will call Mr. B., said to me, "John, I think it best to do as you are going to do," calling my attention definitely to the details of the "sudden thought" referred to, as no one but a reader of my mind, or a looker at the time over my shoulder, could possibly know from the nature of the case; it seems Mr. B., the spirit, suggested the "sudden thought." I have had these corroborations so many times that I cannot be blamed if I do attribute an intelligence occasionally to what may seem to one without my experience to be tritles, like the raps, perhaps, that has toned this whisper; but what are tritles? The poet of Concord says tritles become sublime when like crabs and scorpions they are hung in the Zodiac, I am trying to hang my tritles in the Zodiac by giving them the silver lining of the spirit; and in doing so, or saying so, I feel very sure I am not ornamenting them with borrowed feathers.

Children's Department.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Dear Andersen is dead!
To his beautiful soul God said:
"Arise, and come
To your eternal home!"
Thus in the dusk of even,
Soft as the sweet dew falling,
He heard him calling;
As wide the bright gales swung,
A glorious angel sung,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven!"
So his wonderful spirit fled.
Bow, oh, bow, and weep!
Mourn, oh, sea born shell!
Sigh, wet winds from the deep—
Sing melody sweet and low!
Wave, ye waves, that creep!
And toll, oh, sad harbell!
Forever sound asleep.
Held by the Mighty Spell,
Lies the color that blessed,
The hand that crossed,
And the great child heart in the manly breast.
But the spirit never dies!
"Lift up, oh, lift up,
Your sunny or golden cup!
Lie, oh, daisy, with eyes
Of purple or winsome blue!
Anemone, lighting the dell
Through delicate bars of dew,
Think of his sweet surprise
At the star-flashes of the skies—
At the immortelle!
And the asphodel,
And the blossoms of Paradise!
Weave, oh, sweet child-souls,
Your loves to aureoles
Around his deathless name
Who was as pure as you!
Pure as the flower-feld dew,
Pure as the star-feld flame
In the Northern blue!
Dream of the holy delight
That fills his loving eyes,
As he walks in the fields of light;
Hear him as he cries:
"Dear Andersen is come
To the children of Paradise—
To the Christ-child in his home!"
—(C. H. Woodman, in the Wide Awake.

TALES OF THE SUN-RAYS.

Indicated to the dear child Soules, by the Spirit of
HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.
Written in my youth, the manuscript of *Adeline, Baroness von Pals*,
of Gumbitz, (in the collection of *Adeline, Baroness von Pals*,
for the Banner of Light by Dr. G. H. Biddle, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

No. XXVIII.

"I tell you of old Greece," said this Sun-ray.
"The Pythoness was sitting in her temple. A virgin consecrated to the gods, she imparted to men the answers of the Oracle, and bestowed health on the sick, and consolation on the grieved. In white garment she was sitting upon her tripod, the magic staff in her hand, listening to the language of the gods, and writing down the words of the Oracle on the marble floor. And the men who were streaming toward the temple of the Pythoness with lamentations, returned from it consoled."

"One day a youth entered the temple of the daughter of the gods. The Sun-ray, shone upon her sublime face, and enveloped the tall, white figure, in my golden splendor. The youth, noble, beautiful and strong, shook with emotion when he beheld the lovely virgin, and when with her sweet voice she asked him:

"Youth! what is thy demand of the gods?" he was silent, turned round and left.

"And she saw him go out, and when the door of the temple closed behind him her heart trembled sweetly, painfully, in the human fashion.

"The youth had wandered away healthy, powerful and blooming, but after a year, behold he knocked again at the door of the temple, and he stood before her a youth, pale, worn with grief, a child of death. And when his feverish eyes looked at her, when his lean hands were stretched out to her, as imploring and in adoration, she, herself, asked again, pale and trembling:

"Youth! speak out! what is thy demand of the gods?"

"To behold thee and then to die!" he answered. And he threw himself at her feet and kissed the seam of her snow-white garment. A thrill of delight and woe shot through her. "Unfortunate!" she cried, "thou hast dared to love the virgin who is consecrated to the gods! Oh, woe to thee! Woe to thee! Thou art a prey to death!"

"And is death so terrible?" he asked, gazing at her with rapture. "Death through thee, the sublime, the pure! I death from longing after my ideal? Yes, thou god-like maiden! I love thee! I love thee unspcakably!"

"And a thrill of horror ran through the temple. The gods were angry over the human outrage, and at the feet of the priestess lay the youth, cold and dead! She, however, rises powerfully:

"I have served you, oh gods! I have given you my young blood and life, and ye, what gave ye to me? This youth, he gave me his heart's blood, his love, his life, and ye, you have murdered him! Curse you, ye gods of Greece! curse thee, oh temple of horrors, of death! curse to myself, for I have now

lost thee, dearest!" And after she had spoken thus, she fell upon the corpse of the youth, and covered him with kisses.

"On the following day, I was shining brightly. She stood upon the pyre. The temple had been desecrated by her, because she had loved, had uttered the word of love. But serenely smiling, she stepped into the sea of flames, and when the eager tongues licked her beautiful form, she exclaimed: 'Is death so terrible after all? death through thee, oh beautiful youth! In Hades we shall meet again, my beloved!'

"To-day, yet I shine upon the ruins of that temple. The gods of Greece have fallen, have been laid low before that God who through His son spoke to Magdalen: 'To her much is forgiven, for she has loved much.'"

No. XXIX.

"I have shone from the beginning, and shipe yet to-day," said this Sun-ray. "I have shone upon the Earth, when she was born from the universe. I have waked the life germs in her. I have dried up waters and swamps, and seen trees, plants and animals come into existence. I have shone upon the Paradise of Earth, the splendid India, have seen and heard Buddha. I was in the Indian temples and listened to the priests, when they implored Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva. I was in old Egypt, and have seen the Pyramids, in the course of construction for hundreds of years. I looked into the deepest secrets of the priest-castes, and heard them imploring Osiris and Isis. I looked into the Greek temples and oracles, and kissed the forehead of the prophesying virgin. I have seen the Roman heroes marching to battle. I have even shone on the day when the Saviour died on the cross. The sun was then darkened, and the earth quaked. I still hear His last words: 'It is accomplished!'

"I illumined the battles of the nations—the dying martyrs, the crusades, the great men and the small, too, the noble women and the bad ones—virtues and vices. I always came from the same sun from the beginning; and I find also the world always the same. There are the same struggles, the same victories, the same virtues, the same vices. As the images of the events of millions of years pass before me, I find men always the same. The day is to day just as long as it was millions of years ago. I rise and set in the like manner, and this remains so forever. What, therefore, should I tell you? Of the eternal sameness? So, from the very beginning, men have cried to the Great Spirit. The Indian calls him Brahma, the Egyptian Osiris. They have adored him under many different forms and idols; they have fought and died for their god, but, lo, it is always the One, the same great Spirit of all life!"

And the Sun-ray grew silent. There was a great mildness and quietude around him, and a little angel whispered to me: "That is the Sun-ray of Eternal Love, which consoles the poor human hearts!"

No. XXX.

There was once a very poor boy. He was only twelve years old, and had already to work for his daily bread. When one day he was sitting in the workshop, working eagerly, a bright Sun-ray fell just upon the head of the poor boy. His ear opened, and to his senses a new splendid realm appeared; he heard the language of the Elves! In the very midst of his hard work—for he dared not sit idle—heavenly words sounded through his head, and his heart felt soft and warm.

The poor boy listened and listened as best he could, and a new life unfolded to him—a whole fairy kingdom. The thoughts went to and fro in his head, and he looked up to the Sun ray and said: "Of course I want to become a celebrated man! I will write down everything I hear and perceive, and the name of the poor lad shall bring honor and fame to the Danes!"

And the pale moon has told me in the morning, when the sun rose, how the poor lad would sit up in the night and write down all the thoughts which had crossed his head through the day. And he felt the power in him to become an author.

I beheld him when he brought his first writings to the publisher, and witnessed how that man gruffly turned the poor lad away. At last, however, he found one—it was a good, noble man; he read, and shook his head and asked: "Thou hast written that? Thou, little fellow?" And poor Hans Christian courageously answered: "Yes!"

Thus, you see, it happened that his writings were published. And others soon followed: fairy tales, poems, novels. They all had their origin in the realm of the Sun-Elves. The poor lad learned to understand their language in the midst of poverty and labor, and thus could write down his treasures. And his name became known, not in dear Denmark alone, but all over the world where there are good and sweet children.

Hans Christian Andersen has lived, loved, and sung, and has died; and now he writes to you from the very same glorious realm of the Sun-Elves of which he dreamed while on earth.

THE END.

Free Thought.

"MONEY AND MEDIUMS" AGAIN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I read in the Banner of Aug. 4th, under the heading "Money and Mediums," the pointed remarks of your able correspondent, Mrs. Henry S. Lake. It may not be gallant in me to criticize her communication, but are there not two sides to this question? While I admit that mediums are sensitive, and have hardships to encounter, and should be sufficiently paid to secure them as much of this world's happiness as is enjoyed by those to whom they minister, yet I would not have the poverty-stricken seeker after ministrations from the angel world shut out from his or her right to taste the sweet waters of truth on this all-important subject of life or death, happiness or misery everlasting. I often see pleadings for charity to the physically hungry, and for substantial support to our mediums, and in all this I heartily concur; but I am sorry to say that I do not remember to have ever seen in any of the spiritual sheets an earnest plea in behalf of the hungry in spirit but poor in purse—those to whom three or five dollars mean days, and with many weeks of labor—and which if at all to be spared must be with great deprivation. It is easy for those whom God has blessed with capab lities to provide themselves with the means, to pay mediums these prices. One brings the other. Should not those who are blessed with the gift of mediumship, in gratitude for that gift "temper the wind to the shorn lamb" by grading their prices to meet the wants of those who otherwise must of necessity vainly long for the sweet consolations they hear of others receiving?

I do not mean to be understood as implying no mediums are making the hearts of the moneyless glad through their own sacrifices, for I know of many noble souls who are laboring gloriously for little pay, and often no pay; and the Banner of Light *Free Circle* is a glorious institution and wields a mighty power for good in the land, for which angels and mortals are blessing yourselves, your mediums, and all those who are aiding in the noble work.

Let those who have the means give liberally to the mediums and to the cause, but do not encourage prices for sances that shall shut out the less fortunate.

New York City, 1877.

C. W. K.

"Oh, Death, Where is Thy Sting? Oh, Grave, Where is Thy Victory?"

An aged lady with whom the writer was slightly acquainted, recently passed from earth-life in the vicinity of New York City under the following circumstances: As she felt the messenger approaching, her faculties remaining serene and self-possessed, she told her friends that she would try the experiment of numbering each breath that she drew so long as she remained conscious. Soon after she commenced counting each breath, correctly, as was heard by those present, and continued to do so until she had drawn the eleventh, in pronouncing which her spirit took its departure. This estimable lady made no creedal profession of religion, but fulfilled her Christian duties conscientiously by the performance of good works.

T. R. H.

Banner Correspondence.

Massachusetts.

MEDFORD.—A correspondent writes: "Our respected townsman, Mr. John Samson, a well-known and enterprising business man, who departed this life on the 17th of July, formerly resided in Bunker-Hill district of your city, which he represented in the State Legislature. His moral worth and strict integrity made him a useful and honored member of society. For many years he has been a firm and consistent Spiritualist, living up to what he believed, to the last. For the past year he has been a great sufferer, and was anxious to be rid of his aching body and join his beloved companion, who had preceded him to spirit-life about one year. An incident of spirit return is here worth mentioning. After Mr. Samson's body had been 'laid out,' its features looked so natural and life-like, that his brother (who is also a Spiritualist), not feeling satisfied that the spirit had really left the body, visited a medium in Boston, (who did not know of the decease of Mr. S., or the object of her visitor,) hoping to gain some information from the spirits as to the true condition of the deceased. As soon as he entered the room of the medium, imagine his surprise, on hearing her promptly address him in many tones (evidently entranced), in this wise: 'Do what you please with my body; ice it if you choose; I have no further use for it.' Such unmistakable evidence of personal identity could not well be questioned.

Again, at the funeral, he took control of a medium (Mrs. Wilkes), and addressed the friends present in a manner so characteristic of himself as to leave no doubt of his identity. He also alluded feelingly to the joyous reunion with his idolized wife on entering spirit-life. And I further learn that he has since then controlled several other mediums and been very successful in fully identifying himself to intimate friends.

This case can well be classed with the millions of similar ones as 'proof positive of immortality.'

WEST CUMMINGTON.—C. M. Babbitt writes, Aug. 1st:

"At the close of our services on Sunday afternoon, July 28th, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously and enthusiastically adopted:

"Whereas, The Rev. William Abbott, of Buckland, Mass., has delivered in this place some seventeen lectures upon the Philosophy of Spiritualism and kindred subjects during the past four months, and, whereas, Much and growing interest has been developed in this village and neighborhood, and a spirit of inquiry and discussion has been aroused in consequence of the lectures and a number of them have been held, That we, the Spiritualists and Liberalists of West Cummington, desire in this public manner to testify to Mr. Abbott our full appreciation of his rare and ability as a speaker, and also the manner of treating the subjects spoken of, and our complete and cordial confidence in his life, public and private, while among us, and

Resolved, That we invite Mr. Abbott to continue his ministrations to us so long as they may be mutually pleasant and profitable.

Resolved, That we express these resolutions in our publication to the Banner of Light, the Religious-Philosophical Journal, and to Watson's American Spiritual Magazine."

Minnesota.

LUVERNE.—Thos. Cook writes, Aug. 1st: "Matters spiritual, no less than temporal, could not be prosperous in this State amid so many physical and unpropitious circumstances; for the crop yield was small throughout the State last year, and that had to be divided with the grasshoppers, many of which yet remain, filling the air to a height as far as the eye can penetrate looking upward in the sun's rays, stopping neither to reveal whence they came or whether they give us any great satisfaction the southern Minnesotans joyfully bid them a hearty good-bye, but their destination, as well as from whence they came, is one of the mysteries of nature. They are able to drop down anywhere in the State, or south of here, any day, so far as human wisdom can discern, but the crops are now ripe, being mostly small grain, which is being bound into golden sheaves, and consequently is out of the reach of the hopper. The crop is beautiful, so that all classes wear happy faces, and expect an early and active revival of business matters of all kinds. My meetings, held at the points mentioned in the accompanying report, have usually been quite largely attended, and my welcome from many of our friends has almost been an ovation. My remuneration has been small, but that could not be avoided, as many of the people have raised nothing for years. We are glad to be able to report a more cheerful outlook for the future."

MINNESOTA MISSIONARY WORK.—We respectfully submit a statement of our labors for the month of July, which were in Rice, Steele, Blue Earth, Watonwan and Rock Counties, comprising fifteen lectures in all; aggregating in total receipts \$42.99; with an aggregate expense of \$13.60; leaving a nett balance in favor of the Association of \$29.39. We spoke on the 1st, (twice) Morris town, receipt \$2.50; at Owatonna on the 8th, receipts \$1.00; at Aurora on the 6th, receipt \$2.50; at Janesville on the 11th, receipts 50 cents; at Mankato on the 15th and 16th, receipts \$10.50; Sterling the 20th, receipts \$7.50. Vernon the 21st and 22d, receipts \$6.00; Garden City the 23d, receipts \$4.84; St. James the 27th, receipts 4.55; Luverne the 31st, receipts 4.00; which is respectfully submitted.

Thos. Cook, State Missionary.

Address Farmington, Dakota County, Minn."

Michigan.

DETROIT.—Dr. A. B. Spiny, President of State Convention of Spiritualists, writes: "Our State Convention was reorganized in December, 1876. Since January 1st to present time, Spiritualism has been prosperous in all parts of the State. Our State Missionary, T. H. Stewart, assisted by Bro. G. B. Stebbins, Capt. H. H. Brown, Sister T. Pearsall, Sister H. Morse, Sister Hubbard, and others, are all doing a fine work in the lecture field. Grove meetings have been held at Wayland, Smyrna, Potter's Station, Birmingham, Williams County, O., and at Saranac and Disco, Mich. Grove meetings in the future will be held at Wentworths, Aug. 18th and 19th; Thornton, Aug. 25th and 26th; Fowlerville, Sept. 1st and 2d; Plainwell, Allegan Co., Sept. 15th and 16th. Semi-Annual Meeting of State Convention, Rockford, Mich., Sept. 7th, 8th and 9th; work will continue by order of State Board. Lectures have been continued in Detroit since January, up to now. T. H. Stewart, State Missionary, Sunday morning and evening, give two very fine addresses. Subject in the morning, "Nature is Our Teacher;" evening, "What is Man, Body Soul and Spirit, in the Past, Present and the Future." Commenced an organization of Spiritualists after the morning lecture, which resulted in election of the proper officers, and a membership of over forty persons. We design organizing as rapidly as possible over the entire State. Times are dull, financially, in Michigan, but with a wheat crop never better, now ready to enter our markets at high prices, money will increase in our midst."

STANTON.—Mrs. Plantha L. Butterworth writes that she has got a fine grove on the banks of a beautiful lake, the use of which she offers to Spiritualists, free, for pleasant grove meetings, and she earnestly hopes for the time when speakers will make use of it.

Illinois.

TONICA.—Alfred Heath writes Aug. 4th: "Mr. J. S. Underhill, of this place, has fitted up a hall for the purpose of holding religious meetings, lectures, &c. Mediums and lecturers will be furnished with the hall rent free. Meetings are to be held every Sunday afternoon, and the exercises will be under the direction of the spirit-world. We have no local organization at present, but hope to have one soon. Lecturers, mediums, &c., desiring further information, will write to Alfred Heath, Tonica, Ill. D. P. Kayner, M. D., of St. Charles, Ill., delivered our last last Sunday afternoon, delivering a very able discourse on 'Spirit and Matter.' The doctor took some flowers and evergreen and strewed them around the place, and dedicated it to the cause of the spirits and humanity, and then delivered a dedicatory poem. On Monday evening the doctor delivered a very powerful and interesting lecture on 'Why I am a Spiritualist.' Both services were very largely attended, and much attention was manifested. So able lecturers as Doctor Kayner, should be kept in the field."

Vermont.

WEST BURKE.—J. S. Kimball writes: "The cause of truth still lives in Northern Vermont, and is receiving a new impetus at this time from the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Holmes, the well known mediums. They are located at Mr. P. A. Way's, and are holding sances under strict test conditions. The manifestations are very fine, and at almost every sance several fully materialized forms are recognized by persons present as those of their friends who have passed from mortal vision, but who now can return and make their presence known to those left here on this earthly plane. Mr. and Mrs. Holmes will remain here through the warm season, and I hope all who can will avail themselves of this opportunity to witness these wonderful manifestations."

John M. Spear.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Permit me to call the attention of your numerous readers to that veteran reformer and worker, John M. Spear, 2210 Mt. Vernon street, Philadelphia. He has spent the best years of his life in the field, working for others. He has been quite ill this summer, and I fear sadly needs an income. Even in these depressed, scarcity-of-money times there are but very few (if any) who will not reap a double benefit—their own and Mr. Spear's—by availing themselves of one of his psychometric readings; for I can testify that if I had followed the suggestions that were sent me through him, I would have saved money and a great deal of trouble. Mr. Spear knows nothing of my writing this. Look at this advertisement, reader, and write him, and you will not regret it.

424 Broadway, New York.

C. H. MOODY.

TO BOOK-BUYERS.

The following books are for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province Street (Lower Floor).

The Banner of Light, by J. W. Nesmith, 1877. 12mo. 25 cents.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1877.

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

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J. W. NESMITH, Associate Editor.

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A National Convention.

After having heard what the Religio-Philosophical Journal has to say respecting this question in a reply to its own suggestions, the editor of the Spiritualist Magazine, as we stated in a recent issue, freely admits that "the plan of organizing local and State societies is what he has always advocated." He admits that this may be the proper thing to do first under the circumstances. He therefore formally withdraws the proposition to hold a National Convention at Washington in October, and pledges himself to do all in his power to harmonize Spiritualists and unite in a National Convention at the earliest practicable time. This is sensible and timely, and will do more than anything else to "harmonize Spiritualists" everywhere. Progressive Spiritualism means growth, and there can be none of that unless the seed has previously been planted. And that is not done in large Conventions, without any definite and solid constituency behind, but must take place after localities and neighborhoods have been faithfully sown with the productive grain of truth.

Too much speculation on the holy and the form tends to carry the vital force from the center to the circumference. If the former is right, the latter will surely take care of itself. A vital principle is implanted before the organs structurally begin to manifest itself. The love of truth needs to be active and deeply seated before we take any thought about by laws and constitutions. Spiritualism, as it is more spiritual than all preceding positions of truth to the world, so must work by methods wholly different. It is, after all, the subtle power of emotion and sympathy that holds the ecclesiastical bodies together, rather than any of their synods and conventions. It is the inner vital principle that constitutes all. That is the motive power; the frame-work may be changed many times without affecting that or giving it any more distinct expression. The most intellectual or strongly governed religious bodies are by no means the most firmly held together.

We get unity of purpose not from the intellect but from the heart; from desire rather than from determination; from motive more than from law. People grow together when they cultivate a common purpose in sympathy; but when they begin to analyze, theorize, philosophize and discuss, they tend more and more to separation. We would do well, as Spiritualists, to obey the plain and simple law in this matter. The most effectual way to organize is for every Spiritualist who can to begin with taking and reading thoughtfully at least one newspaper that fully sets forth the phenomena of Spiritualism; after that, they can speculate and theorize for themselves just as well as it can be done for them. Private social gatherings should be encouraged, in a spirit of love more than of curiosity. And the facts of spirit communion should be sought with humility, all personal vanity and conceit being put away. Where the churches are gathered, from their small beginnings, having their occasional preachers, the believers in Spiritualism should have through local effort their efforts to open the way for them into the real heavens, whose glories are ready to be revealed, and their speakers to invite the attention to the lessons thus bestowed.

And in promoting this healthy local growth of the new religion without a creed, it is of prime necessity that the newly discovered truths in respect to daily living be proclaimed and practiced; such, for instance, as those relating to hygiene, to personal purification, to all that encourages true life and sweet living. All these things are naturally included among the instructions which the invisibles have to bestow on recipient mortals. This will do more to promote harmony and happiness than all the conventions that could be held, all the resolutions adopted, or all the constitutions that could be framed. And the mediums—who should be sustained on all hands—are the ones through whose organization these vital truths concerning the harmonization of the body and spirit are to be taught directly from the spirits who are our sleepless guardians. Set Spiritualism to growing after this fashion, and there would be enough to think of without aching to call mass-conventions, where affairs to be leaders and the followers are wanting.

In the course of a business letter, renewing subscription, a correspondent writing from Watkins, N. Y., says: "It is a great gratification to me to be able to read your valuable paper every week. Be assured all its departments receive a good looking over when it arrives."

Growth in Spirit-Life.

The notions—for they are nothing more—that possess the minds of so many persons whose training has been wholly after ecclesiastical methods, are as childish as anything that excites the smiles or the contempt of those who claim to have arrived at maturity. On the subject of growth in the other spheres, these notions which pervade the churches are of the crudest kind. One such was illustrated in the course of the recital of Mrs. Dan'skin's mediumistic experiences in a recent issue of the Banner. After referring to the crude conceptions of life in the spirit-world among those who think they have already reached the highest order of development in Christian culture, she relates that, some years ago, a gentleman who was highly esteemed in all the relations of life introduced a friend who had recently become interested in Spiritualism.

Mrs. D. after a time became entranced by a spirit that addressed one of the gentlemen as "brother." The gentleman leaned over to the medium's husband and whispered, "I have no brother in the spirit-world; this must be the spirit of a young preacher with whom I was very intimate in my younger days, who always called me brother." The reply was instantly made to him: "You are mistaken, sir; this is your own brother—your brother by the ties of blood." After some moments of reflection the gentleman replied, "I did have a little baby brother, that died about twenty years ago."

This is an illustration of the ignorance that exists on the subject. This man had not suspected that growth is just as much a condition of the spirit as of the body, the former continuing to grow, in fact, forever, while the latter has its term of growth limited and fixed by time. He supposed that once a baby in spirit-life was always a baby. His only conception of spirit life was that, going to sleep, a state of inactivity and slumberous contemplation. He thought that everything there came to a standstill.

And he had been educated in the tenets of the Church, too. What can all the teachings of ecclesiastical authority and assumption be worth to the human spirit, if they fetter it in this way, forbid it to speculate concerning the future, which is infinitely greater than the present and the past, and keep it restrained from realizing by actual communion with the departed that the conditions of life in the other spheres are far more active and intense than they ever can be here? The Church has yet to learn its alphabet in this matter of spiritual existence. It has never gone beyond the hard and high limits of the creeds, and it never would if it were not compelled to it from without. Spiritualism is the new and restless force which is making it undergo a renovation even against its will. At present it is in a truly benighted condition in this respect, and that is all there is to be said about it.

Does not an illustration like this of the ignorance that darkens so many men's minds on the subject of life in the spirit spheres go to show the pressing necessity for teachers that shall effectually dissipate that darkness? Spiritualists who confess their astonishment at such a discovery must see from it how important it is, if they would do their part individually toward spreading the truth respecting immortality, to support the spiritual press in all its branches. That is a special power in this work of enlightenment and philosophical inquiry in Spiritualism as nothing else can. For it faithfully reports the facts as well as seeks to disclose and proclaim their meaning. Spiritualism would unquestionably grow without the aid of its press, but with its agency its growth can be vastly more rapid and visible, if inspired and directed by the powers that are invisible. Spiritualists are therefore summoned to sustain their press by every urgent consideration, and in this way effectually assist in lifting the veil of ignorance that hangs so heavily over the face of the Church and society.

The Indian Victory.

That eminent Christian soldier, Gen. Howard, has been twisted round the finger of Chief Joseph at the will of the latter, and now he has been shockingly whipped by the Indian force, with a loss of about a hundred soldiers, regulars and volunteers. Not only that, but it is reported that the Indians captured guns and horses as trophies of the fight. The newspapers style it one of the hardest Indian fights on record, and charge the result to Gen. Howard's folly and incompetency. But they do not comprehend that he may have been an unconscious agent in the hands of Indian spirits to avenge the long-standing wrongs of the red men and humble the pride of the whites. Many of the regular officers were killed and wounded, and among the latter was Gen. Gibbon, who commanded in the fight.

To show who these Nez Perces Indians are, and how they have been treated by our Government, we append a statement from Ex-Senator Nesmith, of Oregon, recently made public. He was at one time, as he says, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and had the best opportunity to know all about them:

"SALEM, OREGON, July 28th.

The recent outbreak of the Nez Perces in Idaho, which has caused such fearful destruction of life and property, and which in its suppression will cost the Government millions of dollars, is not the result of sudden impulse. The causes which led to it have been in existence twenty years, and furnish an apt illustration of the miserable policy of our Government in the management of its Indian affairs.

I have known the Nez Perces tribe since 1843. They were under my charge, as Superintendent of Indian Affairs, from June, 1857, until July, 1859. They are the finest specimens of the aboriginal race upon this continent, and have been friendly to the whites from the time Lewis and Clark visited them up to the inauguration of the present outbreak. From a kind, docile, friendly people, the mismanagement, frauds, and dowry right robbery perpetrated by the general Government and some of its rascally representatives, have driven them to take up arms, and converted them into a fierce, dangerous and relentless enemy.

Their savage instincts being aroused by the bad and vicious policy pursued toward them by the general Government, they have committed outrageous barbarities of the most shocking and revolting character.

I cannot better acquaint you with the history of their wrongs than to refer you to a report which I, as a member of a Joint Congressional committee to investigate the condition of Indian tribes, made to the United States Senate in 1855. In regard to the charge contained in that report against Gov. Caleb Lyons of Lyonsdale, it is but proper to state that he was promptly removed from office by President Johnson upon the strength of my charges. But instead of desisting the public funds in the United States deposited in San Francisco, as the law and regularly directed him, he started East with the money—some forty odd thousand dollars—in a box it around his person. On the morning of his arrival in Washington his empty belt was found cut open and lying upon the floor of the sleeping

car, and His Excellency raised the hue and cry that he had been robbed.

The robbery device was a thin and transparent one, which no sensible man believed; but the Nez Perces were robbed of forty odd thousand dollars worth of their annuities in a Washington sleeping car, and Gov. Caleb Lyons of Lyonsdale had a bill pending before the last Congress for relief.

J. W. NESMITH.

THE WORKING-MAN'S PARTY.

BY CONSL. DUBOY.

While plastic tools
From college schools
Enact the laws of State,
And loud proclaim
Their petty fame,
And lowly ones berate—
Is it not time,
In caustic rhyme,
To let scholars know
That justice rules—
Outside the schools—
Blow can be given for blow?
The few too long
Have ruled by wrong,
But justice never sleeps—
She moveth slow,
(That we all know),
And tears of mercy weeps.
Each working-man
Doth fully scan
The power he should possess;
Now rise in might,
Assert your right,
And vote yourselves redress!
Then hand in hand,
A mighty band,
Unite with one accord,
And you shall rule
Above the "school"
So utterly abhor'd.
Select your men
With astute ken
To represent your cause;
Then vote them in,
(You'll surely win),
And have more equal laws!

A Prospective Treat.

Those who have perused that charming and at the same time firm-grounded work, "Chapters from the Bible of the Ages," as arranged by Giles B. Stebbins, Esq., of Detroit, Mich., will, we feel assured, be pleased to know that this talented gentleman and gifted compiler has in preparation, and will issue next month from the press of Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, a New Book of some 250 pages, entitled, "POEMS OF THE LIFE BEYOND AND WITHIN." *Voices from many lands and centuries, saying, 'Man, think never die.'* The amount of convincing rhetoric, elevating thought and uplifting sentiment, embodied in choice metrical diction, and typographically engrossed on the tinted pages of the proposed work—an advanced copy of which we have been privileged to peruse—can be but dimly foreshadowed in this notice; the reader must, to value it truly, seek the volume on its appearance, and balance the pure gold it offers in the scales with the actual line of human experience. The voices speak grandly, and to the point, and are drawn from a widespread throng of witnesses, viz: "The Hindoo Yeda," "Mahabharata," "Persian Sufi," "Homer," "Virgil," "Euripides," "Derzhaven," "Goethe," "Miss Lizzie Doten," "Mrs. Barbauld," "Mrs. F. O. Hyster," "Emma Tattle," "Halle Bush," "Florence Percy," "Whittier," "J. G. Clark," "MacKay," "Massy," and many others.

We shall refer to this new venture, so excellently conceived and so skillfully wrought, in a future issue of the Banner.

Passed On.

Robert Sherman, one of the earliest espousers of the belief in the phenomena and philosophy of Modern Spiritualism, passed from the scenes of mortal existence July 18th, at Newburyport, Mass., after an earthly sojourn of 63 years. Mr. Sherman, so we are informed, was educated in early life as a minister in the Calvin-Baptist church, and preached that doctrine for some years, but finally, in the light of proof satisfactory to his reason, abandoned the creed and accepted in its place the glorious unfoldments afforded by Spiritualism. From the hour of this giving in his adhesion, to the time of his decease, Mr. Sherman has been a faithful and indefatigable worker for the cause, as friends of the movement in Newburyport, (where he assisted in the reorganization of the Children's Lyceum,) Haverhill, (where he was a popular and highly esteemed member of the Free Conference,) and other places can testify.

Free Circles—Sunday Meetings.

Our Free Circle-Room will reopen for public meetings on the first Sunday in September next, at the especial request of out-of-town people and others who have not time to be present on week days. The next two meetings will take place on the following Tuesday and Thursday, Sept. 4th and 6th, omitting Friday of that week. On the succeeding week the Circle-Room will be open to the public on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, consequently there will be no sance on Sunday. The second Sunday meeting will be held on the 16th.

The London Times says of Robert Dale Owen, deceased, that "In his old age he became a Spiritualist, and since 1875 his mind has been affected," and quotes the wall of the Philadelphia Ledger that "The reasoning power, the logical investigation and thought he brought to bear on other and more difficult subjects utterly failed him here." [In Spiritualism,] thus leaving the following inferences (at least) to be drawn: 1, Mr. Owen did not become a Spiritualist in his prime—his belief was the result of senility incident to old age; 2, the belief once attained to brought on the mental trouble which was the naturally to be expected result of it; and 3, that he passed out "under a cloud," intellectually speaking. Now the facts are just the contrary: 1, Mr. Owen became a Spiritualist in the very zenith of his mental power—in proof of which read the books he published in its defense; 2, his intellectual disbalance was a temporary affair, and was certified to by his attending physician to be wholly the result of over-work, and not traceable in any quarter to his theological views; 3, this trouble really covered only a small portion of the period stated by the Times, and for a considerable period before his decease his faculties were as keen as ever, and he passed over the stream of change firm in the faith of the truth of the New Dispensation. Will "The Thunderer" show its fairness by making the correction?

Foreign Items.

Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood, one of the Middlesex magistrates, says the London Spiritualist, August 3d, gave strong evidence in the last number of The Spiritualist of the production of writing between two of his own slates sealed together. This is another good example of the exercise of spirit power within an enclosed space. Could the spirits remove a large piece of pencil from between the sealed slates, and could they move an object in a vacuum tube?

From accounts lately published in the Revue Spirite, it would appear that physical mediumship is being developed in France to a greater extent than formerly. In the case of a young girl, whose name is given simply as "Amelia," a member of a private family in Paris, strong physical manifestations, such as movement of objects, formation of hands, and direct writing take place in the dark and in the light, and sometimes when the medium is not in the room.

Miss Kinslingbury, Secretary of the British National Association of Spiritualists, will leave England August 15th, on a brief visit to the United States. She will return to London in a short time, after having collected such information by personal observation as may fall to her lot about Spiritualism in America.

E. C. Williams, the celebrated medium, intends leaving London for the Continent about the 13th of August.

Dr. Henry Slade has arrived in Brussels from The Hague, and commenced holding a series of sances, in broad daylight, meeting with astonishing success.

Dr. Monck is still holding successful sances for physical manifestations in London. Dr. W. Brown reports in the Medium and Daybreak: "On one occasion Dr. Monck raised his hands a foot or so above the table, and we all did the same, when the table rose evenly and remained suspended for several minutes fully one foot from the floor. We sat with a skeptical gentleman in his own room, and his table rose in the same way. He weighs some fourteen stone, and while he sat on the middle of the table, it rose with him some twelve inches in the air. This occurred also when his wife sat on it, and, to make the test complete, we all stood around the table and placed our hands over the head of the person on the table, who also held Dr. Monck's hands. Dr. Monck's mediumship is the most varied and wonderful I ever saw or heard of, and his genuineness is capable of the fullest demonstration. We have again and again tested it in the most severe manner, but never succeeded in discovering a weak link in it; it was fair and above-board, and the doctor courted the most inquisitorial tests."

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Gales Forster arrived in London July 23d, and are pleasantly located at 37 Powis Square, Bayswater. They are in very delicate health, and have not yet got over the severe illness caused by the sea voyage.

J. Wm. Fletcher is still holding test sances in London. C. Fitzgerald reports in The Medium several good tests received. Mr. F. lectured again in Langham Hall, Aug. 6th.

Mr. Robert Cooper writing from Boston to The Medium, says: "I called upon Mr. C. H. Foster a short time ago, and suggested to him the advisability of paying a visit to England. He seemed to entertain the idea, and said he would probably go so in the fall; so I hope you will have the benefit of his services at that time. I hope he will not meet with the 'flower' y reception that Dr. Slade did."

Gerald Massey is still engaged on his forthcoming book, "The Origin of Myths."

Sarah Parker, the lecturer, writing to The Medium about Spiritualism in the Island of Jersey, says there is one remarkable medium there, through whom phenomena occur, such as the table dancing about at its own sweet will, walking first on one leg then on the other as desired, showing to the most skeptical evidence of an "outside" force, "psychic" or otherwise. "I am not at liberty to give this medium's name; she is a lady of undoubted position and culture, and everything in her presence is unaffected by light or darkness."

The Society of Liverpool Spiritualists was to hold, Aug. 2d, a private meeting of the members and friends at No. 6 Stafford street, that city, to consider the report of the Special Committee on the causes of the decadence of the movement in Liverpool; to take steps for arresting the same; to consider the advisability and practicability of forming South West Lancashire into a spiritual centre, and to decide upon the most economical method of assisting the Spiritual Institution.

The Spirit Messages printed on our 6th page, palpably showing—as they do individualized character, are unusually interesting. That given by Andrew J. Smith, who on earth was a Universalist, contains so much good advice that we are impelled to briefly quote from it on this page of the Banner. We do not see how any man of common-sense, however narrow-minded he may be in his religious belief, can gainsay one word here uttered by the communicating spirit:

"It behooves every man and woman to learn, appreciate and understand all they can while on earth. If you would love the flowers in heaven, you must love them here; if you would understand how beautiful the forests are, you must roam through them while here; if you would appreciate the steepness of mountains, learn to climb them while on earth. If you would feel the presence of the angels, remember and purify yourselves while you live on earth; would you listen to the grandest music, then learn to feel it in your souls while here; would you walk along the shores of the lakes and appreciate the beautiful water there, learn to feel the presence of the beautiful while walking the shores of life here."

Wm. Wiggins, Magnetic Healer, 159 West Twenty-third street, New York City, writes us August 8th, sending us the name of a new subscriber, and the money for a twelvemonth, for which he has our sincere thanks. He says:

"I think it would be well if each person in the spiritual ranks would follow the advice of Giles B. Stebbins in his letter to the Highland Lake Grove Camp-Meeting Committee, and 'be a standing and working committee of one' to help disseminate the literature of Spiritualism, and aid the cause in any way it may be possible for them to. I have done my duty in getting the recruit, and now it rests with you to keep the name on your roll for all time; and I know that you will do your best in the future, as you have done in the past, by making your (or our) journal both entertaining and instructive."

The Harbinger of Light, Melbourne, Australia, states that during Mr. Peebles' absence at Sydney, Mrs. Williams, a fluent and talented lady speaker, delivered a series of excellent lectures on Spiritualism at the Apollo Hall, and attracted numerous, attentive and highly respectable audiences.

Lecture by Spirit R. D. Owen.

On Sunday, Aug. 12th, a discourse was delivered through the lips of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, before the Brooklyn Society of Spiritualists, the control purporting to be the ascended author of the "Footfalls," and other able works. Anxious to give to our readers the matters of interest as they rise, we had the address taken down verbatim, and shall print it as soon as we receive the reporter's manuscript. Concerning this effort a competent correspondent writes, Aug. 13th: "I was present, and the close, intrinsic evidence of the communicating intelligence being Mr. Owen himself was such that, although I went with some misgivings as to the reliability of the identity, I left the hall well satisfied that Mr. Owen really had addressed us on this occasion. Various proofs of identity furnished in the course of the lecture fairly startled me, and the whole lecture from beginning to end, in sentiment, style, and mode of expression, was such as those best acquainted with Mr. Owen would expect from him."

Spiritualism in Cleveland, O.

Thomas Lees, Recording Secretary, writes: "The 'First Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists' will commence their services again Sept. 2d, leading off with Mrs. Emma Harding Britten. Some years have elapsed since Mrs. B. spoke here, and the friends are quite anxious to listen once more to her eloquence. She will no doubt, draw large audiences, her powers as an orator and thinker being so well-known. Our society is in good condition, and we have arranged for the best course of lectures ever given in this city. The Children's Lyceum is also well attended for this time of year, and we feel we have displayed wisdom in foregoing our usual summer vacation—it takes so long to rally again."

We are right glad to see local societies rallying in the West, and hope our Eastern friends will speedily rally in like manner. These are the organizations that are destined to prove effective.

Invisible Painters.

David Duguid, the Scotch painting medium, has been examined by many artists, and thus far none have charged him with trickery or with being assisted by confederates. The manifestations are of a nature that does not warrant such an explanation. Let a visitor give him a marked visiting card or a piece of card-board, and in from five to nine minutes it is returned with the delightful little landscape upon it. No two are alike. The styles resemble those of the old masters, and it is claimed that some of them are his attendant guides. The room will not admit a confederate, and Mr. Duguid is always secured and blindfolded. It is a very satisfactory phase of mediumship, both to Spiritualists and investigators.

A New Pamphlet.

The Religio-Philosophical Publishing House have just completed the stereotype plates for a new pamphlet for M. R. K. Wright. This little work, which is now in the hands of the printer, will be entitled "The Only Hope," so named after a "Forerunner," or place of learning in the spirit-world, and in regard to which the author's immortal brother has given a most wonderful statement. The work will contain a brief sketch of the writer's experience as a somnambulist and seer, will present an argumentative essay upon the subject of "The Future Life," and a number of answers to the questions of correspondents. We expect to have the work for sale at an early day.

Robert W. Hume.

Who has been speaking of late at the Harvard Rooms, New York City, to the general acceptance of such representative Spiritualists as Judge Culver, Mr. Farnsworth, Judge Westbrook and others, should be engaged by the Spiritualists in this section of the country. He delivered a grand lecture a fortnight ago in New York, entitled, "Modern Spiritualism, the Complement of the American System." Bro. Beals ought to have him at once at Lake Pleasant. His address is P. O. Box 158, Long Island City, N. Y.

England's Last Lankesterism.

Three booksellers in Glasgow have been fined each \$10, with an alternative of fourteen days' imprisonment, for selling an exposé of "The Priest in Absolution."—E.

Here is a splendid specimen of British law and justice. Are those in authority in the Mother Country becoming demented, or what?

Dr. Ernest J. Witheford, of Chicago, was united in marriage, Aug. 1st, at the residence of Daniel Larkin, Esq., Madison, Wis., to Miss Stella L. Larkin, of Madison, the ceremony being performed by Rev. C. B. Richards.

The lady was the only daughter of Mr. Larkin, who is one of the oldest Spiritualists in Madison, and has been for many years a subscriber to the Banner; he is well known throughout that section of country as a most indefatigable worker in the cause of the New Dispensation, and has entertained at his house most of the leading mediums and speakers, among them Mrs. Maud E. Lord, Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Richmond, and others. A correspondent writes that "The manifestations in Dr. Witheford's circles are attracting a great deal of attention, and are constantly increasing in power."

J. Enmore Jones, editor of the London Spiritual Magazine, says: "Spiritualists in great numbers are connected with all the churches of the Empire. Their knowledge vitalizes their perceptions of the Deity." There are also great numbers of Spiritualists connected with the American churches. But when any of the brethren, not believers in the spiritual philosophy, speak to them upon the subject they are as silent as death; yet they attend spiritual sances in private and enjoy them as much as an openly avowed Spiritualist in communing with their angel friends.

Mad. H. P. Blavatsky's new and wonderful book will be forthcoming from the press of J. W. Bouton early in September. Its prospectus, etc., received courteous notice at the hands of the London Athenaeum recently, one of the fruits of which was that the editor of a paper printed in India applied to Madame B.'s London publisher for an early copy, saying that the work was sure to "make a tremendous sensation in the East."

A gentleman of Salem, Mass. (Mr. Abbot Walker), recently presented to the Essex Institute complete files of the Banner of Light, for which the committee were very thankful. Harvard College Library also contains full files of this paper to date.

