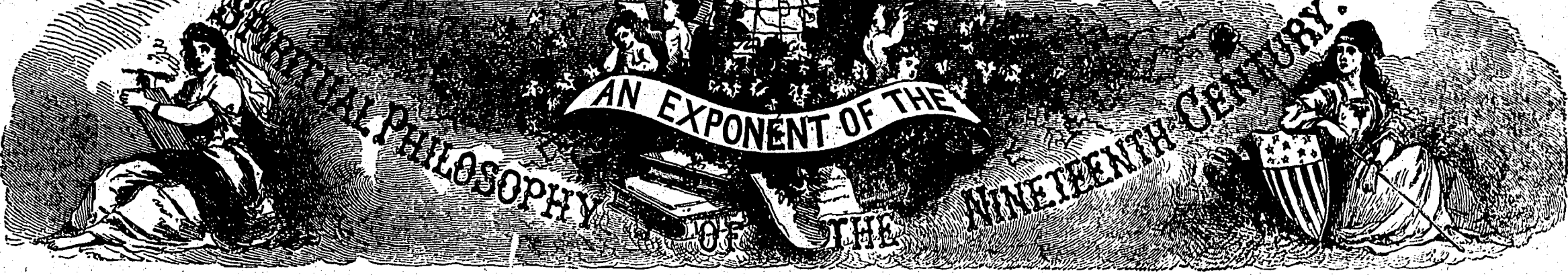


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1882.

### Ladies' Aid Society of Boston.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It has been suggested that perhaps no better review of the work of this Society for the year 1881 can be given its friends than the sixteenth annual report, as read by the Secretary at the annual meeting, Jan. 6th, and which is given below:

According to the usual custom your Secretary would offer the following report:

During the year we have gathered weekly in this hall, [718 Washington street] every Friday P. M., except those included in the summer vacation, from the second week in June to the first of October—counting thirty-two meetings for business and work.

There have been one hundred and thirty-six names upon the membership roll; the average attendance has been thirty-six; this count has been taken at the business hour, which, if taken later, would have made the average attendance much larger.

Early in the season the work was largely upon aprons, preparatory to a "sale," which took place June 4th; and later in the autumn upon aprons and articles for a fair. The management of this department has fallen almost wholly upon two of the directors, the others having been prevented by unforeseen events from attending upon the meetings.

We have been enabled to bestow upon the poor a considerable amount of clothing of various descriptions; nineteen families have been rendered more comfortable by these distributions, as the greater part were given during the coldest of last winter. In forty-two instances money has been bestowed; in one urgent case relief was given four times, amounting to sixteen dollars; three other cases received fourteen dollars each at intervals; but it has mostly been given in sums ranging from one to five dollars, although several cases have received eight dollars each.

No strictly accurate account can be given in this report of the charity dispensed by this Society, since at any meeting, however informal, where two or three are gathered, it is no rare occurrence for some poor unfortunate to make an appeal which touches the heart and drains the purse, and a collection is the result; the amount of which never reaches the ears of your recording scribe. But according to the records, we have the past year given away \$220.30, including the penny collections for the paralytic man and the motherless babe.

Among the earlier events of the year was the celebration of the 31st Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism by a series of meetings under the auspices of this Society. The meetings were largely attended, the entertainment provided satisfactory, and the amount added to the treasury appreciated by a band of faithful workers.

The experiment of "having a hall all to ourselves" has this year been tested, and we think has proved very agreeable to all; already it presents a home-like aspect with its adornings of pictures and drapery. In this connection let us remember our indebtedness to Mr. George Smith in allowing himself to stand, in place of the late Mr. Henry Wood, as our security in the rental of this hall.

The Sunday services have proved a very profitable resource for the Society; we can scarcely afford to dispense with them; yet it may be truthfully added that it sorely puzzles the Committee having these meetings in charge to bring upon the platform the talent best calculated to instruct, ennoble and elevate. The pressure has been heavy upon the few mediums who have so freely given their services. The anxiety of the President and her associates concerning these Sunday meetings is no enviable burden, and it may be suggested that members knowing mediums, as persons of talent, whom they can influence in this matter, would help a little to lift a heavy weight if they would introduce them to our Sunday meeting Committee.

The Vice-President, in her presiding over the afternoon meetings, and Dr. Richardson, for the interest he preserves in the evening conference, deserve our appreciation and thanks.

Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. Ireland, Mr. Brown and Mrs. Waterhouse never fail us, and have heard our oft-expressed thanks—their sole remuneration—but to our way of thinking they cannot lend themselves to a better purpose, neither to

one that will pay better in the end, if they will only wait till heaven out of its infinite storehouse enriches them.

The labors of the past year have terminated in a very successful fair, which brought hard work and sacrifice for all, and upon the few who supervised it, and presided at the tables untold hours of faithful labor, and those of us unable to do as much as they, owe them a debt of gratitude.

One beautiful observance has been instituted by the President of this year, one which it is hoped will be continued as the years glide on; that of devoting the last Sunday in May, annually, to a memorial service, in honor of the sister and brother members whose names are enrolled upon a purer and whiter scroll than ours, but who may "bend their bright pinions, and be happier for our humble remembrance." This event, as celebrated last May, gave each participant, we hope, a blessing, even though it may have been tinged with a sweet and solemn sadness.

Early in the spring-time two of our members, a sister and a brother, fell by the wayside, stricken by disease, weary, faint, pierced by many a thorn in life's tortuous way; the same day, and the same hour of the day, we lay their mortal bodies to rest in that quiet retreat of the dead—Mt. Auburn. They have led the way—the way we are all to follow; we have missed the cordial greeting, the manly step, the shoulder at the wheel, and bowed submissively with a sublime faith in their blessed gain—immortality.

The administration of the past year has brought before the thought of the members the plan of a revised Constitution and By-laws, also has proposed taking steps toward obtaining a charter, and becoming an incorporated body; the labor of continuing this work we commit to the future, and to our successors in office.

We believe our charities have in the main been wisely given, mostly in cases of physical infirmity, and among those of American birth, and chiefly to poor infirm women; the woman who knocks at our door may be poor, friendless, uneducated—she may have sinned, we do not presume the right to ask whether she has or not, if she has self-respect enough to help herself, we will help her if we can.

Let us work like earnest, thoughtful women, with a sincerity which shall bless the world; let us be cautious in our criticisms of each other, remembering that mingling together once a week brings us into pretty close relationship, and the influence of each life must permeate the lives of all with whom it comes in contact.

Our gratitude is due the *Banner of Light* for publishing, from time to time, items of interest to our friends, and for other kindly notices which have brought our work more prominently before the public.

Mrs. Mary Stearns, the faithful stewardess, who serves so constantly year after year, merits our hearty thanks. By her generous deeds, by the mantle of charity she seeks to throw over the shoulders of the poor, the unspoken truth as she understands it, she has gained for herself a name to be envied by every one of us. Long may she live and prosper!

The meetings the past year have been marked by faithful, conscientious cooperation and harmony in work and intercourse; and while we owe our President more than we can hope to repay, yet her thanks and those of the officers are due all who have contributed to the welfare of the Society.

Respectfully submitted in behalf of the President and Directors of the Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society.

ANNIE M. H. TYLER, Sec.

### Reception at the Home of Mrs. Nelson.

The pleasant apartments of Mrs. Nellie Nelson, the widely-known trance test medium, (suite 2, Hotel Norwood, near corner Oak and Washington streets, Boston,) were, on the evening of Thursday, Feb. 2d, filled with a pleasant company of ladies and gentlemen assembled for the purpose of celebrating the anniversary of her mediumistic control. The audience numbered many representative Spiritualists of this city and vicinity, including a large delegation from the Ladies' Aid Society, of which Mrs. Nelson is a member. Several valuable presents were displayed as personal gifts to "Maggie," an Indian guide of this medium, who evidently has many friends among Mrs. Nelson's patrons.

The exercises of the evening were introduced by a brief speech made by Dr. A. H. Richardson on taking the chair; he then in turn introduced as speakers Dr. John H. Currier, John Wetherbee, M. V. Lincoln, Mr. Newman, John W. Day; Mrs. Waterhouse and Mrs. Lincoln; Mrs. Baxter, Mrs. Cutter, the hostess herself, and others also took part in the services. Master Haskell Baxter gave a recitation. Instrumental and vocal music was furnished by Chas. W. Sullivan, Mrs. Hopkins, Mrs. Nellie M. Day, and Miss Lillian Mabel Page. After partaking of the bountiful supply of refreshments furnished, the company adjourned with many expressions of good wishes for the future of the host and hostess.

During the evening the following lines, written by the now ascended Dr. Samuel Grover, for a similar meeting at Mrs. Nelson's on a former occasion, were read to the people by one selected for the purpose:

#### AN OFFERING OF FRIENDSHIP.

Please to accept from your friend, S. Grover.

We will sing you a song, Sister Nelson,

Of the loved ones that die to you come;

Of the bright shining bands of good angels,

That gladden our beautiful home;

That come with the smiles now of friendship,

That weave for you garlands of bliss;

We are happy to-night here to meet you—

There's a charm in our meeting—'tis this:

Our souls are brimful of affection,

Our faces bedimmed with smiles;

Our lips murmur fond words of kindness,

Our eyes speak the joy that beguiles.

And this is the study and labor

That gives us the pleasure while here;

To make every spirit more happy,

Every blessing with others to share.

We meet thee to-night, Sister Nelson,

Do not drive us away with a frown;

For your gentle and kind loving spirit,

Angely weave you a beautiful crown.

Like theirs gemmed with fondest affection,

Like theirs glowing happy and bright;

And they'll see you safe over life's troubles,

To a home in the mansion of Light.

James, take my book and draw that \$5 out of the savings bank this morning. I know that bank is going to burst. The cashier has given \$100 to the Rotterdam Young Men's Anti-Rating Missionary Society, and I know he cannot afford it.

### Ladies' Aid Society—Presentation to Mrs. Perkins.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The evening of Jan. 31st was an illuminated one in the history of the Ladies' Aid Society; not an illumination like that of an ancient red lettered book, but the occasion was illuminated by a happy blending of celestial and terrestrial thought, which was somewhat remarkable; not in the simple fact that the chief feature was the presentation of a handsome water-holder to Mrs. Perkins, the President of the Society, (the tribute of her many friends, of the esteem in which she is held by the members for the admirable manner that she has filled the office for the past few years,) for such presentations have nothing new in them; but it seemed to be in this instance, the occasion of an unusual expression of good will toward the lady, and enthusiastic approbation on the part of all in attendance.

Not a person was present at that goodly gathering but what not only enjoyed it, but was hardly prepared for such a sparkling surprise as the occasion proved to be—not only to the guest of the evening, who was in ignorance of what was prepared for her, but a surprise to the gathered friends, at the somewhat unusual exercises. Pleasant, easy, entertaining and instructive, as spiritualistic receptions and social gatherings are, this was so marked and so beyond the average that the fact itself was worthy of notice, and no one present will very soon forget the enjoyment of the occasion, which the scribe has very properly called an illuminated evening.

On entering the parlor at the usual hour such gatherings begin, the friends found a table temptingly spread, and the services commenced about eight o'clock with a social "sit-down" at that well spread table, which used up the first hour of the evening; then the guests, who numbered about sixty or seventy, formed themselves as in an auditorium, when it was announced by one of the officers of the Society that Mr. Wyzeman Marshall, the well-known elocutionist, was to be the chairman of the evening, and he, entering at the announcement, was conducted to the platform. Mrs. A. A. C. Perkins, the President of the Society and the guest of the evening, also took her seat on the platform, evidently oblivious or in the dark as to the special feature of the occasion that was next to be in order.

The distinguished elocutionist then addressed the audience in a speech that in itself was music to hear; that was to be expected, as he is a master in the field of expression. He was complimentary to the Society for the work it had done and was doing, and happily blended his testimony to it, with that of charity in general; his language and cultivated manner of speaking, the elocutionist who had been speaking full of effect and bespeak. "A. S. holder, said the artist; gradually he brought it all to bear upon the office and the lady who filled it, addressed her, who rose as was expected, and at that moment the present was placed on the table and the presentation words appropriately made. Applause followed, the lady made a brief but neat response—lady-like and to the point—and the applause was long and loud.

After the dignified and masterly eloquence of Mr. Marshall, and while every heart was beating in unison with his words and the sentiment they conveyed, the momentum not having subsided, he said: "The friends would now like to hear a few words from Mr. Wetherbee." That gentleman rose, somewhat surprised, and evidently feeling that it was to be a great falling-off, still having the tact not to attempt anything of a lofty character, which the keynote of the elocutionist who had been speaking the last half hour had inspired, he struck a lower octave, and sailing near the earth, so to speak, succeeded in making at least a happy, if not an eloquent or polished speech, and got his share of applause. That was easy, however, for the audience was in a very happy frame of mind.

Dr. A. H. Richardson was called for the next speech, and he made a short but very fine one. Mrs. Waterhouse, the medium, made the next speech—or it should be said the spirit did, for she was entranced, and spoke for the six or eight members who had passed on during the past four years; naming them, she said they continued members of the society, and that they and others were present with the society generally, and were on this occasion. Mrs. Lincoln was next called, and after rising, became entranced, and an intelligent Indian spirit said a few appropriate words. Aunt Mary Stearns, the Nestores of the society, told her story, when Mrs. H. W. Cushman, the medium, made a neat speech.

The Chairman then called upon Miss Lucette Webster, the distinguished reader and teacher of elocution, who recited a selection, which was loudly applauded, and called upon for repetition.

Thus ended one of the pleasantest occasions of the season. It was near eleven o'clock when these services closed, but the audience seemed disposed to linger or be in no hurry, late as it was. The occasion will not soon be forgotten by any present as a happy time and a credit to the Ladies' Aid Society.

"SHADOWS."

### In Re Spirit John Pierpont's Message.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Wishing to present to the world my own mite of the evidence of the active communication of the unseen intelligences of the spiritual with mortal life, and their earnest desire that the truths they bring to us may be listened to and treasured up as a rich source of knowledge replete with wisdom and never-failing joy, it is with an abiding sense of duty that I refer to the communication from JOHN PIERPONT, as published in your columns under date of Oct. 1st. I had many times listened to his sermons while a settled preacher of Unitarianism, in Troy, N. Y., and afterward to his conversation when he had been born into the liberty of the higher spiritual truths of intuition.

Of the message here referred to I will say that its style is in all respects that of John Pierpont. At an earlier period of his life he was settled minister of a church in Medford, Mass., and subsequently of one in Boston, where his circle of acquaintances must have been large, and where the questioners wished to hear from more spirits who formerly lived in Boston and vicinity are answered by his coming through the mediocrity of Miss Shelhamer. May this source of joy and glad tidings never become less than at present, to satisfy the inquirers after the true way of eternal life founded upon knowledge and intuition.

E. P. GOODSELL.

Lyne, Conn., Oct. 5th, 1881.

## Literary Department.

### "OLD GRIP";

OR,

### WHAT CAME OF A WOODEN WEDDING.

Written for the Banner of Light,

BY GRACE IELAND.

#### CHAPTER VI.

CHANGES—AVIS UNDER THE CLOUD—A WOMAN'S PERFDY, AND A FALSE FRIENDSHIP—DEAD—HEAVEN-GUIDED.

The father of Pauline Foreythe was a wealthy manufacturer in the town of M—; a strictly business man, whose life was devoted to the amassing of riches. His wife had died in Pauline's infancy, and he had married, for his second wife, a woman who was well pleased to spend her portion of his wealth in extravagant dress, and all expensive external luxuries, while the claims of heart, soul and intellect were ignored. In such an atmosphere it was not strange that Pauline's character should develop, as it did, in all that was unlovely, while the better promptings of her nature, unheeded as they were, finally almost ceased.

Pauline had gone to visit her Aunt Thornton this time, promising herself a delightful flirtation with the young owner of the estate, just to pass away the time, which, for want of some new excitement, had begun to drag heavily with her.

When she met him, and found that he was fine-looking, agreeable and gentlemanly in his manners, the contemplated conquest assumed new interest; and when she learned, further, that his affections were already engaged, she was thrown into a fine frenzy of mingled passions, which, however, she artfully concealed as far as she desired to do so.

When her purpose was accomplished, when Damon Burrill had asked her to become his wife, she felt there was still danger, that, in her absence, he would turn once more to Avis (Gayle, with plea for pardon and return. This must not be; and, with consummate skill, she finally persuaded him to give up farming for the present—as she was not willing to leave her father and home just yet—and enter into some business in her native town.

It was arranged that he and his most intimate friend, Harry Barlow, should form a partnership in trade, in the town of M—, and that Mr. and Mrs. Thornton should remain for an indefinite time in charge of Damon's estate.

There were times when Damon Burrill's conscience became an accusing spirit; when he trembled at the recognition of his guilt. The thought of the lovely girl, whose happy young life he had darkened, who had been to him so much but a few months gone by, brought always pangs of remorse, which preyed mercilessly upon him. But he had yielded up his will, his integrity, to the wicked purpose of his enchantress, till he lacked the power to turn. Each day her fascinations wove closer meshes around him, till finally every principle of good yielded to her influence.

The close of summer found Damon Burrill commencing mercantile pursuits in the town of M— in company with his friend Barlow—whom he loved and trusted beyond all other friends of his own sex—and looking forward to the month of January, when the beautiful heiress, Pauline Foreythe, was to be his bride.

Let us find Avis. We return to her home on the 10th of October. The day is cloudless. There is a look of desertion about the place. We enter and find an old man and his wife whom we have not seen before. The family is away. In answer to our inquiries the old man takes off his hat, and says:

"Wal, you see the young lady, Miss Avis, was jest dyin', dyin' by inches, an' she never complained so much as a word, but her parents knew if they would keep her out of her grave, they must do sumthin' quick; an' so they're off to Cuba; and they'll stay there, or else go somewhere else, till she gets better. They'll never come back agin till they bring her back well an' hearty. I tell you, they set lots by that gal o' theirs, an' well they may. She's as good as an angel. An' that 'ere Damon Burrill—I allers thought he was a nice, likely feller enough—he was allers stiddy, not so much for work as some chaps; but he's a villain, no mistake, treating Miss Avis in that 'ere way!"

"And you and your wife have charge of their place in their absence?"

"Yes; you see," replies the old man, "I've worked for 'squire Gayle more'n twenty years, off an' on, an' for the last five year I've been here right along. I lived in the cottage jest 'round the mill; but now I've let that to a small family, an' my old woman an' I are here to see to things."

Bidding the old man and his wife good-morning, let us make use of our privilege as writer and reader, and follow Avis. Over the broad stretch of sea we cast our eyes and single out from the steamers the —, for on her deck we shall find our young friend. The crowd is not great, and the search is not a difficult one.

On the aft-deck, in a small easy-chair brought on board for her use, sits Avis. You would know her, for though sorrow has faded her cheek and dimmed her eye and imparted a transparency to her whole appearance, it has

not embittered nor crushed her spirit. She is the same sweet, loving, gentle girl, only chastened, saddened somewhat, trusting still the love and wisdom of her Heavenly Father, and believing that he will bring good out of all seeming ill. Her parents are close by, and though they talk cheerfully and hopefully, you can detect many an anxious, watchful look directed to their child when her eyes are turned away.

She is looking now far off at sea, but her thoughts are back in her once happy home. Can we follow them as they cluster around the loved spot?

Everything there, this 10th of October, betokens a quiet festival; a few dear friends are gathered together. Damon Burrill stands beside her and takes her hand in his—that strong hand that she thought she should never let go; a few words of deep, holy meaning, a fervent prayer, and they twain are one! Then the congratulations, and the happy full hours. All this was to have been on this 10th of October.

Ah! that might have been!

"For of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest are these: 'It might have been!'"

"The is—how strange and unfamiliar! Can it be her own life that she is living now? It seems, yet, as if she had been merged into some other individuality, it is so strange, and hitherto unknown for her to be miserable. She had heard of sorrow, but she knew not what it was from any personal experience. Life, to her, was always happy, and as clear as crystal; ah! now there flashes into her mind a thought of the holy mission of suffering! Joy perhaps could not have wrought in her so true a ministry as does this heartbreak! Now, as never before, can she feel for those who bear heavy burdens, and whose hearts faint by the way. From under the cloud she looks out, with vision suddenly made clear, and sees the needs of human hearts around her; she looks into her own soul, and discovers new capabilities, stronger aspirations, deepened sympathies, a more perfect trust in the Divine Power; she looks upward, and sees the Light ineffable in which God is hid! She walks in the midst of her great Sorrow, saddened, it is true, but calm and trustful. Behind it all lies the Infinite purpose—the purpose of ONE who knows, of ONE who loves with more than human tenderness. Yes, she will trust this Holy, Loving Father, who cannot err. "But poor Damon! poor Damon! his soul will never be satisfied with Pauline Foreythe, after the first infatuation is past. The time will come when he, too, will suffer. Oh! may God comfort and help him then!"

Such were her thoughts, as she looked far away over the sea.

Mrs. Gayle whispered to her husband: "To-day is the 10th!"

"Yes. Poor child!" he answered. "She thinks of it."

Avis turned to them both with a sweet, hopeful smile; for she divined their thoughts, although she had not heard their words.

"Dear parents, we will all be happy in each other."

And the noble vessel sped on its way, bearing Avis and her parents safely to their desired haven, where soft, balmy days were waiting for them, with rest and healing and strength in their airs, and sunshine and peaceful hours.

A clear, cold day in December was just closing, and Damon Burrill, whose partner had gone to Boston on business, returned from his place of business unusually fatigued. After tea he hastened to Mr. Foreythe's dwelling, to spend the evening with Pauline. He found her step-mother in the drawing-room.

In answer to his inquiry for Pauline, she exclaimed:

"Is it possible you don't know? Why, she has gone to visit her Aunt Thornton. She went this morning. I supposed you knew."

"No," said he, with surprise. "She did not mention it to me. It is some project of hers, doubtless, to surprise me in some way."

"Yes, there is some sport at the bottom of it, probably," replied Mrs. Foreythe.

After a short call Damon Burrill returned to his boarding-place ill at ease. He could not account for Pauline's conduct. He went to the station to meet his partner. The train came in, but his friend Barlow did not appear.

The morning's mail was awaiting him as he entered his counting-room the next day. Running his eye over the package of letters, it was arrested by one addressed in Pauline's handwriting, and he hastily opened it. The letter was dated from Boston. He read as follows:

DEAR DAMON: You will be surprised to learn that when this reaches you I shall be Harry Barlow's wife, and far away. I dislike scenes, and thought this the shortest and easiest way of settling matters between us. I have never truly loved you, and you are now at liberty to go back to your first love, who is doubtless waiting for your return. I have enjoyed much in your society, and thank you for all your kindness and inter-



est. Harry sends love, and says you can settle up the business to suit yourself. He will not trouble you further.

I knew Paul would never consent that I should marry Harry Barlow, because he thinks so much of you; so we took the management of the affair into our own hands. When I think it is time for Paul's anger to subside, I shall write to him.

PAULINE BARLOW.

Great drops of perspiration started out on Damon Burrill's forehead, and his face grew pale, as he read these heartless words. He heeded not the passing and re-passing of his clerks, as they made preparations for the day's sales. He was in a maelstrom of contending passions. The one feeling that held all others in abeyance, that rose as a mighty spirit of evil over them all, was a sudden hatred of his fellow beings. At one fell swoop all persons had become hateful to him; all seemed worthy of his distrust, hatred and contempt. Avis—the thought of her came into the tempest of his feelings like the light from some distant star, or a strain of half-forgotten music; then she seemed to stand, like some silent, accusing angel in the distance, and he could not look into her calm, sad eyes.

The voice of one of his clerks broke in upon his trance.

Springing up, almost fiercely, he looked at the questioner in a way that frightened him.

"I beg pardon, sir," said the clerk, "but I wished to ask you—"

"Do anything you choose, but don't bother me!" exclaimed the unhappy man, as he snatched up his hat and papers and rushed from the store.

He did not go to his boarding-place at once. He walked rapidly through one street after another, till the country stretched wide around him. At last he reached a lonely wood, which he entered. There, far away from any human eye, he gave himself up to his contending emotions. Astonishment, grief, mortified pride, disappointed hopes, jealousy, anger and remorse—all struggled for the mastery. We will not intrude upon him in that dreary solitude.

Some hours later he entered Mr. Foreythe's house, pale and haggard.

The surprise and indignation of Mr. and Mrs. Foreythe were boundless.

"What will you do?" asked Mr. Foreythe, after the first shock of excitement had passed.

"Sell out, and leave the country," replied Damon.

"Don't take it so hard, Burrill," said Mr. Foreythe. "Pauline is unworthy of you. Wretched, infatuated girl! she would never have made you happy. Better stay, and make the best of it, my friend."

"I have no interest here now," said Damon. "I don't like trade. I shall close up, and leave as soon as I can."

"Well, you must do as you think best; but if you'd only stay and persevere I think you might make money here."

Damon Burrill said nothing. He cared little really for money. He felt, in his wretchedness, that the nearest approximate to rest for his weary spirit was only to be found in intense physical activity and constant change. He soon returned to his boarding-place.

He commenced settling his affairs at once, and, to his increased surprise and indignation, found that Harry Barlow had forged notes in his name to the amount of several thousand dollars. He paid all demands, closed up all accounts, and returned to his native town.

There is little record of Damon Burrill's life for the next few years. He returned to the home of his boyhood, a changed man, with an embittered and hopeless spirit. Pauline's perfidy had shown him himself as nothing else could have done; while the hollowness of Harry Barlow's friendship, coupled as it was with crime, gave an added poignancy to his woe. Henceforth to him friendship would be a word without meaning.

In his woe, for the first time he faced himself. He saw himself, too, unworthy of trust, weak and worthless, and guilty. His faithlessness to Avis he did not try to excuse. In the depths of his soul he accused himself mercilessly, and mourned her loss.

It was several weeks ere the thought entered his mind that he might yet, through a true repentance and earnest struggle for a higher and truer manhood, win back once more Avis's faith in him and her affection; for he knew that in her heart there was no revenge, no bitterness. If he could only make himself worthy of her confidence and love, he felt that they would not be denied to him. But could he ever attain to such worthiness? He set himself sadly but earnestly at work, to make his life more worthy, more true. The years, perhaps, if he but filled them with untiring endeavor and achievement, might yet be kind and bring them together once more.

In what marked contrast stood now the two in his thoughts. Pauline, heartless, soulless, had touched only his sensuous nature, while Avis had awakened and inspired his highest nature, his noblest manhood. She had quickened his intellect, strengthened his soul and filled his heart. He yearned for her love again with a passion which no words could express. She was the sun of his heavens which had set forever, leaving him groping in a night without stars.

At last he wrote to her. He asked her forgiveness and her pity. He begged that she would remember him at the Throne of Grace, for he could not pray for himself. He told her in few words all—the pain, the faint hope that she would yet let him come back to her. He gave no hint of such a hope. He could not yet put it into words.

The letter lay unopened on his table. He did not yet know her address. He started out to go over to her home, to learn her address from the old man there. On the way he met a neighbor, who told him of news, just received, of Avis Gayle's sudden death in Cuba.

Damon Burrill would have gone on, to learn particulars from the old man, but he felt that he could not bear his reproaches, of which he knew the honest farmer would not be sparing.

He turned back, crushed the letter, and watched the flames as they caught it in their hungry clutches; made immediate preparations for selling his estate—for which an anxious customer had long been waiting; made satisfactory arrangements with his uncle and aunt, and in a few days disappeared from the old familiar places.

Out to the far West, to the vast wilderness of a world little known at that time, his restless, unhappy spirit urged him, and, for a time, we lose all sight of him. Only this we know: He was known as a gloomy, taciturn man, and, in the silent intensity of his feelings, he was fast settling into a state of unbelief and misanthropy, fearful to contemplate. For Damon Burrill, unlike his young friend Avis, had no hold upon the Divine and the Spiritual, but was drifting, rudderless, upon a stormy sea, with no compass to mark out his way.

Yet, all unseen, there was a Hand at the helm, directing his course; and, through the storms and the tempests and the bitter isolation of years, he would at last bear in to the haven of rest and peace!

#### CHAPTER VII.

GLIMPSES OF A LIFE—AN UNLOVED WIFE—A PARENT'S MISTAKE—THE CHILD IN THE FOREST.

Ere the haven is reached, where the tempest-tossed soul of Damon Burrill at last finds rest, we discover, in turning over the leaves of the years, further records of his life, which I will give you:

After years of travel and adventure, of pioneer life in the far West, of restless wanderings over the sunny slopes of California, through the dense wilds of Oregon, and to the far, tropical scenes of South America, the silent, weary, miserable man at last returned to his native country, but not to his native town.

In a thriving town in New Hampshire we find him, once more in a home of his own. He has not a taste for business, and has bought a valuable farm in the outskirts of the village. The superficial observer would say that his is a pleasant home, for here are found not only all the comforts, but many of the luxuries of life; and the scenes that everywhere meet our eyes are pleasant to look upon. But you and I, reader, who know something of Damon Burrill's past history, can look deeper, and we shall see more.

He is coming now across the field, and as you look into his eyes, and see what is left of their quenched light, the severe expression of his mouth, the deep furrows already marked on his countenance, and the threads of silver thickly strewn among his brown locks—you know that Damon Burrill is not a happy man.

If we enter the sitting-room we shall find a pale, sad-faced woman, who bears a slight resemblance to Avis Gayle. This resemblance, which is merely that of the features—for the expression is entirely unlike that of Avis—is the one thing that had attracted Damon Burrill to Sylvia Golding. She was the only daughter of a lawyer in the village, and had been tenderly cared for; and, although many lovers had laid siege to her heart, she had turned from them all to the moody, irritable man, and had promised to be his wife. Damon Burrill had not deceived her. He had told her of his past life; not excusing himself, nor denying that the best affections of his soul must still be given to the dead; but asking her to accept what he had to give—a cold and divided heart.

And, womanlike, she took the divided heart, while others offered at her shrine the undivided homage of nobler souls.

Such a marriage could not result in happiness to either.

There was no outbreak between them, but they were moonlight and starlight, rather than sunlight to each other. Sylvia fondly hoped that she might be able yet to win him to love her, and she bore patiently with his dark and uncomfortable moods, the while that her physical and mental strength were gradually giving way.

At last, saddened by the conviction that there was no perceptible gain in her influence over him, she fell into a hopeless and more negative state of mind, which served to lessen still further her hold upon his esteem.

The birth of a son seemed for a time to unite them more closely, and a year and more of increased happiness passed.

It was a pleasant summer evening. Tea was over, and Damon Burrill took up the evening paper, and glanced over its columns, while his little son Gayle gambolled about the room in the fullness of baby joy. Suddenly his eyes were riveted to a paragraph, which he read and re-read with blanching face.

At that moment little Gayle came running to him with some baby thought, impatient for utterance, with—

"Oh, papa! papa! see here!"

The man with a sudden movement thrust the child aside, and rushed out of the room. He did not see him fall; he did not heed his cries; but, catching up his hat, with rapid strides he crossed the fields, and was soon out of sight.

Mrs. Burrill hastened to soothe the little one. He was not hurt, but was frightened by such unusual and rude treatment from his father. Mrs. Burrill, who had seen the hasty departure of her husband, could think of no reason for it. At last she took up the paper, and her eye soon fell upon a paragraph which explained to her, beyond a doubt, her husband's conduct.

It was the marriage of Avis Gayle!

The rumor of her death, which had reached Damon Burrill, was an unfounded one; but so carefully had he avoided all communication with his former home and old associates that he had never learned the falsity of the report, nor the return of Avis and her parents to their home after a year's absence.

Damon Burrill did not return home that night. Sylvia knew that alone, in the deep solitudes of the night, and ranging over hills and through valleys, through fields and forests, he was wrestling with a new agony. And who can tell the speechless anguish of her loving soul, knowing his sorrow, yet powerless to relieve, and feeling in her own soul a grief and an isolation too terrible to be borne! For Sylvia had been true to the strange infatuation of her love for him. If she had erred in accepting him she was true and womanly in her loyalty to him through all trials and all changes.

We will not follow Damon Burrill as he strode over many a dreary waste. A fearful night it was, of darkness and storm and wind and rolling thunder; and as the lightning traced its mysterious hieroglyphics on the page of night the miserable man prayed that it might smite him and still the torture of his beating heart!

One query smote like an arrow through his thoughts: Had Avis waited for him all these years, hoping that he might turn to her again? And the cruel Night responded only—*Waited!*

From that time Damon Burrill grew more harsh, more bitter, more misanthropic, and was attacked sometimes by fits of temper, amounting almost to insanity. The gentle wife could not long bear up under this increased burden of unkindness. She died two years later, after a short illness; and the only pang of her going was that she must leave behind her darling boy!

(Continued in our next.)

The experiment of hearing a theatrical performance at the distance of a mile away, by means of the telephone, has been successfully tried in London. It took place at the Bristol Hotel, which was placed in communication with the theatre. The receiving instruments were placed in the proscenium of the theatre right and left. Telephones for the right and left ear were supplied to the audience in the hotel. The performance was the comic opera, "The Mascott." Dialogues, songs and choruses were distinctly heard.

#### THE BAY OF SEVEN ISLANDS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The skipper sailed out of the harbor mouth,  
Leaving the apple bloom of the South  
For the ice of the Eastern seas,  
In his fishing schooner Breeze.

Handsome and brave and young was he,  
And the maidens of Newbury sighed to see  
His lessening white sail fall  
Under the sea's blue wall.

Through the Northern Gulf and the misty screen  
Of the Isles of Minga and Madeline,  
St. Paul's and Blanc Sablon,  
The little Breeze sailed on.

Backward and forward along the shore  
Of wild and desolate Labrador,  
And found at last her way  
To the Seven Islands Bay.

The little hamlet, nestling below  
Great hills white with lingering snow,  
With its ten-roofed chapel stood  
Half hid in the dwarf spruce wood;

Green-turfed, flower-sown, the last outpost  
Of summer upon the dreary coast,  
With its gardens small and spare,  
Sad in the frosty air.

Hard by where the skipper's schooner lay,  
A fisherman's cottage looked away  
Over the bay and bay beyond  
On mountains dim and blue.

And there two sisters, fair and young,  
Laughed and sang to the wind and sung  
In their native tongue the lays  
Of the old Provencal days.

Alke were they, save the faint outline  
Of a scar on Suzette's forehead fine;  
And both, it so befell,  
Loved the heretic stranger well.

Both were pleasant to look upon,  
But the heart of the skipper elved to one;  
For less by his eye than heart  
He knew the twin apart.

Despite of alien race and creed,  
Well did his wooing of Marguerite speed,  
And the mother's wrath was vain  
As the sister's jealous pain.

But half by voice and half by signs  
The skipper said, "A warm sun shines  
On the green-banked Merrimac;  
Wait, watch, till I come back."

"And when you see, from my mast-head,  
The signal of a red lighted sail,  
My boat on the shore shall wait;  
Come, when the night is late."

Under the night, on the wet sand,  
Slowly unclasped their plighted hands;  
One to the cottage hearth,  
And one to his sailor's berth.

What was it the parting lovers heard?  
Nor least, nor flippant, nor wing of bird,  
But a lover's steady tread  
On the rock-moss, crisp and dead.

He weighed his anchor and fished once more  
By the black coast-line of Labrador;  
And by love and the north wind driven,  
Sailed back to the Isles of Seven.

In the sunset's glow the sisters twain  
Saw the Breeze come sailing in again:  
Said Suzette, "Mother dear,  
The heretic's sun is here!"

"Go, Marguerite, to your room and hide;  
Your door shall be locked tight;  
While Suzette, in at ease,  
Watched the red sign of the Breeze."

At midnight down to the waiting skiff  
She stole in the shadow of the cliff;  
And out of the bay's mouth ran  
The schooner with maid and man.

And all night long, on a restless bed,  
Her prayers to the Virgin Marguerite said;  
The night of her lover's pain  
Waiting for her in vain.

But when she saw, through the misty pane,  
The morning break on the sea of rain,  
Could even her love avail  
To follow his vanished sail?

Meantime the Breeze, with favoring wind,  
Left the rugged Molsie hills behind,  
And leaved from an unseen shore  
The falls of Manitou roar.

On the morrow's morn, in the thick, gray weather,  
They met and related to each other,  
Lover and counterfeiter,  
Of hapless Marguerite.

With a lover's hand, from her forehead fair  
He smoothed away her jet-black hair,  
What was it his fond eyes met?  
The scar of the false Suzette!

Fiercely he shouted: "Bear away  
East by north for Seven Isles Bay!  
Back to the westward I have  
But the ship her helm obeyed."

Once more the Bay of the Isles they found;  
They heard the bell of the chapel sound,  
And the chant of the dying sung  
In the harsh, wild Indian tongue.

And when they came to the cottage door,  
The mother rose up from her weeping sore,  
And with angry gestures met  
The scarred look of her son.

"Here is your daughter," the skipper said:  
Give me the one I love and need;  
But the woman sternly spake:  
"Go, see if the dead will wake!"

He looked. Her sweet face still and white  
And strange in the noon-day taper light,  
She lay on her little bed,  
With the cross at her feet and head.

In a passion of grief the strong man bent  
Down to her face, and kissing it, went  
Back to the westward heaved,  
Back to the mournful seas.

Never again to the Merrimac  
And Newbury's homes that bark came back,  
Whether her fate she met  
On the shores of Carraquette,

Miscou, or Tracadie, who can say?  
But even yet at Seven Isles Bay  
Is told the ghostly tale  
Of a weird, ungodly sail.

In the pale, dim light of the Northern day,  
Seen by the blanketed Montserrat,  
Or squaw, in her small kayak,  
Crossing the spectre's track.

On the deck a maiden wrings her hands,  
Her likeness kneels on the gray coast sands;  
One in her wild despair,  
And one in the trance of prayer.

She flits before us earthly blast,  
With the red sign fluttering from her mast,  
The ghost of the schooner Breeze!  
—Atlantic Monthly for February.

Our London correspondent, Mr. William Tabb, writes that since the International Anti-Vaccination Congress at Cologne last October, and reports of its proceedings in American papers, the demand for information has largely increased in the United States in regard to the movement it was held to aid; and that to meet this demand Mr. P. A. Taylor's reply to Dr. W. B. Carpenter, which also covers the main facts under discussion, will be supplied free to the extent of twenty thousand copies to all who apply and remit postage, one cent each. These desiring it can address Wm. Tabb, 114 Victoria street, Westminster, London, Eng. Mr. T. states that another Anti-Vaccination League is to be formed in New York by Henry Bergh, and adds: "The *Banner of Light* has done much to awaken public attention to the subject and to create the demand for information. The agitation once fairly set on foot, being founded on truth, justice and parental rights, must go on, until vaccination, like inoculation, salivation and venesection, has been relegated to the vast jumbo of exploded medical delusions."

They are deceived who imagine that to go to heaven is only to be taken up amongst the angels, let the quality of the individual with respect to his interior life be what it may; and thus that an abode in heaven may be conferred on any one by an immediate grace; when, unless heaven is within a man, nothing of the heaven that is out of him can enter into him, and be received.—Swedenborg's "Heaven and Hell," 54.

The Universalist body loses its "bishop of the Northwest" in the resignation of Dr. W. H. Ryder, who closes his pastorate of twenty-two years in April, and announces his retirement from the pulpit.

#### Banner Correspondence.

##### New York.

ROCHESTER.—Upon renewing his subscription to the *Banner of Light*, S. Moses writes: "I cannot do without its weekly visits. I am much pleased with the enlargement. The Message Department, which I take great interest in, makes it to me, and I think to every one who reads it, the best paper in the world. I have read every number for more than twenty years, and am now in my eighty-fourth year, and being close on the border of the Summer-Land most earnestly desire all the knowledge I can obtain from the *Banner of Light*, and all other sources within my reach, of that now discovered country to which my friends have gone. To me it seems just and natural that all, on entering the life beyond, are the same individuals, governed by nature's law, as here, bearing with them their record from childhood to the last remembrance of thought in this world. I believe that if mankind in this life were taught that each and all must approve or disapprove all of their own acts; that they cannot conceal from the spirit-world or from themselves their own record, but that it is so indelibly imprinted upon their life-book of memory that it cannot be washed out by any mere belief, the world would be the better for it, and we could have confidence in one another. May not the present state of society be the result of the people being taught from the pulpit that man may do wrong to his fellow-man, cheat, lie, steal, and though his sins be as scarlet they shall become as white as snow, by simply saying at the last moment that he 'trusts in the blood of the lamb,' and he ascends to glory: whilst the individual who deals fairly and honestly, but does not thus 'trust,' has no chance to obtain happiness hereafter?"

ONEIDA.—W. Irving Tillotson writes: "The rarest treat that the Spiritualists of Oneida and vicinity have enjoyed for a long period was the lecture, accompanied by music, of J. Frank Baxter, it being made more convincing to outsiders by his most remarkable and unavoidable tests. Mr. Baxter is not only a polished lecturer, but in every sense a gentleman, and we regret he could not have remained longer with us."

HORNELLSVILLE.—Personal experiences in spiritual phenomena many years before the advent of Modern Spiritualism are related by John Greenhow, as follows: "I am a Spiritualist and have never had a doubt of its truth, for I saw and heard spirits while I was a member of the Church. The first Indians I ever saw were spirits. Four local preachers called in to see me one Sunday afternoon, over forty years ago, and while they were sitting talking I saw five Indians standing in a circle with their heads together. Presently one of them left quickly, and passing to one of the brethren, touched him on the calf of the leg. He was at the time sitting with one leg over the other, and he suddenly started, caught hold of his leg and exclaimed, 'I've got the cramp in my leg.' Of course I thought they were wicked spirits, not being white or dressed in white. I joined the Methodist Church when I was seventeen years old, but I was sincere, and this I think accounts for my remarkable experience in hearing noises and receiving answers to prayer in a wonderful manner, of which here is one instance: I was called to preach, and after being ordained an elder, a brother came to me and said: 'Brother Greenhow, my wife has got the scarlet fever; I wish you would come and see her.' I went. I used to carry a small bottle of oil in my pocket and use it if I felt to do so. Upon my reaching the sick woman I laid my hand on her head in the name of Jesus Christ, and I felt she was healed, and told her in the name of Jesus she might get up and wash and dress herself and I would wait down stairs till she came, and she was down in ten minutes. After I was gone she told her husband she had dreamed I went to see her, and did just what I did, and she was well."

I could fill several sheets with my remarkable experience while I was a church member. Forty-five years ago two young men and myself had been walking in the country one Sunday afternoon. When we returned we sat down to smoke, and I watched the smoke go circling out of my pipe till I seemed to be borne far away, and when I came back I said to them: 'That's the strangest thing I ever knew; I have been at home and seen all my folks.' Of course I thought it was some kind of a curious half-awake dream and put it from me; but when I got home my wife said: 'The strangest thing you ever knew took place this afternoon. We were all sitting in the parlor door and saw you come in and go up-stairs, and I followed you up, and you were not there; and when I came down and told them, they said they knew you must be, and were hiding, for they all saw you.'

##### District of Columbia.

WASHINGTON.—"F. G. L." writes: "Prof. Austin Phelps, of Andover, seems to be between two fires, at least—from the Spiritualists on one side, and the enemies of the cause on the other. Between the two elements he seems to me to be in danger of being crushed, as he undoubtedly will be, if he continues trying to maintain the attitude of a denier of spiritual truths. It is difficult to reconcile the idea of a man preaching from the pulpit, or writing and publishing through the religious press, for others to preach, that which he does not believe. Can it be that the spread of spiritual truths is so permenting the Church as to call forth a denial of all that tends to elevate mankind above the level of the old Church teachings, and so destroy its influence and power? Better 'stop denying and wait for more light,' than to try to put others' light under a bushel, so as to hide it from the world. I think, however, that he puts his own light under a bushel, if I can read between the lines from his own pen in 1879, which read as follows:

"The evidence is not small that, in a life free from the limitations of sense, the soul's natural dominion over material things will be grandly developed. Mind will probably be independent of the veto of matter. Our Lord seems to have possessed the power of passing through material obstructions without a rent or break. Through closed doors and dense walls he passed with the ease of thought. Through angry crowds, whose every eye was fixed upon him, he slipped away invisibly. Was this a miracle? Even so it may have been only an anticipation of the natural sovereignty of soul over matter. Angelic intelligences seem to have the same supremacy over material forms, assuming them and dropping them at will. All the biblical hints of the life natural to spiritual being look to this as one of its conditions. They suggest the query whether mind, after all, is not the only substance and matter the shadow. This is, at least, less improbable than the glum faith of materialism."

Thus wrote the learned Professor of Andover, in the spring of '79, since which time he seems to have found it necessary, in order to 'save 'Orthodoxy' from the rapid encroachments of

spiritual truths among its congregations, to try and shut out the light of truth and encourage the 'power of darkness.' It is to be hoped that he may, for his own sake, become more reconciled to the inevitable advancement of spiritual truths and not feel it incumbent upon himself to cry out that all manifestations from the spirit-world are of the devil."

##### Massachusetts.

WAYLAND.—J. S. Draper writes us as follows, under date of Jan. 18th, concerning "Healing Power Through the Hand." Our correspondents that "Whatever that power may be in its essence, the fact of its existence and practical benefit to the suffering has passed beyond the regions of doubt with all honest observers"; and continues: "A few weeks ago, from causes to me entirely inexplicable, I became almost completely deaf. So sudden was the attack that it seemed like the result of paralysis, or of a puncture of the drum of the ear. Last week, at the suggestion of a friend, I was introduced to Mrs. E. E. Welch, whose business office is 30 Worcester Square, Boston—a lady whom I had never seen, or even heard of before. Under her manipulations, during ten or fifteen minutes, I was made sensible of decided improvement; and at the end of half an hour it was evident that my ordinary sense of hearing was completely restored, and it has remained so to this date. I have since learned that she successfully treats many forms of disease and derangement of the human system; and a sense of gratitude in my own case leads me to place her name before the readers of the *Banner of Light*, with a hearty recommendation of her powers to relieve."

WORCESTER.—Woodbury C. Smith, President of the Worcester Association, writes: "Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham, of Boston, who opened our lecture course in our new hall last October so acceptably, has just closed a two-weeks' engagement with us, lecturing to large and appreciative audiences. Mrs. Burnham throws over her audience an influence that brings them at once into sympathy with her subjects, and chains them in rapt attention as they listen to the eloquent utterances that flow so rapidly from her inspired lips. She well merits the position she is fast gaining in the lecture-field, and should be kept well employed."

SALEM.—A correspondent forwards the following "Notice to Spiritual Societies or Lyceums": The subscriber is now prepared to give five illustrated lectures, both spiritual and secular, for any society, sociable, fair or entertainment, etc. The choice and select views are handsomely colored, and finely magnified by the stereopticon, and are also very instructive. Terms, \$6 per evening, or on shares. Can give the best of references if desired. Please send for Circular to STEPHEN G. HOOPER, President of Spiritual Society. Address No. 51 Endicott street, Salem, Mass."

##### Florida.

PALMETTO.—John Koons writes: "Mrs. Hendrix is a good trance medium, worthy of high commendation for her distinguished mediumistic gifts and exemplary character, and merits the respect of all who know her. Her good husband, Joel Hendrix, is no less interested in the support and defense of our glorious cause. He exercises the rare gift of spirit-healing with good success. We are having a general good time, holding circles at his residence for spirit-intercourse, in which I am an active participant. One of the members of our circle is Mr. Green Harrold, a Baptist minister who lately emerged from the wilderness of ecclesiastical sectarianism into the true light of the spiritual universe of conscious life, love and immortality. He was a staunch opponent of Spiritualism until the spirits controlled his tongue to speak contrary to his own espoused sentiments."

Our sectarian neighbors of this town are becoming somewhat interested in our cause, and those who lack moral courage to attend our séances are beginning to eavesdrop to hear what is said within; a very good step, that, in the way of an eye-opener."

We have a decided advantage here in our spiritual circle over our opponents in the comparative balance of intellect. The best reasoners in the country are found in our ranks; amongst whom, in our Palmetto circle, we have Capt. James A. Thompson, Mr. Harrold, and others of equal talent. I keep my little book, "The Truth-Seeker's Feast," on hand, which serves us well in showing up the groundwork of modern Christianity."

In conclusion, I am requested to tender the highest regard of the Spiritualists of this town and vicinity to the *Banner of Light* for its services in defense of truth and common humanity."

##### California.

COLUSA.—John H. Jenson writes: "I enclose a three dollar money order to renew my subscription to your indispensable paper, which I have taken for many years, and expect to take to the end of my life. I wish more could see as I do, who have been a convert to Spiritualism for thirty years. I was formerly a Deist and Atheist; all things failed to satisfy me as to the future, until Spiritualism came, and has been to me what all else failed to be. I thank God for the day, hour and minute that I was invited to the first séance, at which I received facts that convinced me of an existence after this of earth. I have ever since been a worker in the cause, and will be to the end of my life. God bless the *Banner of Light*, and all connected therewith."

##### Missouri.

GALENA.—W. Patton, M. D., writes: "We need a good materializing medium here. Séance-room and board shall cost them nothing if they call on me, which is all I am able to give them. There is not, to my knowledge, any Spiritualist here except myself, but I believe any medium of the class I have mentioned would find a visit here remunerative, as there are no churches to throw obstacles in the way of their making known the truth. Why will some one not come? I see Joplin, Mo., only about fifty miles distant, calls for one. Now come, and I divide the time between the two places. I earnestly hope some one will be induced to come."

##### Washington Territory.

OLYMPIA.—Emily C. French, upon renewing her subscription, writes: "You can consider me a life subscriber to the *Banner of Light*. I side with regret that some are finding fault with the Message Department, and would like to see that page filled with other matter. Now I want most earnestly to protest against such a proceeding, for if there is one part more than another that I take delight in it is the Message



Department. When I am cast down, and repine at my lot, and think that my troubles and trials are more than I can bear, I lay down my work and pick up the *Banner* (which always lies handy) and turn to the Messages, and my spirit is cheered, my heart is lightened of its burden; I take up the daily duties of life with renewed vigor, and thank the spirit-world for the dear *Banner of Light*, the light that lighteth every one that cometh into the world; the light that comes to us poor mortals, so that we can see to make our lives bright here and beautiful hereafter.

The cause of Spiritualism is progressing steadily in and around Olympia. Mediums are being developed in greater numbers than ever before, and in families that are bitterly opposed to Spiritualism in every form. Our spirit-friends make themselves felt and heard, to the dismay of skeptics and the delight of those who believe in them."

Connecticut.

NORWICH.—Byron Boardman furnishes the subjoined account illustrative of the power of Clairvoyance: "In the latter part of November last, Mrs. E. L. Williams, of this city, was called from her bed at an early hour by an unknown woman evidently in great mental distress. The lady was anxious for an interview, stating that she desired information regarding an absent friend. Her request was granted. And as the strange gift of second sight or spiritual perception came upon this modern seeress, she in substance replied: 'The friend of whom you speak is your own husband. As I unravel the psychometric thread of his life I perceive that he was with you last evening. At a later hour he left home, and has not returned. You have waited, watched and worried the night away, haunted by dread forebodings of trouble, and the fear that some fatal mishap had overtaken him. But, lady, cheer up, for he is alive and well. I can now see him in a large brick block; it appears to be a lock-up. During the night he had trouble and hard words with other parties in distant part of the city, the result of which occasioned his absence from home. You will see him soon. Go to police headquarters—I am sure he is there—and you will find my statements true.' The woman hastened to the station and made known her trouble. On consulting the books it was found that the name of her truant husband had been duly registered at a late hour of the night. She was conducted to his private apartment, where she was overjoyed to greet him. The matter was satisfactorily adjusted with the officials, and the happy pair, arm in arm, went on their way rejoicing."

NEW HAVEN.—A correspondent writes, over the signature "Veritas," as follows: "Permit me, as one who has for a number of years read your interesting paper, to congratulate you on its present beautiful form and increased size. It comes to the city each week, and is welcomed to many homes. Although not an avowed Spiritualist myself, I nevertheless derive great comfort from perusing the instructive and edifying articles it contains; indeed, there is no paper printed in so highly prize as the *Banner of Light*. I believe it is fulfilling a glorious mission, and is destined to accomplish still more in the future."

Perhaps a few lines concerning a lady formerly a resident of Boston, will not be uninteresting to your many readers. It was my good fortune to visit Mrs. J. J. Clark; the celebrated clairvoyant, who has recently moved to New Haven. The object of my visit was a purely business one. After having been introduced to the lady, and settled the business which led me to call upon her, a few words were spoken concerning her mediumistic powers. I confess that I was a little skeptical as to her ability to tell me of events that no one was cognizant of save myself; but Mrs. Clark, after making one or two passes with her hand over her eyes, did demonstrate, to my utter astonishment as well as satisfaction, that she could read many events in my life as one reads an open book. She also described two spirits, and gave me their names, corresponding with those of relatives of mine who are in the spirit-world. To crown the scene, and make me still more astonished, she spoke of an article which was given to me by a friend, describing it accurately. This was a settler, as no one but that friend and myself knew of the article in question. I think the lady, by her clairvoyant and mediumistic talent, is doing great good here. Her address is 81 Church street. I hope the *Banner* may wave over the whole of this and other lands, emancipate thousands from the thralldom of superstition and error, and carry the blessed tidings of immortality and progression to all who are longing for the truth."

CANTON.—S. J. Leach writes: "After an outlook from the heights to which Mrs. Richmond's controls take one, it seems as if my poor words could be but useless, yet I wish to express my appreciation of the dear *Banner of Light* in its every department—that of messages especially, because it expresses the views of real, tangible earth-people who have crossed the border to the Morning-Land. We who are held down by feeble bodies cannot always remain on the mountain-top with Mrs. Richmond. It requires large heroism to calmly consider the end, while yet quivering on the anvil, as we are being shaped for our niche in the great temple; but if we can realize that by-and-by we shall be transformed into something fair and useful, it strengthens us to bear the pressure of the All-Shaping Hand."

Iconoclastic work, I suppose, has its use, and there are those adapted to it; but it seems to me the 'still, small voice' will win its way to the people's hearts, as a rule. Where lifelong teachings are to be overcome, time, patience and wisdom are needed. Some will not, some dare not see; the latter less often through fear of being outcasts from social life than fear of accepting that which may peril the soul's interests. They cannot believe there can possibly be any salvation except through Jesus, and to entertain even a thought of it would seem to them the most terrible sacrilege. I do not like to hear Christianity denounced. I know so many followers of Christ who are truly conscientious and noble and pure in their lives; yet I would so like to have them learn the truth, because I have found so much comfort since I have grown slowly to understand the Spiritual Philosophy as I find it elucidated in the *Banner of Light*. It meets the long felt need of my spirit, and I would that its now enlarged sheet might be in every household in the land."

There are no Spiritualists near me, so far as I know, except that one family are having their attention called to the subject since their little one went to the Summer-Land. I feel, as Mr. Wetherbee expresses it, 'how pleasant it is to fall in with a like-minded person,' when I meet one with whom I can converse freely on this great theme. How we all like Mr. Wetherbee, Mr. Hazard and many more who write for

your paper. May all pure, true-hearted workers long remain, and our spirit-friends never weary of trying to help and benefit poor humanity."

WILLIMANTIC.—Wm. C. Fuller writes, January 17th: "Miss Jennie B. Hagan is drawing crowded houses, and of course gives general satisfaction. Her improvisations are truly wonderful. With a nice new organ, full houses and the Lyceum in a good healthy condition, together with the kindly feeling manifested toward us by the new Congregational and Methodist clergymen, we can say with friend Cephas, that Spiritualism is 'booming' in Willimantic."

WEST HAVEN.—O. W. Reynolds, Secretary of the New Haven Society of Spiritualists, writes that on the 15th ult., Capt. H. H. Brown, of *The Two Worlds*, delivered a lecture that gave great satisfaction to all. He says: "His earnestness, the purity of his language, and the plain, unanswerable argument that he uses, can but be a benefit to any society that secures his services. It seems as though his coming among us was the work of an unseen intelligence in answer to our earnest desires for an influence that should stir up our old workers. He had the largest audience since the commencement of our new movement."

New Jersey.

ELIZABETH.—J. Harvey Price writes: "I have lived here for the past nine months, during which time there has been no spiritual lecturer or medium here, although Elizabeth has a population of thirty thousand. I highly prize the *Banner of Light* with its weekly feast of good things, and trust you will be liberally sustained in your efforts to give the people a first-class spiritual paper. I cordially wish you unbounded prosperity."

RAHWAY.—Mrs. Cornelia P. Mundy writes: "The Message Department is almost the first that I look at, and it was the same with my dear husband (David A. Mundy). What should I do without the dear *Banner of Light*, it contains so many comforting words in this, my great affliction? I do feel sad and lonely at times, yet I think of my dear one as free and happy, laboring in the great cause of Spiritualism, and gain comfort thereby. The opportunities I have of hearing from him are few. I am very, very thankful for the beautiful messages that have come to me. A little more than two months since he passed away; three times have I heard words of cheer from him. Once have I heard of his controlling a medium in another State. He can do now what he so much regretted in earth-life—that he could not labor for the good of humanity. He would sometimes say his life had been a failure; but could you know the good he has done in his quiet way for the last twenty years, in aiding and giving homes to several fatherless children, you would say he had not lived in vain. He thinks the time will come when I shall hear truths given by him in many places for the elevation of the human race. He says: 'I shall add this spiritual movement with all my powers of soul, helping to spread its truths, which will eventually unlock the darkness of minds which have long been confined. We will never rest in our beautiful homes while there are any of the loved children of humanity suffering for want of knowledge which we can give. Although but a short time has elapsed since my departure from you, still it seems as though I had learned more of wisdom than could be gained in an age of earth-life, such being the freedom of brain and soul when rid of an inharmonious material form, and the power of receiving in accordance with nature's divine revelation, without being influenced by the tendencies of physical incongruities. Life and light given to a freed spirit, and what is to check its progression? My husband was a great admirer of Theodore Parker, Henry C. Wright, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and many others of reformatory and progressive tendencies."

Ohio.

ASHLAND.—F. W. Coffin, upon remitting the amount of his own yearly subscription and that of a new subscriber, writes: "Wish I could send you a dozen. If each of all your present subscribers send one, it would help in part to pay you for the extra expense you have incurred in the enlargement of your excellent paper. I can say, with thousands of others, it is the paper."

The waters have been stirred of late in our little city, and this has caused the enemy to open his batteries at long range. Mr. Sprecher, pastor of the Lutheran Church, spoke on the subject the first Sunday evening of January, he asserting that nine-tenths of the phenomena were frauds, and the other tenth genuine, the works of evil spirits. It is surprising how much more some men know than some other men. I hope to take the *Banner of Light* as long as I am able to read it, which can't be many years more, at the best, as I shall soon pull up to the seventy-third station, full of hope for the future. God bless you in your labors."

VAN WERT.—Mrs. John Edson writes: "The truths of Spiritualism are being rapidly made known to all. The Orthodox clergy are being awakened to the danger threatening the Church, by the rapid strides being made by Spiritualism. Their awakening will prove to be too late. They may delay somewhat the onward march of the grand old car of progress, but, thank God, they cannot stop its course, for it is being impelled by an unseen power, over which they have no control."

Maine.

PORTLAND.—William Thayer writes: "The *Banner of Light* has been my Bible for the past twenty-five years, or ever since its commencement. Although I take some pleasure in reading the old Bible, I find the former far more preferable, as I don't believe in putting the 'new wine into old bottles.' We live in an age when such a course is entirely needless; as Emerson says:

'All before us lies the way,  
Leave the past into the wind;  
All before us is the day,  
Night and darkness leave behind.'

If our opposers see fit to live under a cloud, it is not the fault of Spiritualism. I feel most grateful for the light I have received from the *Banner*; it has always been, from its first number, a very liberal paper, allowing those who think differently to state their reasons for so thinking, acting up to the principles of Jesus; who said, 'The Sabbath was made for man; and not man for the Sabbath.' 'Let every one be persuaded in his own mind.' While old theologians misuse the name of Jesus, it is a great pleasure to feel that the Spiritualists in general are trying hard to follow his principles with sincerity."

FARMINGTON.—Charles Hamblet writes that if it is true that Spiritualism is the work

of devils, as Prof. Phelps and his Orthodox brethren aver, the devils are doing a very good work, and bringing more happiness to the world than the clergy have ever done, and have brought a knowledge of a future existence to thousands whom the churches have never been able to convince of the fact. He says: "Let the church bombard the works of Spiritualism, it can never destroy its strong fortress. There is quite an interest here. The people come in from all directions. My wife is a healing and trance-medium, and practiced in Portland some twenty years with great success."

Wisconsin.

MILWAUKEE.—Mrs. A. C. McCarlin writes: "We prize the *Banner of Light* more and more, especially since moving here, away from so many privileges as was our pleasure of enjoying while in the East, and more especially in Boston. We are having very enjoyable meetings here, and a great deal of interest is manifested by those who attend. Mrs. Spencer, a most estimable and worthy woman, is doing a glorious work on the rostrum with her lectures and tests, but a still greater one in living the truths which she (or the influences through her) is trying to inculcate. We are looking forward to the time when splendid results will come from the untiring efforts of so truly good and practical a woman as Mrs. Spencer. God grant her health and life may be spared to finish the work she has so nobly begun."

Minnesota.

MINNEAPOLIS.—E. G. Manley writes: "Miss Susie M. Johnson has lectured here for three years to the Society of Spiritualists with great success. The attendance has been large, considering the fact that some sixty-five or seventy churches are holding forth in the city, and recently a Society of Unitarians has been organized and is prospering finely; but Miss Johnson's lectures are well attended, and she is doing a great work for the cause and the city, her lectures being appreciated so much by the listeners, the collections make the meetings self-sustaining. It must be an interesting lecturer to entertain an audience year after year, and hold together as large an attendance as she does."

Arizona.

PHOENIX.—N. A. Pickens, M. D., writes: "I always did like the *Banner of Light*; but it seems to have increased in value in proportion to its enlargement. It certainly is equal to the demands of the times, and will keep pace with them. I have read my neighbor's *Banner* since I have been in this Territory, but we both find so extensive use for it to do missionary work that one copy is not enough, so I herewith send for another. There are but few Spiritualists here, but Liberalists are so numerous that a first-class lecturer could soon make enough converts to organize a society. We have the promise of a course of lectures from an ex-clergyman, and I predict a society not far in the future."

Mississippi.

PASCAGOULA.—S. Moore, M. D., writes: "I am happy to see that the *Banner of Light* increases in interest continually as the years roll round, making it more and more interesting and desirable to the great Army of Progress, the matter-of-fact scientific investigators who now lead the world of knowledge."

Arkansas.

CEADARVILLE.—Rev. G. Thompson writes: "I have been a reader of the *Banner of Light* for three years, and have derived more information in spiritual matters from it than all other church papers for the last twenty years. May the good spirits continue to bless you in your labors."

Kansas.

GREAT BEND.—Mrs. Abby C. Spaulding writes: "It would only be a reiteration of my often expressed sentiments to say how highly I appreciate the *Banner of Light* in its entirety, and I continually thank the good angels and those whom they have inspired, for its production."

Pennsylvania.

ALLEGHENY CITY.—F. G. Reutter, No. 8 East street, writes that himself and others are desirous of being informed of where circles for the investigation of Spiritualism are held in Pittsburgh or Allegheny City.

Iowa.

WEST ALBANY.—John Hutchison writes: "The *Banner of Light* is a household word here, where three years ago one would not hear it mentioned. We shall try to increase your subscription list here the present year."

Tennessee.

NASHVILLE.—"H. B." writes that a fine opportunity exists in this place for a good medium, one whose desire it is to disseminate spiritual truth.

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Spiritual Lyceum Fair.

FRIENDS: In behalf of the Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, of this city, I am authorized to make an appeal to you to aid us in our labors. The present object for which we respectfully solicit your assistance is a Grand Fair, which is to be held at the Ladies Aid Parlor, 718 Washington street, on the day and evening of Feb. 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th, at which time and place we propose to have on sale such useful and ornamental articles as are usually to be found on like occasions. Our work is solely a labor of love, as none of our officers receive remuneration. The Lyceum numbers some one hundred children, and you can realize the expense necessary to carry on such a school. All Spiritualists and Liberals, and in fact all who have the welfare of children at heart, are earnestly invited to operate with us, and especially make such donations of money, eatables, or articles which they may have within their power to offer. The smallest donation will be thankfully received, and when there is no objection, all donations will be acknowledged through the public press. Anything you may wish to contribute for the above purpose will be thankfully received by the Committee on the day previous to the opening of the Fair, viz., Feb. 6th, at 718 Washington street, and any communications addressed to the undersigned, to the above street and number, will receive prompt reply. I cordially invite you to attend our Fair, that you may see for yourselves the good we are endeavoring to accomplish for the rising generation.

Yours fraternally, F. L. OMOND, Secretary.

Mrs. S. F. BICKNELL, President.  
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There will be a social each day, commencing Friday, at 10 A. M. Music by the Waterbury Glee Club, consisting of many new and fine Spiritualistic songs. D. Stiles will hold two or more of his test dances, to which a small admission fee will be taken for defraying the expenses of the Convention. Preaching will be given on the evening of the 10th and 11th. There will be a conference of one hour or more. Select Readings, Essays, Vocal and Instrumental Music and Speeches will be in order. All are earnestly requested to come, prepared to help make this Convention a grand success by taking part in these conferences. Conferences and lectures open and free. Return tickets will be granted over the Central Vermont Railroad to all who pay full fare one way.

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Mr. Putnam, well known by our readers, (and, as stated in the book, a native of the parish in which Salem Witchcraft first broke out, and descended from actors then and there, in this interesting and instructive work, has done much to dispense the dark clouds which have long hung over the subject, and has not a little that exhibits egregious shortcomings and misstatements by the historians, Hutchinson, Upham and others who follow their lead.  
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RULES

TO BE OBSERVED WHEN FORMING

SPIRITUAL CIRCLES.

BY EMMA HARDINGE BOTTEN.

Comprehensive and clear directions for forming and conducting circles of investigation, are here presented by an able, experienced and reliable author.











Mr. Plimpton, of the *Commercial*, was evidently determined that Dr. Slade should have fair play as far as he was concerned, as he at once replied to this reportorial tirade, his communication (from which we make the following outspoken extracts) appearing in the *Enquirer* for Jan. 27th:

"Your reporter very fairly states the phenomena witnessed, except where his lively imagination charmingly interferes with strict accuracy, and tempts him to adorn his narrative with divers brass ornaments of







Reported for the Banner of Light.

A word of caution in closing may, however, not be out of place in reference to this matter. There are some naturally self-willed and aggressive people who mistake obstinacy for courage, and self-assertion for advocacy of truth. The smallest minds are usually the most obstinate with regard to trifles; they are so taken up with these that little things are magnified to them, and their paltry whims exist in their estimation as matters of gravest moment. The common man is often more than a match for a giant in distress; and just so the minutest detail is more important than the gravest issue to a small-minded, obstinate person. Real will-power cannot afford to fritter itself away in wrangling over trifles; it must husband its strength for great occasions. The most positive and determinately conscientious man is apt to make many trifling concessions out of pure good nature, just to please others, while, when principle is at stake, he is like adamant, as immovable as the gigantic rocks that have bid defiance to the storms of ages.

And so, in wishing you all a most happy and prosperous New Year, express our heartfelt prayer that during its progress each one of you may render unswerving allegiance to your own sense of right. Then when 1882 lies in the urn of the hoary past which now enshrines its predecessor, whether you have attained to eminence in the sight of men or not, your own souls will afford you unending felicity, and you will have earned the "Well done" of the Great











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