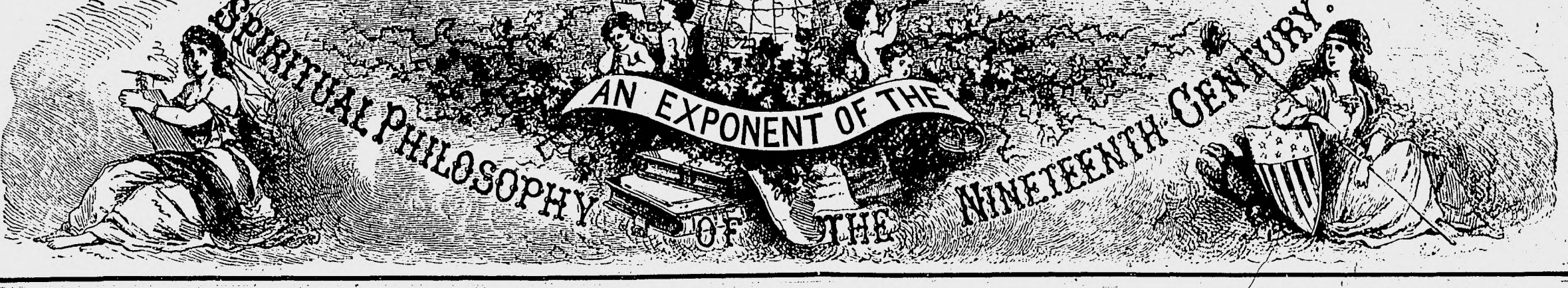


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Foreign Correspondence.

LETTERS OF TRAVEL.

SUMMER FOURTEEN.
(Continued from last issue.)

Written expressly for the Banner of Light.
BY J. M. PEEBLES.

OVER THE STRAITS.
Just across from the island of Singapore lies the little kingdom of Johore. We went to see his majesty, the Maharajah, who, if he does not sit high on a throne of royal state, which far outshone the wealth of Orans and of Ind, has a fine palatial mansion, constructed in truly Oriental style. His "royalty" was absent, which left the Secretary to do the etiquette of the palace. The drive across the island, with the exception of the poor vicious horses, was splendid. The Britains are famous in all foreign lands for excellent thoroughfares and an effective police. The Dutch are too rigid in their measures.

This excellent road above referred to is dotted and lined with bungalows, plantations laid-out in exquisite taste, bamboo-hedges, and fan-palms, quite as useful as ornamental, called "the traveler's fountain." The out-jutting stems of these broad palm-leaves, collecting the night-dews, tender their cups of crystal water the following day to the weary thirsting traveler. Surely, God's living providence is everywhere manifest.

JOHORE.

Reaching this city of five thousand, we became the guests of James Meldrum, many years in the country, and owner of the largest steam saw-mills in Asia, employing five hundred men. His bungalow, situated upon a shady eminence, spans an extensive area of enchanting scenery. "Bungalows," by the way, a term applied to all kinds of Eastern dwelling houses, having lofty ceilings and broad verandahs, are built with reference to ventilation and coolness.

Mr. Meldrum saw the famous *bat*, as well as cedars, mahoganies, marabouts, kranjees, clungals, rosewood, sandal-woods, camphor-woods, &c. A report before me says:

"The Johore forests cover an extent of about ten thousand square miles, and contain upwards of one hundred different kinds of timber trees. These forests are being opened up by His Highness the Maharajah of Johore, K. C. S. I., K. C. C. I., &c., who is constructing a wooden railway into the interior. It will pass through dense virgin forests abounding in all the various kinds of timber trees known in the Straits."

The Malay *Maha-Rajah* of Johore, being a strict Mahometan, uses no wines, no liquors of any kind, and further, he will permit the existence of no "house of ill-fame" in his dominion. Just previous to our arrival, he had broken up a den of prostitution established in New Johore by some Catholic Chinamen. Jesuit missionaries had converted these Chinese from Confucianism to Christianity! Is it strange that Mahometans think Christians very immoral?

The Malays of these regions never—no, never drink intoxicating liquors of any kind. Such practices are forbidden by the Koran. Would not an infusion of Islamism into Christianity improve it, at least practically? The Arabian prophet taught no scape-goat atonement, no salvation through another's merits! Neither do Mahometans in their mosques have "infidels" to *fan* them while they worship. Not so with Christians. In the Singapore English Church, natives by convict labor, sixteen "heathen" natives stand out under a scorching non-day sun on the "Lord's day," pulling *punkas* to fan these ritualistic English Christians, while they drawlingly worship God," saying, very sensibly, "Have mercy upon us, miserable sinners."

During this trip over to Johore, we saw monkeys leaping on trees, birds of rich plumage, a young elephant, a huge slimy boa-constrictor just killed by the wayside, and the fresh skin of a tiger, which, while covering the ravenous brute, had concealed the remnants of many a man. In his stomach was found part of a breastbone and several human hands. Government pays a handsome bounty upon tiger-killing.

A JUNGLE—TIGERS.

What American has not read of the East India jungles? Permit my pen to paint one. A jungle is a heavy forest of gigantic trees with a compact foliage of dark green leaves. Under these grow up another tribe of trees, shorter, more umbrageous, and loaded with such wild fruit as mangosteens, mangos, and jumbas. Beneath, and around these again, there's a prolific growth never seen outside the tropics—palm, ratans, ferns, and indescribable plants, literally woven together, like the "lawyer-hedges" of New Zealand, by a net-work of creepers and parasites. Such a forest is a jungle, the home of the tiger! I never passed one without thinking of tigers and boa-constrictors. Serpents—cold, slimy, treacherous and poisonous—I loathe and despise. Eden's fable has nothing to do with this inborn dislike to crawling things. Men that tame and handle serpents, and women that pet poodle-dogs, reveal what they might as well conceal!

It was estimated a few years since that one man a day fell a victim to the crushing stroke of the tiger in Singapore, an island of about two hundred square miles. These tigers swim across the straits from Johore to the island. The distance is about two miles. The tiger stealthily strikes and seizes the person by the back of the neck. Like other wild beasts, he is too cowardly to face a man. The Malays have the saying, "If you will only speak to a tiger, and tell him he can get better food in the jungle, he will spare you."

SPICY GROVES—BEGGARS.

Descriptions of cinnamon-trees, clove-trees, and

others of this nature, might be interesting. Let a brief sketch of the nutmeg-tree suffice. Handsomely formed, and beautiful in proportion, it grows from twenty-five to thirty feet high, and is thickly covered with polished dark green leaves, which continue fresh the year round. The fragrant blossoms are thick, waxy bells, resembling the hyacinth or lily of the valley. When the fruit is ripening, it might be mistaken, say the old cultivators, for the peach, biting the pink or yellow cheek. When the nut inside is ripe, the fruit splits down, remaining half open. If not now picked, it soon falls. On the same branch—as with the orange—may be seen the bud, blossom, and ripening fruitage. Nutmeg-fields in the Singapore region have nearly gone to decay. A careless blight has rendered their spice-gardens unprofitable.

Want of energy in the Malay Islands and other portions of the East has become a proverb. There is little inducement to labor where Nature is so unsparring. All individuals are about as lazy as they can afford to be! Two hours of daylight in the Malay peninsula is enough for a native to build a decent "shanty," and flatch it. Beggars are unknown away from seaports and cities. They have but to lift the hand, to pluck plenty of fruit. Most delicious pine-apples sell for fifty cents a hundred in the Singapore market.

VOICANOS AND MINERALS.

One of the great volcanic belts of the globe stretches along across these Malay Islands. The breadth of the belt is about fifty miles. Java alone has over forty active volcanoes. Borneo and New Guinea are just outside of this volcanic zone. Peru and South American coasts faintly compare with these islands in terrible lava upheavals. The Javanese eruption occurring at Mount Galunggung, in 1822, destroyed twenty thousand inhabitants. A gentleman just from Batavia informs me that there has recently been another serious convulsion upon the island. Instead of liquid lava, as at Vesuvius, heated sands, stones, and red-hot ashes were thrown up in great violence. "Why," is it asked, "do Europeans live upon these islands?" The love of money, is the only answer. Gold in this century is gold!

A granitic mountain chain runs the whole length of the Malay peninsula. It has thermal springs, but no active volcanoes. The mountains are not over a third as high as those in Sumatra and Java. This region is famous for minerals—iron, copper, tin, and gold. Malacca and Siam are said to be the greatest tin countries in the world.

Just, several times, Charles Allen, the (then) young man who accompanied Mr. Wallace during his explorations in the East Indies. He had just come down from the Chindrag gold mines, in Malacca. These are forty-five miles from the city of Malacca, and fifteen from Mount Ophir. They promise "rich," as Californians say. "Oh for American energy to work them!" exclaimed Mr. Allen.

What interested me more than the quartz specimen he exhibited, was the description of an ancient, yet substantially built road during some important excavations. It lies embedded deep under a modern thoroughfare, yet revealing an entirely different kind of constructive conception. Who—what people built it? Echoing ages are dumb.

BIRDS' NEST SOUPS—THE UPAS.

As turtle-soup is a great dainty with English epicures, so are birds' nest soups among Chinamen. The Indian Archipelago and adjacent rocky isles are the harvest-fields for these delicacies. The nests—a sort of glue, gelatinous substance, seen in China markets—are found along the rocks, in deep and damp caves, and are the choicest if gathered before the birds have laid the eggs. The nests resemble in shape those of the chimney-swallows in America. The finest qualities of nests are when they are clear and white as wax; the poorest are those gathered after the young birds have flown away.

That terrible *Gueca Upas*, the valley of poison—written about many years ago by a Dutch surgeon at Batavia, and afterwards by others, without inspecting the locality, proved to be a hoax. True, there is a valley, grim, bare, and as destitute of vegetable as animal life, caused by the deadly nature of the carbonic and sulphurous fumes, that continually escape from the crevices and soils in this volcanic region. There are numerous plants and shrubs more poisonous than the Upas. Geographers, as well as sailors, need revising.

FIRE-FLY JEWELRY.

The lower races and tribes are fond of pearls, precious stones, jewelry—display of all kinds. The Malays, unable to purchase diamonds, have a little cage-like fixture, in which they imprison a fire-fly. This, excited, continues to give out perpetual flashes, exclaiming in brilliancy the diamond itself. The natives are sufficiently humane to set them free when the evening party is over. The poor things are not, as some writers have said, impaled on golden needles, but by increasing the agony, the glitter of the flash may be intensified. The flash has more the appearance of electricity than phosphorescence. But what an idea—imprisoning harmless insects to attract attention and minister to human vanity!

OFF TO CALCUTTA, VIA PENANG.

Left Singapore June 27th, on the steamer, "The Statesman," under the command of Capt. Valiant. This fine, running between China and Calcutta—is engaged in the opium trade. The accommodations are excellent—both the captain and his interesting lady, Mrs. Valiant, striving to their utmost to make the voyage pleasant and home-like.

Penang, a nearly circular island, off from the Malacca coast, contains some seventy thousand acres, and its history is the history of the "British East India Company" in its efforts to get a foothold in the Malay Peninsula. The island, lying high cliffs to beauty of scenery, seems a mass of hills, rising like cones from the water's edge, near the summits of which are the neat, bungalow of the residents, surrounded by palms, pepper vines, fruit trees and cocoa-nut groves. In the harbor hardly a ripple dances upon the glassy waters. Crossing it to visit Mr. Hewick over in the Wellesley Province of Malacca, the phosphorescent flames (when returning) flashing up at the dipping of the natives' oars,

gave it the seeming of sailing through a sea of fire. Penang, like all the oriental cities in these latitudes, is peopled with Malays, Chinese, Klings and other Hindu derivatives. The town covers about one square mile. The approach to it through emerald isles was magnificent.

BETEL-NUT—GUTTA-PERCHA—COCOA-NUT GROVES.

The bewitching betel-nut, used by and so staining the lips and teeth of the natives, is common in Cochinchina, Sumatra, Java and tropical India. Its exhilarating fascination is said to exceed even tobacco. Penang, the more common name of the nut, accordingly Pato-Penang signifies betel-nut island. While growing on the graceful and slightly tapering trees, they look something like nutmegs. When ripe and broken into small pieces, the natives prepare them with the sir-leaf and the unshelled line of shells. Though producing a dreamy, stimulating effect, it must necessarily injure the membranous surfaces of the mouth.

Gutta-Percha abounds in both Singapore and Penang. The Malays term the tree *uhon*. It grows large, has a smooth bark and wide-spreading branches. The tree is not only tapped to get the juice, but often literally girdled, destroying the tree itself. This forest vandalism is now forbidden. The juice—life-blood of the tree—is caught in cocoa-nut shells, poured into pitchers made from the joints of large bamboo, and then conveyed to cauldrons for boiling and the further preparations for sale.

Cocoa-nut groves, being planted in horizontal lines, present a most beautiful appearance. These trees, running up some forty feet, unbroken by leaf or branch, are roofed with deep green foliage. The nuts grow in clusters between the roots of the leaves and branches at the top. If not picked when ripe, they drop and are broken. Dealers of large groves tell me that the noise of falling nuts in night-time breaks the silence with soft "laugh" and "ghostly." Falling upon the skulls of the natives, they sometimes break them. When the oil is sought they are allowed to ripen. The nuts sell for a penny each. The watery milk within them is considered as cooling and healthy as nutmilk.

MALAY HOSPITALITY—THE "ORANG-TAN."

"The higher classes of Malays," writes Mr. Wallace, "are exceedingly polite, and have all the quiet ease of the best-bred Europeans." To this, I will add, they are very kind, warm-hearted and hospitable. Calling at a Malacca-Malay's palm-thatched dwelling, we were at once treated to tea, fruit, cocoa-nut milk and durians. This latter fruit is only generally considered the choicest and most luscious fruit in the world, and yet, like tomatoes, one must cultivate a taste for it. The odor of the shell is truly disgusting. The eatable substance is of a yellowish, creamy consistency, tasting like a mixture of mashed beech nuts, bananas, onions, strawberries, pumpkin seeds and sweet apples.

The children, three, five, and seven years of age, playing about perfectly nude, were quite shy of us. Though absolute nakedness in this climate is no crime, the custom is quite too revolting. These Malacca-Malays are extremely between the years of twelve and sixteen, and old and young strictly abstain from opium and liquors of all kinds. Mr. Hewick, Chief of Police in the Wellesley Province, accompanying us in the country to see Malay life, amused us, when returning by sending a baboon species of the monkey up a smooth, limber, cocoa-nut tree to pick some fruit. The ingenious method the cunning-brute devised to twist the nuts from the tree showed a striking intelligence.

In the Malay language "*orang*" is the term for monkey; "*kari*" for baboon, and "*orang*" for man. "*Orang-laut*" implies sea-people, or sea-faring men. "*Orang-guanq*" is defined mountaineer, or a rustic, uncultivated man, while "*orang-tan*" signifies literally a man of the forest, or the original people. The famous "man-like ape" to which Darwinian sympathizers give this name, is never so called by the natives, but is known among all Malay-speaking races under the name of "*manis*." How easily words mislead!

MOIST OPHIR.

Rounding the most southern point of land in Asia, and hugging the Malacca coast toward Borneo and India, we had a fine view of Mount Ophir—four thousand feet high. Whether this be the biblical Ophir or not is unimportant; but who honey-combed the mountain with shafts? who here searched for gold in the distant past? This is an interesting inquiry. Of the location of the scriptural Ophir nothing is known that will positively fix the geographical position. It was a source of wealth to the Jews and Tyrians, carried on a lucrative trade in the time of Solomon, twenty-eight hundred years since. At this period the Jews were unacquainted with iron, knowing only bronze, silver and gold. Their bronze they received from the Tyrians. Half barbarians, they had no commerce till David conquered Edom (or Idumea), giving them some coast on the Red Sea. The Jewish crafts that traded with Ophir must have been the navy of Tyre. This is the fact, as it has been a Tyrian port on the Red Sea—the part known perhaps as the Gulf of Suez.

The celebrated German Orientalist, Lassen, places Ophir somewhere about the debouchement of the river Indus. His theory is founded upon resemblances between the Hebrew and Sanskrit names of the commodities brought from Ophir. There is no resemblance, however, between the ancient method of working the Ophir mines and the copper mines bordering Lake Superior—worked by whom?

BAY OF BENGAL.

July 4th, our country's natal day. The republic is to come will be founded in justice, equality and peace.

We have spent the day in rolling and tossing upon the Bay of Bengal. I shall spell it after Bengali, emphasizing the last syllable. It deserves the bitter epithet. For three full days we endured a terrible monsoon storm. It was a cyclone, save the rotary motion usually attending these hurricanes. The frightened Jews aboard rushed for Moses and the prophets, and began to intone the psalms in Hebrew. The wind, merrily, came in maddest gusts; the waves surged and leaved; the lightning flashed; the rain fell in sheets; the forest-sail struggled in tatters; trunks, tables, upset, the dishes jingled in scattered fragments; the fates and the furies seemed, in fact, to have let loose the very artillery of the bells. Oh, it was fearful! The following day we passed a wreck. What became of the crew—what? Our ship, under the command of Capt. Valiant, behaved valiantly. It was a relief to reach the Hoogly, one of the river mouths through which the Ganges empties into the ocean. Farewell, Bay of Bengal! We reached Calcutta yesterday. It is intolerably hot.

Calcutta, India, July 8, 1873.

Literary Department.

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THE TWO COUSINS; OR, SUNSHINE AND TEMPEST.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. A. E. PORTER.

CHAPTER I.

Dreams and Presentiments.

"Doctor, do you believe in presentiments?" I asked, one evening, as he came with his wife to join me in the summer-house, my usual resort for a short time at sunset.

"No, not at all," was his reply.

"Nor in dreams?"

"I have no faith in them."

"Nor in ghosts?"

"Worse still; the bodily eyes cannot see spirit."

"Have you no faith in intercourse with the spiritual world?"

"I believe the spiritual world to be a 'holme' from whence no traveler returns."

"Without stopping to argue your misinterpretation of the great dramatist," I said, "allow me to ask if you believe in a world beyond this—in the immortality of the soul?"

"As surely as I believe this world to be full of mystery, apparent injustice, and—I speak it reverently—a great blunder, unless there is a supplementary state."

His wife, smiling, turned to me: "Would you believe it?—The Doctor always turns in a position to see the new moon over his right shoulder; I never know him to go on a journey of a Friday, and his favorite play is 'Hamlet' and—I will speak it in a whisper—held go to see Foster, the celebrated medium."

"Yes, as I would go to see any other singular phenomenon, believing all the time that the claim of a spiritual presence is invalid, and that the origin of the apparent marvels may be found in natural causes. Do you remember what Baron veritas?—It were better to have no opinion of God at all than such an opinion as is unworthy of him; for one is infidel, the other is contumely; and, certainly, superstition is the reproach of the Deity. The master of superstition is the people; and in all superstition, wise men follow fools."

"You jump at conclusions, Doctor. You must first prove that a belief in presentiments, ghosts, etc., is superstition. Now, there is 'second sight.'"

"Ay, you have him there," said Mrs. Minot; "his grandmother was a Scotchwoman, and possessed that gift."

"Seeing that you have brought me to confession," said the Doctor, "I must even make a clean breast of it. I am predisposed—as my wife could tell you—to a belief in the supernatural, and nothing interested me more in boyhood than stories of ghosts, haunted houses, etc.; but when I became a physician to diseased intellects, I suppressed this taste as much as possible, and tried to look upon my patients as physical beings only, finding, by experience, that, to minister to a mind diseased, I must first put the machine in order. It is difficult to compare physical with spiritual; perhaps the best illustration which I can give is that of a musical instrument. We know that there is no musical sound without vibrations of air. The difference between noise and music is, that, in noise, the waves strike the ear irregularly; while, in music, they are regular, and so rapid as to blend together. In tuning a musical instrument, I think nothing of the air, ocean whose waves alone bring harmony or discord to the listening ear; I simply put in order my bent wires and broken keys, and then the waves of air beat against them in regular succession, making sweet harmony in place of discord. I seldom talk with my patients about their illusions or delusions, their wondrous dreams or morbid fancies. I look to the liver and the lungs, the pulse and the skin, the spinal cord and the aching head. It is very prosaic and often-times very revolting work, or would be so, if we did not look to the result of the labor. I assure you, my delight is great when I can thus re-tune the broken lute, and hear the harmony which succeeds to confusion. But, to return to your questions. What have you seen to-day which led you to them?"

"No one thing in particular; but I had a strange dream the first night that I slept under this roof."

"No dream could be very strange which comes to you here, with your interest in the patients and sympathy with them."

"But my dream came before I had seen a patient."

"You felt, however, that eight hundred were under the same roof?"

"Please tell the dream, Miss Esther," said Mrs. Minot, "and let us try to give the interpretation thereof."

"I dreamed that one of the patients called, 'Help me, dear lady! I am sure you can. I am in the power of an evil spirit, and your love can deliver me.' It was only a voice at first—a very gentle, sweet voice. I had not thought much of their dream till it was repeated the second night;

and then, when I saw Mrs. Ellis, I thought perhaps I was sent here to deliver her."

The Doctor smiled and shook his head: "The only help for Mrs. Ellis is in some hard, sharp trial, that, like a consuming fire, shall burn the dross of this silly romance-reading out of her."

"Yes, I think so; and as I do not hold the threads of her destiny in my hands, I can do her little good. But the dream was repeated the third time; and on this occasion, I saw a veiled figure—evidently a lady, by the voice—and the folds of a soft bridal veil, which fell over her head and shoulders, reaching to her feet. 'Help me, dear lady! I am in the power of an evil spirit, and your love can deliver me.'"

"This was the third time these words had been repeated to me, near midnight each time. When I received your invitation to visit here, a voice seemed to say to me, 'Go; there is work for you there; you are needed.'"

"There is nothing strange in that, Miss Esther," said Mrs. Minot. "We did meet you here, and your presence has done us good already. The Doctor is another man since you came. Talking over the days of his childhood, with you and revisiting the scenes of his European travel has refreshed him wonderfully. He is so devoted to his work that, before he is aware, it depresses and wears him. There is a terrible strain upon mind and body to one who fills such a post conscientiously."

"Yes, Miss Esther, Mary is right; you have done us good already. I think it must be my wife who appeared to you."

"In a bridal veil," said the somewhat portly but still comely middle-aged woman.

"Yes, why not?" said her husband. "I remember that I thought never mortal woman looked so lovely as you once appeared in me. Miss Esther, I hope the vision will appear to me."

"There is no sign for you but the old philosopher, Bacon, with his day-essay on superstition, which you think better than any romance," said his wife; "and, sir, I have no evil spirit to be delivered from."

"Yes, you have; I can't tell you how the blue devils besieged me and were tormenting my soul when I wrote that letter to Miss Esther. I am another man already. So we will conclude that you appeared to our friend, and that she has healed your call."

I was not quite satisfied with the turn which the conversation had taken, but I believed it would banish the vision, and when I closed my eyes to sleep, I said to myself, "It is high time, Esther Cobb, for you to be done with such silly fancies. I am ashamed of you for repeating your dreams. The Doctor thinks you weak in the head evidently; now shut your eyes and go to sleep, and tell your dreams no more." But our wisest plans are sometimes thwarted. The vision did appear to me that night, and the sweet, pleading voice of the veiled lady touched my heart, but I kept my resolution not to tell it, and made another—that I would see every lady patient in that house. I had keys, which would open all the female wards, so instead of spending much time with my favorite Fifth, I passed from there into a passage way which I had never entered before. My key unlocked another door, when I suddenly found myself among patients who had been described to me as more seriously affected than those with whom I had become familiar. A young woman with a pleasant face and manner said:

"Walk in, madam; the ladies are very quiet this morning, and will be glad to see you."

As I walked in, a tall woman in a black dress, with gray hair, cap and spectacles, sat waiting in the attendant's room. The attendant introduced her as Miss Brown, the lady who had the superintendence of two rooms. Miss Brown looked at me closely through her spectacles an instant, and then said to my companion:

"Susan, walk with the lady through the rooms. I am going to take two or three to ride."

I was sitting as she passed out of the room. A stately old lady, I thought, as I watched her retreating figure, while something in the poise of the head and the easy movement of the body seemed familiar to me, and I tried to recall some one with that step and manner. She passed on through the long room, taking two or three of the patients with her. The first person who attracted my attention, after these left, was an old woman with homely features, but, withal, a pleasant face. Her dress of some gray stuff was looped up over a stout, woolen petticoat, her sleeves rolled above the elbows, and a plaid cotton handkerchief tied over her head. She was wiping the painted walls with a damp cloth, leaving not a speck or stain behind, and using a little stick to free the corners from all collections of dust. She scrubbed away as if her life depended on the work. "There, child," she said to the attendant, "I hope we will keep clean for one day," as she washed out her towels and

hung them up to dry in the bath room, then took off her head, washed her face and smoothed her hair. I noticed that the beds were made up with great regularity, each one as smooth and nice as a blackboard. I spoke of it to the attendant.

"Yes," she replied, "that must be Auntie Dick's work. Auntie Dick has been making the beds."

"Yes, I had to do it. They were so badly made that I could not sleep the night of them."

She seemed possessed with the spirit of cleanliness and good nature. Her strong features, brown and wrinkled, and stout, bare arms would make a good subject for a Flemish painter. She was the only one in the room in whom I took any interest. The other women in the ward were very ordinary in look and manner, the common types of insanity prevailing—a moody silence or a foolish levity. One was walking back and forth with her hair dressed in the latest fashion, and wearing all the jewelry at her command—rings, brooch, finger rings, bracelets, and two or three chains. She bowed, smiled, and looked as happy as a belle promenading Broadway, bowing and smiling as she passed along, as if a thousand admiring eyes were fixed upon her. Another woman was reading, but more than one-half were sitting listlessly about, interested in nothing. I queried whether some employment, even if forced upon them for a little while, would not aid in their restoration, and that thought reminding of a lady in the Fifth to whom I had promised some work that day and instruction in a new crochet stitch, I left the room, intending to call again. I had taken a fancy to Auntie Dick, as they called her—a shortening of her true name, which was Dickson.

After some time spent with my friends of the Fifth, I walked to the workshop, hoping to get a glimpse of Uncle Fred. I found him at his work, so absorbed that he heard me not. His gloves and charts were before him, and now and then he stopped work on his machine, and drew plans and wrote. While I was there, he said to the overseer of the shop:

"Take me to my room; I am very weary. I have written directions for the completion of my work; that, in case any accident should destroy my machine, the world would not suffer for the loss. Tomorrow, I hope to complete my life-work, and show the world how the waste places may blossom as the rose, and the frozen regions bear the grain and fruits of the tropics. Sunshine! sunshine! come in! shine! shining! leading to the sick, civilization to the polar regions, life to the world, when the iron shall be exhausted and the coal mines refuse to dispart."

As he turned to go out, he saw me.

"Ay, madam, you will come and crown me! You promised! Crown me as they did the heroes of old Greece! Good morning!" and he passed out with a feeble step, a few locks of his silvery white hair falling from under his black velvet cap.

Some singular association, perhaps, the whiteness of that hair in the sunlight as the door was opened, recalled to my mind of the lady in the bridal veil. I could not help smiling. "Auntie Dick and this philosopher were all who could, in any way, excite my sympathy that day. The idea still haunted me that I was needed for a special purpose, and time would reveal it if I waited patiently. That night the dream came again, but it assumed the form of Auntie Dick. She stood before me in her homely garb, her arms and hands bare and rough, her large features thrown into bold relief by the moonlight, her gray hair drawn back from her forehead and twisted into a little knot on the back of her head and confined by a small horn comb, while in her hand she held a white linen cloth, as if just going to her daily morning work of scrubbing the walls. She seemed about to speak, but as I waited for her words, she began suddenly to transfigure before me; the gray hair changed to flowing locks of glossy brown, and fell like a cloud about her almost to her feet; arms and hands became plump and fair, and the rough face beautiful in the freshness of youth—the white touch expanded into wings, and an angel stood before me. The words of Leigh Hunt must have occurred to me in my dream; for I awoke repenting them—

"And saw within the moonlight in my room, Making it rich and like a life in bloom."

An angel!

for the last words were lingering on my lips when I awoke.

"The blessed old woman!" I said. "I am sent to make the rest of her life happier. She ought not to be here; I will rescue her, and if no other suitable home can be found, she shall go to my own." I thought of her while I dressed, and at breakfast I ventured to tell my dream, risking the Doctor's wrathful rebukes under cover of his wife's sympathy with me.

The Doctor laughed long and merrily. "I fancy the worst thing you could do for Auntie Dick would be to remove her from this place. It has been tried again and again, and she relapses into such melancholy as would soon end her life. She has no near kin living; but friends who knew her in former days and esteemed her for her thorough goodness of heart, keep her here at their own expense because she is so unhappy away from us."

"That she will become a beautiful angel," I have no doubt, when mortal puts on immortality, for she is like a shag-bark, walnut, that hath a sweet meat under a rough exterior. Alas! neither a Joseph or a Daniel yet appears to interpret your dream!"

"You believe, then, that Pharaoh and Nebuchadnezzar dreamed, and that their dreams came to pass?" I asked a little pettishly.

"I dare not deny it," he said, not noticing the tone of my voice, but adding at once, "Auntie Dick has taken a great interest in one of the patients of the ward, and this has drawn her out of herself, and will aid in keeping her mind right. I must tell you about it, but I am going immediately after breakfast to see Uncle Fred. He has had a bad night, and my assistant says that he has something special to communicate to me. This evening I will tell you about Auntie Dick and her protégé."

While I took my usual walk in the garden after breakfast, I resolved that I would make the tour of the whole house that day, and throw off, if possible, the feeling that some one wanted me, and was calling for help. As I have said, the building was long, with two additions running back and standing *risu vis*. This formed a quadrangular court in the rear, with suites of rooms facing each other, one side occupied by the men, the other by women. Miss Love—the kind little woman who had charge of the fifth ward—had decorated her ante-room, with its one large window, with flowering plants and trailing vines, till it was quite a bower of beauty. She had a

pleasant voice and a kind heart, two good qualifications for her work. The ladies of her charge liked her, and she possessed a good influence over them. She had lately been removed from the sixth to the fifth, and knew Auntie Dick well. "I proposed leaving," she said, "when Miss Brown was placed in charge of the two rooms, and the Doctor gave me permission to remain here."

"Is Miss Brown the tall woman with gray hair and spectacles?"

"Yes, madam; and I am frank to tell you that I think the Doctor places too much confidence in her. I think there is something wrong about her, and that she exerts an undue restraint over some in her department. There is a feeling of honor, as it is called, among the assistants, which prevents them from giving any information to the Doctor of abuse of power, or mismanagement. I did venture to ask him to question Auntie Dick, but he said that would never do, for there was no reliance to be placed upon testimony of patients."

"No one," I said, "could have the heart to treat Auntie Dick unkindly."

"No, madam, and if they did she would make no complaint; but there is a lady patient in that ward to whom she has taken a great fancy. This patient watches every opportunity to escape, and would no doubt destroy herself if she did, and Auntie Dick watches over her as a mother over her babe. This displeases Miss Brown and rouses her jealousy, and the consequence is, that Auntie Dick is contrary at times and difficult to manage. The Doctor proposed bringing her into this room, and I begged permission for her protégé to come with her, but the Doctor said that Miss Brown had so much firmness and presence of mind that he wished the patient to remain with her. It was a case in which he felt a personal interest, and suicidal patients gave him great anxiety. He did not wish to bring one into this room. There are some facts about Miss Brown which I mean to tell him even if I disregard the sense of honor, which, while it keeps peace among the assistants, may be of great injury to a patient. Miss Phelps, the assistant of Miss Brown, is beloved by the patients under her care, but she stands in mortal fear of Miss Brown. I cannot explain the influence which she has in some way acquired over her. It will all come right in time, for the Doctor cannot be deceived long. I pray God there may be no harm done before that time."

Opposite Miss Love's window, looking into the court, was the room of John Stott, who had formerly been a patient, and since his recovery employed as a coachman. The room was very fond of flowers; as was evident from his window, in which bloomed rare and beautiful plants. As I looked across, I could see roses, heliotropes, tuberoses in full bloom. I noticed also on Miss Love's little table the counterparts of these flowers in vases. I made some remark of Mr. Stott's love of flowers, as I stopped to inhale the fragrance of these. As I spoke, a blush suffused the pleasant face of Miss Love, when the thought rose in my heart, "Have we here, as in the outer world, the play of love?" Why not? And yet somehow I was taken by surprise.

I am not an exception to old maid in general, who never fail to interest themselves in the love affairs of the young, and thus, all at once, John Stott divided my attention with other inmates of the house of whose history I had caught a glimpse.

It was a beautiful June day, and after dinner as I passed the large windows of the central hall, I saw the carriage "under the port cochere," and John standing near, ready to take any one to the city, which is about two miles from the institution. I donned my bonnet and gloves quickly, for I wished to purchase some bright colored woads for my friends of the fifth ward.

John was a model driver. He had a good-humored face, a stout figure, a broad chest, and looked well on the box. Then he and his horses were always on good terms. There seemed to be a mutual understanding between them.

"Now, Jenny, be quiet! Stand still a moment. We are not quite ready. When the time comes, you may show us what you can do."

The handsome creature, so well-groomed by John, turned her ears to catch every word which he spoke, and then stood like a statue till I was seated.

"Now, Jenny, you may go, and, Billy, don't be lazy." Without whip or further urging, they trotted over the smooth road, turning now and then their ears a little to catch a word of approval from John. We were not long in making the two miles. I selected the woads, and then recollected that I must go to the shoemaker's. I asked John to drive me to one.

"I always go to Koenig's, madam, for the ladies. Miss Brown of the sixth ward sent a pair of gaiters there last week to be altered, and wished me to call and get them to-day."

"I will go there then," I said. "I was soon fitted with the slippers I wished to purchase, and when the package was handed to me, the shopman produced the gaiters for which John had come. They were dainty little things, number two, made of satin, with tiny tips of softest French kid. Koenig, who was in the shop, looked at them admiringly, held one on his fingers a moment and said, 'That's the best work done in our line. Nobody can beat it. There is only one place in this country where they can be bought, and that is Gauthier's on Broadway. It takes a handsome foot to wear that, ma'am, high instep, narrow sole.'"

I took the boots in my hand. They were pretty things. On the lining of heavy white silk, a name had been written, but it was so obliterated that I could make out only the letter *L*. I knew that no old woman with gray hair, spectacles and spectacles were those shoes; they no doubt belonged to some one under Miss Brown's care. Oh, woman's curiosity! I puzzled my head for full five minutes in wondering to which of the patients in that room these gaiters could belong. I smiled when I thought of Auntie Dick's staid shoes, and of the worn slippers of many others. Those gaiters diverted my mind from the voice which had rung in my ears for so many days. I was trying to guess my riddle when John Stott's round good-natured face turned to me, and he said, "Would you be pleased to go back by the river road, ma'am. It is a good deal longer, but the Doctor said maybe you would like it; it is more woody, ma'am."

There was a little precision in his manner, which corresponded to his dress. He wore a linen coat, ironed to a glossy smoothness, a white vest, in the button-hole of which was a tiny bouquet of heliotropes and rose-buds.

"By the river-road by all means, John, and as the day is so fine, throw back the carriage-top and give me a view of the country."

The horses struck into a brisk trot on the smooth, level road, bordered by hedge-rows

which enclosed broad fields where the sleek, well-fed cattle stood ankle-deep in grass and clover. We heard the moving-machines at work in the distant grain-fields, and saw the wide farm-doors opened to receive the fragrant hay. Now and then we rode by orchards, full of promises to pay, and came at last where the road ran through a piece of woods, or "timber," as John called it, that skirted the river. John answered all my questions, showing a good knowledge of the country. These questions, slight though they were, led on gradually to his giving me a sketch of his life, in which the reader may feel some interest.

(Continued in our next.)

Free Thought.

THE DIAKKA AND THEIR VICTIMS.

BY JOHN HARDY.

From the fame and experiences of the author, as well as by its promising table of contents, I sat down to the perusal of this publication with exalted expectations. Now, surely, we shall receive some little light on the many vexed questions puzzling the souls of the candid investigators in their researches connected with the crudities of mediumship in its varied phases, more especially at the present juncture, when mediums on the right hand and on the left—mediums of good and of evil report, some late in the field and some of two decades, from Gordon down to the Edlys, are said to have been thoroughly exposed (and by "good" Spiritualists) in the most contemptible and nefarious work of rank imposture, gross deception and charlatanism; and this more especially in attempted materializations, from Gordon's "holy altar" to dark circles, cabinets, closets, and behind screens and shawls, where mediums, thus isolated from the gaze of the audience, after long apparent success in materialization, have been, one after another, discovered in palming off for genuine spirit materializations their own hands and faces, thereby most cruelly playing upon the heartstrings of the bereaved, and also tending to throw discredit upon one of the most genuine and important, but rare phases of mediumship.

Am I expecting too much from our author, in this connection, when he most complacently and without a smile tells us that "Then smilingly stood before me my faithful young friend, formerly an occasional associate during his residence upon earth—James Victor Wilson. * * * Just one month after this, as I was returning from a protracted walk, a telegram from Victor said, 'Meet me on the evening of the 18th in your place,' and, according to appointment, about eleven o'clock at night a loud rapping was heard on the door. On my opening, I Victor entered, and together we proceeded into the room; he stood by my side as I sat by the table, and thus we enjoyed a protracted conversation."

Here certainly is something real, tangible, a veritable spirit who makes an appointment by telegram, comes at the time appointed, knocks at the door (for Bro. Davis's spirits are so tangible they cannot penetrate through solid substances), enters, and engages in a long conversation, and for the express purpose of showing how mediums are victimized by spirits. And now what the result? what new light? what light at all? It may be my spiritual obliquity or logical dullness, but I am compelled to say that I finished a perusal of the Diakka with a deep feeling of disappointment and regret, finding scarcely anything there but what has been reiterated by Spiritualists on the platform and through the press for the last twenty years; household words, even among all Spiritualists laying claim to even semi-intelligence, viz., that we pass from this state into the next morally and mentally unchanged; that there, as here, like attracts like; that the undeveloped or, as our author terms them, "the morally deficient," naturally and unavoidably congregate and flow together, in a state not fixed but probationary, finally taking their exodus therefrom, through the laws of progression and experiences, to more exalted homes. Also, that the citizens of this vast country can and do return to their former homes, with the same facility as those of higher advancement; and, when they do so return and influence mediums or others, will unavoidably act out their own characteristics. What more than this does the Diakka teach us?

He says, "The country of the Diakka is a Garden of Eden (to use no harsher term) where the morally deficient and the affectionally unclean enter upon a strange, probationary life."

Again: "A Diakka is an unhalloved, not an evil person, whose influence can be overcome by any person of ordinary judgment, with will enough to draw a pail of water, or to walk a mile up hill." So, after all, this outlandish character is but one of the undeveloped ones; no stranger to be feared, but from among our friends just over the border, that Spiritualists have recognized, and talked of from the beginning, and such are the Diakka.

Well, pray how many of us will escape a brief visit at least to this dreaded country? Where are the fortunate ones not in any degree "morally deficient"? Who among us is "affectionally clean," perfectly rounded and polished; needing no probationary schooling? Will all such rise and stand tall counted? That our author himself deems the number small, is evident from the fact of his assigning such a vast area of territory to his Diakka, for, reverting to its magnitude, he says, "It would require not less than one million eight hundred and three thousand and twenty-six diameters of the earth to measure the extent of this celestial wilderness."

True, our author seems to invest this immense throng of our brothers and sisters with attributes and propensities not highly flattering to the theory of continued and universal progression, when he says: "A Diakka is one who takes insane delight in playing parts, in juggling tricks, * * * secretly tormenting mediums, causing them to exaggerate in speech, and to falsify by acts, pointing our feet in wrong paths," &c., &c. And as we are left to infer that this is the character of the Diakka in mass, one would prefer the present state, with all its incongruities and imperfections, for, relieved of the almost unavoidable inducements necessarily connected with our present modes of life (as the Diakka are), the number who would be found thus deceiving and tormenting from pure "cussedness" would be very few.

But not content with thus clothing our friends of the next sphere with viciousness, our author is taught by "Victor" that "a Diakka is a boundless disbeliever, who thinks that all private life will end in the all-consuming love of God, * * * self being the whole of private living, and exalted annihilation the end of all private life."

How to account for the fact that this immense throng have become annihilationists, will be a puzzle to the most astute progressionists.

On the whole, is not our author rather severe on these unfortunate spirits, that they should be held accountable for so much of the deceptions, humbuggeries, incongruities and nonsense given forth to the world by hundreds calling themselves mediums? and if, as believed by many true Spiritualists (and the many recent exposures point strongly that way), that at least seven out of every ten calling themselves mediums for materializations are arrant frauds, willful deceivers—what, pray, has the Diakka to do with it? Are the Diakka not here among us, clothed in flesh? How long are Spiritualists to make scapegoats of our friends on the other side, for the rascalities committed solely by so-called mediums?

Was the appearance of James Victor Wilson to Davis, a case of materialization? Has Bro. Davis ever seen a real, tangible materialization of a spirit, or by a spirit, that could be seen by others at the same time, where the conditions precluded the possibility of fraud? Is not "Victor" a Diakka, playing his pranks upon Bro. Davis? Should a spirit approach me and declare that all the hosts of spirits inhabiting the border country were atheists, I think I should be inclined to say, "Get behind me, Diakka!"

One case of materialization at Moravia is mentioned—that of an old woman, with the remark that "such representations are nothing but artistic fabrications by skillful Diakka." Had our author visited Gordon previous to his exposure, would he have called the "Spirit-Bride" a skillful fabrication of the Diakka, or a gross fraud of the medium?

There are genuine materializations now taking place in this country and Europe, under conditions absolutely precluding all fraud, of sufficient occurrence to warrant the Spiritualists in exposing publicly every medium, real or pretended, caught in the act of deceiving. These frauds have been palmed off upon spirits most too often: no true medium will fear the ordeal.

As to materializations—or, in other words, the almost instantaneous creation of a face or hand, presented under such circumstances that there can be no false interpretation, no possibility of fraud—they are phenomena astonishing, astounding, and well worthy of, not demanding the attention of our learned *arrogans*, who devote so much of their time in the investigations of the bones of men and animals found in caves, or the flint instruments of our forefathers; and the hope was widely indulged, on the announcement of this last work of Bro. Davis, with its startling title, that he would throw some light upon the pathway of our investigations of these momentous phenomena, the use of which, in the hands of advanced spirits, is not to be lightly passed over, and possibly may be inseparably connected with the germination of the "Tree of Life," which is to be for the healing of the nations preparatory to the time when Death shall be swallowed up in victory!

"BY THEIR FRUITS SHALL YE KNOW THEM."

In these days of the abuse of Modern Spiritualism, and an after misconception of cause and effect as connected with, the promulgation of its doctrines, how much are needed advocates of honor and uprightness—men and women whose lives are irreproachable, who act openly and consistently in the fear and love of God before the world, whose inner record angels can read without a blush, whose conscience is void of offence before God. As was written in the olden time, "These agencies must needs come, but woe unto them through whom they come." They are preparing a fearful retribution for themselves; literally laying up wrath for a day of judgment—a judgment their own souls shall decree. When realizing, as they must, the great and glorious truths they have ignored, and the mean and unworthy things they have advanced before the world, both visible and invisible, how will they be rebuked and confounded. Many weak, unstable minds, confused and influenced by them, will rise like spectres, pointing to their ruined hopes and blasted affections, as so many monitors of their shame.

Our God is a God of justice as well as mercy. "I will demand a jealous account of the talents committed to their care." It is no excuse, that, because evil is in the world, greater wrong should become the ascendant; that, if the sacredness of love is abused, license and wantonness should prevail, and the loved name of home, father and mother be trampled in the dust.

The American heart was roused to indignation when the emblem of freedom was assailed; but how much more the sanctuary of the heart is invaded, when her holiest altars are defamed, her cherished idols dethroned by passion, envy and lust. Disappointed ambition, betrayed confidence, in fact, the prevalence of the worst, most debasing desires, could alone tolerate or sanction such unholiness, such unblushing avowal of crime and debauchery. And all this under the sacred name of *Spiritualism*—a name and faith which should be enshrined in the holiest, purest aspirations of the soul; and thank God it is a beacon-light of truth and love to so many, leading onward to the shores of eternal blessedness.

What connection the communion of spirits, whether in the form or out of it, should have with the lowest and vilest, fancies of an overwrought brain, stimulated by passion and galled by disappointment, is an anomaly hard to be understood, either by spirits or mortals, other than that some disguise is necessary to cover such glaring deformities. Unfortunately, Spiritualism was chosen—or rather, I might say, fortunately; for it has the strength and power of God to sustain it, and will overcome the traducers of his holy ordinances with shame and confusion of face. Already the tide of indignation is rising; the good and pure are putting on the garments of war. Soon throughout the land will come the deliverer, and this truth, captured for unholy purposes, will come forth in triumphant glory. Think not for a moment that the advocates and workers in this glorious cause are unmindful, or sleeping upon the post of duty. They are watchful and vigilant, and the works of iniquity shall perish.

Is it not enough that we have the skepticism, the unbelief of the world to contend with, the opposition of long-established faiths to surmount? Lo, it is nothing to the treachery of friends, the selfish demands of those who arrogantly assume

to carry the ark of the Lord with unholy power. But be of good cheer; his Alpha and Omega are above and beyond all these usurpations of sense. He has given his angels charge concerning it, and is revealing himself in new and various ways to the children of earth; and though they rebel, he will yet strive with them, that they enter the gates of the beautiful city wherein dwelleth righteousness.

We regret these asseverations of ignorance, these ebullitions of anger; but even these may be of use. The open avowal of such principles, concealed beneath the garb of spiritual instruction and intercourse, will arouse the indolent, and awake the unthinking to review and criticize their faith. They would know upon what it is founded; what does it teach? whither are they drifting? and what the effect of this belief?

Is every sacred and holy thing to be cast aside? As the mother clasps to her aching heart her babe, God's minister of life and love, it will teach her, in his own way, his will: will enforce chastity, patience and love, to preserve forever inviolate the family altar. We need not fear while so many evidences of himself are constantly breathed upon the inner soul, of fidelity and truth. They are a shield and defence around and about us—the very element of life, purity and bliss; and how shadow the teachings of humanity, compared with the unchangeable wisdom of God. He hath made the human parent a type of himself, and the earthly home a faint picture of the heavenly one, to which we all aspire. Let, then, the hand beware and the heart weary that would attack this holy temple of his appointment. Rather let them clothe with sackcloth and ashes their own sorrows and disappointments, and rebuild therefrom a new edifice of repentance and hope, than seek to demolish for others what they have destroyed for themselves. The errors and mistakes of life are many, but not irreparable. The beginning may be cloudy and dark; but God's Providence is over all, and there are ways and means to meet the greatest emergency, if the soul will only look out of itself to claim as its own what he has ordained for it—life, enjoyment, rest. But these are attainable only through strict obedience to the laws which originate and govern existence. Every violation, whether physical, mental or spiritual, involves its own penalty—a penalty which must and will be enforced. The further we wander in the paths of sin, the greater the suffering. "In the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die," is just as binding now as when these prophetic notes first broke the silence of time; the same chord vibrates to the touch of evil and good. He is no respecter of persons, and His perfect law must be obeyed. This law teaches the love of God, the brotherhood of man, the divine unity of spirit and mortal life—both emanating and tending unto Him, their parent source; their communion and influence upon each other, and the final reunion of all in the perfection of that law; that good shall overcome all evil; the weak and erring brought into the fold of righteousness and peace; that our angels do always behold the face of the Father, while they teach, guide and direct us, and finally will present us as trophies of their faithfulness, with robes unspotted and clean, ready to enter the enjoyment and sonship of our inheritance in his everlasting kingdom. This is Spiritualism.

Boston Highlands. ARNOLD T. HALL.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE PARTING FROM HIS BOOKS.

In Memory of Walter Starbuck.

BY WILLIAM ARUNTON.

[His books to him were surely dear—As dear as friends for many a year;How could he part without a tear?

The joy of scholar old had heIn this, his well-filled library;And equal pain to parted be!

No more may he, in gracious mood,Retire to their sweet solitude,From worldly joys and noises rude.

No more may he peruse each page—The golden gift of youth and age;No more with them his griefs assuage.

A higher call he hears to-day;The angel, Death, hath come his way,And he its mandates must obey.

Yet death to him hath no such dreadAs faithless faith doth on it shed;By it to fuller peace he's led!

And now he leaves the near and kind,The loving heart and noble mind,And ties of home that closely bind;

He leaves—in hope to meet once more,Upon that fair, celestial shore,Where separation none deplores:

But books that he has stored with care,And chosen chosen everywhere,The present hour deigns to spare.

It may be that, in regions new,To these fond books he bids adieu,And feeds on fruits earth never grew.

It may be that immortals drinkFrom depths to which we cannot sink,And soar to heights we cannot think.

And thus we may in life improve;Yet hard it is to leave the groveIn which we long have walked with love.

'T is hard to leave at once behindThese dearest relics of mankind—The elder worth of manful mind.

And so each book he takes with care,And clasps in love and tender prayer,And makes his bosom friend its heir.

He opens the leaves with touching grace,And looks at them like some sweet face,And, looking, tears have welcome place.

A burning kiss he gives to all—The books he loved ere death did call—The books he loves now death doth fall.

A dearest kiss to friends on earth,And then to heaven his soul shall birth,Its best companionship and worth.

A kindred love shall rule him there,And he shall know the good and fair,And bask in science rich and rare.

The love of books shall bear its seed,And lives of love his soul shall lead,And grow to such high faith and deed.

And blessings new shall gird him round,And knowledge spring from holy ground,And Paradise in light be found!
Troy, N. Y., Oct., 1873.

Our thanks are tendered Mr. and Mr. S. Adams for a liberal "donation" of delicate grapes from their West Roxbury vineyard.

en, - *Soul Scour.*
on "Whatever is just is the true law; herein this truth
be abrogated by any written enactment," — *Cicero.*
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Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the Banner of Light was spoken by the Spirit whose name is written through the instrumentality of MRS. J. H. CONANT.

While in an abnormal condition called the trance, these Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-plane in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Public Circles are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 2 Montgomery Place, (Second story), every MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOON. The Hall will be open at two o'clock, services commencing at precisely three o'clock, at which time the doors will be closed, neither allowing entrance nor exit until the close of the service. In case of necessity, anyone desiring to leave the room during the services, the fact must be stated to the Chairman, and permission will be granted to retire after the expiration of five minutes. But it is to be hoped that visitors will remain throughout the session, as every Spiritualist knows that disturbing influences produce inharmonious, and this our spirit friends particularly enjoy upon us to avoid, if possible. As these circles are free, we have no doubt visitors will readily conform to our rules.

The questions answered at these Circles are often propounded by individuals among the audience. Those read to the controlling intelligence by the chairman, are sent in by correspondents.

Donations of flowers for our Circle-room collected.

MRS. CONANT receives visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock, P. M. She gives no private sittings.

SEALD LETTERS.—Visitors at our Free Circles have the privilege of placing sealed letters on the table for answer by the spirits. First, write one or two proper questions, addressing the spirit questions by his or her full name, then put them in an envelope, seal it, and write your own address on the envelope. At the close of the service the Chairman will return the letter to the writer. Questions should not place letters for answer on our circle table, excepting long replies, otherwise they will be disappointed.

Lewis B. Wilson, Chairman.

Invocation.

May the wisdom of God the Father and the love of God the Mother rest upon us this day, leading us one step nearer heaven, blinding back one more of the shadows of the past that may cluster around our present, befogging our vision. Thou Spirit of the Home, thou hast us in thy keeping; we are cradled upon thy bosom, and thou wilt tenderly provide for us. Yet thou hast implanted desires within our souls that struggle for utterance, that beat against the bars of our language, longing for the freedom of wisdom. Father, Mother, give us that wisdom, give us that power also to accompany the wisdom, by which we shall be enabled to lead thy children in the darkness of human life out of that darkness into clearer light. There never was a time, oh our Father, when the human heart had more need of spiritual light than at the present. We feel this in our souls, and feeling it, we call upon thee to respond to our needs, and we know that we shall not call in vain. We thank thee, Great Spirit, for all thy favors. We bless thee for the gift of flowers, those bright gems that deck the earth and make glad the human heart.

We thank thee for the religion of the past, with all its darkness, with all its error. It has educated the human mind in some directions, and given it something more of clearer light, because it has sown seeds within the human soul that have burst the shell, and are now struggling for the sunlight, and, like prayers, unborn prayers, they, our Father, are seeking to find expression in this life. May thy blessing rest upon the needy everywhere, through thy ministering angels. May the sick, the sorrowing, the afflicted everywhere find comfort and peace, and may Modern Spiritualism, with its many crooked ways, become the very gate of heaven to souls that shall embrace it, and more than that, heaven itself, to those that shall understand it.

Oct. 7.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Before proceeding with our usual exercises I have some remarks to make with reference to an error that has been abroad in regard to this building. The error is this—that it has been purchased by donations received after the last November fire. It is the general opinion that the appeal sent out by the Banner of Light was largely responded to, and that this building is one of the results of that response. Now, this is not so. I am informed by the proprietors and publishers of the Banner of Light, that not a single dollar of the donations received at that time has been expended in this direction. I am informed that all that was received was used in keeping the Banner aloft during its weeks and months of financial darkness. Now, the real truth is that one of the publishers and proprietors, Mr. Rich, purchased this building out of his own private funds, aside from the Banner. Two years ago he said to us, "Now, spirits, if I am successful in my outside business, I will purchase a building where we can hold our seances, sell our books upon free thought, and free religion, and do all the business of the Banner of Light." Success crowned his efforts in his outside business, and the result is that we are here to-day.

Now, then, we have no reproach to cast upon the Spiritualists because they did not respond more liberally to our appeal. They did the best they could. There were noble, generous souls who did respond well, but there were others, of larger means, who were silent. Well, they, too, did the best they could. People are not organized alike; each one differs from all the rest. Some find more pleasure in keeping the spoils that they have obtained in this life than in using them. Some find it impossible to let the wealth of this world escape their grasp after they have once obtained it. It seems to become incorporated into their very souls, and hardens them in any direction. Is it our business to blame them? No; not if we judge of them from a purely spiritual and wise standpoint. We may not like the way they do this; we have a right to say; but we have not the right to say they could have done better, because perchance they could not. We repeat, this building is the private property of one of the proprietors of the Banner of Light—Mr. Rich. It is an outside and separate affair from the Banner of Light, purchased by means gained in other ways than by selling the paper or by selling books. Spiritualists ought to know—journalists do know—that such papers as the Banner of Light never succeeded financially until they have obtained popu-

larity among the people. Now, Spiritualism has been very unpopular; therefore all its organs have been unpopular. Mediums, journals, periodicals—everything connected with Spiritualism has been unpopular, and it is a fact patent to every reasoning mind that the public do not support things that are not popular. Just make a thing popular, no matter how bad it is, and it will be well supported. But it is to be hoped that our glorious Banner will by and by obtain such a hold in the hearts of all true Spiritualists that it will be supported, and the spirit world will not be obliged to run a variety theatre to give you the bread of heaven. That is the truth, just as it is. Our Orthodox brethren would say that was running the devil's workshop to furnish the Lord's table. Very well; have it that way if you please. If the devil can serve us, we shall be very glad to use him. Lastly, under some circumstances, it is certainly as necessary as Gabriel. We pay honor and homage to both, because, forsooth, we recognize both as the work of God. We do not believe in a division of power in God. We believe that the ruling power is of God, and that it is God; and whether it finds expression in Lucifer or in Gabriel, in the prostitute or in the minister, in the pulpit, it is God's work, and it is not for us to say wherefore the work is as it is, but to perform our own will. If we are fillets of the soul, let us do it well; if we are teachers of the people, let us give the highest truths we can. Whatever may be our occupation, our mission in life, we should, each one, strive to perform that mission well, that we may receive, at some time in life, the approbation of our own souls, in the "Well done! good and faithful servant!" When we can say to ourselves this much, we shall have gained a great victory—we shall have conquered self; we shall have arisen out of much darkness, and become participants of much light and much wisdom. Spiritualism, we rejoice to say, is fast nearing its majority; its muscles are growing strong and firm, and very soon it will be a giant in the midst of the other pigny religions or spiritual faiths. It is destined to overshadow all other religions, and draw all others unto itself, and to be the Christ-principle prophesied of in ancient days, and realized to, at least, a small extent, in the present day.

Oct. 7.

My folks are very anxious to know how I died. It seems they never had any correct information about me. I don't know as this way of bringing it will suit 'em, and I don't care. It is all the way I've got. If anybody else can do any better, let 'em go ahead and do it.

My name was John Henry Sleeper. I was born in New York City, in 1812. My folks live there. I was wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Cold Harbor, and was carried to one of their prison-houses on Belle Isle. I died of my wounds. I didn't suffer long, because my wounds were of such a nature that there was short work made. Now, my mother, brothers, all of us were taught to believe in the guardianship of angels. What does it mean? I suppose she will say, angels are not the departed spirits of our friends. Well, mother, you won't ever see any other angels, I take it, except those that have once had bodies of flesh and blood, and if you think it worth your while to make these things a matter of serious consideration, I will give you all the information I can, straightening you out in a good many matters that are awful crooked just now. I think if you'll write to Tom Ebley, at the present time in Cleveland, he will corroborate my statements; and so of course strengthen your faith. If you have a mind to give me a call, you can communicate with you in any other way. I shall be glad to do so.

John Henry Sleeper.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, if you have questions, I am now ready to answer them. (From Peter Edson, Harmony, Me.) Can a disembodied spirit appear in any other form than that of the body it occupied when living on the earth, and can it appear and disappear at pleasure?

Ans.—Yes, certainly. I am giving you an illustration of the truth of my affirmative assertion in speaking with you through this medium. Spirit is capable of possessing itself of all kinds of matter, all forms, from the grain of sand to the archangel.

Q.—(From L. E. M.) Does the grief of friends of the dying retard the spirit's release, or increase physical suffering?

Ans.—Yes, both.

Q.—Then would it not be better to leave the soul to spirit presence alone at such times?

Ans.—In most instances it would.

Oct. 7.

Ann Merrick.

Good day, deacon. [To the chairman.] My name was Ann Merrick. I wish to send a communication to Mr. George Bissel, of Gloversville, N. Y. Any objections? [Oh, no.] Twenty years ago he promised me he would form a circle for the purpose of having spirit manifestations—and to use his own words: "Allow me to boss the job—out up as I please." Now he hasn't done it. I've waited twenty years—think that's about long enough, and I ain't a-going to wait any longer, so I came here to touch him up a little.

Now, Mr. Bissel, I can make things pretty merry if I've a mind to, and I ain't a-going to say as I shan't be a mind to if you don't keep your part of the contract. I shall be civil enough if you do.

Now do as you promised—form that circle; give me that circle-room; let me boss the job. No matter what I do; if I turn the house upside down, I am boss and have a right to do it.

I am from Ohio, deacon. I don't s'pose it makes any difference who I was and what I was. I am just Ann Merrick. Now, will you send my communication to Mr. George Bissel, of Gloversville, N. Y. Sometimes he gets the paper, and sometimes he don't. Will you send the paper?—mind you, if you don't—[Remind me of it if I don't, won't you?] Well, I'll remind you in my way; I'll turn things topsy-turvy in your room—make 'em think the devil's taken possession of it. If you keep your word with me, all right; I won't harm you. If you do n't, look out, that's all. Good day.

Oct. 7.

George.

I am from Louisiana, sir. I want to send a message to Massa Thomas Middleton. I am George. I been dead since 1862. I want massa to know that I didn't leave him of my own will. I said I'd stick to him, and I did. I was took away. He thinks I lied, like all other niggers. I want you to tell him I was honest. I was carried away, massa, when I didn't want to go. I told 'em, I didn't want to go; I told 'em I was well enough off as I was, and I wanted to stay; but they took me off and carried me down to New Orleans. Then I come to Washington, and I got sick and died, massa. Please say this to Massa Thomas Middleton. From his servant, George.

Oct. 7.

Betsy Moore.

Nineteen years ago I lived here in this place with my daughter, and I died here. My daughter lived in this place, and I lived with her. I was eighty-three years old when I died. Her name was Abigail Moore. My name—Betsy Moore.

I was born in the State of Maine. My daughter came up here to Boston to live, and I came here to live with her. Things didn't agree with me, and I got sick, and after awhile I died right here in this place, up-stairs. [What in this building?] Yes, up-stairs, in this building—yes—yes—yes! It is made over, now, I know, but that was in the old one.

Now I want to get into communication, if I can, with my daughter Abigail. I don't know where she is, but somewhere about here, I think, and I want to reach her; I want her to know that her mother has got something to communicate to her—something that she will be very glad to know about.

Oct. 7.

Winona, Wis., is to be amused by what is called a wizardian cagliostrotheum. The amusement consists in trying to pronounce the title of the show.

Frances Adelaide Knights.

I am Frances Adelaide Knights, of Cherry Valley, N. Y. I died of scarlet fever. I was twelve years old. I want my mother to know that I am alive, and that little George is alive, too, and father's alive, too, and we all live together here. We've got a nice house with a beautiful garden; and oh, such beautiful flowers! and I have a horse all to myself. We ain't poor at all, and I do wish the good Lord would see fit to bring her to us. She needn't be afraid to come, because it is all nice after she gets here. I hope she won't be sick long. Of course I wouldn't want her to be sick as long as Aunt Anne was, nor in the way she was; I'd like to have her come quick, quick as lightning. She always wonders if there's anything better in the other life. Oh, yes, mother, ever so much better, ever so much. Now, don't never think there's nothing better in the other life, because there is. You will have everything nice; you won't have to be troubled any more about how you'll get along, and you won't have old Uncle Tim to plague the life out of you, because there the people you don't like don't come near you. Uncle Tim torments my mother all the time about what she owes him. He wants her to pay him, and she can't pay him, and he worries her almost to death. I do wish the 'd stop it. He pretends to be a Christian. He'll have to be a good deal more of a Christian than he is, before he can get to heaven. It's true, Uncle Tim, whether you know it or not. Old Mage is the best Christian of the two, and will get to heaven a long time before you do.

Oct. 7.

Scance conducted by Theodore Parker.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, Oct. 9.—Stephen Ferguson, of Portsmouth, N. H.; George McKee, to friends; Charles Williams, of Scarborough, Me., to his mother; Daniel Johnson, of Salem, Mass., to his mother; John Smith, of New South Wales; Omundia, to his mother; chief of the Navahos; Monday, Oct. 13.—Bridget General Charles H. Lowell, to George; Dr. W. A. Adams, General Schenck; Anne Sandbridge, of Windsor, Conn.; Thomas Ward Taylor, of Sandwich, Mass., to his mother.

Friday, Oct. 10.—Cressida, of Holborn, Strand, London; Mary Ann Knights, of Cambridge, Mass., to her grandfather; Joseph Phillips, of Levenson, Me., to his mother; William, of Detroit, Mich., to his mother.

Thursday, Oct. 16.—Prof. Faraday; Tom Devine, of South Boston; James Talbot; Mary Ann, of New York City, to her mother; Lydia Stephens, of Suncook, N. H., to her daughter; Henry C. Wright.

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Thus Fenerbach thought in his poverty and neglect, listening to the murmur of his own heart: He asked for new solation; he made no mean. He was impatient of argument that another life was needed to make comfort

tion for this of this. The hills of this are very sad and salutary as anything else about it. The landscape requires the shadow. There is no peace without pain. Let me my path, he said. *Provingham's Horticultural Magazine*, Jan. 1, 1873.

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PASSIONS.

Oh how the passions, insistent and strong,
Begg our weak minds their rapid course along,
Make us the madmen of their will obey,
Then do, and leave us to our grief and play.

Did you ever do anything wrong,
Sooner or later, being in fear, shame or spite,
On account thereof?

CHILDHOOD.

God keep thee, child, with thine angel brow,
Ever as simple and bright as now;
Fresh as the roses of the first spring,
The fair pure buds it is thine to bring.
Would that the bloom of the soul could be,
Beautiful spirit, caught from thee;
Would that thy gift could now impart
The roses that bloom for the pure in heart.

The labor of the body reflects us from the
figures of the mind, and this it is which forms
the happiness of the poor.—*Recherches.*

The Reviewer.

BIBLE MARVEL-WORKERS, AND THE
POWER WHICH HELPED THEM.

BY ALFRED E. GILES.

PART ONE.

What is a miracle, and what purpose does it
subserve? An intelligent believer in Modern
Spiritualism meets with little difficulty in re-
plying to these questions. He does not find his
answer in theological definitions or in clerical
treatises on the evidences of Christianity. These
speculations guide present only confusion worse
confounded, and whoever seeks in them for
truth on the nature of miracles, "in wandering
mazes lost," will find it not.

If a miracle be defined, after the style of the
theologian, as a "supernatural operation per-
formed alone by the power of God," the critic
perceives flaws in it from end to end. The word
supernatural, opening the definition, is itself a
shift to conceal the definer's ignorance of Na-
ture's laws, and its last word contains as many
meanings as there are minds to study it. The ex-
planation proceeds not from knowledge but
from mental opacity, and throws no light on the
subject it assumes to illuminate.

It has never been violated, nor its order trans-
gressed. Moreover, Hume, more than a century
ago, demonstrated that no testimony could es-
tablish a miracle theologically defined, unless
the testimony were of such a kind that its fal-
shood would be more miraculous than the fact
which it endeavored to establish. His argument
remains unimpaired. More cogent than the
theologian's definition is that of Dumas, the no-
velist: "Miracles are *being done by God*."

The truth is, that man is both a material and a
spiritual being, and lives in both a material and
a spiritual world. Unusual phenomena, result-
ing from the union of matter and spirit, consti-
tute what in the sacred records of all nations
are known by the name of miracles, marvels,
signs, portents and wonders. These indicate to
the thinker the existence of spirit substance.

It is interesting to observe the reception that
such phenomena meet with from different orders
of mind. A Spiritualist perceives and welcomes
them. An intelligent materialist denies their re-
ality so long as they come to him only through
testimony; but when they happen under his own
observation, he after sufficient scrutiny recog-
nizes and acknowledges them. A modern Chris-
tian professes Spiritualism, but lives a materialist.
He is more unfortunately situated for ob-
serving and judging of spiritualistic phenomena
than were the early Christians. They tried the
spirits (1 John, iv: 1). But the modern church-
goer is taught that the age of miracles is past;
that since the apostolic era God has withdrawn
his message from himself to the human race.
He reads in his idealized book of false Christ-
ians and false prophets, who, by signs and wonders,
may possibly deceive the very elect. Guided
by his teachers, terrified by his book, he attrib-
utes spiritualistic phenomena, if perchance he
hears of or sees them, as the Pharisees or reli-
gious exclusives did the works of Jesus; to his
scriptural devil.

A weak or ignorant person is a fearful person.
His fear grows out of his mental ignorance or his
physical weakness. Fear indicates imperfection
or weakness, either of body or of mind. Judged
by this principle, Christianity is a very feeble or
imperfect system. Its supporters have always
been anxious for its safety. Their fears in its
behalf have caused them to be persecutors of
their brethren. Christianity can

—*Beard, like the Turk, no brother can be the Turk.*

Even Unitarianism, its latest and most refined
development, when the occasion offered, evinced
an intolerance that showed how far it is from
being the daughter of the Christian Church of Rome.
Is proof demanded? Recur to the persecution
she waged when in her prime for five years in
Boston, her chosen home. A gentleman who in
his younger days had been a Baptist preacher,
and afterward for more than twenty-five years
a Unitarian minister, having outgrown his
Christian dogmas, put off sectarianism, and with-
drew from the Unitarian denomination. In re-
sponse to a personal remark to him from the
editor of a Unitarian newspaper, that people
still considered him to be a Unitarian, he, to re-
move this erroneous impression, and to define
his religious belief, published a short letter.
Therein, in stating his disagreement with the
Unitarian creed, he wrote this paragraph:
"Unitarians believe in a God which I do not,
but believe that their God, with all his moral at-
tributes (aside from Nature itself), is nothing
more than a chimera of their own imagination."
What followed this frank avowal of his disbelief
in the Unitarian God? A Unitarian layman
instigated a complaint against Mr. Kneeland
(that was the gentleman's name) as a criminal.
A Unitarian lawyer presented it. Under the
instructions of a Unitarian judge a verdict was
rendered against him, and in the year 1828 the
Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, com-
posed mostly of Unitarians, by their judgment

(Marcus Martin, in his honor he remembered,
dissenting) assigned honesty, manliness and
superior intelligence, in the person of Abner
Kneeland, to a felon's cell. Alas! what judges!
If any zealous Unitarian, solicitors for the good
name of his denomination, would here bring out
the fact that Rev. William E. Channing headed
a petition for executive clemency, let that cir-
cumstance be admitted; but he, on his part, will
please to remember that the Unitarian governor
declined to grant it.

But let us not dwell on the illiberality of Unit-
arians. Like all the rest of mankind, they are
as developed as they can be, existing circum-
stances being as they are. They do their part in
helping on the wheel of the world. Their bigot-
ry, just outlined, let us balance by the honest
book, written by a Unitarian, whose leading
title heads this article. Its author, Allen Put-
nam, was formerly a settled Unitarian minister.
The Triennial Catalogue of Harvard University
presents his name in the college class of 1825;
also in the divinity class for the year 1830. But
now he does not appear to rejoice in his former
clerical designation. While every fledgling of a
theological school is anxious to advertise to the
public gaze that he is

—*An actual, recent, and religious man.*

Mr. Putnam, the veteran of threescore years
and ten, has quietly dropped the usual clerical
frill. It does not appear on the title-leaf. For
more than twenty years he has been an observer
and investigator of modern spiritual manifesta-
tions. He has carefully and conscientiously
studied them. Occasionally from the platform,
and through the press, he has spoken of them to
the public. Perhaps his inclination to Spiritualism
is an hereditary tendency. He was born in
Danvers, which formerly was a part of Salem, a
town sadly famous in the annals of witchcraft.
Some of his ancestors were actors and sufferers
in those dolorous times of Christian Orthodox
rule, when Almighty God was recognized as the
source of all power and authority in civil govern-
ment. Mr. Putnam has studied the Bible. He
intimates that in his youth it was his idol, and
says that now it retains a very firm hold upon
his respect and gratitude. But he is not a man
of one book. He does not walk with reverent
gaze. He lives in the nineteenth century, in the
new world, and with soul sympathetic with and
responsive to its influences. His heart is not
hardened. Having eyes, he sees; having ears,
he hears. He perceives, understands and re-
members. The title-page of his book fully and
precisely indicates its scope and purpose. It
presents new readings of the Bible miracles. It
bestows special attention on the personal pec-
uliarities and characteristics of their visible
workers. It indulges in free speculation on the
invisible powers which from time to time oper-
ated through the patriarchs, the prophets, Jesus and
the apostles, opened their vision, and enabled
them to do mighty works. Ancient Spiritualism
and Modern Spiritualism are brought together,
side by side, on its pages. The author says he is
not untrusting to the Bible, but intimates that
his handling of it will tend to make the book
take itself down from a skyey height, to which
theology long ago ballooned it, and cause it to
rest on a natural foundation. It must either
put itself within the reach of science, or be
shelved as a relic of little further use to the
world.

Many Christians proudly narrate the marvels
wrought by Jesus. They tell how he turned
water into wine, healed the sick, the paralytic,
the impotent and lame; how he opened the
eyes of the blind and unstopped the ears of the
deaf. They relate that he cleansed lepers, cast
out demons, and from a dozen loaves and a few
small fishes abundantly fed thousands of people.
They claim that he stilled the tempest, walked
upon the sea, and raised the dead. They refer
to the spiritual gifts with which his followers
were endowed. One could work miracles, an-
other prophesy, another discern spirits. One
had the gift of healing, another could speak with
tongues. All these are the glories of a distant
people and a by-gone age. Moreover, they read
the promise of Jesus that true believers in him
should do the same works, and even greater
(John xiv: 12). Has that promise been verified?
Roman Catholics, it is true, claim that among
them it has been fulfilled. But Protestants be-
lieve it not. They cast opprobrious names on
their Mother Church.

Presbyterians—in fact, all evangelical Chris-
tians—insist that they, themselves, are the spe-
cial friends of God, the true believers in Jesus,
the genuine Christians. But they do not and
cannot present the signs that Jesus said should
follow them that believe. They cannot in his
name cast out devils, they cannot drink any
deadly thing and suffer no hurt; they do not
lay hands on the sick and cause them to re-
cover (Mark xvi: 17-18). They do not when
they are sick, call the elders of the church to
pray over them and anoint them with oil in
the name of the Lord, and so by the Lord to be
raised up and forgiven of their sins (James 5:
14-15). Yet these are the men, destitute of every
evidence that Jesus explicitly declared his true
believers should possess, that are now at work to
have their god, their lord and their book incor-
porated into the Constitution of the United States
as supreme authority over freemen. They com-
pass sea and land to make one proselyte; they
would pervert the charter of American liberty
measure their lust of domination. Is it in hon-
esty, or in intelligence, or in effrontery, that
Christians must excel?

Mr. Putnam states in his preface that he has
prepared "his work for the common Christian
mind," and has spent "no time or thought for
the special purpose of making it satisfactory to
scholars and critics." Whether this modest dis-
claimer will propitiate and disarm the literary
remains to be seen, but a slight reading of the book
shows that he has seized the right key to unlock
the Bible mysteries of Miracle, Inspiration and
Prophecy. It is such books as this, and the phe-
nomena therein treated of, that religionists and
scientists must study if they would correctly un-
derstand and appreciate the Bible and the sacred
books of heathen nations. Christians have
claimed that the Bible is infallible, or without
mistake; yet through the scrutiny of freethink-
ers, keen and independent minds, solicitors for
truth, many serious errors therein have been
brought to light. What fraternal greetings have
the bibliolater, the sabbatarian, the Orthodox

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sectarian given to these seekers for truth? The
same response that the Athenian judges gave to
Socrates, that the Pharisees gave to Jesus, that
the Roman Catholics gave to Luther, that the
English Episcopalians gave to Colenso, that Mas-
sachusetts Unitarians gave to Abner Kneeland—
always and everywhere, the same upbraid is
uttered by the same class of minds. "They cry
out at every discovery in religion, whether of old
error, or of new truth, Blasphemy! Sacrilege!
Desecration!"

But though "the mills of God grind slowly,"
they grind perpetually, and progress is eternal.
Even the Orthodox mind has been so far rasped
that it now perceives and acknowledges that
there are errors—flaws—in the Bible, their sheet-
anchor of salvation. At the present time, a large
committee of scholars are at work in England
and the United States, in revising for public use
the English version of the Holy Scriptures. These
erudite persons are familiar with the English
tongue, and the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin lan-
guages, yet probably not one of them is conversant
with Modern Spiritualism, so that he can
apply its principles to the ancient spiritualistic
actors and phenomena that occupy a very large
part of the Bible. That book cannot be correctly
appreciated, translated, or commented without
acquaintance with Modern Spiritualism. Mr.
Putnam has studied them and perceives that both

—*out from the heart of Nature called.*

Bible students, clergymen, and especially offi-
cers and students of theological schools, could,
by perusing his treatise, acquire some new and
very valuable information in what is supposed
to be their peculiar field of study. They may
there catch hints which, wisely acted on, may
save them after years of bitter pangs in other-
wise outgrowing their early religious prejudice;
"experio eruditur": believe, one who has had ex-
perience. Many a minister and church member
finds himself, in middle life, dwarfed in intellect,
because of the shackles kindly fastened upon
him in childhood and youth, by pious hands.
The book might startle their veneration, but
would tend to enlighten their understanding. It
presents true and new readings of the miracles.
But it may be too much to expect that any mem-
ber of the American or British Bible Revision
Committee will ever read this work. "Ephraim
is joined to his idols," he him alone.

Mr. Putnam, from all the marvel-workers of
whom he writes, presents first to his readers
John the Revelator, him whose visions fill the
last book of the sacred canon. "There are last,"
said Jesus, "who will be first." It is to the clos-
ing book of the Bible that Mr. Putnam resorts
for information in respect to the nature of that
personage whose words and deeds appear so con-
spicuously in its opening book. Whose voice,
like that of many waters, was it that John heard
when he was in the spirit on the Lord's day?
Whose form was it that he saw, like unto the Son
of Man, clothed with a garment, girt with a
golden girdle, with white hair and flaming eyes;
whose feet were burnished; whose right hand
held seven stars; and whose countenance was it
that was radiant as the noonday sun? (Revela-
tions 1: 12-16.) John fell at his feet to worship
him, but that shining being said to him, "See
thou do it not. I am thy fellow-servant." (Revela-
tions xlii: 8-9.) Thus, says Mr. Putnam,
on the surface of the Bible itself lies proof that
at least one of its books was nothing else than a
description of presentation and a statement of
communication furnished by a spirit, to and
through the agency of John, and proof also that
John was so impressed by the appearance and
influence of a prophet returning from the spirit-
world as to deem him to be God. But that
bright being, seen and heard by John only when
his spiritual sight and hearing were unusually
vivified, declared himself to be simply a fellow
servant of John, and a prophet. If John, the
specially loved disciple of Jesus, who had been
with him in his transfiguration, who had been in-
spired to testify and write of the things that
Jesus did, the only apostle whose age extended
to the extreme limit of human life—if he, not-
withstanding all his long experience and favor-
able opportunities for associating with and learn-
ing from spiritual beings, was so mistaken when
he saw one of his fellow servants reappear to
him from spirit-life, as not to recognize him, but
believe him to be God—why may not other per-
sons have made a like mistake, when perchance
they may have seen or heard a spirit? Might
not Abraham, Jacob and Moses have also blun-
dered and erroneously inferred that the bright
angel seen and heard by them was God, when,
in truth, he may have been but a fellow servant
of their own and a prophet. "Strictly and for-
mally," says Matthew Arnold in his recently pub-
lished "Literature and Dogma," "the worship of
newer learn from the philologists, means, like
the older Aryan words, Theos, Deus, and Deva,
simply brilliant." Thus it appears that the Per-
sians, Greeks, Romans and Saxons, without
agreement, each people for themselves, uniform-
ly used, as an appellation of exalted spiritual
beings, (which their clairvoyants occasionally
saw,) a word significant of their brightness or
personal effulgence. The clairvoyant Saxon de-
signated the bright spirit he perceived as a God
or a "brilliant" one. In this instance, as in
multitudes of others, a phenomenal characteristic
of the object suggested its appropriate name.

It was a common belief of the ancients that
spiritual beings were guardians of certain per-
sons, families and states. Socrates had his
guardian demon or familiar spirit. Before eccle-
siastical writers defined the term, the word *demon*
was used in a good sense. Powerful spirits, or
gods, sometimes interested themselves in found-
ing governments and empires on earth. Cicero,
in his "Republic," Bk. I, VII, says: "There
is no one thing in which human world is more
nearly allied to the power of the gods than to
found new States, or to preserve those already
founded." Virgil's great poem details the for-
tunes of Aeneas, a Trojan, who left his country
at the direction of the gods, and under their
guidance came to Italy, and settled in Latium;
whence the Latin race, the Alban fathers, and
the walls of lofty Rome. Abram, a Chaldean,
seventy-five years of age, was brought out from
his native land by a spirit, to originate a nation,
and to occupy a territory that should subse-
quently be given to them (Gen. xii: 1). From
time to time, as needed, Abram had interviews
with his guardian spirit. Not at every moment
could he obtain a conference. Preparation must
first be made, and proper external conditions se-
cured. Not that alone. His own internal being,
or personal consciousness, must undergo a pe-
culiar, and sometimes a frightful change. In the
fifteenth chapter of Genesis mention is made of
certain of the incidents of one of his seances
with his familiar, or guardian spirit. Some of
the preparations there related remind us of the

functions performed by the Roman haruspices,
who killed and examined the entrails of the vic-
tims sacrificed to the gods. But it is the psycho-
logic state produced in Abram, at that seance,
that here deserves attention: "A deep sleep fell
upon Abram; and lo, a horror of great darkness
fell upon him" (Gen. 12). Was that an unusu-
ally profound trance into which he then entered?
Had his soul, or spiritual body, so loosened its
connection with its earthly tabernacle as to be
all-but released from it? Or was he in a state of
"unconscious cerebration" when he heard a
voice foretell to himself long life and a peaceful
death, but for his descendants four centuries of
slavery, and then their triumphant escape. What-
ever was that mental state, it may be instructive
to inquire whether it has not, in some respects,
at times been paralleled. If ancient and Modern
Spiritualism are one and the same in their under-
lying principles, would not their respective out-
growths manifest similar phenomena?

A. J. Davis, a most remarkable seer (by which
designation a prophet in Israel was once known—
1 Samuel, ix: 9)—in the thirty-second chapter
of his autobiography describes his feelings when
he entered, as did Abram, into the valley of the
shadow of death. The author of the book of
Genesis does not dwell upon Abram's state of
mind as the mystic power came upon him; but
A. J. Davis describes minutely his own mental
state, until, as in Abram's experience, the dark
horror overwhelmed him. He had no control of
his bodily organism. The nervous sensibility
had retired from its surface and the organs of
sense, yet his mind was unusually active.
"Every moment," he writes, "I approached
nearer and nearer to a mysteriously dark valley."
"I was filled with terror. The darkness
grew more dark and appalling. I was seized,
suddenly with an unearthly shudder, and—ter-
rible to relate—I found myself whirling in that
blackened gloom with an inconceivable velocity.
I seemed to be revolving in a spiral path, with a
wild sweep at first, and then smaller, so that
every revolution, on my descending flight, con-
tracted the circle of my movement. And thus,
deaf reader, down, down I sank, till immersed
in that dreaded ocean of darkness, the moun-
tain-waves of which grasped me within their mighty
folds, and I sank to the lowest depths of forget-
fulness."

Numerous instances may be found in spiri-
tualistic literature illustrative of the fact that
mental perturbations, though not always mani-
fested, thicken where the current of life and the
river of death commingle. Individual existence
there is fraught dark with storms. Jesus, as he
approached the close of his earthly life, dis-
sented the tempest: "My soul is exceedingly
sorrowful, even unto death." Swedenborg,
while his soul was quickening, for a year or two
prior to the development of its faculties, occa-
sionally gave palpable manifestations of the vol-
canic throes within him; and when, for a little
time (two months before his death), his spiritual
sight was withdrawn, he cried out repeatedly:
"Oh, my God! hast thou forsaken thy servant
at last?" Few in number are the persons who
retain the control of their physical bodies after
their souls have resurrected. The revolution is
so radical and complete, that, in most cases, it
sunders the soul from the body. Like Abram,
A. J. Davis survived his awful experience, and
received from his guardian spirits, as Abram did
from his divine friend, revelations of his future
career.

[Concluded in next issue.]

Chicago Items.

I am happy to say that Spiritualism in Chicago,
"still lives," notwithstanding the recent Con-
vention held here, which many supposed would
be the means of annihilating true Spiritualism.
But there is no need of fear in this direction;
the light of Spiritualism cannot be extinguished.
Free thought and discussion cannot injure it. I
will not enter into details in regard to the Con-
vention, as doubtless you have a full account
from reporters.

Our meetings, or lectures, have commenced
for the season—Warren Chase, our present speak-
er. He seems to give almost universal satisfac-
tion.

Chicago is blessed with many excellent heal-
ers. Dr. Dumont C. Dake can be classed among
the leading spiritual physicians of this age.
Aside from his mediumship, he is an educated
physician. He is having grand success, and fully
merits it. I am informed that Dr. Harriet Car-
penter and Dr. Barnes are performing many re-
markable cures and doing much good at their
"Healing Institute," 706 Monroe street. Mrs.
A. G. Wood, of 188 W. Washington street, ranks
among our best clairvoyants. I am constantly
hearing good reports of her powers, and of many
others I could mention did space permit.

There seems to be an increasing demand for
phenomenal demonstration here, and Mrs. Maud
Lord has been greatly missed by seekers after
that class of mediumship during her absence
from the city; the police in the Sunday pa-
pers, stating that she would hold circles Sunday
and Monday evenings, at the Science Rooms of
the Chicago Philosophical Journal, attracted the
attention of many of her friends, and conse-
quently the Science room was crowded both even-
ings, and I am told general satisfaction was given.

The Bangs children still hold their seances, at
27 South Morgan street, and the majority of
persons visiting them go away satisfied. Mrs.
Sawyer, physical medium, is in the city; but I do
not know her address.

I am not before the public, but I frequently
hold circles, and they are, so far as I know, sat-
isfying. We have the musical manifestations,
such as most of your readers are conversant
with; also, talking in an audible voice, by Belle
Wide-Awake and other members of the band.
They hold lengthy conversations with us, and
talk to us familiarly as mortals; therefore we
know we shall live again, and be enabled to re-
turn and communicate with those we knew and
loved on earth.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hardy have spent a few
days in our city. Mrs. Hardy did not desire or
intend to give a sitting during her sojourn here,
but after the repeated and earnest solicitations
of some friends, she consented, and the results
were pleasing to all in attendance. We hope some
day Mrs. Hardy will take time and come and let
us enjoy her mediumistic powers.

Mrs. Hattie S. Hamilton of Port Huron, Mich.,
has recently paid us a flying visit, and I (with
many others) was very glad to again take her by
the hand. Some thirteen years ago I held a series
of musical circles at her home, and I can never
forget her great kindness to me at that time. It
was my first visit West, and I felt like a "stran-
ger in a strange land." Many of our mediums and
speakers will say with me, "Angels bless Hattie
S. Hamilton." She is now before the public as a
test medium and speaker. After her lectures
she describes spirits and gives tests, similar to
those given by E. V. Wilson. I hope our Western
friends will keep her in work.

Our good sister, Mrs. Mary E. Weeks, who has
been doing much good as a clairvoyant and test
medium during the summer and fall, is now at

work in Iowa. At last accounts she was at Inde-
pendence, en route for Colorado.

Friends visiting Chicago, and desiring the ser-
vices of a good business clairvoyant and test me-
dium, will do well to call upon Mrs. S. F. De-
wolf, 24 South Wabash street.

Yesterday I had the pleasure of a call from
Mrs. Maria L. Glairdine of Providence, R. I.,
who is an inventor. The latest invention of which
she has a patent is an improvement in rails for
street railways. Those interested and under-
standing such matters, propound it a decided
improvement, which should be introduced and
universally used. Mrs. G. is an instrument in the
hands of spirits, and I feel confident will be the
means of doing a vast amount of good to the
world, by allowing the invisibles to use her brain
in this direction.

How much more earnestness we manifest when
aroused to a deep feeling which thrills our entire
nature! There are times when an earnest im-
pulse comes over us, so that we realize how god-
like is the human will, how nearly it approaches
to omnipotence when earnest men and women
throw their whole souls into a good work. The
involuntary functions of the human system move
onward by a sort of mechanical impulse. We
breathe, and our blood circulates without any
specific effort on our part. So of many of the or-
dinary actions of life; they become mechanical,
and we repeat them nearly as automatically as
heart-beating. In many instances, we act from
one or a few of our faculties; the whole individ-
ual is not at once aroused to the work.

In order to labor in real earnest, we must be
so impressed with the importance of our work
that there will be a cooperation of all our facul-
ties. There are times when our feelings are so
aroused that we speak and act with a depth and
earnestness that sweeps every obstacle from our
pathway. We impress our character upon our
acts, and in proportion to the earnestness will be
the depth of soul-power that is stamped strong-
ly upon them. Men and women will never oc-
cupy their true positions until they duly appre-
ciate their own powers, and learn to stamp all
their labors with earnestness and reality. The
work itself must inspire us, while we can give to
it a living inspiration that shall make it reach
our fellow-men. "We want a work with some
practical value in it. Talk about reforming the
world! It strikes me that the most important
reform is to find the means by which mankind
may be released from their present inhuman con-
ditions, and placed in a state where each
one may find that work for which he is cap-
tivated. Each child of the Infinite has an impor-
tant mission, and to find and fill this we must be
ever true to our deepest, our highest inspirations,
and in proportion as we are true to those, our
good spirit-friends and our earthly friends will
assist us in finding our proper spheres or places.

A new era is indeed being inaugurated, in which
many of earth's children, with smiling faces and
"happy hearts," will go forth upon their labors
with an earnestness of purpose which has never
yet been witnessed upon our planet. Very much
has been said upon the danger of yielding to the
invisibles; our spirit-friends do not create con-
ditions, they simply have the power to cultivate
latent talents or qualities they find in persons to
whom they are attracted. Think of the good
spirits have done us—brought light and salva-
tion to many who were groping in darkness. The
teachings of Spiritualism are of priceless value.
The certainty of the soul's immortality—the cer-
tainty that we shall again meet our friends who
have gone before, is indeed a divine revelation.
It must lead us to aspire to a perfect develop-
ment, and awaken a spiritual condition that will
enable us to discern a purer state of existence.
Spirits have begun the mighty work of the social
regeneration of the world. They ask that such
persons should stand forth in the majesty of true
man and womanhood, and war against slavery in
any form whatever. If we are individuals
with the divine essence within us we should be
sovereigns, not servants or masters—sovereigns
over ourselves, not over others, ruling ourselves
for our highest good, calmly, peacefully, lovingly
bearing the burdens of time, and helping one an-
other over the thorny road of this life to the
summer-land, by the surest and safest route.

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