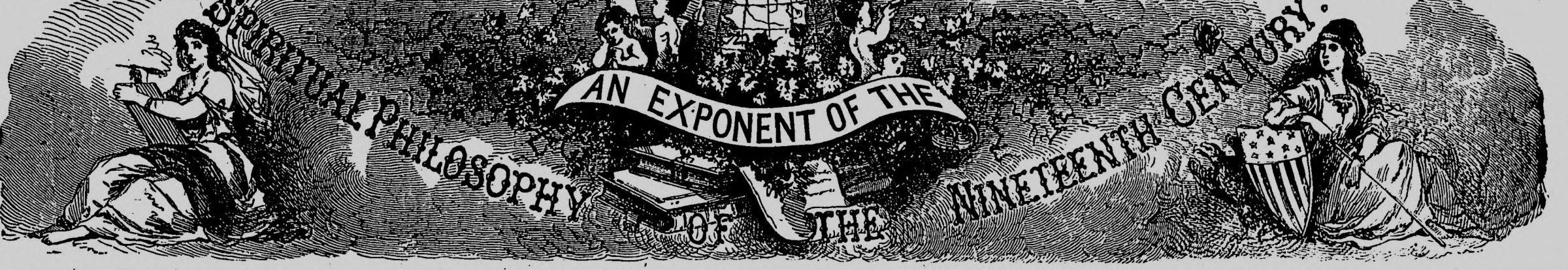


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XLIV.

COLBY & RICH,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1878.

{ \$3.15 Per Annum,  
In Advance. }

NO. 4.

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## The Rostrum.

### SALVATION—WHAT IS IT?

ARE WE SAVED? CAN WE SAVE OURSELVES?  
IS CHRIST OUR SAVIOUR? THE FUTURE  
OF SPIRITUALISM.

A Lecture Delivered in the Free Course of Spiritualist Meetings at Parker Memorial Hall, Boston, Mass.,  
Sunday Afternoon, Oct. 6th,  
BY DR. JAMES M. PEEBLES.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

"For he said surely they are my people; so he was their Saviour. In all their afflictions he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them."—Isaiah xlii: 1-9.  
"And the angel which redeemed me, bless the lady."—Genesis xlviii: 16.

"Thou gavest them Saviours who saved them."—Nehemiah ix: 26.  
"And they said, Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"—Acts xi: 30.  
Some writer has pronounced man a "religious animal." The phrase is as scientifically exceptionable as distasteful to cultured minds. Man is more than an animal of any sort; he is a reasoning, moral and religious being, endowed with the capacities of eternal unfoldment. And religion is that divine emotion of the soul which, reaching out toward God as revealed in the Good, the Beautiful and the True, binds and rebinds man to moral law, and to the performance of all moral obligations. Theology is an epitaph; but religion is a resurrection and a life.

Religion is not imparted to man from without; but rather it exists innate in the human constitution, and is a factor in the process of salvation. It is as natural for men to be religious, as natural for them to worship, as it is for grasses and buds to push up toward the sunshine in springtime. The Quaker is profoundly religious and worshipful in the quiet stillness of his sittings. The worship of the Oriental stargazers was too deep for any outward utterance.

In travels abroad, I have seen islands gradually rising from ocean depths destitute of vegetation; I have seen cyclopean ruins without walls or gates; I have seen old ruined empires, the names of whose founders were forgotten; I have seen half-buried cities without hieroglyph or history; I have seen the Veddahs of Ceylon and the Hottentots of South Africa; I have seen the Zulus and the Kaffirs in their smoky kraals; but I never saw that nation, that race, that tribe, that did not cherish some conception of a Supreme Intelligence, and had not some notions and some symbols of worship, however crude, expressive of belief in a future existence.

The textual passages just read from the prophets and the apostles of the past, speak of salvation and redemption through angels. Salvation rightly understood is soul-growth, a process, a natural and rational development of the divinity in humanity. And accordingly, angels and spiritual intelligences were recognized by ancient seers as helps to the process of the soul's redemption. Therefore the invocation, "The angel which redeemed me—bless the lady." What was true in the past is true to-day; for truth is forever immutable. It is only our imperfect conceptions of it that change.

It is quite needless for me to affirm that Spiritualism as a phenomenon is among the demonstrated facts of the present century, that many distinguished clergymen have expressed their soul-felt convictions as to the reality of its spiritual marvels, and that learned scientists and savants in England, France, Russia, Germany, and other Continental countries admit the positive genuineness of the phenomena. It is also unnecessary for me to remind you, and intelligent reading Americans generally, that Judge Edmonds, Professor Hare, Pierpont, Owen, Mapes, Howard, Wade, Lincoln, and other eminent men gracing our country's historical pages, were avowed Spiritualists! Briefly told, there is a great army of Spiritualists in the United States of America—a growing army unorganized and leaderless, estimated all the way from seven to eleven millions.

This being admitted, as it will be, by all the honorable and well-informed men of the times, it is little more than a work of supererogation to dwell upon the phenomena, to recapitulate the cumulated evidences before such an audience as this, and pile up still higher the pyramid of well-authenticated facts!

Happening to meet awhile since an old resident of Cayuga Co., N. Y., I heard of the little steamer *Kate Morgan*, which in earlier times plowed the crystal waters of Cayuga Lake under the eye of young Fulton. On the shore lived the brave General Morgan, prominent in the Revolutionary struggle, and rather aristocratic in his social tendencies. Between his only daughter, eighteen, beautiful and intellectual, and Robert Fulton, there existed a deep attachment. But then, this dreamy visionary youth was so poor, and obscure also, that the General literally frowned upon any such disposal of his daughter. Time rolled on. Fulton persisted, and finally perfected his invention. The steamer moved, and the day of his triumph had fully come! Elated with the success, he immediately wrote to Gen. Morgan, renewing his request for the daughter's hand. The skeptical old General, the incredulous and stern old soldier, wrote back—"I'll believe what I see with my own eyes. Come you back, scapegrace, to the lake; build and sail a steamboat past my own door, and then, and not till then, shall you have my daughter Kate." Fulton built the steamer, and sailed it, if not close by the door, triumphantly along the General's lake-washed landed estates, securing the daughter as the prize. Of course, he believed, ay more, he now knew of the possibilities of steam. But unlike General Morgan, there are little cliques of egotistic scientists and irreligious churchal scoffers who will not believe when they see. In fact, they positively deny the

testimony of their own senses. They do even worse than this: they rack their rickety brains, inventing or suggesting the most astounding miracles to do away with such natural and rational phenomenal manifestations as impressional dreams, trances, visions, levitations, spirit-writings, speaking in tongues, and other spiritual gifts. The Nazarenean teacher of old said: "If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe though one rose from the dead."

Spiritualism, in contradistinction to a chilling materialism and a dementing sectarianism, is, when considered in its highest sense, more than a passing fact—more than any series of objective phenomena. It is a positive truth—a divine reality embracing the three modern graces, science, true philosophy and rational religion.

If, as an individual, I know anything through my senses, aided by consciousness and the best use of my reasoning faculties, I know that the spirits of the so-called dead hold, under proper conditions, direct converse with mortal men. And I know it in the same way as did Paul, who said: "We know that we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." It was not by miracle that he arrived at this knowledge. Spiritual manifestations are not miraculous—they are not wrought by the breaking of any law, but by the coming into action of a higher power—just as gas will give a balloon the power to rise, not by breaking the law of gravity, but by the potent exercise of another force or psychic forces.

Oriental marvels and manifestations of the past may be helps to belief and faith. They evidently are. But we live in the golden present. If our bodies shrink from the skins that clothed pre-historic savages, so do our minds from many of the theological notions of antiquity. We are Anglo-Saxons, and our souls call for the living bread of truth—for present spiritual sustenance. All that I know of the future existence—be it nothing, be it less or more—I know through the genuine manifestations of modern mediums and psychological sensitives; and millions of my countrymen, so far as they know anything of it, know it through the same means. The *Chronicle and Examiner*, the leading Baptist journal in this country, recently published the following:

"We have seen it stated that the number of Spiritualists in the United States alone is five millions. Now for every adherent of a sect or a creed, it is a well-known (or uniformly taken for granted) fact that you may safely reckon our semi-adherents in the shape of children, dependents and general hangers-on. The number of Spiritualists in the United States alone—if I count, as is but proper, the adherents and semi-adherents—is no less than twenty-five millions; and as the entire population of the United States was, according to the census of 1870, but 38,553,371, the disciples of the Fox sisters have a right to congratulate themselves alike on their present numbers, their rate of increase, and their speedy prospective overshadowing (or rather enlightening) of the entire earth.

A striking feature with reference to this surprising growth of Spiritualism, is the immense obstacles which it has had to encounter. We do not refer so much to sneers and derision, or the more refined incredulity of those who pride themselves on their learning, as to the fact that Spiritualism has, more than any other religion, suffered at the hands of those who

"Stole the liver of the court of heaven  
To serve the devil in."

Despite all these hindrances, Spiritualism has grown until it is not only the most widely accepted of the somewhat numerous religions of the United States, but embraces, we are credibly informed, more of wealth and culture and social distinction than any other.

Such admissions from an Orthodox source are truly telling.

That Spiritualists number believing millions and constitute a power in the land, is a fact almost universally conceded. And now *Cui bono*? What of it? What has it done? What, thus far, has been the practical outcome? Has it made the selfish unselfish? the intemperate temperate? the warlike peaceful? and the notoriously depraved honest and righteous?

How do spirit entrancements and controlling influences affect character? Are mediums who have been entranced, or otherwise influenced by spirits for a score of years or more, really better than other people? Has an almost constant talking with the angels made them truly angelic? Are they more spiritually-minded, more pure and harmonial, than those who are conscious of no supernatural aid? Have their familiar spirits beatified and really transfigured them? If not, why? Do we not necessarily grow to be like those with whom we associate? those who psychologically influence us?

Is it out of place to inquire what is the grade, what is the moral exaltation of the spirit-intelligences controlling a majority of American mediums? Spirits, as well as mortals, should understand that a "tree is known by its fruits."

Speaking in general terms, are not Spiritualists, so-called, the worst enemy of Spiritualism and Spiritualism? Are they more upright and honorable than their neighbors? Do they strive to overcome evil with good? Do they judge their fellows kindly? Are we tolerant of others' opinions? Are we charitable in our judgments? Are we rigidly honest? Do we pay our debts? Are the harmonial really harmonious under all circumstances? Are they above petty envies and jealousies? And do mediums, lecturers, and authors generally, constitute one happy family? To whom much is given of such much is required.

Do not construe this questioning as fault-finding. It is a common saying among the Quakers, "let us examine ourselves." And quite possibly introspection may not be out of place or unprofitable to us.

Have Spiritualists been foremost in all the great reforms of the age? Have they sought to soften discords among neighbors, and produce peace in families? Have our rich men been more benevolent than creed-bound sectarists? Have our millionaires made large bequests for the diffusion and upbuilding of the spiritual gospel?

It was reported long ago that Commodore Vanderbilt was a Spiritualist, consulting mediums. This matter is now coming before the public in the trial relating to Vanderbilt's will. In the *New York Tribune* of Sept. 25th I find the following:

"An offer was made to prove that Spiritualism was not merely a speculative belief with the Commodore, but influenced him in business matters. Mr. Lord said he offered to show in Court that the Commodore said he had received several communications from spirits, one from his wife, requiring him to give the property to William, and that he would do so, and that William was aware of such advice."

Did Mr. Vanderbilt use any of his hoarded millions to advance the cause of Spiritualism?—Capt. E. B. Ward, of Detroit, was for years a Spiritualist, and is reputed to have acquired a considerable portion of his property through clairvoyant mediumship. But to what extent did he use his millions to benefit Spiritualism? Is there a Ward Memorial Lyceum Hall in Detroit? Did the Adamsons, the Singers, and other millionaires professing belief in and a profound love for Spiritualism, erect halls for lyceums? did they establish spiritualist reading-rooms and libraries? Did they build pleasant homes for widows and aged people? and did they construct quiet retreats for the weary, worn-out medi-

ums through whose instrumentalities they received so many beautiful messages from the spirit-world? The test of any invention, of any science, or of any religion, is in its practicality. How then does the acceptance of Spiritualism affect its believers in practical life? This is the question of questions.

Are we saved? Have we risen above the worldliness of the world? Have we learned the lesson of self-denial? Have we become harmonial, self-balanced, full-orbed? Have we subdued our baser natures, enabling us to say with one of old, "I have overcome the world"? Briefly put, What has Spiritualism done for us?

Do I hear some one say, "It enables us to know of a future immortal existence"?

Pardon me, but it does no such thing. We believe in the past, we know of the present, and have faith in the future. Immortality as related to time is the equivalent of eternity. Logically expressed, we can only know what is. And as the future does not now exist, at least to us, it cannot be the subject of knowledge.

But another contends that Spiritualism has achieved for us freedom. Yes, but then freedom has its limitations. That wolfish freedom that hunts, slays, and treacherously devours the lambs, is not freedom. And liberty is not license. The lesson of the prodigal son was a sad one:

"Headstrong, determined in his own career,  
He thought reproach unjust and truth severe,  
The soul's disease was to its crisis come,  
He first abused, and then abused his home,  
And when he chose a vagabond to be,  
He made his shame his glory—'I'll be free.'"

A prominent writer says, "We have achieved freedom, and it is not strange that men whose hands and whose limbs have been manacled for years, should have thought the end of life achieved when they got free. It is not strange if they should feel somewhat as a restive colt after long restraint, turned out into a wide and airy field, like amply exercising the power of this new-gained freedom to the injury perhaps of life, and lung, and limb. And yet, freedom! What is freedom? It is not a thing—not an entity. Freedom is not an end in itself, to be sought for itself, and after the attainment of which men are to sit down as if their laurels were won. Empty space is necessary before you can fill it with a universe; but the empty space itself is worthless. Suppose a man has a large piece of ground placed at his absolute disposal, and then suppose he should sit on the fence and fold his arms and simply look around at it and say, 'Now I am free, but continues to sit; I am free, having a piece of ground here to do with just as I please.—Over in that corner I can plant wheat, and here potatoes, and there barley, and here corn. I can do just as I please, and still should sit there all the summer-time on the fence, with his arms folded. Of what special advantage to him is this freedom—this opportunity? This, then, is the point: Freedom in itself is not a thing to be gained and rested in; it is simply an open door—an opportunity; but if you do not take advantage of it, and work out the better things that you are free to accomplish, then this freedom is like a price put into the hands of a fool with which to buy wisdom when he has no heart for it."

And so certain among us have got free from the scare about a semi-omnipotent devil—free from the childhood fright about a sulphurous hell of torment, and they manifest their appreciation of this freedom by sitting on the fence and doing nothing; or else in prancing through the country in defiance of all restraint, all order, and all moral duties. What of their stewardship? What the harvest of their sowing?

Genuine religious Spiritualism quickens the spiritual nature; demonstrates the fact that men exist after their bodies are laid in the grave; opens the door for conscious converse with the loved ones in the circling spheres; deepens the spirit of conviction; intensifies moral obligation; encourages the desponding; strengthens the weak; comforts the disconsolate; brushes away the tears that stream from mourners' eyes, and scatters sunbeams along the pathway of human life. Accordingly it has been given to us Spiritualists to unloose the seals of the book of the mysteries. Into our hands was placed the key, and we have been repeatedly invited to open the door—to talk with ministering spirits, and to walk in the beauty of holiness with the angels of God. Have we proved faithful to the sacred trust? Have we walked worthy of the high vocation? Have we carefully tilled the vineyard? Have we been trustworthy co-workers with the heavenly intelligences in the up-building of the better Dispensation? and have we joyfully welcomed to our souls "the Christ that is to be"? If not, then there hangs over our heads the sentence, "Every good tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire."

"For modes of faith let graceless bigots fight,  
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

The practical is the true test.

And here I say to you frankly, that if the churches that are not free from sectarian trammels better educate and train their children; if they build up nobler men and women; if they do more for the widow and the fatherless; if they plant and perfect grander institutions; if they do more for the amelioration of the hardships of society, for the elimination of its vices and evils, and for the moral elevation of men, then it is they and not we who will be crowned as those that have done humanity and God's truth the highest service. Think, then, of the pressing duties of the hour, think of the spiritual gifts you possess, think of the voices of the angels that are continually calling, "Come up higher!" and think of your freedom at a golden opportunity for building up the noblest and highest types of manhood and womanhood.

Casting an eye over the field of unorganized liberalism, taking a survey of the millions professing Spiritualism, and examining ourselves, is it not pertinent to pressing ask: Are we saved? Are our natures purged from the dross of selfish worldliness? Do we, like the Brahman sages, own nothing that is not useful and serviceable? Do we, like the Buddhist saints, beg of the rich to give the proceeds to the poor? Do we, like Jesus, go about doing good? Do we love our enemies? do we try to benefit them? Do we forgive and strive to lift up the fallen? Do we walk in the newness of the resurrection? Are we above temptation? Are not the best of us imperfect and erring in some directions? Is our work done, and so well done that we are ready this day, this hour, to face death and the coffin—death and the tomb? If not, then are we unfit society for the angels of heaven—then are we not saved!

Can we save ourselves? Can the fish construct itself wings, rise out of the water, and fly through groves and forests? Can the strongest man lift himself over the garden hedge by his coat-collar? We've had so much tall talk about "be individualized," "be independent," "save yourself," that we have largely grown to be egotistic braggad-

cios. We are pretty much all claws, like lobsters; all quills, like porcupines; all elbows and fists, like pugilists; all leaders, like the bellowing bulls of Bashan! Carlyle and Emerson are humble and unassuming—humble, trusting and unassuming because they are truly great. They rely upon God, upon all mental and moral helps, for growth and salvation.

Save yourself! such language is little better than mockery! Put a child down into Mammoth Cave and tell it to see and analyze light. The cry of the poor creature is, "Let me first sense the light! let me feel its quickening force! In a word, help me to the conditions."

Place a kernel of corn upon a barren rock in early March and talk evolution to it—tell it to grow, producing the blade, the ear, and the full corn in the ear. Growth is impossible without such helps as soil, warmth and moisture.

Take the egg with germinal dot and vesicle perfect, and, placing it upon the cold earth, command it to hatch—to grow—that the developed bird may make music in the forest. You see the impossibility of growth without maternal warmth and tenderest care.

Tell the infant to clothe itself, feed itself, and grow to sterling manhood! Every struggle is eloquent with the cry "Help me! help me, or I perish!" The poet Tennyson tells us that the wisest of men are but "children crying for the light."

Dr. Carpenter informs us that in unrolling a Theban mummy, entombed some three thousand years ago, there were found in the linen folds several grains of wheat, which, when planted, produced their kind in rich luxuriance. Mark well—three thousand years did not suffice to destroy the life-germs in those wheaten kernels; and yet they did not germinate, or the germinal principle, all these thousand years, did not develop (all brought under such conditions, such helps as soil and sunshine. So human souls may remain days, years, thousands of years in comparative undevelopment unless psychologically touched, warmed and illumined by the Christ-principle of love, truth and purity. The measure of salvation, the standard of the harmonial man, is attained only through effort aided by superior intelligences and the heavenly influences of the spirit. True, the specific personal labor must be done by the individual, but said individual requires helps, must have teachers, too, whose hearts are afire with love and whose minds are enlightened by divine wisdom.

Is Christ the saviour of the world?

Principle and personality should never be confounded. Rationally understood, every one is a saviour in a subordinate sense, just so far as he saves, enlightens and confers blessings upon humanity. In Oriental literature the term "saviours" is frequently mentioned. The Hebrew prophet Obadiah said that "Saviours should come upon Mt. Nebo." Lao-tse, Confucius, Buddha, Socrates, Plato, Apollonius, Jesus, Mahomet, and other great moral chieftains were called saviours. But who or what saved these saviours? They certainly were not saved—were not perfect from birth. Jesus not only ate, slept, drank, and according to the record got "angered," but he "grew and waxed strong." And further, an apostle says, "he was made perfect through suffering," and "learned obedience by the things he suffered." This was evolution—development of character through sufferings and spirit ministries. "Angels," says the Evangelist, "came and ministered unto him." These were the Christ-angels.

But what do you mean by the Christ-angels?

I mean Christ-like angels of a holy and heavenly order. I mean angels not of generation, but of redemption. I mean those exalted angelic intelligences of heaven that have outgrown their earth-life perversions and inversions. I mean those angels of peerless perfection that are so unselfishly pure, so divinely illumined by the Christ-principle of holiness, that they delight to do the will of God. The prophets in speaking of these angels say, "The angels of his Presence that saved them," and of "the angel which redeemed him." Soon after the spiritual baptism of Jesus the union became so vital between him and the Christ-principle—the Christ of God—that he could truly say, "I and my Father are one," and he could also pray that "they all might be one" in spirit, one in purpose with himself and the loving Father and Mother of us all.

Angel—*aggelos* in the Greek—signifies primarily a messenger, or a message-bearer. The word may mean a holy spiritual intelligence, a scheming, wicked demon, or a mortal human being. Both the Greek classics and the biblical records confirm this position. Here is a Scriptural sample of each character:

I. "And the angel of the Lord said unto them, 'Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. . . . On earth peace and good will toward men.'"—Luke ii: 10-14.

II. "They had a king over them, which is the angel of the bottomless pit, whose name is *Abaddon*."—Rev. ix: 11.

III. "Unto the angel (that is, the bishop) of the church of Ephesus write."—Rev. iii: 1.

The gates of the heavens and the hells, peopled with Christ-angels, with demons of darkness, and with almost innumerable intermediate orders, are not merely ajar, they are wide open; and the many-graded intelligences that throng the inner life, invisible to most of us, have access through mediatic agencies direct or remote to our persons, our families, our homes, and our common humanity. It lies mainly with us to choose our company. Shall it be *Abaddon*, or the Christ-angels of truth and purity?

Some of the heavenly hierarchies have their presiding angels. Michael is the champion of the good. Gabriel is the pacific harbinger of peaceful tidings. Uriel is the patron of purest wisdom. Ithuriel is the discoverer of celestial truth; while Abdiel, the everlasting example, bears in his bosom the incense of immortal love. These angels are not idle. The dwellers in the lower spheres, even though they do not like to be disturbed, are to be lifted up. There are moral conflicts in the spheres of immortality. The Holy war upon, or rather seek to subdue and regenerate, the unholy. This conflict deepens as earth-life and spirit-life approach each other.

Among the celestial orders the Christ-angels may be considered the highest and the holiest. Just after the time that Jesus—the welcome child of harmony and love—who had been tried as by fire, was led down into Jordan's waters, "the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him. And lo, a voice from heaven said, 'This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased.'" The spirit, that is to say, this light that streamed down upon Jesus like the gently descending dove, was the divine aura, the divine effluence that envelops and infills the homes of these Christ-angels—the harvest angels of God! Rays of this divine light illumined many of the prophets, sages and martyrs of old. It overshadowed and enlightened Gautama Buddha. It was the guiding-star of Pythagoras, when he formed his social community of six hundred in Greece. It was this that came like a rustling wind, and fell like "tongues of flame" upon the primitive



pentecostal church. It is the inspiration of every true-souled reformer of today.

The Christ-principle, the true Christianity of the ages, remember, was in the world long before Jesus' time. Melchizedek and Zoroaster, Brahama and Pythagoras, Krishna and Gautama Buddha, were all "anointed," were all baptized of "Christ," as was Jesus of Nazareth, whom Peter denominated a "man approved of God." During the in-coming of the higher spiritual dispensation, now at our very doors, God is to be the leader; "Christ," the anointing and illuminating principle, is to be leader; angels that delight to do the will of the Father, are to be leaders; truth and holiness, love and purity—in brief, *divine principles*, and not men and women, are to be the leaders. No man, nor class of men, weighed down with the infirmities of mortality must presume to lead with unerring infallibility. It is God that leadeth into green pastures and by the side of the still waters. God is spirit, and the spiritual is the central sun around which Spiritualists must revolve, and toward which they must take their circling line of march.

As thinkers we must be careful to distinguish between avowed principles and principles, between physical man and his divine overshadowing influences. Considering causes, and the means generally that stimulate and quicken growth, it is just as rational and logical to believe in salvation through Christ as to believe in buds, flowers and ripening harvests through the sunshine.

Am I asked why did Paul, in treating of salvation, say, "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins"? and what did John mean by the phrase "the blood of the Lamb"? I do not profess to know. But this much is clear: the Syrians, and all the Oriental nations of antiquity, wrote in the language of symbol and parable. Accordingly many of their teachings must be interpreted figuratively.

When the apostle said, "That rock was Christ," he had no reference to a granite boulder composed of mica, feldspar and quartz.

When the evangelist denominated Jesus Christ the "Physician," he had not the remotest reference to diplomas and drugs.

When Jesus said, "I am the good shepherd," he did not intend to convey the idea that he owned a flock of sheep, and pastured them along the banks of the Jordan.

When he exclaimed, "I am the dog," he did not mean that he was such a dog as no ladies construe.

When he said, "I am the true vine," he did not design to teach that he was a Palestinian grape vine. And so when he said, "Except ye eat the flesh of the son of man and drink his blood ye cannot abide in me," he had no reference to his own human flesh and blood; but his flesh was a symbol of his moral precepts, and *blood of the flesh* that thrilled his divine nature. Accordingly, when the New Testament writers speak of being "saved by his blood," and of being "cleansed by his blood," they evidently meant saved by his divine truths, his precepts, and his examples of self-denial and tenderest forgiveness. To this end Jesus himself prayed: "Father, sanctify them through the truth."

But "why use the word Christ" in connection with the soul's growth? Because it is a legitimate word from the Greek *Christos*, and that from *Chreos*, to anoint. This is the external sense of the term; but in a more spiritual sense, and we are dealing with spiritual matters, it signified the enlightened, the consecrated, and in a still more interiorly divine sense, the *divine principle*, much as Buddha in the Pali language signifies the enlightened, or the life giving principle of light.

It is said that "blood-giants and so-called giants" have misinterpreted and abused the word Christ to narrow creed ends. Granted. And a French Communist abused the word *marxism* when they tried Paris. Bigamists abuse the word marriage, and libertines the sacred word love. Shall we, therefore, utterly ignore the terms *Christ*, *freedom*, *naturism*, *love*? Would it be wise, to blot them for such reasons from the American vocabulary?

But, again, does some calling Christ-ophers, who ever feel like doubling up his fist in rage when passing a church edifice, exclaim, "New bottles for new wine and new-colored words for new ideas"? Alas! these and now be so kind as to tell us precisely what the new ideas are. Dare you affirm that they are essentially and positively *new*? When the would-be wise enunciate ideas that are *new* and at the same time *new*, they will be justified perhaps in manufacturing new words to express them, providing none of the one hundred and fifteen thousand in Webster's unabridged will suffice the purpose.

Evolution is everywhere manifest. The idea, then the acorn-germ, then the towering oak; the infant, the man, the disembodied spirit, the Christ-like angel—such is the order of unfoldment. The Christ-angels, alive with the Christ-principle of purity, have outgrown all earthly tastes, tendencies and inclinations; they walk in the Divine Presence; they delight to do the will of the Father; they are adams with holiest love, and, under God, they are the angels of redemption; the "angel which redeemed me," said the old prophet, "bless the lads."

Mediums who are inspired and guided by the Christ-angels of love and wisdom through mediatorial ministering spirits, crew gently, beautiful and serenely spiritual. They become almost transfigured while yet in their bodies, and can say, with the sad-hearted yet trusting Jesus, "I have a bread to eat that ye know not. Thy will, O God, be done!"

As an individualized and unorganized body of Spiritualists, we need personal culture, deeper conviction, and a more divine enthusiasm. We need the zeal of the old martyrs and the wisely-directed energy of the early crusaders. We need salvation now—heaven now! And religion, prayer, spirit-communion, organization, order, music, manual labor, moral education, self-denial, sciences with the religious element predominating, liberation toward and working-union with all right-minded liberals, and a more complete consecration to the good and the true, are factors—all factors in the process of salvation. And further, if we are not now saved—if the process of salvation is not largely perfected in us in the present life—then the processes will necessarily have to be continued in the future world, and doubtless under very great disadvantages. Jesus preached to the spirits in prison, the prison-spheres of mental and moral darkness.

The spirit Aaron Knight, a highly intellectual and rigidly truthful spirit, with whom I have conversed frequently for nearly twenty years, entered the world of spirits under the most unfavorable conditions. His young life being wild, reckless, depraved, he remained an earth-bound spirit for weary years. His home was in the lower spheres that encircle the earth. He was not saved, and yet the divinity within him was not quenched. If he suffered the keenest remorse, he had his seasons of aspiration, his moments of prayer. In one of these an angel, "above the brightness of the sun," approached him and tenderly called him *brother*. It melted him to deepest humility. The voice of love quickened within him the Christ-principle of love. By the law of response, love ever answers to love—the Christ within to the Christ without. It was the turning point. Christ saved him, and he has long walked the higher, brighter table-lands of immortality.

During the rising tide of the incoming and outwidenizing cycle, American Spiritualists must take high grounds—must lift up the standard, and so live as to compel the respect and reverence of the scoffers and the sectarists. Genuine mediums must not only be reasonably protected, they must be rightly conditioned, set apart, and consecrated for the holy work of angel-communion. Then shall we have a descent of the celestial into the spiritual, as we have had for the last thirty years a continual descent of the spiritual into the natural, or the earthly conditions of human life.

It is the Divine method that the manger precede the mansion, the cross the crown. The struggling, changing childhood of Spiritualism is steadily, surely, merging into a thoughtful, substantial maturity. Its exuberances are falling off, and it is putting on the whole armor of a sterling, religious manhood. From the truth militant it is already a long way toward the truth triumphant.

I look down the vista of time, and I see doubt giving place to faith, and faith to knowledge. I see tyranny yielding upon the plains of freedom. I see superstition receding before a rational religion. I see error giving place to truth; vice to virtue; bigotry to toleration; monopoly to cooperation; individualism to communism; lust to love, and discord to har-

mony. I see a new heaven and a new earth. I see the burning of the tares, the gathering in of the golden sheaves, and a very Eden of peace and good will crowning the world, and baptizing its every heart with the pentecostal fires of purification. The hearts of advanced Spiritualists thrill today in harmonious union to the beautiful truths of the Divine paternity and maternity, to the brotherhood and sisterhood of all races, to the eternal unfoldment of all souls, to the overthrow of all sin, the destruction of death, the defeat of hell, the triumph of heaven, and the complete victory of Christ over all the powers of darkness. Can you not say with me:

I have fed upon manna from Heaven above;  
I have tasted the fruit of a wonderful love;  
I have looked on a land where the sun ever beams,  
And talked with the angels in my ideal dreams;  
And, though some visions dwindle away in their birth,  
They still leave the trail of their glory on earth."

COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL ON THE LIFE AND WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

On Wednesday evening, Oct. 24, this distinguished platform orator interested to the full a good audience in Music Hall, Boston, his theme being Robert Burns and what he had accomplished not only for Scotland but for the entire world of men. The abstract which is here appended, while it presents the salient points of the discourse, necessarily fails to convey the electric and impressive manner of its delivery, which reached the hearts of the hearers with a directness for which the Colonel is clearly distinguished. Nearly every one, he said, in commencing, has some idea of the poet, and that depends largely upon what his or her education has been, what his or her experience has been. There have been probably fewer poets than there have been nations. We used to think that poets could work by rule; that it was easy to find out the secret of their art; that it was something that anybody could do if they only knew how. I do not believe a poem can be made in that way. Poems must have been lived, they must have been experienced, and they must touch the common sympathies of the human heart. I was taught that the ancient were great poets; that there was no literature like that of Greece and Rome. And yet, in my judgment, the world has wasted centuries of admiration upon what it has been pleased to call the classic. They were immortal poets. They believed in the supernatural. Their poetry was all in the realm of imagination. Poetry must have a true basis in accordance with the experience of men. It is impossible for us to have the slightest sympathy with gentlemen who have wings. We care nothing about the fortunes of gods and goddesses. We care nothing about cloud-compelling Jupiters or Joves; nothing about ox-eyed Junos, feathered Mercurys, or Minervas that leaped full armed from the thick skull of some imaginary deity. We cannot sympathize with such beings. We can know nothing of their loves, their fears, their hopes, and for that reason such poetry never did and never will touch the hearts of men.

I was taught that Milton was a wonderful poet. I read his chief poem. I suppose every one has done. I never saw anybody who had twice. He uses splendid words, magnificent images to convey ideas that nobody cares anything about. He collected the militia of heaven, he put equuleons on the shoulders of God, and described the Devil as an artillery officer. Laughter. And he put immortals at the impossible task of trying to destroy each other. Surely, war would have but little terror among immortals. Take such a line as this:

"Fly with indelible wings over the vast abyss."

It sounds splendidly, but I will take my oath I have no idea what it means. He described with infinite minuteness the parts and accents of the damned, but that is not poetry. Those vicious twins of superstition, solemnity and stupidity, struggle for the mastery in his verses, and the only good thing that I know of Dante is that he had the courage to see a Pope in hell. Laughter and applause. So Petrarch wrote sonnets that were polished and polished, false and grammatical. And he was in love with Laura. I used to believe it until I read the history of Laura, and found she was the wife of another man, and the mother of thirteen healthy children, and that Petrarch never had much to say to her in the whole course of his life. Then I knew that it was false, and hollow, and that it meant nothing. And so in the golden time we believed in what we called the classic model for all poems. And what is the classic model? That you must introduce nothing that does not tend to expression; that you must keep the dead, dusty highway of one object and one idea. In that way you can make a skeleton, but you cannot cloth it with flesh. You cannot paint in its cheeks blushes and passions. That is done by impulse, by digression, by following the impulses of the heart, instead of the dry and dusty rules of the ancients. Shakespeare was the first great dramatist that trampled under foot the idea of the classic model. And when the flood-gate of his brain was opened out there poured kings and clowns, queens and wretched women—everything in nature. He was not a park, he was a forest; he was not a canal, he was a river; he was not a pond, he was an ocean, vexed and troubled by storm and tempest. In all the classic poets there is very little that touches the heart. There are plenty of shrieks and groans, but very few sobs; plenty of protestation, but very little love.

In the old time in Scotland all the poetry nearly was made by pedlars and parsons, gentlemen who knew nothing of the world in which they lived, and found out what little they knew from the dead languages and from reading metaphysics in literary cemeteries. [Laughter.] They know nothing of the heart, the mother of all that is noble and true, far from the common people as they could, and as the result they wrote verses, but not one poem. They endeavored to teach metaphysics in poetry, Calvinism in poetry. I do not believe any Calvinist ever did write or ever will write a genuine poem. Calvinism takes all the poetry out of this world. That is what Calvinism is; and whenever it is absolutely ascertained that there is a hell, there will be no other poem written. They used to endeavor to tell people about geography in poetry. They made poetry about law. Then they had critics; and whenever a real genuine poet arose they clipped off every bough and left only the trunk; that was regular; there was nothing left to criticize. There were no mistakes in that. They lopped off the branches, caring nothing for buds and blossoms, nor even for the birds whose throats were filled with song. Such gentlemen would object to the nightingale because it does not sing by note; such gentlemen would object to clouds because they are not square. These gentlemen used to think that scenery had a great deal to do with poetry; they used to think that the poet was made by the scenery in which he lived. But scenery does not make the poet; the poet makes the scenery always. Holland has produced a thousand-times more genius than the Alps. Where nature is prodigal, where the mountains leap to meet the clouds, man to a certain extent is either overcome by nature or carried away with it. Go to England, go to Scotland, and what have the poets gotten from the scenery of the country? It is nowhere near as beautiful as the scenery of New England. They have not such beautiful, dashing and bubbling streams; they have not mountains so high, and the scenery is tame in comparison with that of New England. Poets make the scenery. A poem is something like a mountain stream that flashes in the light and is then lost in shadow, again emerges and runs amid meadows, while upon its placid breast are reflected images of the quiet cattle and of the hills and the trees; again it bursts into joy and foam, and then runs by some cottage door. That is something like a poem. It is filled with episode, with digression, with everything that makes it beautiful. A poem cannot be long. It must of necessity be short. When there is a large book it is simply filled with a collection of small poems, each one a link in the chain. You might as well talk of a kiss in three volumes as of a poem in three volumes. [Applause.]

Shakespeare was the first in England to trample all these old ideas of poetry under foot. But in Scotland, in 1759, Robert Burns, a citizen of the world, was born. Although born in Scotland he was a citizen of the world. His ideas are not Scotch, they are human. He embraced in his sympathies all mankind. He was born in a miserable hut; he was a peasant. He had as these gentlemen say no advantages. He was not educated, and I am extremely glad he was not. Had Robert Burns had a classical education in Scotland, who knows but what he might have been a Presbyterian clergyman, and instead of touching the heart of the whole world his life might have been passed in describing the horrors of the prison of God. I am glad he did not attend the school. They did not teach anything worth teaching. The college of his day was an excellent place to make a great man out of a little one, and a little man out of a great one. But he had exactly the education he needed. He was poor; he was held in utter contempt by the upper class. He was surrounded by a nobility who looked upon peasants as gentlemen whom God had made simply to support those other gentlemen who made God. He wrote about what he saw. He wrote absolutely what he felt. He knew what he suffered, he knew what the poor suffered. He saw on every hand wretchedness; he saw the nobility titled idlers, and he saw good honest men working for almost nothing. He saw the good held in common contempt by the worthless, simply because they had titles and the bar of his conscience he called God to answer. He had two enemies, the Church and the nobility. Why? Because he attacked them. I do not blame them, for he attacked them as no man had before that time done. You must recollect that the Church was a great

power, and that anybody who rose against the Church was liable to be slandered. Of course it is not so now! [Laughter.] He learned from his minister that a large majority of mankind, nine out of ten, and probably ninety-nine out of a hundred, were going to eternal woe. He hated that doctrine with every drop of his blood, and he attacked it in a little poem called "Holy Willie's Prayer," and after you have read four or five verses of it you will not wonder that the Church hated him. It was a complete, a perfect and an overwhelming answer, and it held the whole doctrine up to the ridicule and contempt of all thinking men. Now don't understand me that I imagine that Burns agreed to the doctrines in which I believe. I don't think he had much confidence in the Scriptures, unless he was sick or felt a little bad. [Laughter.] His real religion was that there was a God, that there was a future state, and that an honest man had nothing to fear in this world or in the world to come. [Applause and "Amen!"]

And then, how did he get the enmity of the nobility? He said something about them—not very good, but pretty bad. He held them up to scorn. He wrote a poem that has in it the essence of all the declarations of independence ever made. It has in it all there is of pure and unadorned democracy; it has in it all there is of real genuine republicanism; it has in it every foundation of our government and every star that glitters upon our flag. That poem has had as much influence upon men as any other ever written; it has made every honest man stand a little straighter and feel a little grander. That poem has rendered honest poverty holy; that poem has enriched the manhood of this world.

And where was he left? Between the Church upon the one hand and the nobility upon the other. The Church had taught that there was no happiness but in God, and that we must not expect any ill we get to the other world. They preached that this life was growing old, that the sun was fading; that the flowers did not bloom as sweetly as they used, and that everything was fading except the Scotch Kirk, and that was the most perfect thing in the universe of God. Robert Burns denied that, and instead of waiting to get to that world to find angels he found them right with him. He found his heaven right here. He believed in the family; he believed in love; he believed in happiness here and now; as there never has been a more beautiful thing said than he has said upon that very subject. Nothing is better. Whoever loves somebody and works for them, he is a success; whoever has a home and wife and children, and makes them happy—whoever sits by his little "ingie" surrounded by those he loves and makes happy, his life is a splendid success; he lives a poem, and that is a thousand times better than to write one and never live it.

I sometimes think, continued the lecturer, that our land raises theology naturally, and I believe that our ancestors were saved in Scotland more by its whiskey, and in New England by its rum, than by Presbyterianism. What better thing could a man do, after counting his chances under this doctrine, than to get intoxicated and forget all about the miseries so sure to come? Better a drunkard than a hypocrite, for the former has the greater chance of being a human being. With our ancestors drinking brought them nearest to virtue and morality, and thus Burns chose a tavern in place of the church. I honor him for his choice. The doctrine he preached every side was that God was not to be had by damns, by doing to His glory, of which article I was sadly in need. If the returns showed that the greatest sin had been elected, you went to heaven, no matter how bad you were. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that there was to be a final and universal day of reckoning, the lecturer said he would rather, if such were the case, appear before the judgment-seat drunk than filled with the ideas of God held by a Presbyterian of 1796. Rather than ascribe to the deity such horrible attributes of cruelty and injustice as he pictured, he would prefer to acknowledge his own weakness.

Col. Ingersoll then reviewed the history of the poet, recounting his hardships and disappointments, his cool reception by the nobility, and the circumstances under which he died. He then gave an account of his recent visit to Scotland, and to the places which have become honored and sacred from the fact that Burns lived in and wrote about them, and then quoted several of his poems to illustrate the many-sided character of the poet. The selections were made with care, and the rendition formed a very pleasing part of the evening's entertainment. In summing up the character and influence of Burns he spoke as follows:

And when I stood by the side of his grave I said to myself, this man was a radical; this man was a real, genuine Democrat; this man believed in honest labor; this man believed in human love; this man believed in making his fellow-men happy; this man believed in finding heaven right here; this man enriched every man of his nation not only, but every one that speaks the English language; this man shed only tears of grief, and he has caused millions and millions to shed their tears of joy. I said as I looked at his grave, whenever in the history of the world friends after long absence shall meet once more, "Auld Lang Syne" will tremble in the happy heart; when the patriot bares his breast to the storm of shot and shell he will hear, as though repeated by the wind, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." Whenever a man weeps over the loved and lost, he will repeat, "To Mary in Heaven." Whenever an artless maid shall be by love's simplicity betrayed, when she shall weep her heart out over the desolate grave of a dead love, she will cry out in her agony:

"Thou'lt hae my heart, thou little bird,  
That sing'st beside thy mate;  
For so I sat, and so I sang,  
And wist not of my fate."

Whenever an old husband and an old wife shall sit by the "bleezing hearth," looking back to fifty years of wedded life with their hair white and blossomed for the scythe of old age, when they shall thus sit with their hands united, she will softly repeat "John Anderson, my Jo," and whenever an honest man bears the sneers of titled idleness, he will cry out:

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gold for a' that."

And I said, here his life, that tempest called life, moaned into eternal rest. But he is not forgotten. Until our language fades from the lips of men his songs will be sung and loved. And I said, it is possible that man was a degraded being, but it is possible that the stars told him by priests and nobles can be true? Now let me tell you how they are, because I want to rescue as much as I can his memory from their merciless wrath. I tell you whoever attacks the Church, they will tear open his grave like hyenas and grin upon his sacred dust. They will do it, and any man here that ever expects to attack it, let him know that that is what they will do. They will martyr him, they will slander him, they will curse him, they will lie about his children. Recollect it; and unless you are willing to stand that, let him alone. [Laughter.] He said of this splendid and noble man that he was a drunkard, what he was a sot, what he was a drunkard and had been a confirmed sot for years? Will any man make you believe that he was in that condition when he wrote "Antony and Cleopatra," or "King Lear," or "Julius Cæsar"? No. At the very time when they say Burns was a sot he wrote "Tam O'Shanter," one of the most delightful poems in the world, with the finest description of pleasure, the finest description of a drunken riot and the finest description of many wonderful things. A year before he died he wrote "A Man's Man," a poem that was written by a drunkard? Was that written by a sot? Think of it. Could it have been? Three years before he died he wrote "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." Is that a poem to be made by a drunken man? And so I could go through to the last.

The truth is, nearly everybody drank at that time. It was no uncommon thing to see a parson reeling home from the sacrament. It was no uncommon thing for the best of their clergy to become intoxicated, and that Burns now and then drank I admit. But that he was a drunkard I deny. Admitting, however, that he was, that every word that I have said of him is true, just remember this, that this drunkard, vagabond, sot, left a greater legacy of honor to Scotland than all the rest of her children. Think what this man did. He took this barbarous dialect and he made it more classic than the Greek of Pericles or the Latin of Horace. He had two languages—that of jargon and the English; and into them he poured his devoted soul, his growing, throbbing spirit, and the world is better because Robert Burns lived. The account of his sense of love; the world is better on account of his declarations of independence; the world is better because he pointed his finger of scorn at hypocrisy; the world is better because we have more heart than we would have had had no such man lived. I beg of you, one and all, read Robert Burns. There is no mood for which you will not find some poem. Every young man in love, read Robert Burns; every young woman in love, read Robert Burns; every man who has had grief read Robert Burns; every man who has been unfortunate, read Robert Burns; every man who has been a pauper, a pauper; and yet I must admit there were more flowers about the cottage, and of a sweeter perfume, than about the palace.

ECLECTIC SYSTEM OF MEDICINE.

The lecture of Prof. Buchanan on Tuesday evening, Oct. 1st, at the Eclectic Medical College, was the most powerful and compact presentation of the American eclectic system of medicine and medical ethics to which we have ever listened. The lecture occupied an hour in delivery, and was too full of thought, concisely expressed, to admit of being represented by an abstract or outline. We can but refer to a few of the leading ideas.

According to Prof. Buchanan, the whole eclecticate system of our country is a lineal descendant of the collegiate system of Europe, inheriting all its faults. It does not teach men to reason and develop new truths, but teaches them to adhere to and perpetuate the opinions of professors, "all their ignorance," as well as all their knowledge. This is peculiarly true of medical colleges, which are just as bigoted to-day as when they rejected Harvey's demonstration of the circulation of the blood. They are always at least twenty years behind the times in the healing art.

The great reform in medical practice—the abolition of blood-letting

—was resisted by the colleges for thirty years, and American Eclectics were assailed with violence for introducing this improvement. The greatest hindrance to medical improvement was the power of authority—the attempt to enforce a medical creed, the creed being dictated from London and Paris. But the system of practice which was dictated was of itself a relic of the past—far behind the American system in practical success and scientific completeness. The system of medical science developed in America by discarding authority and relying on original observation is more than twice as successful in the treatment of disease, and has gained its present influential position (represented by several colleges and many thousand skillful physicians) solely by its practical success, and without the aid of wealth or social influence.

Challenging this great superiority over the European system, American eclectics reject with scorn the attempt to make them follow European authority. They point to a mortality of fifty or sixty per cent, by cholera in Paris, and ask if physicians with such a record are competent to guide American eclectics, among whom a mortality of but five or six per cent. has been common. Relying upon their superior record and their practical originality, they present the American system of medicine in contrast to the European, upheld by old-school institutions. They point to the acknowledged mortality of diseases under old-school treatment, and the acknowledged failure of lubricate asylums in this country under allopathic control, and promise that when sub-institutions shall be placed under eclectic management, they will really succeed in reforming the intemperate, and become a most powerful ally to the temperance movement.

The American or Eclectic system, as represented by the Eclectic Medical College, has not only an improved system of practice and surgery, but (what no other institution possesses), a complete physiology. In all other schools physiology is materialistic, and does not embrace the brain, which is the most important organ of the body—it is an acrophobic physiology. The new physiology is as strictly demonstrable and practical as the discovery of Harvey concerning the heart—it has challenged scientific scrutiny, and has not been assailed or seriously controverted—it will yet be presented by Dr. B. to the French Academy, to see whether they have any more liberality and rationality to-day than they had two hundred and fifty years ago. Many other days were presented in a striking and original manner, such as the recent improvements in colleges, the introduction of women into the medical profession by American eclectics, opposed by the old school, the absurdity of college logic, the dogmatism of Huxley and Haeckel in tracing the origin of man to a monkey, and supposing that fishes originate from the slime of the ocean, which he characterized in the language of Agassiz as a mere "mire of assertion." He displayed most clearly the paramount duty of a physician to his patients, to use all possible means of cure, and the disastrous effects of medical bigotry and partisanship, which prevent the use of most important means of cure and medicines, because they are used by the members of another party. He estimated the loss of life by this degradation of the medical profession during the last fifty years as equal to the entire loss of life by bullet and bayonet during the same period. Hence the public at large have a very deep interest in suppressing this professional bigotry and sustaining the American Eclectic movement, which aims to unite the discordant sects, and give to each the most extensive resources—all that has been discovered by American originality as well as by European research. This eclectic doctrine of liberality has recently been adopted by the State Homoeopathic Society, which was a most manly and honorable declaration of principles, widely different from the course of certain very regular gentlemen, members of the New York Medical Society, and prominent in professional life, who were secretly using eclectic and homoeopathic remedies, while publicly opposing eclecticism and homoeopathy. The lecturer concluded by a reference to the new school literature, the text books of medical practice, surgery, obstetrics, *maternal medicine* and physiology, which were displayed on the table, and an appeal to the students of the college to master their profession and remove the prejudices which had arisen in consequence of scientific quackery against the art of medicine by their practical success in healing.—*Jersey City Evening Journal.*

[From The Messenger for October.]

Communication from T. R. Hazard.—Testing Mediums.

In criticizing some of the writer's views in the matter of testing mediums, the *Messenger* says:

"If all who claim to be mediums were always honest, it would be the true way to let things take their own course in sittings."

My experiences have taught me that in sittings for materialization of spirit forms, it is of quite as much, and even more importance, that *investigators* should be *honest* than mediums. Again:

"Of course all true Spiritualists want the spirits to dictate conditions, and they are willing to abide them, whatever they may be, if they are really dictated by them."

So far as I have learned, strictly speaking spirits never dictate conditions at all. They recommend that sitters should be passive and harmonious in their minds, and charitable toward the mediums and the spirits. Again:

"On the supposition of genuineness, it is the true theory to be passive and ready to learn. So far Bro. Hazard is right. But what will he do when there are doubts of the honesty of the medium?"

Let the doubters quietly leave the room, for under the circumstances, he or she "that doubteth is damned." So far as the obtaining of spirit tests is concerned, a circle having a considerable leaven of doubt in their minds will get but *shadows*, when a more congenial company would behold their departed friends in forms as tangible and real to all appearance as they were when in the flesh. Such as these are the tests that spirits most delight in giving. They come best unasked for, and frequently when least expected. Again:

"When there are doubts, and they become general in a circle, to go on under such circumstances is like entirely throwing away (a *GOSPEL* *reverser*), nobody is benefited, and spirits themselves, if the manifestations are really genuine, must see at once the necessity of doing the thing clear, and they would do so if they were *REASONABLE* spirits."

Though I do not approve of dogmatizing on spiritual laws, of which we know but little, still I think if the three last words in the above quotation were stricken out, and "could" substituted in their place, the dictum of the *Messenger* might be correct. Spirits seem to be governed by law as inexorable as those that govern mortals, and cannot under unfavorable conditions do all they may wish to. Again:

"As you have expressed in a careful way that it would be satisfactory to have the mediums a little more plain, if you should set up on his or her dignity that no plainer tests would be given, the doubts would be increased tenfold. Now, what should be done in such a case?"

As before said, let every doubter depart in peace as soon as practicable, even if they include all the company present; for nothing of value can transpire under such inharmoonious conditions. Again:

"We do not believe in violent proceedings—nothing of the kind—because, not knowing positively about it, we might do somebody an injury, if it should be true that all is genuine."

A most sensible conclusion, and one that it would be well for investigators of the spiritual phenomena, of whatever kind, to ponder well.

To make sittings profitable there must be confidence in all the proceedings, both of sitters and of the medium; otherwise no benefit is derived.

Verily a *Daniel come to Judgment!* Golden words the above, from the beginning of the sentence to the end! Again:

"Each should unite to secure that state, the medium as well as the circle. (TRUE AGAIN, EVERY WORD). The only remedy we can see to be legitimate where a medium is incorrigible, is to cease to patronize him or her, until proper tests are given, so as to bring all into harmony."

Exactly so. True to the letter. It is the doctrine I have been striving to inculcate for years. Let no investigators, whether honest or otherwise, ever patronize (what a term to use in connection with angel visitors) a medium whose honesty they doubt; and *vice versa*, let no mediums submit to be patronized by an investigator, however learned, great or powerful, whose honesty they doubt. It will be better for both parties, and for all others concerned, that they never meet in a spirit circle. Again:

"We don't say that the tests shall be as dictated by members of the circle—let the spirits dictate the tests, so that no one can mistake, then all will move on harmoniously."

THOMAS R. HAZARD.

"NO IMPEDIMENT."—High Church Parson (who has been invited to the Orleans Club for his next Sunday out.) "Next Sunday! Well, Lady Golightly, I should be most happy, but what would my bishop say?" *Lady Golightly:* "Oh, bless the dear old man, he's coming, too! You, and Clara, and I and the bishop, will make capital sides for a game at Badminton."—*Fun.*



## Children's Department.

## TALES OF THE EVERLASTING MOTHER.

Written down through the Mediumship of  
ADELMA, BARONESS VON VAY,  
of Gönitz (in Styria), Austria, and translated spe-  
cially for the Banner of Light.

## A LITTLE SILK RIBBON SPEAKS.

I lay round the neck of a beautiful child; I held fast a little cross and a locket. The lovely maiden with her pure brow, clear eyes, and fresh mouth stood full of hope and anticipation on a quiet moonlight night on the balcony, and listened to the silent calm of Nature, which for her was delightful music. Longingly and timidly she looked up at the stars, and a gentle awe that was incomprehensible to her fell upon her. She glanced back to earth, where all was so still and covered up, as it were, with a mysterious peace. In the silent, clear, moonlight night every little noise and the murmuring of the little brook with its moonlit waves was plainly heard. Oh, thou child-like, confiding soul! I, the little ribbon on thy neck, felt how thy bosom heaved, how thy heart beat, and I knew well what a marvelous being, rich in hopeful anticipation, thou didst appear to thyself to be.

Cross and locket were clasped and innocently kissed, a prayer was softly breathed up to the stars, another half-longing, half-timid glance was cast on the moon, the gentle sigh sent forth to the quietly-resting dew-drenched earth, and she went to rest in her snug little bed. She slept quietly, with the prayer still on her lips and living on in her dreams as the clear tone of a bell trembling through the air. And when she woke in the morning a smile played upon her lips; surely she had spoken with the angels in the night! How bright and cheerful the morning seemed to her, bringing with it motion and life. Dreamy and thoughtful she had laid herself down to rest; refreshed and full of life she awoke in the morning. The life of such innocent souls is full of devotion and melancholy, gladness and longing; they are to themselves an enigma; the sweet expectation of the unknown lies in the future, hidden behind a rosy veil. Expectation! Ah, sweet word! who does not know thee? Thou art beautiful only before thy fulfillment, for fulfillment answers expectation mostly by unexpecting the ideal, and representing the spiritual in a material manner.

It was a sultry summer day. I, the little black ribbon, lay silently round her throat. She seemed to me to be unusually agitated, as, pale and trembling, she listened to the passionate words of a young man. He spoke of love, warm and passionate, of possession, and asked for a requital of his feelings. Tremblingly rang this strange new speech in her ears. It seemed to her as if she heard wild, ungovernable music, as if the whole world revolved around her; it was to her as if she committed a great injustice, but still she remained as if chained, fast bound by a sweet, magic enchantment. Who can describe what she felt? Fear and delight clasped each other through her heaving bosom. She wished he would be silent, and when he was her eyes implored him again to speak. She felt the highest bliss, and yet the deepest pain. Her childhood was buried as if by a magical spell; a new, untried life was before her. The speaker was to her as a robber, an enchanter, who had stolen her own life away, and now she could only follow him. Gradually her ears became accustomed to the passionate speech, her heart trembled no more before his glance, and at last she even ventured to look the robber in the eyes. Yes, he soon became the idol, the ideal of this warm, loving maiden's heart. A new life awoke in her. Her silent, pure soul leaned on his strong love, and powerfully and nobly love and admiration developed in the being of this quiet, trusting child. Now she stood no more solitary and dreaming on the balcony; it was no longer marvelous expectation which agitated her innermost soul; it was love, an infinitely powerful love which filled her heart and mind.

The innocent and simple love more strongly and deeply, but not so prudently, as those who are conscious and experienced in love. A child-like mind gives itself quite up in its simplicity, retains nothing for itself, and knows no shade of self-love or of secrecy.

"My dearest love! the spring has awakened in me." So spoke she to him. "I feel myself as rich, and fresh, and light, as the flying, trilling lark; I would wing my way up to heaven with her, but thou too must come with me; without thee there is no happiness." She often seemed to him like an imaginary being, a teasing capricious elf, or a beautiful wood nymph. "Art thou truly an earthly creature?" he would ask her anxiously, as he folded her passionately in his arms.

A locket with brown locks of hair now came into the company of the little cross and old locket. I held them fast, all three. I heard her say: "My love to thee is like a prayer. My whole soul goes out to God since I loved thee, and I love and understand all mankind better than before. And when I think of death it is no longer awful, for in the world to come, too, thou art mine—forever mine!" And he listened in silent admiration as these words passed her rosy lips, and felt himself spiritually raised and purified through her purity.

One day she took me tremblingly from her throat, and hung me, with cross and locket, around his neck. She sobbed and wept, and he—was also deeply agitated, and spoke no word. She begged him: "Ah, do not leave me alone; a sad presentiment makes me tremble; God have pity on me!" But he folded her in his arms, and stroking back the hair from her forehead, said, "Child, be strong; it must be. I shall soon come back, and then thou wilt be my wife. God be with you, my beloved." I trembled violently on his throat and breast, for I too was anxious, very anxious, as he closed the door after him with a crash—it sounded like the closing of a coffin-lid. The beating in his breast was loud and violent, and I fully believe that he wept as he seated himself in a carriage, and drove hastily away through the soft spring rain.

I do not know all that happened, but the poor man must have suffered very much, for his heart always beat so heavily and sadly. One day, trembling with pain, he took me from his neck, and folded me with cross and locket in white paper, on which he wrote, "The world and mankind separate us, and we must yield to their power, my poor child; but in spirit, in the kingdom of eternity, thou art mine, forever mine!" I traveled about then for a long time. I came into all sorts of hands, into a ship, over the sea, on the railway, in a mail cart, and at last I was brought into the dear old room, to my beautiful young mistress. She read the message, took me convulsively in her hands, looked at me with wide-open, tearless eyes, and then sank down with a piteous cry. How long she lay there, cold, stiff and white, I do not know. I thought

she was dead; but no, her heart began to beat softly, her hands became warmer, and she awoke to life, but as a completely altered being. She raised herself and spoke: "Do I still live? Yes, and he lives too, and suffers as I do! Good! I will live; but the pain I suffer for him will slowly kill me. Time will not heal—it will only kill. And still here, as there, beloved, I am thine—ever thine!"

I was now again, as of old, round her neck. But where was the fresh happy heart? where the hope, the joy of life? All was broken, and nipped like the blossoms of spring by the frost. Hopeless, but still young, she stood facing a life which was made desolate for her. For her the moon had lost its brightness, the flowers their perfume, all things their beauty. All was cold and indifferent to her, for her life was taken from her through the loss of her dearest. One could have tortured her in any way; indifferently she would have gone to the bitterest death. Had she not borne more than this? Fortune could bring her nothing worse; the worst and the bitterest was already there—for her whole life there.

She went about quietly as before, outwardly remaining the same, and fulfilling the daily routine of her life, though her innermost life had been extinguished, and with a single blow. All was done mechanically; the fresh inner impulse was gone. It was, dreadful to be so without sympathy or feeling, and yet to suffer so deeply. Living, she was yet dead. Yes, in her soul was a deep grave, wherein lay love, life and hope. Into this grave she did not venture to look; she never once lifted the pall from the loved and adored corpse.

I lay quietly and sadly around her throat until I was weak and useless from sorrow; then she took me in her hand, kissed me fervently, and said: "Go to rest!" and she burned me in the stove in her room. Now I am ashes—ashes that are blown to every part of the world, and I hope that she also who was so bitterly disappointed is ashes—that her spirit is in the world to come, where there is no more separation.

(Continued in our next.)

## Banner Correspondence.

## Pioneer Work in Oregon.

Mrs. P. W. Stephens' lecturer and clairvoyant test medium, sends us the following summary of her pioneer labors in the far West:

"Again I take the liberty to lay before your readers a short account of my summer work, in endeavoring to bring the teachings of the Spiritual Philosophy to the attention of the people of the Pacific Northwest. In March, I received word that a son of mine, residing in Lake County, Oregon, had been severely injured by the falling of a tree. I hastened to reach him, making a journey of two hundred and fifty miles over a country of almost entirely unbroken and rugged mountains, sloughs and climbing mountains. I remained with him until he had nearly recovered.

I then started out on missionary work through the State, beginning with Lake View, the county seat of Lake County, where I gave three lectures in full houses. I then started West, taking passage on what is called a buck-board wagon, with neither sides nor cover. We passed seven cabins, (not one for Queen Mab to dwell in), and two Indian reservations. In the latter I reached my first stopping place, Lakeview, after a journey of one hundred and ten miles. It is a small town in the western part of Lake County. Here I gave four public meetings, creating a good deal of interest. Then by stage coach I reached Astoria, where I gave two lectures in full houses. In all that distance (one hundred and seventy miles), there were no settlements sufficiently large to gather an audience, except the places where I stopped. In Astoria I found much opposition. I succeeded in getting a hall, and opened my own hall, (as no one would do it for me). The opposition had awakened the attention of the people, and I was greeted with good house, notwithstanding it was raining. I gave four lectures and met Mrs. Holton, the first professed Spiritualist I had seen in the State, and also saw there the *Banner of Light*. I gave three lectures and many tests. I then went to Jackson County, where I gave three lectures in full houses, where sectarian bigotry was so strong that my personal well-being was threatened. I gave but one lecture. By stage I traveled one hundred miles over a terrible road to Roseburg, the southern terminus of the Oregon Railway. Through all this section of Southern Oregon, there never had been a lecturer who had spoken in behalf of Spiritualism. The people boasted that there had never been an advocate of Spiritualism who could get through this section. My trip was to go on one hundred and thirty-five miles, and upon my way I found this would take me to a station called Marion. Without knowing why I was sent there, I bought a ticket and went on. On reaching this place, I inquired at the depot if there were any Spiritualists there. The answer was, "Yes, there is one." Upon further inquiry, I found a family by the name of Davis, who lived three miles back from the road. On reaching this place, I found an intelligent, well-balanced family, who had been converted to Spiritualism by the efforts of a Baptist preacher for years, but because he had learned to believe what Jesus taught, he was now unimpaired. At this time there was a Baptist camp-meeting being held on the river, and I went to it. I remained here a couple of days. I went to a small town called Selo, on the Santa Anna River, where I hired a hall and went to lecturing; the chief magistrate forbade me describing spirits, or repeating what messages they brought, or telling fortunes, or anything of the kind, on pain of a fine of five dollars. I was five miles from the camp-meeting, and my darling to preach Spiritualism so near aroused their ire, which found vent in abuse. On Saturday, June 22nd, my rides directed me to go back to Bro. Davis' family. On my way I found Bro. D. told me about the Baptist camp-meeting, and proposed that we also hold a Spiritualist meeting in his grove on Sunday, and give the people a chance to learn the truth. I agreed to do so. We had a glorious time. Many came from the Baptist camp-meeting. At the close of our services, an old gentleman arose, and said with tears in his eyes, "If this is Spiritualism, oh, give me more of it!"

Learning that the Spiritualists of Northern Oregon were to hold a grove-meeting, June 28th, at New Erie, on the line of the railroad twenty miles south of Portland, I went to that place, and on the morning of the 27th, I went to the meeting. In the meantime I gave three lectures at Marion, in the school-house, which was filled to overflowing.

The grove-meeting was well attended. Dr. Kirk and Mrs. A. J. Dunaway from Astoria, and many other speakers. Brother and Sister Heath, from Portland, furnished the music. There, in the dense forest, near the widely flowing Willamette, on grounds owned by the Spiritual Association of Oregon, was held one of the most harmonious camp-meetings I ever attended. The facts and philosophy of Spiritualism were given to the people during its three days' sessions.

I then went to Portland, where I remained ten days and gave five public lectures in many private houses. Through all the Northern portion of Oregon, Spiritualism has been widely and earnestly preached by true and noble souls. There are many earnest advocates of the Spiritual Philosophy in Portland there are a number of excellent mediums. On my way back I stopped at Salem, Marion, Albany and Corvallis, and again reached the home of Brother and Sister Holton, at Phoenix, the middle of August, just two months from the time I left there for reaching Astoria, and again held a meeting. From there to Yreka, in California, I stopped a week, giving four lectures. At Elina I gave four lectures. I left Elina the fourth of September, for Shasta City, on my way to Carson City, Nevada, my home.

The path of the pioneer in Southern Oregon is full of hardships, both from the rugged character of the country and the rigid rule of sectarian bigotry, as no liberal speaker except Universalists has any success through it to disturb the equality of bigoted Orthodox rule, until your humble correspondent ventured to do so the past summer."

## Illinois.

CHICAGO.—W. W. Wiegman, magnetic physician, 406 West Madison street, writes, Sept. 30th: "I can fully substantiate the correctness of the message of MAGDALEN MESSEROLE, which appeared in the Message Department of the *Banner of Sept. 21st*, 1878, from Mrs. Danks's mediumship. Her husband, John Messerole, and her sister's husband, Capt. Bliss, and the two sisters, were residents of New York City, and were included in the tenth ward of the city of Brooklyn, N. Y. I have known them for over twenty years.

All your subscribers who know of the verity of messages published in the *Banner* should notify you of the fact immediately. By so doing they would aid the cause by adding their item of testimony to its truth. Free Spiritualists and mediums' meetings are being held Sunday afternoons at my office, Mrs. Dinning, 100 West Madison street, from 2 to 4 P. M. A notice is given in the *Banner* of the meeting at a late meeting, Father Julius A. Willard, now in his 85th year, read 'Poe's Farewell to Earth,' by Miss Lizzie Doten; and the glorious old worker rendered it with all the vim and ardor of youth. Believers in, or, rather, knowers of the truth of Spiritualism never grow old. Now that spirit influx has come the fountain of perpetual youth has been found, if people will live according to the

teachings of its philosophy. Several mediums are controlled at these meetings to speak, and give words of consolation and advice to those who remain in the mortal coil. Among the mediums are Mrs. DeWolf, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Belfert, Mrs. Herrington, Mrs. Stringham, Mrs. Riley. Tests of spirit identity are given, besides, which in most cases are acknowledged. The attendance is large, and often persons receive their first lessons in Spiritualism at these convocations."

## Massachusetts.

BOSTON.—A. B. Lawrence, of 8 Davis street, Boston, writes us that not long since he attended a séance held in this house by the Holmes media, the company present consisting of one lady and six gentlemen. One of the gentlemen, who in common with his companions in the circle was an entire stranger to the Holmeses, brought him a blacksmith's ring, which he had made for him by a blacksmith, and to which he had caused to be affixed a private mark. Previous to the commencement of the séance this gentleman allowed the entire company to inspect the ring, and to judge for themselves as to its honesty of character. After the inspection of the ring it was placed upon the table, the gentleman in the meantime explaining to the company why and for what purpose he had brought it. When he was alone with the Holmeses he could be circled upon his arm while he held both of the medium's hands and his ring was placed upon the table.

As soon as the séance commenced the gentleman was called to the table and seated directly in front of the lady medium; he took both her hands firmly in his, previously, however, passing his hand carefully and thoroughly over the medium's shoulders and down her arms to satisfy himself that no wires were secreted upon her. He then placed his hands upon the table, and by one of the gentlemen; this every hand in the room was secured. The gentleman holding Mrs. Holmes's hands soon exclaimed that hands were touching him on the forefinger and the middle finger of his right hand. The gas being lighted, all in the room plainly saw and inspected the ring, while the gentleman and medium retained their positions with hands clasped.

The gentleman said he had taken every precaution to know that no ring was secreted upon the medium's arms, and that his ring lay upon the table an instant before it was circled around his arm. All present expressed themselves satisfied of the verity of the phenomenon. Before the close of the séance two other gentlemen had wooden hoops placed on their arms under the same conditions. The sitting for the form manifestations immediately thereafter was very satisfactory. Consequently the Holmeses were called instantly after Mr. Holmes was secured within the cage.

SHUTESBURY.—Mrs. A. B. Bishop writes, Oct. 9th, as follows: "In the *Banner* of Sept. 21st you published my letter in regard to the poor little cripple, Willie Miller, and in regard to a certain mistake in the Chicago I first saw him; it was there he became paralyzed, and was brought from there to Belchertown, and from thence to Pelham, on a bed, two years ago last July. The poor boy had lain in that helpless condition until I met him last spring. In June I sent for Dr. Chapman, of Greenfield, to visit the boy, for I wanted to know if my spirit gifts were doing all that could be done for him. It was then I sought aid of our churches and our people to help him, but as I got only twenty-five cents, I borrowed the money and paid the bill. Dr. Chapman gave him several treatments, which did him much good, and also sent him to Lakeview, where he received a doctor, but he cannot as yet move his left foot. Is there not some institution or some one that can take the boy and do more for him than we can? If so, we will gladly send him to you, and bring him out of his sad condition. When he has outlived his sad condition, we feel sure that he will develop into a far nobler form, and will become a healing medium, and will do for others what we are now doing for him—alleviate the woes of the afflicted, and bring him out of his sad condition for their kind and charitable sympathy; may angels reward them. As cold winter is fast approaching, we wish to remind the charitable of the words expressed by Jesus: 'That ye may love him as ye love yourselves,' and that many who may read this have a good opportunity to help him. We feel sure that the spirit-world, whose clothing has been laid away perhaps for months and decay; and to such we would say, look around at the wretched and afflicted, and bring him out of his sad condition. 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✠ B. Shraft, formerly of San Francisco writes us from Columbia, Cal., that he is now turning his attention to mining, and says: "Although I am working hard, yet my health is improving wonderfully. I wish the dear old *Banner of Light* abundant success. I want especially to commend you for the position you have taken in defence of mediums; also to thank Mr. T. R. Hazard for his efforts in the same direction."



### Different Opinions About "Christ, the Corner-Stone of Spiritualism," by Dr. J. M. Peabody.

There have been sold already nearly six thousand copies of this pamphlet. Colby & Rich are about to issue a new and revised edition. We here present some of the different opinions concerning this work.

A. E. Newton says: "I have just been reading your late pamphlet, 'Christ, the Corner-Stone of Spiritualism,' and quite agree with its ideas. Years ago, in a talk with the noted Elder Grant, who was vigorously combating what he thought was Spiritualism, by insisting that there is 'no salvation' and 'no immortality out of Christ,' I surprised him by telling him that I, as a Spiritualist, accepted both these propositions. My thought was, as I have repeatedly explained, that Christ is not the name of a person but a principle. It is the divine humanity—the *divine* in the human. As Paul said, it must be 'born in you,' and it is the only hope of glory. It alone brings 'salvation' from the animal and selfish nature. In it inheres immortality because it partakes of the divine essence—the universal spirit. This, I think, is the true idea, and it may be urged with much effect upon intelligent and religious people."

Hudson Tuttle says: "About this 'Christ-principle' we confess we know nothing, &c. We believe Mr. Peabody has, unintentionally, conveyed in his title a most erroneous and injurious idea of Spiritualism. Had he intended he could not possibly misrepresent the status of Spiritualism more than in this little pamphlet. He quotes from Davis, Owen, Cora L. V. Richmond, Judge Edmonds, Putnam, Brittan and Watson, as a finality of what Spiritualists believe in regard to Jesus, while it is not Jesus he is talking about, but Christ, a principle which descends 'salvation' from the animal and selfish nature. It is a trick of argument, and I fail to see the justice of its application."

Dr. Samuel Watson says: "Considering what Dr. Peabody has in view when writing 'Christ, the Corner-Stone of Spiritualism,' I think it one of the best things yet published upon the relation existing between the Christian and the Spiritualist. Its perusal will lead the way to a rational religious Spiritualism; and it ought, therefore, and no doubt will, have an extensive sale."

The *Voice of Truth* says: "I am reading that diamond of pure water, 'Christ, the Corner-Stone,' I cannot express to you half the joy it gives me. My soul is with you every line. I rejoice that it has been written, that those who read may see how Jesus, the man, is regarded by men whose souls fear not to utter great truths, though opposed to popular education and public opinion."

The *Liberal Christian* says: "This pamphlet, so free from antagonism and rude iconoclasm, presents the correct idea of Jesus in a readable and even attractive form. The line drawn between Jesus and Christ, the inspiring and verifying principle, will prove useful to thinking minds and all inquirers after the truth. The subject matter and all is a valuable accession to spiritual literature."

For sale at the *Banner of Light* office. Price 15 cents.

"An item has been going the rounds of the press," to use the words of the *Boston Herald*, "to the effect that the relief committee in Chicago declined to take money for the yellow fever sufferers, which had been raised at a Spiritualistic séance." The item referred to first fell under our notice in the columns of the *New York Sun*, where it appeared among telegraphic brieflets. We have also seen it in the news columns of daily papers in Boston, where it appeared as a press dispatch. The following is the item in question:

"The Ohio State Fair in Cleveland was kept open on Sunday for the benefit of the yellow fever sufferers, and the preachers of the city generally denounced the action. The relief committee in Chicago declined money taken at a spiritualistic séance."

On perusal both these statements seemed to us to be such clear indices of the bitter feeling which credulism has ever displayed toward all progressions ideas, that we decided to put them on record before our readers, and therefrom copied the paragraph, merely adding thereto, as an expression of our individual opinion (based entirely upon the face of the statements we quoted), the words, "This is bigotry double distilled."

A few months before the decease of Miss Charlotte Cushman (so runs a paragraph in the daily press), she accorded an interview to Miss Mary Anderson, who wished to make inquiries as to the probability of her success in case she should adopt the stage as a profession. Miss Cushman, after a somewhat extended conversation, gave it as her opinion that she would prosper. "It is a coincidence," says the current narration, "that the day Miss Cushman died was the same on which Miss Anderson attended her first rehearsal under a regular professional engagement, and that night had a strange dream that remains ineffaceable in her memory. In her vision she found herself in Boston, in a room in which Charlotte Cushman lay dead in her bed with a laurel crown upon her head. As she approached the coffin she heard Miss Cushman's well-known voice exclaim, 'Play Medea,' and soon the dead tragedienne rose from the casket dressed in the costume of that queen of the Argonauts, and walked to and fro in the room with all her old majesty, ever and anon exclaiming, 'Play Medea,' and as the vision faded away the echoes of those deep tones resounded in her ears, 'Play Medea.'"

The *New York Evening Telegram* says of the free thought and reformatory papers of the day that they are "like the angel that stirred the pool of Bethesda, in which invalids bathed and were healed. If the world is to progress the conservatives must be shaken up from time to time, and they are to be shaken up only by the ultras and the radicals. Half-way people are not energetic and demonstrative enough to lead reforms. The conservatives are, of course, now and then shocked. Their natures are shaken to the core. They kick against the newcomers who thus tear their cherished convictions to atoms. They rebel again and again, but some of the seed dropped by the radicals falls in ground ready to receive it and brings forth infinitely forever."

An excellent and lifelike picture of that veteran in the cause of Spiritualism, Dr. H. F. Gardner, is now on free exhibition at the *Banner of Light* Bookstore, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston. It is from the photographic studio of G. W. Babb, 22 and 24 Hanover street, Boston, and is a work which reflects credit on all concerned in its execution. We regret to state that Dr. Gardner's health, to which we have referred in previous issues, continues to be precarious, and that during these fine autumnal days he is called upon to bear the confining cross of confirmed and almost hopeless invalidism—hopeless save in the cheering light which his belief in Spiritualism, he assures us, sheds upon his saddened condition.

We have received, and shall notice fully hereafter, a volume of some 280 pp., entitled "HYGIENE OF THE BRAIN," by M. L. Holbrook, M. D. Between its covers we encounter an interesting letter from Dr. J. R. Buchanan, to which we shall refer in a future issue. Colby & Rich have the work on sale at the *Banner of Light* Bookstore, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

In the course of a recent article in the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. J. Norman Lockyer says: "So far as our uncontented knowledge goes, the sun is chiefly composed of metal, and on this account is strangely different from the crust of our earth, in which the metals are in large minority."

### Social Gathering.

Mrs. Carnes, the medium, had a pleasant reunion at her home, 103 Shawmut avenue, Boston, on Friday evening, 11th inst., it being the third anniversary of "Lulu's" control. The apparently bright little Indian spirit, so popular with the medium's friends, seems to be quite an "old girl," having left the form when twenty years old, in the year 1814. But as usual, the spirit is ever young, and we lose all idea of four score, or time, in the animated talk that this "familiar" favors us with. At this gathering there were two mortal Indian squaws present, the last of the race that once owned a section of Massachusetts. They were in costume; so was the medium, at the wish of "Lulu," who made a very neat address, proving that there was considerable improvement in her expression of thought since her first attempt at reincarnation or control of the human form three years ago.

Dr. Grover was the manager on this occasion, making appropriate speeches and reciting poetry written for the occasion. He called out to that veteran, Brother Hatch, who uttered appropriate words; also medium David Brown; and a man that the spirit called "Scratch Brave," also made a short speech. The speeches, both from the mundane and celestial sources, ended by a few choice words from J. F. Alderman, who was called out by the manager; the venerable appearance and long white beard of the latter speaker added much to the general tableau, made up of gaily dressed Indians, in the form and out of it, as well as the other guests in the usual civilized attire.

The parlors were highly decorated with flowers, autumnal, and favoring the red, probably in compliment to the red girl, whose taste so strongly favors that animated color. There were some presents given to "Lulu," with appropriate remarks and responses, and at the close refreshments were provided for the party, which—to be in keeping with the occasion—we should use Lulu's language, and call it a "big eat."

J. W.

Col. Meacham is now in the Indian Territory, having received, without expectation on his part, a government appointment as disbursing officer and special inspector. We are glad to note this action on the part of the powers that be, which is eminently appropriate as offering some return for his distinguished services in the cause of the red man. The *Council Fire* will not suffer in his absence, as he will continue to write for it regularly, and Mrs. M. Cora Bland will join in carrying out its editorial details with that true tact and grace with which she is specially gifted.

In the current installment of my article on Trance Mediumship (see 6th page), Wash. A. Danskinn continues to give the experiences twenty years ago of himself and others as to the mediumistic powers of the now Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, then a child, who, as he aptly says, "had not had time in her young life to acquire the knowledge displayed through her."

Oct. 23d will be the anniversary of the twentieth year of Mrs. Jennie Holmes's mediumship as a public instrument. A gathering of her friends in honor of the date is contemplated. It is safe to say that fifty thousand people have, since her development, witnessed the demonstration of her powers with excellent results.

Mrs. Beattie, trance speaker, who has earnestly labored to spread the truths of Spiritualism in England for many years, is now making a "farewell tour" through the Lancashire District, prior to her departure for her new home in America in the spring to join her husband, who has preceded her.

In a late number of the *Haverhill* (Mass.) *Bulletin* appears a card from J. M. Palmer, former proprietor of the *Publisher*, wherein he announces the final discontinuance of his paper, and the transfer of its subscription list, etc., to Messrs. Mitchell & Hoyt, proprietors of the *Bulletin*.

Thomas Gales Forster was announced to lecture in Doughty Hall, London, England, Sunday, Oct. 13th. We are truly glad to learn that this noble expounder of Spiritualism has so far regained his health as to be able to give our English friends a taste of his abilities on the rostrum as a trance speaker.

In the article by J. B. Loomis, read, about the middle of this column: "But his speciality is trained clairvoyance, which, like reason," etc., instead of "unlike." And in the next sentence read, "This is engendered in every human soul, but, unlike reason, it is rarely developed here," etc.

A second Liberal League has just been formed at Syracuse. This makes the fifth Local Auxiliary League chartered by the National League.

We shall print next week an article from the pen of A. E. Newton, Esq., on "Testing Mediums," to which we call the reader's attention in advance.

J. S. Adams has removed from 34 Beacon street to 203 Tremont street, under Hotel Pelham.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:

In J. B. Loomis's interesting and trenchant article in the *Banner* of October 12th, the allusion there made to a novel-like or cursory mode of reading A. J. Davis's writings, instead of carefully studying and interpreting them, brings to my mind, in illustration of its truth, that Mr. Davis's veritable history of his own life is occasionally looked upon and treated, even among people supposed to be acquainted with books, as a novel and work of fiction. Confirmation of this statement may be found in the Boston City Library, where A. J. Davis's *Magie Staff*, or Autobiography, both in the catalogue and on the shelves of the Library, is classified among "Works of Fiction and Novels!" and this, too, in modern Athens! A. E. G. Brant Rock, Mass.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT.—We give joyous greetings to this old favorite. No. 1, Vol. 4, in new and beautiful type is before us. Beautiful indeed it is in its new dress, but most do we admire it for its steadfast adherence to the cause it represents, and for its valuable contents. Unswerving in its advocacy of Spiritualism, firm as a rock in its defence of mediums, those sensitive instruments through which immortality has been taken from the realm of *faida* to that of knowledge, the *Banner of Light* has become indispensable to all who desire to keep themselves fully informed of the growth and progress of Spiritualism; for in its columns may be found correspondence from every part of the world. Let it be circulated everywhere, so that wherever superstition's evil power is felt, mankind may find in the *Banner of Light* its antidote.—*The Spiritual Offering*.

### Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

**PARKER MEMORIAL HALL.**—Spiritualist meetings will be held at this hall, in Parker Memorial Building, corner Appleton and Berkeley streets, Boston, on Sunday afternoons during the season of 1878-9. Good lecturers and excellent music. The public are invited to attend free of charge. Dr. James M. Peabody will lecture during the Sunday afternoons of October, at 2 1/2 o'clock. Per order E. R. Com.

**AMORY HALL.**—Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1 holds its sessions every Sunday morning, with hall, corner West and Washington streets, commencing at 10 1/2 o'clock. The public cordially invited. J. B. Hatch, Conductor.

**PYTHIAN HALL.**—The People's Spiritual Temple (formerly held at Eagle Hall) is removed to Pythian Hall, 70 Tremont street. Services every Sunday morning and afternoon. Good mediums and speakers always present.

**PYTHIAN TEMPLE.**—The Spiritual Ladies' Aid society will meet at this place, 170 Tremont street, every Friday afternoon at 2 1/2 o'clock, for further notice. Mrs. John Voss, President; Miss M. L. Barrett, Secretary.

**EAGLE HALL.**—Spiritual Meetings for speaking and testing are held at this hall, 416 Washington street, every Sunday, at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. Excellent quartette singing provided. These meetings are carried on by the parties who previously occupied Nassau Hall.

**Amory Hall.**—"After the storm, sunshine." The bright sunlight of this morning, with its clear, sweet air, in contrast with the driving storm of last night and yesterday, once more verified this old adage. All seemed to have the human mind united in a universal anthem of praise to the All-Father. The Lyceum exercises were in sympathy and keeping with this idea, consisting of two selections by the orchestra, led by Prof. Alonzo Bond; singing, responsive readings and banner march by the school; select reading, "The Wanderer's Return Home," Mrs. Downes; song, "I Heard a Spirit Sing," May Waters; recitations, "Little Drops of Water," E. A. Plummer; "How Little Knows of Each Other," A. Arthur; instrumental music, flute and accordion, by Masters Henry and Vernie Staples; original composition, "A Little Girl's Dream," May Waters; song, "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep," Nellie Thomas; recitation, "My Old Man and Me," Eva Peabody; song, "My Grandfather's Clock," Mr. Bryant; Cavatina, from the "Barber of Seville," introducing clarinet solo by Prof. Bond; Remarks by Conductors, Dr. J. M. Peabody and Geo. A. Bacon; wing movements (led by Mr. Ford), by the school; song, "There's a Home where the Wanderers are Welcome," by Madame Usnellie, closing with the banner march.

Wm. D. Rockwood, Cor. Sec. Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1. Boston, Oct. 13th, 1878.

**Engle Hall.**—The spiritual meetings continue with unabated success at this hall. Sunday, the 13th inst., was enjoyed in the morning by a discussion upon "Inspiration," in which several took part; and so great an interest was awakened in the subject that it was continued during the first part of the afternoon session, when the order of exercises was changed to giving communications and answers to questions, and satisfactory tests were afforded by Mrs. Leslie. In the evening a very lively discussion was held, in which many participated, including several strangers from abroad; and the meeting closed with a general feeling that we had not assembled in vain—that some valuable and instructive information had been gained.

J. BEAN, Chairman.

**Charlestown District—Army and Navy Hall.**—The meetings in this hall, Sunday afternoon and evening, Oct. 13th, were very interesting. Mrs. Fannie Bray, as test medium, and Miss Lucy Cloues, trance speaker and singer, occupied the platform at 3 P. M. In the evening Dr. J. M. Peabody addressed a large and intelligent audience. He will speak in this hall next Sunday, Oct. 20th, in the evening at 7 1/2 o'clock. The speakers and mediums for the afternoon, at 3 o'clock, will be announced in the Saturday papers. C. N. M.

**Letter from Mr. Hazard in re "Justice."**

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*: I have carefully read and re-read the article contained in your issue of Oct. 12th under the caption of "Justice," and signed by Mr. J. N. Holmes. I see nothing in it that is not in strict accordance with the facts.

From all I have heard, Mr. Jonathan M. Roberts's conduct in the whole affair was praiseworthy beyond words to express, and I sorely regretted at the time I compiled my late narrative of the Bliss imbroglio, that some intemperate expressions he applied to me personally, and an unsolicited letter rendered it impossible for me to become his eulogist. You, Mr. Editor, as well as others, will, however, do me the justice to admit that on all proper occasions I have in conversation taken pleasure in according to Mr. Roberts all praise for his noble conduct in the case.

Mr. Holmes intimates (if I understand his allusion) that I "take unto myself the entire credit of showing up the conspirators," &c. As regards this charge, I think I may say without boasting, that my investigations and labors have done as much to dispel the clouds that have at times hung over many mediums, including Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, as those of most men; but I think it will be hard for him to show a single instance wherein I have ever assumed any credit for my work. In that respect my conscience bears me witness that in all my investigations and publications I have ever adhered strictly to the truth in every word and line.

Yours truly, THOMAS R. HAZARD.

South Portsmouth, N. H.

### A Beautiful Incident.

We were told the other day of a beautiful and touching incident which occurred at the death of a little girl who died recently in this place. Toward the last she was seized with a convulsion, and expressed a wish to die. Just before death she pointed upward, and called the name of a sister who some time ago went to the spirit-world. Then turning to her father, she said, "I'm going to see mamma, and I'll kiss her for you."

The churches believe and teach that many persons in their dying moments see the heavens open and the angels gathered around them. But when clairvoyants by the hundred declare that they see and converse with the spirits of the departed, the churches say it is all a pretence, or a delusion, or the "works of the devil," or account for the fact in some equally senseless and illogical way, thus stultifying their own belief and teaching.

But light is breaking. The veil between the two worlds grows thinner and thinner, and thank God! the day is not far distant when all men will hold intelligent communication, while still in the flesh, with their friends who have crossed over to the other side.—*Worthington (Minn.) Advance*.

### 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 on Saturday. Their notices, therefore, to insure prompt insertion should be forwarded to this office on the Monday preceding the day of going to press.]

P. C. Mills has returned to Boston. He spoke in Lynn on temperance Tuesday, Oct. 1st, and for the Spiritualists at Concert Hall, Sunday, the 6th. Would like to make engagements anywhere in New England for Sundays or week evenings. Address him No. 7 Montgomery Place, Boston.

"Lily of the Valley" will speak in Spiritualist Hall, in Bartsenville, Vt., Sunday, Oct. 20th, if some one else does not. So writes a correspondent.

Capt. H. H. Brown speaks in Salem, Sunday, Oct. 20th, at 3 and 7 1/2 P. M. Engagements solicited for him and Mr. Vandercreek for November. Address care *Banner of Light*.

A correspondent writes: "Dr. Geo. and Mrs. Dillingham hold meetings, which take the form generally of test circles, every Sunday evening at Mechanics' Hall, Market street, Lynn."

Giles B. Stebbins is engaged to lecture in Geneva, Ohio, Sunday, Oct. 20th.

Col. J. W. Eldridge, and his wife, who has the reputation of being an excellent medium wherever she has been, will be at Atlanta, Ga., until the 1st of November.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield is on a lecturing tour westward, and would like to make early engagements wherever spiritual lectures may be required. Address for the present, Branchport, Yates Co., N. Y.

Mr. A. J. Fishback, an eloquent lecturer on Spiritualism, will pass over the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad, via Cincinnati, and thence over the Ohio and

Mississippi to St. Louis, the first of November, and, if desired, will deliver a few courses of lectures on Spiritualism within one hundred miles of St. Louis. Address him at Webster Groves, Missouri.

William Emmette Coleman delivered an address upon the "Parallelism between Biologie and Philologie Evolution," at the opening session of the Academy of Science, Leavenworth, Kansas, Oct. 10th; also is to deliver one upon "Spectrum Analysis," Oct. 24th. He will speak upon "Spectrum Analysis of the Heavenly Bodies," Dec. 5th.

Mrs. Nellie Brigham and Hon. Judge Culver will speak on Temperance, at Irving Hall, under the auspices of the Blue Ribbon American Temperance Union, on Sunday, Oct. 27th, at 3 P. M. Mrs. Brigham will, at the close of her lecture, improvise poems on any subjects handed to her from the audience.

### For Sale at this Office:

THE RELIGIOUS-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published weekly in Chicago, Ill. Price 8 cents per copy. \$3.00 per year.

VOICE OF ANGELS. A Semi-Monthly Spiritualistic Journal. Published in Boston, \$1.50 per annum. Single copies 8 cents.

THE SPIRITUAL OFFERING. A Monthly Magazine, published in Rochester, N. Y. Per annum, \$2.00; six months, \$1.00. Single copies, 20 cents.

THE SPIRITUAL ALIST. A Weekly Journal of Psychological Science, London, Eng. Price \$3.00 per year, postage \$1.00. THE MENTAL AND DAYBREAK: A Weekly Journal devoted to Spiritualism. Price \$2.00 per year, postage 50 cents.

HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zöologie Science and Intelligence, published in London, Price \$3.00 per year, postage 50 cents.

SPIRITUAL NOTES: A Monthly Epitome of the Transactions of Spiritual and Psychological Societies. Published in London, Eng. Price 75 cents.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT: A JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published monthly in New York. Price 10 cents.

### RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

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

BUSINESS CARDS.—Thirty cents per line. Agents, each insertion.

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 notice 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 \$1.00. Give name, age, and sex. Address Mrs. C. M. Monahan, M. D., P. O. Box 2519, Boston, Mass. Residence No. 4 Euclid street. 13w\*Au.10.

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**Dr. F. L. H. Willis.**

Dr. Willis may be addressed until further notice at his summer residence, Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. O.5.

**MRS. NELLIE M. FLINT, Electrician, and Healing and Developing** office 200 Joralemon street, opposite City Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. Hours 10 to 4. O.12.

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

### To Invalids.

S. B. BRITTON, M. D., continues his Office Practice at No. 2 Van Nest Place (Charles street, corner of 4th), New York, making use of Electrical, Magnetic and other Subtle Agents in the cure of chronic diseases. Dr. Britton has had twenty years' experience and eminent success in treating the infirmities peculiar to the female constitution, by the use of *painless 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. eow.Jy.6.

**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.

### 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 doz. for \$5.00, sent by express. Send by mail in the form of Letters at \$1.00 per box. Address MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, 233 Western avenue, Lynn, Mass. Sent 14.

**NOTICE TO OUR ENGLISH PATRONS.** J. J. MORSE, the well-known English lecturer, will act as our agent, and receive subscriptions for the *Banner of Light* and the *Spiritual and Reform Works* published by us. Subscribers desiring to send their subscription to Mr. Morse at his residence, Elm Tree Terrace, Uttoxeter Road, Derby, England, Mr. Morse asks for sale in the *Spiritual and Reform Works* published by us. Colby & Rich.

**PHILADELPHIA BOOK DEPOT.** DR. J. H. GIBBES, 22 North Sixth street, Philadelphia, Pa., has been appointed agent for the *Banner of Light*, and will take orders for all of Colby & Rich's Publications. Subscriptions on sale as above. At the Academy Hall, No. 810 Spring Garden street, and at all the Spiritual meetings. Parties in Philadelphia, Pa., desiring to advertise in the *BANNER OF LIGHT* can consult Dr. Gibbes.

**PHILADELPHIA PERIODICAL DEPOT.** W. H. H. GIBBES, 22 North Sixth street, and N. E. 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 5th st. St. Louis, Mo., keeps constantly for sale the *BANNER OF LIGHT*, a full supply of the *Spiritual and Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich.

**WASHINGTON BOOK DEPOT.** RICHARD ROBERTS, Bookstore, No. 109 Seventh street, above New York avenue, W. C., keeps constantly for sale the *BANNER OF LIGHT*, and a full supply of the *Spiritual and Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich.

**HARTFORD, CONN.** E. M. ROSE, 30 Franklin street, Hartford, Conn., at the *Spiritual and Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich.

**ROCHESTER, N. Y. BOOK DEPOT.** WELLS & JACKS, 55, Bookellers, Arcade Hall, Rochester, N. Y., keep for sale the *Spiritual and Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich.

**BALT. GORE, N. D. BOOK DEPOT.** WASH. A. DANKS, 22 North Sixth street, Baltimore, Md., keeps for sale the *Banner of Light* and the *Spiritual and Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich.

**NEW YORK PERIODICAL DEPOT.** S. M. HOWARD, Agent, Bookstore, 61 East Twelfth street, New York City, keeps constantly for sale the *Banner of Light*.

**NEW YORK BOOK DEPOT.** D. M. BENNETT, Publisher and Bookseller, 141 Eighth street, New York City, keeps for sale the *Spiritual and Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich.

**NEW YORK BOOK AND PAPER AGENCY.** T. O. OSTWALD, 82 Nassau street, New York, keeps for sale the *Banner of Light* and the *Spiritual and Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich.

**CLEVELAND, O. BOOK DEPOT.** LEE'S BAZAAR, 14 Woodland avenue, Cleveland, O., keeps for sale the *Banner of Light* and the *Spiritual and Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich.

**SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. BOOK DEPOT.** At No. 319 Kearney street (up stairs) may be found on sale the *BANNER OF LIGHT*, and a general variety of *Spiritual and Reform Works* at Eastern prices. Also Adams & Co.'s *Golden Pens, Pencilcases, Pencils, Positive and Negative Powders, Orion's Anti-Tobacco Preparation, Dr. J. C. Ayer's Sarsaparilla Compound*, etc. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. Remittances in U. S. currency and postage stamps received at par. Address HENRY SNOW, P. O. Box 117, San Francisco, Cal.

**CHICAGO, ILL. PERIODICAL DEPOT.** W. H. H. GIBBES, 122 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill., keeps for sale the *Banner of Light* and other Spiritual and Liberal Papers.

**ROCHESTER, N. Y. BOOK DEPOT.** WILLIAMSON & HIGGINS, 62 West Main street, Rochester, N. Y., keep for sale the *Spiritual and Reform Works* published at the *BANNER OF LIGHT* Publishers, Holsie, Boston, Mass.

**LONDON, ENG. BOOK DEPOT.** W. H. H. GIBBES, No. 38 Great Russell street, London, Eng., keeps for sale the *Banner of Light*, and a full supply of the *Spiritual and Reform Works* published by Colby & Rich. He also receives subscriptions for the *BANNER OF LIGHT*.

**LONDON, ENG. BOOK DEPOT.** J. H. BATES, Progressive Library, 26, 15 Southampton Row, Bloomsbury Square, Holborn, W. C., London, Eng.

**AUSTRALIAN BOOK DEPOT.** And Agency for the *BANNER OF LIGHT*, W. H. TERRY, No. 84 Russell street, Melbourne, Australia, has







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Skeptics should know what Spiritualism proper claims before making an assault upon its teachings. Mistakes and inconsistencies are acknowledged and explained. Persons interested pro or con, should know of the doctrine if they desire to meet it understandingly.

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BY A PRACTICAL COOK.

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A Collection of Songs, Hymns and Chants; Lessons, Readings and Recitations; Marches and Call-themes; with Illustrations. Together with Programmes and Exercises for Special Occasions. The whole designed for the use of Progressive Sunday Lessons. By J. M. PEEBLES, J. O. BARRETT and EMMA TUTTLE. The Musical Department by JAMES G. CLARK.

work and are suffering some of our present difficulties, support, our work has long been out of print, as the plates were destroyed by fire. Those in want of a few copies for the Lyceums will do well to order early.  
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This work consists of over 800 pages, 12mo., and is well illustrated by more than 200 engravings, nearly all of which are original, and drawn from actual vision. It is printed on fine calendared paper and bound in good style.

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This work contains 48 pages, and, as a book of reference  
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And Why I am Not an Orthodox.

/ BY J. B. ANGELL.

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## Pearls.

And quoted odes, and bowdler words long,  
That, on the straitest finger of all time,  
Sparkle forever.

## OFFENSE AND FORGIVENESS.

On earth grows a poisonous plant, called offense,  
Sweet forgiveness kind Heaven an antidote sends.  
—Knebel.

Spiritual life is universal and infinite. It is the answer to our hopes, desires, and our abiding faith.

## INNOVATION.

Oh! Those who sit the throne of inspiration  
On earth, in heaven above,  
Teach us and add to our salvation,  
Through Wisdom, Truth and Love.

—N. J. P. Brigham

"We are Spiritualists by constitution and inheritance, and not because of a wrong belief."

## POETRY.

Oh! loosely swings the purple vine,  
The yellow may be time before,  
The golden-tawny ash trees stand  
Hard by our cottage door,  
October gleams on every cheek,  
October shines in every eye,  
Wide up the hill and down the dale  
Her crimson banners fly.

—Dora Reed, candidate, in Scribner's.

Every man has a paradise around him till he dies, and the angel of an ascending conscience drives him from his Eden. And even then there are holy hours, when this angel sleeps, and man comes back, and with the innocent eyes of a child looks into his lost paradise again into the broad grass and rural solitudes of nature. —Longfellow.

## Mrs. Little Blair Murdoch, the Spirit-Artist: A Crucial Test.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Spiritualism without mediumship, conscious or unconscious, is an impossibility. All that I know of the existence of any spiritual beings, who were once mortals, I know through personal mediumship and the mediumship of others. This being true, it is only natural that I should take a deep interest in the work of all good reliable mediums.

No right tempered criticism, no crucial tests, can harm genuine mediums. On the contrary, it benefits them, by giving them increased confidence in their controlling intelligence, and an enviable standing in this and foreign countries for integrity and consecration to the holiest interests of the spiritual world. They are, in fact, the palms that reach nearest the skies of Heaven. —The Harpist's last touched lyre.

Spending a few days recently in the very pleasant home of Mr. Charles N. Murdoch, a well-to-do farmer, residing several responsible public offices in the town and county, I was permitted to witness the spiritual gifts of his wife, Mrs. Little Blair Murdoch, lady whose reputation as a spirit-artist is in every respect a most enviable one.

While painting, she is entranced and unconscious, by the lively, social, pale Lilly. This controlling Indian spirit talks almost constantly while the unseen Indian artist does the work.

Responsible Spiritualists had frequently told me of her painting while her eyes were tightly bandaged, painting with a newspaper tied over her face and eyes, painting with persons holding her eyelids down with their fingers, and painting in public with the eyes thoroughly blindfolded by committees selected from the audience. I did not doubt all this, no one could, knowing Mrs. Murdoch, Mr. Murdoch, and thousands whose testimonies are absolutely unimpeachable; still, Heaven pardon my inborn skepticism, I wanted to test her artistic powers myself, wanted to carefully bandage her eyes myself, and then place my own hands over them, while the work was being done. There was not the least objection raised.

It was a beautiful October day, 5th of the month. It rained in the forenoon, clear and sunny as early summer time, that in broad daylight, present, Mr. Murdoch and Mrs. Libbey, an estimable lady of Salem, Mass., I laid some closely fitting linen eye bandages, sixteen thick inches, over the eyes, extending down the sides of the nose to the mouth. Over these I put a handkerchief of several folds, tying it tightly behind the head, and I also put a bit of tape over and around the upper lip, holding down the protruding ends of the eye bandages. This was also firmly tied. In fact, all of the upper part of the face was completely covered save the nostrils, for breathing. Before us were Bristol board, brushes, and unmixed paints. I now stepped behind the medium, and placing my hands over the eye bandages and pressing down heavily upon the eyes, the controlling spirit artist commenced the work; and in about eighteen or twenty minutes an almost incredible space of time from the moment he began to manipulate and mix his paints, he produced, without a single re-touching of the brush, a most exquisite bouquet of grasses, grains, buds, roses, and other beautiful flowers; all symbolizing some of the leading events in my life. It was a perfect success—a modern marvel in proof of Spiritualism. And I insist that no candid and intelligent man, no truth-seeking mortal with a medium of common-sense, can witness this, the trances, and the other spiritual manifestations frequently occurring through the sensitive organism of Mrs. Murdoch, and doubt the open door, doubt the certainty of converse between spirits and mortals.

J. M. PRENTISS.

Rockbottom, Mass.

## "Feather-Fish."

Under this singularly appropriate heading our lively contemporary, the Gold Hill (Nev.) Evening News, speaks of an erring brother, and warns him of the pressing necessity to return to the pleasant paths of rectitude and wisdom: "He lives down—no matter where. His neighbors know the spot too well and others may find it out to their sorrow if he remains there. His name is of no consequence either, and never will be till on a warrant for his arrest or the County Jail's list of prisoners. He subsists, no one knows how, but surmises thereupon are rife. He is a fisherman by occupation, and would at first thought appear out of place here on the parched hillsides of our town, yet he thrives by it like a sage-brush or a new mining camp. He was caught at his thriving, however, Saturday night. We have said he was a fisherman, yet he never goes near the Carson or the reservoirs. The fact is his fish are of new species, and wear feathers, and he baits his hooks with corn and bits of potato and shreds of meat, and when the feather-fish come running about on two legs and flopping their wings and cackling, they have a queer way of running up to him as he beckons them hand over hand. But as often as he catches a fish a neighbor bids good-bye to a chicken and never sees it more. As mentioned above, he was himself caught Saturday night, and nothing but consideration for his family saved him then from arrest, or saves him now from exposure."

The Sixth Congress of Women was held at Providence, R. I., Oct. 9th, 10th and 11th.

## BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

## GOLD.

Gold? Father of falsehood,  
And offspring of care!  
To have thee brings danger,  
Not to have thee, despair! —Lippitt.

SUBTLE SERMON. A vain hope flattereth the heart of a fool; but he that is wise pursueth it not.

Too much baloney, and not enough Romeo, is what is troubling thousands of America's fair daughters to an early grave.

I wouldn't give ten cents a yard for all the pedigree in this world, if a man had got a level head on his shoulders, and an honest laugh in his body, he has got all the pedigree I am in search of. —Jack Killings.

A Michigan widow recently hid her ewe away under the bed to save it from the tax collector. This may be called a genuine case of "coddling by a female."

They loved and laughed, the kissed and clasped,  
They threw the happy hours away,  
That's the story of yesterday.

"I wish that dress!" "Not much, I guess."  
"But for what did I marry you, pray?"  
That's the way the world goes round,  
That's the story of to-day.

—Friend of the Deaf and Dumb.

It is now reported that Edison has so far completed his invention for producing the electric light that its success is certain, and will save more than half the present price of gas. A company of wealthy capitalists has been formed, and the new light will soon be introduced to the public. A patent has been granted in this country, and measures have been taken to secure patents abroad.

Whenever any trait of justice or generosity or far-sighted wisdom or wide tolerance or compassion or purity is seen in any man or woman throughout the whole human race, there is the fragment of a broken mirror, we see the reflection of the divine image. —Dean Stanley.

The Christian Register announces that Rev. William R. Alger has resumed his residence in Boston, the Church of the Messiah in New York having at last been forced to succumb to the intolerable load of debt under which it has so long staggered.

Alluding to the nurses and physicians who have gone South to care for the sufferers by yellow fever the New York Herald says:

In the presence of such heroism the bravest soldier and sailor stands abashed in honorable humility. Unknown though they, their deeds and their victories may be to mortal eyes, there are unseen hands writing a roll of honor, which will outlast brass and marble, and when the world's heroes appear at the grand review the decorations of the soldier will be invisible beside those which these heroes will receive.

Gladstone predicts the decline of England by announcing that the day is coming when she must give place to America, and become beside America what Venice or Genoa or Holland have long been by her side.

THE TOURIST.

And so you're returned from Europe,  
Now tell us how much did you see?  
Oh! we took in a lot of old castles,  
And trod the dust in the Palace.

We saw all the things in the guide books,  
And tried the good things when in Rome;  
But between me and you and the bed-post,  
We are mighty glad to get home.

Dr. Erasmus Wilson, who furnished the money which took Cleopatra's Needle to England, is the son of a Scotchman. His mother was a Norwegian. He is white haired and pale, and he is a great authority on skin diseases. He says in opposition to some other authorities, "I think good food, properly assimilated, of course, one of the most potent safeguards against disease of all kinds, and particularly of the skin. Children suffer terribly in this way for the want of being properly fed. Against common diseases I distinctly recommend high feeding."

Talmage says of some who marry for money: "I have seen men who, at the marriage altar, thought they were annexing something more valuable than Cuba, who found out afterward that they had got only an album, a Lady's Magazine, and a medicine chest."

For calm resignation the following epitaph can hardly be excelled:

"To home, my dear friends, and dry up your tears;  
I've got to stay here till I see you appear."

There are a great many men in this world who imagine that they are born with genius, and lie down on the sofa and wait for an inspiration until some other fellow, who thought himself a dunce, rises by hard labor to a competency, buys the sofa, and leads the waiting genius out by the car. This is not a joke; it is a fact.

The Memphis Tribune informs us that "some prostitutes in Memphis have shown more mobility of character than have some of their best citizens." Female prostitutes unquestionably have hearts as well as some of the male prostitutes who have helped them to their position.

Prof. David Swing says of Rev. Joseph Cook: "Much of Mr. Cook's scientific method is only a method of language, a certain gravity of dress, as though a small boy were wearing the wig and gown of an English Justice. The discourses which the Boston orator sends forth on the subject of marriage are the most wonderful specimens, perhaps, in all literature, of masquerade of small ideas in the suits of giants."

"What is the difference," said she,  
"Between the man and you?"  
"I cannot tell, my treasured one,"  
Said he with interest new.  
"The difference is this," said she,  
"With satires of a Junius."  
"The moon has silver quarters, love,  
While you are impunctate."  
—Yonkers Gazette.

A weary exchange editor remarks sentimentally, "It is said that virtue has its reward. No reward has yet reached this office, so we are inclined to question the truth of the aphorism."

The other day a visitor surprised Richard Grant White saying to his baby, "Oh, my, my, a mussy tickle his little footy-toedies out fun undy ze banky, wanky, or a catch eolwy-way an' have ze snuffles." Just then he caught sight of the visitor, and he said to the infant, "No, no, you must not expose your pedicel extremities by extending them beyond the protection of the blanket, or you will lay your system open to attacks of catarrhal affections." And the astonished child shrieked as though some one had winged it with a defective safety-pin. —Burdette.

Two British soldiers in Ceylon recently died of cholera—these being the only deaths in the regiment. The dead men happened to be teetotallers, and this fact so impressed their comrades that of 188 temperance men in the regiment 188 immediately broke the pledge.

The melancholy days have come,  
The saddest of the year,  
When taxes reach maturity  
And myriads fall appear;  
When frosts from northern latitudes  
Upon the breezes blow,  
And sighs the editor to think  
He has no overcoat.

An English contemporary says that "The lately invented hundred-ton gun, which will fire five pounds' worth of iron six miles and a half in fifty seconds, is considered a very successful device for making money go a long way."

The Southern Cheyenne Indians complain that they are starved by the agents. Well, then, why under the sun don't they eat the agents? Nobody would care for that. —Huckeye. Why, the agents are so corrupt the Indians would rather eat bread—Graphic.

THE DEACON.

The following peaceful way is by the Rev. G. S. Cantly, of England, a new aspirant for poetical fame: "Oh, concentration of brute force!  
Rhinoceros of the deeps!  
Oh, ugly Delos, on whose shores  
No soft Latona sleeps!  
Scam room in thee for birth or love  
Mid mother's furnace born,  
The iron-throated gnat above,  
Below, the ripping horn."

The members of the New England Franklin Club departed from their usual custom, at their annual dinner Monday evening, Oct. 14th, at Young's Hotel, Boston, in doing honor to a living printer, instead of celebrating the birthday of Franklin, as is their custom. Will-

iam Lloyd Garrison was the type thus honored—the occasion being the sixtieth anniversary of his connection with the "art preservative." H. O. Houghton presided, and the exercises were pleasing and appropriate.

## THE POOR INDIAN.

Simpler Nature to his hope has given,  
Behind the cloud-top hill, a humbler heaven—  
Some far-off world, in depth, where he is embraced,  
Some happier island in the watery waste,  
As if a sabbath world this could be,  
Where Government is kind, and *Howards* flee  
From the *Shah* of an Indian.  
As he was after them  
With a seven-pronged pitchfork  
And, reaching a *tribe* of *Indians*,  
Immediately sent word to the *Associated Press*  
That they have caught up with the red demons  
And killed seven hundred and fifty Sioux,  
Eleven hundred and seventy-five Comanches,  
Four thousand Pines, and untold numbers  
Of *Chows*, *Cherokees*, and *Black Feet*, among  
The slain being *Sitting Bull*, *Hole-in-the-Day*,  
*Spotted Tail*, and all their braves and papooses.  
—Old City Herald.

The storm of Saturday, Oct. 12th, proves to have been of unusual severity. Its centre of strength being considerably south of Boston. Upon the southeast Massachusetts coast its effects were severely felt. In the vicinity of Martha's Vineyard alone, more than forty vessels were involved in disaster, including, in some instances, not only total wreck, but the loss of part or all of their crews.

The Committee have decided to devote one day's receipts at Trocadero Palace, Paris Exposition, France, to aid the yellow fever sufferers in Louisiana.

THE BEARD AND LONGEVITY.—That the wearing of the beard has some tendency to prolong life is a fact. Longevity decreased rapidly in all nations when, for fashion's sake, the razor was brought into use. Statistics show that among people who have never worn whiskers, no matter how simple may have been their other habits of life, old age is a rare thing, and that since it again became fashionable to wear mustaches and whiskers longevity is on the increase. —London Court Journal.

George Thompson, Esq., the renowned English philanthropist, died at Leeds, Oct. 7th, 1878, aged 75 years.

David Thayer, M. D., a leading light among the homeopathic physicians of Boston, has generously offered his services, if desired, to go to New Orleans and give the sufferers from yellow fever the benefit of attendance according to his peculiar school of practice.

## A Fine Poem.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 1st, 1878.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
I was much interested in the history of the poem written by Belle Bush, published in the *Banner of Light* of Sept. 28th, and as it recalled a beautiful gem which I had for years preserved with other choice bits, I forward the same, hoping that you will find space for it in the columns of your valuable journal. Who the author is I am unable to state.

Possibly the lingering sweetness of heart-expression and rhythmic harmony that marks this poem, dwelling in the memory of your talented contributor, suggested the fine inspirational verses she wrote, or perhaps the same "unseen dweller of the spheres beyond" who may have inspired the enclosed poem also inspired Miss Bush, for they both resemble each other very closely in the general humanitarian tone as well as in the metre, and yet not a line of the two are precisely alike.

I agree very fully with Miss Bush in her remarks concerning the hidden cause of poetic and other effusions, and I think that could we only see clearly "behind the veil," and observe the "angels of inspiration" operating upon all receptive minds, every author and poet would be much less anxious to lay claim to "original thought" than they now are.

Congratulating you upon the new and improved appearance of the dear old *Banner of Light*, and wishing you renewed and increased prosperity and happiness,  
I remain, ever fraternally yours,  
310 Washington street. DR. JOHN C. WYMAN.

## "IF WE KNEW."

If we knew the woe and heartache  
Waiting for us down the road,  
If our lips could taste the wormwood,  
If our backs could feel the lead;  
Would we waste to-day in wishing  
For a time that ne'er can be?  
Would we wait in such impatience  
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers  
Tossed against the window-pane,  
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow,  
Never to move again;  
Would the bright eyes of our darling  
Catch the frown upon our brow?  
Would the print of rosy fingers  
Yes us then as they do now?

Ah, these little ice-cold fingers,  
How they point our memories back  
To the hasty words and actions  
Strewn along our backward track!  
How those little hands remind us,  
As in snowy grave they lie,  
Not to scatter thorns, but roses,  
For our reaping by-and-by!

Strange we never prize the music—  
Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown;  
Strange that we should slight the violets,  
Till the lovely flowers are gone;  
Strange that summer skies and sunshine  
Never seem one-half so fair  
As when winter's snowy pinions  
Shake their white down in the air!

Lips from which the seal of silence  
None but God can roll away,  
Never blossomed in such beauty  
As when, in death, they lay;  
And sweet words that freight our memory  
With their beautiful perfume,  
Come to us in sweetest accents  
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us rather up the sunbeams  
Lying all along our path;  
Let us keep the wheat and roses,  
Casting out the thorns and chaff;  
Let us find our sweetest comfort  
In the blessings of to-day;  
With a patient hand removing  
All the briars from our way.

## The Susquehanna and Chenango Valley Association of Spiritualists.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

The third annual meeting of the above named Association, held at Leonard's Hall, in Binghamton, N. Y., on Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 27th and 28th. The meeting was called to order at 2 o'clock P. M. on Saturday, by the President, J. F. Deans, Esq., of Binghamton. After an address of welcome by the President, Lyman C. Howe, of Freeport, N. Y., gave an interesting and instructive lecture on "Instinct and Reason," he was followed by J. H. Harter of Auburn, N. Y., on the same subject, giving numerous interesting and amusing facts he had witnessed, going to show that beasts, birds and reptiles had reason as well as instinct.

In the evening, Mr. Harter gave the principal address, taking for his theme "The advancement of the physical, social, intellectual, moral and spiritual elevation of all classes and conditions of humanity." He was followed by Dr. T. B. Taylor of Wilkesbarre, Pa., in an eloquent and earnest "exhortation" on the same subject.

On Sunday morning, a soul-stirring and spirited conference was held, in which J. F. Deans, Mr. Avery, Mr. Hobbs, E. E. Gould, an ex-Universalist minister, and others took active parts. Mr. Gould took and defended a resolution "that we are frankly a lack of evidence to convince him of any life beyond this world, acknowledging, however, that the Bible was a spiritualistic book and taught the doctrine, but he did not accept it as proof, and that to him 'one world at a time' was sufficient. The dear brother, like his denomination, is struck with blight."

After the Conference, J. H. Harter gave an inspiring address on "Life and Immortality," after which Dr. Taylor gave another "exhortation," and then a heavy guns against the "superstitions of the age."

In the afternoon, Lyman C. Howe, under influence, gave one of the most masterly and eloquent addresses of his life on the theme "One World at a Time," showing us there are thousands of worlds as blended that we must in the examination necessarily take more than "one at a time."

In the evening, after the election of officers of the Association, the next day, J. H. Harter, of Auburn, gave an address on the "Nature, Efficacy and Utility of Prayer," which held the audience in rapt attention over an hour, after which the Association adjourned, to meet again on the first Saturday and following Sunday of September, 1879.

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## Give Him a Call.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In reply to the question often asked me as to when I propose to start upon my mission of inaugurating Lyceums, I would say that, having now finished my work at home, I am ready to respond to any call made upon me where my services are required to assist in forming Lyceums. Our own school is in a most prosperous condition, and is one of which Spiritualists hereabouts feel very proud.

It should be the wish of all to witness more general interest manifested throughout the country in relation to our children. There are but few cities or towns in the nation where a Lyceum cannot be sustained, if the Spiritualists residing therein are only willing to place their shoulder to the wheel and assist in the movement. Remember, friends, what credulity wildernesses you were forced to journey through in your childhood days, and how much work it required to dissipate yourselves of the old theological ideas which you acquired on the way. You have outgrown those ideas, and have attained to a beautiful faith—or rather knowledge—which demonstrates that there is a life beyond the grave; you have become satisfied in your own minds of the truth of angel communion. Why not, then, teach your children that fact at once, and not oblige them to learn something to-day which you will wish them to discard to-morrow? The children must naturally have some place to attend on the Sabbath; if you have no Lyceum they will pass into the hands of the sectarian Sunday-school; but if you have a Lyceum they will soon become attached to it, providing you, as believers, endorse it with your presence and your pecuniary aid.

I have no particular object in view by urging the necessity of this movement, with the exception of its eventually benefiting humanity. Since I was taught to understand Spiritualism I have enjoyed many pleasant moments, and in return I wish to show my appreciation thereof; and in order to do that, I now stand ready to answer the demands of the spirit-world. If it is their wish for me to visit any town or city from Maine to California, to assist in forming a Lyceum, there I shall be found.

My heart was made glad by reading the account in last issue of the *Banner of Light* of the two ladies in the far West who are actively engaged in this same work. May the angels speed them on their way.

In closing I would impress upon the minds of all Spiritualists who have a Lyceum in their vicinity, the necessity of inducing their children to attend, thereby encouraging those who are willing to work for the good of the cause.

J. B. HARTER,  
Conductor Children's Progressive Lyceum,  
Boston, Oct. 14th, 1878.

## New Publications.

SONGS, LEGENDS, BALLADS, by John Boyle O'Reilly, editor of the Boston Pilot, is a new volume containing the impassioned poems, mostly lyrics, of the gifted author. The book is dedicated to his "dear wife." The variety of song collected in these fair pages could not be surpassed by the music of a cello of thrushes and nightingales. Almost all moods of the mind will here find rest and solace. The author enjoys a wide and increasing fame as a poet, and will live to strike his lyre to yet higher strains than those which here thrill the hearts of his readers. We have not space in which to speak at length of the different styles of his gift of versification and expression, but must content ourselves with commending all, as we do most cordially. There is remarkable promise, as well as performance, in this book. Published by Lee & Shepard.

A HEART TWICE WOUN, or Second Love, is a novel, by Elizabeth Van Loan, who is a new writer of fiction. It is a pure and still a passionate story. The scene alternates from Virginia to Europe, and the story is realistic to the last degree. It has a good plot, delicately framed and worked, and the characters are skillfully developed. The incidents are numerous and rapidly varied. A capable critic says of it that it is just the book to create a sensation, and will surely be greeted with a warm reception by the public. It is published in a large twelve-mo. volume, bound in morocco cloth, and comes from the prolific press of T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

THE SALARY GRAB is a history (by the late "Washington") of the passage of the Act increasing the salaries of members of Congress, with full lists of the years and names in both branches, with a sketch of the debates and a review of the apologies for the bill. It is issued at this time for the special use of political parties. Published by Lee & Shepard.

GOREY'S LADY'S BOOK for October, published by a company of the same name at Philadelphia, Pa., has for its frontispiece a scene from "The Pirate," by Sir Walter Scott, the subject being suggested by the visit of Magnus Troll to Norna of the Piffle Head, in search of aid for his afflicted child; the steel plate from which this picture is printed is the work of F. O. C. Darley; colored fashion plates, together with many designs for dress, the ornamentation of home, etc., etc., are given; a ballad is presented for those who enjoy that order of music; and various tales, poems, sketches, receipts, etc., fill out the well-rounded pages.

## What are Fraud-Proof Conditions?

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Can any of your scientific correspondents, Mr. Editor, such as Andrew Jackson Davis, Dr. Buchanan, Mr. Denton, Mr. Tuttle, Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, or others, inform the readers of the *Banner* what is meant by a "fraud-proof test," about which so much has been said in some of the Spiritual papers lately? I mean a test that will be "fraud-proof" against the tricks of both the mediums and the spirits, who it is said often assist them in their "wicked" performances. I see by a publication in the *Banner* that spirits can pass handkerchiefs into a tightly sealed box; if so, why can't they pass them and other things of the kind under a medium's dress? Please somebody explain, and oblige many besides.

AN EARNEST SEEKER AFTER TRUTH.

"I, with hosts of others, appreciate the judicious way you are conducting the *Banner of Light* in these perilous times, in regard to mediums, good and bad. It is far better to have too much charity than too little. The people, in my opinion, are as much to blame as the mediums—for being too credulous, which tends to encourage trickery." —M. E. French, Saranac, Mich.

## Passed to Spirit-Life:

From East Medford, Oct. 9th, suddenly, of heart disease, Benjamin Sanson.

Mr. Sanson has for many years been foreman of the Construction Department at Charlestown Navy Yard, and was respected as a citizen, neighbor, friend, a devoted parent and husband. He leaves a wife and eight children. In the early days of Spiritualism, investigated the subject, and became convinced that it contained vital truths that should interest all human beings; he therefore embraced its teachings as his philosophy of life and religion, and had satisfactory knowledge that he should hold his identity in the beyond, and meet loved ones who had preceded him to the better world.

From his father's residence, in Bremen, Oct. 4th, Oscar J. Buns, aged 29 years 11 months and 4 days.

He had the supreme happiness, in his short sickness of a little over three months, of realizing angel hands, night after night, passing over his forehead, and saw an aunt, who passed over the river some years ago.

From Boston, Oct. 13th, Elijah L. Howes, formerly of Portland, Me., aged 74 years.

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