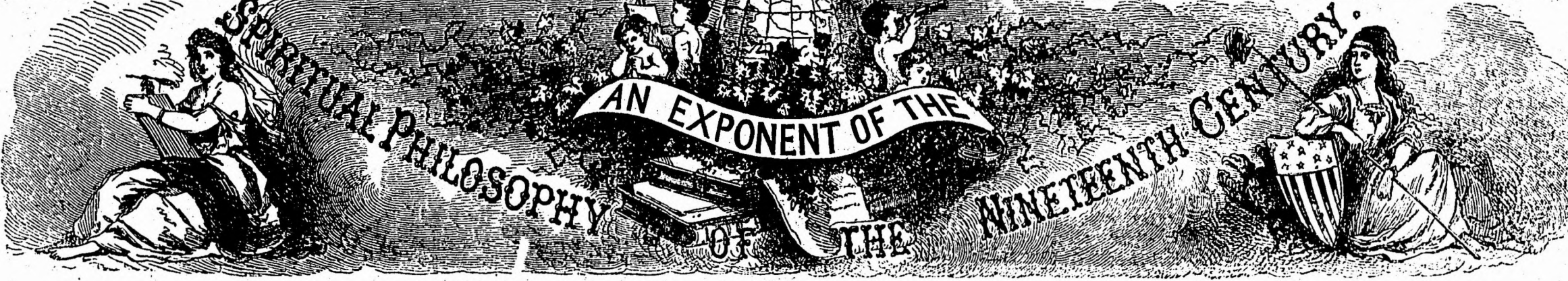


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## Berkeley Hall.

### President Garfield Living After Death.

A Lecture delivered by  
**W. J. COLVILLE,**  
in Berkeley Hall, Boston, Sunday Morning, Oct.  
22, 1881, under Influence of his Spirit-Guides.  
(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

"If a man die, shall he live again?"  
"We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."  
This question is found in the Old Testament, the answer is found in the New.  
While truth is ever the same, unchangeable and unchanging from eternity, its manifestations through human souls are variously adapted to the various conditions of human life.  
In ages of barbarism, when man is almost entirely engrossed in earthly cares, when he is obliged to expend nearly all of his energy in satisfying the cravings of the physical form, there is very little time or opportunity for intellectual cultivation or for spiritual unfolding, and therefore, in the early ages of the world man's ideas of the future life were very inferior and very hazy. Their gods were animals and flowers and birds, and all material things, which ministered to their earthly necessities. They beheld a power in nature greater than themselves, and they knew that beyond their control were the forces of nature. And thus they acknowledged the existence of a Deity, but at the same time that Deity was unto them a crude material creature, endowed with their fallings, their passions, and their imperfections. Their ideas of a future life were born out of their own intuitive convictions, as the result of their dawning reason, for it is rational to believe in immortality, and it is irrational to deny it.  
The human soul itself is its own revealer, its own interpreter, and if, in certain instances, men and women have no knowledge of immortality, and no belief in it; if in certain cases men's minds are so dwarfed that they cannot behold an immortal life stretching out beyond the confines of the grave, this is no more to be wondered at than it is a matter for surprise that there are persons who cannot see, and yet who have eyes that look just as good as yours, or that there are men who cannot hear, and yet no outside observer can see that anything is the matter with their ears. So there are men upon the earth to-day, good and honorable men, high-principled men, who cannot realize immortality, because their spiritual eyes, or their spiritual ears, or their spiritual brains are deficient, though as you look upon them outwardly and behold their general sanity you cannot detect that there is anything wrong. But a belief in immortality, which is the outgrowth of man's recognition of the necessity of the future life, is ever informing him that the supply in existence is sufficient for all demands. "If a man die, shall he live again?" If a man were really to die he could never live again. The man dies not, but the man's garment wears out, and as the garment wears out it is removed, and as the garment is removed another garment takes its place, being woven around the spirit by entirely natural processes, so that, as the serpent may dismiss its skin and then find that it is clothed with a new one, even so man, passing out of the life material into the spiritual world, unless his death has been prematurely hastened by his own suicidal act, will find around him that which has grown there from birth—it being ready for his use when his outward tenement shall have become unfitted for occupancy any longer.  
A man has a body, but a man is a soul, and, therefore, the man dies not. He lives forever,

and casting off the mortal tenement is only like casting off an old coat and finding yourself already provided with a new one which fits you far more comfortably; for we can say that we know that when the earthly tabernacle is dissolved we have "a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." We mean by the building of God a spiritual structure, an edifice which cannot fall into decay, which will know no corruption; an eternal being is a being composed of those elements of life which in themselves are eternal and can never be destroyed, and a building of God in the heavens signifies a place in those calm and blessed regions of the soul where the warfare and strife of earth are forever ended.  
We can, however, enter into no heaven simply because we pass out of the mortal form, and cannot enjoy it because of the location of our bodies; we cannot enjoy even material surroundings, unless the appreciation of them is ours. Our building of God, eternal in the heavens, is the edifice of the far, far future. It is the temple of the soul, which, foreshadowed unto great minds in the past as a vision of ineffable brightness, is your ultimate attainment. But for any one to imagine that men slip off the mortal coil and enter directly into heaven when they have not undergone all necessary discipline, is to acknowledge the existence of a partial God, who favors some of his creatures and abuses others. There are those on earth to-day who imagine that they have a high sense of honor, and who talk very loudly concerning the claims of justice, who expect that when their earthly life is ended they will go immediately to heaven, but who have very little thought of the trouble others will have in getting there. Some people are considered uncommonly good because they abstain from all evil actions they have no disposition to perform; easily following out the force of their own inclinations, they have been protected by circumstances from almost all evil influences; born of good family, well educated, with very few temptations to evil, priding themselves upon their abstinence from the commission of crime, they consider that the death-angel has only to liberate them from the mortal form, and then they will be in the highest glory, and at perfect and infinite rest in heaven. Such a conception of eternity is altogether at variance with truth. It is opposed to that justice which is meted out to all, and perceived by those who understand that God is no respecter of persons. You must all fight the battle, you must all earn the prize; and those of you who in this life have developed no positive virtue, will find that it is not only your duty, but also your privilege, to enter into other spheres of being, and advance there through effort, as it is impossible to reach exalted states without labor. You will benefit yourselves by developing the graces in others.  
Leaving these generalizations, which we have introduced simply as a prelude to our lecture, we will ask the direct question—"Where is President Garfield to-day? How is he living after death, and in what large measure is he now capable of helping you?"  
In the columns of the Boston Investigator we are informed that God cannot exist, or cannot be just and loving, if Garfield is removed in the very height of his earthly power, and in the very opening of his brilliant presidential career. We are told that a wise, just, loving and omnipotent God would know better than to take Garfield away just at the very moment when he could do the most good on earth, and that the fact of his going away, slain by the assassin's hand, is a proof that either God, or a good God, does not exist. Leaving the materialists to the material world, if they would allow themselves to have their eyes opened to the influence of Garfield's transition upon this material life, they would realize that if God has made no provision for any future state, that God has made a very good move, and done a very wise thing in taking Garfield away from the scene of his earthly labors at the time he did; and that if God is working for the interests of this world, and for this world only, and seeking for the best possible good of his creatures, then in removing Garfield at the moment he did, and causing him to ascend to the higher life, he produced an influence upon this world so great and powerfully good, that it transcends the powers of human eloquence to express its magnitude. If Garfield had never gone away he would never have been appreciated. The influence of his life would never have been truly acceptable to the people. He might have lived on day after day, month after month, and year after year in perfect health and through party strife; criticised by numbers, sometimes admired and sometimes condemned; no matter what the purity of his aims, no matter what the grandeur of his life, no matter what the attainments of his self-denying industry or indomitable perseverance, they would have all been lost sight of by those who are always watching and criticising the actions of public men in their endeavors to set up their own party and to dethrone the opposite party. Such would lose sight of the beauty of the spirit which was working through the earthly form of their President, who was known to be identified with one party—being elected by those who adhered principally to the Republican side.  
Now that Garfield has gone away he lives in your memories. He lives in the influence which he exerts, by having caused you to admire him, and to admire the course of action which he pursued, and which led to so successful a termination of his earthly labors. Garfield's life is valuable to you, because you can now look at it from a distance; having forgotten all the agitations which surrounded him on earth, you can gaze upon the picture now that it hangs up

in every household, and see the benevolence, and justice, and perseverance, which have made such a beautiful character of this man. In this country our heroes and our heroines exert a far more powerful posthumous influence for good than they ever can in those countries which are subjected to a monarchial rule. If a man is born into a royal family, if you can urge that he has blue blood in his veins, and that all of his ancestors have been distinguished people; if he has been protected from the effects of vice and the possibilities of ignorance, brilliantly surrounded, always provided with everything that is calculated to stimulate all that is highest and best in man, you can admire him from afar off, as you would admire a glorious star, but you cannot reach him. He seems to be one of those fabled angels who, with wings on their shoulders, seem to have come from other worlds and do not belong to this earth, and therefore lose the influence for good which their purity would have otherwise exerted upon humanity. He may be like one of those gods or goddesses of Greece or Rome, beautiful in all the perfections of chiseled loveliness, and yet at the same time not man or woman, but something above humanity. If any member of a royal or any aristocratic family on the continent of Europe does any daring deed, or performs any great service for the world, ordinary men and women admire, but they seem to feel as though they cannot follow. They look upon such heroes as belonging to some peculiar order, or to a higher stratum of society, as they call it, and contemplate them as though they were altogether above themselves; but in this land your Washington, your Lincoln, your Garfield are men who have come up from among the people. They were neither lords, dukes, earls, kings nor emperors, only ordinary citizens, who have risen by their indomitable perseverance; and while we pronounce these words concerning Garfield, and concerning all of your heroes, we announce to the churches that the reason why the religion of Jesus is not more powerful in the land to-day is because they have made Jesus God instead of man, and by making Jesus God, they cause man to worship and admire, but not to follow.  
How can I be as good as God? is a very natural question for a man to ask. If God incarnated himself in man, man body to save souls from everlasting loss, he can admire the condescension of the infinite; but when asked to make the divine life a pattern we exclaim: "How can I walk in the footsteps of God, when I am only a frail, weak, sinning human being?" Thus the influence of Jesus loses all its power, and is reduced at once to the level of the statue or picture which you can only gaze upon. But as soon as theologians cease to make of him a super-angelic being, and he becomes man, and only man: as soon as he becomes the village carpenter, and only the village carpenter: as soon as he becomes the itinerant preacher, and nothing more than the itinerant preacher—a natural medium, endowed with powers which require to be unfolded by strict self-discipline, by self-sacrificing love, in order to bring them to perfection—then Jesus, whether regarded as an historical or an ideal personage, is for you the way, the truth, and the life. But he can never be the way until he is regarded as human like yourselves. The way for man to walk to heaven is, of course, the way of the cultivation of all human talents; and as a great and glorious hero is an uncommon man, and yet only a man, in the divine sense he is a martyr and the Messiah, as he is very man of very men, and no more God than you or I. Thus he becomes the embodiment of divinity; then all the splendor of his soul shines out through the environment of flesh, and assures us that we may all be what he professes we may become, divine also. Make Jesus simply a man, and he rises into oneness with the Godhead, as we may all rise. Make him simply human, and before he expires on Calvary's Cross he has become divine, and the methods by which he has become divine are the same by which you and I may become divine also. Thus the greatest hero of whom anything has ever been written, by having removed from him all the fictitious beauty and spurious magnificence which theology has spread around him, becomes man's exemplar, man's Saviour, and man's Redeemer.  
We do not teach that Jesus is the only exemplar or the only Redeemer and Saviour of the race. We mean all noble souls collectively when we speak of man's Saviour; we mean every heart which has sacrificed itself in order to uplift humanity. When we speak of man's Redeemer we mean every earnest worker who has been willing to deny himself earthly pleasure in order that others may be benefited by his life, and even by his painful death.  
Remove all fiction and fallacy from the story of Brahma, Buddha, Vishnu, Rama, Plato, Confucius, Zoroaster, and indeed every great avatar or reformer, and they display themselves as divine men, because they have been willing to live more self-denying lives than others, and by this means they become inspirations to us. Human minds seem obliged to look upon a man from a distance to learn the lessons from his life. Let us, now that our President is no longer with us in form, identify ourselves with him; we are ordinary men, he was an ordinary man; and if he became extraordinary, our possibilities for becoming extraordinary also are just as good as his, for we have just as good souls as his. Now, as we stand to-day at a distance and think of how Garfield lived, we see him living still; and as we admire the nobility of his life, and contemplate with delight the picture of his dying experiences, we shall be led into a more perfect understanding of the secret of his power. Let us never forget that

this man, whose death was heralded through all the papers of the world the next morning, was born in a log cabin, and made his own way to the White House. If you study well the source of his greatness, those of you who were born in some obscure station, you who have been sighing for place and power, will no longer repine at your fate, but will try to accomplish whatever you can, knowing that from the lowest places many have risen to the highest. It is, to our way of thinking, a misfortune rather than a blessing to be born into all the seductions of luxury. It is not for the highest welfare of man that he should be born where he can be surrounded with everything that pampers the appetite; but for one who is truly great to be born in poverty, is to be born in a condition from which he can rise to the highest pinnacles of success and fame.  
Garfield does not only live in your memories, but he lives also, to-day, as an independent soul; as an individual spirit, who is upon this land working for the elevation of the American people, and working also for those older nations which seem as though they were to lose themselves eventually in the tide of your ever-widening life.  
Where is Garfield to-day? Could you have been with him in his last hours and beheld his passage from the material form, you would have felt certain that he realized that he was only taking a forward step. His sensations were very much like those of a Free Mason who, from the position of an Entered Apprentice, has taken the degree of Fellow-Craftsman, and who is about to take higher honors and become a Master Mason. He was fully conscious of all that was transpiring around him, even while the spirit was fettered, and impeded in its movements by the body, which had been improperly treated, and rising into a state of ecstasy he broke the cord which united spirit and body and soared away freely, as an eagle, which has been confined in a cage, rejoices to stretch its wings and soar away to some high and lofty eyrie in the fastnesses of the overhanging rock.  
We admit first, and we admit last, that it was expedient for you that Garfield went away; and we admit that the nation is benefited by the turn affairs have taken, and that God overrules all things for good; but we also, on the human side of life, maintain that if Garfield had been otherwise treated medically he would have recovered. He was drugged to death. If you put a man under the influence of opiates, you simply force him to sleep under the influence of sheer exhaustion. That is why doctors are often so very careful, that they will steadily refuse to give draughts to make invalids sleep—they are aware of the drain upon the sufferer's vitality occasioned by anesthetics; whereas by putting a person to sleep through the influence of healthy magnetism, you infuse into the debilitated frame a health-restoring force, which produces the vital power necessary to strengthen the person sufficiently to enable nature to work freely. Every time you magnetize, you assist nature to follow out its lawful course, thereby making natural sleep a possibility; and consequently, from the physical side of life, we may assert that President Garfield is not only a martyr to the bullet of Guiteau, but also a martyr to the prejudice and ignorance of those men who have been endeavoring to suppress all free medical practice, and to compel persons, whether they will or not, under menace of the laws, to submit to the arbitrary dictum of men who know nothing except what they can learn in schools of physical investigation. Many magnetizers know already all they can learn in colleges. The knowledge they get at college is useful; we advocate a collegiate course; we appreciate the superlative advantages of a thorough knowledge of anatomy and physiology, and recommend every item of information being obtained that can possibly be had; but we maintain that beyond this external information, in order to be successful we require spiritual discernment. Physicians must be born instead of manufactured; the power to heal being a gift of healing, may be cultivated, just as you may cultivate a musical or any other talent in a child who is born with the talent; but you know that cultivation will not produce genius. Let your colleges still stand, and let us have all the knowledge we can get; let us glorify learning, but never attempt to put any one into a medical college to send him out into the world as a physician, unless we find that he is endowed with clairvoyant or magnetic power. If any one supposes that we antagonize learning, they have altogether mistaken our views.  
But while we believe in cultivation, we believe in having something to cultivate before we try to cultivate it, and then in applying the necessary training to unfold latent possibilities. President Garfield having gone away from the earth, has done this good in addition to all the other good which he has accomplished: he has demonstrated the necessity of the nation's recognizing clairvoyance; he has proved to the world that physical science, with respect to health, is not enough when it is not supplemented by spiritual power. "Spiritual power can, and oftentimes does, effect a cure, almost a resurrection, through the mediumship of an entirely ignorant person, but apart from spiritual discernment, apart from sympathy, apart from the healing gift, science never accomplishes the best results. There are persons with natural magnetic healing power, and with sympathetic natures, who are acted upon by outside intelligences when they know it not. No doubt Dr. Bliss, for instance, is a natural magnetist, his sanguine temperament, cheery manners and irrepressible habit of looking on the bright side, being one cause of the President's transitory recoveries.  
Clairvoyance can reveal to you what the knowledge of the schools cannot, because the

clairvoyant's eyes can see directly to the affected spot, and perceiving the cause of the derangement, they do not stumble in the way whereby they shall do good. President Garfield has instructed the world by passing out of the earthly life in such a way as to prove to many the necessity of turning attention to clairvoyants and to natural magnetizers, if we are to improve the health of the country, and save many from disease and death. We have not a word of blame for any honest physicians, or even for those people who are endeavoring to establish laws for the suppression of clairvoyant power. We have no word of blame for any who differ from us. They may be honest and sincere people. They may be good at heart, and conscientiously believe that the health and safety of the community are in their charge, but they are mistaken. It is not for us to blame them. Let them learn by experience, and they will see the error of their ways. It is not wisdom to accuse those who are not gifted with our knowledge; but it is our positive duty to announce facts from time to time as they are revealed unto us, in no uncertain tone. President Garfield lives in your minds as an evidence that all insurrections, that all feeling against government, as such, that all harsh measures employed to bring about personal aggrandizement, and that all failures to recognize spiritual power, and unwillingness to investigate fact, will result disastrously to the nation. All unknown to many of you, a spirit of dissatisfaction has been creeping over this land, even as it has crept over England, but men who are led on by fanatical zealots to conspire against governments are conspiring against themselves.  
The capitalists are very much to blame, but the laboring classes also are very much at fault. In England, in Ireland, and in Russia, the peasantry have been shamefully oppressed; the working people have been defrauded out of their rights, and we do not wonder that they have risen up in insurrection, burning mills and factories, and even assassinating the Czar. When the capitalist begins to acknowledge that he has done wrong, we may hope he will do better; when we address an audience of capitalists we shall speak against the iniquities of their class in far sterner language, if need be, than we ever find employed in those journals which side against them. When we have an audience of working people, we shall, without saying one word against the capitalist, point out to them the errors of their own class. For as men will behold the iniquities of their own doing, they will learn to cast the beam out of their own eyes. Whenever in this, or any other land, you find agitators going about the country, endeavoring to make the working people dissatisfied with their condition, remember that they are the enemies of freedom. If you have anything to find fault with in the capitalist, go to him and tell it to him in his face, and try to make him do better. The reason why such bloody insurrections have occurred in so many different countries in the name of the struggle for freedom, is because the agitator has prejudiced one class against the other. Garfield is a martyred governor—a martyred President; he stands in the very highest position of state as the embodiment and representative of the law.  
Garfield is dear unto you as a martyred President, a martyred governor; in days to come you will cling to his memory as you do now to that of the martyred Lincoln. Through such memories is the nation to be blessed and exalted, and in such a way that while the nation is blessed the martyred man shall find that from the very moment of his entrance into the spiritual world he has begun, on behalf of the nation, a grander work than has ever yet been attempted by any potentate, governor or President. We are now upon the very threshold of an era of peace, when the prophecies of ancient inspired Jews will be more than fulfilled.  
We are not at all surprised to be informed by some who claim inspiration, that during the next few years there will be a bloody war on the Continent of Europe; or a war in Asia; and that the Ottoman Empire will be destroyed. But America is now passing through a transitional stage, out of warfare into peace, and her next step will be such an upward one that from America will go forth an influence and example teaching the nations that the best way to settle their differences is by arbitration now, until, through the establishment of a confraternity of nations, differences will cease altogether, all men will eventually find their own places and learn to live in their peaceably. The world is large enough for every one, and every one has a right to live; and as every individual finds his own place in the world all will be happy; and we shall no more envy one another's dominions than the reindeer envies the lion his home in the tropics, or the elephant wishes to exchange places with the polar bear. When we learn to respect one another and desire to get only what is for our proper use and for the welfare of the community, doing unto our neighbors as we would have them do unto us, we shall be happy and enjoy ourselves as angels enjoy themselves.  
Garfield is still a politician, still a statesman. He is in his spiritual nature unchanged; he is in a spiritual sense President of the United States still; he will go on perfecting his schemes, deliberating with other great minds, and infusing into your national life the influence which peculiarly proceeds from his masterly mind. He still remains a man with us, only a wiser and a stronger man, with deeper insight into character; a man less liable to make mistakes than when in the body.  
It is not derogatory to the happiness of the inhabitants of the spiritual world to take an interest in those material affairs which concern man's highest welfare. Is it not blessed to



think that our beloved President is now taking an interest in the affairs of state? Some people think that there is something particularly holy about the unseen world, and peculiarly unholy about this. If God made both worlds, how can one be worse than the other as a world. Goodness and heaven are everywhere where souls find their enjoyment in doing their duty and making others happy.

We acknowledge that in the spiritual state your spirit does not enter into the pettiness of material life; we acknowledge it does not wander around the stock-markets and help you buy and sell, and get gain by unholiness; we admit that if you ask frivolous questions which appertain only to your own aggrandizement you will receive no answer from spirits of integrity and wisdom. If any person in this hall, today, even desires to buy a new bonnet, and wishes that bonnet to be of such a character that it may help her to influence some one to do a good thing some one who is easily attracted by external adornments, the motive which will prompt her to ask a question about her bonnet will be a motive pure enough to attract an angel; an angel would not consider it beneath his dignity to come from the celestial world in order to help that lady to choose her bonnet. But if she asks solely to gratify vanity, the spirit who answers her question will be a frivolous, earth-bound spirit, who cares for nothing more than the adornment of the person. If by receiving advice concerning the merest things of this world we are enabled to do our duty more faithfully, the obtaining of this counsel is in the eyes of exalted beings by no means a trifling thing.

A single word may change the whole future course of a person's life. A single act of kindness may suffice to stay an assassin's hand, who otherwise would murder your greatest men; a kindly breath awakening the spirit of good within may lead him forth into the path of benevolence when he was fast traveling along the road to destruction; one kindly act may save not only one but many lives from destruction. Henceforth and forever let the foolish idea that anything which relates to the elevation of the world, or that enables you to do your duty, is beneath the dignity of an angel, be set aside. The desire which prompts you to your intercourse with the spiritual world is all in all. We care not whether it be in building houses or churches, whether it be in publishing a newspaper or a book, or in the ordinary affairs of daily business; you seek the advice of the dwellers in a brighter region; why you ask, not what you ask, is of the greatest spiritual moment. Great people always do very little things well. Very small people are so interested in performing deeds which appear great in the eyes of their fellowmen, that they slight the trivialities and minor portions of their work. Look at the paintings of the greatest masters. You will always discover that, though covering many yards of canvas with glowing images, the utmost attention has been paid to the minutest details of coloring and shading throughout the work. So in every great musical composition; all the minor passages, all the softer cadences, all the connecting links in a lengthy and massive composition, are just as perfect as the brilliant features of the work; just as much care has been bestowed upon them as upon any major part. Without this perfect exactitude the full harmony could never burst upon you in a rush of heavenly sound. God has bestowed as much care in the disposition of colors on the beetle's wing as he has upon the arrangement of the stars in the firmament. Attention to little duties was a very strong feature in your President's character.

Where is Garfield to-day? He is in that spiritual world which is not only connected with America, but with all portions of the globe. As soon as the spiritual Government improves, as soon as new thoughts enter into the governmental realm of souls who preside over the earth, or over any part of it, that idea is brought out by some mind upon the earth, and you are informed that your existing manners are wrong; your present methods of government need improving. A noble man stands forth and condemns the iniquities of the age; suffers confiscation of his property; suffers, perhaps, even death itself; and then, an age after, receives the worship of the people who have learned to ennobel the man they crucified; they are decorating his grave and building statues in his honor, and are following up in their ordinary methods of legislation the very ideas that he promulgated, and which were considered so infamous while he lived that he must needs renounce or die for them. The devil believed in by many of the churches is, after all, some new manifestation of genius—all inventions and further revelations of truth being placed to Satan's credit.

The serpent of ancient Egypt, always an emblem of wisdom, when it is applied as the sign of the devil, will call up before you a vision of wickedness. The devil believed in by the Christian churches never told a lie, never did a mean action. According to his biographers his whole record is far more creditable than that of any Old Testament heroes. The devil believed of the churches discovers new facts which help men to live better lives here. He is generally a benefactor of the race, and after his inventions have endured a little while and he has been withstood in the persons of those who are regarded as his mediums, the people learn to admire the other side of the picture. They see that the devil is only the dark shadow which is cast upon the earth by the approaching angel of wisdom, and that which they mistake for a demon is only the shadow of a new deliverer. Thus shall we see some day that all our afflictions, our trials, in short, all the unspeakable miseries of life, are the shadows of a coming blessing. Now that this land has been convulsed to its very center, and the nations have learned to mourn in sympathy for the bereaved family of America's departed statesman, we are just preparing to enter upon an era of peace, when we shall have all our old Presidents back again in spirit, wiser and dearer than ever of old. As he is still fresh in your minds, Garfield will be the chosen representative of that glorious band of inspiring spirits which has been added to and added to by the passing away of so many noble souls until it is now a golden sphere of life encircling this earth, from which streams of heavenly glory may descend, literally, upon this world.

Garfield in the spiritual world is working in the spirit. He has gone away in order that he may be a connecting link between a higher sphere and yours. Your sympathies have been awakened; you have learned to love and honor fidelity to conviction; and now he is the chosen representative of this higher sphere, and will yet be your President in spirit. It is not for us to augur the future; it is not for us to prophesy

respecting the political events which will soon transpire; but whatever they may be, however extraordinary and however specific their character, they will be long ultimate in the establishment of a government which will satisfy the demands of all right-thinking and right-feeling people.

"He being dead yet speaketh." May we not repeat "these words to-day as we think of that noble hero whose body now rests beneath the sod? That body shall rise again upon the earth; that structure shall reappear in yet diviner form in the ages which are yet to be; but the soul will never become unconscious, and never for one moment cease from its activity. He comes forth to greet you from the mouth of the sepulchre, as a messenger of light and divine goodness. As he rose to fame by his own industry and perseverance, so may we all rise also. The story of his life is an inspiration to all.

Our closing word to-day is to those who bemoan the limitations of their spheres, and the littleness of what they can accomplish. Those humble ones who are not endowed with earth's possessions, these are and always will be the chosen people of God. When a teacher like Jesus comes to the earth, he is not born in a palace, but grows up in the midst of the abodes of ignorance, because there is the greatest need for his services; there is the place where the greatest work requires to be done. Those of you who wish for larger spheres of usefulness, learn that you may develop them out of the material already at hand. Do your best where you are, and no work need be mightier than yours.

#### Wonders in Paris.

Under this heading a correspondent of the Washington National Republican gives a graphic account of the electrical exhibition in that city, from which we make the following synopsis. He says:

About one hundred years ago, when the great and amiable tallow-chandler and kite-flyer Benjamin Franklin was here on business for his country with the court of Louis XVI, he was lodged in very quiet and humble quarters at Passy, near where the Trocadero now stands, and the space lying between that quarter and the Faubourg St. Honore was so sparsely inhabited that frogs were heard chanting their singular ditties under the eaves' windows. It must, of course, have been the season when the climate is not awful, or the amphibious songsters would have been more discreet, knowing that the French cook's gridiron is always ready to make a fry of their choice joints. Perhaps at that time the sage was no less oblivious than his serenaders of the vast revolution which the spark of lightning he caught on the tail of his kite was to make in the life and history of the world in so short a period. Could he arrive to-night by the *chemin de fer*, and see the blazing, yet perfectly agreeable, electric lights in the station, and go thence in a carriage propelled by lightning through streets and avenues as light as noonday, across the Place de la Concorde, and up the Champs Elysees in the outer darkness of mere gaslight, landing at last in that realm of wonder, the Palais de l'Industrie, what would be his thoughts, what his amazement?

According to the customs of those times, so the story goes, the sturdy old Federalist was obliged, for court purposes, to ride a coach, and a coat of arms and motto to decorate it with; so he had inscribed on the door in plain letters under a device that contained his name and office: *Eripuit cecidit fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis*. But a full appreciation of the importance of his having torn the lightning from Heaven and the scene from tyrants is only possible after a careful consideration of the condition of the world before his time, and comparing it to the time in which we live; and assuredly nothing can render us so much assistance in this consideration as the great object school that is now thrown open to the world in this city. That the reader may form some idea of the magnitude of the electrical exhibition, it may be as well to give the dimensions of the building in which it is held. It is a permanent building for art, agricultural and other exhibitions, and one in which the annual *salon*, or display of the year's art products, takes place, and is a massive stone and glass structure, with an imposing entrance on the Champs Elysees. It is over eight hundred feet in length and six hundred feet in width, and two stories high, the second being divided into a considerable number of chambers, and having a balcony that overlooks the *terrace*, or ground-floor of the building, which provides an excellent bird's-eye view of the attractive scene below. The daytime is best for studying the various practical applications of electrical power, as the audience seems indisposed to note anything less startling than the lighting apparatus and the acoustic marvels in the evening, and for that reason the exhibition of many of the appliances do not try to attract their attention at that time. But the visit by day is much tamer than the evening visit, and on that account it only costs one franc, while the other costs one franc fifty.

After passing through a corridor of about twenty paces we arrive in the midst of the show and see the models of lightning-propelled engines extending as far as the eye can reach to the right and left. Opposite the entrance, on the further side of the building, stands the office of the United States Commission, and the large section allotted to the industrial exhibitors of our country is easily distinguished by the multitude of American eagles on shields and the footstools of stars and stripes which mark its boundaries. As one approaches he soon becomes convinced that it is the American section, even if he had any doubts before, by the pure trans-Atlantic twang of the young men in attendance. The largest object in this section is the huge engine of the Edison Electric Lighting Company, and perhaps the smallest is an electric motor which could easily be carried in an overcoat pocket. This motor, with a simple immersed battery of very small bulk, will supply sufficient power to run the heaviest sewing-machines and may be attached to any machine whatever without difficulty. Its price, with battery and everything complete, is twenty-five dollars now, but when they are manufactured in large numbers and come into general use, every poor sewing woman who is wearing her life out by working a treadle will be able to have one of these little lightning servants to do her heavy work for her when she sits down, and the American printer-boy torn from his heavenly home, even in matters that were long considered unimportant, to wrest the sceptre from the hand of the tyrant, and the mighty element will no doubt accomplish more toward the "liberation" of men and women than all else put together.

In the centre of the great hall, or nave of the palace, stands a model light-house of an improved pattern, from which the electric rays pierce to the uttermost corners of the building. Around its base is an embankment of flowers that borders a pretty lake, in the midst of which the light house is situated, and can only be approached by crossing a narrow bridge made of imitation stalagmite, that spans a portion of the lake like an arch of a grotto. At intervals during the day, and extending this sheet of water is navigated by an ordinary skiff, which is propelled by a very simple electric motor. It sometimes carries one and sometimes two passengers, and the battery that generates its locomotive power. If any comparison may be formed between the requirements of this light craft and an Atlantic steamship, it will certainly be a great saving of space and tonnage for the latter when the latter shall be able to adopt the new power. Of course the most elaborate displays of practical appliances are made by the French Government and the railroad companies of France. The telegraphic department entertains a great concourse of visitors every day with working models of various systems that are now in common use, among which is the pneumatic system, by which letters and small packages are dispatched

to all parts of Paris with nearly the rapidity of telegrams. The American inventions, which enable several despatches to pass at the same time over the same line, are illustrated and explained, as well as the general principles of telegraphy, of which, *malheurusement*, the mass of the people are quite ignorant.

The gold that must result from this Exposition itself, and from the great strides which it promises toward universal improvement, will be inestimable. Certain institutions which have always condemned doubt and skepticism that touched themselves have labored hard to inspire hate and enmity against science and its promoters. To-day they stand against with the living and startling truth confronting them, and dare not say even to the most ignorant, "What you see is false." For these same ignorant not only see, but they begin to feel, and the day of their deliverance is nigh. What said Bigotry when Franklin announced that a simple rod of metal would protect man from a destructive element? Was it not said and written that the sage was trying to subvert the will of God, and by so doing was committing blasphemy? But Bigotry itself must now be satisfied that its judgment was wrong, and few are they who will not now confess that the will of God is that all things in the earth and in Nature that can protect or advance man shall be applied to his use as soon as he is able to discover and control them. It was the other opinion that kept civilization back so long; it is this one which has made possible the efforts of the nineteenth century, and even a moderate estimate leads scientists to conclude that the progress of the twentieth century will be at least ten times as great in social, political and material reforms.

That trams carrying a hundred persons are propelled by a small motor with no other connection with the depot of force than a slender wire, is a fact which brings us into direct contact with the old marvels of magic, which were no doubt in many cases the employment of natural forces that were unknown to the multitude and but imperfectly understood by the magical manipulator. In many respects the Palais de l'Industrie is a new world at present. It contains in embryo a mighty revolution, and the imagination cannot reach beyond the possibilities which are there shadowed forth. Increased safety in travel, at less expense; new modes of travel, such as air navigation; cures for diseases before considered incurable; preventive methods against epidemics and the elements; increase of domestic comfort and general safety by scientific intelligence; All these and many minor benefits are supplied in a more or less developed stage, which will go on step by step to comparative perfection. Is not the tyrant unscathed and the lightning chained?

#### IN MEMORIAM.

BY MARY A. HOLLES.

Hark! the midnight bell is pealing  
Slowly on the startled air,  
And its chill reverberations  
Seem the knell of dark despair.

"Can it be our honored chief slain?"  
Then the news electric sped,  
And the nation's heart is bleeding,  
For the President is dead.

See that wife in anguish bending  
While the life is ebbing fast;  
Bravely has she borne her sorrow,  
Fondly hoping to the last.

Now the fearful strife is ended,  
Death the victory has won,  
And the people mourn their hero,  
And a mother mourns her son.

Darkly came the crushing tidings  
Over hill and vale away;  
Borne to her, the aged parent,  
On that sad autumnal day.

"Is he dead?" she faintly murmured,  
While the tears were gathering fast,  
"Then God take me—I am ready,  
All my earthly hope is lost."

"Heaven is brighter for his presence,  
But those weeks of suffering dread!  
Would, oh! would that God had called him  
When the fatal ball had sped."

Yes, we gladly had averred  
All those weary hours of pain,  
But his long, unselfish patience,  
Now we know was not in vain.

Dearer than the lofty statesman,  
Nobler than earth's proudest king,  
Art thou, brave and sainted martyr,  
Perfect now through suffering!

From still heights where cruel bloodshed,  
Crime and pain are all unknown,  
Dost thou view the mourning Nation  
Who didst make her cause thine own?

Thy strong hand, so firm and faithful,  
Guides no more the ship of State,  
But within our hearts we hold thee—  
Thou, so truly good and great.

On the shore of the Atlantic,  
There thy spirit found release,  
And from earthly tribulation  
Rose at last to heavenly peace:

By the waves of Erie's waters,  
There the clay hath found its rest,  
Mid the tears of weeping thousands  
In that city of the West:

Sacred now in song and story  
Shall these scenes forever be;  
While the future generations  
Sound thy praise from sea to sea!

Greeland, Mass.

—Intended for the memorial services in honor of President Garfield, Sunday, Sept. 25th, Encampment, Post 101 G. A. R., Monday, Sept. 26th, 1881.

#### A Singular Cure of Disease.

Capt. Jacob B. Chase, one of our pilots, has firm faith in will-cure, or the cure of disease without medicine by faith, as it was done more than eighteen hundred years ago, and as was promised it should be done to the end. About three years ago he was on board a vessel from Nova Scotia, which had a mate with a palsied right arm, palsied by chronic rheumatism, that had partially disabled his right side, and giving him intense pain, for a week or two. Captain Chase became greatly interested. The vessel was to leave upon her anchor, and the mate, Randolph Morris, was aiding with his left hand, the only one he could use, when Capt. Chase ordered him to take hold of the brake with his right hand; and without hesitancy he obeyed, and from that time one hand has been as well as the other, nor has he suffered from pain, rheumatism or paralysis. In 1878 he made four trips here; and was here again last week, a man of fifty years, captain of the schooner *Mabel*, with coal from Parshboro', Nova Scotia. He is like the blind man whose eyes were opened; he doesn't know how it was done, but affirms that it was done as we have narrated. He called at our office, in excellent health, to tell us the story, incredible as it may appear to some, though not so reason appears why what was done by ordinary men one thousand or two thousand years ago should not be done now, or two thousand years hence, when greater things should be accomplished if man is a progressive being.—*Newburyport (Mass.) Valley Visitor*.

—To the minnow, every cranny and pebble, and quality and accident of its little native Creek may have become familiar; but does the minnow understand the Ocean tides and periodic currents, the Trade-winds and Monsoons, and Moon's Eclipses, by all which the condition of its little Creek is regulated, and may, from time to time (unmistakably enough), be quite upset and reversed? Such a minnow is Man: his Creek, this Planet Earth; his Ocean, the Unmeasurable All.—*Thomas Carlyle*.

That low, nervous fever, want of sleep and weakness, calls for Hop Bitters.

## Banner Correspondence.

### Massachusetts.

BOSTON.—A. S. Hayward forwards us an account of his recent trip to New York, and what he saw there, from which we condense the following: "Many have been the changes which have taken place in New York within the past five years, and the Spiritualist meetings offered no exception in this regard. I recently visited this city—a world in itself, almost for the first time since 1876.

On Sunday morning, Oct. 24, I attended the meeting presided over by Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham. The attendance was good, but I saw only a few familiar faces. Mrs. Brigham interestingly answered questions submitted by the audience—much as Mr. Colville does in Boston, at his Friday evening receptions. Her answers seemed to give universal satisfaction.

In the afternoon I attended the discussion at Harvard Rooms—the subject under consideration being the effect of prayer (in the light of a remedial agent) in the case of the late President Garfield. Many sensible remarks were made, setting forth views regarding prayer which are fast becoming popular with the thinking public.

An 'M. D.' from Chicago desired to criticize the practice of the medical profession in the case of the late President, but the step was objected to, and was not taken, on the ground that the present was not the place nor the time for a discussion of the new theme: [One which, parenthetically, I consider to be a question which ought to receive the widest consideration on the part of the public, on all practicable occasions—the treatment of President Garfield's case appearing to me to have been almost entirely experimental, and leaving in my mind grave doubts as to whether the sufferer had all accomplished for him by his medical attendants which is known to science and revealed by nature.] Capt. H. H. Brown, Lyman C. Howe, Col. Goodrich, Mr. Farnsworth, Dr. Monck, Mrs. Johnson, and a medical man from Chicago, were the principal speakers.

I returned Sunday evening, therefore did not have the pleasure of attending the other two meetings. I learn that the evening sessions are much better attended than the morning services.

I called at the office of the new spiritual paper, *The Two Worlds*. In newspaper enterprises—particularly of the spiritual order—but little can be accomplished unless both business tact and editorial talent be harmoniously united: which happy condition, I think, is realized in *The Two Worlds* office.—Dr. Eugene Crowell, the publisher and proprietor, combining in himself the material (and also spiritual) elements, while Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Newton are too well known as able writers and indefatigable workers in the spiritual cause to need any commendatory words from me at this time. Capt. H. H. Brown, the assistant editor, is also well known as a lecturer on the subject, and stands on the meritorious reputation he has acquired.

I congratulate each and all on the good prospects of the new paper. The location of its commodious rooms and offices is quite convenient and central, and I cannot see why there is not a good chance for it to do a noble service in the dissemination of spiritual truths. May success attend the new paper, also the sale of spiritual books."

Our correspondent further states that the narrative circulated at one time by certain New York dailies, that Mrs. Cary, of New York City, had been fully cured of cancer by a female practitioner who last summer held a "Faith and Prayer Cure Resort" at Asbury Park, N. J., was not correct, as he called, during his visit, on this "cured" patient and found her being "literally eaten up" with a malignant cancer. Its ravages upon her system had been frightful, and she was waiting for the angel Death—the only help she could hope for—to come to her relief. This fact, however, is not so eagerly sought for or published by the dailies in question. Thus another of the much-vaunted "faith" "miracles" takes its place with the exploded myths of the past.

PRINCETON.—E. H. Heywood writes: "Lessie N. Goodell, of Amherst, Mass., recently lectured in East Princeton on Spiritualism to good audiences. Delegations were present from Gardner, Fitchburg, Leominster, Sterling and Clinton. The people were much pleased with her inspirational discourses, and also with the psychometric readings of character and other tests given. Miss Goodell is a speaker of much present ability and great promise. She should be kept constantly at work."

BOSTON (CHARLESTOWN DISTRICT).—A correspondent writes, Oct. 12th, as follows: "The spiritualistic services that have been inaugurated in Mystic Hall, under the management of Mr. C. B. Marsh, are meeting with very good success. Arrangements are being made to make the present season more interesting than ever. Mr. F. A. Heath, the blind trance medium and speaker, who has occupied the platform the last three Sunday afternoons, has awakened a new interest in this part of the city. The fact that he is deprived of his sight, and can be used as a mouthpiece by the spirits to deliver eloquent discourses, is very convincing to the skeptical portion of the community. He has a fine appearance, and his voice can be heard in any hall, no matter how large. He also improvises and sings songs upon subjects given by the audience, in a pleasing manner. It is hoped the friends will encourage this young and new laborer in the field, as he has the capacity to do a great work in our glorious cause."

WORCESTER.—Fred L. Hildredth writes: "Perhaps a few words from us up here among the hills may be welcome to the *Banner of Light* columns. We have had that sturdy old pioneer, Warren Chase, to speak to us two Sundays, and the seed sown through his instrumentality will grow and blossom when the aged form of our glorious brother shall have been gathered back to Mother Nature, who so kindly loaned it for the time, and that majestic soul shall have sped to the home it has fairly won. It was quite a study to look through the crowded hall and see the interest with which his audience listened to the words as they fell from his lips. Brave men were there, men who dare to think and act independent of the theologies and superstitions of the past; and by their side sat noble women; women who believe in the divine right of freedom, and universal liberty for all, irrespective of sex, nation or color. Bro. Chase spoke tenderly of our ascended President; neither did he forget that grand reformer, Stephen C. Foster, who has lately gone to meet the sable brothers for whom he toiled in the long weary years ago. I must mention the meeting between Bro. Chase and Fairfield. Thirty long years filled to the brim had come and gone since these two gray-haired

veterans had started from a little quiet town in Vermont on their mission of truth and reform. How many spiritual stars have risen and set since that eventful day. Our glorious dead cluster like a constellation of light about their silvered heads: King, Parker, Sprague, Gardner, Conant, Pierpont, Pardee, Wood, Bliss, Kardec, Edmonds, Rudd, White, and many other bright souls. Oct. 2d our sister, Abbie N. Burnham, delivered two of her eloquent lectures, and the remarks from all sides were 'grand,' 'glorious.' Old white haired men and women greeted each other cordially and rejoiced that the day of superstition and bigotry had passed, and a grander faith had risen from the ruins of the old. On the next two Sundays we shall again listen to her inspired teachings. We have moved from St. George's to Grand Army Hall, which saves us climbing one flight of stairs. Bro. Cephas will please note. In behalf of the Worcester Association of Spiritualists, I extend to you a cordial invitation to meet with us whenever you can. All honor to the grand old *Banner*, a welcome weekly guest at many a fireside here."

SILVER LAKE.—Geo. F. Lane writes: "The lecture given in Lane's Hall last Friday evening, Oct. 7th, through the instrumentality of Dr. H. P. Fairfield, of Worcester, was a complete success. The house was well filled with intelligent persons, all of whom listened with the greatest interest to the clear and forcible elucidation of the subject treated upon. The lecturer also was highly pleased with the harmonious condition he found himself surrounded by at the close of the lecture, and expressed himself that he should be pleased to meet with them again at some future period. Dr. H. P. Fairfield also occupied the rostrum at Hanson Town Hall, Sunday, Oct. 9th. The audience was the largest, I think, of any Sunday this season."

### Ohio.

CINCINNATI.—David H. Shaffer furnishes the following "Observations from Mt. Look-out": "I observe in the *Banner of Light* of the 25th of August an editorial reference to the claims, and hopeful aspirations of those amiable and accomplished ladies, Miss Elizabeth L. and Miss Belle Bush, formerly of the Adelphian Institute of Norristown, N. J., and the projectors of the now celebrated Belvidere Seminary, of Belvidere, N. J. The success of their labors in the Adelphian Institute is known far and wide among the older Spiritualists, as the place where the daughters of prominent Liberalists have received their education. Among their early patrons was the fearless publisher of the *Investigator*.

The Belvidere Seminary is for the advancement of the youth of both sexes, where a proper and efficient education is secured, and where they are instructed and trained in all that is requisite to learn and understand of the objects, the purposes and the duties of life. For seventeen years I have held correspondence with these self-sacrificing teachers, and I express my strongest convictions from my intuitive perceptions of their high moral character and competent qualifications, which has crowned their labors in the past with success in their methods of imparting instruction to those whose education has been entrusted to their care. They have patiently and perseveringly labored for many years to accomplish, under great difficulties and embarrassing circumstances, the grand object of a liberal, unprejudiced education, and to make the Belvidere Seminary one of the highest refined intellectual institutions in our land.

Their seminary has grown into such proportions that those deserving ladies contemplate, if the requisite means can be obtained, to enlarge their sphere of operations by an extension of their buildings. While sectarians donate liberally, and make liberal endowments to their numerous colleges and lesser institutions, why cannot the truth enlightened and progressive Spiritualists (whose numbers are legion and increasing daily) come forward and contribute to uphold and sustain the only institution of its kind in the United States. I feel assurance in the assertion that those who have entered or passed its portals have had no occasion to feel regret other than the parting with their teachers at the close of their academic year."

KINGSVILLE.—Stuart L. Rogers writes: "I noticed a beautiful tribute toward one of our most faithful mediums, in the *Banner of Light*, headed, 'A Merited Distinction.' I was delighted to see this sympathy and respect shown Mrs. Nettie C. Maynard. She is truly worthy. I made her a visit last April, and can truthfully say, I never met a lady who has so high a degree of development (mediumistically) as that she possesses. I have been permitted to see clairvoyantly my angel guides, and one in particular is of a high development, having been in the spheres many hundred years. Through the instrumentality of Mrs. Maynard I received a beautiful message, telling of the past, present and future, and this one also told me that it was the first time conditions necessary for his coming had been given him. I really believe Mrs. M. is the best medium for the high controls it has ever been my good fortune to meet. The influence in her house is so spiritual that it makes one feel as though they were standing on sacred ground. This was my experience, and I am very much pleased to know that she has a pleasant home and good surroundings at Springfield, Ohio, where the wolf cannot come to her door, as it does to that of some of our workers in the cause. Some of us are drinking deep from sorrow's cup of bitterness, and by this, it is said, we are to be elevated in our natures, and enabled to return blessings to those who have not remembered us. If this be true, the good saints know I shall have a good work to do toward those who have tried to place stumbling-blocks in my way, and may the good Lord hasten the day when I can do them the favor. In the *Banner of Light* of July 16th is a message from one who is dear to me, signed, 'SHINING STAR.' The message is true in every particular. Thanks to all for the words of cheer, also thanks to our veteran worker, T. R. Hazard, for a package of books."

### Vermont.

WOODSTOCK.—Thomas Middleton writes: "At the Annual Convention of the Vermont State Spiritualist Association at West Randolph Sept. 9th, it was my privilege to hear and form an acquaintance with Mr. Joseph D. Stiles, of Boston, whose power as a test medium I think is unequalled. During the Convention I should say he must have given over two hundred tests, and with few exceptions they were pronounced correct. It was truly astonishing to see the people rush to his séances. It is very evident to my mind that while the speaking at our Conventions is a great source of attraction to many, the tests as given through Mr. Stiles,







## The Rostrum.

### The Final Results of Spiritual Truth upon this Earth.

An Inspirational Discourse by Spirit William Elmer Channing, through the Mediumship of MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

#### INVOCATION.

Infinite Spirit! Light divine! Thou Omnipresent Soul! Thou Source of all being! The voice of inspiration forever teaches of thee; and as thou art the source and fountain whence all streams of knowledge must flow, we will praise thee forever, and turn to thee for guidance. Thou infinite and abiding light! Thou divine and perfect center! Around thee, as around an all-pervading sun, we move, illumined by thy light, sustained by thy breath; our thought exists because of thee, and inspiration were not without thy ever-living presence. Angels breathe of thee in their starry kingdoms, and the stars themselves blossom in space like the gardens of eternal life, freighted with the odor of thy being.

Oh, thou Infinite Soul! Mankind turn to thee forever, through countless avenues of human life, asking for guidance and strength; seeking for illumination from the altars of thy truth. Make strong thy voice within the ark of human safety; that ark of intelligence constructed by thy spirit and law, and amenable to thy control. Oh! fill thou anew the charmed urns of life, whence sages drew their inspiration, and prophets drank the draught that filled the world with hope and joy. Kindle anew the altars of inspiration, that their fires be not quenched in the dust and ashes of to-day, but illumined by the splendor of that inspiration flowing from spirit sources. Make glad and strong the aspirations within the human heart to live the highest thought, to do the goodliest deeds, to attain the noblest heights. Let the earth sink to its own level, while the spirit mounts and compasses all things.

Divine Being! Immortal God! We praise thee evermore with voices attuned to harmony. Thy children in the trials of earth would praise thee. Immured in darkness, they would turn to thee for light. Bound and enthralled by the senses, they would seek freedom in thy benignant presence.

If there be those who mourn, may they be comforted. If there are those who hunger for food born of the spirit, and waters that flow from the spiritual fountains, may their thirst and hunger be assuaged. If there are those who in the life of earth wish to glean of the immortal kingdoms, and gather the fruitage of the heavens, may they be blessed with immortal success. And unto each give the full measure of thy need, according to the requirements of the hour, until all shall perceive the glory of thy truth, and the spirit-world shall draw more close to the earthly temple, and men shall praise thee as angels do, with the voices of love and thanksgiving, and in ministrations of goodness. Amen.

#### DISCOURSE.

If the Gulf Stream, that flows steadily northward, bearing summer breezes and modifying the temperature of the entire Atlantic coast, were suddenly to be reversed, and from out the northern regions or the Arctic Sea a current of opposite degree and quality should flow down the Atlantic coast, you would soon perceive the results in the falling vegetation, in the withdrawal of the bloom of flowers, and in the lack of harvests. Your summer-time would scarcely be and, like the inhabitants of the Arctic Circle, you would be obliged to withdraw for a great many more months in the year to the shelter of your habitations. If the wheels of time were reversed, and instead of the electric telegraph and steam power you were to revert to the ancient methods of tedious communication and tedious traveling by the former cumbersome systems, and if instead of a mighty ocean commerce and international exchange and salutation, there were but wandering tribes and desultory existence, you can well imagine how different the daily sensations of human life would be. You are dependent upon this interlarding of external things. You are dependent in your study, in your counting-room, upon the street, in your journeyings, upon all these forces that have united in bringing humanity nearer together; and as warm airs bring the breath of spring-time, and northern waves bring the breath of winter, so a sea of desolating thought sweeping over the surface of the human mind brings with it a Sahara of gloom, and the flowers of immortal bloom, faith and love, are well-nigh quenched. Some of us have passed through two or three decades of human thought. Some of us in both worlds have experienced the flood-tide of an advancing civilization. Some of us have known the desolating and wasting wilds of a religion devoid of hope, and have experienced again the Gulf Stream of summer bloom and prosperity, and have at last awakened to the fuller and higher realization of the full summer-time and summer-land of spiritual blessedness. If at this hour this hope that fills your hearts with knowledge, that kindles in the mind even of the materialist a gleam of faith, and finds its way to the very charnel-houses of sin and shame—if this hope were removed from the world, if by any inverse tide it should be suddenly swept out of existence, leaving the human thought of this day stranded on the rocks of the Puritan fathers, there would be sudden spiritual death. Desolation would come upon you. The receding tide would leave the barren and arid wastes of despair.

If this is true, by comparison, which you can readily perceive, what must it be when the tide shall continue? when the wave that is setting toward the shore shall bear with it accumulated treasures? when you really have but the beginnings of a new current sweeping into human thought from the realm of spirit-life?

This is not an enthusiast's view; it is the view of philosophy; it is the view from the intellectual standpoint of to-day. The measure of influence that the thought of spirit-communion brings to the world at this hour is a measure upon which humanity must rise or fall, is a measure upon which the hope of immortality must survive or perish; and, freighted as it is with this sublime import, see what it has wrought in the world already. Several hundred people listening to intelligent converse between the two worlds has its effect upon the daily human life. As the telegraphic messages from all nations, as the influx of news through the ever-living and omnipresent press, as the tidings brought on the wings of steam and electricity, make a different pulsation through the nation's very heart, so the fact of a message from the world of spirits, at any hour or any moment of life, is a fact that brings its influence into the world of thought. Theology is burdened with it, perhaps uplifted by it; materialism is baffled by it; literature is freighted with its messages; art portrays it in a thousand subtle ways; poems breathe it forth upon the matchless plinths of imagination, and the song of the inspired singer wreathes it into countless circles in the air. You partake of it with your morning meal; you imbibe it in the noon-day turmoil; you are aware of it in the evening quietude. It subtly steals its way into all the

avenues of existence. You talk of the spirit-world as of something actual. It is an approximate truth, and an approaching reality. It draws nearer to you, as China has been drawn near by the grille of light around the world. As the civilizations of olden time are being revealed to your astonished gaze by modern investigation, and as the ancient religions, seemingly buried and forgotten, have been brought nearer to your understanding by the voice of modern interpretation, so at this hour the tidal wave of spiritual truth sweeps over the surface of society, and bears with it an influence even to the heart that is least accustomed to and least aware of it. The mind must feel its pulsations; the thought of this hour is filled with its messages. The grave-yard is not what it was fifty years ago; death is not what it was fifty years ago, and in the last twenty-five years a revelation has crept slowly but surely up the sands of time, intermingling and interpenetrating your life with the life of the spirit-world.

Breathe upon these flowers with carbonic acid gas, and they perish. Introduce into this room the pure air of heaven, and the plant thrives, the blossom unfolds. So into the daily thought of humanity there is coming a breath that teaches that the future life is an inheritance for all, that makes union possible, that bears with it the message that is given to each, and embodied in the daily consciousness of existence. It is in the air, and you breathe it. It is born of your hopes, your desires, your prophecies, your aspirations. It is a living witness and attestation of a new vitality born to the race.

It has frequently been asked what Spiritualism has wrought. Fortunately, it has crystallized in nothing—no church, school or college. You have no *alma mater* save the spirit-world. For that reason Spiritualism is not conceited. For that reason it does not bear with it the questionable name of authority. For that reason it does not haunt you with visions of ecclesiastical power and the terrors of an inquisition born of mental, moral or legislative force in the present day. But ask what the summer-time does; ask what the breath of spring exhaled upon the winter air of a northern clime works in the buds and sleeping flowers; ask what the breath of joy works where desolation and sorrow were previously found; ask what a renovating, life-giving current setting steadily toward prison vaults and charnel-houses would do, and you find what Spiritualism has done. There are desolate places made beautiful by its presence, there are firesides charmed by its living reality. You enter the atmosphere of homes pervaded by its presence, and it comes out to meet you. You discover that there is something born of a living hope, a light within the eyes, a glory within the speech, that is not born of any sudden transition or conversion, but of a living light. You wonder what it is. In the twilight hour, or in the evening, you hold converse with your friends, and discover in their presence a palpable atmosphere breathing upon you from an invisible realm. They discourse of it in their talk; they weave it into their conversation; they make you aware of its presence whether you will or no. The touch is on your shoulder, the fingers are on your brow, the invisible presences have approached you, and influenced your life. Realizing this, the man of greed turns from the pursuit of wealth to commune with his child in heaven, while in every hour of his business, in the daily conflict with the world, a gentle touch is upon his forehead, and he knows that his spirit child or friend is near. "Shall I do that for gain or greed which I would blush to have my angel child or mother behold?" The man who feels the spirit-world about him is safe. The man who knows that the eyes of love are upon him not in his household merely, but like the eye of the Infinite, personified, made real in the presence of child or friend; the man who is weak in moral nature, and who does not hesitate to avail himself of the license in commercial transactions sanctioned by law, will hesitate when he knows the eyes of his loved ones are upon him.

I mean, that presence that is made so near and so clear that it pervades every department of human life, and which, in the counting-room and the mart, in another quarter of a century, as it has already rescued intelligent, conscientious and high-minded men from the labyrinths of questionable business pursuits, as it has already set its face against the overweening preponderance of a commerce born of injustice, will invade and constantly weed out from among you those influences born of selfishness and isolation. If the earth were bad, and the chance of salvation were remote, this could never be wrought; but when the promise is for all, and the salvation is equal, when it is certain that the spiritual record is kept not afar off in heaven, but close to the gateway of every human life, when it is certain that the bell tolls the knell of one hope each time an act of injustice is committed in human life, and that angel hands sweep with joy the strings of human life every time there is delight, happiness, usefulness, then it can be truly proven that an influence has set its tide toward the earth that is freighted with infinite possibilities to man. No external culture, no effort of skill, no teaching of philosophy, no sanctuary or shrine, can possibly attest this influence, that comes to the spirit upon the waves of daily life, and the atmosphere that you must daily breathe. And this hour, more than ever, furnishes evidence that this thought is working in the world, solving the problems of science and religion alike. It takes its position in the world as the sublime solvent, but does not propose to crystallize, to establish schools, theologies, philosophies, or theories, creeds, dogmas, or other forms of human finality, but proposes to work its way as the spring-time does, to work its way as the waves of music do, far beyond the walls of the dwelling in which the song is heard, vibrating upon the outer air until the whole multitude are charmed by its presence; proposes to dissolve in its wonderful crucible the minute errors of past crystallizations, and take from them the original elements of truth there hoarded up; proposes to revert to all old-time theologies, taking away the outer covering and mask, and revealing the spiritual truth as at first intended; proposes to conserve all human resources, philosophies, histories, sciences, arts, civilizations, and, unmasking the errors that selfishness has wrapped them in, prove that they are among the spiritual treasures of the earth; proposes to rescue the name of religion from the thralldom of theological creed and dogma, and restore it to the light as a living presence, born of the spirit of man and clothed with the majesty of truth; proposes to redeem philosophy from the sophisms of the schools and the dead truisms of past ages, and make Plato, Confucius, Socrates, the images of the divine inspiration of to-day; proposes to rescue materialism from the dross of human dust and earthly decay to the light of an all-

pervading spirit that shall be enkindled, of which science is but the expression or outward lineament; as the human voice is an avenue through which the soul expresses its wonderful images; proposes in social life to find out the sources of human selfishness and ingratitude, and by the gradual pervading of the spirit prove to you that every social wrong is evidence of the lack of spiritual right in your midst; proposes to you that society shall be constructed upon the basis not of a correct theory and an improper practice, but on a correct practice and a true theory as the result of that practice; proposes to infuse into daily existence the conscious, ever-present perception of man's spiritual nature, and that while feeding the body you shall not famish the soul; while being aware of the needs of outward life, you shall not desolate and ravage the spirit, spurning its charmed revelations and the consciousness of safety for the sake of piling up the hoarded dust that will one day be swept down in turmoil and bitterness; proposes in the structure of future religions to have no landmarks that shall be merely indices of an external faith, but make all symbols its message-bearers, all tokens its signs of communion, all evidences spiritual; intends to work its way in the world of human thought until the divine possibilities of every human being shall respond to its message, until the prisoner in his dungeon cell feels that his spirit is beloved, that the child or mother or sister of his heart is even now bending tenderly above him, and that his soul is as valuable in the eyes of Infinite Love as that of the priest who kneels by his side, or of the exemplary citizen who has committed no faults observable to the human eye. Tell him this, and you touch the key-note in the great eternal anthem of human progress. Tell him this, and you redeem him from the slough of despond and the gloomy region of despair into which his desolation has plunged him. Tell him this, and he is one of the treasures in the great storehouse of the eternal kingdom.

This thought is on its march now, not to the sound of cannon nor the desolating tread of mighty armies; not with the warfare of nations nor the clashing of swords, but to the sound of sweet voices proclaiming its presence in every highway and by-way of life, the uttermost limits of human thought being pervaded by its living reality and clothed with the consciousness of its presence and power. Legislative assemblies feel its potency, and those who rule as monarchs feel that thrones and kingdoms will pass away beneath the light of this spiritual glory. The prophecy of Hugo, born of the inspiration of this hour, proclaims the wonderful Republic of the Nations. Mazzini and the lovers of liberty in the Old World clasp hands, in spirit-life, with the founders of liberty across the ocean, your own George Washington gladly yielding the palm of victory to whom? To the father of freedom on this continent, the creator of the Constitution, Thomas Paine, the splendor of spirit-birth cleaving the light of ages and making the heroes yield the honors to those who might not have craved the glory. Let us remember this, and when we praise and when we worship adorn the humble graves with a chapel of laurel like that which those who loved Jesus brought the morning after the crucifixion. Shall we not have the wonders of the resurrection at this hour? To-day the voice of spiritual truth proclaims promises to humanity; another cycle, and it proclaims fulfillment in that degree. To-day it offers the boon of hope even to those who are most in darkness; to-morrow it yields the flower of successful attainment, and promise gives place to certainty. To-day it is a pulsation and a thrill; "I hope it may be true," says the earnest inquirer; to-morrow the glad cry of triumph goes up from his soul, and he says, "I know it!" For the last quarter of a century that hope and that promise have given place to certainty in thousands of minds, and you can name your Mapeses, your Edmondsons, your Hares, who, passing on to spirit-life with the conviction of certainty in their minds, testify to you of this knowledge, first born of hope, next of promise, then of certainty in the reality of spiritual existence.

Science will open wide her doors to receive this, the solvent of her mysteries. I make no wild prediction. Those who now close the avenues of inspiration will, ere another half century, eagerly sit at the shrine of its teachings. I make no wild prediction. Those who now turn to the earth and the magical evolutions of natural law will one day enlarge their observation to the grand receptacle of spiritual law, that is in itself the solvent of all mysteries. I make no wild statement. Those who turn their telescopes to the heavens for the discovery of more worlds will one day turn the eye of clairvoyant vision to fill the wide gap where no telescope can penetrate, and will say, "This has come to me of a certainty; not from any magical lines of human creation, but from the consciousness of the mind, from the prophecy of the spirit; like the prophecy of Galileo, like the presence of Herschel, like the divine forebodings of those who saw in dreams the work that is now wrought in the world, through its wonderful systems of science and thought. Ah, yes! and a greater dream than this will come true. You shall be blind and yet you shall see with the eye of the spirit; you shall have all pain or disease removed by the power of spiritual presence. The world will no longer be a charnel-house, a place for the dying and the dead, but a hospital, an infirmary for the restoration of humanity. There will no longer be moral desolation, for spiritual truth will have pervaded all minds, and those who are ignorant and those who have been degraded will perceive its light and the beauty of its presence illuminating their darkness. Talk of moral life in the world! It begins with the consciousness of the spirit-entity. No man feels himself morally responsible who is not aware of a moral nature. Teach your children that the earth is all, and moral responsibility ceases. Teach them that spirit is all, and there is no responsibility but the moral, no obligation except the spiritual, and that pervades every avenue of life, making sanctified every human obligation, and causing faith, fidelity, friendship, love, to assume the aspect intended by Heaven.

Oh! let it be taught in the world and understood, that the spirit of man is all-pervading, and that the form is naught but the channel of its expression, and the world will turn one-half round. As in the summer solstice the glorious light of yonder central orb begins to illumine and kindle the verdure, so will man's soul respond to this ever-living consciousness, this present voice. We shall then have no doubts; we shall then have no pains and penalties; we shall then have no disease born of the ignorance of human life and law; we shall then have no crimes, the outgrowth of human civilization; we shall then have no burden of debt forced upon us by the ambition of kings or rulers; every man's labor will be his treasure; every man's thought will be his own possession; every

man's hopes and aspirations will be his prophecies, and the fulfillment will come in the added strength of social and national life. We shall have a religion, but it will not be clothed and put afar off for Sabbath day worship. It will be an angel of light haunting every day and hour, crossing every threshold, interpreting every deed. It will be the Golden Rule planted within the heart, instead of inscribed upon temples far away. It will be a line of living light, pointing to the uplifting of the human race, and vanquishing human error and folly. It will be an ever-present, ever-conscious communion between man's spirit and his senses, until finally the former shall triumph, and the latter shall yield the dominion of so many thousand years. The spirit is a child speaking to you in the darkness, a voice descending to you in the turmoil of busy hours, a consciousness of the over-presence that, interblending with your lives, will stay the hand of greed, illumine the thought, ennoble the mind, uplift the deed, until you become aware of the spiritual possession that is yours. Why, the world has been taught strangely. Supposing I had a house of treasures, and in showing this house I should say of the dwelling, "This is my treasure," concealing carefully the precious gems and stones that were the real object of the edifice. Supposing I had a green-house filled with choice flowers and plants, and should say to my friends, "This is my treasure," pointing to the windows and steam-pipes, and refusing to uncover the choice flowers that their odor might be perceived. This is what science and religion have done to the world. The edifice of God has been shown you, without his spirit. The temple of the dust has been exalted, and humanity forgotten. You have been pointed to the structure, but the flower and bloom of life have been forgotten. You have been forbidden to penetrate there; you have been told it is impossible. For what, then, is the structure? There are no conservatories builded for naught. There are no dwellings or banks or vaults erected if there is no treasure to save. The universe reveals God's presence; man's form reveals his spirit; and death does not hold my treasures, therefore they live.

Tombs have been ravished, sepulchres have been laid bare. The child of your love, the parent of your devotion may not be found there. In the upper air, freed from the prison vault, the breath of life wafts tidings of them toward you; argosies freighted with their messages bear down upon the shore; and not more full of import a Spanish armada viewed in British waters and watched from a thousand heights, than these very glittering sails and pennons that herald the advancing tide of spiritual thought in the world, creeping up your sands, destroying your little mud-cells and houses, clothing your fields with verdure, and discarding that which was but a barren pretense, laying waste houses that were builded upon sand, but only making strong the fastnesses of the human mind and spirit. A thousand philosophies will be swept away, but the truth will remain. A thousand creeds will perish and be buried without a sigh, while the true Church of God, that is, humanity, will arise and proclaim itself. Christ, crucified more times in two thousand years than it were possible to count on the fingers of the human hand, will be restored to the love of mankind through the spirit of that interpretation that reveals his humanity to you; and the genius of religion borne down to you again by the tidings of that inspiration that breathed upon Sinai and kindled upon Olivet, will reveal itself in the form of an angel walking the earth with man.

Oh! in whatever valley of life you may wander, through whatever darkened channel or abyss that now seems yawning with gloom and foreboding, remember that life is endless—endless, and that spirits, fraught with the infinite message, are heralding all along the shores of time, "Life is endless." Far out upon the sea the ears of the Northmen hear the voices of the fishermen as they work and toll in the stream, and as the wind sweeps toward them, the freighted song is borne with many a breath of triumph and rejoicing; and again, as the wind returns, the song comes from the shore, catching up the strain and repeating it o'er and o'er. So now, from the heights of spiritual truth, the voice of inspiration floats toward the earth. You sing your song upon the shore; it is echoed by those in spirit-life. You shout, and they answer you. The voice comes back freighted with the message of thousands of years, and peopled with the images of those whose lives the earth had well-nigh forgotten. Old-time philosophies must crumble; the dust and ashes of ages must be swept away; the wind heads the vessel toward the shore; the lights are already seen; humanity discerns that the ship of life is there; its name is "Immortality." A pennon floats upon the breeze; its name is "Progress," and humanity is saved from the darkness of despair; the earth is crowned with spiritual blessings; deserts are redeemed by science; wildernesses are reclaimed; vast marshy wastes are made fertile by the hand of man, and barren wildernesses of human thought grow fertile beneath the light and stimulus of spiritual endeavor. Clasp hands across the space of thousands of years, the world heads the promise of this hour, and you, with glad forebodings, herald that promise, while the angels shout the victory.

#### The Coming Motive Power.

President White, late Minister to Germany, has arrived in New York. In an interview with a *World* reporter he said:

"The Siemens Brothers, of Berlin. . . . Their electric railway, as laid in Berlin and Paris, is a perfect success. I think it will create a revolution before long. The elevated roads must soon adopt that system, for it does away with the wear and tear of heavy engines. The Siemens Brothers are preparing to establish a new road in Berlin about four miles long. The only apparatus the car carries is contained in a box underneath the floor about three feet long, two feet broad, and eighteen inches high. The car stops and starts as easily as a horse-car, and runs at the rate of about fifteen or twenty miles an hour."

JENNER'S PROMISE DELUSIVE.—It is confessed by vaccinators that Jenner was totally mistaken in supposing that no vaccinated person can take the small-pox. Though many of them shamefully decline to the ignorant that vaccination is an easy and sure preventive, the leaders of vaccination flatly contradict them by placarding every village (at Government expense, no doubt) with earnest recommendations to be re-vaccinated, whenever small-pox is rife; and that, without any limit assigned of the time which the force of vaccination may be supposed to last. They dare not assert that it lasts seven years, nor five years. If you press them, they have to confess that in a bad season they cannot guarantee that a person vaccinated the previous year is really safe; and the alleged damage excuse that vaccinators are apt to be unskillful.—*F. W. Newman.*

## Foreign Correspondence.

### Stray Notes on Belgium, Holland, etc.

BY HENRY LACROIX.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The earth was in its gayest verdancy and the sky alight with angels bidding me "Godspeed," when I left Montreal (Canada) on the 30th of June last, P. M., on board the steamer "Helvetia"—en route for Antwerp (Belgium). Down the gorgeous St. Lawrence we steamed until nightfall, when fog obliged us to drop anchor. Passed Quebec without stopping, next day. The great and beautiful stream got wider and wider as we went on, and the whitewashed villages fewer in number on the south shore—the most settled—until at last it became problematical if any shore existed. Then my overcoat became a requirement. On the 3d and 4th of July we were at Sydney (Cape Breton) taking in coal, the price of it there being \$2.75, while at Montreal it cost \$5 per ton. Nothing to record until we got in view of the headlands introducing the English Channel, on the 15th of July. Next day coasted all along England, passed the Isle of Wight, with its Royal Castle, etc., and toward night hailed Dover, being able then to have a sight across to Calais (France), about twenty miles' span. The English Channel is about three hundred miles long. We had yet to run ninety miles to get to "Flessingue" (Flushing), at the mouth of the river "l'Escaut," leading to Antwerp—distance fifty miles. Next morning found me on deck admiring the pretty scenery, although low, that skirts both sides of l'Escaut. How different it is from anything American!—and yet delightful to behold. Now and then the water becomes higher than the land, the banks being the only protection. The river is of a fair width, somewhat wider than the Hudson. The soil, well cultivated indeed, seems rich, and produces fine hay, grain, vegetables, etc., in abundance. The first look anywhere announces plentifulness, comfort and happiness. The farms are delightfully green with pastures, trees in small clusters or extending, ribbon-like, in different directions, either ornamenting roads or serving as divisions of land; there is so much art in their planting that one cannot forego audibly admiring all along the picturesqueness of those trees, so often rounded at their tops, or well trimmed. Husbandry here is no idle word, and the famous Flemish art seems transferred easily from the canvas to the field. So much incense offered at once to the home (former) of Rubens, Van Dyck, Jordans, etc., who have graced the world at large with their *chefs-d'œuvre*! The houses on farms, or those forming villages, here and there, are mostly stone, good sized, of plain, pleasing style; and what adds to their appearance as a novelty are their roofs of red tiles. There are, however, no barns to be seen; this is rather customary to all Europe.

Our Belgian pilot, who had got aboard the day before, near Dover, was making things very lively on the deck by his quick and loud orders to the crew, when at last we got, on the 17th of July, at 9 A. M., at the mouth of the docks of Antwerp. It was a sunny Sunday, with heat above and all around, which I gladly hailed, after keeping on my overcoat during so many days.

Antwerp, from the Flemish "*aen't werf*," to *throw in the water*, is the principal port of Belgium. Its streets may well be compared to those of old Boston: picturesque, labyrinth-like, cut up, here and there, in front by canal-like basins. Cleanliness prevails all over, and the paving of small square granite blocks, is remarkably good. The houses are nearly all of stone, many of very good style, three and four stories high. The older ones have a queer appearance, gable-like in front, with steep topplings. Unlike French houses, they are without *porte-cochères*, but, American-way, their doors are in front, without *concerloges*. It announces liberty and modern notions. The cathedral (the principal attraction) testifies to the grinding process that prevailed during the middle ages, when monks had the sway. At close look it shows that *cents*, and not dollars, (squeezed from the poor "million") were the means employed to erect it. Small bricks, in many parts, with stone linings here and there, proved that assumption to my mind. Every brick—swarting with initial or blind faith, ignorance and dire poverty—tells that tale plainly. Gothic in style, its great and highly-ornamented main tower, ending gradually in a sharp point, is 369 feet high from the ground; its length is 486 feet, width, 225 feet. This church was commenced about 1352; the construction lasting more than 150 years. There are 622 steps in the tower. A chime of 99 bells (the largest requiring sixteen men to set it in motion) is continually, I might say, teasing the ears of neighbors. Every five minutes its small notes are heard, going on increasing, until the hour is told in long musical tales, ending at last in the striking. Sleep in the *Hotel des Flandres*, close by, became an impossibility to me during the whole night, on account of the endless and uncalled-for concert. The interior of the cathedral is of a grand and solemn character; it is ornamented with several large paintings by Rubens; for the one above the fine main altar—the Assumption of Mary—was paid 2,902 francs, or 1,600 florins; it was executed in sixteen days by the great and powerful master. The south transept contains his best tableau, the Descent from the Cross, and the north transept his *Elevation of the Cross*. The carvings in oak, representing figures, &c., around the altar are fine; side altars are eleven in number. The light inside is good, and softened by the colored panes. There are 125 columns, supporting the 230 vaulted arches of the high ceiling—all of stone. The faithful rent chairs instead of pews—as usual throughout Europe. The flooring of this church is all stone, in large blocks; and there are three entrances—one side one facing a pretty square, called *Place Verte*, on which are situated the City Hall, many hotels, cafés, etc., and in the centre of the square is to be seen a large and splendid statue of Rubens, elevated on a high granite pedestal chiselled by Geefs, and inaugurated 1840. Opposite the cathedral is the "old well," lined with wrought iron, by Quentin Massys—who became a great painter through love—from a common blacksmith.

The church Saint James is also a beautiful edifice, well worth visiting; Saint Paul's also. The latter contains the Flagellation of Christ, by Rubens, the Carrying of the Cross, by Van Dyck, the Calvary, by Jordans, etc. The carvings in oak are numerous and beautiful. In all the churches they abound.

The Museum, rue des Recolets, deserves a thorough visit. The opening hall is graced with three immense mural tableaux, by *de Keyser*, director of the Museum—allegorical in style—



representing the artistic history of Anvers, etc. The inside halls are all ablaze with the conceptions of the great Flemish artists, and others as well, such as Raphael's, Leonardo di Vinci's, Rembrandt's. There are also some fine pieces of statuary. Opposite the Museum is the statue of Van Dyck, in white marble, by L. de Cuyper.

Rubens's house (rue de Rubens), rebuilt and modernized, retains of its primitive materials but the portico and a few statues, in front. Over the door is the inscription, *Gutthard*. It has been allowed to become private property. Alongside is the Royal Palace, a fine building. The old City Hall dates back to 1587; it contains a library of 22,000 volumes, some fine frescoes and tableaux. The "Maison de Plantin" contains an interesting collection of printing-presses, types, etc., used by Plantin, printer of Philip II. (1559). Over the front door is the device: "labore et constantia." The Musée, called *Steen*, holds some instruments of torture used under the Inquisition, also a collection of middle-age curiosities. The Zoological Garden—the finest in Belgium—is within city limits; its collection of live animals, etc., is very rich and varied, and the grounds are beautifully laid out and ornamented. The Park around it has splendid avenues, towering trees, pretty fountains, monumental statuary.

Antwerp, in fact, is a very interesting city. The Flemish tongue is generally used, but the educated, in the least, all speak French. The women are generally blondes, go bareheaded, as a rule, and like the mass of men are seen with wooden shoes to their feet. Dogs are seen very often drawing milk-carts and other small vehicles.

Belgium became a free State on the 4th of June, 1831. Its population is composed of Walloons and Flemish—the first inhabiting the provinces of Liège, Luxembourg, Namur, Hainaut and the south of Brabant; the second occupy the two Flanders, east and west, the provinces of Anvers, Limbourg, and the western part of Brabant. There are nine Provinces, reigned over by a constitutional King. The House of Assembly is composed of 116 members, paid monthly, 423 francs 28 centimes, during session time. The members are elected by the people, directly. The Senate, of 58 members, renewed by half every four years, is also under the popular vote. The Senators receive no pay. The term of office is eight years. The regular army is somewhat nominal, but industry is not so. The national flag is black, yellow and red (vertical). About two-thirds of the lines of railway belong to the Government, and the fares about the same as in the United States, except that baggage is charged. As in England, France, etc., the cars are small, and divided in compartments, each seating eight persons. There are first, second and third class. The express speed does not reach ours, except our winter speed.

On the way to Brussels from Antwerp, trip of one hour, passed by Maline, the focus of the Belgium railway system; the four main lines meeting here. Near the station are very fine, extensive workshops. The river Dyle intersects Maline. One of the masterpieces of Van Dyck, the *Crucifixion*, is in the Cathedral of this city. The country all the way to Brussels is flat—but a beautiful garden.

After remaining two days in Brussels—putting off its description further—I left for

## SPA.

Left Brussels for Spa Wednesday, July 20th, from la gare du Nord, charmed all the way, during two hours and a half, with the pleasing aspect of the highly cultivated fields, pretty villages, towns, (including Liège, described further,) stations, and the mountainous-like topography of the country, beginning the Ardennes. Passed by La Vielle Montagne, near Liège, where the celebrated zinc mine and large works are situated. Within half-an-hour of Spa had to change cars and line at Pépinster.

Spa is prettily situated in a vale, surrounded with closely wooded heights. It is the Saratoga of Belgium, and attracts some twenty thousand visitors during summer. Spa is very well built, in stone and brick, well laid out, and its Park resembles very much, with its buildings, etc., that of Saratoga; its trees are even finer and larger. Chance games have been abolished here: quite a reform! The promenades all around the charming town, going from one spring to another (all different in quality), through dense and picturesque forests, are indulged in generally by visitors afoot. The principal sights are the *Etablissement des Bains*, the *Casino*, and the *Townet*, where the best waters (iron) are drank gratis. This spring is called *Pouhon*. There are many hotels, restaurants, *cafés*, and of the first the *Hotel de Flandre* is the best; all have reasonable rates. Rooms and *appartements* to let are found everywhere. I had a snug little *quartier* of two rooms, for thirteen francs a week. English is spoken very much at Spa. One of the promenades is called *la Promenade des Anglais*, as at Nice. Another, in a forest outside, is called *Promenade Meyerbeer*, where the celebrated composer was often seen on a donkey *dreaming*. I went through it with a spiritual friend who acted as my guide, and was indeed quite pleased with the trip. The *Elisir de Spa*, or liqueur, is highly appreciated by amateurs, and the curiosities in stained and prettily painted wood are nicely gotten up.

Here I met, as said above, a spiritual friend, Mr. H. Van Deryst, a prominent man of Spa, who is thoroughly devoted to the cause, and does much to spread its good fruits. He publishes in a weekly, called *L'Avenir*, articles and translations from English and American organs, and has at times to encounter bitter denunciations from the other local clerical paper; but he maintains his ground well—although not repaid by many proselytes. Mr. Van Deryst is also an active contributor to the *Messenger de Liège*, a bi-monthly spiritual organ. To this gentleman I feel much indebted for his kind reception.

## LIÈGE.

On the 28th of July, P. M., I was at Liège, a fine large city. It is the capital of the province of that name, and the fourth city of Belgium—its Birmingham, manufacturing arms of all descriptions. The navigable Meuse traverses the city; it resembles much the Seine, at Paris, with its fine stone bridges and cut-stone embankments. A portion of Liège lies on stony heights; the other part, rather level, is bound to attract the attention and interest of visitors. It is clean, well-paved, and full of good-style stone buildings; but, here and there, are bifurcation of streets, lanes and alleys, quite intricate and charming. The covered, and well-lighted *Passage Lemonnier* is crowded with fine fancy and other stores; it is resplendent at night, by gaslight. There are some large squares, and on the principal one is situated the *Palais de Justice* (Court-House), a grand stone structure commenced in 1508, the vast interior court of which is very beautiful. Its splendid lofty arcades are supported on the four sides by ninety columns highly carved in

the Moorish style; it resembles the *Alhambra* (Spain). A section of this large edifice, decorated outside with statuary, is used as a Royal residence. The Governor also occupies a section permanently. The University, in the new quarters, is large, and dates from 1816; it is in the form of a rotunda. The Theatre occupies the centre of the city; it is of good style. On the square opposite is the statue of Grétry, the celebrated composer, by Geefs. As to the sacred edifices, the Cathedral is interesting on account of its age; it dates back to 908, but was finished only in 1528. It has a large, imposing exterior; its interior, however, is less so. The ceiling, so lofty, alone shows originality. The highly carved wooden pulpit, with five beautiful white marble statues at the base, is its second attraction. St. James's church, in the neighborhood, surpasses much the first in every way. It is a perfect type of the style called *ogival tertiaire*; its first existence was in 1016. The profuse embellishments inside, in the way of carvings, stained windows, gilt brass doors, the railing in front of the altar of same material, and the large organ, apart from original tableaux—all indeed fix the eye and enliven the mind. In proximity, on the square, is the statue of Charlemagne—the great, good King and father of France—who held court here. The immediate neighborhood of Liège is a great coal field. As at Lyons, France, in the manufacturing of silks—here the weavings are made by the workmen in their own dwellings. A stay of two days in this industrious city of the Walloons satisfied me; but before leaving I became acquainted with a warm-hearted Spiritualist, Mr. Félix Godar, editor of a spiritual bi-monthly periodical, with whom I spent an agreeable evening—gathering from him much information concerning the cause in this much priest-ridden country. It is an up-hill work for our *confrères* in Belgium to keep the banner floating, and much that we have learned of the theories and facts for years is too slippery ground for them to tread on, or to broach publicly. But of that hereafter. So on the 30th, P. M., I got back to

## BRUSSELS.

Brussels—the miniature Paris, so-called—lies on a small river, the Senne. It is divided into the upper and lower town. Brussels is the capital of Belgium and the *chef-lieu* of the province of Brabant; it is remarkably clean, well-built, elegantly so in many quarters, traversed with squares, gardens and a grand circular Boulevard, which forms the boundary limits of the city proper; but, here and there, are many lanes and a regular net-work of intricacies in the laying out of streets, so as to baffle direction sometimes. Beer saloons and gardens, where dancing is carried on, are numerous. The beers, *faro*, *lambic*, *louvain*, *bière brune* (or brown beer) and *bière*, are the most popular. At the doors of the *cafés* on the main streets are to be seen great numbers of *clients*, men and women, indulging at small tables on the sidewalks, in the popular beverage. Many Englishmen reside in the aristocratic quarter of the upper town, called *Quartier Leopold*. The cathedral—St. Gudule—near rue Royale, is centrally situated, occupying an elevated position, which adds greatly to set off its magnificent appearance and fine proportions. A long range of easy steps, occupying the whole width of the church, leads up to the three front doors. The length of this church is three hundred feet by one hundred in width. The two front towers are elegant and high. It is all stone, of a light color; was commenced during the eleventh century. The interior contains rich and profuse embellishments; its stained glass windows are equal to any in the world; in the chapel of the Holy Sacrament are also some splendid marble monuments. The grand pulpit in carved wood—a present of the Empress Marie Thérèse—is due to the chisel of Verbruggen, of Antwerp (1699). There are three Museums, called *Musée de Peinture*, *Musée des Armes*, and *le Musée Moderne*. The first, near Place Royale, is open to visitors every day (free). It contains over four hundred tableaux on canvas and wood, by such masters as Van Eyck, Rubens, Van Dyck, Jordans, Teniers, Rembrandt, Holbein, Veronese, le Titien, etc., and a library of one hundred thousand volumes. The second museum is rich in armories of the past, while the third, near the Ducal Palace, fills its fifteen halls with sumptuous modern sculptures and paintings. There is also the *Musée Wiertz* (free), in which are the *chef-d'œuvre* of that great master. It is near the *Jardin Zoologique*.

The Park, near Place Royale, is large, beautifully laid out, and has the most splendid elms that I have seen anywhere. I was quite enchanted by their truly noble aspect and towering heights. Here are to be heard every evening good concerts. In front of the Park is the Royal Palace, with the adjoining Palais de la Nation, or Legislative Assembly—forming altogether a long and deep square of edifices of very chaste style. Near by are the palaces of the Count of Flanders (their apartment)—the Ducal Palace, and the Palace de Justice. On the Place Royale is the unpretentious church of St. Jacques sur Caudenberg, and opposite, in the middle of the square, one is forcibly struck with the splendid equestrian bronze statue of Godfrey de Bouillon, the leader of the last Crusade.

The Hotel de Ville (City Hall), situated centrally on a square, dates 1401, but was completed only during the fifteenth century. It is a magnificent edifice in stone, highly ornamented with sculptures and a most elegant spire, three hundred and sixty feet high, ending with a gilded metal figure of Archangel Michael, sixteen feet high, which answers as a vane, and has often been struck by lightning. This edifice is about two hundred and forty feet long. From the top of the tower can be seen in clear weather the field of Waterloo, with its Lion Monument.

It was here that the cruel duke Alva (see Goethe's "Egmont") condemned to death the dukes Egmont and de Horn—executed on the square opposite (15th January, 1568). All around this square, occupied partly as a flower market, are antique buildings (business) from the epoch of Charles le Téméraire (the Bold)—some are gilded and embellished with allegories. The interior of City Hall is exceedingly interesting and rich in objects of art—which are so many everywhere throughout this "blessed" country that they lose thereby much of their value. In the entrance hall, on each side of the door, are two large and beautiful allegorical figures: that of Peace, to the left going in, is very remarkable. The interior court contains two fine white marble fountains, adorned with demi-gods lying in rushes; one of the fountains represents the river l'Escaut, the other the Meuse. Tableaux, frescoes and statuary abound in this grand building; some of the first are by Stallaert, J. Coomans (the defeat of Attila) Janssens, Van Helmont, Van Moere. The Council Chamber is gorgeously decorated and gilded; its style is original and grand, and the crimson seats of Councillors look odd. Here are hung

up large Gobelin tapestries—representing the *Abdication de Charles Quint* (Charles V.) in favor of his son Philip II.; Coronation of Charles VI., father of Marie Thérèse; the Joyful Entrance of Philip le Bon (the Good) in Brussels, in 1830. The beautifully painted ceiling is by Janssens, a pupil of Rubens; it represents Olympic scenes. Other paintings and Gobelins are found in other adjoining halls; that called *Salle Gothique* is magnificent; it is used for public feasts and balls. The main staircase, called *L'Escalier des Lions*, is beautifully decorated with historical *bas-reliefs*, representing the rude life and *meurs* of old Brabant in the thirteenth century.

In going from Place Royale toward the new Court House, on rue de la Régence, is met a fine large stone building, with four red granite columns, highly polished, about forty feet high, each of which cost 12,500 francs. This building is used as a Gallery of Fine Arts. Further on is an old church, with many points of architectural beauty; it is called *L'Eglise des Petits Sablons*. Opposite is the square, *des Petits Sablons*, embellished with a prettily laid out garden, going up the hill, in which is a nice stone fountain, surmounted on a high pedestal, with the beautiful bronze statues (linked) of the Counts Egmont and de Horn. On same street is also a large and grand pile of buildings in stone and brick; it is the *Conservatoire de Music*. Decidedly the fine arts of every kind are much esteemed in Belgium. In going down the hill to the right we get to a naked square named *Le Grand Sablon*, in the centre of which is a marble fountain with a figure of Glory. Close by is the old *Palais de Justice*, a plain building, but large in depth. Opposite is a fine granite statue of *Jean de Hen*, a statesman who rendered valuable service to his country, and, as his name signifies, did much good. Now returning to rue de la Régence, a sumptuous edifice rises at the end of the street, completely isolated on a square. It is the new *Palais de Justice*, not quite completed, but nearly so—the *couronnement*, or angular-like dome, being under construction. The style I would call *Renaissance*, elaborate, but in perfect keeping with good taste. This grand building is 405 feet front by 600 in depth, and the height 125 feet, independently of the dome, which will be 219 feet. I have these proportions from one of the architects. There are two advancing wings in front, one at each end, and a noble peristyle in the middle, forming the main entrance, with splendid columns each side, forming a deep double row of arches, lofty and elegant. The stone used in the construction is blue and white—the first from quarries in Belgium, the other from France, but of a very hard nature. The cost of this structure, without furniture, etc., I was told will be 42,000,000 francs. Close to the *Palais de Justice* is seen a large old building of the compte de Mérode, lately deceased, who was an ultramontane member of Parliament.

While in Brussels, Englishmen especially make it a duty to visit the battle-field of Waterloo—reached by railway or diligence; distance about ten miles. On the way there the *Bois de la Cambre*—the *Bois de Boulogne* of Brussels—is traversed. It is a beautiful park, and is reached by tramway.

The *Colonne du Congrès*, in commemoration of the First Congress, June 4th, 1831, is an elegant monument, topped by the statue of "Leopold I." It is one hundred and forty-one feet high, of the Doric order, representing at the base, allegorically, the nine provinces of Belgium. In the neighborhood is met the Botanical Garden, with its glass rotunda. This is a delightful spot; concerts every evening almost, and there is beside the Park Leopold, which is delightful. The *Monument des Martyrs* (same direction), situated on a small square of same name, erected to the memory of the patriots who fell in Sept., 1830, fighting the Dutch, is a splendid granite memorial. Returning to the centre of the city, one of the principal sights met with is *la Galerie St. Hubert*, a long and beautiful arcade with glass roof, lined on both sides with attractive fancy stores, offices, *cafés*, etc., most brilliant at night by gas-light. This is a fashionable resort. Apart from the *Théâtre de la Monnaie* (situated on a large square of same name), which seats two thousand spectators, there are seven others. Close by is the Mint, a spacious building, which is to become the Post Office. In the official centre of the city *la Nouvelle Bourse* (the New Exchange) rears up its bold, grand and delightful front, on the boulevard. Space around enables one to admire all the details, so ornamental, of its four sides. It is a splendid stone edifice. Opposite is the meeting point of all the lines of tramways and "buses."

Living is somewhat less expensive than in Paris. Brussels is stirring and lively, and will certainly please the most fastidious. The *beau sexe* of all classes is generally blondes, of charming exterior. It has a type *a part*. The lower classes, shop girls and *hommes*, go bareheaded on the streets, and to one of us that is a novelty quite charming. The number of dog-carts in this city it would be hard to guess; used often for milkwomen, filled with shining brass or tin cans, they are met everywhere. The stores of every description are tasty, and cleanliness everywhere is the vigilant watchword; Sundays most of them are kept open. The vanity of men is often, however, exhibited in the symbolical ribbon at the *boutonnière*, button-hole of the coat. There are so many met with that attribute of the *Légion d'Honneur* that the honor looks cheap, worthless. As in France and elsewhere on the continent, the *bougie*, or candle, is the only luminary used in sleeping-rooms; so I have to carry about a small kerosene lamp with me everywhere I travel. The staircases and floors are generally painted in a peculiar style, and highly polished with wax. Every week, and even oftener, the operation of waxing is repeated. The Flemish women are torments—of cleanliness. A drawback, however, to be noticed everywhere, is the absence of blinds outside of the windows; not even white shutters, as in Philadelphia! Hotels cannot begin to compete with American ones, but restaurants are in many cases very nicely fitted up and gaudy; the *garçons*, waiters, there, expect a *pourboire*, or a few cents from every one. That's the fashion throughout the whole of Europe, including England; it's a *reste*, or relic of old feudal or beggery time, when the *manants*, the people, were nobodies. So far I have found only one establishment with real soup; everywhere else it was nothing else but *pot-au-feu*, so called, and well named, as the pot alone (without beef in it) had gone to the fire. Ordinary beef is worth twenty cents a pound, and fowl three or four francs apiece. That accounts for the meagreness of the *potage* or *pot-au-feu*. As in Paris and London, the water here is brackish, but many houses are provided with cisterns to collect rain-water.

## OSTEND.

On Sunday A. M., 7th Aug, I left for Ostend by an excursion train, with intention of returning to Brussels next day, which I did. During

that two hours' ride I enjoyed very much the ravishing aspect of the country all along. The wind-mills gave a charm to the scenery, with their wide-spread wings. The hedges, so close and green beside, looked so much better than her misshapen fences. The farm-houses, too, with *flushed* tiles, like the cheeks of their female inmates, always so new and pleasing to me, plainly show everywhere how clean and tidy are the Flemish *boni sens*. An air of plentifulness and content prevails; it would seem, throughout Belgium. Fruit-trees and gardens around the houses were many, and then so flashed by coquettish villages, and, now and then, fine manufacturing in brick showed themselves, with stylish mansions alongside. Canals, here and there, splendidly macadamized roads (made and kept up by the State), lined everywhere with trees, pretty hedges all along our double-track railway—everything indeed tended to make the trip short and interesting. We stopped ten minutes at Ghent, or Gant in French, and Bruges, two large cities—the latter described further—and in due time arrived at the great watering-place of Belgium, landing in a fine and large station, on a model with those of Ghent and Bruges.

Ostend, intersected by docks near the station, extends on the other side as far as the beach. This town is closely packed with stone and brick houses—no wooden houses are allowed anywhere in Belgium in towns. Well-paved and clean, the streets look well; in some places, however, they are narrow and crooked. There are many hotels and restaurants, vying with one another to attract visitors, English, French, and German, who swarm here during the dog-days. The town was crowded with our additional number. I paced it all over in a short time, and the only place of interest worth mentioning that I found is the beach. Here a boulevard and promenade the whole length, with some very fine buildings lining it. The *White* and the *bourgeoisie* elbow one another on this fashionable beach and promenade, to admire the fine sandy beach, extending way out at low water, the vast expanse of the sea mingling its blue at the horizon with that of the sky—and inhaling the strong and healthy perfumes of the vasty deep. Innumerable small white sheds dot the beach, as far as the east end of the Digue, in which bathers dress and undress. There are oyster piers in which imported oysters are fattened.

I went to Ostend for the main purpose of visiting some of the many Spiritualists residing there. I had the addresses of nearly a dozen, but met only a few. I conversed for a while with Mr. A. Dossner, editor of a spiritual organ, monthly, called *De Rots*, ("The Rock,") half Flemish and half French. I learned from this gentleman that there were two groups, or circles, in the town, meeting twice a week, Sunday and Tuesday. On Sundays the proceedings are altogether in Flemish, the other day in French and Flemish. To each circle are attached several mediums; some are writing inspirational mediums, others speaking, healing, and drawing mediums. I was shown a sample of the latter, a landscape, pen-and-ink work, which showed good control.

[Continued in our next.]

## New Publications.

THE POETS' TRIBUTES TO GARFIELD. With Portrait and Biography. Cambridge: published by Moses King, Harvard Square.

If one needed a remembrance of the sad events of the past ninety days, they could have it in no better form than in this neat volume of eighty pages; but while it records, as a portion of our nation's history, those incidents whose shadow covereth it as with a pall, it likewise gives, even in fuller measure, a record of the early and subsequent life and services of Garfield, and many of the fine traits of character that, emanated in him, made him a man whom millions had learned to honor, love and trust. There are fifty poems in this memorial collection, (by an equal number of authors,) all of which are commemorative of our late President's life, death and burial. Twelve of these were originally written for the Boston *Globe*, among them those by Oliver Wendell Holmes, Joaquin Miller, Julia Ward Howe, John Boyle Riley and M. J. Savage. The remaining are compiled from various papers, and include poems by Walt Whitman and J. G. Holland.

THE HEAVENLY DOCTRINE OF THE LORD. From the Writings of Emanuel Swedenborg. Philadelphia: E. Claxton & Co., 930 Market street.

This is the eleventh volume of "The Swedenborg Library," edited by B. F. Barrett, to the merits of which we have referred in our notices of those that have before appeared. The selections from the chapters of the Swedish Seer here given present his teachings as to who, in his opinion, is the proper object of worship, and what is his true character.

PAUL HART; OR, THE LOVE OF HIS LIFE. By Uncle Lute. 84, 12mo, paper, pp. 420. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

A story of American life, depicting the varied experiences of the hero from early life to manhood, and sketching, with remarkable fidelity to nature, the character of the heroine, a young lady possessing far more than ordinary personal beauty and mental charms. There are many severe thrusts at the hypocrisy of those who make a profession of great sanctity that in its guise they may practice all sorts of iniquity; while true goodness, without any pretension to special piety, is illustrated and commended.

KING GRIMALDUS AND PUSYANITA; OR, THE CAT'S ARABIAN NIGHTS. By Mrs. A. M. Diaz. Illustrated quarto, pp. 227. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

A book that cannot fail to be a special favorite with children, and one of the leading books of the approaching holidays. The idea is unique, and charmingly carried out. Nearly every page has engravings of cats of all ages and sizes, in about every condition and position, and engaged in about every form of fun, frolic and trickery it is possible to conceive of. The stories are brightly told, and exceedingly amusing, and the cover is illustrated with pussy-willows, cat-on-tails and kittens.

THE BRIDAL EVE; OR, ROSE ELMER. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, author of "Ismael," "Self-Strained," "The Missing Bride," etc. 84, 12mo, pa. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

As the production of an author who unquestionably holds an enviable position in the front rank of writers of fiction, the mere announcement of the publication of this volume is all that will be required to obtain for it a host of readers. The scene is in London, and the plot replete with mysteries that are well sustained throughout. Two heroines, both of whom have faithful and faithful suitors, are the leading characters, and the interest that gathers around the thrilling incidents of their eventful lives is intense and unbroken from the first page to the last.

Give unqualified assent to no propositions but those the truth of which is so clear and distinct they cannot be doubted. The enunciation of this first great commandment of science consecrated doubt. It removed doubt from the seat of penance among the grievous sins to which it had long been condemned, and enthroned it in that high place among the primary duties which is assigned to it by the scientific conscience of these latter days.—Huxley.

A little child was addressed by a gentleman the other day. "How old are you, my dear?" he asked. "Old," said the child, indignantly, "I'm not old at all. I'm quite new."

## Why Incur the Perils of Vaccination?

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I observe by various journals that this question is at length beginning to excite great attention in America. Vaccination was supposed by Jenner to prevent small-pox for life, but this claim is now universally abandoned. Three-fourths of all who are attacked with small-pox have been vaccinated, and Mr. Marson, Medical Director of the Highgate Small-pox Hospital, reports that in 1871, of 950 cases, 870 had been vaccinated. In the recent epidemic at Bromley The *Lancet* for Aug. 27th reports, that of 43 cases, (16 confluent,) all had been vaccinated, and three re-vaccinated. Two of the confluent cases died.

That vaccination does not *mitigate* small-pox is shown by all the London small-pox hospital returns: the average mortality of 18 per cent. being at least as high as in the last century, before vaccination was introduced.

That vaccination does induce serious and fatal disorders is admitted by *The Lancet*, *British Medical Journal*, *New York Medical Tribune*, and all the European medical journals. See also Parliamentary Returns, "Vaccination, Mortality," No. 433, Sess. 1877; and "Infant Mortality," No. 392, Sess. 2, 1880. Jenner affirms that spontaneous cow-pox, which is now to be discovered and furnished in the shape of calf-lymph, is non-protective, and, according to *The Lancet*, June 23d, 1878, it is not secure from syphilitic contamination.

The liability to death from small-pox is only one in fifteen hundred in the British metropolis, calculated according to the mortality in the recent epidemic; and to one in twenty-five thousand with decent sanitary surroundings. Why, then, it may be asked, with so remote a liability, incur the well-known perils of vaccination? Mr. P. A. Taylor has given notice to bring a measure before Parliament early next session to repeal the Compulsory Vaccination acts in England.

The Second International Anti-Vaccination Congress has been convened to meet at Cologne, Germany, on the 9th October; the circular of invitation bears the signatures of upwards of one hundred leading opponents of State Medicine, including members of the different legislatures, professors of universities, publicists and sanitarians. This will give a wide impulse to the revolt against State Medicine which is swelling in force and volume in England and throughout Europe. Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM TEBB.

7 Albert Road, Regent's Park, London, W.  
Sept. 28th, 1881.

## The Cause in Portsmouth.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I used to hear them sing in the old-fashioned revival meetings (that have now become well nigh obsolete):

"Shout! shout! we're gaining ground!  
Glory, hallelujah!"

Without desiring to appropriate any of that emotional and frothy condition of mind that prompted the singing of that familiar hymn, we may still claim the spirit of the language, and apply it to the spread of the truth in old Portsmouth. Unobtrusively, and almost as quietly as the grain of mustard seed puts forth its roots downward and its branches upward, does this work of Spiritualism grow among us. We have had with us, for the past three Sundays, Mrs. Sarah E. Dick, of Boston, a most excellent inspirational speaker and platform test medium, who has given excellent satisfaction. Mrs. Dick is not well enough known among the friends of our cause. She should be kept in the lecture field, where she is eminently adapted to do good and effective work. If our finances would permit, we should not allow her to leave this city during the coming winter.

The enlargement of the *Banner of Light* is hailed with joy by all in this locality who are interested in the great truths of Spiritualism—for two reasons: first, because we can never have too much of such spiritual food as the *Banner* serves out to us from week to week, on every page. It dwells above the disturbing elements that are too common for our rapid spiritual progress, and sets an example of quiet dignity and forbearance that adds great weight to its influence among those who are standing outside and are watching us. And secondly, its enlargement is evidence of an increased prosperity that will be hailed with delight not only in this world but by those in spirit-life who, like Dives, are so anxious to send to their brethren to warn them not to neglect their opportunities in this life.

CHAS. W. GARDNER.

Portsmouth, N. H., October 11, 1881.

IMMORTALITY, AND OUR EMPLOYMENTS HEREAFTER. With what a Hundred Spirits, Good and Bad, and their Dwelling Places. By J. M. Peebles, M. D.

We have received a copy of the above work from Messrs. Colby & Rich, Boston, Mass. This large volume of 300 pages, 8vo., rich in descriptive phenomena, lucid in moral philosophy, terse in expression and unique in conception, containing as it does communications from spirits (Western and Oriental), through mediums in the South Sea Islands, Australia, India, South Africa, England, and nearly every portion of the civilized world—ranked as the most interesting, and will doubtless prove the most influential of all Dr. Peebles's publications.

The first paragraph of the preface strikes the keynote of the book:

"Give us details—details and accurate delineations of life in the spirit-world!—is the constant appeal of thoughtful minds. Death is approaching. With whom shall I shut? I know my friends beyond the tomb? Will they know me? What is their present condition, and what their occupation? Too long have we listened to generalities and vague imaginations. Are the planetary worlds that stud the firmament inhabited? And if so, are they morally related to us, and do they psychologically affect us? What shall we be in the far distant worlds? Upon what shall we subsist? how travel? and what shall be our employments during the measureless years of eternity?"

This volume contains twenty-one chapters, and treats of: The Nature of Life; The Attributes of Force; The Origin of the Soul; The Nature of Death; The Lucidity of the Dying; The Spiritual Body; The Garments that Spirits Wear; Visits in the Spirit-World; The Hells Crammed with Hypocrites; Signs Seen in Horror's Camp; Velocity of Spirit Locomotion; Other Planets and their People; Experiences of Spirits High and Low; John Jacob Astor's South Lament; Stewart Exploring the Hells; Quakers and Sinners in the Spirit-World; Indian Hunting Grounds; The Apostle John's Home; Brainisms in Spirit-Life; Clergymen's Sad Disappointments; Fountain of Light City; Fountains, Fields, and Cities; The Heaven of Little Children; Immortality of the Unborn; The Soul's Glorious Destiny; The General Teachings of Spirits in All Lands.

Large 8vo. cloth, beveled boards, gilt sides and back. Price, \$1.50; postage 10 cents. For sale by Colby & Rich.

We cordially recommend this work to all who are interested in spiritual philosophy, as well as others who have not as yet become fully satisfied of the truths of spirit existence.—*The Olive Branch*.

Sour stomach, bad breath, indigestion and headache, easily cured by Hop Bitters.



## TO BOOK-PURCHASERS.

COLBY & RICH, Publishers and Bookellers, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Prosvine Street, Boston, Mass., keep for sale a complete assortment of Spiritualist, Progressive, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Books, at Wholesale and Retail Prices.

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In preparing the BANNER OF LIGHT, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of our contributors. Our columns are open for the expression of personal free thought, but we cannot undertake to publish the editorial articles of our contributors. We cannot undertake to return postage stamps, but we will be glad to accept of them. Any book published in England or America (not out of print) will be sent by mail or express, as desired.

Notice of Special Meetings. In order to insure prompt insertion, mail reach this office on Monday, as the BANNER OF LIGHT goes to press every Tuesday.

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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.

## To Business Men.

Now that this paper, which circulates in every civilized country, has been enlarged by an addition of twenty columns, making sixty in all, we can spare a small portion of its space to accommodate the business community. Our rates are less than one-half of those demanded by the large weekly papers in this and other cities of the Union, which fact should be an inducement to advertisers to utilize the columns of the Banner of Light. Heretofore we have been unable to accommodate the public, except in a limited degree, in this direction. We can now do so.

## "The Subjective Reality of Objective Facts."

After all the rest of the world—the authorities (2) have taken a hand at attempting to explain away the spiritual phenomena—particularly those on the mental plane—the Boston Daily Advertiser comes forward and volunteers an explanation which it thinks capable of settling the whole business without the possibility of peradventure. To this end it devotes nearly two columns of its space to a labored article which starts out with the self-evident truism: "A rational explanation of visions, that is to say, of optical illusions and hallucinations, would not have been possible thirty years ago." We agree with the writer, but not for the same reason. Spiritualism had not at that time illuminated the public mind sufficiently for it to comprehend such an explanation—which, however, the Advertiser scribbles to give, after all, notwithstanding the apparent promise of it with which he introduces his lucubrations. It has taken all these years for Spiritualism—opposed as it has been on the one hand by materialistic science and on the other by stuffy bigotry—to bring the popular appreciation forward to even the fragmentary consummation above recorded, on the achievement of which he (in effect) congratulates his readers in the present "year of grace."

The Advertiser expositor then proceeds: "The central fact of the theory has been long known." It is the brain alone that, in his opinion, is the cause of all these visions. And then he goes on to collect the discoveries of recent physiologists regarding the subject of the nerves, and to spread them out with an appearance of learning that would hardly be modest in the original discoverers. His citations are from Dr. E. H. Clarke, Dr. W. B. Carpenter, and Drs. Hammond and Dalton. We could reproduce a portion of the tenth chapter of Prof. J. W. Draper's great work on the "History of European Civilization," second volume, that would clarify his conglomerate matter very much. But we are willing to repeat a few of his repetitions in this place, on account of the general interest in the subject; premising that the effort of modern physiologists and positive philosophers seems to be to prove that the brain, which is the centre and seat of the spirit's action, and therefore its only agent in the human constitution, is the spirit itself. This is pure materialism. It does not touch the question of what planted the spirit in the brain in order to make its manifestations at all, but is content with the investigation of the laws of development as if they disclosed the secret of the original germ. The nerves are the electric wires by which the developing spirit transmits its impulses and impressions; it would be as sensible to say that they are identical with the spirit as to say that the brain is, to which they in turn communicate the impressions which they receive.

We might as well say that the wire is the electricity as that the nerves and the brain are the human spirit. Yet beyond explaining the former, the materialists explain nothing. Learned talk, technical knowledge, abstruse lingo, and mysterious explanations of what still remains a mystery, help the matter not at all. When they resort to this mysterious style of explanation they admit that the real mystery is as far out of their reach as it is out of that of us all. Their knowledge is limited to the machinery by which the spirit works. When the spirit departs, the machinery still remains; but the principle that gave it animation escapes from their hands.

The researches of modern physiologists, since 1850, says our writer in the Advertiser, have shown that there are two important ways-stations in the telegraph line from the eye to the

frontal lobes; first, the ganglia, or nerve-knots, called *tubercula quadrigemina*; and, second, the peculiar folds called the *angular gyri*, near the centre of the lower portion of the brain. Then he explains how sensation begins; how the duplex impression from two retinas at different angles aids in giving certainty as to form, solidity, distance, &c.; and then, how the aggregated impressions (vibrations) are transmitted by the optic nerve, first, to the *tubercula quadrigemina*, where they are received into the nerve substance and cells of the ganglia, and then forwarded.

This is the first of the processes of sight, but not the final one. At this point, we are informed, the nerves of the motor-centres and the nerves of emotion are in close connection with these first ganglia; so that an automatic action of the muscles to shun danger is caused, before the subject can have been presented to the experienced thinking and judging brain. It is from this automatic action of emotional nerves and motor-centres, connected with sight and hearing both, that panics arise. And from this source, also, come the blushes of innocence and pleasure, the quick heat of passion, the pallor or the fiery glow of wrath. This report, which is made from the first way-station, is sent on to the brain for verification. It is received by the *angular gyri*, and is defined and perfected.

It is then acted upon by the wonderful gray substance of the brain, and after comparison with previous impressions (optical memory), and with impressions made by other senses (association), it becomes an idea. And we are assured by him that the inference is irresistible, that each sense-function keeps its own records, and therefore that memory is not a single faculty, but an attribute or adjunct of every faculty. But, adds the writer—and here he gives himself and his cause wholly away—"the mode of impression upon the illimitable number of cells in the groups of organs in the nervous centres must remain forever a mystery." How this impression becomes intelligence—whether there is an intelligence at the further end of the wire to make it such—this vital, spiritual fact eludes the physiologist's search, and he stops short at that point in his explanation.

This writer, whose explanation fails to explain, whose investigation does not (beyond a certain point) investigate, considers the racial part of the subject to be this: that so much knowledge about the nerves as he has sketched is capable of securing "the mental stability, serenity and consequent happiness of mankind." He seems to think that mankind will be entirely satisfied with this half knowledge, and have no further desire to fathom the mysteries of the future, or of life as it actually is in all directions around us. He merely tries to comfort us with the assertion that the researches of physiologists will continue, and perhaps much more will be found out.

After all this preliminary, he says that the nerves, "like other telegraph wires," are capable of transmitting both ways. The inward message is examined, defined, and verified as it goes; the outward, or reflex, message is sent from the high centre of intellect to ganglia of lower power, and thence to a purely mechanical organ that is cognizant only of vibrations. In the former case, an impression is gradually developed into "an idea, under the control of the supreme reason; in the other, an idea is gradually changed into an impression without any effective guaranty." He states that this reflex action is rarely under the control of the will, certain persons having the power to produce visions of objects at pleasure. But reflex action, he asserts, is generally the result of disease or over-mastering passion. And he refers to the poisoning of the brain by alcohol or opium, when the frontal convolutions of the brain give their sign of pain or disturbance through the lines of nerves to the ganglia below. Being incapable of normal action, the confused memories of sights and sounds, with their connected ideas in the brain—sometimes in clear outlines, sometimes in fantastic combinations—are telegraphed back to the first and second stations, where they reproduce the original sensations that were once caused by the remembered objects. In such a condition, he adds, the drunkard, the opium-eater, the fever-patient, or the excited devotee, beholds truly all the giants, beasts, cats, eunuchs, palaces, kobolds, saints and ghosts which haunt him. They are real to him, though without actual, objective existence. In his "mind's eye" he sees them.

And this is the conclusion of the whole matter. This is all the explanation that physiologists, as thus reported, can give of spirit-communication, which it is pleased to call vision: seeing, hallucination, etc. The writer sums it all up in a wonderfully concrete expression, and says: "It will be readily seen that in the subjective reality of objective facts lies the reasonable explanation of many of the delusions that affect mankind." Upon the conception of such a lucid phrase he seems to run wild with delight; and he finishes up the business by saying that "the materialization of departed spirits, when not the result of paraffine, may have a similar insubstantial basis. In like manner we can set aside the conferences with the dead at seances, where the very tones of the voice and the familiar accents of friends are heard by fond inquirers. All are but delusions from over-heated brains, for which modern science furnishes a complete explanation."

This is an easy but a dreadfully superstitious manner of explaining away what "modern science" refuses to believe because it cannot itself become master of it. The explanation attempted above is one of a piece with that remarkable theory of another scientific writer to which we adverted some time since, viz.: that clairvoyance, and its kindred phenomena, were but the results of "the optic nerve" being "entranced by the imagination." The Advertiser's solution (2) is somewhat more complicated by the introduction of "tubercula quadrigemina," "angular gyri," "reflex action," etc., etc., but means the same in the end. These repeated though futile attempts to defy the truth as Spiritualism illustrates it, may be clearly and justly defined (to use the Advertiser's own language) as being themselves examples of "the subjective reality of objective facts."

Miss Alice S. George, a young and talented elocutionist from Groveland, Mass., shows we are informed—marked ability in her profession. She is the daughter of Hon. E. B. George, now in Washington, D. C., where his daughter intends to make her home for the winter months.

A lady residing in Colorado says: "I consider Dr. J. M. Peebles' last work, 'IMMORTALITY, AND OUR EMPLOYMENTS HERE-AFTER,' to be the best and most satisfactory book which I have ever read upon Spiritualism."

## "The Man Jesus."

The author of this highly interesting and remarkable book—John W. Chadwick—is a clergyman trained in the study of theology and criticism. He rejects, for reasons which seem to him sufficient, says the Boston Daily Advertiser, the divinity of Jesus. To him "Jesus was a man; a man with an incomparable genius for religion; a man of invincible conscience and immeasurable love; a man limited in many ways by the conceptions of his time, but making, even of the most irrational of these conceptions, channels through which he poured the natural goodness of his heart in a great tide of vivifying and exalting power." The desire to contribute something to a rational understanding of the human greatness of Jesus led to the course of lectures which Mr. Chadwick now publishes. They are, in fact, the Biography of Jesus. They begin with a critical examination of our sources of information in regard to him; then follows a charming chapter on Palestine at the time of the appearance of Jesus, and the story of his life. It is strange that the familiar incidents can be made so fresh; that the life of Jesus can be so written that it seems new, and the reader is carried on through the days of cheerful hope and love to those of suffering and sadness, till his sympathy with Jesus is so loving, so human, that the crucifixion brings a grief as passionate as if it were a cruel wrong that had just been committed. To Mr. Chadwick the life of Jesus is "the most impressive tragedy which has, up to this time, irradiated the great stage of history with its marvelous brightness, or shadowed it with its pathetic gloom." He does not content himself with moving the heart by this thrilling story of human greatness, he fortifies every step of his way by argument and authorities. He writes with a feeling of deep reverence, but his convictions are so strong that he can hardly feel entire respect for the intelligence and honesty of those who disagree with him; although he frankly states that hundreds of millions of Christians do disagree with him, and only a handful are on his side. That, however, could hardly trouble a man who was writing of Jesus and his handful of followers as they opposed the whole world. . . . Mr. Chadwick does not believe in the resurrection, and he brings together all the arguments against the fact, and against the popular significance attached to it; declaring, without qualification, that if the resurrection were a fact, "it would have no universal significance, and would not argue anything for you and me." At the close of this chapter is the most eloquent passage in the book, where the thought and spirit of Christ are represented as buried under forms and ceremonies, until there was a glorious resurrection accomplished by Paul of Tarsus. The closing chapter is an historical account of the Deification of Jesus, which it took three centuries to bring about; and here, for the first time, the author shows impatience with the popular belief, and flames out indignantly against the creeds of both Arius and Athanasius, and against "that wild waste of theological and personal acrimony of which the council of Nicea was the concrete expression." To him the history of Christ's Deification is all the refutation of the doctrine that an intelligent and candid person could desire. In Jesus, the man, we have human dignity and beauty of incomparable worth to us, and for the rest "our suffering is of God—his Father and our Father, his God and our God." The volume is dedicated to C. P. G. in these words:

If there art thou knowest more than I can know, and thou art the only one of that great host, who often, in the days that are no more, uttered our common thought, And made our homeward talk grow strangely deep And tender, underneath the quiet stars— If then thou knowest I have done him wrong, Failing in ought to give him reverence due, Thou wilt forgive; for surely thou wilt know That truth is now as precious to my soul As in those dear and forgotten days When life was sweeter than it ever can be Again, until again I am with thee.

## Materializations in Missouri.

A correspondent of the *Riverside Press*, Louisiana, Mo., gives an interesting account of a materializing seance attended by him at Denver, Colorado, of which Mrs. Miller was the medium. Having never seen anything of the kind, every precaution was taken to guard against the possibility of deception in order to put his mind at rest on that point. Notwithstanding this, numerous spirit-forms appeared, among them his sister, who passed hence eighteen years ago, and who, he says, looked "almost as natural as in life," her features being decidedly different from those of the medium. Each member of the circle in turn sat in the cabinet with the entranced medium, the spirit-forms at the same time appearing and disappearing. One spirit came with an infant in its arms. Another took the writer by the hand, led him into the cabinet and passed his hands over the face of the medium, which he found to be rigid and covered with a cold perspiration. Of the large number of forms that appeared nearly or quite all were recognized. The correspondent states that the manifestations were realities to himself and all present, and though venturing no opinion as to what produces them, advises all to investigate.

## Encouragement from "Over Sea."

We give the following to our readers as the expression of what the new Spiritualist journal, *Light*, of London, feels concerning the *Banner of Light* and its work. After copying our announcement that with the fiftieth volume (now in progress) we should enlarge our paper by the addition of four pages, the editor of *Light* remarks—for which kindly sentiments we desire to return our sincerest thanks:

"It is out of no idle compliment that we tender to Mr. Colby and his staff our best wishes for the success which, after twenty-five years of honorable and valuable labor, they are fully entitled to expect, for among the American spiritual journals which reach this country the *Banner of Light* deservedly occupies the leading position as a thoroughly representative Spiritualist newspaper. Ever at the service of Spiritualism and its workers, the *Banner* has befriended many a struggling medium and speaker, and, from its staunch defense of our principles, is accepted throughout the great republic, and wherever else the English language is spoken, as the leading spiritual newspaper in the motherland of Spiritualism. That its long and worthy career may be indefinitely extended is our sincere wish."

S. R. NILES, who has for twenty years been identified with the business of advertising in newspapers in all parts of the country, can now be found at his new location, 236 Washington street, Boston (over Little, Brown & Co.'s). Our acquaintanceship and business experiences with this gentleman have ever been of an agreeable and satisfactory character, and, speaking from these grounds, we recommend him to the patronage of all who are needing the judgment and advice of an expert in advertising.

## Enlargement of the Banner of Light.

The following letters and extracts bear witness to the friendly sentiments entertained by their writers for the *Banner of Light*, and the pleasure which has been evoked by its increase in size. We thank these friends, and all who have verbally, or by post, appreciatively congratulated us in this regard; and trust that our mutual fellowship in the future may continue to be as pleasant as it has been in the past:

BROS COLBY & RICH—Will you accept a few words of congratulation, both for yourselves and patrons, on the recent enlargement of the *Banner of Light*, by which it is enabled to meet more fully and extensively the many and ever-multiplying and higher needs of the Spiritualist community?

I have enjoyed a familiar acquaintanceship with the *Banner of Light* ever since its first number; so I am somewhat conversant with the course and progress of the paper, and the growth of Spiritualism, whose prosperity and advancement it has so efficiently, unsparingly and untiringly promoted and accelerated. Looking back through those long years—and they were ever attended with profound discouragements, disappointments and embarrassments to the cause—I am happily surprised, in common with many others, at the progress which has been made. And I understand, as do many thousands of others, that the *Banner* has been one among the principal agencies, under spiritual guidance and encouragement, in accomplishing this mighty work, and that it is needed just as much for the future. Is it not so, Spiritualists? I appeal directly to you. And is there anything that would gratify the enemies of Spiritualism more than to see the prosperity and influence of the *Banner* crippled?

The vigilance, the sacrifices, the weariness, the cares and anxieties that the successful conducting of the paper through so many years has cost its publishers and conductors, must have been incessant and often severe, as well as very imperfectly known and realized by the readers and patrons of the *Banner*. However, through its patrons, as one of the efficient means, the *Banner* has prospered; and by the *Banner* hungry souls have been fed with spiritual truths and knowledge, darkened minds enlightened, and despairing souls filled with hope and joy; and all have had an opportunity to be fed, enlightened and improved. Without saying or intending anything to the disparagement of other Spiritualist papers, it is apparent that the *Banner* has met all along and does now meet, more of the numerous demands and needs of the Spiritualists as a body than any other paper; attending to more of the many subjects necessary for general progress and enlightenment. I would like to notice particularly several of the most important departments of the paper, and their great utility to the cause of Spiritualism, would space permit. But as the readers of the *Banner* see that its publishers have done well by them, and for the cause, they must realize that it is simply an act of reciprocity for them to patronize it themselves, and endeavor to increase its circulation, and enable the publishers to still further enhance its utility, and expand the sphere of its activity and usefulness.

The Spiritualists cannot do without the faithful old *Banner*. And the more heartily they support and encourage, the more efficiently can the paper work for the edification, information and progress of its readers, and for the prosperity of Spiritualism generally. Let us all do our best, and success will recompense our efforts as certainly as truth is destined to prevail. Bloomington, Ill. F. J. Burgess.

Mrs. Jennie A. Smith writes from Hot Springs, Ark.:

"Allow me to express my grateful thanks for the enlarged *Banner of Light*. It is a generous and munificent move in behalf of your subscribers which ought to add greatly to the circulation of the *Banner*. It was a cheap paper at three dollars, before its enlargement, but its increased size at same old price causes us to wonder how it can be done. It is surely the cheapest paper, now published, covering two extremes—best in quality and quantity, as well as lowest in price, when all things are considered. The Message Department is one of its principal attractions to me, and I have often wished you would give us two papers a week instead of one. The paper, as a whole, has seemed to me beyond improvement in any way except by giving us more of it, as you are now doing."

G. E. Pratt writes from East Braintree, Mass.: "We see increased usefulness in the enlargement of the *Banner of Light*, which comes to us weekly freighted with that which feeds and nourishes the spiritual man, and helps lead upward toward the higher life. We trust that the friends of the cause will give this new departure encouragement enough to make it a permanent success."

Dr. L. K. Conley writes from 507 Essex street, Lawrence, Mass.: "I am glad to note any indication of the success of the *Banner of Light*; and learn that the enlargement of this volume is generally appreciated by those who have for many years been intimate with its spiritual management."

Gov. Long states—and he is quoted in the Report of the "Union for Christian Work" for the year ending April, 1881—that eighty-five per cent. of the crime of the State is due to the use of intoxicants. Rev. William Bradley, the President of the "Union," enforces the statement by asking who knows the full financial loss to society, in all its varied interests, growing out of intemperance; of the increased expense to tax-payers by the demand for an increased police force; and of the increased expense for more courts of justice and prisons, with all that they require. He remarks in his Report above referred to, that eighty-five per cent. of the cost of our police establishments, courts, and prisons, is by no means the full amount of the loss that should be charged to intemperance. Think, he adds, of the increased expense in supporting almshouses for children and adults, and for many other public and private charities. Who can reckon the loss to the industrial interests of the country? the numberless men who are unfitted, in consequence, for useful avocations? It is universally conceded that labor is the wealth of a nation. Upon that depends business of every kind. But when men spend the fruits of their labor for that which ultimately destroys their capacity and desire for labor, they dry up the resources of their own and of the common prosperity. They have so much less to spend for the necessities and comforts of life, and, therefore, are the direct cause of so much loss to the community.

For these reasons (even leaving out altogether the still weightier ones of the loss to the public of the products of talent and genius, the loss of human life, and the sad results which flow in the train of blasted hopes,) Mr. Bradley urges that every business man (to say nothing of humanitarians), however indifferent he may have been in the past to the temperance cause, should now actively exert himself for an abatement of the crying evils which it seeks to lessen and reform.

We received a friendly call at this office on Oct. 13th from Henry B. Allen—known as the "Allen Boy," of Canaan, Vt. He at that time had just returned from a brief trip to Canada, where he held several seances with good success. He purposes, so we are informed, to remain in Boston and vicinity for several weeks. While here his mediumistic seances should certainly be utilized by investigators concerning the verity of the spiritual phenomena.

## The Church Congress at Newcastle, England.

The twenty-first annual meeting of the Church Congress convened at Newcastle, Eng., Oct. 4th. The municipal authorities and those who were to take part in the proceedings assembled at half-past 10 o'clock at the Town Hall, whence, attired in their official and clerical robes, they marched in procession to the church, the unusual proceedings attracting thousands of spectators. The services here were preparatory to the opening of the Congress, and consisted of singing, prayers, and a sermon by the Bishop of Manchester. The first meeting of the Congress was at 2 o'clock. A speech of welcome was made by the Mayor of Newcastle, followed by an opening address by the Bishop of Durham, marked by all the characteristics of his genius.

At the evening session a paper was read on the duty of the Church in respect to the prevalence of Spiritualism. The document was quite lengthy. It treated the subject honorably, as may be judged by the opening sentences, as follows:

"At the mere name of Spiritualism some will at once cry out 'Frisivols! others, 'Imposture,' and others, 'Soretry and Devilry.' Let me protest in the outset against all hasty sweeping condemnations. . . . Gross absurdity and gross deceit have been exposed in the doings of pretended Spiritualists; but we must not rush to the conclusion that all Spiritualism is pure deception, any more than we must involve all statesmen and all ecclesiastics in universal censure, because there have been political and religious charlatans. And as to the charge of diabolical agency, I do most earnestly deprecate the antiquated plan of attributing all new phenomena, which we cannot explain to the author of all evil."

Considerable discussion followed the reading of the paper. Able addresses were made favoring a fair and rational consideration of the subject, a report of which we must defer until our next.

## Mrs. Maud E. Lord.

This far-famed medium for physical manifestations, tests, etc., is pleasantly remembered by hosts of friends in the East, and we know it will afford them gratification to read the following extracts from the editorial columns of *The Great West* (Denver, Col.), of Oct. 8th:

"Mrs. Maud E. Lord is beyond all others the best darkened circle medium in the United States. . . . She sees the spirits of departed friends as they gather about those in whom they feel an interest, and she listens to their names, sees them with her vision, gives their names and describes them. . . . So pleased were the citizens of Leadville with her as a medium and a lady, that she was at leaving presented with a beautiful solid silver brick, two pounds weight, a number of twenty-dollar gold pieces, and a total of eighty-seven thousand shares in different mining companies. She has returned to her home in Chicago and is to visit Colorado next season. She will be very welcome."

While certain belligerents in our ranks are sedulously endeavoring to make us appear to their readers what we are not, it is indeed gratifying to know that our neighbors—who know us best—are willing to accord to us that justice which our labors in the cause of Spiritualism for a quarter of a century justly merit. In accordance with this feeling a delegation of the Shawmut Spiritual Lyceum paid us a visit at our residence on Sunday afternoon last, not only to felicitate us on the anniversary of our birthday, but to tender congratulations that we had been spared so long to carry on the grand work dear to the heart of every true Spiritualist. A splendid bouquet of flowers was presented to us, for which we thus publicly return our grateful acknowledgments—not for those emblems of purity and spirituality alone, but for the fervent sentiments of love and kindness expressed. The meeting was intended as a surprise, we having had no previous notice, from the mortal side, of what was to take place; but we were not surprised in the least, knowing full well that our earthly friends were inspired from the purest of motives by our angel co-workers to enact their part in the programme; hence we were ready to receive them when they came. Little does the world at large comprehend the mighty power in spirit-life that controls the thought and action of mortals. The Lyceum managers in the world of souls knowing full well that we have from time to time favored the earthly Children's Lyceums, planned the pleasant occasion in order to strengthen us in the service—not only of the Lyceums, but in the broader fields of labor in which we have been one of the humblest of workers for so many years. Knowing such to be the case, we are willing to do our duty to the last. Thus feeling the full responsibility of our arduous position, we shall continue in the future as in the past to work for the angel-world, to the end that all humanity may be brought to a full knowledge of its divine philosophy, the fruition of which will be happiness here and unalloyed joy hereafter.

One by one the ordinances and regulations which have come down to us from days when it was supposed that to make the physical body miserable was to render one's self more acceptable and pleasing to God, are losing their hold upon the Anglo-Saxon mind. As a latest proof of this fact we take pleasure in noting that, in consequence of pressure brought to bear upon them in the direction of common sense, while not abandoning entirely the system of "compulsory prayers," the Harvard College authorities have taken steps, by ordering the exercises for a later hour in the morning, etc., to make the service less unpleasant. Heretofore, before light, on zero-cold winter mornings, its unfortunate students have been forced (according to time-honored custom) to march chapelward, and make a breakfastless and shivering attempt to awaken that devotional (?) feeling which was supposed to underlie the act (but which the Boston Herald truly says was more "apt to result in the use of language quite the opposite of prayer-like, and more emphatic"); but now reason asserts her milder reign, and at a later hour, the student having breakfasted, is called upon to take a morning glance at the chaplain before proceeding to his studies. Our neighbor the Herald considers that a continuation of compulsory prayers at all, at Harvard, "seems hardly in harmony with its position as a great progressive and non-sectarian university." This is very true; but it seems to us as if at least one step has been gained within the College precincts in the right direction, and that in due season this system of forced praying (or, rather, forced attendance to hear prayer) will itself go the way of all the out-worn customs which have endeavored to hold their own in the past against academic freedom, or in the wider field of the world in opposition to humanity's general advance.

"Connecticut Notes," by Cephas, will appear next week.



Aid for E. R. Place.

The following amounts have been received at this office since our last issue. We trust the generous-hearted among our readers will bear the severe affliction of Bro. Place in mind, and continue to minister to him in this hour of trial as he richly deserves. It will be a service for good which they will assuredly never regret.

A friend who forwards from Winthrop, Me., \$1, (acknowledged below,) toward this relief fund, speaks thus kindly of Bro. Place, and hopefully of the time when for them both there shall "be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things" of this trying existence in the mortal shall have passed away:

"I write with some difficulty, sitting in my wheelchair. Please add my love from a sympathetic invalid to the E. R. Place Fund. I remember him as a kind, gentle soul, whom I shall be glad to meet on the other shore."

From a friend, Lebanon, N. H., \$1.00; M. J. B., \$1.00; A. Spiritualist, Okeana, N. Y., \$1.00; J. Thomas, Norwich, Conn., \$1.00; W. H. Berney, Charleston, S. C., \$1.00; J. W. D., Boston, Mass., \$1.00; from a sympathetic invalid, \$1.00; Mrs. A. R. H., Roselle, N. J., \$1.00; R. S. M., Boston, Mass., \$5.00; Rev. Phyllis Fiske, \$5.00.

For General Circulation.

In another column will be found an announcement made by Timothy Bigelow, Esq., and on our 7th page an advertisement, both looking in the same direction, viz.: the setting forth to the public that the Sunday Morning Lectures delivered by the guides of W. J. Colville, in Berkeley Hall, Boston, are now being reported verbally, and arranged in series of cheap pamphlets for a wider circulation among the reading public—spiritual and non-spiritual. The project is a good one, and deserves the prominent success it will undoubtedly achieve.

Not long since we referred at some length to a critique appearing in the pages of *The Psychological Review*, of London, for August, and seeming to bear upon the *Banner of Light* in a manner which required attention on our part. It gives us unfeigned pleasure to be able to state that the editor of the *Review* in his October issue disavows all unkindly meaning. "We hasten," he writes, "to assure our contemporary that we had no sort of intention of saying a single word that could give offence to the conductors of a paper so long and so justly respected." "Having," he continues, "toward our contemporary nothing but the kindest feelings, we will not dwell upon the details of which complaint is made, but will simply say that we regret having written anything which could be so construed as to give reasonable cause for complaint, or to convey ideas which were far from our mind."

The *Olive Branch*, of Utica, N. Y., reports an interesting manifestation of the power of spirits to communicate with mortals by means of writing upon a closed slate without the use of a pencil, the medium, in this instance, being Mr. J. A. Caffrey, a gentleman who, not hitherto acting in the capacity of a public medium, has been known in private circles as possessing remarkable powers in this direction. The editor of the *Olive Branch*, Mr. David Jones, vouches for the genuineness of the manifestation, the communication on the occasion alluded to having been addressed to him and given under his own supervision, and fully recommends Mr. Caffrey to the public. It is said that Mr. Caffrey intends soon to make a protracted visit to this city or New York.

A. S. Hayward, Magnetic Physician, 11 Dwight street, Boston, after three months' absence has resumed his practice, as per advertisement on page 11 of this paper. Often one treatment vitalizes and warms the blood, also harmonizes the system, thereby assisting nature in eradicating disease where medicine has failed. If a benefit or cure is not perceptible after a few treatments, it is evident to him that his "healing gift" is not adapted to the patient.

A correspondent writes: "I think the *Banner of Light* is misinformed concerning the priority of lectureship on the Spiritualist platform. Doubtless S. B. Brittan, the present Editor-at-Large, was the first to take up publicly the promulgation of the new gospel of Spiritualism, as his first lecture was given in December, 1846, when, I think, no one had made Spiritualism the subject of a public lecture, either in this country or Europe."

Our readers will notice (on our seventh page) that Messrs. R. H. Curran & Co., the enterprising publishers of "The Orphans' Rescue," "The Dawning Light," and other works of art, have just issued a picture entitled "Garfield and his Family," and desire agents for it, also for the book entitled "The Ladies of the White House, or the Home of the Presidents."

Alfred Weldon writes: "E. W. Wallis, the popular lecturer, singer and medium, will conduct the services for the Second Society of Spiritualists of New York City at Frohisher Hall, 23 East 14th street, on Sunday, Oct. 23d, at 11 o'clock A. M., and 7:45 P. M. Seats free. Cephas B. Lynn will officiate at same hours and place on Sunday, Oct. 30th."

The lecture on "My Heavenly Home," pronounced in Chicago, Ill., Oct. 9th, through the mediumship of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond—Spirit James A. Garfield being announced as the intelligence dictating it—created profound interest at the time of its delivery. We shall print it next week.

A. H. Phillips, the slate-writing medium, is now located at 1044 Washington street, Boston. Those who wish to have fully demonstrated the power of the spirit-world in material things, should pay Mr. Phillips a visit. His reliability is unquestioned.

Dr. Henry Slade is at present to be found at 238 West 34th street, New York City. He spoke in New London, Ct., Oct. 16th, and is announced to speak in Stafford, Ct., Oct. 23d.

Rev. Dr. F. W. Monck, the celebrated English medium, will be at the Brooklyn Fraternity Conference, Friday evening, Oct. 21st, and heal by the laying on of hands.

Mrs. M. F. Dwight, of Stafford, Conn., is a successful clairvoyant physician. See advertisement on seventh page for her terms.

We shall give in our forthcoming number an interesting letter from the pen of Mrs. Helen Barnard Densmore.

"A Summer Visit to New England," by Prof. S. B. Brittan, will be printed in our forthcoming issue.

The nation's guests—French and German—after leaving Yorktown will visit Boston.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

The inconsolable Boston *Herald* manages to dry its tears long enough to state apologetically that: "It takes some cheek in the milkmen who, all over New England, are putting up the price of milk on the avowed ground that water is scarce."

The statement finds publication that ten deaths have already occurred as the direct or indirect consequences of Guitau's murderous shot, and the end is not yet.

The man with a corn, who imprudently kicks an old hat off the sidewalk, not knowing there is a brick inside of it, can appreciate the feelings of the French in Tunis.—*Texas Siftings*.

The Howard Athenaeum is decidedly the best place to rationally amuse one's self of any in the city. "Laugh and grow fat" is its motto.

A COLORADO QUERY: If a dog loses his paw and a rooster loses his maw, does that make orphans of both of them?

If no other evidence existed of the fraudulent tendencies of the Fays—so far as Spiritualism is concerned—the fact that they are sending us by mail anonymous belligerent missives is sufficient.

On the spur of the moment straps are necessary; but a bang on the forehead is worth two in the eye.

The *Advertiser* makes the excellent suggestion that it would be a good thing for somebody to establish a professorship of physical culture at one of the colleges for young women. Nothing could be better for the mothers of the future, and consequently for the prospects of the American race.—*Boston Herald*.

The British steamer *Corsica*, from London for Bombay, founded off Cape Race, recently, and only five persons escaped out of a crew of twenty-six.

Mr. Weekly News, never use "but that" together. It is a sheepish expression.

The news of Mr. Parnell's arrest last week by the British government has caused great excitement not only in Ireland, but in this country.

They won't have American pork in Hungary, no matter how hungry they are.

AN AMERICAN JOB.—Efforts are being made in the United States to obtain an enactment for the compulsory vaccination of all immigrants—a rare medical job! The majority of immigrants are Germans, who are nearly all vaccinated, and re-vaccinated, and well-vaccinated Irish and Scandinavians; and yet the rogues concerned in the project pretend that the immigrants come from countries where there "is no intense prejudice against vaccination!"—*The Cincinnati Enquirer*, London.

Gas meters lie.

The committee which has had the subject of holding a World's Fair in Boston in 1885 under consideration for some time, has reported favorably—that is to say, provided \$5,000,000 conditional subscriptions can be pledged.

The memory of money-borrowers is generally exceedingly poor.

During the late gale on the British coast, 130 vessels—English and foreign—were wrecked, and nearly 150 lives lost.

Science extra-medical had its share in the supposed location of the body which was far away on the inside of the body, and near the back, instead of near the front. Science is knowledge; that which one knows. Science found the ball in the President; it made the discovery at the autopsy, after he was dead!—*N. Y. Sun*.

Col. Jerome Bonaparte and family, who have been at Newport recently, have sailed for France.

Whether to get a new Superintendent, or a new set of boys at the Reform School is the problem the Commissioners are expiring on.—*San Francisco Paper*. Massachusetts has been "cyphering," too, in the same direction.

One touch of nature delivered to one by the hind legs of a frisky mule, makes the whole world spin.

The horse-car last Thursday night about half-past ten, remarked *Digby*, was the longest he ever saw. They reached from the Boston Museum to nearly the great Exhibition grounds. Passengers could have walked through the whole lot and got home sooner than they did in these "convenient" vehicles. Conundrum. Were the horse-car companies established to accommodate the visitors at the Boston Museum?

How absurd to call a gathering of dogs a sausage-meet.

The Pope in his address to the Italian pilgrims at St. Peter's, on the 16th inst., stated that the deplorable condition of affairs placed before him the alternative of enduring continued captivity, made harder daily, or going into exile. He said he was no longer secure in his palace, and that he was outraged in his person and dignity in a thousand ways.

Mr. W. J. Colville's discourse on "Why was Our President Taken Away?" which is reported in full in the *Banner of Light* of Oct. 21st, is one of the most beautiful inspired utterances we have ever read, and the inspirational poem delivered at the close is one of the finest tributes to the memory of our martyr President.—*Voice of Angels*.

As life is a span, Bartlett says that is the reason he keeps two horses.

ENIGMA.  
I am a term in music, as you'll see.  
My first is in truth, but not in fact;  
My second is in kind, but not in good;  
My third is in bone, but not in blood;  
My fourth is in brick, but not in wall;  
My fifth is in manner, but not in state;  
Forward and backward I am the same;  
Now, if you can, please tell my name.

"Strangulatus Pro Republica."—There is a touch, ing story in circulation—whether strictly true or not, carries with it the burden of a sad reality—that before the late President Garfield wrote the pathetic but hopeful letter to his mother, which has since become historical, he inscribed upon the pad whereon he first tried his nerves and his pen, his signature, and (which was concealed from the public) added the prophetic sentence: "Strangulatus Pro Republica," "strangled for the Republic!"

When one has to write by night, he should use the electric light, and thus preserve his sight.

The recent typhoon in China has caused great destruction of property. A village was completely swept away by the flood and all the inhabitants drowned. The typhoon also passed over Foochow, doing great damage to the shipping.

J. G. Holland, ("Timothy Titcomb") poet, journalist and novelist, passed on suddenly Oct. 12th, in New York City, from heart disease. He was at the time of his death editor-in-chief of the *Century* (*Scribner's*) Magazine. "Bitter-Sweet," his remarkable poetic contribution to theological-social literature, will now be apt to have a new reading on the part of the public.

With Parnell and other leaders of the Land League in prison, and the bloody ball of popular riot opened in Dublin and Limerick, affairs in Ireland now have a decidedly threatening aspect. The meeting in the Music Hall, this city, on Monday evening, Oct. 17th, in defence of the Irish League, and in condemnation of "English tyranny," was large and enthusiastic.

Special Notice.

In conjunction with his professional work as lecturer, CEPHAS B. LYNN will act as our representative, soliciting advertisements and subscriptions for the *Banner of Light*, also taking orders for the publications which we offer for sale, and furnishing interesting letters of travel.

A CARD.  
Alfred James having severed all connection with *Mind and Matter*, would like all letters, papers, or engagements to lecture, forwarded to his residence, 1119 Watkins street, where he solicits the patronage of the public. Mrs. A. JAMES.

Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 10th, 1881.  
Those weaknesses so common to our best female population can be speedily cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mr. Colville's Discourses.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:

It has long been felt by those whose pleasure and privilege it is to listen to the masterly discourses pronounced through the mediumship of WILLIAM J. COLVILLE, that they are worthy of a broader publicity than the large and varied audiences before which they are pronounced. The recent liberality and enterprise of Messrs. COLBY & RICH, in enlarging the *Banner of Light*, and admitting to its columns each morning discourse delivered before the Berkeley Spiritualist Society, enables the thousands of subscribers to this able, popular and progressive journal to read these addresses—and the same subscribers, by loaning their paper to friends and neighbors, permit yet other thousands to read these wonderful contributions to spiritualistic literature.

But this is not enough. There are multitudes now hovering on the border-land that separates liberal Christianity from an avowed belief in the truths and tenets of Spiritualism who, could they realize its rare philosophy, its cheering faith, and its ripe philanthropy, would, in the near future, come forth from the nominal church, and range themselves with that great and growing host who rejoice to be known as believers in, and exponents of, the new faith.

It is with a view to reach this large class whom prejudice or timidity too often detains from reading the columns of a professed spiritualistic journal, as well as to enlighten the great public of eager souls who are ever on the alert to receive cheering words from the "Land of the Great Hereafter," that the members of the Berkeley Spiritualist Society, in conjunction with the publishers of the *Banner*, have made arrangements to publish the Colville-discourses in cheap pamphlet form, so that copies of the same can be spread broadcast in the households of our own land, as well as wherever the English language is read and spoken.

The first of these discourses, entitled, "WHY WAS OUR PRESIDENT TAKEN AWAY?" pronounced by Spirit E. H. Chapin, on Sunday morning, Sept. 25th, is now ready, and others will succeed each week; and for their general sale and distribution a confident appeal is made to Spiritualists, and all friends of liberal and progressive thought. The Evangelical Church has long proved the efficacy of cheap tracts in enlarging the boundaries of their Zion, and in promulgating dogmas and erudites wholly unworthy of the spirit of the age in which we live. Shall not Spiritualists, therefore, take weapons from their own arsenal, and therewith spread abroad a living and cheering faith, which rends the mystery of the grave, imparts a deep and vital meaning to all the trials and vicissitudes of life, and proves that our immortal existence is made bright and sure—not by the death of one Great Teacher nearly twenty centuries ago—but by the life which each individual leads and lives, in this broad and blessed high-noon of enlightened thought and culture? It is confidently anticipated that the enterprise now undertaken will be met and sustained in an appreciative spirit by those who wear the badges and bear the banners of Spiritualism; the more so, since by spreading broadcast the discourses of Mr. Colville, the thoughts of one man, or of a single narrow sect or creed, are not alone made public, but the ripened wisdom of immortal intelligences like Channing and Chapin, Priestly and Pierpont, Stevens Buckminster, Theodore Parker, George Thompson, Lloyd Garrison and Starr King, who, having themselves "passed within the veil," return with a wisdom which all the Theological Seminaries on earth cannot so much as dimly depict, to instruct, inspire and encourage those still toiling in the mazes and mysteries of life.

It is such immortals who teach us—and teach us well, wisely, clearly, logically and philosophically—through Mr. Colville's spirit-guides; and by spreading abroad their wondrous utterances, both a boon is conferred on humanity and a duty discharged, for the privilege of being ourselves admitted to the blessed faith of assured immortality.

In behalf of Berkeley Spiritualist Society,  
TIMOTHY BIGELOW.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

[Matter for this Department should reach our office by Tuesday morning to insure insertion the same week.]

Miss Lottie Fowler has made the voyage across the Atlantic, and is now located in London, giving sittings at 2 Vernon Place, Bloomsbury Square, daily from 11 A. M. till 8 P. M.

Laura Kendrick has removed to 1044 Washington street, Boston.

Capt. H. H. Brown, of *The Two Worlds*, will open the lecture course, for the season, of the society at East Dennis, Mass., at 2 and 7 P. M., Sunday, Oct. 30th. It will be his only visit to Eastern Massachusetts this fall and winter, and if friends in that vicinity desire, they can arrange with him for lectures Saturday evening, the 29th, and on the morning of the 30th. Address 100 Nassau street, New York.

Frank T. Ripley has for some eight weeks past been doing good work in Gurnee, Ill.—so a correspondent informs us. He can be addressed by any desiring his services as a platform test-medium or a lecturer at Gurnee, for the present; and should receive a share of the public patronage.

W. L. Jack, M. D., is now at his office at Haverhill, Mass.

Mr. Kenyon, an inspirational speaker of Grand Rapids, Mich., gave excellent satisfaction to the Spiritualist society at Greenville, Mich., by his addresses during the early part of the present month. Those who heard him speak loudly in his praise, and desire that other localities may avail themselves of his services.

"Dr. John H. Currier, of Boston, occupied the rostrum for the Beverly, Mass. Society, on Sunday, Oct. 16th, giving good satisfaction. He had an uncommonly large audience." So writes E. T. Shaw, Secretary, adding, "Sunday next Mrs. Clara A. Field will speak for us."

J. Wm. Van Name, M. D., cancels all Eastern engagements on account of ill health; and can be addressed at 145 First street, Newark, N. J., until further notice.

Dr. L. K. Cooney delivered the closing address of the lecture course in Lawrence on Sunday P. M., Oct. 16th. He would like to make engagements to speak on Sundays in the vicinity of that city; and will attend funerals, when so desired. Address him 507 Essex street, Lawrence, Mass.

Mrs. R. Shepard-Little will lecture for the Brooklyn Spiritualist Fraternity in the large hall of the Brooklyn Institute, corner of Washington and Concord streets, near Fulton Ferry, Sundays, at 3 and 7 1/2 P. M., during November and December.

Jennie B. Hagan spoke in Peabody, Mass., Sunday, Oct. 16th. Will speak at East Braintree, Sunday, Oct. 23d. Will be pleased to make engagements for week evenings in that vicinity. Permanent address, South Roynton, Vt.

The Newburyport, Mass., Spiritualist Society reopened their meetings Oct. 16th, when the inaugural addresses were delivered by the guides of Mr. E. W. Wallis. Subjects, "How to be Happy in Both Worlds," and "The Religion of Knowledge—its Benefits." Mr. Wallis will address the New York Second Society of Spiritualists Oct. 23d, and will speak in Haverhill, Mass., Oct. 30th. Will be open for week-evening lectures or séances during that time. Societies desiring

to secure him for Sunday services during January, February or March should make immediate application, as he returns to England early in May. He may be addressed care *Banner of Light*.

Mrs. Clara A. Field was in Lynn, Mass., Oct. 9th. She was to speak there on the 16th, but being prevented by illness her place was supplied by Miss Jennie Rhind. Mrs. Field is to speak in Lynn on the first Sunday in November, Sundays, Oct. 23d and 30th, she is to be in Beverly, Mass. She illustrates her lectures with psychometric readings, and has done excellent public service in this novel department. Societies desiring can engage her by addressing her at her office and residence, 19 Essex street, Boston.

The Secular Press Bureau.

PROF. S. B. BRITAN, MANAGER.  
Present Address, 23 Broad street, Newark, N. J.  
This Bureau was established in 1879 by the Spirit-World for the purpose of furnishing replies to attacks made upon Spiritualism in the columns of the secular press, and answering objections that may therein appear to the reality of its phenomena and the philosophy of its teachings. Donations earnestly solicited, in order that PROF. BRITAN may be enabled to enlarge his sphere of action.

AMOUNTS PAID IN AND PLEDGED FOR 1881.

CASH PAID.	
From Jan. 1st to Sept. 30th, (nine months).....	\$105.75
Mrs. A. E. Merrill, Philadelphia, Penn.....	2.00
Samuel M. Philadelphia, Pa.....	2.00
Louis Horton, Somerville, Mass.....	1.00
Friend, Reading, Mass.....	1.00
CASH PLEDGED.	
Melville C. Smith, New York.....	25.00
Alfred G. Badger, 179 Broadway, New York.....	20.00
M. E. Conger, Chicago, Ill.....	2.00
Augustus Jay, Detroit, Mich.....	2.00
B. F. Chase, Columbia, Cal.....	2.00
Clark Leal and Helping Hand.....	5.00
Charles Partridge, New York.....	50.00

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in *Agate* type, forty cents for the first and subsequent insertions on the seventh page, and fifteen cents for every insertion on the eleventh page.  
Special Notices forty cents per line, *Minion*, each insertion.  
Business Cards thirty cents per line, *Agate*, each insertion.  
Notices in the editorial columns, large type, ten cents per line.  
Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates, must be paid for before 12 o'clock on Saturday, a week in advance of the date whereon they are to appear.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Mrs. Sarah A. Danahkin, Physician of the "New School," asks attention to her advertisement in another column. O. I.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis.  
Dr. Willis may be addressed Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y., till further notice. O. I.

J. V. Mansfield, Test Medium, answers sealed letters, at 61 West 43d street, New York. Terms, \$3 and four 3-cent stamps. REGISTER YOUR LETTERS. O. I.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

**Garfield Family**  
AN INDIA-ENTERED ENGRAVING. The Family of President Garfield, including the President, his wife, his children, and his family, is a beautiful and interesting work. It is a full and complete history of the Garfield family, from the first settlement in America to the present time. It is a work of art, and a work of history. It is a work of interest to all who are interested in the life of our President, and in the life of our country. It is a work of art, and a work of history. It is a work of interest to all who are interested in the life of our President, and in the life of our country.

**WANTED, Ladies Men**  
To sell the above Engraving and Book. Oct. 22.

**A \$15**  
**BREECH-LOADING SHOTGUN FOR \$5.50.**  
The Saxon Breech-Loading Shotguns

HAVING been extensively introduced in England and France, where they have gained universal satisfaction, and which are the only ones in this country, we have concluded to sell a limited number of this marvellous weapon at a price which brings them within the reach of every one. The Saxon Breech-Loading Shotgun is a light, handy, case-barrelled, handsome stock, and every part of it made of the very best material. It weighs only 12 lbs. The improved patent breech makes it far superior to and less liable to get out of order than any other breech-loading shotgun in the world. It is a true and reliable weapon. Upon receipt of \$5.50 and the attached certificate before March 1, 1882, we will ship the above gun to any address in the United States.

CUT THIS CERTIFICATE OUT—IT IS VALUABLE.  
Upon receipt of this certificate before March 1, 1882, with \$5.50, we hereby agree to forward to any address in the United States one of our Saxon Breech-Loading Shotguns, and guarantee it in every particular.

CUT THIS CERTIFICATE OUT—IT IS VALUABLE.  
The above offer is only made to introduce this incomparable gun in this country. To protect our selves from dealers ordering in large quantities, we have concluded to insert this advertisement only in this paper. Hence, to require you to cut out the above certificate and enclose it to us with your order. We will not sell more than one gun to the same person at the above price, and not then unless the order is accompanied by the above certificate. Our regular price is \$15, and that amount will be charged unless order is accompanied by certificate. In no case will we send more than one gun with each certificate. If you do not wish a gun for your own use, you will have no trouble in disposing of it. We will be glad to sell it to any one who will send us \$5.50 and a certificate. We are making an ENORMOUS OFFER, but we feel sure that one gun going into a household will be a great blessing. We are making an ENORMOUS OFFER, but we feel sure that one gun going into a household will be a great blessing.

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## New York Advertisements.

## WOLF FOR DEAF

# HOPE FOR THE DEAF

DR. PECK'S ARTIFICIAL EAR DRUMS

**PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING** and perform the work of the **Natural Drum**. Always in position, but **invisible to others**. All Conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. **We refer to those using**

Address, H. P. K. PECK & CO., 533 Broadway,  
New York. 25W-5891, 17.  
**THE MODERN BETHESDA**  
OR LIFE AND LABORS OF  
**Dr. J. R. Newton, Healer.**  
EDITED BY A. E. NEWTON.  
THIS important work is for sale by the NEWTON PUB-  
CO., No. 29 Broadway, New York; also by J. R.  
NEWTON, Station G, New York. Sent postpaid on re-  
ceipt of price, \$2.00. New York, Oct. 8, 1901.

**DR. DUMONT C. DAKE,**  
CLAIRVOYANT and Magnetic Healer, 211 West 42d

**THE NEW SCIENCES.**--Instruction is given by Prof. J. R. BUCHANAN (No. 1 Livingston Place, New York) in THE SCIENCE OF ANTHROPOLOGY and its branches--Psychometry, Sarcogeny, Phenology, &c., which are essential in the diagnosis and magnetic healing of diseases, and philosophic comprehension of Spiritualism and

human nature, 5w-Oct. 8,  
**RUPTURES**  
 CURED in 30 days by my Medical Compound and Rubber  
 Elastic Appliance. Send stamp for circular. Address  
 CAPT. W. A. COLLINGS, Smithville, Jefferson Co., N. Y.  
 Oct. 1, -14w\*

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**SIXTH EDITION.**  
**THE VOICES.**

BY WARREN SUMNER BARLOW.

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## Banner of Light

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1881.

## Indian Day at Onset Grove.

Forty-two cottages at Onset, occupied by an average of four persons each, on the 19th of October, indicated the disposition of the happy cottagers to linger until the last warm breath from the south-west should kiss them good by for the season. It also gave promise of a numerous assembly to participate in the exercises arranged in recognition of the Indian spirits, who, in the language of Longfellow, as "Owners and occupants of earlier dates."

From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands And hold in mortmain still their old estates. At all events, as revealed to the spiritual vision of Dr. Greenleaf, there they gather in council at the time of the harvest-moon, renewing the memories of the past, and conscious of the new relations which Spiritualism is revealing to all the tribes and nations and kindreds that are comprised in the one human family. As "our helpers" the seer spoke of them, and in their behalf, to us. They had at first watched with distrust the planting of this new colony in their former domain, but at its heart they had felt the warmth of that spiritual life which is hospitable to all men, and which is the genius of universal brotherhood. Their hearts had turned toward their white friends of the great spiritual camp, they had gathered here tribes from distant parts of this vast continent, and on the spirit side of life they were working with us to spread the knowledge of this great spirit of human brotherhood among all people. They would be protective of our material and spiritual interests, and therefore in their behalf public recognition of our Indian allies was desired. The Association acquiesced, by holding the national flag upon the staff, and on Friday, Oct. 17th, the day of the great council, an impromptu meeting was held under the flag. The present writer was not there, but understands that Dr. Greenleaf, entranced, addressed the vast assembly of Indians present (who had also been seen by him in his normal state) in language and sentiments full of eloquence and beauty. Mrs. Leiniz, under the control of "Lone Star," an Indian chief, responded in behalf of the Indians. Songs were sung, and some minor manifestations of Indian control appeared with other mediums present.

Sunday was delightfully warm, fulfilling the prediction of "Elsie" (the control of Mrs. Wm. Sturtevant) that after the "Snow Winter" would come the "Indian Summer." The cold snap of the early part of the week had done great mischief to the grapes and cranberries. Capt. Ben. F. Gibbs, of Azawam, having six tons of the finest Concord grapes utterly ruined by freezing. But on this Sunday Nature had forgotten all about it, and greeted everybody in a warm and cordial mood. The bell rang at 2 o'clock, P. M., and the people gathered at the auditorium. Prof. Glass, of Kansas, residing at Onset, gave a fine cornet solo, and then led off familiar airs with which the people joined in singing.

Dr. Greenleaf stated the objects of the meeting, narrating what he had seen, and the significance of this public testimonial and recognition in an earnest and interesting address.

Dr. Storer followed, tracing the Indian elements of character in human development—the simplicity of their belief in the Great Spirit, no advance upon which has been made by the speculations of cultured theologians of any school—their natural Spiritualism, the rudiments of their belief being essentially the same as the Spiritualism of to-day—their psychic power in modern manifestations, especially in healing and the phenomena of materialization—concluding an earnest and inspired address with the hope that better acquaintance with these spirit-neighborhoods would lead to a more just and kind appreciation of their position in the order of human evolution and human service. Another meeting was held in the evening, at the Pavilion, well attended, and addressed by Dr. Greenleaf, Mrs. Loring, Prof. Glass, George W. Vaughn, Mrs. Tibbitt, Sidney Howe, Mrs. Wm. Sturtevant and Dr. Storer.

## A Pleasant Assembly.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

On Tuesday evening, Oct. 11th, Mrs. M. A. Brown, formerly of Onset, at her new and pleasant home at the Hotel Dighton, Boston, had her parlor full of invited guests—it being the sixth anniversary of "Lulu's" control, and the occasion may be said to have been this Indian girl's party. Mrs. B. could accommodate but a fraction of her friends, as her apartments, though splendid and magnetic, are not spacious. This blunt but interesting invisible squaw, controlling her "box," as she calls Mrs. B., mentioned the fact that sometimes she invited some, and at other times invited others; and thus one time with another she had them all. This seems, under the circumstances, an unobjectionable way—at any rate a way pleasing to this bright little Indian, who talks like a young person, hence "little"; though according to her statement she was an adult when she left the form in 1814, and of course now must be nearing the nineties; but in her vivacity and talk she does not show her age. She does not seem in anything to abandon her "box," but enjoys much her post mortem mundane experience, and forecasts a long continuance of it—which fact is pleasant for this lady's friends to hear, as "Lulu" is quite a favorite, and very bright. On this occasion she gave her experience at length, occupying an hour. After finishing her speech she called upon others; and Mr. J. B. Hatch, of the Shawmut Lyceum, Mrs. M. J. Folsom, Mr. Lawrence, and a friend she called "Scratch Brave," all made short and appropriate speeches; music was interspersed, and the exercises closed with the partaking of refreshments. Using the Indian girl's words, the affair was a "quite stylish."

Mrs. B., since her marriage, seems to have given up her circles, which were always popular. She gives, I understand, private sittings when she can, and on this appearance of "Lulu" as the controlling influence, we noticed the same quality of manifestations, and did not see any weakening of her mediumistic gifts—and have no doubt from what the control said while occupying her "box," that the spirit-world has yet a good deal for her to do.

America, though justly proud of Theodore Parker, has not been so enthusiastic over his memory as the circumstances seem to warrant. It has remained for a Spiritualist, Dr. Donald Kennedy, to offer to remove at his own expense the ashes of the great controversialist from where the spirit left them in Italy to his native land if others will aid in the matter by preparing for them a fitting resting-place. Can it be supposed that this generous offer will long remain unaccepted?—The Medium and Day-break, London.

## Spiritualist Meetings in Boston.

New Era Hall.—The Shawmut Spiritual Lyceum meets in this hall, 127 Tremont street, every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. J. B. Hatch, Conductor.

Public Memorial Hall.—Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, holds its meetings every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. in the Public Memorial Hall, 127 Tremont street, every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. J. B. Hatch, Conductor.

Berkeley Hall, 170 Berkeley street (Old Fellows Building).—The Spiritualist Association meets in this hall, 170 Berkeley street, every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and every Friday at 7:30 P. M. President and Secretary, W. J. Colville. Meetings also held Wednesday afternoons at 3 o'clock.

Engle Hall, 170 Berkeley street.—Spiritual meetings are held at this hall, 170 Berkeley street, every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and every Friday at 7:30 P. M. E. J. French, Conductor. Meetings also held Wednesday afternoons at 3 o'clock.

Pythian Hall, 170 Tremont street.—Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Dr. N. P. Smith, Inspirational speaker.

Science Hall, 712 Washington street.—Spiritual meetings every Tuesday, at 3 P. M. J. Colville applies to questions under influence of his spirit guides.

No. 510 Columbus Avenue.—There will be held every Tuesday, at 8 o'clock, a Free Society of Spiritualists Conference Meeting for the consideration of all subjects relating to the elevation of the race, to which all friends of humanity, without regard to sect or party, are invited.

Myrtle Hall, Charlestown District.—Meetings are held at this hall, 70 Main street, every Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock.

Chelsea.—The Spiritual Association holds meetings at 3 o'clock, P. M., in the Chelsea Hotel, 100 North Street, every Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. Next Sunday afternoon, conference in the evening at 7 P. M. J. Colville occupies the platform. Subject: "The Divine Law of Cure."

New Era Hall.—Our Lyceum was well filled, and our exercises gave all much satisfaction. It afforded us much pleasure to welcome to our platform today that old veteran worker in the cause of Spiritualism, Allen Putnam, Esq. The presence of such a man at our sessions gives us encouragement in our labors, and shows our efforts are appreciated, and we thank him both for his presence and for the fitting remarks he made. We had also with us Mr. J. B. Hatch, from Manchester, N. H., who addressed the children.

The following were the regular exercises: Recitations by Ernest Flint, Grace Burroughs, Emma Ware, Kittie May Bosquet, Eva Conkey, Mr. Chapman, Little Blanche, readings by Prof. F. C. Glass, and Albert Rand, songs, Grace Burroughs and Hattie Rice. Poet's Haven was recited by Mr. Damon, our Chaplain; Mrs. M. A. Brown also favored us with instrumental music, and sang with a few remarks to the children.

The hour being late, the physical exercises were dispensed with, and the session closed with the Target March.

At the close of the Lyceum a delegation of officers and members visited his residence and presented in behalf of the children of the Lyceum a beautiful basket of flowers, as a birthday gift to Mr. Luther Colby. Remarks were made by Mr. Hatch, Conductor, Mr. Rand, Assistant Conductor, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Maggie Folsom, Mrs. Brown and Mr. Damon—all of whom expressed their appreciation of Mr. Colby as a man and a Spiritualist. Singing was the next in order, rendered by Mrs. J. B. Hatch, Mr. J. B. Hatch, and Mrs. Hattie Sheldon, and an hour was spent very pleasantly. The party when retiring wished Mr. Colby many happy returns of the anniversary of his birthday.

J. B. HATCH, JR., Secretary Shawmut Spiritual Lyceum, Boston, Oct. 16th, 1881.

PAINE HALL.—Oct. 16th was the finest day of the season. The hall was filled to overflowing. Our gain in numbers is rapid, and old acquaintances are returning. Our exercises were more interesting than ever, and the ninety children present entered into the spirit of them with unusual vigor. The questions—"How can I do the most good?" and "How make home happy?" were well responded to by the groups. The Assistant Conductor also made a few remarks, closing with a reading of a poetical selection—"Home, Sweet Home." After music by the orchestra the exercises were as follows: Songs by Jennie Smith, Louis Baettner, and for the first time in a number of weeks, Hattie L. Rice, whose sweet voice as usual elicited an *encore*; she responded with "Out in the Cold." The orchestra was led by Flora Frazier, Emma Parr and Alice Southern, by request. Miss Etta Parr gave a piano solo, and May Waters the "Frolic of the Frogs." [We must compliment May on her improvement, which is manifested in all she undertakes.]

Mr. Ford gave notice of a new feature in entertainments for next Sunday, in the christening of the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Union. From singing missions and to participate in the celebration were led by Miss Helen M. Dill and Mr. Ford, to excellent music by Prof. Bond's orchestra. Miss Dill then finely sang "Where Art Thou Now, My Beloved?" and after the Target March the Lyceum adjourned.

F. L. OMOLO, Cor. Sec. Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, Boston, Oct. 16th, 1881.

CHARLESTOWN, MYSTIC HALL.—Sunday, Oct. 16th, the meeting in the afternoon was well attended by a very intelligent audience, and the exercises were very interesting; Dr. N. P. Smith made a short invocation, after which, Mr. F. A. Heath improvised and sang a beautiful song, the subject given by the audience, after which his controls delivered an address, upon "The Missing Link." After the discourse, Mrs. Fannie Bray gave several fine tests to different persons in the audience.

Next Sunday, Oct. 23d, Mr. Heath and others will occupy the platform in this hall at 3 P. M. The subject for the discourse will be, "The Eternal Life Beyond." c. n. m.

## Berkeley Hall, Boston.

On Sunday last, Oct. 16th, W. J. Colville lectured in Berkeley Hall at 10:30 A. M. on "Houses of God and Gates of Heaven," at 3 P. M., "The True Spirit of Cooperation." Both discourses were very practical and instructive. The former will shortly appear in these columns.

On Sunday next, at 10:30 A. M., Mr. Colville's subject will be "The Gods of the Past and the God of the Future," at 3 P. M., "The Divine Law of Cure."

Every Friday, at 8 P. M., Mr. Colville's guides answer, in this hall, all questions of general interest propounded by persons in attendance. Seats free to all. Voluntary offerings received to defray expenses.

Mr. Colville is now located at 30 Worcester Square, where he will be pleased to welcome friends to his Monday evening receptions. Every Tuesday at 3 P. M. he delivers instructions to the public in Magic, Magnetism, psychology, the Healing Gift, &c., in Science Hall, 712 Washington street; and on Fridays, at the same hours, in Highland Hall, Warren street. He is still open to week-evening engagements out of the city. Address in future 30 Worcester Square.

The Chelsea Spiritualists are now in a very prosperous condition. On Sunday last, Oct. 13th, their pleasant meeting place, Temple of Hesperia Hall, Hawthorne street, was packed by a most intelligent and appreciative audience. W. J. Colville lectured inspirationally on "Prospective Spiritualism." Following his lecture Mrs. E. J. French, M. D., of Philadelphia, made some highly instructive remarks. Mr. Colville will lecture here again next Sunday, Oct. 23d, at 7:30 P. M. Subject, "The Divine Law of Cure."

Meetings in East Braintree.—To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Sunday, October 16th, will be long remembered by the Braintree and Weymouth Spiritualist Association as being one of their best days. A spirited meeting was held, both afternoon and evening, which was addressed by Dr. H. P. Fairfield, of Worcester. His lectures were exceedingly good and profitable, having the rare qualities of clear reasoning, logical argument, profuse illustration, and excellent demonstration.

Dr. Fairfield was engaged by us for two Sundays in November—the 13th and the 20th. G. E. PRATT.

According to the Boston Post, Vennor applies a red hot poker to the nose of his cat, and then predicts "that the spring will be backward."

## Spiritualist Meetings in Brooklyn.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Society holds meetings at 100 Broadway, 2nd floor, every Sunday, at 3 and 7 P. M. H. W. Benedict, President. Regular speaker, Mrs. O. H. N. Conference, Saturday, at 8 P. M. Prof. Dean Chairman.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Fraternity holds conference meetings every Friday evening, at 7 o'clock at 175, Appleton street, Washington and Concord streets, Oct. 21st, Mrs. Mary A. Gridley, Oct. 28th, "The World's Salvation," Mrs. Hester M. Podes, Oct. 31st, and every other Wednesday, S. N. Nichols, President.

The Eastern District Spiritual Fraternity meets at 100 Broadway, 2nd floor, every Sunday, at 7 P. M. H. W. Benedict, President. Regular speaker, Mrs. O. H. N. Conference, Saturday, at 8 P. M. Prof. Dean Chairman.

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## Brooklyn (N. Y.) Spiritual Fraternity.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Mr. E. V. Smalley, of the New York Tribune, having been announced to address us on the evening of the 14th, a large and intelligent audience met to listen to his remarks. Among the present were: Judge William C. Coit, Mrs. David Jones, of the Olive Branch, Utica, N. Y., Mrs. Hope Whipple, President of Ladies' Social Science Association of New York City, Mrs. M. Chase, M. D., Capt. D. P. Dev, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Newton, of The Two Worlds, Rev. F. W. Monck, of London, Mr. J. McLeod, and Mrs. A. E. Cooley, M. D., of New York City.

Mr. Smalley was warmly greeted when he took our platform and said: "I owe you an apology, Mr. Chairman, for I have been overborne by my professional labors that I have not had time even to make a few notes upon the subject, and I shall therefore give you an informal conversational talk. Last summer, on my vacation, I took the Shaker Family at New Lebanon, in my route, and on my arrival there, my impressions of the care, thrift, and good management of this people were confirmed. I was cordially received by Elder Evans, and the brethren and sisters, and found much to admire, and also much to criticize. Their faith is based upon the revelations of Mother Ann Lee, a sort of female Christ to them—though in the light of Modern Spiritualism we can see that she was simply a medium, endowed with healing powers and other gifts, including that of inspiration. The Shakers one hundred years ago recognized the full equality of women, and the relation of sisterhood, and they have solved the problem that to each one should be given that work he or she is best adapted to do."

The Shakers, in addition to their fine farms and stock-raising, have developed mechanical industries to relieve the monotony of the daily routine of farm-life. Their spiritual expression is most remarkable; their songs and hymns have a certain mystic expression, and their hymn books are full of spiritual songs, in which spirit presence, communion and influence are recognized. During my visit I attended four materializing séances, at which William Eddy was the medium. They were held in their meeting-room or parlors. The cabinet was a closet that contained no paraphernalia, and the Shakers themselves were above suspicion as to fraud or collusion, for they deemed the séance sacred, and fully believed in the presence of the friends whose forms appeared. They formed in a semi-circle. I conducted the medium into the cabinet or closet, examined it thoroughly, and sat very near it during the séance. The Shakers sang their spiritual songs, and as the forms appeared, many were recognized and called by name. One, Elder Daniels, who had but recently passed to the other world, came and talked with the members of the family, another spirit form gave the address.

A spirit sister of one of the ladies of the family sang in a beautiful soprano voice one of their spiritual songs. Certainly she was not in form or voice William Eddy. One spirit form also danced with them in their peculiar dance. Several Indians appeared, in form and stature having no resemblance to William Eddy. An Indian maiden that came to me there also appeared at Astoria, through the mediumship of Mrs. J. B. Hatch, in the year 1870. I have known one who had passed recently from the family to the spirit-world, also came out, and was recognized. There were at least fifty different forms, unlike in size, shape and facial expression, at these séances. On the first night I slept in the same room with the medium, and saw him undressed. The clothing worn by the various forms would fill a Saratoga trunk, and it would have been impossible for the medium to have concealed it about him.

In answer to a question as to what he thought of the manifestations, the speaker said: "When I first saw Wm. Eddy at one of his séances in New York, a year before, I thought that with two confederates he might have produced what then occurred, but here in the Shaker community no fraud or collusion was probable. They claim that they have had occurring in their community, since the phenomena, for many years, before the advent of the spirit at Hydesville, and if under any circumstances spirits who have passed to another life can return and manifest, it seems highly probable that among such a people, living isolated from the world and by their lives subduing the animal and carnal, and thereby developing the spiritual, the phenomena might occur."

I know that there are three theories advanced by disbelievers as to the spiritual origin of these phenomena. First, That all manifestations are produced by fraud or collusion. The investigator who starts out with this view will not end his labors by adopting such conclusions.

Second, Dr. Beard and that class of so-called scientists call it hypnotism, which is but a new name for mesmerism; that people of ordinary brains or talents are not capable of doing the things which are done by mediums. It is impossible for a large number of people to be psychographed by the same thought or ideas. In the manifestations that occurred at the Shakers' all present witnessed them and could testify to the general facts.

Third, The theory that the witnesses are self-deceived by the desire to believe, and accept the phenomena as facts from the spirit-world, will not pass muster with the facts. As a matter of fact, including myself, notes of what occurred. A spirit-friend of mine came out and was recognized by me. My friends, on comparing notes, agreed as to what then and there occurred.

It appears to me that the hypothesis of the Spiritualists is the only reasonable one that covers and explains all the facts.

Mr. Smalley is a pleasant and agreeable speaker, and was listened to with close attention by a deeply interested audience. Mrs. Hope Whipple, Deacon D. M. Cole, and Mrs. Mary A. Gridley made short addresses. At our next conference meeting, Friday evening, Oct. 21st, Mrs. Mary A. Gridley will speak from the words "Thy kingdom come," and Rev. Dr. F. W. Monck, of London, will heal by laying on of hands. The next Fraternity Society meeting will be held at Bro. Abram G. Kipp's, 39 Vanderbilt avenue, Wednesday evening, Oct. 26th. S. B. NICHOLS.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 15th, 1881.

Memorial Services.—To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Memorial services were held on Sunday, Oct. 16th, by the New York Lyceum, in memory of Willie Goodwin. Appropriate golden chain, readings, music, and an address by Mrs. Brigham were followed by a march, and every member placed a bouquet of flowers so that they formed a wreath around his picture. His death occurred in July, during the vacation of the Lyceum. MARY A. NEWTON.

128 W. 43d street, New York.

While at Lake Pleasant, we had the pleasure of meeting with Mr. E. W. Wallis, of England, a trance speaker of more than ordinary ability. He has come to this country to note the progress we are making in our spiritual unfoldment. He desires to make an engagement to lecture here, as he believes Spiritual Society lectures in want of a speaker cannot do better than to engage him. As his stay with us is limited to May next, all who fail to hear him will miss an opportunity they may regret in after years. Besides lecturing, Mr. Wallis holds circles for psychometric reading, and giving tests of spirit-power. He can be addressed care Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.—Olive Branch, Utica, N. Y.

## Meetings in Newburyport.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

On Sunday last, Oct. 16th, the society here commenced their winter campaign, the inaugural lectures being held through the mediumship of E. W. Wallis. The meetings were well attended by large and intelligent audiences. The afternoon discourse on "How to be Happy in Both Worlds" was much appreciated, and made a very favorable impression. The evening service was a happy and spiritual one. The singing and recitation of Bro. Wallis, in his normal state, added much to the harmony, which was deepened by an impressive invocation. For more than an hour the speaker passed in rapid review the Spiritualism of past times, pointed out the universality of belief in a future life, the worship of ancestors (as the reverence for the departed has been called), and the practice of spirit-communication in all times, and referred to the good work accomplished by Gall and Spurzheim, Mesmer, Swedenborg and A. J. Davis as the John the Baptists of the New Dispensation. He drew a sharp contrast between the belief of the religious world thirty years ago and its present faith, and claimed that Spiritualism had done much to revolutionize the religious thought of the age; it had destroyed the blind and superstitious faith in the infallibility of the bible and the church, had given a rational and scientific explanation of death and the after-life, demonstrated the basic spirituality and inherent divinity of man, and thus demolished the idol of Calvinism, of total depravity, of hereditary sin, of the aggressive nature of man in and out of the body, brought the men of science down from their pedestals of priestly assumption, and taught them that nature was larger and more potent than they would admit, had established the possibility of "miracles," so called, by the supplementary facts of to-day, and given religion and faith a basis of fact. It had brought "life and immortality to light" once more, had proved the existence of the spirit-body, had revealed the science of health in the dynamic potencies of the soul as revealed in healing by laying on of hands, by clairvoyance and psychometry, and was molding the thought of the age; no man of culture or education could be said to be well informed who was not fully acquainted with this great movement.

He claimed that it was rejoicing the hearts of the sorrowful and bereaved, giving encouragement to the weak and tempted, inspiring reformers and philanthropists, was a moral influence for good, stimulated to work, and insisted upon effort, character and purity, soul-cultivation and expression. He prophesied that ere long its basic facts would be universally admitted, viz.: that man is a spirit now, that death does not destroy the individuality or transform the nature, but is a continuation of conscious personal existence, that spirits can and do remain alive, and conversant with the living, and that friend still embodied, and that happiness can alone be attained by goodness, purity and spiritual expression. This, he affirmed, would be the religion of the year nineteen hundred. Then God, the Infinite Spirit, would no longer be supposed to share with the Devil in ruling the universe, but would be known to be supreme; then man would learn the use of life, and become intelligently obedient to nature's laws and a co-worker with the Deity toward the achievement of the complete outworking of the divine plan, a factor in ultimating the perfected and Divine Humanity.

At the close of this most eloquent and exhaustive discourse, the subject of which was chosen by the audience, a beautiful impromptu poem was given on the word "Home."

We were greatly indebted to the spirits inspiring Mr. Wallis for the excellent and encouraging discourses they gave us, and have engaged his services for Christmas day, that being the only available date this year.

We wish him God-speed in his mission, wherever he may be called to labor.

ELISHA P. PRIDE.

## Organization of a Permanent Camp-Meeting Association.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Owing to the inclemency of the weather, the grove meeting announced to take place at Brady's Lake, three miles from Ravenna, O., on Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 1st and 2d, at which it was designed to organize a Camp-Meeting Association, was unavoidably given up, and the friends assembled instead at the residence of C. S. Curtis, of Ravenna, and proceeded to organize for camp-meeting purposes, several hundred names from different parts of the State being appended to the call. Dr. A. Underhill, of Akron, appointed temporary Chairman, and C. S. Curtis, of Ravenna, Secretary. After the Chairman had explained the full object of the meeting, a preamble, constitution and title were adopted, and the following officers chosen:

President—Ira Lake, of Norwalk.  
Vice-Presidents—Dr. A. Underhill, of Akron, and Mrs. Josie Amon, of Cleveland.  
Corresponding Secretary—Sarah Rockhill, of Alliance.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. Maria A. Merrill, of Kent.  
Treasurer—Silas Crocker, of Shalersville.  
Directors—Lewis King, of Cleveland; Samuel Fish, of Milan; M. V. Miller, of New Lyme; Frank O'Reilly, of Warren, and Jessie Erwin, of Alliance.

Trustees—Reuben Halstead, of Mantua; Mrs. May Lane, of Braceville, and Frank Maloy, of Hudson.  
The Society is known as "The Ohio Spiritual Camp-Meeting Association;" and whether it will merely organize under "The State Religious Societies Law," or become a joint stock company, will be determined hereafter, as will also the location of the camp-grounds. The points already looked at are Chippewa Lake, Brady's Lake, and mouth of Grand River, Penn., and among the Spiritualists were Hudson and Emma Tuttle, O. P. Kellogg, Dr. Underhill, Thomas Lees, Mr. and Mrs. Bostwick, Mrs. Skinner, Mrs. Carrie Hazen and Dr. Farnham.

The business meeting was supplemented by social and literary exercises, Mrs. Emma Tuttle leading off with a poem, followed by remarks from Messrs. Hudson Tuttle, O. P. Kellogg, Dr. Underhill and others. The luncheon baskets were then opened by Mrs. Curtis, the hostess, and the entire party was regaled with a substantial meal, after which a grand social time was had, and the meeting adjourned subject to the call of the President.

THOMAS LEES.

Cleveland, Ohio.

## Spiritualism in Lowell.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Grand Army Hall was literally packed both afternoon and evening to listen to Mr. J. Frank Baxter, while in the evening nearly seventy-five were turned away for want of room, the audiences being composed not only of Spiritualists, but people of the various denominations, prominent tradesmen, physicians—all eager to catch a glimpse, a sound, or something from the spirit-world, upon which to base their hopes of an existence beyond.

Mr. Baxter favored his hearers with some excellent vocal and instrumental music, and his discourses were listened to very attentively indeed. He gave a brief history of the rise and progress of Modern Spiritualism from the original sayings, which occurred at Hydesville, N. Y., in 1848 up to the present time. He felt that the time was not far distant when it will do much toward modifying the bigotry and superstition now to be found in the churches. At the close of the lecture Mr. Baxter gave descriptions of spirits present as seen by him, most of whom were recognized by persons in the audience. We propose to continue the course through the season, and if there are any good mediums, or trances, who would like to come here, I should be pleased to correspond with them to that end.

S. J. DAZON.

Lowell, Oct. 17th, 1881.

## Wakefield, Mass.

The Spiritualists of Wakefield held their usual Sunday services on the 16th, Mrs. Fanny Drew, of Stoughton, occupying the platform. An interesting discourse and many fine tests were given. Mrs. Drew is appreciated by many people both as a medium and as a woman, and is a great addition to the cause. Next Sunday Mrs. Dillingham, of Lynn, will officiate.

DR. C. D. SHEPHERD.

The Fourth Annual Convention of the New England Anti-Death League meets in Science Hall, 712 Washington street, Boston, Sunday and Monday, Oct. 23d and 24th—Three sessions daily. J. H. Seale, Rev. C. M. L. Babcock, Prof. A. P. Barnes, Dr. P. A. Field, C. M. A. Twitcheell, E. H. Hayward and other speakers are expected to be present. Per Order.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

NOTICE TO OUR ENGLISH PATRONS. J. J. MORSE, the well-known English lecturer, will act as our agent, and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light, and other publications. Parties desiring to subscribe can address Mr. Morse at his residence, 633 Grand road, Dalston, London, E., England. Mr. Morse also keeps for sale the Spiritualist and Reformatory Works published by us.

AUSTRALIAN BOOK DEPOT. And Agents for the BANNER OF LIGHT. W. H. TERRY, No. 81, Russell street, Melbourne, Australia, has for sale the works on Spiritualism, LIBERAL AND REFORM WORKS, published by Colby & Rich, Boston, U. S., may at all times be found there.

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CLEVELAND, O. BOOK DEPOT. LEE'S BAZAAR, 105 Cross street, Cleveland, O., Circulating Library and depot for the Spiritualist and Liberal Books and Papers published by Colby & Rich.

ROCHESTER, N. Y. BOOK DEPOT. WILLIAMSON & HIGHER, Booksellers, 62 West Main street, Rochester, N. Y., keep for sale the Spiritualist and Reformatory Works published at the BANNER OF LIGHT PUBLISHING HOUSE, Boston, Mass.

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Two Important Works