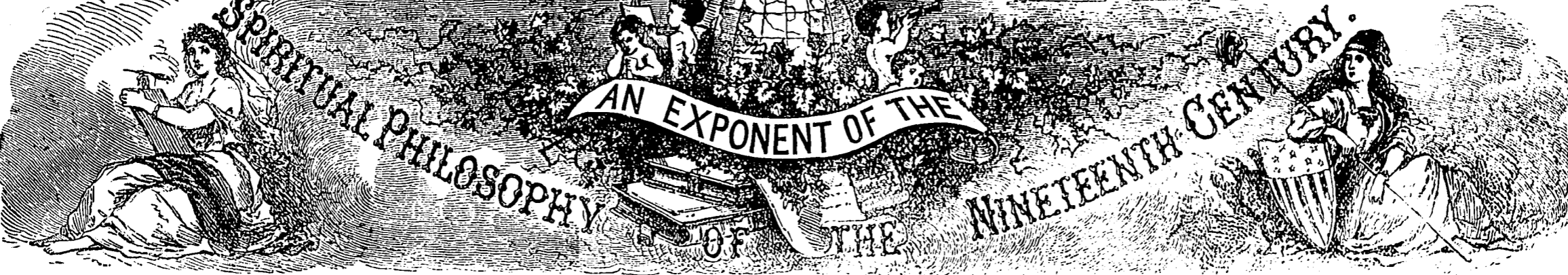


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## The Rostrum.

### THE PATHWAY OF ANGELS.

A Lecture by Spirit Emanuel Swedenborg, Delivered through the Mediumship of MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND, before the First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago, Ill., Sunday Evening, July 7th, 1878.

[Reported specially for the Banner of Light.]

#### INVOCATION.

Oh, thou omnipotent, infinite Soul, thou divine Parent, thou Light and Life ineffable, we turn to thee as to an infinite splendor, as to the sublime centre of the spiritual firmament, as to the circumference of the universe. Thou infinite, all-wise, beneficent Being, whom men call God, and whose manifold ways and divine interpretations are myriads, thou art named in every name of the blades of grass and creeping things; thou art named in the wing of bird and in the song thereof; thou art named in the weeping forest, and in the wondrous power of winds and rains; thou art named in the mountain and in the ocean, the desert vast and the broadened plain; the valleys proclaim thee, and the sparkling streams are filled with life and light because of thee; the stars marching up the firmament keep time to the great beating of thy heart and proclaim the voice of thy presence; and suns and systems move on forever responsive to thy breath and fraught with thy life; the infinite purpose of thy being is manifest everywhere; men and spirits and angels bend and bow before thy sublime mandate; life and death are but as breath in thy sight, all things fleeting and changeable, save alone the spirit that abides forever; the kingdoms of the earth and all time are but as toys compared to thy firmament and thy kingdom, and all that man aspires to is but the beginning, the lifeline of that eternity which is with thee. Oh, thou that hast caused the firmament of the stars to be in their places; thou who abidest in every living thing and art in the breath of human life; whose thought and inspiration poured upon the world make man the palpable instrument of thy voice, all the soul from the fountains of ineffable glory, and transfigure the dust to sublimity and lofty thought—be thou present among us; let thy life and light shine in human thought and deed; let the ways and works of the world be transformed to those of spiritual beauty, and let man learn the pathway to the heavenly kingdom by treading that of duty and of godliness and of righteousness and of loving kindness below. So shall thy ways become the ways of men, and so shall thy kingdom come on earth as it is in heaven. Amen.

#### THE LECTURE.

Along the stary pathway which this night is visible to the inhabitants of earth, the stellar walk that makes beautiful the suggestion of angelic life, multitudes of stars, grouped in constellations and ranged in solar systems like yours, are found. Thousands and millions of years before the earth was fashioned, before the solar system had being, of which your earth forms a portion, that pathway was complete, those constellations were moving in their courses, and the systems and planets performing their revolutions round mighty centres of external light and life.

Man, the offspring of the dust and the spirit, abiding in human form upon the earthly planet, vainly imagines what kind of life may abide there, what those turning and belted worlds may contain, what wonders of earth and air and sky and angelic realm may abide in those vast constellations; whether the depths are filled with nebulae of worlds yet unborn, or whether the soul of life in those, and in still more remote systems, pulsates with higher manhood; whether the angelic powers are more abundant; whether life yields a greater fruitage of intelligence, so feeble is man on earth, so mighty is the universe above and around him, so vast the eternity into which he is plunged, so majestic the laws that control and govern the whole—man, set in the centre of a mighty universe filled with life, pulsating with planets and systems, some afar off, others more near, all suggesting life, without the capacity to know whereof that life may exist or where it may be found.

With glimmerings of light from within, man, not born of the dust but of the immortal part; with gropings through scientific pathways and external observations of the senses, man perceives but dimly the thought that lies in the innermost of the heavenly kingdoms. To him the outward temple of clay, to him the surroundings of time and sense, to him the syllables of scientific knowledge which form but the infant prattlings of his mind compared to the thought of truth that abides in the angelic soul—all of these surround him, and still he is in the dark. What thought he knows whereof the groupings of atoms are composed? These are but terms; the postponing of the final solution of life until the better moment. What thought he contemplates and measures the distances between planets and systems? These are but mathematical figures, the results of his outward brain, while all is void twixt him and those worlds, and the worlds themselves are voiceless, lifeless, without meaning! What thought he portrays with perfect accuracy and wonderful skill the evolution of planets and the unfolding of generic life upon the earth? Beyond that his thought does not reach; his scientific knowledge may not cope with the spiritual kingdom; he is still in the dark, and against the utter, bare, void and barrenness of material life he finds himself precipitated, unless the light from within, the celestial glory of inspiration and the promise of his soul, has told him of better things.

No age has been left voiceless; the spirit of prophecy and of inspiration have existed for them. The word of God in the mouth of His prophets and those who have been inspired has lived in every age, speaks in every human heart, and may be audible to every human understanding. That word properly interpreted, not only gives knowledge of man's material and spiritual life on earth, but knowledge of all those wonderful laws that he veiled from materialism, and that science can never expect to probe, and that human philosophy can never hope to fathom; only by the immeasurable power of spirit, only by the faculties of the soul, only by that perception which links man with the Infinite, can these heights be scaled and this space be bridged by the consciousness of thought and knowledge.

As an archway of light is fashioned of the rays that fall upon the clouds arising from earth, so an archway of spiritual splendor is formed of those thoughts that are broken to your understanding from the spiritual realm, falling on the external world so that they are visible to your vision. This is the bow of promise, and the literal rainbow in the heavens (which was but the symbol), but the spiritual archway fashioned of the reflection of spiritual light, and forming its glory in the clouds of earth, the clouds of sorrow, pain, experience that bring consciousness of spiritual life and existence here. Through the long vista of past time, through the numberless ages that it has taken to form the world, to fit it for the habitation of man and to make man understand somewhat of the external relations to external life, these glimmerings of spiritual life and truth have been made known, but veiled in the ancient prophecies. Modern interpretation refuses to recognize them, and upon the crown which Christ wore, traced in glorious letters, modern infidelity casts the blench of its doubt and stain, while the lustre of spiritual life gleams brightly from beyond.

When, without aid of astronomy, you still contemplate the vastness of the material universe, has the thought ever suggested itself to your mind that each of those numberless worlds, each of those millions of systems, presents also a spiritual sun, and that the external is but the visible expression of which the spiritual is life and light and existence? and that each one of those numberless systems filling the firmament above and around may be peopled by sentient beings, having desires, aspirations, immortality like yours, and all endowed with some attributes that relate them to the worlds in which they move, and the firmament beyond and the spiritual kingdom that is the innermost of all? Has it ever occurred to you that this earth, in itself like a bird of passage, or like some barge that drives the spirit for a time into some new harbor, is but a resting-place, and that the soul itself, immortal in its flight as in its heritage, endowed with knowledge and with power and with purpose, must explore every world, must understand the relations of every star, must be linked with planets innumerable, that all forms and shades of life and experience may be pictured and fashioned into thought and make up a portion of its immortal being? Has it also ever occurred that the spiritual stars surrounding each planet move, govern, act upon, and guide the destinies of those planets, and that the spiritual and celestial kingdoms above and around them breathe through their attributes, waken thoughts of life, experiments of being, pulsations of existence, mathematical and mechanical rules and powers, until the planets themselves are redeemed and perfected by the very outgrowth of these souls?

Has it never occurred to you that the noxious things upon earth, the creeping things, the venomous things, those that are unlovely and unseemly, are but the typical representations of the conditions of mind and thought here; and that when there shall be no more envious nor strivings, no more wars nor discord, no more slanders nor venomous stings, there will be no need of serpents, no need of poisonous insects, no need of poisonous plants? That the outward is but the typical representation of the inward, and that the spirit of all life flowing through matter represents the mental state of man in connection with matter, and of spirit moving upon man, until finally he works out of his redemption through these means? And has it also not occurred to you that through the glimmers of spiritual life that you have obtained, these pathways and experiences, numberless in their nature, must continue from world to world and star to star, and that spiritual life does not abide simply in esse, within itself, as an essence and as a life, but that spirit continues to exercise its power and its thought upon matter, until through all those changes of existence, every possible phase of expression is given to the dust, and the atom is transformed and transfigured into every variety of shade, because man is eternal? And has it not also occurred that in those thoughts and lives that shall be multiplied innumerable, the angelic states also increase in power and glory, until every planet having its own angelic state represents a degree higher and higher? All are but as a stary pathway to the Infinite Soul, the source of being; that as a spiral stairway ascends and revolves, as suns and systems move round their centres, but also move through space round other and more distant centres, so all souls are interlaid and interlinked by those wondrous cords of life that upon one planet and another unite, bind and link them together, until they become as those wonderful beings for whom there is no name upon earth, and no language to portray.

It is a mistake which most minds make—the feebleness of the earthly contemplation causes this—that life on earth is measured by, say the three score years and ten; and spirit-life is measured by a few hundred or thousand years. Beyond this the thought of eternity has not dared to grasp; and the mind of the average human being no more can contemplate the unending nature of eternity than a child can contemplate the distance between the earth and sun, or between the sun and the remotest planet that you perceive with your material senses. But when the magnitude of this problem is unfolded to the spirit, when the consciousness of it takes even an approximate possession of the mind, then how narrow, then how small and vain become the daily cares and usages of life, save that they but serve the purposes of the spirit in one portion of its immortal existence.

You are travelling an endless journey; you pause a moment by the wayside for refreshment, or to perform a needful act; that pausing has nothing to do in the performance of your journey; the ultimate is in view; but in the wayside of human life, where you are pausing, laboring for a time, one would think that this was the beginning and the end, and likewise the journey—that all hopes and aspirations were centred here, and that the immortal pilgrimage was to be left out of the question, or only considered as secondary to that which lies veiled in the material senses.

When the awakening of the spirit comes; when the celestial light finally beams upon your eyes; when there is a dawning of the fact that angelic existence constitutes the eternal pilgrimage of the soul, and that the terrestrial, spiritual nature, and that which links man to earth by his terrestrial appetite, is but the transient and the fleeting, and that this transient and fleeting existence is but as you would take on an armor to de-

scend into the sea, or take on the raiment of a climate to protect you from the atmosphere—that thus do you take on the outward habitation, that you may the more enter into, become a part of, and form an experience upon, the earth—how great then will life become! how majestic its final purpose! how vast the wonders that enfold it! how beautiful its solemn import!

The diver in the ocean's depths lives there only for the treasure that he shall find, while from the atmosphere above, through the tube that communicates, he is encouraged and sustained to gather the treasure for which he has descended; so man in the outward life immersed, wears around himself the armor that shall protect him from the external forces, the organic body, formed of the same elements with which he has to contend, and therefore a protection; while from the upper air all of the breath, all of the encouragement, all of the vitalizing life, must come to him while he is searching here for the one treasure of knowledge, for the one treasure of truth, for the one treasure of human experience that shall be a portion of his immortal kingdom.

Beautiful as this contemplation is in connection with earth, varied as its suggestions are, how vast does the multitude of thoughts become when viewed in connection with the Infinite life, the eternal being! World upon world, star upon star, the approaching light of which is yet unknown to you and unperceived, standing now upon the outermost brink of life, bordering now upon blindness and lack of consciousness, as man is, how shall he enter step by step into that vast and wonderful arena of existence of which the worlds themselves are but the substance, and planets are but the external structure? of which systems are but portions of the outward fabric, while the life itself is intricately interwoven in sublime archways, in pillars, in wonderful and gleaming figures of spiritual life? Not light of planets nor the sun's rays nor beaming of myriads of moons shall deck his pathway; not the glory of the earth and stars, nor the splendor of the firmament, lighted by these sublime centres, but the life that glows from within, the luminous power of the soul itself, piercing the dust and making all the clay of all the worlds glorious by its presence; not the sublime mechanism that fades away and crumbles in the ashes of temple and pyramid, but the wonderful structure of thought that each outward experience brings, that each planet reveals to the soul, that each new life of angelic existence unfolds to the thought of man; an eternity of experience, an eternity of knowledge, angels made angels thousands of times, and the thought of that knowledge unfolding more and more before the vision.

You look upon the angel-life to-day as a far-off dream, as an inheritance doubtful, as a speculation perchance, and the spirits of the terrestrial grade grasp feebly at the contemplation of the wonders here portrayed; but by long series of tribulations, by experiences without number, they pass up and beyond and through the outward atmosphere into the clear light of the celestial kingdom, hearing with them only the lesson which their experience gives, and only such memories as will clothe the thought and the spirit forever in the divine garment of love.

The angels abide forever in perfect love; but there is no outward life, there is no bond of any of the outward worlds, none of the outward states enter into the contemplation of those sublime thoughts which form their knowledge, for the ties of earth are broken, and all has become but as portions of the external experience. But whatsoever soul on any planet or in any state of life—whatsoever thought has linked them with any other soul, shall abide forever, growing brighter and brighter as time fades and eternity becomes more and more apparent, as the revolution of the spirit takes the place of the external, as the soul is transformed from the dust and becomes immortal. In the sublime vision of the Apotheosis, John would have worshipped the angel who revealed him the wonders of the new kingdom; he had not dreamed of the Infinite God, more radiant than their brightness; he had not known of the Infinite Being, more white than the whiteness of their raiment. Yet these were but of his brethren, the prophets, who forbade him to worship them, but said, "Worship God." As the angels in that vision were only representing the higher states of spiritual life, so these would grow dull and dim beside those angels not having converse with earth who abide in far diviner and more celestial habitations, and whose life is utterly devoid of all that sensation gives, or all that the outward nature can portray.

Why do I speak to you of these things? Why do I bring these visions before your minds, if you cannot understand them, you may ask? Because even a glimmering of the light beyond illumines the dungeon in which the prisoner is confined, and the glimpse of this glory which I portray, and the thought that leads to it, illumines the narrow vault of mind in which the spirit is immured on earth; and just so much of its brightness as shall penetrate through that outward clay will add to the radiance and splendor of the earthly sphere in which you move, will make the world more beautiful, will make more flowers blossom in the spring-time, and cause the earth itself to be more glad. Why do I tell you of these things? Because even an effort at their contemplation will uplift the spirit from the petty turmoil and the grovelling care of dull life, from the treadmill of external existence, and the contemplation of those divine treasures that belong to the spirit only; because it will make the burden of life more easy to be borne, make knowledge more easy of attainment, will lead you to understand fully that which is important, to select from life's experiences that which is valuable, to cast aside that which is burdensome and a trammel to the spirit, and to choose that which shall lead most directly to a thorough knowledge of the purpose for which man is here on earth.

If I tell you that science is not valuable to the attainment of these things, it is not because I would have you neglect science; but it is because I would have you use it only as the stepping-stone for higher things. If I tell you that material life itself is not eternal, nor that this fabric which you inhabit to-day shall abide forever, it is not that you may neglect it, but that while you remain in it you shall make the most of your opportunities for knowledge which it will give you of the things that are enduring, for the use that you can employ it in, in making possible a contemplation of these loftier spiritual things. If I speak to you of the nature of the human understanding as being valueless to the contemplation of spiritual things, it is because I would have you cultivate the spiritual understanding, and use the external for outward purposes only, while the spiritual shall pervade and permeate for works and words of the spiritual. If I tell you that the earthly life is not even as a second of time compared to eternity, it is not that you shall neglect that second of passing time, but that you shall employ it for the very best purpose and highest end; that as you would gather the dewdrop on the flower before the sun's rays absorb it, or as in the fleeting moment of prayer or love you would grasp a treasure ere it evades you—so I would have you gather from each moment its own fruitage for eternity, its own treasure for the immortal

kingdom, its own essential spirit of life and light and lovelessness.

The days and hours of earthly existence go by; they weave themselves into years; and man, in life dreaming or useless contention, mourns because they pass away so soon, while every hour is freighted with an eternal promise, and every moment is filled to overflowing with the golden drop of eternal life that falls like dew upon the flower of human life. You will not grasp nor gather, because you say it is only a drop of dew; but of such is the nectar composed that finally illumines the spirit and awakens it to immortal consciousness; of such is the life composed that finally strong together makes up the golden chain of existence; of such passing moments and hours, and the fullness of spiritual life which they may bring, is that eternally fashioned of which I am speaking; and the angelic might pause to behold one perfect moment of human life, when the soul forgets the outward self and is only conscious of eternity for truth's own sake.

I have seen by the very gateway of human life an angel pause and hover on attendant thought, and seen that angel's face grow luminous and glorious with the contemplation of a scene on earth. Was it of a crowned king? Was it of the splendor of a material pageant? Was it of the glory and transport of wealth, ambition, warfare? Was it any outward adornment that men can bring? Was it tribute to intellectual greatness and power? Was it outward beauty? None of these. It was that upon the earth the Angel of Love had touched some human heart to self-forgetfulness, and for the time being there was only rapture between earth and heaven. It was that some brow of saint, or some lofty, heroic soul had been smitten to self-forgetfulness in redress of human wrong, had touched the breath of angels with their tongue, growing eloquent not for themselves but for mankind. It was when martyred souls, unconscious of flame and fire, have breathed out their prayers of forgiveness to humanity, while the brow was leaning against the hand of God and touched by angel phidons. It was when, forgetting the outward bond of flesh and the tie of maternal affection, some earthly parent had yielded up the treasure of life to the immortal kingdom without a murmur save, "Thy will be done." It was as when on Calvary, Christ, forgetful of himself and compassionate only for those who had done this great injustice, could show to them that and God the divine spirit of forgiveness, and ask that it be not remembered against them.

These are the moments, these the golden hours that fill life's chalice and form the stars in the firmament of earthly time. I gather no names from all the ranks of history that shall shine with such splendor. I gather no storied treasures from tomes and volumes of human lore; I gather no inspiration of this kind from that power which ambition has given, nor from the pathway of human kings; but from exalted souls made eloquent by consciousness of love, from that purpose which illumines and uplifts, I see many stars that have risen above the night of time, grown glorious in their light and passed to the constellations of eternity.

Even thus would I have your days and moments numbered; even thus would I have your aspirations filled, until life's chalice shall not be void and vacant as now, or filled with bitter ashes and the burnt tokens of regrets—filled with memories that have faded, and passing hopes that were fleeting as an outward vision—but filled with life-giving dew and sacred memories and lofty hopes, each one an eternity, each one enjoyed in a moment of time.

Oh, sublime abnegation! oh, wonderful lesson of the Christ-man, descending to tell man not to save himself, but to cease to love himself in loving others; lofty vision of angel-life that bursts the bonds of the outward flesh, tears asunder the selfishness, the pride, the ambition, that humbles the king upon his throne, and exalts the peasant by the wayside, in the contemplation of unselfish glances and hope and love.

Of such glimmers is the immortal heritage composed, and of such I would have you add day by day and hour by hour to these sublime and lofty thoughts.

The pathway of angels is not fashioned by those things that men most worship and adore, is not won as the pathway to fame is, by outward conquest, or the pathway to intellectual power, by triumph over terms and technicalities of earth; is not won in any visible way of outward warfare when man takes on the armor and goes forth to fight a given foe, but is won by those gentle and silent droppings, the weeping and the tearing of daily life, the perpetual grinding of the mills of the gods that grind away the dust and leave the angel clear and pure. As the lapidary from the rough stone hews the sparkling gem, as out of toll and pain and agony of summer growth comes forth the blossomed lily and the blooming rose, as from struggling ages the fruit-tree yields its heritage to the world, and the purple vine crowns the hills because of the traces of path which the earth has endured, so is man outwrought, so is the angel born, so is the daily life the test of the state within; and man does not leap from imperfection in human life to the crown of angelhood in one moment, nor by a single breath or grade. That faith which makes angels, is the faith also that crowns life with perfect deeds; that faith which fills you for the pathway of the stars and makes the stellar walk not seen as a flowery gateway to the eternal kingdom, is not the pathway of single victory over belief, but of the daily and hourly thought; the conquest over the thought of self, the conquest over any wish for self, the conquest over the daily and hourly walk, the desire, the ambition, the appetite, the passion—all, all vanquished, and the spirit awakened triumphant and freed because of this, triumphant yet filled with humility, free, but unassuming in that as is the lily in its whiteness, or the rose in its fragrance, or the star in its shining glory.

Oh, these are the things that, flashing from the abode of angel-life, make human thought possible in harmony with heaven, and make the attributes of man such as shall yield him the immortal kingdom. Into the burning chalice of your lives, into the daily hours of existence you pour your offerings; how much of these shall be saved? How many drops of heavenly dew are distilled therein? How many gems worth the saving when the cruel fires shall be applied? Does the end seem bitterness, the fruitage dull, and the result barren? Then let the life be fruitful, and the spirit more in accord. Do you measure at the end of the day the thoughts and deeds and feelings and aspirations for time or for eternity? Do you sum up the year for existence on earth or in the heavenly state? and when the summing up is made, and when the treasures are counted, so much for the earth which is dust, and nothing for the spirit which is forever, how shall life's urn seem barren, and the chalice of the spirit, how void and drear! But if thus much of human life has been won; if thus much of the immortal spirit has won victory over any single thought or wish that was of self or of the external merely, then that is a day to be treasured, and in the coming time you shall not be voiceless nor without refreshment.

But oh! as the soul passes on, as triumph after triumph is gained, it is not of the victory, but of the spirit that accompanies it, of the light that it pos-

sesses, of the very joy and blessedness of doing and being that which is highest and best—this is the crown and this the glory; and I see those angels in that pathway who have come up through great tribulation, who have crowns of light upon their foreheads, who have their raiment washed white, who are made clean; and I see multitudes and multitudes whom no man can number; and these are those souls who, speaking from that light, could reveal to you that not by any given day nor hour of prayer, nor any set time of fasting, nor any voice of human praise, but by all the conquest, the patience, the struggling, the prayer, by the daily and hourly reaching after the immortal life has this been won; and in that light and in that pathway the air grows luminous, and the voice of the spirit grows hushed; there is a silence that is audible, and soul speaks to soul with the divine affection of the spirit, and the breathing is as the light of God and his life poured in through every vein; and they are unconscious of their thought, white and pure, and they are unconscious of their brightness, standing arrayed in such glory that they are unaware of its existence, and are only seeking for new knowledge and greater goodness and loftier power.

Oh, sublime life! oh, pathway of angelic beings! oh, glorious light, to be attained and traversed! Let these souls have a glimpse of that divine and perfect kingdom; do they strive that every day shall bring them nearer and nearer to that kingdom!

#### ORIGINAL POEM.

A human spirit dower'd with human breath,  
Replied when mortal anguish came, and death,  
And said, "Of all the bright and glorious things  
That life blood warm is best that conquering brings  
Us back again into the heavenly day,  
I would stand free from all this earthly clay  
And be as one of those, even as the sun  
Arrayed in splendor and with shining light,  
Stand close beside the neck and lovely eye,  
Around my form the raiment pure and white."

Another patient toiler by the way  
Said, "But at first I would learn how to pray;  
I would learn how to hear my lot below  
With patient heart; I would not dare to go  
And stand beside the shining ones above,  
Unless in some humility I prove  
That I can bear my pathway here, nor shrink  
From pain and sorrow, though the very brink  
Of death and 'wild' ring destiny be nigh."  
And death came, and unto their home on high  
Each spirit sped; the one who longed to wear  
The shining raiment and the crown of gold,  
But to whom earthly sorrow and the mold  
Of outward form had been here hard to bear,  
No crown possessed, nor was the raiment fair:  
"Little by little are the meshes wove."  
The angel said, "That make the light above."

The one who bowed most patiently to pain,  
Who did not seek that higher life to gain,  
But only sought humility and peace,  
Found, when death came bringing the soul's release,  
That the full wonder of the stair-like steps  
Was open to the pleading, prayerful eyes;  
And even then, in deep humility  
The spirit said, "Oh, let me ever be  
But one of those who minister to pain,  
Then shall this whiteness bring me joy again."

And so at last the links of love are wrought,  
And so at last the angel way is sought  
Not with ambition for the angel light,  
But for the LOVE that makes the spirit white.

#### Mr. Colville at South Carver.

On Sunday last, August 31st, W. J. Colville occupied the pulpit morning and afternoon, in the Union Church, South Carver. The church is a pretty little edifice situated in a delightful country region about ten miles from Onset Bay on Long Island. This church is used by members of various denominations, and ministers of different religious ideas officiate within it. Last Sunday was the first occasion on which an avowed Spiritualist was engaged to conduct the services. The results were highly satisfactory, the congregation being very large, and the attention given to the words of the inspired speaker unflinching.

At the morning service, after the preliminary exercises, Mr. Colville's guides discoursed upon the two following passages of scripture: "If a man die shall he live again?" and "Because I live, ye shall live also." Foreable arguments proving the affirmative answer to be the only tenable and logical one to the question asked by the man of old were brought forward in a clear, dispassionate yet earnest manner. The question of the certainty of our spirits surviving death because Jesus reappeared on earth after his crucifixion was treated on the ground that if the resurrection of Jesus is valuable as a proof of human immortality it is because Jesus was a man like ourselves, belonging to the same human family of which we are members, and the evidence of his personal reappearance was conclusive to his disciples in the same way that the recognized appearances of our spirit friends may be to us. The illogical attitude of those who will persist in claiming that Biblical Spiritualism is true, and Modern Spiritualism false, was shown up in its true light; the Jehovah who appeared in ancient times to the Jews, according to Mr. Colville's guides, was sometimes a good spirit and sometimes a bad one, but at best simply a spirit messenger who appeared on earth. The discourse was very comprehensive, as it within the limits of an hour undertook to give a pretty thorough explanation of the philosophy of spirit-communication. A poem was improvised on "Truth."

In the afternoon the audience chose as the subject for the discourse, "The Soul and its Destiny." A lecture was then delivered which entered pretty fully into life in the spirit spheres; the methods of spiritual growth were explained, and the ultimate triumph of good clearly taught. Several interesting questions were also answered, one referring to the treatment of criminals in spirit-life receiving special attention. The conditions at both meetings were remarkably good; the music and the singing were excellent. Quite a party of Spiritualists came over from Onset Bay, but nearly all others who attended were not identified with the spiritual movement. In the evening a very pleasant reception was held at a private residence, and on Monday Mr. Colville attended a temperance meeting.

G. G. W. Van Horn, of Kansas City, has been fined and imprisoned for having violated the medical law of Missouri. He is not a physician, and had applied his hands to the limb of a girl to relieve lameness. This is not worse, perhaps, than the imprisonment of Alanson Mark and others in the State Penitentiary, for an offence which violated no statute whatever. But it shows the animus which instigates the endeavors for laws to regulate the practice of medicine. They have the purpose behind them to create crimes which are not culpable offenses, to prosecute and punish innocent and worthy persons, and to establish anew a caste of medical men, whose exclusive powers our statement of a former generation had abolished.—The Medical Tribune for August.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

## A SWORN TO CASE OF SPIRIT IDENTITY.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

About seventeen years ago my sister, three years older than myself, Mrs. Celestia Randall, of Cameron, Ill., died, as was supposed, and was buried; but from what I am about to relate it would have the appearance that she is not anywhere near "dead" to this day. I was living one hundred and fifty miles from her at the time, and her death was entirely unexpected to me. She made her appearance to me twice the same night she died, for the first time, and since that and up to this time I have had a great number of visits from her in the quiet of the night, frequently looking kindly at me with her, which on her part are directed to my assistance and benefit.

These visits are always attended by a full light throughout my room equal to the light of day. The appearance of my sister, the sight of her person always dressed the same appears to me distinct and as much of a reality as would be that of any other living person. And yet I tried to treat it in a cavalier style, give it the cold shoulder, and to regard it all as a delusion, keeping it a secret from all mankind and woman-kind.

Although so long familiar with this mystery it loses nothing of its interesting character with me, but still it is as much of a mystery as ever. Although you may be unable to extricate this thing from the mysterious, yet accustomed as you are to the notice and investigation of events seemingly of the same class, you may be able to throw some light on it at least which would make it of interest to the readers of your paper.

Recent events have broken down my resolve to the extent of giving this to you and your readers, hoping that there may be some light thrown on the same from other standpoints.

In giving you some incidents of recent occurrence their importance will not be estimated in the usual way of estimating ordinary events. It is quite a common thing for a person to walk a room or about a room. It is quite common for a person to talk. It is quite common for a person to carry a chair or book from one part of the room to another part. Light is a very common and abundant element in the world, and the light of the sun or moon or a lamp is among the commonest of things. But these commonest of things become altogether the uncommonest of things. When we see persons whom we have every reason to suppose are long ago entirely out of the world, when we see them walk and move around in the room, when we see and hear them talk to us and with us, when we see them take hold of substantial articles in the room and carry them to other places in the room and deposit them; when the light—by which we see these things and see the person who does them—is neither the light of the sun nor moon nor star, nor the light of a lamp or candle or fire, but a light that is out of the ordinary class of things, then we see that the most common and ordinary acts in themselves become at once the most uncommon and extraordinary of things in the world.

On the night of June 15th, 1879, my sister Celestia, as if alive, came to my room and conversed with me about my situation. I have been in a critical condition for fourteen months, from an injury to my spine, and am not able to get out of my bed. In these visits she advises me what would be the best for me, and admonishes me as though I were wrong at times. She tells me that I will recover, and advises me what course to take for my recovery. The past winter my situation was such, physically and financially, that it was determined as the best by all around me that I should be taken to the State hospital, or some other hospital, but my sister told me plainly that I must not go; if I would live I must stay where I was; that "you will be cared for and get well." This time, for once, I followed her instruction, and without any reason apparent to others I would not consent to go. I have improved, and been "cared for," ever since, although without a cent of money on hand, or to contribute, at this time. She tells me that I am better than I think I am, and can help myself to walk with crutches shortly.

My manner toward her has been hesitating and doubtful, rather implying my disbelief in her reality, or her knowledge of my affairs, or her power to benefit me. The fact is, I have not treated her during these visits as a loving and lovely sister (which she was in this life) should be treated. Her manner is mild, pleasant and serious.

On the night mentioned, June 15th, after considerable conversation on matters relating to my situation, it being light as day—without lamp or moon I could see everything in the room, she went to the other end of the room and got some crutches, which were out of use, hidden away in the corner, between the wardrobe and the wall, about ten feet from the foot of the bed; she brought them in her hands around to the front of the bed, and stood them leaning against the bedpost at the head of the bed. I told her I was afraid they would fall. She then leaned them over the other way, so that they rested in the corner of the wall, about twenty-five feet from where she found them.

I asked her if she would not put them back again, as the family who were then living in the house would notice the crutches in that place in the morning, and it would be impossible for me to account for their being there, without telling the truth, which if I did tell them I thought would have a tendency to make them uneasy about living in the house. She answered me: "Your old friend will come in the first one in the morning and put the crutches back for you." (The "old friend," as she always names him, is Mr. Packard, who has for three or four months visited me regularly every day, but had never come in until about 10 o'clock A. M.) She says: "I will go; I will wake your old friend"; and then she disappeared, as usual, and all was dark again in the room.

I was very much troubled, for I could not see how Mr. Packard could or would be in so early in the morning. But he did come into my room the first one on that Monday morning, and the sight of a man never rejoiced me so before. Mr. P. thought he came to bring me the Chicago Times, which he had finished reading, but I knew better why he came then.

Mr. P. noticed the radiance of my face and the crutches the first thing on entering, and inquired what had brightened me up; what I had been doing with crutches? After some

"It is eight months since I have stood on my feet, or been able to use my lower limbs. My only means of motion is by crutches and pulleys, by which I am raised from my bed into a chair and back again. My general health and appetite are now good, and I am gaining strength to sit up more, and help myself on the bed. My pain and suffering have been extreme, until within two or three months."

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joking, I asked him to put the crutches away where they belonged, which he readily did without any explanation, as there was no time before my boy got up from his sleep and came into the room, and other persons shortly dropped in.

But the fact was established—the fact of the night was confirmed by the light of day—indisputably established. I saw my sister take the crutches and carry them across the room and leave them resting against the wall. I saw Mr. Packard in the morning take them from where she left them and carry them back and leave them in their place. I saw one as plainly as I saw the other. There was no difference in the reality, or in my impressions of the reality, of both acts.

Mr. P. became interested in the matter at once, and proposed to make his lodgings in the adjoining room, so that I could wake him up to participate in the visits of my sister. I gladly assented, but without much hope of benefit, for at the first, some seven years ago, I waked two persons in the room with me, and they could see nothing but the darkness, although the room was perfectly light to me, and the form and features and expression of my sister as distinct as of any living person. Others not being able to see the same thing, had made a presumption of my being deluded in the matter.

These visits are occurring once in two or three nights, but I have found it impossible to wake Mr. P. at any time during these visits, and yet at any other time it does not seem difficult to wake him.

I say to my sister that I wish to call up Mr. P. She always permits my calling him, but in a discouraging way, such as, "Oh, let him sleep!" "Don't disturb him!" "You can't wake him!" "He could not see me if he was awake."

As Mr. P. could not participate in these interviews, he urged that I write down the conversations at the time, as they occur, and so I have paper and pencil lying on the bed within reach, and have recorded in this way several of the interviews, the room being always light enough during these interviews to do so.

As a specimen, I here insert a little of the interview on the night of July 1st:

Bester. Stop! I call Mr. Packard!

Oh, sister—Do so, if you are to have comfort by doing so.

Oh, Mr. Packard! Packard! Sister, you go in and wake him up.

I will let him know that I have been here. Mr. P. on coming out of his room in the morning, found the crutches standing in the doorway of my room, with two bundles of the written interviews referred to before lying upon the pads of the crutches, and of course he knew that my sister had been here. I was asleep when he came to the door, and knew nothing of the crutches and papers being there until he waked me and showed them to me; so that was done by my sister solely for the benefit of Mr. P., as she promised me to "let him know that I have been here."

Mr. P. did not mean to fail of seeing her through any readiness or want of effort, and on the night of July 11th he prepared a cord, running from his bed to my bed—tying one end to my bedpost, and the other end round his ankle.

With a cane having a hook on the end, I could reach the cord, and make a sure thing of waking him up, by jerking or pulling on the cord.

In the interview with my sister that night, I spoke of calling Mr. P., and commenced reaching for the cord with the cane, when she said, "Oh, no," and took the cane out of my hand, without my resisting, and set it up against the wall, by the side of the wash-stand, about eight feet from the foot of the bed-stand. Mr. P. was not awakened that night. When he arose in the morning he knew the reason for not being waked up with the aid of the cord, for the first thing that he saw on coming out of his room was the cane which he left on the bed with me the night before, now standing regularly against the wall, on the opposite end of the wash-stand from me, so that I could not see it myself from my bed. He took the cane from there, and gave it to me. There was no difference in the reality, or in my impressions of the reality, of the two events, viz: my sister's taking the cane from me, and standing it up by the wash-stand in the night, and Mr. Packard's taking the cane from the place she left it, and giving it back to me in the morning. This seems to decide the matter for the present, that she will not afford Mr. Packard an interview. She seems to wish nothing to divert my attention from getting well again. I can't see where this above recital can do any harm. Not being known to yourself and readers, we verify it by oath.

Respectfully yours,

LESTER BOYDEN.

Red Oak, Iowa, July 15th, 1879.

Any action, knowledge, or word, stated in the foregoing recital, as mine, or belonging to me, is perfectly true and correct as it is stated therein.

J. B. PACKARD.

Red Oak, Iowa, July 15th, 1879.

STATE OF IOWA,

MONTGOMERY COUNTY, ss.

On this 15th day of July, 1879, came before me, O. G. Howard, a Notary Public in and for said County, Lester Boyden and J. B. Packard, and each deposited and say under their oath that the matters set forth in the foregoing paper, to which they have subscribed and set their names, are true and correct in every particular, as therein stated.

O. G. HOWARD,

Notary Public.

Written for the Banner of Light.

"ONE WOE IS PAST"

BY MARY DANA SHINDLER.

I have one sorrow less to bear  
Of those that shall befall me here;  
Another grievous woe is past—  
Would God that it might be the last!

While through the wilderness I go  
With feeble footsteps, faint and slow,  
My dear companions of the way,  
How gladly would I bid them stay!

'T is sweet to travel arm in arm  
Along life's road; the greatest charm  
Of human life is human love,  
And friends are blessings from above.

But angel voices in the sky  
Call "Come up hither, come up high!"  
Then joyfully they soar away,  
And leave me lonely here to stay.

Yet, when they leave me, well they know  
That I, from whose embrace they go,  
With swifter steps will travel on  
To where my dearest friends have gone.

So, smiling as they take their flight  
To regions of celestial light,  
They whisper low with passing breath,  
"A short farewell! This is not death!"

The policy of honesty must never be mistaken for the principle that governs sound integrity.

Kerosene oil will intoxicate as well as whiskey. Anyhow, it makes a locomotive's head light.

## Free Thought.

## CORRECTION.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In a recent number of the *Banner of Light* I observe some brief sentences from the ubiquitous "Cephus," being a part of an interview, or what was rather a friendly conversation, during the Sturges meeting. I have always held to the rule not to reply to any criticism or report, and I should not depart therefrom in this instance had Cephus set my words in the light I intended them. I want harmony and peace and love, but I realize that these can be bought at too great a cost. I believe Spiritualism pays too dearly for them when it is compelled to sustain fraud and moral obliquity. We want the warm sunshine and the zephyr, yet often have them met by the tornado. The flowers of peace bloom in most exquisite fragrance on the borders of revolution, and the seed of reform rarely germinates with vigor unless sown in blood.

It is most lamentable that spiritualists cannot see and feel alike in regard to the great movement to which all individuality is lost in their insincerity. All claim to be searching after truth, yet how quick most are to ensure those who cannot accept what they regard as such! I have but to point, as an example, to D. D. Home, who, up to the very moment of his publication of "Lights and Shadows," was regarded as an ardent believer in Spiritualism, and one of its most able supporters. Certainly his mediumship has made a wide and deep impress in Europe. As soon as his book appeared he was called a Jesuit, and instead of criticism nothing but sneers were bestowed on his work. Why? Because he exposed frauds and delusions which had fastened on the garments of Spiritualism. He told the absolute truth, not a word of which has ever been denied, or can be denied, in order to clear away the rubbish. From the first I endorsed his book, and in my criticism in the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* said it "marked a new era in Spiritualism"; now it is entering the scientific phase.

In regard to Mrs. Richmond's lectures, Bro. Lynn has made me pronounce an opinion quite different from what I intended. I did not refer directly to her lectures, but to the similarity of all trances uttered, the fact that while they were vague and often seemingly meaningless on analysis, yet behind the words was the impulse of great thoughts striving for utterance, which sent the listeners or readers away with higher aspirations, although unable to repeat what they had heard. This remark was drawn out especially in reference to the sharp criticism Prof. Denton had published on A. J. Davis's writings. While this criticism was true, yet I said I regarded it as unjust, in the same manner that I regard like criticisms on the writings of other mediums, as in the instance of Parker's lectures through Mrs. Richmond. Every word Prof. Denton has written is true, yet I feel he is not quite just. If the medium was a perfect channel for communicating the thoughts of the spirit, then such criticism would be relevant. But the medium is not. On the contrary, he is at best very imperfect. How rare are magnetic subjects who are so sensitive that they can speak the exact thoughts of their magnetizer. There are a great number who are imperfectly impressed with their magnetizer's ideas. As spirits who can communicate by speaking stand in the exact relation of the magnetizer, it is not strange mediums ineffectually speak their thoughts. With the controlling spirits it is not whether their thoughts shall be perfectly given, but whether they shall be given at all. In fact, they cannot tell how well or ill they will succeed until they make the attempt.

Hence I feel that such criticisms are unjust, because not sufficiently comprehensive, and while true, they fall far short of the subject in its full breadth, and give the weight to the elements which go to make up such communications. They presuppose perfection of conditions whereat, best such conditions are very imperfect and uncertain.

Of Mrs. Richmond's lectures I passed no opinion, nor referred to having read them in the *Banner of Light*. In fact, I have read none of her recent lectures. In those I have read there is such a wide difference in excellence, both of style and thoughts, that I should hesitate to pronounce an opinion on their public usefulness, unless first designating especially the lectures to which I referred.

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fied with anything, swear that having been sick many times, and long at a time, they have in nine cases in ten been cured by a quack for a dollar and fifty cents, after the regulars had fooled with their bodies till scarcely anything was left of them, and gone for their bank accounts in a very understanding sort of a way, till nothing was left of them, either!

There always will be some rebellious spirits, and they rebel now. They even have such degrees of turpitude that they swear with oaths thick as a picnic sandwich, that when sick they will employ just whom they please, and it is none of the State's business; that the Commonwealth had better name their butcher and baker and candlestick-maker, and order them where to hire their livery horses and have their collars made. But this is all wrong of course. The law-makers of Illinois and Missouri, in their severe wisdom, judge it best to have an established medicine, and they have got it! Now they should decree just what remedies with a crooked Latin name are to be taken for each class and measure of disease, and weigh the dose by statute to the scruple and grain for adult and child and infant, masculine, feminine and neuter genders, married and single, and their law will be complete, while their friends of the sheepskin with the name of a college on it in the lacquered frame, can get as big a fee as the dear suffering people can be made to pay.

## Spiritualism in San Francisco.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Having been a constant attendant at all the meetings of the San Francisco Spiritual Union and Children's Progressive Lyceum, since their removal into the elegant new hall on Eddy street, I feel that a brief report thereof may not be uninteresting to your readers.

And first I would speak of the Lyceum, which meets every Sunday at 10 A. M., and was never in so flourishing and hopeful a condition as at the present hour. Under the efficient management of Mrs. Laveria Matthews and her faithful corps of assistants, who, at their weekly Leaders' Meetings, gather inspiration that enables them to labor most harmoniously together, a graded work has been inaugurated and ably sustained, for the physical and spiritual culture of our youth in this region, which seems to be thoroughly appreciated, since the attendance is large and constantly increasing. The order of the school is nearly perfect; the calisthenics are skillfully performed, and the literary and musical exercises highly creditable.

In addition to the regular lessons, as suggested by the Manuals of Mr. Davis and A. E. Newton, a paper is read on the third Sunday of each month, edited by different pupils. Brief "Words of Wisdom" are also uttered, either in poetry or prose, at each session, by any child, leader, or other person present who may be inclined to speak.

Among the pupils most ready to respond in this, as well as in all the public exercises, are Miss Sophia Egert (who is a recent graduate of our High School, and a young lady of rare promise), Miss Anna Jenne (a youthful medium who unites with the workers at the afternoon séance), Jennie French, Lulu Todd, and Master Willie Larkin (remarkable for their declamatory powers), and the sisters Troutwether and Mooney (for their musical ability).

At 2 o'clock P. M. convenes the Mediums' Séance and Conference. Here the exercises are varied, and often exceedingly interesting, consisting of inspirational poems, practical remarks, tests and music.

The leading mediums who help to sustain these meetings are Mrs. Upham-Hendee, (well-known as an electrician, magnetic healer, and inspirational speaker and writer), Mrs. Eliza Fuller McKinley, (whose agreeable manners and elevated spirit always render her utterances highly acceptable), and Mesdames Wiggin, Clarke, Robinson and McDonald (all of whom are test mediums and grand workers for the general interests of the Society).

At this session, all present who have a good word to utter are earnestly invited by our courteous President to participate. And among the gentlemen who most frequently respond with their experiences, remarks or inspirational poems, are Messrs. Rider, Smith, Ward, Mitchell, and Dr. Morton.

The excellent tests and remarks here made are occasionally interspersed with music from professional performers! But usually the audience is invited to join in favorite airs from the "Golden Melodies," closing with the "Sweet By-and-By."

With the exception of Hon. Warren Chase and Dr. Slade, we have recently been favored with no speakers from abroad, but have relied solely on home talent, in which the Society is rich, for our evening entertainments. Large and appreciative audiences have listened to addresses, lectures, inspirational poems and recitations, from Messrs. Robinson, Pierson, Plumb, Irvin, Glendon, and Mesd









## New York Advertisements.

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This Pill is peculiarly adapted to *feeble females*, and will be found highly useful in that very trouble one complaint called Nettle Rash, and Blotched or Pimpled Face; in Vertigo or Giddiness; in Jaundice and in the different kinds of Dropsy; Pain of the Head or Side; and the very troubles

some draw the same common in the spring season; in Nervous Diseases, as Epilepsy or Falling Sickness, St. Vitus' Dance, and Hypochondriacal, Green Sickness, Hysterics, Ague in the Breast, Swelled Limbs, &c.; and will cure the most obstinate case of Habitual Constipation. From two to five of these Pills are a dose for adults of ordinary constitution, but

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For the cure of all Fevers, a *Intermittent*, Remittent, Inflammatory, Bilious and Typhoid, all the Varieties of Fever and Ague, a Chills Fever, Lake Fever, Dumb Ague, &c. Simple Inflammation of the Face or Ear, and Sore Throat.

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**EVIDENCE WORTH READING.**  
F. MASON MILLER, Erie Co., Pa., Sept.,  
"To THE PUBLIC: This may certify that for two years past I had been suffering under a disease of my lungs; my cough was very severe, I tried many medicines, but still grew weaker. My Mother-in-law advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I have taken them for two months, and I feel much better. My cough is much less, and I have gained weight. I am now able to do my usual work. I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Yours truly,  
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Worse. My cough increased daily, and I was fast wasting away with consumption. Having lost all confidence in physicians and medicines, I did not try James's Cough Pills when first recommended, nor until I had seen its almost miraculous effect on another person, when I was induced to use it, and, notwithstanding my prejudices, I was compelled to admit a strong confidence in the medicine from the other

I have never known James's Cough Pills to fail of curing a cough, and I used about one and a half boxes of pills which entirely restored me to health. My lungs are now as good as any man's, no cold affects them. I have no doubt these pills saved my life, and James's Cough Pills, in my opinion, is worth more than all other cough remedies put together, and would be cheap at any price.

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I sell more of James' Cough Pills than all other Cough Remedies. All who use them claim their superiority over any Cough Remedy they had before known.

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I believe James's Cough Pills are the best medicine known to man.

**HEREDITARY CONSUMPTION.** The proprietors, James's Cough Pills would say to any family where there any predisposition to this dreadful disease, keep in your house James's Cough Pills, and use them according to directions. Cure the colds and coughs that always precede more serious difficulties, and there need be no fear of Consumption.

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ler; Nebulous Theory; Old theory of Planetary Motion; Planetary Motions; Origin of Motion; Cause and Origin of Orbital Motion; Special Laws of Orbital Motion; Eccentricity; Helion and Equinoctial Points; Limit and Reason of Planetary Limitation; Cause of Perpendicular Axis; Polar Centre Cause and Origin of the Age of the World; Periods; Ocean and River Currents; Geological Strata; diate Reconstruction of Axis; Sudden Reconstruction of Axis; inevitable; Ethnology; Axial Period of Rotation.

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**WHICH:**

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Rev. Mr. Parker is one of the most eloquent preachers and debaters in the West, and has presented his side of a question at issue with more than ordinary acumen; thus enabling Mr. Hull to meet the opposition to Spiritualism.

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## CHRISTIANS AND ISRAELITES ON TRIAL.

### Discussion

It is proper to observe here that there was a provision in the tariff for the admission of *Church-Regalia* free of duty. They were consecrated persons who thus engaged in this business of importing merchandise, and they entered their goods at the Custom-House as *Church-Regalia*. By getting them in free from the heavy duties to which most of the articles already specified were subject, they would be able to undersell the honest importer, and still realize a very handsome profit. The writer viewing the subject from an official and unselfish standpoint, did not see it in the same light, and hence could not agree with the clerical importers. Tons of rosaries were classified as manufactures of metal,

“Woe to him whose daring hand profanes,  
The honored heir-looms of his ancestors.”

With such melancholy specimens of saintly depravity in

The poor lunatic who nightly railed at the stars, and to emphasize his contempt was wont to spit at the heavenly bodies, was not without excuse for his absurd conduct, to be found, alas, in his hopeless insanity. His case appealed with irresistible power to all the manly and womanly sympathies of human nature. He was lost in the deep eclipses of his own disordered mind. His desolate life was but a turbulent stream, that washed a blackened shore as it wildly—

80 West 11th street, New York.

Major Thos. Gales Forster is to sail the 22d of August for New York. FIDELITY.

As yet we are unable to report the list of speakers for the coming season, but hope to do so in our next.

THOS. LEES.  
Cleveland, O., Aug. 28th.

The Roxbury Society of Spiritualists will resume its meetings at Kennedy Hall, Warren street, Boston Highlands, on the evening of Sunday, Sept. 14th, at half past seven o'clock. Its management have secured the services of Mr. Colville as their regular speaker. The subjects for discourses at this place will be taken from the audience, and full opportunity will be given all desiring to ask questions pertinent to the matters under consideration. This course of procedure will be the stated order adopted at these meetings during their continuance.

On and after September 14th Mr. Colville will answer calls to lecture on week evenings, provided the places to which he is summoned be within reasonable distances of Boston.

It may be possible that a friend is sometimes taken because the divine One sees that his ministry can act upon more powerfully from the unseen world than amid the infirmities of mortal intercourse.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

To restore nerve and brain waste, nothing equals H. Bitters. Believe this.