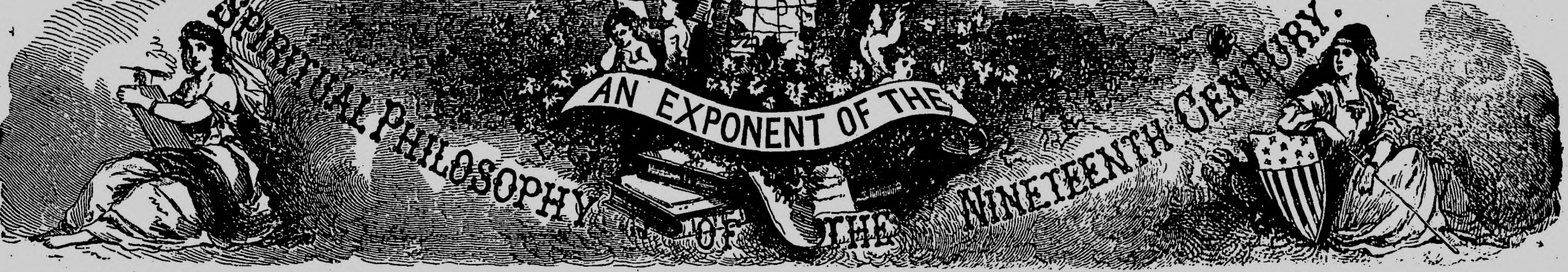


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Children's Department.

### PAPA IS COMING HOME.

Five little noses against the pane,  
Five pairs of eyes peering down the lane,  
Trying to see through the mist and the rain,  
If papa is coming home.

The clock on the mantel has just struck four,  
Which tells they're to wait one half hour more  
Before the train, with its rattle and roar,  
Will bring their papa home.

Five little faces clean and sweet,  
Dimpled fingers and dancing feet,  
Well-brushed jackets and aprons neat,  
For papa is coming home.

Over the track, with its lights so bright,  
The long train glides in its rapid flight,  
And five little children are happy to-night,  
For papa has come home.

The whistle sounds, the gate's awing,  
Footsteps clatter and voices ring,  
Red lips are kissed and white arms cling,  
For papa has come home.

## TALES OF THE EVERLASTING MOTHER.

Written down through the Mediumship of  
ADELMA, BARONESS VON VAY,  
Of Gonoitz (in Styria), Austria, and translated especially for the Banner of Light.

### PREFACE.

"I am the Everlasting Mother, therefore I have experienced, seen, and heard a great deal. In spite of my everlastingness, I am not old, gray, ugly or wrinkled; neither am I young, beautiful nor bright. My pace is regular, neither too quick nor too slow. It is true that many reproach me as indolent; others again call me lusty, but all this never moves me out of my lawful pace. I follow my Master, and I am, as his servant, bound by law which I can never break, for I and the law are one.

I have no personal free-will: in me lie cause and effect, beginning and end. Many praise me and call me sweet and good! Others, on the contrary, blame me, and call me wicked and cruel! All, all that happens to thee, happens in me and through me; lives in and through me! Yes, I am no thing, that can be either laid hold of, seen, caught, held fast, or driven—I am thou—and I walk according to the measure of my Master's law. I have felt with thee, seen and heard all that has happened, happens, and will happen to thee. I am the Everlasting Mother—now joyful, now sad, now quick, now slow, now young, now old, just as the one or the other thinks. Since I know everything, I am likewise talkative. I love to turn over the leaves of the past, to speak with thee of the present, and to show thee something of the future. Everything that exists speaks to me. I have the same sympathy for all—I love and I do not love. For me all has life, thou, thy cow, thy dog, the table, nature, the stream, the air, the flowers, spirits—all things that are—they talk to me! I know the sympathizing, speaking soul of all things, and to-day, in the midst of my everlastingness, I am disposed to be talkative. Knowest thou me, oh man? Knowest thou the Time which forever was, and forever will be? Time, the servant of God, who is one with his Law of Nature.

### FROM HEAVEN TO EARTH.

Let us say that thou art with me as a spiritualized, ethereal being. We are in the universe. Ah! Thou poor child! How dizzy thou art—truly thou knowest not what has come to thee! Thou art as if blinded! Light and splendor such as thou hast never seen—music such as thou hast never heard—surround thee. Around thee bright forms are moving like light and odoriferous clouds—an unwearied floating and waving—a streaming and outpouring of life is over all. Thou art as if in a dream! I must show thee a point, weak being, in which thy glance can find intelligence. Come, I call thee, and in the arms of one of those forms of light, thou floatest near, unconscious, weak and dreamy, attended by sweet melodies and surrounded by the breath of love. A grain of sand in the universe! A dot among spheres! From Heaven to Earth! Poor child! Had I a heart I would grieve for thee; had I speech I would call thee back; had I arms I would twine them around thee and hold thee fast in the Land of Light. But thou followest, as I, too, the law of the Master, against whom none can strive, and become a human being.

### TALE OF A FINGER.

I am the finger of a right hand; I am slender and white, and wear a little silver hat on my head. I am descended from a beautiful, smooth, white hand, where the blue veins cross each other like little brooks. I am the tallest of my family, and have the most to do. The whole day, with my hat on my head, I must stick a steel needle with a long thread into all sorts of hard

and soft stuffs. I am descended, said I, from a beautiful white hand; now this hand belongs to a round, full arm, which loses itself in a beautiful shoulder, on which a magnificent throat, and a head beautiful as an angel's, are fixed. Out of this head shine two dark eyes, mild, earnest and sweet. They speak, and express better than the mouth what the heart of this being feels. Long hair, so dark that the paleness of the complexion and the blue veins on forehead and cheeks stand out more clearly, flows down over the shoulders. To this dear, beautiful being I belong. I am the middle finger of the right hand, with which she so assiduously works and sews. She generally sits at the window. Without all is white and frozen—icy cold. She sews continually the whole day, and seems to hurry, for I never take off my silver hat. We sew all kinds of children's clothes, little shirts, jackets and caps. Often she smiles and rejoices; then again she sighs and weeps, and lays me on her beating heart, whose pulsation I, as well as my four sisters, who have told me so, can plainly feel. Sometimes she wipes a tear from her dark dreamy eyes, and folds us all in prayer.

When she has finished one piece of her work she is glad, and goes into another room which is filled with a dense vapor called tobacco-smoke; there, going up to a man who sits at a table writing, she lays me and my sisters on his shoulder. She looks at him tenderly, and shows him the completed work. He returns her a look full of love, and presses her hand. I know well the dark shadow that rests on my friend—that is, the middle finger of the right hand of this man; and when I asked him why he was so black, he said: "Do you know nothing, then, of the trouble and vexation I have? The whole of the day, and often too through the night, I must hold a pen; it is dipped into black ink, and guided over the paper; and there sits the poor man and writes, and writes, until I am quite black. I have become, though, on that account, very learned, and wear willingly the dark stain which clothes me as a grand order." I was silent, but allowed my silver hat to be more firmly pressed by the brother thumb, and looked out into the world with self-consciousness. So we parted, he to write, and I to sew.

One day my mistress appeared to suffer greatly. I felt it even in my extreme tip, and drew myself convulsively together. My poor besotted friend indeed came, and held me in a warm embrace, but that did not appease my pain. The loud cry of a child suddenly brought me to myself, and then I must wipe away the tears out of the eyes of my sweet mistress, caress the cheeks of the dark, earnest man, and finally softly embrace the little child.

I was full of excitement and anxiety that my mistress would die. What, then, would become of me? As this thought passed through me a priest's voice sounded at the bedside of the pale wife. Tremblingly I was folded in prayer. The priest spoke: "In pain wast thou born, poor, weak child; grow up to be the joy of thy parents; now receive the holy baptism." And over the head of the tiny creature, that had also two middle fingers, he poured water, so that it cried out loudly. The parents kissed each other. The dark man was pale and earnest; he held me, and the hand of the trembling wife, who breathed with difficulty, ever more firmly. I felt how she became more and more tranquil. Is she not colder and paler? My God! I do not know myself! A great weakness comes over me. I can no more think.

A beautiful, melodious voice sounds through the room: "I, the Everlasting Mother, know thee, thou little being in the cradle! Why hast thou left the abode of light, and come from heaven to earth? Thy return to life here is the death of thy mother—her return to life in the kingdom of light. See, while she caresses thee she becomes colder and colder; her hands relax their grasp; now they are folded. And I am thou, and I see how the strong man weeps, and cannot save. Yes, the joy of thy appearance, oh little child, has already laid the greatest heaviness on him who with bended head stands there before the tranquility, the inexorableness of death. The child cries, he turns toward it; for him remain the sorrows of life; for her the peace of death!

So spoke the voice; I still heard it as I became stiffer and stiffer, colder and colder. Ah! what will become of me!

[To be continued.]

### LET THE LIGHT COME IN!

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Though busily engaged in the great finance reform, yelet the greenback industrial movement, I have not forgotten the spiritual cause nor the inspirations whence come the mental strength to endure this battle, which, to my mind at least, paves the way to multifarious prosperities awaiting us all in the near future. In my tramps over the West in the interests of the Champion, I occasionally greet the smiling face of the Banner of Light.

Nothing pleases me more than to notice that you have not and do not join in the denunciatory cry against our media, but are still endeavoring to defend these sensitive natures against the shafts of suspicion, and to lead them out of beclouding magnetisms into the sunlight of inner vision, that the truth which the angels thus bring to us may be at last solidly planted in the affections of mankind.

During these long years of spiritual trial we have certainly learned the simple law of successful mediumship—that an appeal to one's honor, a candid inquiry, a moral fortifying around the delicate batteries of communication, ourselves in order, best opens the way with the gone before. We shall never, never right our dissonant conditions by so-called "scientific

tests." Science is always positive, doubting, critical, suspicious, stern, and unrelenting. It is not the discoverer but the analyzer and classifier of revelations. New truths generally come to the world through the intuitions of the unschooled and unprejudiced. The angels and spirits, from very necessity, are obliged to select negatives wherewith to voice the science which eventually will rejoice humanity. After the phenomenal, science steps in with its crucibles, removes the glitter of superstition attached, and presents the live, new truth utilized in improved laws and institutions. From oft-repeated experiment we have learned that when we make our circles wholly scientific we defeat the undertaking. Spirituality of life is a distinct plane of its own; it is the emotional, the intuitional, the inspirational. Science may shed its light here, but it must not dictate the "lively oracles of faith." We are in spiritual order when our worshipping affections are set in the light of reason. The heart builds the intellect, and at the shrine of the heart all great intellects bow in reverence. The olden saying is always applicable: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." The key of science is faith. The stillness of trust, the love of truth, opens the portal to discovery. What we need, then, as Spiritualists, is a mediumistic religion that patiently waits for communications; that listens to learn; that is calm to think; that lets angel minds impart instruction; that proffers our own mental powers as forces to be acted on to make us physical embodiments of spiritual life; that brings to bear here all the knowledge which science can thence evoke utilized into improved civilizations.

Darkened in our mental vision by the shadows of adversity, taxed with cares which oft exclude attention to spiritual realities, we cannot always help our doubts and anxieties; but it is not wise to cherish them—not wise to apply tests which but darken the clouds. Let the light come in. We all are weepers. The dear ones go before us. We cannot afford to leave them with flowers that grow upon their graves, with birds that sing a requiem there, with grasses and dews and melodious rain. Poetical as such association is, it is a materialism that far from satisfies us. The beautiful of these also fades, and what have we left if we do not permit an angel to return without questioning the scientific propriety of such a visit? Happy are we if we survey death as we do the dissolving views of life, as we look upon the places where we played in the days of youth—the old schoolhouse, the home of our nativity, far off, the scenes of all our past experience. They are things that were; we have lived through them all; we have passed from them and still live, and are entering upon new events and associations. The coverings that protected us, the houses we dwell in, the conflicts we engaged in, the battles we have fought, all are left behind, and where are we now? Still living! We have gone through a thousand births, if indeed we may reckon experiences such, and have had an equal number of deaths; and yet we live! Even the nights of unconscious sleep have not destroyed us. The sleep is but a form of death. Let us hope that the darker night of real death shall verge into morning.

Welcome, then, the testimony of those who have gone before and returned; welcome the sweet impression in our still hours that they are here; welcome the proof that they are living in a world of real friendships and affections; welcome the spiritual evidences that we shall meet where the crystal of death shall melt into the bloom of a heavenly life.

Yours fraternally, J. O. BARRETT.  
Fond Du Lac, Wis.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### AUTUMN.

BY M. THIRRELL SHEPHERD.

Rich, gorgeous hues spread lavishly abroad—  
Crimson and purple, green and burnished gold;  
The year grows beautiful in growing old,  
Thanks to its maker kind, our Father God!  
The reapers gladly sing the harvest home,  
For sweet fruition to their fields has come;  
And Nature dons her choicest, brightest dress  
To greet the autumn with its home-sweetness.  
The work seems ripening for a higher life  
When sin and sorrow, suffering and strife,  
Shall vanish, and be known on earth no more.  
Its prophesy some day must be fulfilled,  
For so our Father has divinely willed.

BOSTON IN YE OLDEN TIME sometimes comes up vividly. After hearing the curious phonograph talk at the Old South, turn to the case in the loan collection which contains the original parchment deed of the territory of Boston from the Indians. This, of course, is of genuine antiquity, and near it, within a few days, have been placed more curious old deeds. One is that of Mary Lake to the selectmen of Boston, of a cellar, or rooms under the stair at the east end of the town-house in said Boston.

In the year 1677, in the reign of King Charles the Second over England. Near this deed there is an indenture made December 3d, 1694. "In the sixth year of the reign of William and Mary, between John Eyer and others, selectmen of the town of Boston, and Joshua Child of Muddy River in sd Boston, husbandman," "that he shall for the term of twenty years repair and maintain the roads to Roxbury, that is to say a way of forty foot wide from the Mansion house of the late Captain Jacob Elliot to Roxbury Gate, with the gate and fence across the highway there so as may be convenient, safe, and comfortable for passengers, horses, carts, coaches, &c. And to cast up convenient footways." Also on the northwest side he was to set up a fence, and to "plant a hardy tree at the extent of every five Rod, and also to place two or more horse-blocks at convenient distance between the fortifications and Roxbury Gate."

"Through the whole term of years the above said footways are to be cast up and maintained so high that passengers may go dry on foot at the top of high water in an ordinary spring tide."

## Literary Department.

### AVADI:

A SPIRITUAL NARRATIVE IN THE BENGALI LANGUAGE.

Rendered into English Expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY PEARY CHAND MITTRA, OF CALCUTTA.

### CHAPTER VII.

PATE CHAVINE'S ARRIVAL AT BHABANI BAHOO'S HOME AT BHADRAPURA, AND HER ACCOUNT.

The yemana of Bhabani Bahoo is lovely. His wife, daughter and daughters-in-law are full of noble thoughts, and active in whatever is holy and calculated to exalt human nature. After breakfast they were all seated together, when suddenly a young girl, clothed in rags and of sorrowful countenance, appeared before them. The lady of the house inquired of her who she was and what had brought her there. She replied that she wanted time to relate her whole story. Whereupon the lady, observing her bright, intelligent face, caused her to be seated comfortably beside her; and the girl, encouraged by her hospitable reception, related her story as follows:

"Mother, I am the daughter of a Brahman who possessed great property. He taught ethics and religion. At the age of fifteen I was married to an excellent young man. Although he was rich, I placed higher value on his noble character than on his wealth, and I gave him all the love and affection I was capable of bestowing. He always told me he was deeply sensible of my love for him, but, in order to intensify our love, we must devote our souls to God. For, said he, 'the relationship of the husband with the wife is purely earthly and perishable, but to make it spiritual the two must be spiritually united. Without this spiritual union marriage is no marriage, for the object of true marriage is for the elevation and purification of our souls, and not for the gratification of the carnal desires, which is applicable only to the brute creation.'

"This instruction deepened my love for my husband, and I looked upon him as my spiritual guide. I was sometimes overpowered by my love and reverence for him, and prostrated myself at his feet, unable to check my flowing tears. He often, at such times, took me by the arm, and, with eyes raised devotionally and hands folded, would say: 'May the love and reverence you are expressing be the means of developing your soul and bringing you to a higher life.'

"There are many husbands who love their wives from selfish motives. The Hindu Shashtra enjoins that wives, although ill-treated, should never slight their husbands, but unselfishly live for their happiness. Although the wife is not led to love by pursuing this course, and although unselfishness, however practiced, is conducive to the elevation of the soul, my husband never for a moment loved me for his own happiness, or for a gratification of his love of supremacy.

"Overawed by his spiritual nature, I desired only to reciprocate views on spiritual advancement with him, and follow him so far as I could. My father and mother, and the father and mother of my husband, all died. Dissensions among kinsmen arose. My husband could not hold the property that by right was his own, for he found that unless forgery, perjury and venality were resorted to, he could not cope with his antagonists. He therefore gave up all his property in despair.

"Poverty is the best test of the sincerity of the soul. Occasionally he was melancholy, but generally he was full of equanimity. He left the old homestead, and rented a small hut. I had a son and a daughter whom I could not rear as I would for lack of means to do so. The locality in which we lived was thronged with beggars, and it was difficult to get anything by a resort to asking alms. But, God be thanked! our wants were sometimes marvelously supplied. When we had not a *coterie* in hand, food was suddenly brought to the hut by some unknown friend. Who can fathom the mysteries of Providence?

"I noticed a change in my husband. Formerly he used to pray, filled with a spirit of reverence. Now, he looked closely at his own soul, and said: 'Ah, I am yet far from being a true worshipper.' He was absent one evening. The hut caught fire. My son and daughter, who were sleeping within it, perished in the flames that destroyed our home and its contents. I had gone out to an adjoining tank, and on my return I beheld the calamity that had befallen us. Overwhelmed with grief, I fell down. I had to perform, unaided, the funeral ceremony of my two children, who had been my hope and solace amid all our misfortune. I searched for my husband, but failed to find him, and was told that, having been informed of the destruction of his home, and wife, and children, he had left the country, fully resigned to the affliction.

"I have from that time continued my search, and have made diligent inquiry for him in many places, but without success. I became despairing, and thought, my life not worth retaining. In my desperation I concluded that, if I could not have my husband, I would consign myself to fire, or plunge into water, and so, as I thought, end my misery. I soon, however, passed out of this deplorable state, and have since been traveling, and have learned that we can preserve our purity and integrity by the exercise of a strong will, a determination that, whatever may happen, we will cleave to the right. All I know is my God and my husband. I find no happiness

in aught else. Although young, and of high extraction, and traveling alone, with, seemingly no responsibility for others, my condition is far from desirable. My mind is continually restless, and whatever I do is done from a want of tranquility. I am worn and weary in my long search. I am tired, and have come for rest."

"The lady of the house having heard this narrative, burst into tears, and said: 'Dear daughter, you have shed lustre on your sex. May God grant your prayer. But be tranquil. You know the nature and disposition of your husband. Make inquiry in those places where he would be most inclined to resort. I think he must be engaged in some devotional work.'

"Mother," said the girl, "my husband's name is Anayashan Chandra, and my name is Pate Chavine."

"The mention of the name caused the young ladies who were present to exchange glances, and brought sweet smiles of approval to their pleasing faces."

"Dear daughter," said the lady, "your name is expressive of your nature. Stay for a few days with us, for the pure spirituality that controls you will be elevating to ourselves."

"Mother, you speak from the promptings of your own kind feelings. I am an unfortunate beggar, overcome by grief, and know not where to go or what to do."

"But the excessive restlessness to which you have been subject will pass away, and repose and tranquillity will ensue," remarked the lady. "Put all your thoughts on God and you will find rest."

### CHAPTER VIII.

A COMPANY OF BRAHMAN MEET AT JAKO BAHOO'S HOUSE—CONVERSATION WITH HIS WIFE ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

There was a feast being held at the house of Jako Bahoo, and the sound of hilarity was loud and boisterous. It was given in celebration of a ceremony observed by Jako's wife, who was fasting, with the intention of taking her meal after the Brahman were fed. By some chance, Baboo Sahib happened along, and, seeing the Brahman feasting and enjoying his friend's bounty, cried out: "Ignorant Bengalis! Ignorant Bengalis!" and passed hastily into the drawing-room. Jako Bahoo, whose pride and conceit were exhibited on every possible occasion and in everything—in learning, pedigree, wealth and standing in society—said to Baboo Sahib:

"Friend, what you see is mere mockery. I have no faith in ceremonies, but for the preservation of our respectability and to maintain our position in good society, I am constrained to spend my money in this way."

"It may be so," said Baboo, "but such a course is contrary to all your convictions. The Europeans do not behave thus. If you would bring your wife to your way of thinking, you must cease to indulge her in the observance of such vain ceremonies."

"I have done my best," replied Jako, "to convince my wife of the vanity, and hence uselessness, of such a course, but she will not be persuaded to relinquish it. Will you kindly oblige me by using your influence to bring her to see the better way?"

Baboo Sahib consented, and Sarala, the wife of Jako Bahoo, was sent for. Upon entering the room Jako, addressing her, said, "My friend wishes to speak to you; will you listen?" To which remark Sarala responded, "I am not so highly educated as Baboo, therefore for any instruction he may give I shall be truly grateful."

Baboo Sahib.—Why do you perform these ceremonies? They are not of any value, neither do they benefit yourself or others. Look at the English women. They do not do these things."

Sarala.—The English women are of Christian persuasion and act according to their faith. We do as we have been taught. These ceremonies and rites, these fastings and religious observances, are processes of purification calculated to elevate our souls and prepare us for entering the world to come. The theory may be imperfect, but the practice leads us into a condition of greater spirituality. The constant meditation on God and the world to which he designs us to go, removes the veil from our spiritual vision. We believe in a life to come, and act accordingly. You have no faith in God or in another and higher life, hence you set no value on these things. To look upon these bodies as all we possess, and to consider that when they die that is the end of us, is mere animism, and makes us no better than a clod. We seek and love those exercises that tend to emancipate the soul from the thralldom of earthly bondage. Our aim is to realize, while on earth, that there is a heaven, and the ceremonies and observances which you condemn are, to us, a method by which we in some measure obtain that realization. It is immaterial what the form of exercise is, provided the purpose is the same, and if others differ from us in the form I do not object.

"From what I know of my sex they are thoroughly husband-loving."



oughly spiritual. As a proof of this, see how they sacrifice their lives to their faith, burning their bodies with those of their dead husbands, or leading an austere life during their widowhood. Spiritualism is not, however, confined to any nation or country, but it comes to all people, at all times, and in all places, if the proper means are adopted, and those consist in close meditation on God and spiritual things, deep inward exercises of soul that lead to purification. It is a mistake to think that Hindu women are deluded, and ignorant of the principles of a true spiritual life, or that they live in idle seclusion. They are free to go where they like. In ancient times they appeared in *Sakhas* (public meetings) and in theatres, and often went on shooting excursions. Whether at home or abroad, and in whatever they do, they are religious and never without the thought of God. I have received a great deal of instruction from my husband's natural philosophy, which I have thought upon in connection with Divine Providence. I now pray that you may both receive a goodly portion of divine grace."

## CHAPTER IX.

ANAYASHAN'S SOLILOQUIES.—RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS WILL, THE SPIRIT OF HIS FATHER APPEARS TO HIM, AND HE HEARS A SPIRIT VOICE.

"I am yet discomposed, restless, uneasy. The little tranquility I possessed has left me. The pure words of my father's spirit filled my heart with love and veneration for his memory. If the voice I heard was, in reality, his voice, then to me is the immortality of the soul incontestably established. The recollection of my father naturally suggests the recollection of my wife and children. It is, indeed, difficult to rise above grief while in the flesh."

He tried to compose and console himself, but found that his thoughts did not rise above the world of sense, for he shed tears like raindrops, more especially when a remembrance of the excellences of his dear wife came rushing into his mind. At length, completely exhausted and helpless, he reclined on the trunk of a fallen tree. He was without food. The sun was rapidly sinking, and as it did so its brilliant rays spanned the heavens with golden belts, the whole sky appearing as a canopy of more than earthly splendor and magnificence.

As hope when most sanguine meets with the greatest disappointment, so a period of exhaustion is followed by the greatest degree of rest.

He became drowsy, and had just closed his eyes, when he was aroused by a strange, yet powerful, magnetic force, and beheld the serene countenance of his father, surrounded by a halo of fine, spiritual light. The eyes, beaming with love, gazed with affection on him, and as grief became displaced by a passing fear at the unexpected vision, the spirit face vanished from his sight.

Anayashan endeavored to compose his mind. "What I have seen is wonderful. But may not that which appeared to my sight have been caused by an over-worked and excited brain? If, indeed, I beheld the spirit of my father, then I must see the spirit of my wife, as she is never absent from my thoughts."

While thus musing he heard a voice, "She is alive," at which he was again startled, and, closing his eyes, he began to think intensely of God.

After meditation and prayer his mind reverted to his wife.

"If she be alive, where can she be? I was credibly informed that she was burned with the children. Whatever is God's will must be fulfilled."

## CHAPTER X.

CONVERSATION ON THE SOUL.

It was a delightful evening. Lalhofokur was walking, as was his custom, meditatively in the field. A number of boys following began to pester him with sneers and jokes.

Some said: "We hear you can call spirits. Can you?" Others, "Look at the palms of our hands, and tell us how long we are to live." Others, "We are in a quarrel with So-and-so; can you bring about a reconciliation by charms?"

Vexed at such questions, and by their laughter and jeers, Lalhofokur turned back to beat the boys. But they were far more active than he, and soon betook themselves to a safe distance.

Not far from where this occurred, Baboo Sahib and Jako Baboo were walking, intently conversing on every form and mode of abstract science. Seeing Anayashan, they approached, and addressing him, said, "Are you a Soulist, and can you invoke spirits? Is a Soulist superior to a Mussulman, Christian and Brahman? If the soul exists, can it not be shown?"

Anayashan replied in a quiet way, "I believe in the soul. He who would fully satisfy himself of its existence must experience its separation from the body. Unless one feels the individuality of the soul, and senses the fact of its capability of being independent of the body, he cannot in any positive degree realize its existence."

Jako Baboo, "You then profess to be yourself a soul. That's an insane idea. Pray tell me, have you had your brain examined by a doctor?"

Baboo Sahib, "Ignorant Bengalis! Ignorant Bengalis! I find that my countrymen addlet themselves to everything marvelous and pay no attention to anything exact. Science is the rule by which to prove all things. That which does not harmonize with the laws of exact science cannot be true. (Turning to and addressing Anayashan.) Do you believe in God? What sect do you belong to?"

Anayashan, "Till we know what the soul is we cannot know what God is."

## CHAPTER XI.

THE THOUGHTS AND JOURNEY OF PATE CHAVINE, AND HER CLAIRVOYANT STATE.

The powers of the human soul are wonderful. The more they are developed the greater is our elevation. Pate Chavine, feeling the pangs of separation from her husband, was traveling that she might possibly find him, or by change of location, allay in some degree her great sorrow. Although she was young, and the beauty of her finely developed and graceful form and the rosy hue of her complexion were remarkable, yet the beauty of her soul, so conspicuous in her countenance, impressed every one with a conviction of her angelic nature.

It was a dark night. The hum of bees was incessant. The birds, lodged on the trees, were impatiently shaking their wings; jackals were howling, and plowmen, with hoes in hand, were moving on, singing to relieve the tedium of their journey. The tide of pedestrians was ebbing fast. The darkness rapidly increased.

Pate Chavine, "remote, unfriendly, melancholy, slow," remained undaunted. She realized that the strength of the soul is the strength of God. She relinquished all that was external and fixed her mind intently on her inward, spiritual life. She sat on the side of a

trade, dilapidated hut, and there her deep and intense contemplation of God caused her to become clairvoyant.

She felt to be filled with internal light. She saw where her husband was, what he was doing, and what would be his ultimate spiritual gain. She had no hunger, no thirst, no desire to sleep. Stillness, peace, tranquility dwelt supremely within her, and she became sensible why her husband had been so devoted to Spiritualism.

"I now know," said she to herself, "where to go, where and when I will meet him. My present duty is to remain in a certain place and elevate myself, that I may become the true wife of such a husband. Our relationship is not of the body but of the soul."

## CHAPTER XII.

ANAYASHAN'S SPIRITUAL EXERCISES.—A DISCUSSION BETWEEN A CHRISTIAN AND A BRAHMAN.

Anayashan was again near the tank, engaged in the exercises of the soul. The place was solitary, but he felt that the exercise was not being properly made. He was aiming at equilibrium, but the soul became phenomenal. Till the soul can control the brain there is no end of variability, either from external or internal causes. Meditation on God is, no doubt, the best means of soul-culture, but while meditating the will-force should be employed for the exaltation of the brain-life, and the evolution of the soul-principle, which increases as the brain-life loses its hold. While Anayashan was considering the method of soul development, there came a Christian, a Conservative Brahmo and a Progressive Brahmo.

Christian. What the Brahmos are doing is but a transcript of what we are doing. Their Somaj is like our church, their *Brahma-dharma* is an imitation of our Bible. Formerly, they declared that the Vedas were revealed. This claim has been given up, and they have substituted the *Brahma-dharma*, compiled from the Upanishads, Puranas and Tantras. But the *Brahma-dharma* cannot be ranked with the Bible, which is a revelation from God—while the former is only a human compilation.

Progressive Brahmo. We are preparing an elaborate *Brahma-dharma*. We are following the lead of our own inspirations.

Christian. This is very good, but how are you to be saved? You admit there is a heaven and a hell, rewards and punishments, and that the soul is immortal. How can you have salvation until you believe in Christ? For the good of mankind he died, a bleeding victim. His love is boundless. He is the Son of God.

Progressive Brahmo. We think highly of Christ. We have special prayers on Christmas and Good Friday.

Christian. I am delighted to hear this. May Christ save you.

Conservative Brahmo. We think of and pray to God, and act and live according to the light we have. Our whole strength dwells in our prayer.

## CHAPTER XIII.

POPULAR EDUCATION.—A CONVERSATION BETWEEN BABOO SAHIB AND JAKO BABOO.

Baboo Sahib. I hear the missionaries are making great ado about popular education. If the lower classes become educated, we shall have no one to serve us.

Jako Baboo. Owing to the progress of Brahmanism, the converts to Christianity are reduced to almost none at all, and respectable Hindus have become wide-awake. The missionaries are, therefore, laboring more especially with the lower orders, who, being ignorant, are easily entrapped.

Baboo Sahib. Never mind. Is it proper to educate the lower orders?

Jako Baboo. In consequence of the increased cultivation of the soil, we cannot get servants, and wages have risen. If you educate the lower orders, they will get conceited. If the country is to be enlightened, the higher and middling classes must be educated first. From those it will descend to the lower. The education of the lower orders of people does not prevail in England, although it does in Prussia.

Baboo Sahib. I once entertained the same opinion, but intercourse with intelligent Europeans has modified it. I confess that in this matter we are too much influenced by selfishness. There can be no doubt that education will ameliorate the condition of those classes, and must, therefore, conduce to the welfare of the whole country. A general diffusion of knowledge cannot but lead to good results. In Europe, wherever intelligence prevails, good predominates. It is not true that because a person happens to be poor he should, therefore, be considered a slave. Men belonging to lower orders may rise to eminence by the force of intellect. Preeminence is attained by talent, and not by birth or station.

## CHAPTER XIV.

PATE CHAVINE'S JOURNEY.

Pate Chavine became tranquil after the light she received. She left the place early in the morning, and at noon came to a garden where she bathed and prayed. Not a single person could be seen there. It was full of flowers of varied hues and trees loaded with luscious fruits.

The next day she reached a Brahman's house, where *Durga Poojah* was being celebrated. Early in the morning the Brahman ladies had arisen and prepared and cooked great quantities of eatables for the poor, the blind, the lame and disabled. They were now offering flowers mixed with sandal, in a devotional spirit. Pate Chavine, who had not been brought up as an idolatress, was delighted at the benevolence and devotion of the Brahman ladies. From thence she went to the cottage of an *Acharya*, or faun (clairvoyant). He was seated on a carpet, and was revealing, according to horoscopes, the astral influences to which persons who had consulted him would be subject, and to others imparting information relative to the objects of their visits. Pate Chavine approached him, when he, addressing her, said, "Please take the name of a flower or river." She did so, and the faun, looking at her, instantly said:

"Mother, you are an illustrious and exemplary lady. Your most interior thought is of your husband, and you shall see him."

Taking leave of him, Pate Chavine next arrived at the house of a Brahman, where she experienced genuine hospitality. The Brahman, finding her highly exalted, began to open her mind. She said: "My husband is not attached to me, and for that reason I am very unhappy."

Pate Chavine replied to her: "The connecting tie between a wife and husband is divine worship. When the two souls are united in the conception of God, the union is firmly established. The spiritual basis is stronger than adamant, and the closer the union the more intense

\* In Bengal we have clairvoyants under this name, who foretell future events and give directions for the recovery of stolen property.

is the spiritual love. Without such union, conjugal love is ephemeral and not lasting. Draw your husband into the worship of God with yourself, and that will unite you more strongly than anything earthly."

## CHAPTER XV.

ANAYASHAN LISTENS TO DIFFERENT PRAYERS, THINKS ON THE SOUL, AND HEARS THE VOICE OF HIS SPIRIT-FATHER.

On Sunday the church was opened. The clergyman, attired in priestly robes, entered the pulpit and commenced the reading of the Bible. He then delivered a sermon, and prayed that the Christian religion might spread from one end of India to the other. The sermon no doubt produced a healthy influence upon the congregation.

The next day there was a service at the Brahmo Somaj. The *Acharya* prayed that the flag of Brahmanism might wave throughout India.

On the day following there was a service at the Progressive Brahmo Somaj, at which prayers were made, imploring that the doctrines inculcated might be diffused everywhere and become the faith of all people.

Anayashan was led to think on all he had heard, and to reflect that every sect has a creed according to its belief, and naturally prays for its extension. But which creed shall prosper? "I feel," said he, "that I am disturbed by streams of divine thoughts, and that my inner vision is not serene. My mind is occupied with recollections of my wife. Although she is admirable and excellent in every respect, yet I desire to live a purely spiritual life."

In the midst of these reflections he again beheld the smiling and hallowed face of his father, and heard his voice saying: "Aradi is on the top of the Ramna Mountain. Go to him and acquire substantial knowledge."

A moment after the spiritual face disappeared. Anayashan, overpowered by grief at its sudden departure, fell down and prayed that he might see the face of his father again. But in vain. It came not, and he lay prostrate and motionless, thinking of his father and his wife.

## CHAPTER XVI.

DEATH OF JAKO BABOO'S ELDEST SON.—CHANGE IN HIS VIEWS.—INSTRUCTIONS OF ANAYASHAN.—OTHER EVENTS.

Jako Baboo's house was filled with gloom. His eldest son was dying. The body had become quite cold. The pulse had no perceptible beat, and there was no indication of life remaining. Sarala was endeavoring to console herself by thoughts of God, but observing that the life of her son was fast ebbing away, she became overwhelmed with grief. In a few moments the eyes of the young man became fixed, and the spirit had departed.

The mother repeatedly kissed the motionless features, and the father became sadly disconsolate.

The next morning, when Baboo Sahib came, Jako said to him, "Last night I passed the hours tossing restlessly upon my bed. As morning approached I fell into a light doze, during which my son appeared to me and said: 'Father, since leaving my body I am happy.' Was that not wonderful?"

Baboo Sahib reflected for a moment, and then replied: "That was either a dream or a delirium of the brain. Unless I have better proof I cannot accept what you say as having any value. I am aware that in every country Spiritualism is attracting general attention, and that many are becoming convinced that it is true; but I look upon it as all hush or imposition."

Jako Baboo. Although I am an Atheist, the mere thought of God in an hour like this alleviates my grief. How do you account for that?

Baboo Sahib. That I can easily account for. One impression or idea is removable by another.

Jako Baboo. But is not the thought of God consoling?

Baboo Sahib. That I do not know. Ask the Soulist.

Saying this, he departed. Although Anayashan was held in contempt by Jako, he did not hesitate to call upon him, and to do what he could to soothe his troubled mind. Grief places us in a state in which the person subjected to it requires delicate and thoughtful treatment. Anayashan gradually impressed his weeping friend of the truth of the immortality of the soul, and its development through the process of pain—that is, grief, disappointment and affliction. It is customary for friends to call once or twice on those who suffer hereabout, but there are few who pour oil over the wounded heart with no other motive than the love of doing good.

Anayashan was regular in his visits to Jako Baboo, whose materialistic proclivities began to diminish, and the bright example of his consoling friend aroused him to spirituality.

At one time as he was passing home he met Baboo Sahib, who asked, "Well, is our friend Jako a Soulist? For my part I never receive anything on trust. It is not proper that we should weep like women. If we give way to grief we are in a fair way to lose our senses."

One morning Baboo Sahib was sitting at his ease reading a newspaper, when a Dawk peon delivered him a letter, the perusal of which caused him to burst into tears. It announced the death of his brother at Lahore. "Oh, dear brother," exclaimed he, "I shall never see you again!"

Affliction is the best schoolmaster. Nothing else shakes us so much. Nothing else acts so powerfully on our sensuous nature. Under its awakening influence Baboo Sahib began to read works on Spiritualism, and he and Jako Baboo often met. They were both under a cloud; both afflicted by the visitation of death. Their predominant thought was, "Is soul immortal? Is it possible to communicate with the spirits of our departed friends? If it be so, then death has no sting; it is the means of passing to a higher life."

Shortly after, Jako Baboo died. Baboo Sahib having an affection for his wife, proposed to marry her, but his offer was indignantly rejected, for the lady abhorred the idea of the marriage of widows. Baboo took his rejection sadly to heart, and ere long he, also, passed to the unseen. Lalhofokur, who was a plausible man, but unclean within, was imprisoned for some fraud committed by him.

## CHAPTER XVII.

ANAYASHAN LEARNS YOGE FROM YOGIS, AND MEETS HIS WIFE.

Anayashan left Pingala, and after traveling in many places, arrived at the banks of the Godavery. He there saw a huge religious *fauz*, beneath whose shade were seated a number of Yogis, covered with ashes, their long tresses hanging about their shoulders, and their eyes closed, intently engaged in different exercises of the Yoge, inhaling the air, retaining their breath for a long time, and thus gaining mastery over the natural life.

When the Yoge was over, they observed the

stranger, and were favorably impressed with his appearance and manner. They had gradually learned how to conduct their exercises in different ways. The Yogis did not value what was external, but applied their studies to whatever tended to emancipate the soul. This, and this alone, formed the subject of their conversation, meditation and religious exercises.

One day they inquired of Anayashan whether he knew of an extraordinary Bengali who had been with them for some time, but who was then living with some pious ladies in an *asram* (asylum). He replied that he did not know her, and said to them:

"There are many souls thirsting for God, and if the lady you speak of possesses an unusual thirst she must be indeed an extraordinary person."

Thinking he would have to go to Ramna Mountain, Anayashan took leave of the Yogis, who placed their fingers, with long nails, on his head, and showered a multitude of blessings upon him, while he knelt down and made deep-felt obeisances. After two days he came in sight of an *asram*, and the blue summit of a mountain at no great distance. While passing by he thought it would be desirable for him to visit this asylum, as some holy women lived therein. He therefore entered it, and beheld a number of Hindustani, Marhatta, Surastra and Magadha ladies, dressed in their usual costume, engaged in meditation. In the midst of them was a Bengali lady, clad in a red sari, wearing bangles on her hand, intendant on Samadhi. Though reduced by fasting, her soul-force was plainly visible in her countenance. Her tresses were uncombed, and the end of her sari, or *nuchal*, was twined around her neck as a mark of devotion. Her face was charming; a sweet smile playing over it expressive of the godliness within. All the Yogines around her left the room after the conclusion of the meditation.

Anayashan, sitting before her, began to look at her more closely. The sun was setting, its variegated rays, coming through the window, fell on the lady's face and caused it to appear entrancingly beautiful; but this external charm was surpassed by the unfading and eternal splendor of the soul.

"Who can the lady be?" questioned Anayashan of himself. "Young and charming as a champa flower—the very picture of beauty, but totally devoid of all that is earthly."

At the expiration of an hour the lady opened her eyes. She beheld before her a man of tranquil appearance, having long hair and a ragged beard, seated in an easy posture and gazing at her. The eyes express what is within. The lady and the man were intensely looking at each other. Recollection, compassion and deep thought were appealed to, but in vain, after which the lady smiled, lowered the covering of her head and burst into tears.

Anayashan asked, "Lady, who are you, and where is your home?"

She replied, "My name is Pate Chavine, and your heart is my home."

Anayashan placed his arm around her neck and said: "My dearest, do not weep; to weep is not spiritual."

She responded: "I am aware that weeping is earthly, but I cannot resist it as I see you whom I thought I would never see again."

At last they ceased speaking, and there was a thorough communion of their souls, like the union of two disembodied spirits. There was nothing phenomenal; no grief; no joy; no sorrow. These states were all supplanted by the soul-state—a watchful penetration of each other's soul to ascertain whether the two were on the same plane.

In the morning that followed, Anayashan was introduced to all the Yogines. The lady, addressing them, said: "To-morrow I leave this place with my husband."

The Yogines were grieved to hear this. "Mother," they said, "if you leave us, from whom are we to get honied instruction?"

"Daughters, you are kind to think of me so affectionately. My soul is with yours, as I see you are free from what is sensuous. In what words of affection shall I express myself? My earnest prayer is that you be absorbed in God. One intense contemplation increases the duration of the next contemplation, and if this be repeated several times daily, you gain mastery over matter. When we reach the soul state, all that is material, all that is earthly, all that is special, is effaced, because the soul state is the universal state. Look at me and my husband. We are husband and wife, but we aim at the happiness, not of the body or of the senses, but of the soul. We feed our thoughts on what is immortal, eternal. We think of what will live, progress and prosper in the realms of the eternal kingdom, and prepare us to take on those celestial conditions that are replete with the brightness and the glory of God."

Pate Chavine having ceased to speak, the Yogines proposed that they should all pray together. They accordingly sat down, Pate Chavine and Anayashan being seated together. They were all rapt in contemplation, enjoying the brightness of their souls, and thinking it impossible that they could be disturbed by any external cause, when a drunken man entered the room and began to make great noise: "Lo! here is a serpent! there is a tiger!" which annoyed the Yogines very much; but Pate Chavine and her husband remained unmoved. When the prayers were over, the Yogines acknowledged their want of true spiritual culture to a degree that was requisite to enable them to remain undisturbed by external causes.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

ANAYASHAN AND PATE CHAVINE SEE AVADI; OBTAIN FROM HIM HIS IDEAS OF THE SOUL, AND HEAR AN ACCOUNT OF HIS OWN ADVANCEMENT.

The Ramna Mountain is very high, and the road to it is very hazardous. Anayashan took his wife by the hand, and led her over the difficult way. Occasionally they became weary, and seating themselves rested, and drank water from the fountains. After three days' journey they arrived at the house of Avadi, where they were kindly received and hospitably entertained.

Avadi said he was fully aware of the object of their visit, and that he would proceed to state his views, which he did, as follows:

"The existence of the soul, its separation from the body, and its immortality, are ascertainable by spiritual exercises. The soul is fettered or free. So long as we are under the dominion of the mind we are fettered, and phenomenal states are the result of our condition. The power of the fettered soul is limited. It creates special creeds, special belief, special evil and good, special virtue and vice, special prayers, special salvation, special heaven and hell, special attributes of God, special commandments of God. The knowledge obtainable from a fettered soul is, indeed, very poor and imperfect,

because it judges of God by human attributes. As long as the soul is not free it cannot be disconnected with what is material, what is emotional, and hence cannot obtain a true knowledge of God. The soul free does not excite phenomenal states; no joy, no grief, no hope, no fears; it felicitates within itself; it finds good in everything. It is, indeed, difficult to emancipate the soul in flesh. Thank God, I have obtained this freedom. What I know I know through my non-phenomenal soul, and not through my senses."

Anayashan requested him to state by what means he arrived at the soul state.

Avadi continued: "We lived in Bhadrappura. I used to read in a *pathshala* (village school), where I studied the lives of Dhruvo and Prabodh,\* and felt reverence for holiness. The great inquiry of my mind was, 'How can I be like them?' My father was wealthy, and performed many *poojahs*. When I offered flowers at the feet of the idols, I prayed that I might become like Dhruvo and Prabodh. This state of feeling was not continuous. At times I was jovial. When I gave gifts to the poor I was sometimes moved by compassion, sometimes by pride. We had the stories of the Puranas related by a *Kathac*.† I sometimes wept over, sometimes meditated on what I then heard. There was a missionary school in the village, where I read several books, and also the Bible. From the Kathac I had heard frightful accounts of a hell, and what he said operated powerfully upon my fears. The *padre* now intensified my fears, by teaching that if I did not believe in Christ I would suffer eternal hell torments, and unless Christ interceded, I would never be forgiven. While reclining on my bed thoughts of these things terrified me beyond the power of words to relate, and occasionally I thought of embracing Christianity. I used to read the Darsanas, Puranas, Tantras and Upanishads. Certain parts of the Upanishads and the *Namat Bhagavad* appeared more sublime than the Bible.

"About this time I was married. My wife cordially cooperated with me in the acquisition of divine knowledge. I communicated to her what I knew, and we used to exchange our ideas in a quiet way. My father died. The whole care of the family came on me. I inquired after the property, and found he had granted large loans to persons who were unable to repay. We had only a *ghaut*, on the profits of which we all lived. Finding that it was good property, a neighboring *geminidar* (landlord) sought to dispossess me of it, and succeeded in doing so. When I instituted a suit for the purpose of reclaiming it, I was ordered to produce the bill of sale. I searched for it everywhere, but could not find it. At night, while I was asleep, the spirit of my father appeared to me, and said that the document had been deposited in the Court as a collateral security. He further said that the period it was to remain there was over, and that it would be returned on application.

"I was startled. I got up, looked around, but could see no one. I was glad that the required document would be forthcoming, but my grief for the loss of my father revived, and I was weak and sorrowful. I obtained the document from the Court, as I had been so strangely informed that I would.

"Subsequently, my thoughts dwelt constantly on the dream, and I read a great many books on Spiritualism, but it was not clear to my mind how the soul state could be obtained. I attended many circles for communication with spirits. I saw chairs, tables, and other objects lifted and moved by an unseen agency. Ink, pens and paper being placed on the table, some medium wrote against his will, and satisfactory answers were given to inquiries made by persons present. Considering these phenomena, I thought they might be wholly or in part fallacious. But, whether wholly or partly true, I concluded they came through the senses, and hence did not convey real but merely phenomenal knowledge.

"My next train of reflections was—How am I to rise from the objective to the subjective or soul state? How am I to obtain the one from the many—unity from diversity? Business took me to Dacca, where I made the acquaintance of many intelligent persons, some of whom were idolaters, and some, worshippers of the Unseen Power. I heard the prayers of both religionists, and found them to be alike. The one constructed images with the hand, the other constructed them with the brain; both were moved by fear, and therefore incapable of praying spiritually. It does not follow, because a person is a worshiper of the Unseen Power, he is therefore a spiritual worshiper. With persons of this sect I passed some time. While engaged in prayer, they exhibited several phenomenal states—fear and repentance for sin; forgiveness for sins committed; humility, and veneration of the infinite power, wisdom and goodness of the Creator; but none of these states was of long duration.

"In thinking on the divine attributes, I saw sometimes in my brain a serene, tranquil form. I benefited, however, by such prayers, but my thirst for divine knowledge increased. I thought that my prayers should be higher. The states induced by those I had engaged in manifested more or less of goodness, but the same results follow the performance of dramas or the singing or recital of touching hymns. The inquiry is worthy of consideration, what is a prayer? Can the infinite power be in any way influenced or changed in its purpose by our prayers?

"The external and internal of our lives are like wife and husband. The internal is educated and elevated by the external. In whatever form we pray our souls must be more or less influenced. While revolving this idea in my mind I received a letter from my wife, stating that my mother had died, and that my eldest son followed her the next day. As a storm sweeps away trees, so an affliction loosens the bondage of the soul; and, as its individualism progresses, the desire for further emancipation increases.

"My wife arrived from Dacca. She appeared quite resigned to the will of God. After some time we had this light: God is the soul of our spiritual bodies, and until we realize the existence of our spiritual bodies we can neither take soul views nor understand God, our mission here or our destiny hereafter. We found that all the sensations, impressions and emotions were non-transmissible to our souls, and while in the soul state we can clearly see the action and state of the different parts of our body, yea, of every nerve. The connection between the brain and the soul is intimate. But when the soul is free the brain is thrown into the shade; it ceases to receive impressions not refused by the soul, which thinks and acts from the light within. Its connection with the senses also ceases, and becoming unlimited by their limitations, it lives in a world where limitation as to

\* Two saints.  
† Kathacs are a class of Purana tellers who relate and sing. They are listened to by all classes of the people.



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THE MISSION OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM IS TO ENLIGHTEN EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LIFE. To bring forth a new and more noble order of things; to infuse a better spirit into every profession, to elevate business, to exalt the common life, to make men and women more noble, to teach them to live according to the dictates of the inner man, that their lives may be pure and true, leading them up higher spiritual.

## The Message Department.

Upon the steady agency of this department of the Banner of Light depends a great deal more than is commonly suspected. If the essays, and communications, and testimonials, and editorials are efficient in their place and way, the Messages are indeed vital above all, for they bring the readers of this journal directly into rapport with departed spirits, whose utterances they may freely weigh and judge for themselves. Through the Message Department the heavens are literally opened. No one can peruse the pages of selections which have been carefully made from it, to preserve it from being a comparatively dead letter to the human spirit, without confessing its secret, silent power in influencing the thoughts and actions.

Some of the profoundest questions respecting life here and hereafter have been discussed in this department, under the concentrated light of invisible beings, who in turn borrow it from the highest sources which they can reach. Some of the most touching lessons have been impressed through it upon minds that confessed they could have been moved in no other way. Some of the closest confidences which human spirits in, and out of the flesh, can exchange have been made on this weekly page of the Banner of Light. Some of the most striking proofs of immortality beyond the grave, for which Christians and Infidels alike yearn, have been presented here, to work their subtle but permanent influence on the minds of men, and build up hopes into lasting realities, and transmute faith into sight and knowledge. The Message Department, we have the best of reasons for knowing, has done fully as much as, if more than, all the rest to carry forward to the convincing of others the great truths on which Spiritualism professes to be founded.

We are none of us able to analyze the operation of truth on other minds and natures as it silently enters them to take up its abode there. But we are at liberty to testify to what we perfectly well know of the results accomplished; and on that score the evidence has long accumulated and strengthened, that more of the readers of the Banner look to and depend on the Message Department than any other branch of instruction to which it is devoted. Mediumship is the great sheet-anchor of the popular belief in what relates to Spiritualism. Through this open door all may freely pass in and find their own. The rich enjoy no more or greater privileges here than the poor, or the learned more than the unlearned. Hither come the wise ones of the unseen world, the practical and the earthly still, the grave and the gay, the simple, the humble, the downtrodden and the penitents; and here they gather fresh strength and derive real felicity from communing with the children of earth, rejoiced to find their individuality thus tested as in other days.

And to the weary and stricken, the lonely and friendless among the earth's people, these simple Messages come as a comforting balm, soothing to their discontents and healing all their griefs. They learn patience and faith. They become convinced, each one of them, that this present life in our clayey tenements is but the shadow of the one beyond, which sheds its beams here through the spirit-tenant above. They realize the disappearance of what was before a wide space between them and many of their fellow-beings, and that we are all of us children of one common Father and Mother. It is for these lowly ones of earth who can be reached and lifted in no other way, and for the undeveloped spirits whose task it is still to return to complete their discipline and round out their experience, that the Message Department especially appeals to the support of Spiritualists everywhere, and has never yet appealed in vain.

Mr. J. M. Spear, the veteran Spiritualist medium, who resides at 220 Mt. Vernon street, Philadelphia, informs us in a private note that he enters the present month on his seventy-fifth year, adding, "and yet I am as young and as earnest as ever to promote our blessed cause." Our brother in his declining years, we are sorry to learn, has to battle against poverty in a land of plenty. Those open-purged and pure-hearted Spiritualists who have been favored by Dame Fortune should make our brother's heart glad by remitting to him as presents whatever sums they may feel disposed to send, on this the anniversary month of his seventy-fifth birthday.

## Exposure of Williams and Rita.

While the air of America has been rife with denunciations, and the general press has seized upon and held up to view the various shortcomings which have been claimed to attach to one or other of the media in this country, the Spiritualists of Great Britain have since their triumphant vindication of the wrongfully accused Dr. Slade enjoyed a season of rest in this regard. But now the epidemic seems to be fairly started in the mother country, with it would seem, the strongest reason for its existence. Our readers have hardly digested C. Reimer's note to these columns, disclosing the ring fraud in London, with which the names of Messrs. Williams, Herne, etc., were unpleasantly associated, and now it becomes our duty to announce that Williams and Rita have been fully exposed in Amsterdam, Holland. These individuals left England and proceeded to The Hague, where A. J. Rinko, our esteemed correspondent, welcomed them to his home; after giving some sittings there they proceeded to Amsterdam. On Tuesday evening, Sept. 10th, a séance was held by them at a private residence of one of the sitters; at a sitting held two days before the suspensions of the party had been aroused as to the genuineness of some of the manifestations witnessed, and acting upon these, one of the gentlemen attending the present séance, on the appearance of "Charlie," one of Rita's spirits, sprang forward and seized—the collar of Mr. Rita himself! The two mediums, who are reported as physically forceful, commenced a savage onslaught upon him, but the other members of the circle rallying, the prisoners were secured and searched, with the following results, according to the published report: "On Rita, a reddish-gray, nearly new beard (Charlie's); three large handkerchiefs, one of them of muslin; a very small ditto—kept in addition two for his own use; a bottle of phosphoric oil; the bottle is of the size of an ordinary flat round bottle, containing a substance which the light of Charlie was nothing else. On Williams, a black beard (very old, dirty and used, sewed on brown silk ribbons (John King's); several yards of dirty, soiled, and very frequently used muslin; some muslin handkerchiefs which served without doubt as John's turban, etc.; a bottle of phosphoric oil; a small bottle of scent for the perfume, in which particles of phosphorus were found, which made us draw the conclusion that they used it for cleaning their fingers after showing spirit-lights in the cabinet."

These articles were found closely hidden upon the persons of Williams and Rita, between their clothes and in their pockets. The account, as contributed to *The Spiritualist* by various parties, further says:

"Mind this: the beard and all the muslin very old, dirty, and been long used. This is an important point to the English. Afterwards, on searching Mr. Williams's hand-bag, a small tube filled with very minute pieces of state-powder was found. These pieces fitted into a flat, thin fish-bone or spring, serving probably to produce the phenomenon of writing between sealed slates, if room enough is left to introduce the instrument. Williams had the most complete apparatus. After the finding of the above-mentioned objects, the two mediums looked perplexed. It was about twelve o'clock; they were then turned out of doors, without trying to gain a better opinion for themselves by accepting the offer of some gentlemen to give a test séance to prove that they were mediums. In fact, they ran away to The Hague next morning as early as possible."

We do not deny that Williams and Rita are mediums; but whatever they produced as genuine media does not make this history right."

Mr. Rinko's remarks in this connection: "The facts stand. All the objects which were found are to be seen at Amsterdam. We feel sorry for ourselves, but also for the good, true mediums in England, who for several years have treated Williams with all the kindness in their power. It is inconceivable how any person can be so heartless as to deal in such a manner with old and true Spiritualists, defenders of the cause in all honesty, in all truth. Were it not for my twenty years' investigations in the bosoms of quiet, true-hearted and fashionable families, with our own good, private Dutch mediums, who only offer us ordinary manifestations, and are not yet able to produce such 'miracles' as described above, I should feel somewhat discouraged, and perhaps others would also."

So I had tried for years to spread the cause on the Continent by introducing public mediums to meet with such an ending!

I know the spreading of truth cannot be separated from suffering, and I feel strong enough to bear it; but it requires a great experience in Spiritualism, and a conviction based on solid facts, to resist such shocks."

Concerning this exposure the editor of *The Spiritualist* says:

"Such is the much-to-be-regretted information just received from The Hague. For a long time past we have ceased to print, editorially, in these pages, any official reports of cabinet séances, but have recorded only those materialization séances in which the mediums gave sittings off their own premises, and had their hands held on both sides by responsible witnesses, without being released for one moment. Such sittings both Williams and Rita have given in great number in the houses of good critical witnesses at the West-end of London, and the powerful results thus obtained are not refuted by the character of the mediums or of the spirits about them."

The British National Association of Spiritualists might do good service in this case of Messrs. Williams and Rita by deciding what should be done in the matter, what steps taken to let the public know that Spiritualists as a body are in no way responsible for the conduct of professional mediums, and what ought to be done to put down, with a strong hand, all temptation to such resort to imposture in the future."

We record this intelligence for the benefit of our readers, purposing to follow up the matter should anything further of interest arise.

## The Passage of Spirits through Matter.

In a pamphlet issued by Gilbert & Griffen, Chicago, Ill., and embodying the reports of six lectures, etc., delivered by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond under the auspices of the First Society of Spiritualists of that city, occurs the following—in the form of a question from the audience and a reply by the speaker—which is deserving of special attention at the present time:

Ques.—Will the controlling spirit explain how it is possible for spirits to penetrate or pass through ponderable masses of matter, like the walls of a room?

Ans.—The secret to this explanation lies in the fact that the terms employed by science are only relative terms. Ponderable substances are not solid substances; imponderable substances are not immaterial, but at the same time a substance less dense than the one which forms the wall of a room can easily penetrate that substance, which is porous. Even the rocks are porous, and spirit power or substance is so subtle that it does not disintegrate the particles to pass through the porous walls of a room; on the contrary, like smoke, which adapts itself to any aperture of escape, the spiritual body may be elongated, divided and subdivided without in the least being disintegrated; and therefore this will explain the passage through seemingly solid substances of the elements that make up the spirit body.

The spirit body is material, but is, of course, of finer substance than any which you have upon earth, is governed by laws of attraction, and has an organization that may be disintegrated at will and drawn together again without destroying the fiber. The substances of your material garments or material bodies are so gross that if thus divided they would be of course be dis-

severed forever. But not so with the spirit that absorbs its body from the elements of the atmosphere, throws off, changes, adapts itself to the conditions in which it is found, and can enter or leave an apartment without any aperture that is visible to the senses of man.

Then again spirits may be present and still be a thousand miles away. What we mean by this is that there is no space in spirit-life; and when you speak of a person being in a room, you of course refer to their physical body; their mind may be elsewhere. The spirit is always present where the thought is engaged, and the intervening atmosphere offers no barrier to that presence, even though there be the distance referred to. You can readily comprehend this by remaining in your seats and thinking of your houses. The thought can traverse not only instantly the space, but you can in retrospect pass along the street, go through all the changes necessary to get to your home in your mind without once crossing the threshold of this room.

Therefore, the mind and spirit acting together, the simultaneous action of the spirit upon the physical body can either project that presence into your mind, or, remaining in spirit-life, can influence you from that height, as the sun's rays through millions of miles of distance affect the flowers at your feet.

## The Bigot in Politics.

Judge Belford, a prominent Spiritualist in Colorado, has been nominated by one of the leading political parties in that State as a candidate for Congress, and his opponents of the other party are making the air of that elevated region to resound with cries of "Infidel" and "Spiritualist," coupled with creedal epithets of an exceedingly un-Christian nature, it being sought to hide his capabilities as a man under a cloud of bigoted denunciation because of his disagreement with the popular system of religion. The *Pueblo Chieftain* answers these highly excited churchmen in a manly fashion, devoting a column of its space to the purpose. In the course of this article it affirms that "the people of Colorado are too enlightened and liberal to be deceived by a sham religious enthusiasm," declares that, "the day of proscription on account of religious opinion has gone by," and calls attention to the "remarkable fact that those who have the least possible amount of genuine religion in their hearts are the persons who will invariably lead the attack upon those who happen to differ with them upon religious topics; while true religion teaches charity toward all men."

"A man," says this fearless editor, "cannot now say to his neighbor, 'If you don't believe as I do you'll certainly be damned,' without being laughed at, and it is also generally conceded that the high road to celestial happiness in the world to come does not lie through the contracted portals of any one narrow-minded religious sect. Salvation is free, and every man may seek it as best suits his own religious ideas. Many of the men who use this foolish electioneering cry against Judge Belford would hold up their hands in holy horror at any attempt to establish a national religion throughout the United States. Were such a thing mooted a disturbance would be created that would shake the country to its very foundation; yet these selfsame men indirectly advocate that identical relic of barbarism by attempting to prevent political honors being bestowed upon a man because his religious opinions, forsooth, do not happen to agree with certain ill-defined ideas which they may entertain concerning the deity and certain established forms of worship."

The following liberal sentiments expressed by the *Chieftain*, and with which we close these citations, are especially commendable:

"A man's religious opinions are his own private property, and every man is, thank God! under the Constitution of the United States, secure in the privilege of worshipping God as he sees fit or not worshipping at all. Politics and religion are antagonistic elements, and like oil and water refuse to blend in a free country where the people are educated, enlightened, and above those little mean prejudices born of ignorance and its twin sister, bull-headed bigotry."

## Banner of Light Children's Department.

As will be seen by reference to our first page, we have once more begun the publication of a Special Department for the delectation of our young readers. We have for years desired to follow this course, but the great pressure of matter of varying character upon our columns has of late necessitated a suspension of this useful department. With No. 2 of the new volume we make the attempt again, presenting on this occasion the first installment of an attractive series of brief and striking narrations, which bears the general title of "TALES OF THE EVER-LASTING MOTHER." This literary treat has been furnished to our columns by that inspired medium, Baroness Adeline von Vay, of Gombitz, Austria, and the attention of adult readers as well as that of the little ones, is respectfully called to the sketches, which are brief, each one complete in itself, and much in the style of that fine collection, "Tales of the Sun-Rays," which we printed last year from the same source.

## Spiritual Hall—A Picture as a Present.

Timothy Brown, of Georgetown, Madison Co., N. Y., has sent us a beautiful photograph of his hall, a tasteful and curiously ornamented building. Fifteen years ago he began it, by spirit direction, and toiled ten years to finish the work and sustain the family, his wife toiling with him, a real helpmeet. The front part, thirty-five feet square, he built wholly himself, yet he is not a carpenter. The rear is a second-hand Orthodox church, promoted to higher service by being joined to the front as part of a spiritual temple. The hall is seventy-five by thirty-five feet, and the family home is on the floor below. He has his sincere thanks for this fine picture of a hall, the building of which is a wonderful thing, and which he dedicates to Spiritualism and to humanity.

The Philosophical Society of Chicago, Ill., (organized in 1873, and hence now entering upon its sixth year) is an institution having for its motto, "What is True?" Its meetings are held at the hall, No. 149 State street. Prof. Samuel Willard, M. D., is its president, and among its Vice-Presidents we notice the name of Hon. E. S. Holbrook. A course of lectures, to be delivered weekly under its auspices, is announced for a space in time covering October to May, the first (Oct. 5th) to be delivered by Prof. Willard; and among the speakers to take part in this course is Frederick Francis Cook, who will, on the evening of December 14th, lecture on "The Rationale of Modern Spiritualism."

An article entitled "Reply to 'A Query from Italy,' and to other Related Criticisms," from the pen of J. B. Loomis, of New York, will appear in our next issue.

Mrs. H. W. Cushman, spiritual medium, having returned from Lake Pleasant, will give séances as usual at her residence in Wyoming, Melrose, Mass.

## The Children's Lyceum Movement on the Lively Slope.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, in a recent number of *The Spiritual Offering*, thus bears witness that the Children's Lyceum cause in California is in a state far removed from decay, to say the least. She writes of the San Francisco school as follows:

"Six years ago a few faithful souls said, 'let us have a Lyceum.' And from seeming chaos it came forth. Mrs. Lavonia Mathews, the Conductor, has been absent but three times in the six years. Other members have been as true and steady. There is in the Lyceum no disunion; no desire for leadership; no party spirit. The Lyceum pays hall rent, and owns a good library. Money is raised by exhibitions and literary contributions."

(Of the Santa Barbara school she says:

"You ask 'What of Santa Barbara Lyceum?' We are but four months old. Time will determine our destiny. We now number one hundred members. Seventy-five are counted in as children. Cleveland and Chicago have donated some books. We have purchased fifty copies of Davis' Manual, and a few library books. We have in the Lyceum the elements of success. Parents and children meet together, speak, sing, work in accord. The leaders are efficient and love their calling; and if I were not conductor, I would say the officers are united and faithful workers—and so they are. Mr. Chase and Mr. Hunt have each a class of grown people, which adds to the profit of teacher and pupil."

## Our Public Free Circles.

Last Sunday the second and last of our Sunday séances was held in the Banner of Light Circle-room, which was completely filled by intelligent and earnest investigators of and believers in spirit-communication. The choir, consisting of Mrs. Weeman, Messrs. Plympton, Knapp and Fuller, interspersed the exercises by singing at intervals, effectively, the following pieces of music: "The Village Bells," "Waiting 'Mid the Shadows," "Gathering Flowers in Heaven," and "Wandering Home." Mrs. J. S. Rudd, under spirit-influence, offered an invocation, and then delivered a short address on the importance of spirit-intercourse as a means of enlightening the world in regard to our dear departed friends and the conditions existing in the life to which we are all hastening.

Then seven different spirits in succession took control of her organism and gave messages for their friends. The utmost harmony prevailed during the session, and results were satisfactory.

The week-day circles will be held regularly Tuesdays and Thursdays, but none on Friday during October.

## Prof. Zoellner and Dr. Slade.

The reader's attention is specially directed to the extracts which we present elsewhere from the remarkable work which this distinguished and painstaking German seer has just put before the public with an undaunted hand, evidently fearing no results if the truth, as he perceives it, be not thereby set clearly forth to his fellows. His noble example is worthy of being followed by many who in Europe and America have also received the light, but are still willing to hide it under the bushel of policy.

In his issue for Sept. 25th, the editor of the Boston *Investigator* makes a point which is well worth the consideration of the candid and thoughtful everywhere. It is one of those instances of actual fact which more than a multitude of theories points to the justice of, as well as the necessity for, the taxation of church property, if indeed freedom of thought is to receive the slightest encouragement at the hands of the people. After a succession of forcible sentences, portraying that in equity church property should bear its share of the public burden, he ends his article as follows:

"Take, by way of illustrating the unfairness of the present system of taxation, the cases of two buildings in this city—one is infidel, the other Christian. The former is the Paine Memorial, which is taxed yearly \$1000 or more; the other building, adjacent or adjoining it, is the Parker Memorial. Both buildings are used for about the same purposes: on Sundays for lectures, and through the week for balls, concerts, and literary and dramatic entertainments. Yet the Paine Memorial is compelled by law to pay a tax of one thousand dollars and upwards, while the Parker Memorial pays no tax at all!"

Why this difference, partiality, favoritism and injustice? Simply because the Parker Memorial is an incorporated church, and having a priest, calls itself religious; but the Paine Memorial is not incorporated, has no priest connected with it, no creed to teach, no subject to dictate, no man or woman to exclude from its domain, but is a Temple of Free Thought and Free Speech, and a Monument to THOMAS PAINE. Now if any person can justify showing why one of these buildings should be taxed and the other would not, we would like to have him try his hand at it, and he shall have a full hearing in these columns."

The New York Sun is responsible for the report that while Rev. Mr. Hayden, of Madison, Ct., (who has since been discharged) was under arrest in connection with the legal examination regarding the cause of the death of Mary Starnard, he was pounced upon as to his worldly goods and chattels by one of his own parish, "a godly man, and a man of godly friendships," who had heretofore professed the greatest attachment to his pastor, who, through the agency of a writ of attachment, sought to obtain the satisfaction of a pecuniary claim against him—thus illustrating the apothem that troubles never come singly. With charming satire the Sun concludes:

"The religion exhibited by this transaction, it may be conceded, is not the Christian religion taught and practiced by the apostles. It may rather be classed as that religion, with all the modern improvements, which is not shocked by brother going to law with brother, and that before the unbelievers."

Greater are the thousands of little churches with their spires pointing to heaven, with which the beautiful villages of Connecticut are dotted, will serve to remind us of the fidelity of friendship, as well as of the way of salvation."

The State Convention of the Spiritualists' Association convened in American Hall, Hyde Park, Vt., Sept. 27th, Chas. Crane of that place presiding. The conference hour was occupied in discussing subjects relating to the general good of the society. Mrs. George Pratt, a trance medium, was the regular speaker for the afternoon. Thomas Middleton, of Woodstock, Dr. S. A. Gould, of West Randolph, and other prominent Spiritualists were present.

"I wish to congratulate you on the excellent paper you issue (*Banner of Light*), composition, proof-reading and press-work being unsurpassed, I believe, by any weekly paper published. As to the matter of which it is composed, it is not necessary to say anything; it speaks for itself. To me it is the best paper I know of, or ever knew."—Alexander Spencer, Chicago.

K. P. Watson, M. D., fell a victim to the yellow fever while in the discharge of his professional duties in Memphis, Tenn. He was a brother to Rev. Dr. Samuel Watson, the writer and lecturer on Spiritualism.

## Spiritualist Free Meetings at Parker Memorial Hall, Boston.

Will commence for the season on SUNDAY AFTERNOON NEXT, 6th inst., Dr. J. M. Peebles, speaker. We have no doubt that the hall will be well filled with an intelligent audience, to listen to this gentleman's eloquent remarks on the *Religion of Spiritualism*, which has so rapidly spread to the furthest ends of the earth.

Our devoted musical friend, Prof. Alonzo Bond, with an orchestra of twelve pieces, has generously volunteered to "discourse sweet music" on the interesting occasion. There will also be vocal music, by a quartette of ladies.

## Justice Slow but Sure.

It is high time that the government officials put a stop to Indian "rings," and we are probably indebted to the only statesman we have in the nation who considers "honesty" in dealing with the Indian wards of the government "the best policy." A late Washington special informs us that criminal proceedings against members of the old Indian contractors "ring" are about to be begun, and none of the old ring are to be considered in any future bids for contracts.

Rev. M. J. Savage does not believe that God sits on a throne somewhere, but that he is a being who dwells in the very centre of the life and character of men; which means, we suppose, that he is a philanthropic God—a humanitarian God. But the bible says he is a God of wrath, and visits the sins of parents upon their children—even to the seventh generation. Will the learned divine please explain more definitely his views upon this subject? He is right, no doubt, in not believing with the Orthodox that God is an individual "sitting upon a great white throne," etc.; but there he leaves his hearers floundering in an ocean of theories. It seems to us that "the kind of religion we need to-day," more than any other, and which Modern Spiritualism inculcates, is to deal justly one with another. But do Christians or Infidels or others practice the golden rule? Do give us a more comprehensive analysis of your theological views, Bro. Savage, such as will expand the intellect rather than cramp it in regard to spiritual things.

J. B. Loomis writes us from New York, under date of Sept. 26th, that "Our Spiritualist meetings are increasing in numbers and interest under Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham's ministrations. Her discourse on Temperance, on last Sunday P. M., at Irving Hall, is spoken of by the directors of the society as being the most remarkable and powerful ever given before them."

Bushby, the celebrated photographer, (formerly of the firm of Bushby & Hart) can be found by the admirers of good work in his specialty at Bank Building, 54 Exchange street, Lynn, Mass.

Read the notice in another column, and Miss Hinman's letter, in regard to the Annual Convention of Spiritualists, to be held at Hartford, Conn., Oct. 12th and 13th. A. J. Davis is to be one of the speakers.

## Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Speakers having matter for this Department are reminded that the *Banner of Light* goes to press on Tuesday of each week, but bears the date of Saturday. Their notices, therefore, to insure prompt insertion must be forwarded to this office on the Monday preceding the day of going to press.

Mrs. P. W. Stephens, after a protracted lecturing tour in Oregon, has returned to her home in Carson City, Nevada.

William Denton will be on his way east from Iowa to Boston in the months of October and November, and can give his illustrated scientific or other lectures at places on or near the line of travel. Parties desiring his services may direct to him at Wellesley, Mass., when the letters will be at once forwarded to him.

Mrs. Augusta Dwiglins has returned from her vacation, and located at 167 Tremont street, Boston.

Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham spoke in Orange, Mass., Sundays, Sept. 15th and 22d. She will probably visit Hartford, Ct., in November. She would like to make engagements for Sunday lectures or week evening meetings during October. Address 35 Piedmont street, Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Fletcher returned to London from Paris, Oct. 1st.

W. J. Colville was to hold his farewell meeting in London before his departure for America on Friday evening, Sept. 20th, at Langham Hall, 43 Great Portland street, W.

A correspondent writing from Waukegan, Ill., Sept. 23d, says: "The meetings held under the ministrations of Bishop A. Beals have been largely attended during his engagement here, and a new interest awakened among all classes of people. The society have reengaged him to remain for the month of October, speaking also a part of the time at Whittier."

The *Daily Globe*, published at Council Bluffs, states that John Tyerman delivered several well attended and useful lectures at Liberal Hall, that city, during September.

Dr. G. Amos Peirce, P. O. box 129, Lewiston, Me., will be glad to answer calls to lecture this fall and winter anywhere within reasonable distance of his residence.

Mrs. M. A. Fullerton, M. D., psychometrist and phrenologist, has been, speaking the present month to appreciative audiences in Buffalo on topics pertaining to the Spiritual Philosophy. Correspondents can address her in care of A. H. Frank, at 123 West Eagle street, Buffalo, N. Y. She is desirous of making engagements to lecture during the coming fall and winter.

W. F. Jamieson, spiritual, liberal and scientific lecturer, box 1250, Kansas City, Mo.

Mordecai Larking writes us: "Ella E. Gibson, an excellent medium, lectured in Marshall, Pa., about three miles from here (Downingtown), lately, and has evidently roused up the fears of the Methodists in that place, since they have also joined in the already published Resolution of their Ministers' Meeting that 'American Spiritualism is an emanation from the devil.'"

Henry B. Allen and Geo. A. Fuller will hold séances and lecture as follows: Natick, Oct. 3d; Dover, Oct. 4th; Stafford, Conn., Oct. 6th, 7th, 8th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th and 14th. Societies desiring their services the coming winter should address either party at Amherst, Mass., without delay. Their intention is to travel toward the west.

## God's Poor Fund.

Received since our last acknowledgment:

From a friend, Watertown, Mass., \$1.00; J. O. B. Boston, \$5.00; Miscellaneous sums received at our Free Circle-Room, \$4.10; M. W. Walt, of Victoria, V. I., \$2.07; Mrs. O. C. H. Lincoln, North Dighton, Mass., 15 cents. The repeated calls upon us of the destitute and suffering poor are so numerous that we pay out far more than is contributed by our kind friends. We hope those who can afford to part with a little of their means will not withhold their contributions, as any amount they choose to give will go to the relief of this class of sufferers.

ONWARD.—Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, have just issued a new volume of Psalm Tunes, Anthems, Chants, Glees, Quartettes and Choruses, to which they have assigned the name which heads this paragraph. The book comprises some two hundred pages, and is the latest and therefore presumably the best work of its author, Mr. L. O. Emerson, who is a thorough master of his profession.



BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

The haughty feet of power shall fall  
Where weakness surely goes;  
No cunning hand the key of Heaven,  
No strength its gates uncloses.  
Alone to guilelessness and love  
Those gates shall open fall:  
The mind of pride is nothingness,  
The childlike heart is all.—[Whittier.]

SHORT SKIRMISH.—Who is he that acquires honor,  
That is spoken of in the city with praise? Even he  
that hath shut out idleness from his house; and hath said  
unto Sloth, thou art mine enemy.

The boiler of the steamer Adelphi exploded off Gregory's Point, Conn., on Saturday morning, Sept. 28th, killing twelve persons and wounding seventeen.

THE EASTERN SITUATION.—The Berlin Congress gave Austria permission to occupy Bosnia and Herzegovina. This, of course, was in the interest of peace, though what the Russians and Herzegovinians had thought that they should be subdued by a powerful army is not exactly clear. Austria, with glittering phalanxes in proud array, went forth to conquer. The campaign has lasted nearly two months, and now a cablegram announces that the main army will go into winter quarters on the river Save, where the surviving troops will nurse their battered shins and wash the blood from their tarnished garments. In the meantime another Peace Congress may assemble at Vienna to send an army to the rescue.—[San Francisco Chronicle.]

A few Indian youths were some time ago admitted to the Normal and Agricultural Institute at Hampton, Va., and the success of the experiment has proved so great that about fifty children of both sexes from the Sioux, and several young women from other tribes, are now to be educated there.

Gen. Sir Thomas Uddleton Biddulph, keeper of the Queen's purse, died in London Sept. 29th. He had been connected with the Queen's household for twenty-seven years.

Elder N. C. Baldwin, a good Virginian Baptist, thinks croquet an evil thing. Whereat the *Christian at Work* remarks that his head would like to go into croquet ball. We should hardly be so discourteous as to say that, but we fear that Elder Baldwin is, in the language of the field, a "booby."—[Ez.]

The Eastern Railroad Corporation is a muddled-up concern.

"There is no town, however watched and tended,  
But one dead bank is there;  
There is no safe, however well defended,  
But needs still greater care."

The Howard Athenaeum, Howard street, is just the place to spend an hour or two agreeably.

Some time previous to the discovery of the defalcation of S. A. Chase, says the *Fall River Monitor*, one of our well-known citizens, Leonard Freestone, had a dream. In this dream he was informed that a great calamity was about to befall Fall River, and that four of our well-known citizens were to be proved to be defrauders. The dream made a strong impression on his mind and he was unable to shake it off. Soon after the denouncement of Mr. Chase occurred, and that four of our well-known citizens were proved to be defrauders. In accordance with the dream three more prominent citizens were implicated. In a few days after Mr. Hathaway's fall was made public. When Mr. Sickney's defalcation of the truth of his dream, but still stronger asserted that there would be another party to the fraud. He is quite confident that the fourth criminal will turn up, if he has not already been discovered.

Exceedingly beautiful petrifications of the Lycopodium fern have been found in a ledge at Mattapan.

Col. Robert Ingersoll lectured to a crowded house in Burlington, Vt., last Saturday evening, his subject being "Tramps." He was advertised to speak in Music Hall, Boston, on Tuesday; but as our reporter was refused the customary courtesy of the press, we shall say nothing about the lecture or the meanness of the agent. On Sunday Col. Ingersoll will again speak in Music Hall, on "Some Mistakes of Moses."

A late number of the *St. Louis Evening Post* says: "It really ought not to be expected that the Indians shall stay on their reservations and starve to death. It is odd that this has not been thought of before." How will the Washington officials swallow this terribly cutting irony?

Secular "ministers of the gospel" in different sections of the country, according to the telegraphic dispatches in the daily papers, are getting into sad difficulties with women; and the religious creedal press don't say anything about these falls from grace. Had the parties been Spiritualists, what a howl would have gone up from the venerable mouthpieces of Old Time! It makes quite a difference, we find, *whom* the ox is gored—all the difference in the world!

It is said that the plague is still spreading at the South. There is a startling increase in the number of new cases and deaths in many places. Urgent appeals are laid before the country, and nurses and supplies are wanted.

Traveling scandal-mongers are the worst nuisances every community has to guard against.

The web of human fortune is woven for eternity. Here we only see the reverse side; and no wonder is it if we cannot trace its symmetry, its beauty of outline, its harmony of color; for there may not be a thread not a tint, in which we shall not discern the hand of the Divine weaver, when we shall be on the right side of the canvas.—[Peabody.]

The Afghan war-cloud looks extremely black at the present moment. What next?

ACTIVITY OF THE BOOK TRADE.—It is always an evidence of returning business prosperity when men purchase books for personal use and for retail. The first item in every retrenchment schedule is scored against outlays for books. The mind can wait, but the animal cannot. It is a gratifying assurance that a better day is dawning when the book trade is as active as it has been in this city for a few days past, says the *New York Mercury*.

BY THE BRITISH CABINET.  
Whereas, it doth appear  
That this obdurate Amer  
Through Afghanistan our mission won't let go,  
By jingo, such as beer,  
We'll teach this same Amer,  
That our mission shall and is going to go.

Digby and Joe stood in the rain philosophically meditating over a neighbor's vegetable garden. The shower had been in vigorous operation for five days. "Excellent weather for those who raise things," said Dig. "Yes," said Joe, "fine weather for raising umbrellas."

A MEMPHIS MAGAZINE.—Annie Cook, who kept the noted demimonde establishment, the Mansion House, has discharged all her female inmates and is taking yellow fever patients in her elegantly furnished rooms. Being herself an expert in the management of the disease, she is personally superintending the nursing of all the patients. One, we learn, has already convalesced in that establishment.

Later.—Annie Cook, the woman who, after a long life of shame, ventured all she had of life and property for the sick, died yesterday morning at 7 o'clock of yellow fever, which she contracted while nursing her patients.—[From a late number of *The Memphis Appeal*.]

Krupp's latest cannon is warranted, at two thousand yards, to sink an iron-clad costing \$1,000,000 in six minutes, by a shot that cost \$150.

THE CANDIDATE.  
Brothers who now work early and late,  
Ask these things of the candidate:  
What is his record? How does he stand  
At home? No matter about his hand,  
Be it hard or soft, so it is not prone  
To close over the money of his own.  
Has he in view no thieving plan?  
Is he honest and capable?—he's your man!

Edward the Confessor was the first king of England who endeavored to cure the King's evil by touching. This custom had, in the age of Charles II., arisen to such a height that in fourteen years 92,107 were touched, and, according to Wiseman, the King's physician, "mostly cured."

"MARRYING OFF A DAUGHTER," by Henry Greville, author of "Sonia," "Savell's Explication," and "Gabrielle," has been admirably translated into English, from the French, by Mary Neal Sherwood, and is gay, sparkling, and full of quiet humor, while the individuality of the characters is very marked. It will be issued in a few days by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, in uniform style with "Theo," "Kathleen," "Sonia," "Savell's Explication," and "Gabrielle," published by the same firm.

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

PARKER MEMORIAL HALL.—Spiritualist meetings will be held at this hall, in Parker Memorial Building, corner of South and Berkeley streets, Boston, Sunday, Oct. 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th. Good lectures and excellent music. The public are invited to attend free of charge. Dr. James M. Peck will lecture on the Sunday afternoon of October. Per order *E. C. Com.*

AMORY HALL.—Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, holds its sessions every Sunday morning at this hall, corner of Washington and Washington streets, at 10 o'clock. The public cordially invited. J. B. Hatch, Conductor.

PYTHIAN HALL.—The People's Spiritual Meeting (formerly held at Eagle Hall) is removed to Pythian Hall, 176 Tremont street. Services every Sunday morning and evening. Good mediums and speakers always present.

AMORY HALL.—The Spiritual Ladies Aid Society will meet at this place, 176 Tremont street, every Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock, until further notice. Mrs. John Woods, President; Miss M. L. Barrett, Secretary.

NANNAH HALL.—Spiritual Meetings for speaking and tests are held every Sunday at 10 o'clock, and 2 and 7 1/2 p.m., corner of Washington and Common streets. Excellent quartet singing provided.

Amory Hall.—To-day was indeed a Pentecostal feast at this hall. A spirit of harmony seemed to pervade the place; the dear little ones with their joyous faces innocent and lovely, the older ones in their freedom from creedal restraint, and the audience with their kindly greetings, seemed to vie with each other in trying to enhance the universal happiness. The orchestra of twelve pieces, led by Prof. Alonzo Bond, favored us with sweetest music.

The selections were mostly choice, and as a rule unexceptionably rendered. The services consisted of an overture by the orchestra; singing, responsive readings, and Banner March, by the school; piano solo, by Helen M. Hill; recitation, "The Boy that Saved the Train," by May Waters; song, "You and I," by Mr. Bryant; recitation, "The Song My Mother Sang," by Arthur Rand; piano solo, by Nellie Thomas; recitation, "A Bird's Experience," by Jennie Smith; select reading, "There is but One Pair of Stockings to Mend To-night," by Miss Maria Adams; song, "You'll Never Miss the Water till the Well Runs Dry," by Mr. Robinson; and for an encore, "My Wife as Good as Gold," remarks by J. B. Hatch, Conductor, and the reading of the beautiful poem printed in the *Banner of Light* last week, and entitled, "Oh, if People Only Knew," selections by the orchestra; Wing Movements by the school, led by D. N. Ford, Assistant Conductor, closing with the Target March.

Wm. D. Rockwood, Cor. Sec.  
*Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1,*  
Boston, Sept. 29th, 1878.

The Lyceum Seating Circle held a meeting at Amory Hall Sept. 18th, to make the necessary arrangements for a Fair, proposed to be held the first week of December next, for the benefit of the Children's Progressive Lyceum and for charitable purposes. The following named ladies were appointed an Executive Committee: Mrs. Pratt, Hayward, Hatch, Harrison, Biggs and Wilson; Treasurer, Mrs. Hayward; Soliciting Committee, Mrs. Skilton, Mrs. Wilson, Alice, Downes, Woodworth, Sumner, Francis, Milk, Bicknell, Thomas, Rand, Waters, Kimball, Burns, Dearborn, Day, Jones, Stickney, Stokell, Morrill, Clark, Nash, Thompson, Carnes, and Miss Stoddard. Also, Messrs. Hatch, Downes, Temple, LaGros and Burrill. It is hoped that all Spiritualists will unite in forwarding this work of charity. Donations may be left with Mr. Downes, Janitor of Amory Hall, or with either of the Executive Committee.

Mrs. C. C. HAYWARD, Secretary.

Pythian Hall.—The interest in the "People's Spiritual Meetings" at Pythian Hall continues to increase. The morning healing and developing circles seem to be growing in favor with those who generally attend, and especially with those who have been benefited by being treated personally at the hall, as well as those who have received treatment from concentrated magnetic influence sent to them at their homes. Last Sunday the meetings were very interesting. Remarks were offered in the morning by Drs. Todd, Court, Rhinus and others. Mrs. M. A. Carnes (entranced) gave an interesting address in the afternoon upon "Materialization," which was well received by the audience. Mrs. Carnes will speak again in the above-named hall next Sunday at 7 o'clock.

GRANDESTOWN DISTRICT.—Army and Navy Hall.—A very interesting meeting was held at this hall on the evening of Sunday, Sept. 20th, at 7 o'clock. The hall was well filled with a very intelligent audience, which listened attentively to the remarks and fine tests that were given through the organism of Mrs. M. C. Bagley, who occupied the platform as speaker and test medium. Meetings will be held in this hall every Sunday at 7 o'clock. Next Sunday, Oct. 6th, there will be a medium meeting at 7 o'clock. Mrs. Bagley will speak and give tests in the evening at 7 1/2.

C. B. M.

Georgetown Yearly Meeting.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A two days' yearly meeting or basket picnic has just ended, in Brown's Hall, Georgetown, with good audiences and good feeling. Animated and valuable conferences, clairvoyant spirit-tests by L. P. Hong of East Haver, the President, several of which were recognized, and addresses by Warren Woolson and myself, filled the time. Mr. Woolson was suffering from hay fever, but spoke for spirit-intelligences controlling him, with marked earnestness and power, giving clear thought and high morals in his inspired mood. Instead of four hundred I wish four thousand could have heard him. The next yearly meeting will be in August, 1879. This was a decided gain, in numbers and power, from last year. Let the next be a larger gain. The hall is seventy feet by thirty-five, and the rooms below gave hospitable space for tables filled with good things for cooking at Mrs. Brown's stoves, and for a social season. The walls of the hall had finely-fitted mottoes telling of its dedication to free thought, reform, and Spiritualism, by its whole-hearted builder and owner, Timothy Brown, a truly Spiritualist.

Truly yours, G. B. STEBBINS.

Georgetown, Madison Co., N. Y.,

Sept. 23d, 1878.

Connecticut.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Will you allow me space in your much-crowded columns to call the attention of the Spiritualists of Connecticut, and the public generally, to our forthcoming Convention, to be held in the city of Hartford, Oct. 12th and 13th? No pains will be spared to make it an interesting and profitable meeting.

Our corps of speakers is not yet full, but only first-class talent will be engaged. A. J. Davis will be in attendance, and will probably speak twice during the sessions, and there is surely no more distinguished person in all our ranks whom we could introduce to the public, and he cannot fail of having a grand reception.

I have twice postponed the Convention this fall, not being able to attend to it, and those who are interested will, I trust, share the fatigues of arranging with me. Those wishing to offer entertainment, or confer with me on the matter, can see me at 67 Church street, where I shall be soon after the 1st of October, and pleased to meet any and all.

E. ANNE HINMAN,

President of Conn. Association of Spiritualists.

Spiritualism is nothing if not progressive, and it is a wonder that the disembodied have been so slow in taking advantage of the marvelous inventions in the way of intercommunication that have been developed in these latter days. To the ghosts that haunt the cemeteries of New York, we now send the following preliminary appreciating the obvious usefulness of the telephone for their peculiar purposes. The superintendent of a cemetery, who has a telephone connection between his house and the graveyard, reports a violent ringing of the signal bell at intervals, and this even when the room in which the cemetery end of the telephone is situated is carefully guarded. Pretty soon nothing will be so common as telephone seances, and the availability of the phonograph in this direction needs only to be hinted at, but with the aid of the microphone surely the spirit-voices ought to be made audible to the most spiritually deaf of the doubters.—[Boston Advertiser.]

Our Medium Should be Sustained.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I am glad to see you spread your protecting folds over the defenceless heads of our poor mediums, knowing how sensitive they are, and how much care they need to keep them in a condition for the angel-world to come in rapport with them. I am glad, also, to see you express a willingness to denounce fraud when made apparent.

I think while people now-a-days are doing so much sniffing they better extend their labors to many of the so-called Spiritualists, and do a little winnowing there, and see if a good deal of chaff, with but very little wheat, is not discovered in various quarters; where may also be found the very ones who are the first to cry "fraud." These fraud-hunters, being so full of deception themselves, if they do not wish to be deceived, had better first cleanse their own souls, and then they will be in a purer condition to look after others' conduct. If the Spiritualists were to take the same interest in their mediums, by paying them for their labors so they could keep the wolf from their door without the great struggle many of them have to endure, the improved condition would tell mightily in behalf of the cause and its advancement. The medium would indeed be in a better condition and come into closer rapport with the spirits, and they would get better control of them than they can when the mind is harassed by the perplexing care of how they are going to get the means for their support, for if mediums had to depend on the many so-called Spiritualists they would have to go supernaturally to bed every night. Now, in conclusion, allow me to again thank you for your noble defence of the mediumistic workers throughout the nation.

Yours for truth and right,  
MRS. ADELAIDE COOMBS.

115 1/2 East 7th street, St. Paul, Minn.

The New York Lyceum.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The New York Lyceum to-day was well attended and the exercises were of a very entertaining nature. After the usual singing and reading of the Golden Chain, Stream Group contributed recitations by Austin Phillips, Jessie Phillips and Lena Hyde. Eddie Robinson and Amelia Hyde also recited. Mottoes were given from different groups. A piano solo by Miss Lulu Henry completed the programme. In accordance with our usual custom whenever five subscribers are secured for the *Banner of Light* at fifteen shillings per year, parties desiring to so subscribe can address Mr. Morse at his residence, Elm Terrace, Clarendon Road, Derby, England. Mr. Morse also keeps for sale the *Spiritual and Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich.

HATTIE DICKINSON.

Visitors.—We had a call from Mr. James C. Young, of Marion, Iowa, U. S. A., on his way home from the Paris Exhibition. He attended in the capacity of a United States Commissioner, and was the youngest on the list. He is quite a youth, having only twenty-five years, and his father is a gentleman of considerable importance in Marion, and also in higher quarters, hence the appointment of his son on such a commission. Mr. Young, senior, is also a Spiritualist, and on that account the young gentleman was acquainted with the Spiritual Institution, and gave us the pleasure of receiving him. He told us many interesting facts respecting the state of the medium in his native town. Such men as his father, the banker, and leading citizens are out-and-out Spiritualists, and attend the meetings and support the cause as openly as do the members of the sectarian churches. As a consequence all Spiritualists are known to be Spiritualists, and each adherent does his share to render the cause effective, and then it is an important power in the place. In the case of a young man like this, who is in Iowa, must be something of an out-of-the-way place, yet we find Spiritualism there in a more flourishing condition than it is in London; and possibly that little town spends more in the cause than all the meetings in England require. We would be glad of a communication from some Marion friend as to the state of the cause, and how it is working in that town. We have also had a call from Mr. John M. Brown, of Dunedin, New Zealand. He brings us personal tidings of Mr. John Logan and other workers in Ottago, who are at present being well served by the platform efforts of Mr. Charles Bright.—[London Medium and Daybreak.]

The President of the Gas Trust Company, of Philadelphia, recently went into bankruptcy. His liabilities amounted to \$1,000,000. This gentleman was a Quaker, and his church at once excluded him. The *Standard of the Cross*, on this, remarks:

"The Friends make business a part of their religion. The members of the Society are required to state every six months whether their assets are equal to their liabilities. If they are not, they are required to state the cause of extravagance, and he is turned out if he is unable to pay his debts, and resorts to desperate means for raising money."

We have all along wondered why the Friends were unable to make headway. We wonder no longer.—[Chicago Alliance.]

Annual Convention.

The Fourteenth Annual Convention of the Connecticut Association of Spiritualists will assemble in Hartford at 10 o'clock A. M. Saturday, Oct. 12th, continuing in session two days. The first business before the Convention will be the election of officers for the ensuing year, then the transaction of such other business as may come before it, after which the meeting will open for conference and discussion. A. J. Davis, Amos M. D. and Mrs. A. M. Hill, M. D., are among the speakers expected to address the Convention.

For Sale at this Office:

THE BANNER OF LIGHT, Published weekly in Hartford, Ct. Price 3 cents per copy. \$3.15 per annum. Sent Monthly Spiritualist Journal, Published in Boston. Price 5 cents per copy. \$5.00 per annum.

THE SPIRITUAL OFFERING, A Monthly Magazine, published in Springfield, Mass. Price 5 cents per copy. \$5.00 per annum.

THE SPIRITUALIST, A Weekly Journal of Psychological Science, London, Eng. Price 5 cents per copy. \$5.00 per annum.

THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK, A Weekly Journal devoted to Spiritualism. Price 5 cents per copy. \$5.00 per annum.

HUMAN NATURE, A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science, published in London, Eng. Price 25 cents per copy. \$2.50 per annum.

SPIRITUAL NOTES, A Monthly Epitome of the Transactions of Spiritualists, published in London, Eng. Price 5 cents per copy. \$5.00 per annum.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE, Published monthly in New York, Price 10 cents.

THE EVOLUTION, Published monthly in New York, Price 15 cents per copy. \$1.50 per annum.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in Agate type twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents for every subsequent insertion.

SPECIAL NOTICES.—Forty cents per line. Minimum, each insertion.

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Payments in all cases in advance.

For all advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Electrotypes or Cuts will not be inserted.

Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our office before 12 M. on Saturday, a week in advance of the date whereon they are to appear.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The Wonderful Healer and Clairvoyant.—For diagnosis send lock of hair and \$5.00. Give name, age and sex. Address Mrs. C. M. Morrison, M. D., P. O. Box 2519, Boston, Mass. Residence No. 4 Euclid street. 13w. Au. 10.

Special Notice.—Dr. F. L. H. Willis will be at the Quincy House, in Brattle street, Boston, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 15th, 16th and 17th, from 10 A. M. till 3 P. M. 2w. O. S.

THE MAGNETIC HEALER, Dr. J. E. Briggs, is also a Practical Physician. Office 12 West Eleventh street, between 5th and 6th ave., New York City. Ja. S.

J. V. Mansfield, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 61 West 42d street, New York. Terms, \$3 and four 3-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. O. S.

Mrs. NELLIE M. FLINT, Electrician, and Healing and Developing, office 200 Joralemon street, opposite City Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. Hours 10 to 4. S. 14. 4w.

To Invalids.

S. B. BRITTAN, M. D., continues his Office Practice at No. 2 Van Nest Place, Charles street, corner of Fourth, New York, making use of Electrical, Magnetic and other Subtle Agents in the cure of chronic diseases. Dr. Brittan has had twenty years' experience and eminent success in treating the infirmities peculiar to the female constitution, by the use of *patented methods* and the most efficacious remedies. Many cases may be treated at a distance. Letters calling for particular information and professional advice should inclose Five Dollars. cow. J. y. 6.

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED BY R. W. FLINT, No. 25 East 14th street, N. Y. Terms \$2 and 3-cent postage stamps. Money refunded if letters sent are not answered. Au. 10.

Dr. J. T. GILMAN PIKE, Eclectic Physician, No. 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

A Public Reception Room, EXPRESSLY FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF SPIRITUALISTS, where those so disposed can meet friends, write letters, etc., is established at this office. Strangers visiting the city are invited to make this their headquarters. Room open from 8 A. M. till 6 P. M.

Do not fail of reading the card concerning GLEASON'S POCKET DISINFECTOR AND INALER. This is a valuable and practical apparatus, which contains in itself the power of preventing the attacks of contagious and infectious diseases, and also an element which is to a remarkable degree successful in remedying throat diseases, etc. Give it a trial.

BUSINESS CARDS.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound is a cure for all those painful complaints and weaknesses peculiar to women. Sold by all Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle. 25 cts. for \$5.00, sent by express. Sent by mail in the form of Lozenges at \$1.00 per box. Address MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, 231 Western avenue, Lynn, Mass. Send for pamphlet. Sept. 11.

NOTE TO OUR ENGLISH PATRONS.

J. J. MOORE, the well-known English lecturer, will act as our agent for the sale of the *Banner of Light* at fifteen shillings per year. Parties desiring to so subscribe can address Mr. Moore at his residence, Elm Terrace, Clarendon Road, Derby, England. Mr. Moore also keeps for sale the *Spiritual and Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich.

PHILADELPHIA BOOK DEPOT.

DR. J. H. RHODES, 325 North Ninth street, Philadelphia, Pa., has been appointed agent for the *Banner of Light*, and will take orders for all of Colby & Rich's Publications. Spiritual and Liberal Books on sale as above, at Academy Hall, No. 800 Spring Garden street, and at all the Spiritualist meetings. Parties in Philadelphia, Pa., desiring to advertise in the *BANNER OF LIGHT* can consult Dr. RHODES.

PHILADELPHIA PERIODICAL DEPOT.

WILLIAM WADE, 831 Market street, and N. E. corner Eighth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, has the *Banner of Light* for sale at retail each Saturday morning.

ST. LOUIS, MO. BOOK DEPOT.

MRS. M. J. REGAN, 620 North 4th street, St. Louis, Mo., keeps constantly for sale the *Spiritual and Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich.

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RICHARD ROBERTS, Bookseller, No. 1010 Seventh street, above New York avenue, Washington, D. C., keeps constantly for sale the *Spiritual and Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich.

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At No. 310 Kearney street (opposite) may be found on sale the *BANNER OF LIGHT*, and a general variety of *Spiritual and Reform Works*, at Eastern prices. Also, *Almanac & Golden Rule*, *Planchette*, *Apocryphal*, *Positive and Negative*, *Powders*, *Orion's Astro-Tobacco Preparations*, Dr. Moore's *Nutritive Compound*, etc., and all the *Spiritual and Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich, at current and postage stamps received at par. Address HERMAN SNOW, P. O. box 117, San Francisco, Cal.

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