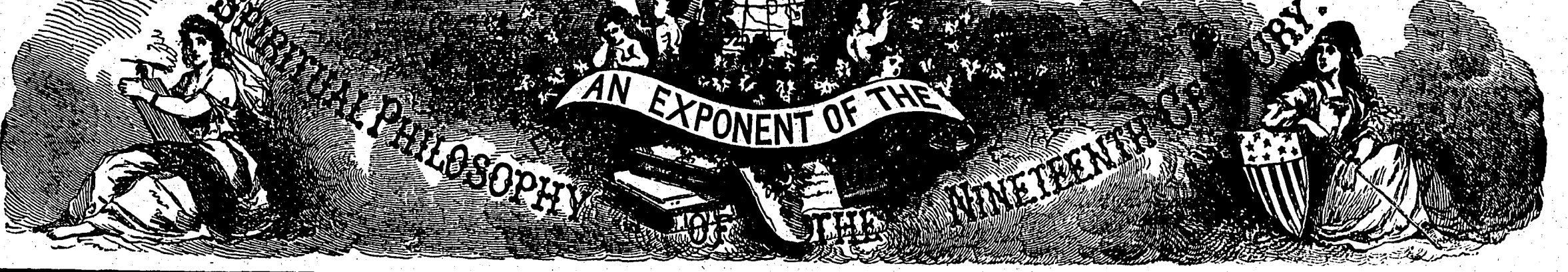


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The Rostrum.

SPACE AND TIME: THE FORMATION AND DURATION OF WORLDS.

A Discourse Delivered through the Trance Mediumship of

MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND,
Sunday Afternoon, Jan. 25th, 1880, in Parker Memorial Hall, Boston.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

INVOCATION.

Oh, thou Infinite Jehovah! thou Spirit of all future time! thou Image of Eternity! thou Soul of Immensity! I would praise thee! The feeble utterances of human lips cannot proclaim thee; the voiced anthems of united harmonies cannot reveal thy harmony of soul; yet thou art syllabled in every atom, thou art imaged in every heart; thy life and light are enshrined in every soul. Oh, God, the universe proclaims thee! the soul of man goes forth with songs of praise because of life, and through every avenue of human thought, through every utterance of human speech, through every form of divinely inspired life, thy life is portrayed, oh, God, within the soul! We praise thee for the voices of harmony that speak out to man; for the inspirations that portray the divine, the absolute, the ultimate; for the upliftings in the midst of human wanderings; for the strength in the midst of human weakness; for the knowledge in the midst of human error, that proclaim thy power and praise. Art thou not the voice of all sound? art thou not the speech of the soul, portraying immortality? We praise thee for the ineffable, the divine. We praise thee that man is forever aspiring toward the Infinite. We praise thee that innumerable suns and worlds proclaim with magic voices the power, the order and dominion of thy soul. Yet these are as naught compared with the whisperings of immortality within the soul of man. The flower praises thee with its fragrance and bloom; the years are freighted with harvests, and the ancient mother, Time, reveals to thee her thousand treasures; but these are as naught compared with the kingdoms of eternity. God grant that, in the midst of time, thy children may feel this eternal breath; that in the midst of uncertainty and doubt, suffering and sin they may behold the Absolute Life and feel the All-Perfect Love. Grant that the completeness of thy soul may circle them round about until they are uplifted beyond doubt, are indeed inspired beyond all terror or fear! Make clear the pathway of life; reveal thou thyself within the soul, that through the signs and tokens of thy presence the immortal heritage may be known, and man may be conscious that, though worlds crumble to dust and chaos come again, the life eternal of the soul abideth and is one with thee forever. Amen.

DISCOURSE.

[Subjects suggested by one of the Committee.]

The three subjects presented for our consideration are in substance as follows: Infinite space, with reference to the heavenly bodies within range of terrestrial telescopes; Ultimate time, with reference to the period of the formation of the earth's incrustations and the probable duration of the planet; The ultimate or beautiful harmony in the future, with reference to the spiritual and material creations.

You will discover that these small subjects may require for ultimate consideration a longer period of time than one hour; but the band controlling the medium desire to give what they consider a concentrated statement upon the themes presented, leaving you to elaborate them in the quietude of your homes, in the study or the sanctuary, as best suits your purpose.

The human spirit is forever aspiring toward the Infinite. Incomprehensible, it is yet conceivable; and while infinitude must forever evade the human grasp, the possibility of infinitude is what the human mind craves to know. Space, so far as can be conceived by any mind, is limited to the conceptions of that mind; beyond that is infinitude. So far as any spirit, man or angel, knows, ultimate space is infinite. The limitations are only limitations of the human or angelic mind, and every science declares that there is no probable limitation to space. The worlds or stars in space are grouped in constellated bodies and arranged in solar systems like your own. Of the number brought within the range by telescopic observation or astronomical calculation, there are probably from six to ten thousand suns like the sun of your own solar system, each forming the centre of a similar system of planets. Beyond these are glimmerings of other stars belonging to other systems, whose suns are veiled from your observation or even from your remotest calculation. In one disc of the heavens alone, revealed through observation by the greatest telescopic power, there are between two and three hundred millions of worlds. If this shall give you any accurate idea of a small portion of infinitude, then traverse the entire heavens with the telescope, and you have billions of

stars, until the mind, being incapable of observation through the senses, relies upon mathematics and upon probabilities to reveal the fact that, for all human purposes, worlds are numberless. The idea that these systems of worlds, these constellated suns, around which planets must forever move according to growth and unfoldment, are attendant upon this little speck of dust, the earth, is so preposterous that the idea sinks into utter insignificance. That the earth itself is one of the smallest of the various heavenly bodies, belonging not only to the solar system, but to the sidereal heavens, and yet that this earth contains intelligences capable of desiring to know all that these worlds can say, is a marvel that has no parallel save in the spiritual kingdoms of life. Astronomy, next to revelation through inspiration, is the one science that conveys to the mind of man the thought of infinitude more than any other; yet chemistry can reveal the wonder of the atom, the infinity of the forms of life, and therefore we may say that the atom reveals all that those worlds may contain in their physical well-being. With such range as the telescope invented by Herschel gives, you are enabled to know what lies beyond the group of stars forming your solar system, and to predict or predicate the centre of another and another, until finally the great central sun, supposed by the ancients to be located in the Pleiades, forms the light around which many constellated systems move and turn, wheel within wheel, orb within orb, planet after planet unfolding to your vision, and each conveying a separate degree of light, as an individual soul or spirit might—a distinct destination, an absolute purpose. What that purpose is does not belong, seemingly, to material science to reveal; but one thought of these manifold worlds and one conception of these millions of planets is sufficient to enkindle the inspiration of eternal life.

Infinitude, then, is that term applied to the universe, whatever and wherever it may be; is that absolute expression of existence that includes the visible worlds and those that are beyond your vision, still lighted by suns, still illuminated by central sources of light and heat, still held in their orbits by the matchless harmony and grandeur of infinite law. That stellar pathway familiarly known as "the milky way," forming myriads of groupings of planets, whose names and numbers are not even dreamed of, that wonderful girdle of light that, like a pathway of angels, encircles the heavens, as though in some great breath of the Infinite a flowery pathway were formed to lead the stars themselves, is filled with innumerable billions of worlds, and each of these has for its duration and time some wonderful period of history not calculable by mathematics, not discernible by human knowledge.

So far as the earth is concerned, what does she reveal in her great eternal silence to the mind of man? Observation, comparison, and chiefly intuition, have led the way. The wonderful system of LaPlace reveals the fact, which doubtless is accepted by most of the highest astronomical minds of this day, that the sun formerly filled the entire disc of the solar system; that, not by the planets being thrown off from the sun, but by gradual recession, rings were formed. Each planet that now occupies a certain orbit is fashioned of a portion of one of those rings, while satellites may have been formed by the other portions, these satellites being equally planets, but being some of them fragmentary, others more ancient than the planets proper that are now portions of the regular solar system. Suppose that we say that the outermost planet is first formed by the recession of the sun's rays; the ring that formed the outermost planet was first made; that gradually, by motion and the withdrawal of the sun's atmosphere, that ring bursts; afterward certain portions of the ring form groupings either of a planet, or of a planet and moons, which grouping is at first the entire sphere or radius of a planet and its satellites. Gradually this planet recedes, leaving what is called a moon. Then the moon is not thrown off from the planet or the earth, but is more ancient than the earth or the planet, and therefore the moon may be the mother of the earth, the moons of the different planets older than the planets themselves in formation of life, and as the moon surrounding each planet developed by condensation into formation of organic life, a moon would be the first inhabited, and the planet the latest of the particular grouping that formed the world, star or planet. Under these forms of arrangement, the outermost planet of the solar system would be the oldest planet; the planets next in order would be those next in period of time of formation, and the planets having moons would be the planets unfolding latest, while the moons have been previously unfolded or concentrated to forms of organic life.

The earth reveals, so far as observation and science are concerned, a degree of unfoldment that astronomy presumes does not belong to other and outer planets, Venus alone being considered of the same grade of development, or about equal power of sustaining life. Before we enter upon this subject, however, we pass to the formation of incrustations. The vaporous state, when atmosphere or sun fills the entire solar system, and when, having ceased to fill the entire disc, the planet is formed, is a state that the earth and all planets have once filled. Probably the earth reveals the fact in some subtle way that astronomy cannot have discovered, nor chemistry analyzed, that that vaporous state must have occupied at least one hundred millions of years; that between the vaporous state and the formation of the first incrustations that could be considered sufficient to hold the earth's surface in its present position, there must have been two hundred millions of years;

that between the formation of the earth's incrustations and the period of unfoldment necessary to produce organic life of the higher types, there must have been a period of three hundred millions of years, thus leaving for the human habitation of earth, and for the perfect expression of those forms of organic life upon the earth's surface to-day, a much shorter period of time, but one which will pass well into a hundred millions of years. During this portion of time, the earth growing old, and its unfoldment growing new, the methods and processes of formation may be variously described as alternating heat and cold, alternating expressions of fire from within and of cold from without. Space without contact with planetary bodies is cold; space without atomic trituration and formation must be cold. Whenever there are planets or solar systems in process of formation, or in any period of development, there is heat. This heat is forever acted upon by the surrounding cold. The result is continued action and reaction, until rings, comets, satellites, planets, are formed. The moon must, therefore, be an expression of life older in its formations than the earth, must have been inhabited, must have receded from its forms of life, and may be called the mother of the earth, old, weary and wan, attending her daughter until her final ultimate is run, when both will pass into the great sea of chaos again.

Time, so far as the earth is concerned, may not be reckoned in an absolute sense. For all human purposes time begins when humanity commences and ends when human life will become extinct, and that duration of time will describe whatever belongs to man's spiritual growth or necessity upon the planet. Meanwhile every other development of life needed for that ultimate perfection will also reach its perfection and recede, and every atom of the earth will tend toward that ultimate perfection until the race is completed, until humanity is made perfect, until the planet has yielded its highest offering to the Creator, and then the period of waste and desolation begins. Arid deserts, plains of alkali caused by the evaporation of all moisture, even now are found; and though new civilizations will reproduce the verdure upon fields of desolation, the time will come when there will be no more moisture, when the earth will cease to vaporize, and when there will be no atmosphere. When this is accomplished man will have long ago finished his career upon the earth, and the ancient powers of matter will claim the earth as their own, the heritage only of the spirit while man requires it for his use. In the kingdoms of duration of time you have little idea of the period that antedated human history save as an estimate of proportion, or as some point of observation that may tend to future calculations respecting the earth and its continuation. Astronomy will one day be able accurately to declare the duration of time. At the present moment it is admitted that probably a hundred millions or two hundred millions of years will elapse before the earth is entirely useless as a human habitation. Probably humanity will have discovered that long before, by becoming as perfect as is possible in the organic form, and will have passed to other degrees of unfoldment in other worlds and other systems of bodies, while the earth recedes into the primal kingdoms of inorganic life.

Beyond all these, and independently of astronomical science, is another and correlated science which will not be silent; which, when other worlds are spoken of, will ask if they are peopled; when other systems are revealed to the eye, will ask their ultimate object of creation: Astrology more than astronomy reveals this. As astronomy is the mathematical structure of the universe reduced to science, astrology is the spiritual structure of the planetary bodies, and reveals the occult relationship existing between planets. We pass from the realm of astronomy, the observation of the celestial and sidereal heavens, to the region of occult forces, not the highest, but peculiarly human, and belonging to the spiritual kingdoms of human observation. In former times, astronomy and astrology were combined as alchemy and chemistry. As alchemy was the association of spiritual with chemical processes, so astrology was the association or combination of spiritual discernment with outward observations. The reason the ancient astronomers were not more scientifically accurate was because they were more spiritually clear. The reason that the ancient alchemists did not understand all the modern terms of modern chemistry, was because there were other and more spiritual forces acting independently of mere chemical action. To-day the astronomy of the heavens is simply mathematics. In the spiritual kingdom it is the spirit of the universe. Mathematics will reveal to you the distances, perhaps the formations of planets; will tell you the number of constellated bodies within your observation; will group the various solar systems in their proper belongings; but astronomy without inspiration will never tell you of the habitations of those planets, of those who may people the habitations, of the degrees of spiritual unfoldment belonging thereto, of the nature of the structure of the solar system with reference to mental and spiritual growth—will never tell you, unaided by inspiration, of any one breath of potential life linking world with world, system with system, constellation with constellation. Only inspiration revealed to LaPlace the wonderful system of formation of worlds we have stated; only inspiration revealed to Herschel the location of the particular planet that bore his name erewhile, when he had no telescope to reveal it to his gaze, and was obliged to wait for time to justify his prophecy. Nothing but inspiration revealed to Kepler his magical discoveries. Only inspiration can reveal the ul-

timite destiny of the earth, its duration of time, the object of that duration, and its absolute limit; and only inspiration will precede science, giving foregleams of the wonderful future that lies before the earth and belongs to all planets in their various degrees of unfoldment.

All planets visible to the human eye or to the telescope, or beyond the range of telescopic vision, are either in parallel degrees of unfoldment with the earth, or have passed beyond the earth in degree of unfoldment, or are less unfolded; and each of these three degrees may have as many varieties as there are different planets in number. When you consider, then, that the earth represents but one, say, in a billion of worlds, each having a distinct and different grade of unfoldment, you will discover what probable varieties of expression there are upon the numerous planets, and that the earth is but one form of that expression, typifying the infinite purpose of the Infinite Mind. When you also remember that not the size of a planet determines its age, but various other conditions, and that according to the order of development named by us, the outermost planets are the oldest and the innermost are the youngest planets of the solar system, which theory is the only one compatible with the formation named by LaPlace, then you will estimate that of all the planets of the solar system known to you the earth is one of the youngest in its unfoldment, and that the fact of human life existing upon its surface is no evidence of its great degree of advancement compared to other planets that form the solar system beyond the earth, and that the degrees of life unfolded there, so far as is possible for expression in contact with matter, must as far transcend the earth as the earth at the present moment transcends the formations of three hundred millions of years ago; and that in the coming time, when other hundreds of millions of years shall have passed, the earth will transcend its present formation by that degree of time, and the planets nearer to the sun will have attained a growth that the earth now expresses. What we mean by "growth" is not growth in size, remember, but only unfoldment and condensation. The size of the earth is augmented gradually by meteoric stones and other bodies, or atoms that may exist in the space around it being drawn to its surface. After the first hundred million years of formation, the earth does not decrease in size, does not condense visibly or palpably, though perhaps after a period of a hundred million of years there may be a noticeable diminution thereof; but this diminution is largely counteracted by the accretion and aggregation of meteoric stones or aerolites. It is probable, therefore, that the full duration of time known to the planet will, when carefully estimated, amount to twelve hundred millions of years, from the first state of vapor to the last atom that will be seen floating in the heavens, that you say, ages hence, belonged to earth.

In that period of time the earth will have yielded all possible expression of life that matter can afford, and humanity will certainly not have peopled it one half that time.

So far as the grand harmony and beautiful ultimate of the universe is concerned, the ultimate and the harmony are both in existence. We must not mistake relative harmony for the whole, nor must we mistake relative inharmony as the token of infinite inharmony, for the infinite this moment and hour is as perfect as at any moment of eternity. For all infinite purposes, the harmony of this instant is the complete diapason of the universe. It expresses the ultimate voice of infinitude, and reveals in the unfathomable depths of space the absolute completion of the divine anthem. Relatively, the spiritual and material universes are continually at discord. But for this there were no triumph of the spirit; but for this there were no individual experiences of individual souls; but for this there were no contact with matter, for the expression of the life that burns within the ultimate soul of man. God ever keeps his own counsel in the great secrets of the universe, unmoved by the calm or storm that affects the feeble bark floating upon the sea of material life here. He does not count his life by heart-beats. The great pulses of the Infinite flow calmly and surely over the immeasurable heavens and spaces peopled with stars, and there is no sound of jargon in return. Listen to the voice of a great city; in the midst of it you are rendered distraught by the conflict of sounds—the shrieks, the cries, the moans, the laughter, the dissonance, the doubt, the gloom, the jarring of the wheels of life grinding souls down to poverty. But out upon the hills the far-off distance lends harmony to the sounds, and it seems like the anthem of souls floating outward and upward to you; or is it like the sound of the sea that forever, with solemn, ceaseless tone and monotone repeats its waves and vibrations upon the shore, the incoming and the outgoing tide repeating the same sound—the voice of the Infinite? or is it like the sound of the wind among the forest trees, when the tempest is abroad and when the individual is struck down at the foot of the giant oak? But afar off you hear the raging of the tempest as the human voice, as the voice of the sea, as the sound of the planets in their spheres, and there is but one sound, deep, full of harmony and peace, like the breath of the infinite, ultimate harmony, while in the soul itself there is calm; like that probable sea that exists somewhere upon the earth, where there is actual equilibrium, no tempest, no storm, no calm, no winter, no summer, but an abiding, ever-present balance, keeping the world in its place by its matchless equipoise.

Such is the soul-atmosphere compared with the life of earth—ultimate harmony. Why, God is the life of the universe at this moment. He

can never be more; the infinite can never be less. To the groping thought and blind vision of man, it is night when the earth is turned from the sun, and it is winter when you are in a certain position with reference to your earth's revolution; but it is neither night nor winter upon the sun itself. There is perpetual day or perpetual night—who knows? But whatever state it is, it is that which lasts always, an abiding state, a perennial calm, a delight that can only be known in the regions of the soul, in that which belongs to the centre, to God, to a portion of the Infinite.

Now mark: twelve hundred millions of years to express a world, and during that time man has reached the limit of his spiritual growth upon earth. Where is he? Swallowed up in the atoms of the great receding wave, drowned in the mysterious sea of oblivion that finally takes the earth, like the hull of a ship wrecked upon the waters, and moves her to and fro around the sun until her last flickering atom has expended its life? No, he has used her life, expressed himself upon her surface, drawn from her veins the thrilling life-blood and currents of magnetic power, freighted his arcoses with her treasures, and sailed out of her decaying haven into another, and another, and another world, trying there his energy, peopling there some other new world with his powers and capacities, taking another step in the great voyage of eternal life, mastering some new problem of being, launching upon some new sea of lofty endeavor. While the world is receding to old-time Chaos, and ancient Night is coming to her, the soul is in some new morning of spiritual existence, peopling a planet with new beings of his thought, and mankind is born anew to the utter existence of a new creation.

Matchless as is the thought of the illimitable heavens; matchless as is the wonder of that vast sea of worlds whose names, even, you do not know; matchless as is the sweeping power of those central suns that keep alive the flames of light and the torch of existence on innumerable planets; matchless as is that still more central sun forming the life of millions of groupings of worlds, what is all this compared to the spiritual, compared to the life that may people all worlds, that may abide upon the highest wave of every planetary unfoldment, that may take the tide of life just where the human possibility comes in, and, perfecting itself to the fullest on that planet, pass on and on, until the stars shall become its stepping-stones, until the very central suns shall seem like small points of flame compared to its wondrous course, and then, knowing all and divining all, these immeasurable heights of the heavens shall become to him the habitations of an hour or of a day! For what is a thousand years but an hour of eternity? What is a million years but a day of that time which has no duration? And then the soul, God-like in power, wonderful in its capacity, still passes on and on, until the central sun has not swallowed up his energy, but even the more remote and distant centre shall beckon to him from afar. The soul still is in the morning of eternity. By what vast conceptions of time do we measure that infinite possibility? By what wonders of the matchless kingdoms of thought do we group souls into constellations that shall never perish, but shall live and burn while moons fade out of sight, while planets pass again into oblivion, while chaos shall come to all changeable things, and the receding waves of creation shall bear planets down into darkness, and suns shall be swallowed up again in the great night of chaos, while new planets and new suns are being born, that new souls may be freighted with the message of life, and bear forward the matchless breath of God's creation. Oh time! though thou art a hundred millions of years, though thou art trillions, quintillions of ages, thou art as naught compared to the one breath of intelligence that at this hour vibrates toward eternity, and demands of God his infinite answer to the infinite life of the soul! Matchless, eternal, all-pervading, glorious, your soul and ours, never-ending, with God eternal in the heavens!

A Wife's Presentiment.

About midnight, and just after the accident in the consolidated Imperial night before last, the wife of Matt Winnie was found by Officer Sheehan on her way to the Imperial works. She said she had been awakened just before by her husband, who came all manner to her bedside, and told her he had been killed in the mine. She had not got up dressed herself, and started to ascertain the truth of what she was indeed only too well convinced was true. Mr. Sheehan went with her to the works, ascertained that there had in reality been a fearful accident, that Mr. Winnie was indeed killed, and then took the trembling little woman to her children and her desolate home. Mrs. Winnie had not been told of the accident, except as above mentioned, until after she met Officer Sheehan. Here is a nut for mental philosophers to crack.—*Gold Hill News, Sept. 18th.*

Spiritualists will solve this and other similar demonstrations that are occurring so frequently—and have been matters of history back to the birth of Christianity, and even ages before—by simply stating their philosophy: that death is but a birth into the spiritual world; a commencement of a new, a spiritual existence, explains all. They will tell you that Mrs. Winnie is probably one of those peculiarly organized persons called mediums—though she may not know it, and may not be developed as such, and may not even know what a medium is. Yet, in her mental organism existed the power to receive the mysterious admonition. Spiritualists also claim that mysteries like this are to be found in science rooms every week; and that they are the "mental philosophers" that can crack such "nuts" as the above.—*The Figaro, San Francisco, Cal.*

Plato one day invited to supper Diogenes the Cynic, with some Socrates, his friends, and caused the banquet room to be adorned out of respect to those strangers. Diogenes, who was displeased with the flattery of Plato, began to trample upon the carpets and other goods, and said very brutally, "I trample upon the mides of Plato." But Plato answered wisely: "True, Diogenes, but you trample upon it through a greater pride."

Men may be ungrateful, but the human race is not so.—*De Boufflers.*

THE LESSON OF THE SEA.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BY LYDIA DAVIS THOMSON.

I walk to-day the lengthening beach along,
And list again the never-tiring song
The sea repeats in "many soundings" roar,
And will repeat till time shall be no more,
And art thou never weary, ocean, say,
Laying the amber shore from day to day?
Thy waves reply while rolling, ceasing never:
"This is my work to do ever, forever."

Oh restless, rolling, moaning, murmuring sea!
I love all things whose names belong to thee!
The beautiful winds that o'er thy bosom play,
The kiss upon my brow from thy salt spray,
The myriad shells that flock thy beaten shore,
The white gull, skimming thy white breakers o'er,
The fragrant sweet-pea, trailing through thy sands,
Fairer than vinelets gracing shoreless lands,
The curling sea-weed following in its train—
The very ships that breast thy waves, oh main!

While I to thee my tribute bring to-day,
Weave me a story from thy depths, I pray,
Of beauteous things hid in thy secret caves,
Of dangers dire, of wrecks and seamen's graves,
And still thou answerest, rolling, ceasing never:
"This is my work to do ever, forever."
And I the lesson take, and silent pray
That I henceforth along life's rugged way,
Like thee, oh sea, earth's mission boldly meet,
That when the waiting, untried shore I greet,
My life like thine be rounded and complete.
—*Light of Mass.*

Original Essay.

THE DEVELOPMENT AND EXPRESSION OF PERSONAL INTELLIGENCE.

To talk color to the color-blind is nonsense to them. To discuss a point with those incapable of reasoning upon it, is nonsense to them. Yet we constantly do this, and with benefit, for the observer sees, hears and notes. Language, the servant of thought, is not a perfect servant, and words are used, for want of better, not strictly according to common use, but the intelligent friend or foe will, if he is not a word-fencer or literary gladiator, easily construe, and not require waste time and labor for an exposition of their meaning, as is too often demanded. Ask, you will receive; knock, it will be opened, were words of promise to the intellectual man, of which I seek to avail myself.

Materialists seem to exult in an idea of annihilation: seem to dread, certainly ridicule a belief in immortality, and say they want no after-life cares, no sleep with dreams or awakenings to trouble their present life with uncertain anticipation. Annihilation may possibly be a comforting doctrine to some, but to how many? What proportion of earth's children desire it? I am of the belief that the vast majority feel hope, a promise of compensation for endurance. It seems to them an axiom that life cannot be without a purpose. What compensation? what purpose? None as yet answer.

Yet there are, no doubt, many things in the universe, Hic et nunc, beside the very little that we know of, and I feel that I am as the infant, have yet to learn the purpose of life and law of compensation. But this belief in annihilation, would it benefit the race were it general? See the many, many miserable men, undeterred by a dark future, terrible even in its obscurity, who rush to it in their despair, fearing no hell worse than what they seek refuge from. Let annihilation be an established fact; give reason the control, then ask how many more would prefer oblivion to the life they lead! What now prevents a prevalence of suicidism? Reason? No! That which prevents is life's earlier born preserver, born long ere reason came to muddle things, instinct! What is instinct? Scientists say it is an acquired quality in life-forms hereditarily transmitted. "This I do not altogether believe. Instinct is a sort of elementary prescience; a previsionary ingredient, subject to development or suppression. But my counter-voicer will demand something other than mere assertion: so I will draw fire elsewhere. I would like to know if the faculties of reason are subject to hereditary law? If so we will bear in mind the ages of mental subjection past, and then reason on reason's chances. We might take into consideration the long subordinate, suppressed mental condition of the mothers of men, but two classes into which the race is divided will serve our present purpose—the producer and the consumer—the first, urged and absorbed by physical necessity, the prey of the second, whose lust urges to the concentration of all faculties on his purpose of plunder.

Strength physically and in numbers is with the producer. But as with the horse, the ox, and other beasts of burden, opportunity gives power to the selfish cunning of the consumer to put on the traces, the blinkers, the yokes, and the passive brute yields up even desire for natural right and liberty.

Fortunately nature, or nature's God, set his behest against a race of consumers; so, despite caste systems, slavery and such, the social tyrants and confederate mind-enervating priests are not a species. No; the pernicious intention is always defeated by its success; for the subdued herd become an easy prey, failing the master at his need when assailed by antagonistic greed, and he saves life off by being lost in the mass, thus leavening and saving it from mental stagnation. Now can we trace the hereditary effect on the one hand, in that concentration of the faculties for selfish aggrandizement, that vain egoism in learned lore, pride of position, &c. On the other hand, is that stupid immobility of the perceptive faculties on occasion, that incapability of reasoning on certain subjects—surely lost faculties, as the lost toes of the horse—attended by enlargement of others. These become hereditary, and account, in a measure, why an intelligent, shrewd jurist may be a theological bigot, or a materialist, or "freethinker," as he prefers being called, is incapable of free thinking. Doubt this you may; but touch on what he calls supernaturalism (a word without meaning) and then judge.

A simon-pure materialist is a paradox. Some curious ancestral crossings possibly produced him. Claiming—always to reason, he cannot reason; knowing the need for his own government, he denies it to the universe. Compared to the vast unknown he knows nothing; yet hear him proclaim, "That is not so! This must be so, because I see no reason why it can be otherwise." Not a doubt as to his own ability. He worships reason in the human form, and it is his own. Honest, no doubt. So was he who burnt the temple of Diana. He was only ambitious of fame. But, others have a right to opinion as well, which if he concedes, the materialist will allow of no control over himself. "Freedom of thought!" "Freedom to the utterance of thought!" are his battle cries. No compromise. I wish our friend could reason on the effect.

What are the thoughts of the parasite? It has thought. Its sense of danger will show

that. Should we, so much its superior, not know them? Does it comprehend man? I doubt it, yet I am unable to say.

If over our solar system only there should govern a Personal Intelligence, it seems to me the difference betwixt him and man must be wider than the difference between the man and parasite. Therefore Reason gives me analogy for not being able to comprehend him through the means of any of my senses.

"But," says my materialistic friend, "where eternal law is there is no necessity for a governor." That might seem logical if we were sure of your "eternal law"; but the more we learn of your "eternal law," the less sure are we as to stability. And then as to necessity, our knowledge on that point is rather limited. In fact, when we consider the varied and wide difference in the announcements of those who are supposed to teach us, our knowledge is very limited indeed. It is anything but elevating to us "reasonable beings" to cast our comparative sense around.

We live on a globe, one of several, both superior and inferior, which circulate round one so vast as to be millions of times the bulk of ours, which again is only one of millions associated as a system, some of which are said to be as much superior in bulk to our "centre poise" as that to our earth; and again, this system is only one of an unknown and unknowable number of systems. And yet there are men who esteem themselves the acme of a personal intelligence.

The history of our earth seems to point a purpose, and that purpose is the development of personal intelligence. True, we know little of our earth, having only irritated the skin, as it were, with our finger nails. Yet we have lots of theories on that scratching—not always agreeing, yet they will do for our present purpose. After eons of vapor, fluid, or something else, perhaps, our earth appears to grow more solid, and then follow those vast periods of time of the "Primary" and "Secondary," with their low yet progressive types of life. But it is not until the fourth and latest division of the "Tertiary"—the Pleistocene—that the highest known type of a personal intelligence appears in the form of man. "This geology teaches."

Astronomy seems to point out that we have unripe, ripening and part ripe or dead worlds, and that the earth is nearing its ripest condition.

Now whether or not man is the highest earthly type of personal intelligence to be developed, matters little to this proposition: that the purpose of the worlds seems to be the development of personal intelligences. Of course I do not know that this is the only purpose. Somebody else may be able to produce an equal or a better reason for some other.

To me are suggested these questions: Does the development of personal intelligence begin and end on this earth? Is its development limited to the earth? And are the powers of personal intelligence only to be in action when clothed in terrestrially developed flesh and blood? I leave the reply to the first and second to others better informed. But to the third I reply, decidedly, No!

Now here is a dilemma. You, my critic, may demand reason, logical proof, and I have none to present. But do not smile disdainfully. Have you never been shown a fact that your reason did not prepare you for, nor could account for? I was shown against my reason—and—and—shall I say it?—and prejudice, that intelligence can be evinced by something not flesh and blood; and you can obtain the facts in the same way—that is, if you are not of those minds that despise truth if found in what they consider undignified company. Remember, however, that the great problem of gravitation was solved through a falling apple.

But I wish to support my decided negative by that which I know is of little use here. I wish to reason upon intelligence not necessarily being clothed in a terrestrial body for the evidence of its existence. But here begins my trouble; for what is intelligence? Of course we shall not limit ourselves to the dictionary, and even if we do, without the poetical addenda, say, "Intelligence is acquired information," &c., it is natural to ask what is it in man that acquires information. Are we self-making telephones, producing new plates out of nothing by simply comparing plates that have been perforated?

What is intelligence? Our friend the poet will answer:

"'Tis the spirit born of the Divine;
Impalpable, but pervading all Nature;
Manifest when concentrated or embodied;
Governing yet subject to law."

But poets are dreamers or madmen! so say at least the "matter-of-fact" scientists. Any academy makes a rhyme—and as to the frenzy part, that is bosh!

Others again assert, and show pretty strong proof, that no academy has ever made a poet, though it may help or mar his genius. What does this mean? Now if this be so, and no academy can make a poet, who or what can? For certainly they are made, cropping out in queer places sometimes. Is it instinct, or is it an abnormal agitation in the grey matter of the "seat of intelligence," the brain? Then what agitates? what yeast powder is it which causes these fermentations of kaleidoscopic mental changes?

I would ask if it is so very unnatural, so superhuman to suppose intelligence to be an essence, a principle, or element—something special for a special purpose, an emanation from a source?

Surely it is less reasonable to suppose those fluids and fibres the originators of thought. But I believe in the poet. I believe in instinct (for want of a better name), or elementary intelligence. I cannot account for it; nor can I account for crabs going straight to water without the apparent use of their senses; some think they smell it.

The war waged against mental oppression has been and is yet so bitter that man scarce dares investigate his own soul, yet I cannot conceive of an investigation of higher interest, nor one so high in every way. To know what we are; to know of our future, would teach us better how to live. And then there is that innate feeling that has been so terribly abused in the past. Have you, scientists, no interest in setting that right? Why despise the meaneast thing, if it but lead to a truth. Are you afraid of tricks, and hence have no faith in your own acumen? "I have investigated, I have searched and found nothing—that is, I found it, deception!" say some. And I, in behalf of many who have searched and not been deceived, who have honesty of purpose and intelligence at least equal with yours, declare that you have not investigated. You sought only confirmation to previous views, as a politician subscribes to his paper. The truth is not desired unless in corroboration of opinion. And I have reason to know that an honest investigation closes at least the skeptic's mouth against the utterance of asper-

sions on the intelligence and integrity of the believers.

We cannot answer questions off put to us, and oft asked by ourselves. We are ignorant of the laws in force, yet we inquire we see reason for much that is enigmatic. Inquiry is difficult, for the means for intelligent intercourse seem awkward. Even language may fail for want of analogy. But, after all, by what proof do you support your negative theory? What are your strong objections to the existence of intelligence other than as manifested by life? Does your scalpel reveal it? You have made that perfect machine, that human body, kick and squirm by the application of a force here and there, as the boy may make his broken watch tick by the pressure of his finger on a certain wheel. But take away your applied force, and what then? It is dead! What is it that is dead? What main spring is broken? What is it that has gone out of the body? Do you know? It does not seem like reason to say the effect is the result of the cause, and the cause is the result of the effect.

Priestly intolerance is not confined to priests; our scientific high priests often make sad exhibitions of it, and of sectarianism. There are, for instance, the "spontaneous generators," who, after careful investigation and experiment, as they declare, proclaim spontaneous generation a certainty. Then we have the "non-spontaneous generators," who, after careful investigation and experiment, deny the claims of the first to credence, and are equally dogmatic in their enunciation of their own hypothesis.

The first return their tokens of high consideration, and the wise diversification proceeds, each trying to prove his antagonistic friend a know-nothing. Then appears a third sect, mixing up several simples, not forgetting a little sulphur, which, under the name of "protoplasm," he sends floating everywhere and trusts to induce peace. One of these high and mighty intellects which moves the world not long since stigmatized a phenomenon, that has engaged millions of intelligent men and women in the most intelligent nations, a "degrading superstition"; and this, mind you, without inquiry, scornful investigation. Now it must be a phenomenon so to engage intelligent people in this free (comparatively) intellectual era, and well worthy the inquiry of the true philosopher and should be benefactor of his race. But fog-signals and echoes are of much more importance to him than an investigation into the curious mental condition man seems subject to, as opposing scientists say of the spiritual belief, if it is a mental condition.

And this mental condition returns us to our problem: What is intelligence? what is it that thinks? Gravitation is revealed by its action; and this is one of several forces, of which we know only by their action or effect. The nerves convey sensations to something which cognizes. The ear-harp-of-a-thousand-strings reverberates the outside vibrations to an inward, invisible, analytical ear. Qualities or faculties—these are common to life-forms, manifested in various degrees of force. One faculty may become dormant from disuse, whilst another will become more acute to serve the master in its place. And that master is born!

Observe the infant just born! Is it not helpless? How long and gradual it is in acquiring power to do the most simple, intelligible act! Put your finger into your mouth and draw on it as that infant will do if put to its mother's breast. Is not the action complicated? How did the child learn that? Is there no evidence here of an embodied intelligence which, I may say, is about to be individualized? But, it is objected, this is common to all animals. No objection! and if we can prove the spirituality of this essence, this intelligence, it will not be so difficult to then prove man's title to a soul—a higher spiritual development.

The Reviewer.

Witchcraft of New England Explained by Modern Spiritualism.

From an extended editorial notice of this new work given by *The Salem (Mass.) Observer*, we condense the following:

"Mr. Putnam has been an earnest student of the phenomena of Spiritualism for twenty years past, and has pursued the matter in an intelligent and critical manner, although from an early day in the spirit of a firm believer. In this volume on witchcraft he follows out in a minute and analytical manner, by review of the evidences, the thought which has often been uttered—that whatever was true in the facts of witchcraft was related in origin and character to whatever is true in the facts of Spiritualism. And in pursuit of this idea he institutes comparisons between the things alleged to have been done in past times under the spell of witchery with those demonstrations with which our day is familiar under the name of Spiritualism. Of course the tone of his work is quite different from that which pervades the accounts of Salem witchcraft which we have from Mather, Calef, Hutchinson, Upham, Fowler and others; his conclusions are wholly different; his interpretations of the evidence in the witch trials very dissimilar; and his ascription of motives to the actors often the reverse of theirs."

Mr. Putnam's first part contains notices of the above writers upon this subject, with criticisms of their views, and expositions of the basis of his dissent from their arguments and conclusions. Then follow special examinations of the accounts which history gives us of the cases of various persons who were accused of practicing witchcraft in New England from as early as 1648 down to 1689, before the special outbreak occurred of what is known as 'Salem Witchcraft,' in 1692. These chapters review the cases of Margaret Jones of Charlestown, Ann Hibbins of Boston, Ann Cole of Hartford, Elizabeth Knapp of Groton, the Morse family of Newbury, and the Goodwin family of Boston. The extraordinary things alleged to have taken place in the presence of these persons many years before the Salem witchcraft, bear striking resemblance, and are in numerous instances almost precisely the same, as those now produced by the agency of 'spiritual mediums'; and if the history of witchcraft had ceased where Mr. Putnam's first part leaves it, we should be compelled to admit that the 'amazing feats' of witchcraft and the phenomena of Spiritualism are indistinguishable in character and origin.

The second part treats of Salem Witchcraft as a specialty, and this astonishing chapter in human experience is much more difficult to deal with. The common theory of 'the delusion in Salem Village,' as it is called, is this—that a company of young girls, from ten to twenty years of age, in the year 1692, began to hold secret meetings in the parsonage and family of Rev. Samuel Parris, at Salem Village, there to practice arts of sorcery and magic, and, having become expert therein, proceeded to perform various singular antics, and to perpetrate annoying tricks upon numerous persons, and to accuse certain people of being witches and of causing their singular conduct by witchery, and that the persons thus 'cried out upon,' in accordance with the prevalent superstition of the times, were believed to be bewitched by the Devil and to be in league with each other and with Satan, to afflict and destroy society and to corrupt the souls of men; that this frenzy extended to others who joined in the affair, many of whom were therefore arrested, tried and convicted upon a mass of absurd and spectral evidence, and twenty were hanged in Essex County, and nearly two hundred imprisoned, many of whom died; and

that the excitement and horror which these appalling events aroused led to an immediate reaction—to an arrest of the prosecutions and a cessation of the 'wicked deeds' of the witches.

Mr. Putnam's theory is very different from this. He commences by discrediting, apparently upon good grounds, the idea of frequent meetings of the young girls in the parsonage for the purpose alleged, and shows that such meetings were hardly possible. And he rejects the assumption that these young people were actuated by an evil or malicious purpose, or that they could possibly have had either the wit or the disposition to plan, contrive and execute the vast series of astonishing events which ensued. Mr. Putnam's explanation is simply: That the witchcraft in Salem originated, not with, but through, an Indian woman named Tituba, who served in Mr. Parris's family; that she was what would now be called a 'powerful medium,' and that through her other mediums were developed and the whole sequence of disturbances ensued. To establish this position, he makes extended extracts of the evidence of Tituba, which he regards as of primary importance, and which other writers have passed over slightly as the nonsense of a very illiterate and superstitious woman.

He says: 'We find Tituba distinctly stating that she saw, heard, and was made to help, a nocturnal visitant, whose doings indicate that he was the originator of the vast Salem Tragedy: that visitant was a spirit. Mr. Burroughs said, in explanation of his feats of strength, that an Indian, invisible by others, was his helper. Margaret Rule, as had Mercy Lewis the year before, saw, and each was afflicted with blis by a most glorious, bright spirit. In our own day, in every city, town and hamlet of the land, as well as on the opposite shore of the Atlantic, spirits are widely recognized as the authors of performances alike strange and amazing in themselves as those described in the seventeenth century, which are there called witchcraft.'

Mr. Putnam does not finish his book without giving us further—spiritual—information as to who Tituba's nocturnal visitant was, and therefore who was the author of Salem witchcraft. He claims to have had a spiritual communication upon this subject from the spirit of Cotton Mather himself, who says that he knows the identical party in the spiritual world. His name is Zackahara; he was of Egyptian descent, but a Ninevite, or dweller in Nineveh. His time on earth was somewhat before that of Moses. . . . His ruling motive was a desire to ascertain how far he, being a spirit, could get and keep control of a mortal form (Tituba), and what amount and kind of wonders he could perform with such an instrument. . . .

We have not space to give a full account of Mr. Putnam's interesting and curious volume, or to undertake any comments upon it. We must say, however, that it is obviously the product of an honest mind, and presents the subject in such new lights as must materially help the final elucidation of it. All the theories hitherto put forth to explain witchcraft have been unsatisfactory to many if not to most minds, and to Spiritualists, at least, Mr. Putnam's will be very acceptable.

"SPIRITUAL HARMONIES, A SONG BOOK FOR SPIRITUALISTS."—We have just received from Bro. Albert Morton a copy of "Spiritual Harmonies; or, Spiritual Teachings, Songs and Hymns, with Appropriate Readings for Funerals," by Dr. J. M. Peebles, the well-known lecturer, author and traveler. This beautiful musical brochure of one hundred pages, so needed by Spiritualists at séances, Sunday meetings, and for congregational singing, has several pages in the beginning of the book devoted to a definition of Spiritualism and the belief of Spiritualists (as he understands it); then follow headings appropriate for lyceums; then nearly one hundred hymns and familiar spiritual songs; and then some choice readings, original and selected, appropriate to funeral occasions. We give an extract from the funeral readings below.

"Life and death are but tremulous ripples upon the placid ocean of existence; and each in its turn and time is equally beautiful. The world of spirits is real and substantial. We know our friends—know as we are known in spirit-life."

"As fragrance flows from blossoms, so spiritual elements constantly rise from the material world. The refined spiritual essences from this and other planetary worlds ascending into those vast ether regions, coalesce, and gravitate, like purpling clouds fringed with gold, to their appropriate positions. These silver-veined strata, as arching zones stretching along the measureless blue above us, are not only too magnificent for description, but they are the homes of our loved ones in heaven."

"The spiritual world, all bathed in the magnetic sunlight of an eternal morning, is no shadowy realm, but real and permanent—a city that hath foundation, whose maker and builder is God. There are forests, fields, meadows, valleys, groves, gardens, flowers, sparkling fountains, flowing rivers, pleasant groves; palatial mansions with gorgeous domes, constellated and astral; cottages and princely palaces with tessellated floors, tapestried walls, diamond-pointed ceilings, and scenery and transcendent loveliness. Over the portals of each holy habitation is inscribed Purity. Spirits residing within these angelic homes begin to fathom the riches of true love—love such as glowed in the soul of John when he leaned upon the tender bosom of Jesus."

"The children of earth peopling the heavenly abodes of the hereafter, having passed through the disciplines of earth and the schoolings pertaining to the spirit-spheres, are entering and uniting in their spiritual activities. Remembering their lives on earth, deep and holy are their sympathies for humanity. Love never forgets. In the morning time and the gray of evening, glowing gold-tinted rivers all these ministering spirits of God catch the intensest of each soul's prayer. They come to impress and inspire. Their magnetisms are baptisms, their words the spirit-echoes of eternal life. 'None say, in the summer-land of spirit-life, 'I tread the wine-press alone.' The law of harmonious association is there fully realized. Those receptors of infants by maternity bands; those schools of tenderest discipline; those homes of mutual love embowered in roses; those palaces of art, tinged with electric light; those colleges of scientists, brooding over philosophy, and congresses of angels—all add to the bulwarks of life in the republics of heaven. Those gifted with open vision, catching glimpses of landscapes and surpassingly beautiful scenery, often listen to the converse and the mutual words of the immortals."

One interesting item connected with this new book of songs and funeral readings, is its price, twenty cents, and twenty-five cents bound in boards. It is neatly gotten up, and will soon, (if it has not already,) find its way to the homes and the public meetings of Spiritualists on the Pacific Coast. It is for sale by Albert Morton, 850 Market street, San Francisco. [—*Light for All.*]

[* Also by the publishers, Colby & Rich, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

New Publications.

THE DANDY BOOK, with a full account of Mrs. Colburn's life, together with interesting Phases in the Ideal and Domestic History of the Village. By James M. Bailey. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

"The Dandyness News Man" has just given to the public this new book, which is as full of mirthful thoughts and sayings as a skeptic's mind is full of doubts. The bit of political "booming" that starts the fusillade of laughable incidents is adapted to all parties and places, the two contending forces being the *Ins and the Outs*. Following this appear a variety of sly epigrams, dealing with the perplexities of human nature in an original way. Flickering through the sallies of wit and fun comes occasionally a scintilla of wisdom. It is just the book to have readily at hand for a leisure moment's perusal.

MARCO POLO—HIS TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES. By George M. Towle. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

For the young folks no more attractive books of history have been published than the series by Mr. Towle, of which this is the fourth volume, the story of the life and adventures of the famous Venetian, Marco Polo, being given in a form that appears more like a romance than a narrative of actual occurrences. Brought up amid luxury, Marco Polo's restless nature turned his feet into the path of adventure. He left his home and became attached to an Asiatic court life of barbaric splendor. He made dangerous journeys, experienced many narrow escapes from death, and returned to Venice heavily laden with riches. War arising between Venice and Genoa, he participated, became a prisoner of the latter State, and while thus held detained a narrative of his wondrous adventures, all of which is here given in a style attractive to young readers.

The ignorance displayed by our butchers is simply astounding. Not one in a score of them knows when a bird ceases to be a chicken and becomes a hen.—*Boston Transcript.*

Spirit Spheres.

[A question regarding the above topic was tendered at the *Banner of Light Public Free Circle* held Dec. 9th, 1880, and was answered at some length by an intelligence speaking through the organism of Mrs. J. H. Conant. Rev. Adin Ballou, of Hopedale, Mass., then editor of *The Practical Christian*, showed his liberality of spirit by re-publishing the question and answer in the following form in his edition for Feb. 11th, 1880. At the request of one of our patrons, Edwin Cheney, of Milford, Mass., the matter is now re-transferred to our columns.—Ed. B. of L.]

QUES.—Are the different spheres spoken of in spirit-life to be understood by us in mortal as different localities?

ANS.—We will answer No to our questioner—the phrase is purely spiritual—is not confined to materiality. The spiritual kingdom, although abounding in all you have in earth-life, you will find has no distinct localities for certain people to abide in. The spheres are certain degrees of development, certain states of happiness and unhappiness.

Consider the unenlightened mind that dwells on earth—one who has been compelled to sit in spiritual darkness during his natural life. Such an one enters the spirit-life in the same condition. He can comprehend no spiritual idea. Speak to him of the natural or spiritual sciences, and he knows nothing of them. True, the God is there, but surrounding conditions have done nothing to bring him out.

Such an one occupies the second sphere. Do not understand us to mean that he is abiding in any locality, but a state of mind. He could not go higher or lower. He must of necessity occupy a position belonging to him; and, by that, we mean a state of happiness or unhappiness.

The spirit, who, as it were, is divested of all materiality, whom you are told abides in the seventh sphere of life, may find a dwelling-place with you; for the earth is spiritualized to the spirit when he enters the second state of life. It is spiritual, to him, and he can only commune with you through spiritual principles.

The spirit-land—where is it? We answer, within you—here, in your midst, is the Kingdom of Heaven. Certain spirits who dwell on earth are happy, and certain are unhappy, and they occupy different spheres—not localities, but states of mind. They may abide in the same dwelling-place, and yet one shall rank far higher than the other. When the spirit first ceases its control upon the mortal, and enters upon its new condition of life, its natural or material hopes are rarely realized. It looks around, and finds that all that is natural to the material world is natural to the spiritual world. This is but the grosser state of spirit-life; and lo! many angels have taken up their abode upon the material plane; for again we say, when they have done with the material form they have done with material—for the whole world has changed to them. They do not see your external form even, except by the aid of the medium. And so it is with all your natural creations. The spiritual part is alone visible to the disembodied. They are held by spiritual ties. The mile with you is not the mile with them; they measure distance not as you, nor time. True, when they control a physical form, a medium, they are obliged, by the law of the medium, to conform to your material law; then they measure distance as you measure, and time also, but at no other time. They tell you of different spheres, that you may the better comprehend them, not that you may divide them off into cities and towns. These things are emanations of a material mind to satisfy the demands of a material mind. You are governed mathematically and materially; we are governed by mathematics and spirituality; but our mathematics are not yours, and should we return to you with all the habiliments of our spirit existence you would not comprehend us. We do not clothe our thoughts with words in spirit-life, for our senses are quickened. But when we come to you we must clothe our thoughts by sound. I might be controlling the medium for hours, and my thoughts might be understood by spirits, but if I gave no sound or clothing to my thoughts you would not understand.

The good book says: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth. So it is with every one that is born of the spirit." We may dwell with you thousands of years—if you could dwell on earth so long—and if we took no pains to clothe our thoughts, to appeal to your material senses, you might remain continually ignorant of our presence.

"The kingdom of heaven is within you." So says one on whom you may rely. The spirit of Divine Wisdom which spoke these words, spoke with reference, no doubt, to the spirit-world. He meant the spirit-world was not divided into states and cities and towns, but was here, there, and everywhere around you. Each spirit has the privilege of changing his abiding place. He need not dwell on the earth, unless the attraction is stronger here than it is elsewhere. Spirits can wander to other planets, but they must carry their own regular spiritual sphere with them, and thus they may be said to dwell in that sphere.

A spirit born into this world with certain attractions, will retain them to all eternity. Its own individuality is never parted from it. However high he may soar in wisdom, he is the same, ever governed by the same law.

Questioner, cease to suppose at once that we in spirit-life measure time and distance as you do. Although the spiritual kingdom is in every way allied to the material, yet the things that strictly belong to the material comprehension do not belong to the spirit. We have no need to measure time and distance as you do. There is no need of building fences around our forms to protect us, for the emanation that surrounds us is a perfect protection. No one can infringe upon his neighbor. There is no need of material law with us; there is no need of material mathematics with us; although all life is a mathematical problem, yet there is a material and a spiritual part. The great Author of Life hath fashioned all in wisdom, and your material bodies require certain things you do not need when divested of them. You are confined—can comprehend so much, no more. And thus you are compelled to divide your time into portions, your planet into particles, so you may be better able to control. You would not be able to control the elements around you if intelligence did not say, "Draw a line here and there, measure and mark by this thing and that." But when you go a step higher you shall live in a new life, breathe a new atmosphere; and yet the life, the atmosphere, will be as tangible with you as is yours in your present state of being.

So we say to our questioner, Seek to understand yourself, your condition; and when you understand this, the revelation is perfect. Go higher, and be benefited by the same, and glorify God in the same.

Somewhere has collected several very curious facts about the cost of books in early times, and in the light of them who shall say that books nowadays are not cheap? The King of Northumberland in A. D. 690 gave for a history of the world eight hundred acres of land, and a Countess of Anjou, dated not stated, once gave two hundred sheep and a large parcel of furs for a volume of homilies, and 120 crowns for a single book of Livy! In 1720 a Latin Bible was valued at \$150, and this was a time when two arches of London Bridge were built for less than \$150. A laborer in those days had wages so small that the earnings of fifteen years had been necessary to buy the Bible, and the Bible being in Latin he could not have read it after all.

THE AMERICAN PRESS.—American editors are either much less careful than English of the morals of their readers or have more confidence in their ability to take care of themselves. An English editor is usually so jealous for the reputation of vaccination that he will not suffer anything to be said against it, whilst statements in its favor, however absurd, are published and commented to the attention of the anti-vaccinationists and fanatics. As an instance of the greater liberality of the American press, we may mention that the report of the anti-vaccination meeting held in New York, at which Mr. Webb was present, has been reproduced at length by many newspapers North and South, and with editorial comments of the most impartial character.—*Vaccination Inquirer* (London, Eng.).

The penny-allers, who tantalizingly inform the public every spring that the peach crop is ruined by the frost, cannot serve the people in that way in regard to the ice, the frost never having been known to injure the crop.

TO BOOK-PURCHASERS.
 COLBY & RICH, Publishers and Bookkeepers, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province Street, Boston, Mass., keep for sale a complete assortment of Spiritualist, Progressive, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Books, at the lowest prices. Orders for Books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by all or part cash. When the money forwarded is not sufficient to all the orders, the balance will be paid C. O. D. Orders for Books, to be sent by Mail, must invariably be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. As the substitution of silver for fractional currency renders the transmission of mail orders not only expensive but subject to possible loss, we would respectfully request that they be remitted in the form of a dollar in postage stamps, one and two preferred. All business operations looking to the sale of books on commission respectfully declined. Any book published in England or America (not out of print) will be sent by mail or express.
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THE WORK OF SPIRITUALISM is as broad as the universe. It extends from the highest spheres of angelic life to the lowest conditions of human ignorance. It is as broad as wisdom, as comprehensive as love, and its mission is to bless mankind. — John Pierpont.

Col. Carrington's Views.

The book issued by the above-named army officer, entitled "Ab-sa-ra-ka," which is the real Indian name of the territory known as Wyoming and which it should continue to bear to-day, meaning as it does the Home of the Crows, the territory in question being the original hunting-ground of the tribe, is a book full of fresh and interesting information, from an authoritative source, on the red man of the northwestern territories and on life in the plains. The first expedition for the permanent occupation of Absaraka was organized in 1863, which opened a direct route for emigration to Montana. Col. Carrington was the commander of the expedition. Many of the officers had their families with them, and Mrs. Carrington, who was then the wife of one of them, kept a diary of their life and military experience on that far frontier.

The reading of only a few pages of that which this book embodies, will satisfy any one that it was a life of continual fatigue, exposure and danger, and that the trouble with the Indians which was constantly experienced was owing to the faithlessness of the Government in regard to its promises. It is the old story over again: unkept pledges and natural resentment. What white men are ready to go to war for, the red men ought to have a right to go to war for also. In this most rare and interesting diary is to be found a great variety of reading concerning Indian character and the denials and hardships, but hardly the romance, of life, under such conditions, extending over months and years. In all respects it is a spirited recital, and well worthy of general perusal.

But our contemporary of this city, the *Daily Advertiser*, remarks upon it, that by far the most important portion of the book is that which is added to the latest edition by Col. Carrington himself, giving an outline of Indian operations and conferences up to 1873, and telling the true story of the massacres that have so often roused the indignation and horror of the country. "Col. Carrington," it adds, "is an army officer of great experience in life on the plains and in Indian wars. He is not a sentimentalist. When it was his duty to fight Indians he has fought them to the death; but in all these years of fighting he has been something more than a brave soldier: he has been an earnest and humane man, studying Indian character and becoming perfectly conversant with every detail of the system by which the United States professes to govern Indians, by holding them as wards."

It confesses that "it is the old story of Indian wrongs told again from another point of view, and, coming from an army officer, the facts and conclusions drawn from them are of great importance." And he strengthens his own statements by quotations from other army officers, especially from Gens. Pope and Sheridan; also from the commission appointed by the President in 1869. The latter asked in their report the following question: "Why should the Indian be expected to plant corn, fence land, build houses, or do anything but get food from day to day, when experience has taught him that the product of his labor will be seized by the white man to-morrow? He needs only to be given incentives to induce him to work."

Col. Carrington himself says, "Many have been the marchings and thirstings, the hungerings and dyings of the obedient soldier, contending in the name of the State to dispossess the savage of the home of the savage; and surely there have been atrocities which demanded of the white man the punishment of the evil-doers; but far more have been the starvings, and the flights, and the extinguishments which have visited the Indian for the offence of living, and loving to live, where the Great Spirit gave him breath." This has been the chief offence of the Indian, that he loved the land which was his birth-place, and clung to it because it was endeared to him by so many associations. May not the red man possess feelings, and even sentiments, as well as the white man? Does the mere fact of color extinguish or enkindle these inner motives of the life?

"What right," asks Gen. Pope, "under our treaties with Indians, have we to be roaming over the whole mining territory, as well as the plains to the east of them, molesting the Indians, in violation of treaties and rights which we solemnly pledged ourselves to protect? How can we expect the Indian to observe a treaty

which he sees us violate every day to his injury? How can the Indian keep peace under such circumstances? We promised to protect him from our people, and we do not fulfill our promise. He is forced to protect himself, and tempted every day by the careless and irregular manner in which parties of whites travel through the territory to do as the whites do—seize, whenever he can, anything he covets. The Indian cannot keep peace, even if he would."

What testimony is this, and from what source does it come? This is not an ebullition of anger, but the evidence of a man who has seen the very worst that can be charged against the Indians. And he says that the fault is not with the red man: "he could not keep peace if he would." Can the force of language go further? Coming as it does from a man sent out to keep the peace and prevent violence, it is a sweeping and conclusive confession that the Indian is not the one who is in fault. It is the Government and the white man that is responsible for this violence and state of continual war. We have but to keep our solemn pledges, and the trouble ceases. It is a perfectly easy thing to do, and a simple one. If we cannot do as much as that, keep our word with the Indian, how are we to claim the right to cry out against him for his faithlessness?

Gen. Sheridan, who commands the department of the Missouri, wrote just as strongly against the present system of dealing with the Indians, whether he still holds to the same opinion or not. His language is: "There are too many fingers in the pie—too many ends to be subserved, and too much money to be made; and it is the interest of the nation and of humanity to put an end to this inhuman farce." Col. Money, who is now serving on the Life commission, says: "These words (of our uniform injustice) were wrung from brave men who have grown gray in the service of the country." They were compelled to confess the nation's shame by the facts which they themselves had investigated! There is no need of more testimony of this character. It convicts the nation of injustice that we cannot hope to remedy.

This book of Col. Carrington's is one of facts, among which are plentifully sprinkled names, dates, details, references and maps, making the whole a perfect repository of information concerning the territory treated of and the tawny people who inhabit it. There is one chapter that is devoted to the natural history and the climate of Absaraka, in the course of which the author develops an argument for dropping the inappropriate name of Wyoming and applying again the original name of Ab-sa-ra-ka, or the Home of the Crows. But the burden of the book is the wrong done the red man from first to last. This is testimony from army officers who have been sent out to keep the Indian peaceable, and who bring back word that "the Indian cannot keep peace, even if he would." Is there anything more to say after that? It is wicked, as well as stupid, for the barking-dog papers of the frontier to accuse the Eastern press of being sentimental, when the very men who are sent out to fight the Indians confess that the latter are wronged too outrageously for human endurance.

Revising the Bible.

The task of revising the translation of the Bible by the most eminent scriptural scholars of the Old World and the New, which has now been going on for ten years, has reached that point at which the New Testament revision is finished and will shortly be in readiness for the public. The work is esteemed to be one that will assist greatly in signaling the century at the close of which it will have been completed. Doubtless there will be enough, and more than enough, to engage the attention of the critics and textualists and controversialists for even a longer time than the revising itself has required; and it is more than possible that, after all, there will spring up an organized opposition to accepting the revision at all.

It is not to be denied that since the King James translation of the Scriptures was made, great discoveries have been made in every field of learning which render a revision absolutely necessary. The scholars who have given their time and labor to this latest revision of the Word are admitted to be among the most eminent in the churches of Europe and America, the Roman Church being of course left out of the account. They have worked at their allotted tasks first separately, and then have come together to compare results; and no change has been made in the scriptural text unless by a vote of two-thirds of the entire number. The Bible, as we know it, was translated nearly three centuries ago, and it certainly speaks well for the manner in which it was done that it has answered to the changing needs of our age even as readily as it has.

It is reported that such alterations in the New Testament text as have been made are chiefly verbal, consisting mainly of the substitution of modern words for the older ones. Then there are phrases which possess at the best only a doubtful authority, and these have been carefully pruned away, and it is said also that sundry broad passages, which have so shocked some sensibilities, have been extirpated where they have not been merely modified. The same system being carried through the Old Testament also, it is safe to say that a good deal of the descriptive writing of that collection of ancient Scriptures would necessarily have been lopped away and left a visible gap in the story on many a page.

The whole of this work, undertaken not until now, is a plain acknowledgment of the fact that the present age of the world, marked as it is by both greater liberality and greater accuracy of thought, demands a general overhauling and investigation of the grounds on which creeds are erected and systems are organized. Let the disciplinarians squirm and kick as they will, they cannot successfully resist the tendency to liberality and progress which proves that the human heart is superior to the human head, and life better than creed. In point of fact, whatever may be said for formulas of faith and organizations of systems, spiritual life demands that they shall be serviceable to itself only, and not to some selfish end of their own. It is idle to assert that what has been always will be; and therefore the Bible itself must be subjected to the same tests with all things else.

The *Salem Observer's* tribute to Allen Putnam's new book will be found on our second page. Read what is there said of it, and then purchase the work itself (which is offered for sale by Colby & Rich, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston), for personal inspection.

SPIRIT AND MATTER, A Drama in Six Acts, by G. Damiani, P. M. L., has recently been published by Colby & Rich, further mention of which will be made in our next.

Protecting the Insane.

A pamphlet has been freshly issued by the National Association for the Protection of the Insane, in which, in addition to its constitution and by-laws, is contained a statement read by Dr. Beard for the New York committee at the Cleveland conference of charities and corrections, setting forth increasing necessity for such an association, besides other interesting papers which were read at the same time. One paper, by Dr. J. C. Shaw, abounded with the results of actual experience in connection with the treatment of the insane. Dr. Shaw superintends the King's County Insane Asylum of New York, and his statements, therefore, cannot but be regarded of special interest.

He took charge of the asylum, it seems, some two years ago, and found that a large proportion of the patients were kept in a state of personal restraint. They were immured in cells, and straps and strait-jackets were in common use. He found that a great many of this unfortunate class of patients had been thus restrained for months, and some of them for years. His first efforts were directed to making this class as much less numerous than it was as possible. He began prudently and patiently, feeling his way and confirming his steps as he proceeded. But by steady perseverance, and not having to go over his work a second time, he succeeded in reducing the number of such cases to five in seven hundred.

After carefully studying the situation and reviewing his experience, he concluded to dispense with restraint altogether, and accordingly put the entire apparatus necessary for it out of existence. About three hundred sets of different contrivances for this service were burned by him. His first resource for this class of patients, after the restraining apparatus was destroyed, was to provide occupation for them that should be both agreeable and sufficient. His idea was to adjust personal freedom to the amount of employment, so that the patients should have just as much of each as was good for them. And in his success with this experiment he has found the happy means for securing to them improved physical and mental health.

He expected to meet with decided opposition in making this experiment, and he was not disappointed. But he gratefully acknowledges the cooperation of his assistants and the attendants, as soon as they became satisfied of the seriousness of his determination to carry his experiment through. Another paper was also presented by Dr. Seguin, pleading for more liberty for this unhappy class of persons. It took the ground that the curative agency lay in liberty rather than in restraint. These papers, which were read before the Association, are calculated to increase the amount of definite knowledge respecting the most effective treatment of the insane. Dr. Beard stated to the convention that the Association will have done enough when it shall succeed in establishing the fact, and securing its recognition, that insanity is a disease, and that a man may be "crazy" without being disgraced.

Hasty Investigations not Desirable.

The *Medium and Daybreak*, in support of its statement that many of the doubts entertained by investigators of the phenomena of Spiritualism are groundless, cites an instance related by Mr. Wootton, one of the most experienced observers of materialization in London. On one occasion some years ago he was present at a séance given by Mr. Williams at which "John King" appeared, bearing a light. The spirit-form stood at the side of Mr. Wootton and said to him, "Can you see me?" Mr. W. replied that he could, but at the instant of saying so he was surprised to notice that what he supposed to be the features of John King were identical with those of the medium. "Shall I show myself on your other side?" said the spirit. "Yes, do, John," Mr. Wootton replied. In an instant the light borne by the figure was at Mr. Wootton's other elbow, but as soon as he glanced at the features he was more than ever convinced that it was none other than the medium that stood before him. At the same time he heard a noise in the cabinet, possibly attributable to the medium, but he thought it might be produced by spirits who had an interest in maintaining a deception. All this flashed through his mind in an instant, and had not some change for the better occurred, he would have been thenceforward a thorough skeptic. "John King" seemed to see who was passing in his mind, and, in his mild, dignified way, said, "Would you like to see me float, Mr. Wootton?" "That I would, John," said the doubting sitter, in reply. In an instant "John King" and his lamp floated high over the heads of the sitters toward the lofty ceiling, and the doubts all vanished that instant.

The conclusion naturally derived from this is, that if we give the spirits opportunity they will remove all doubts that may arise in the minds of the sitters without any "crucial testing" or mechanical appliances. If those who manifest such an extraordinary desire to detect imposture and prove the mediums dishonest were to exhibit less impetuous haste in their operations, developments might occur that would be more creditable to all parties than the results usually attained. It is not generally the case in scientific experiments that during their presentation the spectators interfere, and by their interference destroy the conditions necessary for their success. But that method has in nearly every instance of alleged exposure at a spiritual séance been adopted. A short time since we published a detailed account of electrical experiments employed as tests of spirit-phenomena, during which, for a time, there seemed to be abundant evidence that the medium was endeavoring to impose upon the spectators, but instead of hastily condemning, the experimenter patiently continued his efforts, and the result was most undeniable evidence of the honesty of the medium and the genuineness of the manifestations.

Among the contents of the *Banner of Light* for next week we shall give another installment of Dr. G. L. Ditson's Review of our Foreign Exchanges; a rejoinder in pleasant vein from Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, in regard to certain points raised by Hon. Thomas R. Hazard, concerning her materialization discourse; and an article from Mr. Hazard himself on matters intimately bearing on the question of spirit-messages and their lessons.

Dr. J. M. Peebles will lecture in Orange, Mass., the Sundays of November. He will be followed by Emma Hardinge-Britten for four Sundays. The ladies of the Progressive Lecture Association have been instrumental in raising funds for the maintenance of the platform exercises. We congratulate the Orange friends on their forthcoming intellectual and spiritual feast.

"The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism."

Materialistic science traces back life, as it is developed in the vegetable and animal world, to a little gelatinous speck, or dot of "protoplasm," hardly perceptible through the microscope, and which is the same in the nettle, the tadpole and the man. Here physiological science ends its quest, confessing that all beyond is mere speculation or agnosticism; while materialism tells us that we need go no further for an explanation of the existence, whether of a nettle, a tadpole or a Shakespeare. The new psycho-physiological science, presented by Mr. Epes Sargent in his forthcoming work, "The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism," takes issue here, and says, "Nay, an explanation is indispensable. Your protoplasm leaves the question open—Why is it that the same speck has in one case only the potencies of a nettle, and in another those of consciousness, mind, genius? It must be in the psychical forces, of which the protoplasm is merely the envelope. Of the existence of this force we have the most conclusive proofs, as given in the thoroughly-tested and now undeniable phenomena of pneumatography and clairvoyance, selected by Mr. Sargent as his basic and typical facts. We find in the *London Spiritualist* the following extract from a letter of his, not intended for publication:

"That we now have a scientific basis in the two great daily demonstrated facts of direct writing and clairvoyance, there cannot be a question. Mediums for direct writing are now multiplying all over the country, and the proofs, in broad daylight, are so plain, palpable and irresistible—so obviously placed beyond all the earings of skepticism, that many persons, like the Rev. Joseph Cook, are becoming profoundly impressed, while Zöllner's experiments cannot fail to command respectful attention. My new book will be largely a reply to Wundt and other assailants. Direct writing is doing the work for us. 'There is nothing so brutally conclusive as a fact'—and that we have the fact, no one but an ignoramus can now deny."

A Pleasant Reception.

Notwithstanding the descending rain on the evening of Saturday, Oct. 30th, a good and representative delegation of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. J. William Fletcher—including John Wetherbee, Phineas E. Gay and others—assembled at 8 Davis street, Boston. The hours were passed profitably in the unstudied interchange of thought; the rendition of choice musical selections by W. J. Colville, Mrs. Bond and Mrs. Fletcher; the recital in a conversational style by Mr. Fletcher of some of the materializing and other phenomena he had been privileged to witness in presence of various noted mediums in London; and the stating by Mr. Colville of the views of his inspirers regarding Spiritualism as a religious science and a scientific religion. The presentation of an appropriate inspirational poem by "Winona" (Mr. C.'s poetic control), the partaking of refreshments, and the expression of good wishes (at parting) for host and hostess, concluded the exercises on what was in every sense an agreeable occasion.

The Nursery.

This charming little monthly for children is now issued by its original proprietors and editors, associated under the name of "The Nursery Publishing Company." The office is still at 36 Bromfield street, Boston. It will be seen from the advertisement in another column that it is to enter upon the year 1881 with great improvements: a new cover, enlarged size, superior wood-cuts, paper and press-work. It has thus far distanced and outlived all competitors in its special department, and it proposes to continue to do so. The subscription price is \$1.50.

The services at the funeral of C. Edw. Davis are reported in the *Baltimore News* of the 29th ult. A discourse appropriate to the occasion was delivered by Wash. A. Danskin, President of the First Spiritualistic Society. He spoke feelingly of the deceased and his many virtues, addressed comforting remarks to his bereaved friends whom he had left behind him, and spoke of the faith in which the deceased had died. Then, alluding to his own personal experience of thirty years, he dilated with great emphasis upon the comfort and joy it had occasioned him. He claimed that there was no positive proof of the immortality of the soul outside of that which is demonstrated by Spiritualism; and said that there was no mortal who was without moral blemishes, no one totally depraved, and that God never fashioned a soul he could not save.

A peculiar incident in reference to this event is that Mrs. Sarah A. Danskin told the sister of the deceased that she must prepare for an occurrence of this kind within a week's time, and that the affliction would fall in her (the sister's) family.

Among the messages on the sixth page of this issue of the *Banner of Light* will be found one from our ascended sister, Mrs. Fannie A. Conant, and we are gratified in being able to refer to the confirmation it gives of the convictions we have ever entertained of the reality of her appearance to us in a visible, materialized form, on an occasion when Mrs. Hull was the medium. In the message Mrs. Conant says (Mrs. Hull being present): "I desire to publicly state, in the presence of these people, and to have my words appear in the columns of our dear old *Banner of Light*, that I came to this medium who is seated before me, tangibly and materially; that I was enabled to manifest to dear mortal friends, bearing beautiful flowers, emblems of the peace and love of the angel-world." At the time referred to she came to us as natural and lifelike as at any period during her life on earth, with a quantity of beautifully fragrant flowers which she distributed to all present in the circle.

A trance lecture by Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond's band will be found on our first page; and whoever peruses it will, we feel, fully agree with us that it is one which will bear close examination and study. We have received from the Nottingham (Eng.) Spiritualist Society, (and shall print next week) the official report of her visit to that place, together with a copy of the congratulatory address presented her by the friends there.

Henry Slade is now in New York City, where he intends to remain for one year at least. He is located at 238 West 34th street. The skeptical element in the population of that great metropolis cannot do better than to utilize to the full the wonderful avenue for investigation into the verity of the spiritual phenomena which is thus afforded.

Attention is called to the advertisement of James A. Bliss on our seventh page. Mrs. Bliss has now permanently located in Philadelphia, and has inaugurated a Spiritualists' Home at 1620 South 13th street, where, we are informed, well attended and highly successful séances for materialization are held every Sunday, Tuesday and Friday evening.

English Items.

Mr. F. O. Mathews continues to give great satisfaction in England by his lectures and his descriptions of spirits seen by him in the audience, after the manner of Mr. Baxter in this country. Though it was announced some months since that Mr. Mathews designed coming to the United States, we set it at naught that he now intends settling permanently in London.

Several new healing mediums have appeared in England, and, despite the efforts of those whose gods are being demolished and receipts decreased to crush them by the ponderous hand of the law, are doing much good, and convincing many by those stubborn things called "facts" that their mission is heaven-ordained, and hence cannot be destroyed.

The *Harold of Progress*, London, says the press is undergoing a marked change in regard to Spiritualism. Its bitter spirit of opposition is relenting, and many papers that a short time ago would not deign to allude to it, except in a tone of ridicule, are opening their columns to discussion upon the subject.

The materializing medium, Michael Chambers, now sits outside instead of inside of his cabinet, and at recent séances of his, spirits materialized inside the cabinet while the medium was sitting outside, and in full view of every one present. The forms that have appeared varied in height from two feet to nearly six feet, and are thin and vapory. The alterations of conditions necessitate a change of *modus operandi* which will require some months to perfect in order to enable the controls to give full solidity to the forms.

Carlyle on the Great Problem.

Years ago, so long ago as 1848, Thomas Carlyle wrote a letter to a lady on the great problem of life and the future, in which he inculcates the propriety of being entirely dumb. But on the subject of retribution he has convictions that are rooted in all genuine religious beliefs.

He considers that the best philosophy teaches us that the very consequences (not to speak of the penalties at all) of evil actions die away and become abolished long before eternity ends; that it is only the consequences of good actions that are eternal, for these are in harmony with the laws of this universe, and add themselves to it and coöperate with it forever; while all that is in disharmony with it must necessarily be without continuance, and soon fall dead. "On the whole," he adds, "I must account it but a morbid, weak imagination that shudders over this wondrous divine universe as a place of despair to any creature; and, contrariwise, a most degraded human sense, sunk down to the region of the brutal, that in any case remains blind to the infinite difference there ever is between right and wrong for a human creature."

Rev. Dr. Thomas's Idea of "Hell."

Rev. Dr. Thomas, of Chicago, to whose case we referred in our last issue, and who has been undergoing the discipline of the Methodist Church for his liberality of opinion—we beg pardon, his "heresy" in regard to future punishment, the atonement, the inspiration of the Bible, etc., states his position upon the first-named point as follows:

"I believe, as I have said, in the eternity—the literal endlessness of that law by which sin brings suffering. I believe it abides everywhere and with always be active. And I believe, as I said, if souls stay on the side of sin they must stay on the side of suffering. But I believe that souls go out of this world free, and I cannot affirm that any soul will forever stay on the side of wrong. I can conceive how that, in the infinite creations that will probably go on forever, there may always be persons touching the dark side and going into sorrow, and there may never be a time but what there may be the suffering of those who are passing through some period of drill or education. It may all be, but I cannot affirm, nor will I, that I believe that any single individual soul will forever remain in sin, and forever remain, consequently, in suffering."

The Sorrowful Condition of Ireland.

No one can look at Ireland without sorrow and apprehension, says the *New York Herald*. "Why is it," it was asked centuries ago, "that the King hath no good of Ireland?" In reading the history of English progress—a history thrilling with deeds of high import—we hurry past the record of Ireland—so sad, so sorrowful, so disheartening! dreary with its tales of woe and suffering, growing drearier from year to year! In the noon of this nineteenth century—a century radiant with the glories of an advanced and advancing civilization—which has seen a united Italy, a redeemed Greece, a French Republic, a restored Indian Empire, a consolidated Germany and a regenerated American Union—Ireland alone among the nationalities stands voiceless and sorrowing; murder on her highways, idleness in her fields, vengeance supplanting justice, and rapine taking the place of law.

We shall print next week testimony (from the columns of the *Hartford Daily Times*) in favor of the verity of Mr. C. E. Watkins's mediumship, which will, in the points covered, rule entirely out of the court of reason the lame pretensions to the exposure (?) of pellet-reading, independent slate-writing, etc., which have been made under evangelical auspices in Boston of late.

Miss Martha Ann Houghton, formerly a clairvoyant physician in Boston, but for several years past practicing in London, was recently arrested under the infamous law (constructed) against mediums, but passed the ordeal without difficulty, and was released. The case is referred to by our valued friend and correspondent, "M. A. Oxon," in another column.

Robert Cooper, whose recent illness was a matter of deep commiseration among his many friends in America, has recovered sufficiently to return to his native land, and embarked on Saturday last at New York for England, in the steamship Spain of the National Line, in company with his son. We wish these gentlemen a safe and pleasant voyage.

D. J. Mandell writes us from Athol, Mass., that a party giving the name of "J. M. Colville," and claiming spiritual mediumship, has recently been in that region, and that the promises made on his handbills were rendered conspicuous (as to fulfillment) by their absence during the evening's entertainment.

D. C. Densmore, the able editor of the *Voice of Angels*, is, we regret to state, at present prostrated by continued sickness of a most serious nature. We trust, however, he may be spared to do yet more effective labor in the spiritual field.

Read what *Light for All* has to say regarding "Spiritual Harmonies"—second page. The work is on sale by the publishers, Colby & Rich, at the *Banner of Light* Bookstore, No. 9 Montgomery Place, Boston.

S. M. Howard, agent for the sale of books, stationery, magazines, &c., has the *Banner of Light* on his counters at 81 East 12th street, New York. The friends in that vicinity will do well to make him a business call.

John Wetherbee, our frequent contributor, wants us to remind some of our readers that he has a notice on page seven worthy of attention.

Message Department.

Public Free-Circle Meetings.
Are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, corner of
Franklin street and Montgomery place, every TUESDAY
and FRIDAY AFTERNOON. The hall will be open at 2
o'clock, and services commence at 3 o'clock precisely,
which time the doors will be closed, allowing no access
until the conclusion of the service, except in case of absolute
necessity. The public are cordially invited.
The messages published under the above heading indicate
that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their
earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil—consequently
those who pass from this sphere, whether in a sudden or gradual
manner, eventually progress to a higher condition.
We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by
spirits in these columns that does not compare with his or
her own. All expressions of truth as they perceive
it.
It is our earnest desire that those who may recognize
the messages of their spirit-friends will verify them by in-
forming us of the fact for publication.
As our angelic visitors desire to behold natural flowers
upon our flower-stem, we solicit donations of such
from the friends in earth-life who may feel that it is a pleas-
ure to place upon the altar of Spirituality their floral offerings.
[Miss Stedman wishes it distinctly understood that she
gives no private sittings at any time, neither does she re-
ceive visitors. She is, however, glad to have the presence of
those who are interested in the mediumship of her spirit-friend.
Letters pertaining to this department, in order to
ensure prompt attention, should in every instance be ad-
dressed to Colby & Rich, or to
LEWIS B. WILSON, Chairman.

**Messages given through the Mediumship of
Miss M. T. Stedman.**

The following messages, given Oct. 19th, is published in
advance by request.

Jennie Dixon.

As happy and free as the bright-winged birds
that speed their way homeward from distant
climes, I return this afternoon from my spiri-
tual home to wait my love and blessings to my
dear friends and associates. It is sweet to live
in communion with the angels—I felt the bless-
ing of their influence while in the body—but oh,
how much dearer and sweeter to the soul to find
itself so fully enfranchised from mortal bondage and
able to live in sacred and close communion with
loved ones who are advanced in angelic spheres!
I wish to say to my dear friends, I am happy
now. I rejoice in my freedom of soul; and as I
return to-day, to send my love, I also bear the
love of those dear ones who are with me. Electa
is by my side, and desires me to remember her
to all the dear friends and acquaintances she
made before I passed from the body. She is a
bright, beautiful, lively spirit, whose inner
character is sweet and sorrow, and brings
consolation, strength and peace. My father
sends his greeting, and says there is no bigotry
in the sphere to which he belongs; all are free;
all may worship in spirit as seems best, for there
is nothing to cramp, and crowd, and confine.
With the dear one who left his side in the mor-
tal so many, many years ago, he now resides in
the spiritual world, strong, and glad, and free,
working for humanity, and sending forth his
blessing every hour.

But while I have returned to speak to my
friends and associates, I have also a word to say
to Spiritualists at large. In my spirit-home I
am deeply interested in the little children that
are around me on every side. I watch them as
they unfold their powers, and rejoice to find
they are developing those attributes of love, in-
nocence and purity that beautify and adorn the
spirit. I also feel my deepest sympathy and in-
terest going out to the children upon the earth.
I find they do not have those opportunities to
enjoyment and advancement that the children of
this world have. It is our duty to speak con-
cerning these things; it is the duty of Spiritual-
ists to see that your children are educated in
spiritual things. The system of public educa-
tion in this land is a glorious one, and reaches
out broad and free in every direction; but there
are many little ones in your large cities who do
not receive the benefits of it. Oh, if I could
gather them all in suitable places and in-
struct them concerning the laws of the material
life, their future welfare on earth, and also in
spiritual things. Some day we have to see this
plan established on earth. We hope to see Spir-
itualists awakened to their duty, and see them
gathering the little ones in for instruction; that
in the by-and-by they may become workers in
and honest, intelligent citizens of your grand
and glorious republic. But while my sympathies
go forth for the little outcasts, I look at home
and find that even among yourselves you are
not laboring for the good of the children as you
should do. It is important that the children of
Liberalists, of Spiritualists, should not grow up
confined to the narrow creeds and dogmas which
their parents have had to contend with, and
to burst asunder. Still I very much fear that
a great many of the little ones will be cramped
in this very way. I see that Spiritualists all
over the land continue to send their children to
sectarian Sabbath schools Sunday after Sun-
day. Parents, who are indifferent or thought-
less as to the effect the teachings produced in
these sectarian schools will have upon the
plastic minds of the children, will soon find
them preferring to attend the Sabbath school
and the church, rather than your spiritual
meetings. And who will be to blame? Let
parents ask themselves that question before
they find the minds of their offspring grown
stultified and narrowed concerning spiritual
things.

Our Spiritual Lyceums languish for support,
to the shame of Spiritualists be it said. Two
more healthy and thriving Lyceums for children
should flourish in every large city, and
one at least in every town in the Union. But
the truth is, there are but very few Lyceums
throughout your land, and in rare instances are
these found to be self-supporting. Why is this?
We have Spiritualists enough in our country to
support hundreds of Spiritual Lyceums grandly.
They may not feel it their duty to do so, but
when they come to understand morally the
laws of spirituality, they will find that they
have not encouraged and sustained them. The
children now growing up are to be the future
men and women of the country, the people who
will support and sway the government. If they
are now educated spiritually, they will then be
able to do so much better than they will if early
left to themselves or to the mercies of the priests.
It is the mission of the Spiritual Lyceum to cul-
tivate the beautiful and ennobling attributes of
the spirit, and thus unfold the highest and best
of the soul and draw out the capabilities of
the mind of the little ones. If this is attended to,
we shall soon have a race of noble beings whose
influence for good will counteract all of evil
brought to bear against it. But I find that
Spiritualist parents not only refrain from send-
ing their children to the Lyceums, but they also
absent themselves from these schools. Now if
Spiritualists would send their children to the
Sunday Lyceum and visit it themselves, take an
interest, and become workers in it, the spiri-
tual cause would be particularly for the children;
you would soon see your Lyceums flourishing
and sending out an influence which could not
fail to be of good. In the spirit-world the Ly-
ceum meets daily, and there the dear little spiri-
tual children receive such instruction as will enable
them to unfold their powers of love, innocence
and purity. They go forth among the less for-
tunate, and by their sweet, beautiful influence,
overcome the bad, and are enabled to draw out
and uplift spirits who otherwise might dwell in
darkened conditions for many years. These
little ones are also drawn back to the material
earth, where they exert an influence that is of
great and lasting benefit to mankind.

I would like to say a word to the officers and
leaders of Spiritual Lyceums: it is their duty to
draw out the highest powers of the children,
and see that they are surrounded by the beau-
tiful and the good, Sunday after Sunday; that
they speak uplifting words, and sing spiritual
songs. Songs that are found in the humorous
song books of the day, are not calculated at all
to benefit juvenile minds, or unfold their best
natural gifts. If teachers would only see to it
that the little ones under their charge select
spiritual pieces for song and recitation, they
would find their minds growing beautiful and
sweet, and their powers developing under the
clear light of heaven.

I have met in the spiritual spheres one who
has lately passed over, whose life was devoted
to developing his conceptions of the beautiful.
The ideal visions that were presented to his
spiritual eye he has transferred to the canvas.
Many of his pictures now beautify homes upon
the earth. His labors have adorned and beau-
tified his own spirit. Having passed out from
the mortal, he leaves a companion destitute
and in need of the warmth of spiritual sym-
pathy, love and assistance, and her key and
left a number of his beautiful creations, which

are well suited to hang upon the walls of spiri-
tual halls where Lyceums and meetings are
held. I promised the spirit that I would say
a word here to-day, and ask our friends to
contribute each a little sum, in order to pur-
chase for their halls one of these beau-
tiful pictures, which will bring delight to the
child's eye, and beautify its spirit, by a study of
the lesson sought to be conveyed. And your
own souls will be exalted through the well-
merited satisfaction of knowing you have done
a good and worthy action. I hope you will re-
member this; I hope you will seek to put your-
selves in communication with the consort of
this into ascended brother, and see if some of
you cannot purchase a painting for your halls,
and at the same time assist one who is needy
and in every way worthy. I refer to the com-
panion of the late N. B. Starr. You may com-
municate with her, I am informed, by address-
ing her at 482 West Liberty street, Cincinnati,
Ohio.

I am glad to be able to return and send my
voice forth in behalf of the children, and in-
deed of all humanity. I ask my friends to still
press onward, striving to do all they can for
the welfare of the race, and at the same time
be true to themselves, and love and beautify
themselves, which will bless and brighten
their spirits in the eternal world. Jennie Dixon.

Seance Oct. 8th, 1880.

Invocation.

Oh, thou Grand, Eternal, Self-existent Spirit! as the
flowers turn to the beautiful sun while girdled
in warmth and gladness, as the trees bow their
life and light, for that warmth and gladness which
streameth downward from thy loving heart into the
soul of every one of our children, with the full
assurance within our souls that of those beauti-
ful and strengthened by thy dear affection. We ask
thy blessing to rest upon each heart. Oh, Father,
send down thy ministering angels to comfort
every spirit seeking for light, knowledge and truth.
We pray that these dear departed children who
gather here at this hour may be given the strength
and encouragement most needed by their souls; that
they may give forth their needed words unto mankind.
May all hearts be true in the charming knowledge that
there is no death, but that life and love and peace in-
mortal await every soul in the coming time.

Rev. Henry C. Smith.

This is somewhat of an unusual occurrence
for me to address an audience at such a place
as this, and yet I feel impelled to come here
and send word to my people. I feel forced to
come and give my testimony in regard to the
truth of spiritual communion. I know not how
my words will be received, and it matters not.
The truth presses home upon me so strongly
that I must yield to its power, and send forth
outward expression. I would say to friends
in the mortal flesh that I have returned from
beyond the dark river from whence I thought no
loved one could return to earth, to speak to you
in the old way, asking each one of you to be
faithful and true to your convictions of right.
It is true that my most earnest labors were
given for the cause of Christ; it is true that I
labored earnestly and truthfully, so far as I
understood myself, to bring the dear human be-
ings of this world to the kingdom of Christ,
and lead them home to his kingdom; and I
find now that I was largely mistaken in my
ideas concerning the Nazarene, and regarding
the heavenly world; I would say to them all, it
is given to you to investigate the truth while
you remain on earth, and I ask most earnestly
that you will do so. I come to you to rectify
the mistakes that I made when in the mortal
form. I come confessing that I was wrong to a
large extent, and asking that you will strive to
reach the truth, and give each spirit a
knowledge of the world into which all are
traveling. I love to return to my friends when
they are gathered together, and the spirit of
song and rejoicing is upon them; I love to re-
turn and permeate their assembly if possible
with my influence; for I feel that although they
may be mistaken somewhat, yet they are ear-
nest in their work, and desirous of doing what-
ever good they can.

Though I may have been mistaken in my re-
ligious ideas, yet I am an enthusiastic and as
earnest for another good cause as I ever was.
I refer to the cause of Temperance. I can now
perceive clearer than I could when upon earth
the great amount of danger that lies before hu-
manity because of the terrible evil of intemper-
ance, and I ask my brothers and associates to
spare not one effort, nor cease their labors, un-
til they have performed all the work it is possi-
ble for them to do in behalf of the temperance
cause. I earnestly pray that the time will come
when not one drop of fiery liquor will be
poured down the throat of any human being.
I believe that time will come, for earnest spirits
are working to this end. I believe that human-
ity will become so educated that all will desire
to crush out the terrible evil, not through any
coercion, nor through any discipline save that
of the spirit. When mortals come to understand
that they are manufacturing and dealing out a
deadly poison to their fellows, and those who
like to imitate realize that they are poisoning
their systems, and causing themselves to be
spiritually as well as physically, and wrecking
the happiness and peace of their friends, and
debasing all that is good and noble within their
souls, then becoming a moral plague-spot to so-
ciety, then will they pause and consider whether
the indulgence in intoxicating drinks is worth
the price it costs; then we shall begin to find
temperance principles as far as King Alcohol
is concerned, universal throughout the land.
I ask my friends to labor with me earnestly to
the end, with voice, and pen, and earnestly to
spread abroad sentiments of purity that will
create an abhorrence of all that is debasing to
humanity—particularly the use of alcoholic
stimulants. In love, purity and truth; in friend-
ship for all mankind; in sympathy with all who
are weighed down by the terrible chains of ap-
petite and passion, and with the desire to be of
practical use, I come and speak a word for hu-
manity's good. In the spirit of fidelity I send
you all my greetings, and I say labor on, good
friends; we are with you in your work, and op-
portunities for labor do not cease at the grave, but
I find we may press onward ourselves while
sending downward an influence to strengthen
and encourage those who labor in the mortal.
It matters not whether they realize our pres-
ence or not, if their hearts are in the good work,
and their spirits are earnestly laboring for the
good of humanity, for we can cooperate and as-
sociate with them in their blessed work.
I trust that they will send out to me the same
spirit of love which I wait to them. I shall be
glad at any time to know that they are thinking
of me as in the old days. As we give unto oth-
ers so shall we be blessed in return. The love
and sympathy that flow out freely unto man-
kind are fed by invisible sources which can never
fail.

Again I say unto the dear friends, Press on
in your work, and I shall be glad to return to
you at all times and place, and send you my love
and benediction. I am from Hubbard, Ohio.
I am, a Methodist. I was known as the
Rev. Henry C. Smith.

F. L. Peterson.

[To the Chairman.] Good afternoon, sir. It
does not seem long to me since I died, although
I feel that it does to my friends. Life is so
charming in this new world that I cannot realize
the lapse of time; but as I return to-day I
am reminded that weeks have sped into months
since my departure from the physical body. But
I am happy; I am free from suffering and pain;
I have a new body that is sound and good. Only
one drawback seems to keep me from perfect
happiness in my new world, which is full of
strange and wonderful experiences, and that is,
the desire to send to my friends the assurance
that I do live, and what is more, that I live in a
beautiful world, from which I can return to
them at almost any time. I feel that if they
could realize this, it would make me more than
happy in my spirit-home; it would make me
desire to still press onward to gain more knowl-
edge, that I might be able to help them; and I
am glad that I shall reach them and be able
to induce them to give me an opportunity
of coming privately in their personal presence
that I come here to-day, and although I may not
speak exactly as I could wish, yet I am only
understood, that is all I desire.

I left a dear mother and father; and it was
with strong impatience, after my departure,
that I desired to return and convince them of
my power to visit them, and that I had not
that passed away, and yet at times it seems
that if I could only come into their presence

and speak to them in the old familiar tones,
there would be nothing left to desire. I feel
that perhaps now I shall accomplish my wish,
and in the future be able not only to come my-
self, but to bring to them love, greetings and
messages from those other dear ones who are
in the heavenly world. I lived in Newton,
Mass., twenty years in the body. I had not
attained my majority, but would have done
so in a few months, had I been spared to earth.
Still, I do not regret the change, because I
have more opportunities for spiritual growth
than I ever could have had in the body. My
mother's name is Adeline Peterson. My own
name is F. L. Peterson.

Fannie A. Conant.

I did not expect to speak in this dear old
place to-day, but I am attracted here more
than commonly at this hour; I feel that I must
say a few words to my dear friends, and it
seems to me I have a host of them. I long
my love and my spirit-greetings. I would assure
them that because I have passed out from the
body I am not necessarily idle. I am still used,
in the spiritual world, for work; I am used as
an instrument for the higher powers to send
down their messages to the terrestrial world—
and I am glad to be of use. I am glad now,
more even than when on earth, because I can
understand the desires and the purposes of
spirits, and can work in obedience to them. To
all my dear friends, I bring my greeting and
send my love, wherever they may be found.
To-day we have present a host of spirits who
are engaged in good works all over this planet
of yours, who are anxiously and earnestly work-
ing for the welfare of the human race, for the
enlightenment of the ignorant, the strengthen-
ing of the weak, the comforting of those that
mourn; and we return daily to bring that in-
fluence which, we hope, shall be long perma-
nent in every department with a holier
desire for a purer and a better life. We ask
each one of our friends, each dear instrument
for the spirit-world, to still work on, and send
forth their powers, and cooperate with us from
the higher world as we come to instruct and
bless mankind.

What brings me here particularly to-day, is
to speak to this dear instrument before me,
who has been called by the angels for a good
and noble work. I wish to say to you, dear
one, do not falter on your crown of life in the
angel-world. Although misrepresentations have
arisen in the past, although misunderstandings
may arise in the future, do not falter nor fear; your angel guides
have you in their keeping; they surround you
with their holy love; they uplift you with their
invigorating strength; at all times and in all
places they will be by your side to aid, assist
and to give you courage. They desire me, at
this hour to bear to you their earnest love; they
also desire me to speak to you earnestly, sin-
cerely, and say that they will love you, and
although clouds may obscure the spiritual
light, yet remain faithful to them, and the
promises which they have given you in the
past will be fulfilled—every one—and they will
bring to you soul joy and peace unexpressed.
For every human heart that you have blessed,
for every sorrowing spirit that you have com-
forted and counseled, for every life that through
your instrumentality the angels have reached,
your spirit will receive a new blessing, and a
new love will be added to your crown of life in the
angel-world. By-and-by you will understand
all these seeming contradictions, and all that
has appeared strange. I desire to publicly
state, in the presence of these people, and to
have my words appear in the columns of our
dear old *Banner of Light*, that I came to this
medium who is seated here before me, tangibly
and materially; that I was enabled to manifest
to dear mortal friends, bearing beautiful flow-
ers, emblem of the peace and love of the angels;
that it was a blessing to my spirit, an aid
and encouragement to me, to thus turn to
my friends, and that it has given me strength
and consolation in every hour of my spiritual
existence.

I have manifested through mediums on earth
unmistakably to those who knew me when on
earth, and I expect to do so even better in the
future. I expect that I shall return tangibly
to earth, that they who ever saw my face in
my former form, shall be able to identify me.
Dear friends, we bless you all, and ask for
your cooperation and assistance in the spiritual
work. There is no such word as fail known to
the spirits; they must work through conditions;
they must work through the instruments pro-
vided for them; and unless you make your
instruments perfect you must not expect our
manifestations to be perfect. Fannie A. Conant.

Mary Keene.

[To the Chairman.] Please sir, I would like
to say a few words, if agreeable to you. My
name is Mary Keene. I am from Dover, N. H.
I have been here before what it was to control
another person, and I have been very much
very well, but I hope I shall be able to make my
friends know it is myself. I don't know just
exactly how long it is since I died, but it is a
few years. I am a stranger to this, and so can-
not seem to collect everything that I desire, but
I am encouraged to speak because those who
are here tell me that another time I shall do
a great deal better. I hope my friends will feel
that I have come. I never visited Boston, and
I don't think they have so far as becoming ac-
quainted with me. I have been very much
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