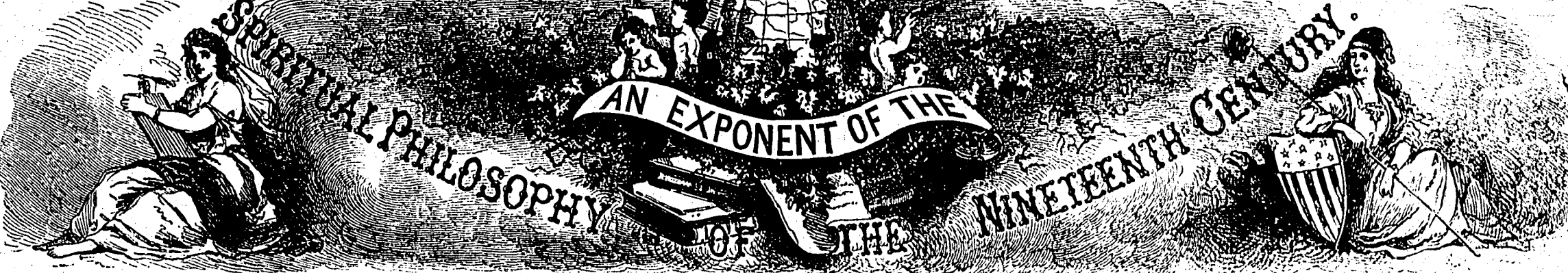


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## A RESPECTABLE LIE.

(An inspirational poem, given by Miss Lizzie Doten, at the close of her lecture in Charlestown, on Sunday evening, Feb. 20th, 1870.)

Reported for the Banner of Light.

"A respectable lie, sir! Pray, what do you mean?  
Why the term in itself is a plain contradiction.  
A lie is a lie, and deserves no respect.  
But meretricious judgment, and speedy conviction,  
It springs from corruption—is servile and mean,  
An evil conception, a coward's invention,  
And whether direct, or but simply implied,  
Has naught but deceit for its end and intention."

Ab, yes! very well! So good morals would touch;  
But facts are the most stubborn things in existence,  
And they tend to show that great lies win respect,  
And hold their position with wondrous persistence.  
The small lies, the white lies, the lies feebly told,  
The world will condemn both in spirit and letter,  
But the great, bloated lies will be held in respect,  
And the larger and older a lie is, the better.

A respectable lie, from a popular man,  
On a popular theme, never taxes endurance;  
And the pure, golden coin of unpopular truth,  
Is often refused for the brass of assurance.  
You may dare all the laws of the land to defy,  
And bear to the truth the most shameless relation,  
But never attack a respectable lie,  
If you value a name, or a good reputation.

A lie well established, and hoary with age,  
Resists the assaults of the boldest seceder;  
While he is accounted the greatest of saints,  
Who silences reason and follows the leader.  
Whenever a mortal has dared to be wise,  
And seized upon truth, as the soul's "Magna Charta,"  
He always has won from the lovers of lies,  
The name of a fool, or the fate of a martyr.

There are popular lies, and political lies,  
And "lies that stick fast between buying and selling,"  
And lies of politeness—conventional lies—  
(Which scarcely are reckoned as such in the telling.)  
There are lies of sheer malice, and slanderous lies,  
From those who delight to peck like a plover;  
But the oldest and far most respectable lies,  
Are those that are told in the name of Religion.

Theology sits like a tyrant enthroned,  
A system *per se* with a fixed nomenclature,  
Derived from strange doctrines, and dogmas, and creeds,  
At war with man's reason, with God and with Nature;  
And he who subscribes to the popular faith,  
Never questions the fact of divine inspiration,  
But holds to the Bible as absolute truth,  
From Genesis through to St. John's Revelation.

We mock at the Catholic bigots at Rome,  
Who strive with their dogmas man's reason to fetter;  
But we turn to the Protestant bigots at home,  
And we find that their dogmas are scarce a whit better.  
We are called to believe in the wrath of the Lord—  
To endure damnation, and torments infernal;  
While around and above us, the Infinite Truth,  
Scarce heeded or heard, speaks sublime and eternal.

It is said—but the day-star is shining on high,  
And Science comes in with her conquering legions;  
And every respectable, time-honored lie,  
Will fly from her face to the mythical regions.  
The soul shall no longer with terror behold  
The red waves of wrath that leap up to engulf her,  
For Science ignores the existence of hell,  
And chemistry finds better uses for sulphur.

We may dare to repose in the beautiful faith,  
That an Infinite Life is the source of all being;  
And though we must strive with delusion and Death,  
We can trust to a love and a wisdom all-seeing;  
We may dare in the strength of the soul to arise,  
And walk where our feet shall not stumble or falter;  
And, freed from the bondage of time-honored lies,  
To lay all we have on the Truth's sacred altar.

Written for the Banner of Light.

## GOLDEN-HAIR MARY.

BY H. M. RICHARDS.

Oh, dear "Golden-Hair,"  
With thy face so fair,  
And thine eyes so sweetly, purely blue,  
I know thou canst see  
How I long for thee,  
For the clasp of thy hand, warm and true.

Dear Mary, "My bird,"  
Thy voice I have heard,  
And I know thou art calling to me,  
By day and by night,  
The radiant light  
Of thy dear spirit face I can see.

Oh, sweet "Golden-Hair,"  
Thou hearest my prayer  
To the Giver of all that is good,  
That thou mayest come,  
While weary I roam,  
By fow in this world unloved.

I walk, "Golden-Hair,"  
To join thee up there,  
And I wish that the journey was o'er;  
Thy treasures of gold  
My arms shall enfold,  
When we meet on eternity's shore.

My sweet little pet,  
I cherish thee yet,  
As the dearest of all that is dear:  
I know that you come  
From your spirit home,  
And my path grows brighter each year.

Oh, loved "Golden-Hair,"  
My feet tread the stair  
That is leading me upward to thee;  
And ever I'll pray  
For light on the way,  
Till in Heaven thy form I can see.

I know, "Golden-Hair,"  
Another up there,  
Who, kind and tender, cometh with thee;  
"And together you'll wait  
"At the golden gate,"  
When it swings on its hinges for me.

And when from earth free  
I hasten to thee,  
And to those who have entered before,  
Ah! then, "Golden-Hair,"  
Away from earth's care,  
We will part no more, nevermore.

But, oh! "Golden-Hair,"  
There's another not there,  
Though we parted in grief and despair.  
If we nevermore meet,  
I pray that her feet  
May be led by thy hand, "Golden-Hair."

## THE DAVENPORT MANIFESTATIONS: The Imitations of Sleight-of-Hand Men; The Liverpool and Other English Mob; The Double Form of Mediums; Wonder- ful Recent Manifestations.

BY J. B. FERGUSON, A. M., LL. D.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—In your last number you have copied a part of my testimony to the verity of the spiritual manifestations that attend the presence of the Messrs. Davenport and Mr. William M. Fay. I notice, also, in several issues of your paper, reviews of several parties that claim to produce the same or similar manifestations without laying any claim to a spiritual cause, but merely to a dexterous use of sleight-of-hand skill. You are aware that I spent some eighteen months in connection with the manifestations in the presence of the Davenports and Fay, having introduced them before the public of Canada and England. It is but natural that your readers should look to me for my testimony in the premises, and I readily take advantage of your invitation to present my present and unchanged estimate of these manifestations. And you will pardon me, dear sirs, if I suggest that Spiritualists give entirely too much attention to the pretensions of those professed jugglers, sleight-of-hand men, not to say charlatans, who very naturally take advantage of any interest the Davenport manifestations may awaken to further their mercenary purposes as dependents upon public favor. It is a little strange to me that persons who know the truth of spirit-communion and spiritual manifestation should be affected by any pretensions of this class of men. Whatever is valuable or genuine is ever counterfeited or imitated, and in the degree of its genuineness and value. They imitate experiments in chemistry, electricity, and especially in optics. No one, on account of these imitations, for one moment denies the facts of chemical, electrical or optical demonstration. Then why should they doubt those of their spiritual experience and demonstration, merely because their proven verity so interests the public as to give these pretenders an opportunity of turning a shilling to their advantage? The false ever proves the true. When in London, England, it was my privilege to confound all the pretensions of scientists, so far as explanations of the spiritual phenomena were concerned, through the mediumship of the Brothers Davenport and Mr. Fay; and, while thus engaged, there was scarce a theatre or public exhibition of that great city that did not improvise a cabinet and present imitations of their demonstrations. Even where the most solemn tragedies were rendered to admiring multitudes, the "after piece" generally had some relation to the "Davenport Wonders." Now what did this prove? That the evidences of spirit-power, in the presence of the Davenports and Mr. Fay, had so impressed the community that it was necessary to take advantage of it, if even the most popular theatres would minister to public interest. *Oxford of the Times*, Charles Kenny and Mr. Humber of the *Standard*, *Dumphy and Brotherton of the Post and Court Journal*, *Boucault, Reade, Sir Charles Nicholson, Sir Charles Wycke* and a host of other notables had witnessed in private and made known to the public the verity of the Davenport manifestations, and all London was excited over it. As a result, theatres, music halls and all places of public resort had imitations, professed explanations, &c., &c., of these marvelous facts, and, simply, because it paid to take advantage of them. Twenty-four of the *savans* of England, Lord Bury, of the Queen's Household, at their head, sought to witness the same in rooms of their own selection, and under auspices which they would direct, and from which we were excluded. Their request was granted. We came at the hour and to the place they had selected. The evidences were complete, and they gave their unqualified and positive testimony to the facts. They also bore unqualified testimony to the fact that these manifestations had nothing in common with jugglery and sleight-of-hand performances; and, indeed, the professors of these dexterous arts were invited to be present, and prudently declined.

But we are often told the Davenports were exposed in Liverpool, Leeds, Huddersfield? How so? They attempted no manifestation in either place, when it was manifest an organized mob was ready to prevent all rational or decent proceedings. How can that be exposed which is not attempted? The Davenports were mobbed and their cabinets and other property destroyed at these places; no manifestations were attempted at either. Mob brutality prevailed! That's all! At Cheltenham we triumphed over the mob, merely and alone because, in the interval of passion, we were allowed to proceed; and, although three-quarters of an hour were expended in securing the Brothers with a variety of fastenings, and the surgeon, selected by the audience, pronounced the fastening "brutal," and said no man could, without serious and permanent injury, submit to it for over thirty minutes, still they did submit, and were released; the manifestations were perfect, and we, despite our protestations, were carried on the shoulders of the very men who came to brain us, in triumph as successful. Of this you do not hear in bigoted and partisan journals. Yet it is a literal fact; and it is the only instance where the mob could be so controlled as to allow the manifestations; and all the Liverpool bullies desired professedly, so far as peculiar kinds of knots were concerned, was there submitted to and used, and by their chosen representatives. A donkey can throw a railroad train off the track, and precipitate to destruction that which was bearing peace and plenty to lands waiting for supply from famine. Is there, therefore, no such power as steam? Mobs can prevent spiritual manifestations as spiritual? These mobs in orderly, law-regulated England have done more to call attention to the nature and purpose of these manifestations than any single cause that came under my obser-

vation. For a hundred years, even if another demonstration were never made before the English public, these mobs will be discussed. Why mob the Davenports, or those who represented them before the public? They never mob jugglers, mountebanks, prestidigitators, charlatans, who professedly deceive and interest the public. Why the Davenports—jugglers? It will not do to say because the Davenports pretended to spiritual aid, for they did not. They made no pretension; offered no theory; propagated no dogma, either of religion, physics or metaphysics. They asked only that they be humbly secured so that no action on their part could take place, and then let the public witness and judge of what followed. It was the mob that pronounced it all spiritual, and, led in its superstitious prejudices, it was so led as to prevent the manifestations.

Exposure! Never in the history of humanity was a case more clear. The Davenports and Mr. Fay had demonstrated beyond question that a power above mortal man could and did manifest itself in their passive presence. Scholars, riggers, skilled artisans, scientists, sailors—representatives of every division of enlightened society had been convinced or confounded; mobs only were left as a resort for the opposition. They did prevent, but never exposed the Davenport manifestations! That is all! In the Victoria Hotel, Liverpool, three months after the mob, I was invited to dine with some fifty of the most intelligent and reputable of Liverpool society—the dinner got up in sight of the place where that mob raged; and all as a testimony to their appreciation of my honor and truth in the premises, and of their detestation of all that was ever claimed for violence or brutal power. What, I ask all reasonable men, does a mob prove, as to the verity or falsity of the claims of any one before the public?

Allow me, dear sirs, to copy an extract from my diary, and in precisely the words there used to preserve a memory of the realizations and events of that period, in which I was called upon to meet the violence of the ignorant and brutal conditions of English Provincial Society:

FROM MY DIARY OF 1865.

"Liverpool, Eng., Feb. 13th, 1865.—At a séance of the press and others, our demonstrations were acknowledged and much interest manifested. Oh! I am so tired! The labor of Manchester, though successful, was very onerous. Many wise and foolish questions I had to meet, till the whole of the night was expended.

"Feb. 14th.—A mob of honest ignorance and obstinacy, led on by designing men, who may or may not believe the manifestations variable, but who are determined to defeat us, prevent. I wish to record here that although I have no taste for this kind of work and would gladly escape it, I go up to it in a living consciousness of all its power. But the truth of life sustains me, and thy hand, Almighty Power! guides. If to death, I am ready; if to the unseen triumph, I am glad beyond expression.

"Feb. 15th.—I go up to Saint George's Hall, all saying there will be a riot. My friends have been alarmed—perhaps timid. The Davenports and Fay seem like children—indifferent; but they do manifest full confidence in me. I go up, therefore, to live or die. Oh! Almighty Intelligence, thy will is perfect!

"Feb. 15th.—Yes, it was perfect. I stood for perhaps an hour before the storm and did preserve my calmness, and so long as I could face the raging multitude they were powerless. The storm, after awhile, passed around me, and then I was brought out safe, as by my hands. I was ready to die! I know not, for that trial was averted. We were hid in a little room within six feet of the mob that broke our cabinet into fragments and raged in fury for hours—seeking us, but finding us not—not even knowing how we escaped them. The press gave me credit for 'great good temper,' but do not hesitate to brand our most honest, earnest efforts as the devices of scoundrels. Alas! for human consistency! The Davenports are exposed where a mob prevented an exhibition! Are mobs to be allowed cruelty to those committed most sacredly to my care. Even Spiritualists are in doubt.

"Huddersfield, 21st.—Another mob, brought on by the same bullies that destroyed our prospects at Liverpool, sought our lives, being defeated in its mad purpose at 'exposure.' The mob at Liverpool found nothing in cabinet or instruments to account for what occurs whenever the Davenports enter it. English ignorance and brutality were 'exposed.' Here the police deserved credit. They did protect us and our property. At Liverpool they did not. Therefore the mob commenced on English property—that of the hall! Have I felt fear? I know there was to be a mob in both cases, and I did not avoid it! Yet, I confess, I walked very rapidly away from the danger after I got away from the hall.

"Leeds, March 11th.—And another English mob! English police powerless. For two hours it raged. The new cabinet smashed! One noble man, a child of the people, was made my deliverer, and that of my young friends. Here I knew no fear, although these human beasts roared and raged around me for hours. I did all I could to arrest it—could not; and then knew it was thy design, All-Wise Power, and would end in good. This child of the city, an uncultured policeman, offered to deliver me at the expense of the Davenports. I refused, assuring him I would meet their fate, whatever it might be. This touched his heart. He stood where the mob had broken a panel in the door of the room that concealed us, with a baton and said: 'I will brain the first man that enters—handcuff the next!' This determination saved us, for all mobs are cowards. We made our friends recognize this man, and, in private, proved to him his spiritual alliances, much to his gratification.

"Cheltenham, March 14th.—A threatened mob; but we were allowed, under most cruel fastenings, to proceed. The mob turned in our favor, the triumph was complete, and men who showed us the clubs concealed under their clothing to brain us, were persistent in making us drunk on the heat of wine, as some recompense for their mistake. We drank, but did not indulge to excess, much to their disgust! Such is our humanity! Here nearly an hour was expended in tying the Davenports, while the most disorderly noises were kept up. An eminent surgeon pronounced the fastening 'cruel and dangerous,' saying, 'No man could submit to it without serious injury for thirty minutes!' But, amidst the yellings of the audience, we barely succeeded in keeping off the stage, the Davenports were released, and came forth, holding the elaborate ropes and twice in their hands. A silence, as of death, prevailed, when the committee came forward and most honorably acknowledged that they had tied the

boasted Liverpool and other knots, but the Davenports were released—they knew not how! Then the yells turned to approving recognition, and all was confusion in our favor. After order was restored, we proceeded in our ordinary method, much to the gratification of all present. As we came out of the hall we were seized and literally carried in triumph to a neighboring hotel, where, till three in the morning, toasts, speeches, and responses were indulged in, men assuring us they had believed us impostors, and were ready to drive us from England or bury us in its soil.

"Great Western Hotel, Paddington, Eng., March 16th, 1865.—The excitement of these mobs and the cruel fastenings at Cheltenham, and especially the refusal of the audience to allow the lights to be lowered while the unseen powers released the Brothers, has wrought seriously on their health. Poor Mr. noble boy, was delicious all day yesterday, and I carried him in my arms, literally, from Exeter to Paddington. We will submit to no more mobs. Fortunately, the 'invisibles' say, there will be no more. Oh, erudite, dispassionate, philosophical, impartial gentlemen of the press! what know ye of spiritual evidences through the Davenports? That is false which law-loving Englishmen fear to allow. Sublime magnanimity! Astute reasoning! But our work is well high done among ye, and I am glad.

Now, sirs, any one can see that the above was never written for the public; but precisely as it is I give it to you, and leave it to make its own impression. The mobs served only to deepen the impression the manifestations had made on all serious observers; and to me and others they gave indubitable proof that an all-wise spiritual intelligence presides over and directs all that pertains to this great, divine manifestation.

Two forms of pretended exposure we dispose of:

First, That of the conjurors or sleight of hand men. They dexterously release themselves from rope fastenings, and then rapidly throw off their coats and make, in the dark, wonderful manifestations on guitars and other instruments. The Davenports never release themselves from any fastenings. Their manifestations depend upon their passivity, not their activity. All that takes place in their presence, when securely tied with ropes, takes place when not tied, and when held hand and foot by persons selected from the audience; and from every audience, from Buffalo, New York, to St. Petersburg, Russia, for the past seventeen years. In thousands of instances, men selected by their audiences have sat between them in their cabinet, who testify and all sorts of direct and positive displays of distinct physical power, such as playing on as many as six musical instruments, the ringing of at least three bells, the manifestation of from four to twelve hands, numerous simultaneous thumpings and poundings on every part of the cabinet, and all while a disinterested witness, inside the cabinet, holding both the Davenports, has a tambourine placed upon his head, musical instruments thrummed all around him and carried to the top of the cabinet, his person manipulated from head to foot, and he, the witness, comes forth and solemnly testifies the Davenports have not moved! During eighteen months, in which time we did not give less than one thousand séances, private and public, on every occasion always one, and sometimes two and three persons from the audience, were selected to hold the Davenports, no one of whom did not unequivocally testify that the Davenports or Mr. Fay did not move. There was but one exception to this, and that was a frightened man at Eastbourne, England, who said: 'The Davenports must have done it, for there was no other persons in the cabinet but them and himself, and he did not move.' 'Did you feel them move?' I asked. 'No!' said he; 'but who else could have done what I felt?' Sure enough, whom else? We answer, invisible, but not intangible intelligences, of which, from this gentleman's own testimony, there can be no doubt.

The Davenports untie no knots. The sleight-of-hand men make a profession of doing this very dexterously. The Davenports slip no knots, and submit to have them sealed, stamped, and flour-placed in their hands, their persons held, while the manifestations take place, to prove it. The sleight-of-hand men have confederates. The Davenports have none, but allow their committees to be selected from any audience they meet. They are often unfasted, every knot untied, save the sealed one at the end of the ropes; thus presenting a fact, like the removal of the coat or waistcoat, that upsets all our ideas of physical law. To understand this, take a rope ten feet long, the ten or more knots, and, finally, tie the ends in a double square-knot and seal and stamp it; then find every knot untied but the sealed one at the end, and you have some idea of what is often accomplished in their presence, and that of scarce a minute of time. In a word, there is nothing your sleight-of-hand men do, they do. There is only a miserable, but we must confess profitable, imitation of their manifestations made by the cleverest of these men; nothing more, as many of the most distinguished of these men have acknowledged to me.

There are so-called Spiritualists. In this city, who tell me they can do all the Davenports do without spiritual aid. To such I simply reply: You know not what you say. You can do nothing they do without such aid! They imitate, that is all; and I say this having carefully observed both; and poor, miserable imitations they are, in these and all instances that have come under my observations. But,

Second, The exposures of mobs! Here, as we have shown, there is simply a prevention of manifestations—nothing more! and generally, as in England, under most disgraceful circumstances. While on this subject, allow me also to make an extract, not from my diary, but from an address I delivered in London, to an overflowing audience, immediately after the outrages at Liverpool; and, you will allow me to say, an address that was responded to by noble and justice-loving Englishmen in a manner that I must ever remember gratefully, and as an honor to human nature:

"I stand in your midst to-night, under rather

strangely ordered circumstances, and you will pardon me for making what I regard as a demanded allusion to these circumstances. (Hear! hear!) For the past five months it has been my privilege to stand before the audiences of this great metropolis; before men of science of world-wide distinction, men of letters, known everywhere on both continents; and men of every acknowledged degree of sagacity, and practical skill; and I have demonstrated in their presence and to their entire satisfaction, the existence of a power outside of all our recognized forms of physical force. Their testimony is before the world, however a truckling press may, having acknowledged its power, now seek to deny or evade its force. It was my pride and pleasure to meet here, and elsewhere, your men of the first eminence in science, in literature, in social rank, and men from every department of practical skill; and you are the judges whether we succeeded or not in what we claimed for these 'marvelous manifestations.' (Hear! hear!) The facts presented were only rendered more palpable and undeniable under every test to which they were subjected. (Hear! hear!) And I feel that I can say in all truth and candor, that no facts have ever, in the same length of time, commanded a greater amount of attention or called forth more variety of exclamation. We have met gentility and rowdiness; learning and ignorance; crude egotism and refined practical skill; the most boorish attempts at ridicule and violent efforts at detraction and destruction, and the most painstaking scientific examinations. And our integrity as exhibitors of facts is this day untarnished; and the facts themselves undeniable and undeniable by all who have given them a faithful and impartial investigation. They have been imitated by all the conjurors and most of the counter-ropesayers of the realm. They have been doubted, doubted, doubted, and then again acknowledged in almost every club, coterie and drawing-room where we have been called upon to present them. They have been subjected to the greatest variety of tests that the skill and ingenuity of this great people could desire. And the man lives not who can say he has ever proven fraud or imposition in any instance. (Hear! hear!) And we hesitate not to say that no truth has ever been more fully and honestly demonstrated than this, viz.: We have met the 'illusions' of 'sham cleverness,' the abuse and slander of inconsiderate literature; the doubt and suspicion awakened by the mercenary pretensions of professed conjurors; the serious and inquiring questioning of minds anxious for truth; and everywhere and always, we have demonstrated a renewed hope for humanity in the knowledge of our spiritual nature and destiny; and before heaven and earth, I fearlessly affirm that I have not deceived you, nor any; but have, without hope or selfishness, presented an honest exhibition of truth before the gaze of time, can destroy! (Hear! hear!)—*Times*, 9th April, 1865.

No! no! Violence, mobs destroyed our property; endangered life to the mad passion of brutal ignorance, and made order-loving men ashamed of their kind, and the degradation of many conditions of the English people; but it found no 'secret springs'; no 'clandestine machinery' it was taught to expect; it made no exposure of anything but a vain attempt to overthrow established facts—facts its leaders did not, could not explain; and it served to direct attention to these facts for a long time to come.

Thirdly, But there is still another form of so-called exposure we desire to notice, as worthy of more attention than either of the two to which we have referred. It is what is sometimes seen when a light is suddenly made in a dark scene. Honest men have testified, and we believe truthfully, that they have seen, when the light was made, a form or forms which they believed were those of the Davenports or Mr. Fay, moving or in the act of moving the instruments, which suddenly fell from their hands. I repeat, I do not deny this; nay, I believe I have witnessed it myself on more than one occasion. But the great and governing fact to be recognized in all such instances is, that while such forms are seen, and in the act of moving the instruments, the Davenports at the same time are found fastened to their seats, knots and seals intact, and those whose attention is directed to their seats testify that they were motionless. Here, then, instead of an 'exposure' we have a still more wonderful fact before us. The Davenports, fast bound, are found duplicated in form and power. This fact I have seen demonstrated on several most interesting occasions, and under such circumstances and conditions as did not allow of mistake. My experience and observation in this department of spiritual manifestations enables me to say, that under certain conditions the form of the medium is duplicated; under other conditions other forms are presented, and these forms are as tangible as ours, but fade away in the light, and often with injury to the medium's health. If too suddenly arrested. One wonder does not explain another; and in these duplications we have a theme of thought and observation worthy of the profoundest attention. My own personal experience in this department would extend this article beyond all reasonable bounds, and I must desist.

Allow me, kind sirs, in conclusion, to state that recently, in the sacred privacy of one of the most respectable and worthy families of this city, I witnessed not less than twelve forms, as distinct as mine or yours, and where there were but four persons in mortal form present, the medium making six of these. At the same time I have heard six voices, neither of which was the voice of any one present, singing in *alto*, *soprano*, *tenor* and *bass*, some half score of songs, no one of which did any one of our company know. And on the same occasions we were handled, conversed with and held in most interesting conversation for more than an hour at a time; while on other occasions we have seen as many as twenty distinct, individualized faces—no one of which had any one of our company ever seen in the flesh. These faces and these forms are as tangible as our own. These voices are as audible, clear in intonation and exquisitely musical at times, as any I have ever heard. And all this















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