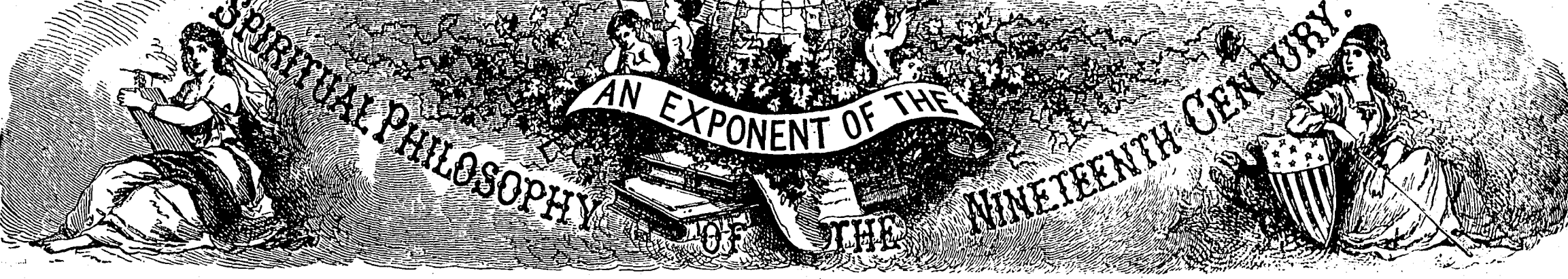


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XLII.

COLBY & RICH,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1877.

\$3.15 Per Annum,
In Advance.

NO. 2.

Banner Contents.

FIRST PAGE.—*Spiritualism Abroad*: Review of our Foreign Monthly Spiritualistic Exchanges. *Foreign Correspondence*: A Second Pilgrimage Around the World—No. IV.

SECOND PAGE.—*Poetry*: The Devil, *Spiritual Phenomena*: Remarkable Instance of Spirit Power; Mrs. Carle L. S. Tving at Deerfield, Mass.; Prof. Carpenter and Clairvoyance; Clairvoyance Triumphant; Gane, and Yet Not Gane.

THIRD PAGE.—*In Memoriam*: *Banner Correspondence*: Letters from Massachusetts, Virginia, New Hampshire, North Carolina, Illinois, Kansas, Indiana, Vermont and Michigan. "A Tree is Known by its Fruits." The Wisconsin Meeting. Convention and Obituary Notice, &c.

FOURTH PAGE.—Plain Statement of Facts Regarding J. Frank Baxter, &c.

FIFTH PAGE.—*Foreign Miscellany*, Short Editorials, New Advertisements, &c.

SIXTH PAGE.—*Message Department*: Spirit Messages through the Mediumship of Mrs. Jennie S. Ridd.

SEVENTH PAGE.—Spirit Messages through the Mediumship of Mrs. Sarah A. Danks; "Mediums in Boston." Book and Miscellaneous Advertisements.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Visiting Indians. Brief Paragraphs. Spiritual Meetings in Boston, &c.

Spiritualism Abroad.

REVIEW OF OUR FOREIGN MONTHLY SPIRITUALISTIC EXCHANGES.

BY G. L. DITSON, M. D.

BELGIUM.

The various papers of this country are taken up quite largely with accounts of Dr. Slade's séances and mediumship, and generally without any marked disfavor. *L'Étoile* seems to have been an exception, borrowing from the illustrated London News what it has to say upon the subject. It would appear that the editor of *L'Étoile* was invited by Dr. Slade to attend one of his sittings; but said editor preferred to trust to the London paper for his information. For this *La Chronique*, of Brussels, takes him to task, while it declares that the writing upon a slate, as arranged, guarded, scrutinized, in Slade's presence, could not have been done by any possible trickery.

The *Progres De Charleroi* has several columns devoted to a visit to Dr. Slade. A party was formed at Charleroi, consisting of the editor of the last named journal, a friend, and several ladies, one of whom, understanding English perfectly, acted as interpreter. The latter had given to her the *Étoile*, in which it was stated that Dr. Slade, for his tricks, had a piece of elastic fastened to his wrist, and a small piece of pencil under his finger nail. This was read to the Doctor, who, smiling, said, "Elastic, pencil under nail," and at once bared his arm to the elbow and allowed the party to examine his finger nails. His feet and knees were also so disposed of as to give perfect confidence to the investigators. The usual phenomena then took place, with the addition that one of the ladies, proving to be a medium, was raised with her chair several inches from the floor.

The *Courrier De Bruxelles* gives also an editorial notice of Dr. Slade's mediumship. It says: "We had the advantage of visiting (giving a hit at *L'Étoile*) Dr. S., and though we are not prepared to pronounce upon the exact nature of the phenomena, they at all events remain inexplicable. We were alone, the Doctor and I, and a fragment of a pencil placed between two slates wrote three paragraphs sufficiently long (*trois phrases assez longues*): one in the Hollandish language, one in the English, and one in the French. The three writings were different; and the Doctor speaks only English, and during the writing did not move his fingers."

The *Moniteur*, of Brussels, gives an account of two important séances with Dr. Slade, in which, in the first, direct writing was had in two languages, and, in the second, in three languages. As this appears to me to be the most clear and satisfactory proof we can have that there is present an operating intelligence superior to that of the medium, I will give the communications just as they are printed in the *Moniteur*:

"Un homme sage est au dessus de toutes les injures qu'on peut lui dire. La grande réponse qu'on doit faire aux outrages, c'est la modération et la patience. Y a-t-il rien de plus bon que cette passion qui fait d'un homme une bête féroce?"

"We hope this will be proof to you of our power to come and write. I am yours truly,"

A. W. SLADE.

At the second sitting named, the following were given:

"Komt, stemmen wij met dankbaren zin.
Ben liefde aan den Schepper in.
En wij een Jaar ons heft behoud.
En ons een nieuw beginnen doet."

VAN UERT.

"Il pleut sur le champ du juste comme sur celui du pécheur.
L. DE MUR.
Investigate all things, and hold fast to that which is good."
A. W. SLADE.

From the *Progres De Charleroi* I will further quote a paragraph or two. Referring to the Catholic Congress recently held at Puy under the presidency of Mgr de Séguir, it says the following was announced: "The church has a right to defend itself otherwise than with words. She can pull down the insolence of her enemies by coercive measures, in accord with the propositions of the *Syllabus*." The *Progres* adds: "Here is at least frankness. From this to the establishment of the Inquisition there is but a step."

In a trial before the civil tribunal of Gaud, one speaker said: "When one sincerely believes in the infallibility of popes, one is well tempted, almost fatally led to consider them incapable of sin. And if we look into the history of the popes what failings is it not necessary to hide from the people?"

La Chronique says, under the head of *Acta Sanctorum*: "The correctional tribunal of Beaune has just adjudged the *abbé Fitte* guilty of theft,

and sentenced him to two years' imprisonment." He occupied furnished rooms in the house of one Bolstol, from whom he purloined money.

La Messager of Liege (Aug. 15th) devotes also several columns to Dr. Slade. Besides witnessing phenomena such as have been named above, a spirit hand was distinctly seen by gentlemen of intelligence. The spaces appear to have been perfectly satisfactory to every visitor. The *Messenger* quotes from the *Banner* an interesting paragraph which appeared there as a sentiment from Rev. W. H. H. Murray.

A Brussels paper reports the death of a young girl whose agony was of the most painful nature. She continually cried out that some one was beating her, and her whole body bore traces of such abuse.

FRANCE.

Among other interesting matter to be noticed further on, I find in the *Revue Spirite* (September number) some verses from an Arabic poet who lived in the latter part of the twelfth century: "When I am robed in the habiliments of the grave my friends will weep for me. Say to them that this insensible cadavre is not me. It is my body, but I no longer dwell in it. I am now a life that is inextinguishable. The remains they contemplate have been my temporary resting-place, my clothing for a day. I am the bird, the corpse was my cage. I have unfolded my wings and fled my prison. I am the pearl, it was the shell, now of no value. My voyage is terminated, I leave you in exile. Leave to fall into ruins my habitation. Break my cage. Let the shell perish with the illusions of earth. . . . Do not say of the dead this is death, for it is in reality the veritable life, the end of our ardent desires."

"A reply to Mr. Tounier, on the Infinite, God, Creation," is a lengthy and valuable contribution in the present number of the *Revue*. The writer has occasion to quote largely from Allan Kardec, while replying to garbled or partial extracts, the wrestling matter from its context which is a favorite mode of attack of our enemies. He has to reply to such statements as these: "We cannot go only whence we came, return to that which we have been"; a desolate theory, says the respondent.

A new writing medium has appeared in France, in the Gironde, who attracts no little attention from the fact that, of himself, he knows nothing about the art of penmanship—never having learned it. "Do not be astonished, dear readers," says the editor of the *Revue*, "to find here with an orthography a little ordinary the letter of M. F. Châtelier. Our friend and brother in the faith does not know how to write, and in opposition to his parents in 1867 he was incited to write mediocrity the following letter. Here is proof of rare good sense in an unlettered person, of a wisdom anterior (or superior) to this existence," etc. The two letters following contain forty-eight lines, have many antique words, it appears to me, and a spelling and combination of words that must awaken considerable interest, while their sentiments are lofty and impressive. It seems also that he now speaks as if learned, and has the gift of healing.

A new rapping medium has also been discovered in the village of Chauvirey, Côte-d'Or. A little girl about thirteen years of age is the unconscious object of alarm which has spread far and wide. The noise begins when she retires to bed; sometimes it is at first like a scratching with the finger nails; then it increases in volume till it resembles the sound of revolving mill-wheels. The clergy and the gendarmes have, as usual, been called in, but cannot account for the phenomenon—a phenomenon which continues when the feet and hands of the girl are held fast, and which has now for about two months and a half defied the scrutiny of all her visitors.

The *Revue* publishes a letter from Brussels concerning Mr. Slade's visit and séances in that city. I need not translate it, since it is only a repetition of what I have already given above from other publications of Belgium.

Following this are two short reviews of "Hafed, Prince of Persia." One writer calls it splendid; the other, Marie Bourdin, relates what appears in the fore part of the work. It certainly fills up very rationally that portion of the life of Christ which in biblical history is left a blank. One reader suggests, however, that if Christ had such power over a multitude at one place, he should not have been afraid of robbers in another, and hence make a long detour in a certain journey undertaken with Hafed.

What next? There is to be found also in the *Revue* the following circumstance, verified by seven persons, whose names are appended to the letter bearing the account, and dated Mans, 7th August, 1877: "Under the globe of a clock is a portrait of a lady, deceased fourteen months since, with that of a grandchild four and a half years old. About the 27th of July last, epoch of the fifty-fourth anniversary of the grandmother, a little branch of dry flowers, of which it is difficult to ascertain the species, was discovered between the head of the grandmother and the child, and offered by the latter to the former. It is very delicately placed—seems not as if sustained in position by anything, yet remains there to this day. It has three branches (indicative, perchance, of off-spring), each terminating in a flower, and adorned with tiny leaves which seem yet green. The flowers are of an indefinite color, and resemble those made of hair."

MEXICO.

The present number of *La Ilustracion Esprita*,

"The full text of this remarkable production will be found under the head 'Astralism' in the *Progres* of Paris. It is 'Poems of the Life Beyond and Within,' compiled by G. B. Stebbins, Esq., and just published by Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.—[Ed. B. of L.]

of Mexico, opens with an "Historical Study of Dogmas," which, as it is to be continued, will be an interesting feature of the magazine. It is by the able writer, Don Juan Cordero, who will, by the force of his arguments, his genius, but perhaps more than all by his fierce denunciations of Catholicism and its agents, arouse the attention of the world.

The *Ilustracion* has also an article on false mediums. Don Palet had written several articles on this subject, but as he had departed this life it was supposed that his contributions had ceased. But not so. He continues to present his views concerning these debased individuals, and now says he will also communicate something on false spirits and their various manifestations.

Following the above are noticeable articles on the proposed "International Congress," so earnestly advocated by the Viscount de Torres-Solano; a lengthy poem by Dona Amalia Soler; "Neither Clericalism nor Atheism"; classification of vegetables as a part of "Creation," &c., and "Miscellaneous," in which are named forthcoming works by A. V. D., Lex et Lux, E. Hardinge Britten, Geo. Wentz, Emma Tuttle, L. B. Sayles and Buddha. Washington A. Danks is also mentioned as receiving the title of Doctor in Sciences; Messrs. Cooper, Carpenter and Wellington as speaking at Parker Memorial Hall, while the *Banner* of Light is highly commended as being "as usual interesting and rich in material, and for speaking of the *Ilustracion Esprita* in eulogistic phrases, which it would gladly in like manner bestow upon the *Banner* were it competent to do so."

La Ley de Amor of Merida, Yucatan, is also at hand. It opens its little pages by an able response to *El Heraldo*, a Christian periodical of Toluca (Mexico), and says: "We will dedicate our editorial to this interesting periodical, and reply to those lines in which, under the title of 'Spiritualism and the Bible,' it impugns the following phrases of the *Ley de Amor*, No. II: 'It is always well for all to consult the books of the Old and the New Testament, in whose pages are to be found useful teachings, and the most complete confirmations of Spiritualism.' And if the *Heraldo* is not convinced of its errors and the foolishness of such assertions as this which it makes—'In the Bible is to be found no other Spiritualism than the diabolical'—then it is more obtuse or bigoted than befits a public instructor."

From the frontiers of Tobasco comes a complimentary letter to the *Ley*, in which the writer, J. C. Diaz, says: "I am persuaded that your periodical will be a great help in liberating the people from their religious fanaticism," etc. The spirit of G. Canton continues also in the *Ley* his notable articles on the "Importance of Education," following which is a notice of the stirring declaration of the Presbiter D. Yzcoquitz that there is no personal devil, and that the Catholic Church has never maintained the absurd idea, except to aid in the conversion of sinners.

SOUTH AMERICA.

The present number of *Revista Esprita*, of Montevideo, has a continuation of a former article on the "Existence of God." "Does God exist? Here is a question," says the author, "which has been asked in all times and in all idioms, and is still a question on the earth." His principal point in response is, that effects cannot exist without a cause; but space forbids any extracts from his judicious exposition of the subject. "The Angel Guardian" gives here also several agreeable communications. These are followed by an editorial on theological doctrines and dogmas which, when bared to the simple truth, are only repulsive skeletons.

No new numbers of *El Eco De America*, of Buenos Ayres, have come to hand; but if space permitted, those formerly received would furnish me with ample valuable material for the *Banner*, though not especially spiritualistic. The *Eco*, as I have heretofore said, is one of the handsomest periodicals anywhere published. It is of quarto form, appears every Thursday and Sunday, has a brilliant colored cover, and has for its principal contributor (if not its editor) the distinguished writer, Dr. José Agustín de Esquerdo.

SPAIN.

El Criterio Esprita, of Madrid, September number, is, as usual, very full of good material. "Communication of the invisible with the visible world" is its first article, in which it is proposed to give such proofs on this subject as are sustained by science. This is followed by a translation from *De Iota* of an interesting treatise on "Spiritualism and Magnetism" (which I think I formerly noticed from said paper); "The Immortal Substance of the Human Organism" (continued); "Words from Beyond the Tomb," and valuable "Miscellany." Among the latter are an account of Prof. Hall's discovery of the satellites of Mars (by mistake called Saturn); of the invention of the telephone, and Prof. Varley's improvements of the same, by which music is transmitted; that the Viscount Solano will not return to Madrid till the end of the month; that the President of the "Esprita Española" is also absent in Italy as an engineer, employed by the government; that the distinguished widow of Navarez, lady marquis of N., an enthusiastic sister of our faith, has left Madrid for Cadiz; that the periodical *El Esprita*, of Seville, has published an interesting article on the "Status of Spiritualism"; that *La Revolucion*, of Alicante, has several communications, *luminosas*, from the brilliant pen of Sr. Castelar; that the priest Manterola was to publish a book that was to draw the editor of *El Criterio* from his *repugnance*; that Mr. Milleson (as per *Banner*) had painted a large spirit picture; that Messrs. Bastian and Taylor are with Mrs. Andrews, at Cayuga Lake; that Dr. Peebles (as per *Banner*)

is again voyaging; that Dr. J. R. Newton is making wonderful cures; that "the grand work of the celebrated *psicologista*," M. Blavatsky, is to appear in the autumn; and, "judging from its title, it will awaken much interest"; that Miss Lottie Fowler continues her excellent manifestations; J. V. Mansfield, D. C. Dake, T. G. Forster and J. Wm. Fletcher, also; that the Princess Jorga de Solmes had had wonderful manifestations in the house of Mrs. Macdougall Gregory; that the phenomena with Prince Wittgenstein will be noticed hereafter; that the Baron and Baroness Von Vay had received a veritable ovation in the *salons* of the National Association of Spiritualists in London; that Mr. Foster and Dr. Slade are each very successful in their modes of manifestations; that the Herald of Boston says that in Chicago and suburbs there are more than a thousand mediums; that in Smyrna and Marseilles wonderful phenomena occurred in the presence of mediumistic children only three or four years of age, and that in Puerto Rico the believers in the *psicological* doctrine were suffering persecution, arising in the people's ignorance, which is sustained by the priests.

ITALY.

Annali Dello Spirismo, of Turin, has thirty-one pages of such matter as may well claim profound consideration. Its first article embraces phenomena as explained by Dr. Schiff, with the opinion of Drs. Jobert de Lamballe, Velpen and Cloquet. Then follows Miss Blackwell's Prize Essay (in part); a "Tangible Apparition in Corfu"; "extract from the London Spiritualist—an article by M. A. (Oxon.); "Relations" and minor notices, which will be referred to in my next.

Foreign Correspondence.

A SECOND PILGRIMAGE AROUND THE WORLD: THE SOUTHERN ROUTE.

BY J. M. PEEBLES.

NUMBER IV.

To the Editor of the *Banner* of Light:

"To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the Western stars—
It may be that the seas will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the happy Isles."

On the 16th of July, stepping aboard the stately steamer *Bangalore*, I sailed away from dear friends in Melbourne—away from the sunny skies of Colonial Australia—away westward upon the white-capped waters and around among those evergreen islands that stud and crown the Southern seas; and westward in all those regions of the Pacific means, to Anglo-Saxons, homeward-bound. How delightful the associations that kindle up at the mention of the word home! and how keen is the struggle between the desire to teach the harmonious philosophy to all nationalities and races, and the cozy comforts of the home-circle! Not my will, but thine, oh God and angels, be done.

Life has many sides. The great souls of history were not the quiet contemplators; nor those who shut themselves away from their fellows in cloisters gray and grim; nor the ease-loving, who tarried under the old roof-tree that shaded the village home; but those who, ended with the spirit, came down from the mount of vision, and went out to far the pulses of the world; those who have carried its burdens in their hearts, and its scars upon their bosoms; those who, persecuted and slandered, have still trod its thorny way and taught the common people; those who, with faces of serene endurance, and souls of lofty self-denial, have patiently walked the earth with blistered feet, and in the end gone up martyr-like—ay, gone up to wear robes of whiteness, and the starry crowns they so richly merited!

AUSTRALIAN REMINISCENCES.

Before taking a pen-leaving of this Island Continent, I must remind my countrymen that with square miles of territory nearly equal to the whole of Europe, with a most enjoyable climate, with almost inexhaustible resources, Australia necessarily must become, after the federation of the different colonies, a great independent oceanic nation. And then, considering her gold, her wool, wines, timbers, fruits and agricultural products, her position and future destiny in the family of nationalities cannot well be over-estimated.

Riding out into the country from the sea-shore cities by railway, English in style of course, one could easily fancy himself in America were it not for the difference of the foliage. Instead of the maple, the oak, the ash and the elm, and the solemn magnificence of vast pine forests, one sees the everlasting eucalyptus—otherwise expressed: dingy, bark-dangling gum trees, with small, scanty, yet deep-green medicinal leaves. The timber of the tree is valuable, and the oil distilled therefrom has already become quite a famous medicine. Many of the so-called waste lands of Australia could be made by irrigation to blossom as the rose.

POLITICAL MATTERS.

Politics flamed up to a fever heat during the last elections in Victoria. I watched them with considerable interest; and if American politicians are at times coarse, Victorian politicians are absolutely low and vulgar. Their public meetings often degenerated into such brawls that opposition candidates actually failed to get a hearing. But let the Melbourne press tell its own tale:

"Mr. Langton was announced to address the electors of West Melbourne last evening at Stewart's Hotel, Spencer street, but he did not suc-

ceed in placing his views before them. His appearance was the signal for loud groans and booing, but the confusion at this point was nothing compared to what ensued when he essayed to speak. After about half an hour had been wasted in this way, the candidate left the room and proceeded up stairs amid the wildest excitement, when a shower of missiles, comprising tomatoes, eggs and other such articles, was directed toward the window at which the candidate and some of his friends were standing. On his coming outside he was again treated in the same way as before, the whole body of electors assembled joining in booing and hissing. As he walked up the street with his friends, he was followed by a portion of the crowd, who continued to groan at and hiss him."

Compulsory education, land taxation, tariff and free-trade were among the questions entering into the canvass. It is well for a colony or country in its infancy to claim protection, but what is becoming to the weakness and babyhood of a nation is not to its manhood. The whole world will ultimately adopt free trade, as it will one standard of currency; one system of weights and measures; one universal language; and one government—and that a republic of peace and justice; of equality and mutual confidence.

Australians looking at their representatives in Parliament, and Americans at their Congressmen, may say with Tennyson:

"Ah! God! for a man with heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple, great ones gone
Forever and forever by,
One still, strong man to a distant land,
Whom they call home, what care I?
Aye, great, devoted, sober, good,
Who can rule, and dare not fly."

SPIRITUALISTIC PROGRESS.

Relative to Spiritualism and its divine principles public sentiment has changed rapidly, and for the better, during the past five years. Upon my late public appearance in Melbourne, the Hon. John McWilliam, Ex-Mayor of the city, and Commissioner to our Centennial Exhibition, took the chair, introducing me to the audience. On my previous visit some of the Spiritualists seemed a little timid. They preferred being called investigators, remaining a good distance from the front. Then my traveling companion, Dr. Dunn, was misrepresented and meanly vilified in the city journals; while I was hissed in the market, caricatured in Punch, burlesqued in a theatre, and published in the daily press as an "ignorant Yankee," an "American trickster," a "long-haired apostate," and a "most unblushing blasphemer"! But how changed! Recently the secular press treated me fairly. Even the usually abusive Telegraph published Mr. Stevenson's article assuring the Rev. Mr. Green that I was willing to meet him at once in a public discussion. The Melbourne Argus, one of the best daily papers in the world, the Australasian, the Herald, and the Age, all dealt honorably by me, reporting my lectures, if briefly, with admirable impartiality. The press is a reflector; and those audiences of 2000 and 2500 in the great Opera House on each Sunday for several successive months were not without a most striking moral significance. It seemed to be the general opinion that Spiritualism had never before occupied so prominent, yet so favorable a position in the eyes of the public. With due energy, with wisdom in the management, and harmony among Spiritualists themselves, the future of the movement will be as easy as it is certain of victory.

A SPIRITUALIST ORGANIZATION.

There was organized in Melbourne just previous to my departure a society of Spiritualists with an effective corps of working officers. And I may further report that they have regular Sunday lectures in Masonic Hall by Mrs. Florence Williams, a very intellectual lady, and daughter of Mr. James, a well known English author. Therefore, with such an able journal as the *Banner* of Light, conducted by that indefatigable worker and healer, Mr. Terry; with such a stirring, enterprising Lyceum, with such a self-offering, with such an eloquent speaker as Mrs. Williams; with such zealous sowers of tracts as Mr. Brown; and such excellent mediums as may be found in the city, the sure if not the speedy victory of Spiritualism is a certainty. I just spoke of Melbourne mediums; and though I have been a student of the spiritual phenomena for twenty-five years; though I have traveled in nearly all foreign countries, and am now, under spiritual guidance, putting a second magnetic belt around the globe, I have never heard such rapidly expressed, and at the same time eloquent trance utterances drop from human lips as from those of a cultured young gentleman residing in the suburbs of Melbourne. The "New Pilgrim's Progress" was written through his hand in the trance state.

KINDNESSES OF THE VICTORIAN SPIRITUALISTS.


The more intimately one knows, the more highly is he necessitated to esteem the Melbourne Spiritualists. And while my first visit to this country gave me valuable acquaintances, this latter yielded such priceless treasures as true and abiding friends—and oh, sacred words these, friends and friendships! These friends would not under any consideration permit me to stop at hotels, or put up with the cold, unsympathetic and selfish accommodations of a city boarding-house. The hospitalities so delicately yet cordially tendered by the Partons, Terrys, Andrews and Stanfords will ever be remembered as bright and beautiful ones in a far off land.

The presentation to me of the Lyceum Album, with its hundred smiling faces; the magnificent address read in the Opera House and elegantly transcribed upon parchment; the well-filled purse; the watch and chain; and other choice mementoes and keepsakes, symbolized not only appreciation, but continue to tell their meaning stories of fraternal love and mutual confidence. And then, that last day in Melbourne—the last hour—and that standing amid strangers upon the steamer, and looking off upon a group

The southern part of this colony, wonderfully productive, is said to raise the finest wheat in the world. At international exhibitions it has thus far taken the gold medals. The river Torrens, running close by the city, is a small, sluggish

Form in Graph, eq. (8) .

He walks the streets in broad-day clad,
No cloven hoof, 'tis he, for-bidding;
His feet in patent leather bright,
Beset by the fall of the hail;
Of fragrant perfumes smelling,
Within the lawers' ranks he sits;
Indignant at he takes
With rounded fore-arms, striking fits,
He can describe the roof soars—
For he has won it each long time!
Presiding at the brokers' board,
He talks of fair price, and gains
His house is filled with the best of things,
His hand has blotted every trace
Of hope, where bolsters strive in vain
His house is grimed with the finger
The richest clothes his children wear,
And tempting but around he flings;
But to his eye, nothing is there,
A sea of it brimstone on the air,
Amid the good physician's train
He holds one of the chief of men,
Unheeding human life of pain;
His eager fingers crowd the gains,
His banding hand fits the life of man,
Closely he sears the good man's path,
And of his tips, exulting ere,
He stands at the others' bow,
Write down his failings in a book,
Viewed through the lens of his vile eyes,
He knows are of the world,
With bean funds and with savings banks,
In his own pockets make it sure;
And when the day is done,
He joins the swimmers' ranks,
No evil demons shall we meet
The fierce and the terrible, the ghastly pale!
No water police of fortune put to flight
Than that which poison makes complete,
And in the air, within the
LYDIA L. A. VERITY.

 Under the old *regime*, the decence of which is by no means antiquated, it was deemed unfashionable for a woman to use the faculties that God had endowed her with for the alleviation of social humanity, and the more the sense of the de-sinistrating from the more degrading mental serfdom that has chained her down to the vassalage of the feudal ages. The first women who broke from the bondage of what is called polite society were sneered at, and ostracized. In a great measure, from the presence of the beautiful women of the last century, the few who were women stood alone, conscious of their strength, and relying upon the certain metamorphosis that time would bring. It was not alone the painted queens of society or the effeminate poses of the drawing-room with whom they had to battle for their natural rights. Centuries of long and cruel servitude had left their impress upon the world's history, and very often in the present age was grudgingly allowed. They did not dash across the horizon of modern thought like a Napoleon or a Wellington, but bravely and slowly cleared the Rubicon of opposition with the indomitable perseverance of one of the defenders of that classic soil. The Nightingales, and others of that class, were the light, the first to be won from the world was only given when it could not be denied. The army of intellectual women who dare hold and express an opinion; who dare to use their hands and minds in the way the great Artificer intended, is not yet large, but it is increasing, brave, and what is best of all, confident that it has the right, and sufficiently intellectual to take care of themselves.—*Liquorelle (Ky.) Trade Journal*.

This spirit went on to say that there was never a flower that faded on earth but what blossomed again in the spirit-world, and that they then continue to increase in newly added beauty and fre-

* From diary kept of experiences in investigating the

Gene, and Yet Not Gene.

When is a ship properly in love? When she is tender to

a man of war.

Church "Free Lovelism."

Church "Free Lovelism."
The Boston Post thus discourses on what it is pleased to term it A Vermont Scandal:

on probation would not answer all the requirements of church discipline. Finding that the deacons did not take this view, she threatened to make out of the church, even if she was expelled. In addition, that one of his deacons was as deep in the mud as she was in the mire. This seemed to go against her in the minds of the deacons present, and at the church-meeting Monday night they reported that she should be expelled on account of gross immorality. On the report having been made, one of the deacons, a man past the prime of life, who was well acquainted with her, rose and said to the pastor, "If a lighted bomb had fallen amid the assembly, the commotion which followed the reading could not have been greater. The substance was that the dragon had himself fallen a victim to the wiles of this woman, and for the past year had repeatedly been intimately intimate with her, the intimacy having begun while the deacon was still in the tug, as he called it. Mrs. Cheney's husband was supposed to be on his death-bed. The deacon requested to be expelled, considering that he was as guilty as the woman, and that he had been mistaken as to his conversion. Both parties were immediately expelled from the church. The deacon has heretofore borne the best of reputations, and not a whisper had been uttered in the community of his conduct. I am, I believe, the only member of the woman, Wednesday morning, advertised his wife, warning people neither to trust nor harbor her on his account. Her friends, it is now reported, will take legal steps to compel him to refund the money which she brought him at her marriage. Other important disclosures are expected."

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1877.

ISAAC B. RICHMOND.....BUSINESS MANAGER.
LUTHER COBBY.....EDITOR.
JOHN W. DAY.....ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

If there is any darker side to persecutive action than that which openly visits its rage upon its victim, it is that which, when the man sought to

If there is any darker side to persecutive action

Pleasant Surprise to a Worthy Worker.

Mr. Baxter—We are here tonight to express our confidence in you and our gratitude to you as a teacher. We know that hundreds of others have expressed a similar feeling, and many more would be glad to grasp your hand and bid you God-speed. In behalf of these your former pupils, we beg leave to present to you this memento of our affection and regard. May it be a reminder to you, as it is to thousands of others, that in the stormy passage of life there is ever some good angel near to guide and protect us.

Mr. Baxter responded by thanking them most sincerely, bidding them welcome, assuring them of the double surprise, and his reciprocation of their love. All joined in several games till summoned to the dining-room to partake of the liberal spread of "good things" so bountifully supplied. Soon after the party dispersed, each bidding Mr. Baxter "good night," and leaving with him the kindest feeling and best wishes.

GILES B. STEUBINS, ESQ., has added another triumph to the preceding ones of his career as a thinker, writer and digester of what others have thought and written, in the new volume named above, which has but recently issued from the press of COLBY & RICH, No. 9 MONTGOMERY PLACE, BOSTON.

Two hundred and sixty-four pages of matter make up this fine work, and he must be a cynic indeed who, submitting them to the alembic of individual examination, fails to find something within their borders—nay, many things—to interest, improve and cheer.

The book is printed on tinted paper, in admirable style, and the binding bears just proportion to the high order of its typographic execution, while the price harmonizes with the stringent character of "the times." Buy it, read it, circulate it—its work for good is sure!

Last Sunday afternoon an extra séance was held at the Banner of Light Free Circle Room for the accommodation of those who cannot attend week days. The room was filled to overflowing by an audience that evidently were deeply interested in the proceedings. After the usual number of questions had been answered by the controlling spirit, seven other individual spirits controlled and gave characteristic communications.

Decease of Mrs. H. F. Gardner.

Mrs. Abigail Gardner, wife of H. F. Gardner, M. D., aged 67 years. The funeral services were conducted by Dr. John H. Currier, of Boston.

Doten. The mortal remains were taken to Cedar

✎ We have received from a customer in Meridian, Bosque county, Texas, an order for books.

my fourth trial to get books from your store, but I have never heard from books or letters since"—

have failed to reach us, (which they have,) but if he will send us his name we will see to it that

faithfully attended to.

England—No. 11," by J. J. Morse, and a letter recounting some strongly marked phenomena

Fletcher, who has prepared the narration for our columns.

Message Department.

The Spirit Messages given at the Banner of Light Public Free-Will Meetings, through the mediumship of Mrs. JENNIE A. REDD, are reported verbatim and published each week in this Department.

At the public meeting held at the Banner of Light Free-Will Meetings, on Wednesday, September 27th, 1877, the following messages were given through the mediumship of Mrs. JENNIE A. REDD:

These messages are not to be taken as the words of the spirits, but as the words of the medium, who is the only one who can give them. They are given for the purpose of giving comfort and encouragement to those who are suffering from physical or mental distress, and who are seeking for a better life.

REPORTS OF SPIRIT MESSAGES

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

MRS. JENNIE A. REDD.

Invocation.

Our Father, we would draw near to thee. We would bless thee for the joy thou hast given us in our earthly life, and for the joy thou hast given us in thy spirit life. May we back in the sunshine of thy love. I feel thy protecting arm around us as we return to earth. Give us, we pray thee, seeds of truth to plant in the garden of life, that everlasting flowers may spring up therefrom. Oh, wilt thou give us strength to fill the earth with spirituality, to do away with all of this darkness, with all of life's diseases. May we bless humanity, bringing the rainbow of promise to those who mourn, the anchor of hope to those who feel sad, and the circle of light and the square of truth to those who believe, that they may feel that thou art near and the angels are clasping their hands.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are ready to consider your questions, Mr. Chairman.

Q.—[From the audience.] Does a materialization always take place immediately upon the severing of the magnetic cord connecting the medium with the body of the object materialized?

A.—The question seems to us a little vague, and yet we presume the questioner wishes to know whether, when the spirit materializes, it draws its magnetic power from the medium it is once materialized, or, as it were, to earthly eyes, dissolves. It is sometimes one way and sometimes another. We cannot speak for all cases or circumstances. Sometimes the spirit withdraws its forces at once from the medium and immediately disappears from view; yet it is not safe to suppose that it leaves, for it is no longer under control, and is no longer materialized, as it frequently remains near the medium for some time after becoming invisible to your eyes. When you strike the key of an instrument you hear an echo after your finger has left it; so even a spirit, after withdrawing its power from the medium, remains as a materialized being for some little time. It is just as at death, when the spirit withdraws from the material body at times it takes hours to complete the separation. Then again, some depart at once, and immediately, and sit down in another. This is brought about by spiritual, magnetic and electrical laws. Many mistakes have been made in these days are attributable to the ignorance of individual investigators, who only look at the outside, without studying the inner law. Here let me entreat that spiritualists as a people will endeavor to study the law scientifically, and to understand the workings of principles, as well as to search for the phenomena.

Q.—[From the audience.] The premature use of the law by undertakers has been deprecated by spiritualists. Does the same objection apply to the use of the law by disincarnates?

A.—Not at all; that is an entirely different matter. The use of the law by the body is every day, and consequently disincarnates the spirit of the power which it formerly had to withdraw its forces from the body. The use of disincarnates only produces an effect upon the atmosphere, making it purer and better. We do not deprecate the use of disincarnates, but we do deprecate premature use of the law.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—These questions come to us: "Why is it that spirits come to this circle and bear upon the wounds which were seemingly healed?" "Why is it that those who believed in the church, the Bible, and a personal God, should come back and say, 'We have found a power and a better truth'?" We answer, because the spirits who come to the Banner of Light circles are free, not trammelled either in thought or feeling. While the instrument that we control holds closely to the old biblical sayings, and believes strictly in many of the Bible teachings, we, her spirit guides, through the open gates admit anybody and everybody, and say to them, "Speak whatever you choose." While the instrument that we control is still trammelled by some of the church laws, we say to all, "Come in; we care not whether you believe in Mahomet or Confucius, whether you accept the Persian God or the English God, we welcome you just the same." If a stronger presence comes to us from one part of the country than from another, we are bound to admit those who represent it, and give to the world the benefit of the strength which has emanated therefrom. We do not wish to tear open the wounds that have recently bled; but if spirits desire to return we gladly receive them. Whether they open the door of the Orthodox church, or thunder at that of the Episcopal, whether they knock down the steeple from the Methodist or Baptist church, it matters not, for this is a free platform and we wish to maintain it as such. We are working for the good of the spiritual world. I am sorry for the individual who appears through the public press, asking for redress in this matter. I can only say, had you taught your children a higher light, and brought to them a purer philosophy, they would not have come through the Banner of Light Message Department expressing regret on account of the teachings of their youth, and saying that those teachings had made it dark for them since they came to spirit-life. I would not take one of God's blessings from you. I would have you retire to your closet and pray that God's truth may be unfolded to you, that angels' visits may be bestowed upon you, that you may see your true condition in life.

And the question comes to us: "Is it possible to do good, and yet at the same time to inflict an injury on those to whom we try to do good?" We answer, Yes. It is a matter of importance how we do good. If you lend your neighbor a hundred dollars to-day, and the next week taunt him with the fact, then again the next week do the same, and so on till he repays the sum, this cannot be of benefit to you—it is simply set down to your selfishness, and that selfishness will not prove to your credit when you enter the spirit-world. If you do a kind act because your spirit prompts you to do it, because God and the angels say to you, "Do it," then that advance you in spirit-life; but if you do a kind act and for the next twenty years expiate on that act, tell everybody that comes within your atmosphere of it, rest assured it will only be a shame to you when you come to the spirit world.

And the question comes to us: "Is it possible to do good, and yet at the same time to inflict an injury on those to whom we try to do good?"

We answer, Yes. It is a matter of importance how we do good. If you lend your neighbor a hundred dollars to-day, and the next week taunt him with the fact, then again the next week do the same, and so on till he repays the sum, this cannot be of benefit to you—it is simply set down to your selfishness, and that selfishness will not prove to your credit when you enter the spirit-world. If you do a kind act because your spirit prompts you to do it, because God and the angels say to you, "Do it," then that advance you in spirit-life; but if you do a kind act and for the next twenty years expiate on that act, tell everybody that comes within your atmosphere of it, rest assured it will only be a shame to you when you come to the spirit world.

And the question comes to us: "Is it possible to do good, and yet at the same time to inflict an injury on those to whom we try to do good?"

We answer, Yes. It is a matter of importance how we do good. If you lend your neighbor a hundred dollars to-day, and the next week taunt him with the fact, then again the next week do the same, and so on till he repays the sum, this cannot be of benefit to you—it is simply set down to your selfishness, and that selfishness will not prove to your credit when you enter the spirit-world. If you do a kind act because your spirit prompts you to do it, because God and the angels say to you, "Do it," then that advance you in spirit-life; but if you do a kind act and for the next twenty years expiate on that act, tell everybody that comes within your atmosphere of it, rest assured it will only be a shame to you when you come to the spirit world.

And the question comes to us: "Is it possible to do good, and yet at the same time to inflict an injury on those to whom we try to do good?"

We answer, Yes. It is a matter of importance how we do good. If you lend your neighbor a hundred dollars to-day, and the next week taunt him with the fact, then again the next week do the same, and so on till he repays the sum, this cannot be of benefit to you—it is simply set down to your selfishness, and that selfishness will not prove to your credit when you enter the spirit-world. If you do a kind act because your spirit prompts you to do it, because God and the angels say to you, "Do it," then that advance you in spirit-life; but if you do a kind act and for the next twenty years expiate on that act, tell everybody that comes within your atmosphere of it, rest assured it will only be a shame to you when you come to the spirit world.

And the question comes to us: "Is it possible to do good, and yet at the same time to inflict an injury on those to whom we try to do good?"

We answer, Yes. It is a matter of importance how we do good. If you lend your neighbor a hundred dollars to-day, and the next week taunt him with the fact, then again the next week do the same, and so on till he repays the sum, this cannot be of benefit to you—it is simply set down to your selfishness, and that selfishness will not prove to your credit when you enter the spirit-world. If you do a kind act because your spirit prompts you to do it, because God and the angels say to you, "Do it," then that advance you in spirit-life; but if you do a kind act and for the next twenty years expiate on that act, tell everybody that comes within your atmosphere of it, rest assured it will only be a shame to you when you come to the spirit world.

And the question comes to us: "Is it possible to do good, and yet at the same time to inflict an injury on those to whom we try to do good?"

We answer, Yes. It is a matter of importance how we do good. If you lend your neighbor a hundred dollars to-day, and the next week taunt him with the fact, then again the next week do the same, and so on till he repays the sum, this cannot be of benefit to you—it is simply set down to your selfishness, and that selfishness will not prove to your credit when you enter the spirit-world. If you do a kind act because your spirit prompts you to do it, because God and the angels say to you, "Do it," then that advance you in spirit-life; but if you do a kind act and for the next twenty years expiate on that act, tell everybody that comes within your atmosphere of it, rest assured it will only be a shame to you when you come to the spirit world.

And the question comes to us: "Is it possible to do good, and yet at the same time to inflict an injury on those to whom we try to do good?"

We answer, Yes. It is a matter of importance how we do good. If you lend your neighbor a hundred dollars to-day, and the next week taunt him with the fact, then again the next week do the same, and so on till he repays the sum, this cannot be of benefit to you—it is simply set down to your selfishness, and that selfishness will not prove to your credit when you enter the spirit-world. If you do a kind act because your spirit prompts you to do it, because God and the angels say to you, "Do it," then that advance you in spirit-life; but if you do a kind act and for the next twenty years expiate on that act, tell everybody that comes within your atmosphere of it, rest assured it will only be a shame to you when you come to the spirit world.

And the question comes to us: "Is it possible to do good, and yet at the same time to inflict an injury on those to whom we try to do good?"

We answer, Yes. It is a matter of importance how we do good. If you lend your neighbor a hundred dollars to-day, and the next week taunt him with the fact, then again the next week do the same, and so on till he repays the sum, this cannot be of benefit to you—it is simply set down to your selfishness, and that selfishness will not prove to your credit when you enter the spirit-world. If you do a kind act because your spirit prompts you to do it, because God and the angels say to you, "Do it," then that advance you in spirit-life; but if you do a kind act and for the next twenty years expiate on that act, tell everybody that comes within your atmosphere of it, rest assured it will only be a shame to you when you come to the spirit world.

And the question comes to us: "Is it possible to do good, and yet at the same time to inflict an injury on those to whom we try to do good?"

We answer, Yes. It is a matter of importance how we do good. If you lend your neighbor a hundred dollars to-day, and the next week taunt him with the fact, then again the next week do the same, and so on till he repays the sum, this cannot be of benefit to you—it is simply set down to your selfishness, and that selfishness will not prove to your credit when you enter the spirit-world. If you do a kind act because your spirit prompts you to do it, because God and the angels say to you, "Do it," then that advance you in spirit-life; but if you do a kind act and for the next twenty years expiate on that act, tell everybody that comes within your atmosphere of it, rest assured it will only be a shame to you when you come to the spirit world.

And the question comes to us: "Is it possible to do good, and yet at the same time to inflict an injury on those to whom we try to do good?"

We answer, Yes. It is a matter of importance how we do good. If you lend your neighbor a hundred dollars to-day, and the next week taunt him with the fact, then again the next week do the same, and so on till he repays the sum, this cannot be of benefit to you—it is simply set down to your selfishness, and that selfishness will not prove to your credit when you enter the spirit-world. If you do a kind act because your spirit prompts you to do it, because God and the angels say to you, "Do it," then that advance you in spirit-life; but if you do a kind act and for the next twenty years expiate on that act, tell everybody that comes within your atmosphere of it, rest assured it will only be a shame to you when you come to the spirit world.

times without letting anybody know it; but I must have taken an overdose, and really, at the time, I did not care what came, anyway; so I suppose I filled what you call a suicide's grave. The grave didn't hold me, by the way. It either was not big enough or wide enough, for it seems I didn't get in there; but I have felt a good many times as if I wished I had left the miserable stuff alone. It is a great deal better if you get away from the earth, or poor health, or thoughts that you want to get rid of—it is better to stand in the front of the battle and fight it out, than it is to turn your back, for you are pretty sure somebody will grab you by the coat-tail. Now I tried to run, but I only ran where Roswell A. Sylvester was, and I find I can't get rid of him. I suppose some think I was a kind of a worthless being, and it was not my matter. I got a chance here to-day, and I thought I might as well speak as anybody.

There have been many bright ones that have come to me, who have wakened hope in my heart, yet I cannot seem to get along just as I want to. I come here, hoping that when I go back I will not have to step under the trees where the shades are so heavy, but that I can get out where there are some real bright green leaves and where the flowers grow, and that I may find some dear ones who went away long years before I did. I went out from Watford, Me.

Mary E. Peters.

If you like, you can say that Mary E. Peters sends her love to her friends in Boston and Charleston and about here. I've not been gone away a great while—some where about two years of a little more, and I don't understand how to bid a letter to my friends, but I will do the best I can. My father's name is Edmund, my mother's name is Mary.

Dr. Edwin Blake.

I am a dentist, and believe that there is a power here which I am taking hold of, that can be of the greatest use to persons of our profession. I believe that the control which I am having over this mortal form at this time can be made of the greatest use to our profession. I believe I can do away with ether, chloroform, gas, and all like substances, be far less injurious to the system, and of benefit to both the operator and the one who is operated upon; that instead of taking all the vitality from the patient while the teeth are extracted, it can be done without pain, and safety to the individual. I do not propose to make a specialty of it, I am here to wish to throw out these thoughts, and I trust that some of my brothers in the work will try experiments. I know that it is very hard for us to take hold of new ideas; we are apt to "pool" at anything spiritual; but this much I have become aware of since I have entered the spirit-world—that this great philosophy and this great spiritual force is to do a world of work in the hospitals, in the dentist's rooms, in the physician's offices, and I do feel that the more I study the better it will be for mortals. I do not ask you to take hold of it without thought; I ask you to apply scientific research to it; I ask you to look at it well, to study every point, and then if you tell me there is no power to be utilized in it, I will own up I am mistaken. But if, on investigating carefully, candidly, and without prejudice, you find it available, then I suggest you use it. Do not shrink back for our brothers in the work will cry out, "Humbug!" "It is all nonsense!" etc. I give my name—Dr. Edwin Blake, of Stoughton.

Z. Taylor.

I have stood in the front of the battle and faced the enemy, and I believe I didn't flinch. I return to earth, not for the first time, by any means; neither for the first time to your Circle Room; and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have been, and yet I feel a shrinking, because I know well that I have not the power to send forth my thoughts as I would like to do. Nevertheless, I like many others, wish to hear my own voice audibly, as in the past. I like others, wish to speak through mortal lips. I have been asked by some high in authority if I would come here, or to the Baltimore circle, and send some little word that they might know that I responded to their thought. I will say to them: "You have my sympathy in the darkest hours of life. There are those in whose life I have

For sale wholesale and retail by COLBY & RICH, a No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province street (lower floor). Boston, Mass.

