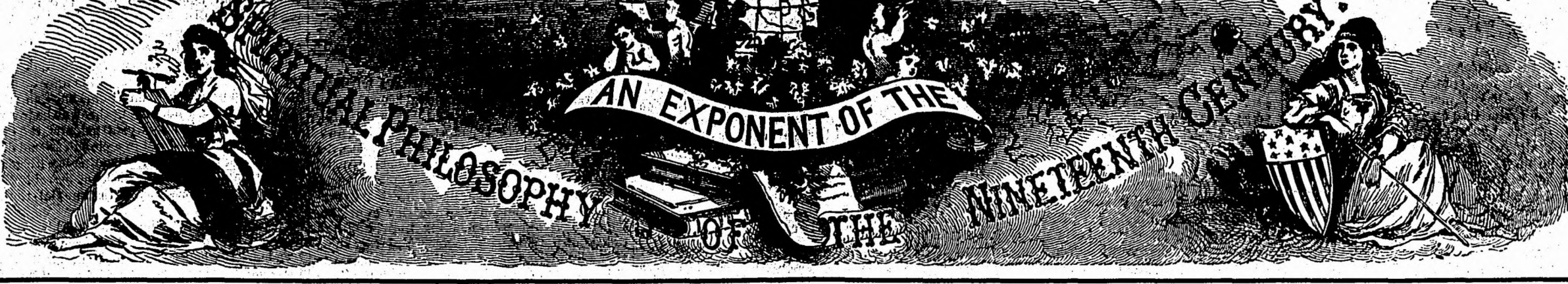


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Spiritualism Abroad.

REVIEW OF OUR FOREIGN SPIRITUALISTIC EXCHANGES.

Prepared expressly for the Banner of Light,
BY G. L. DITSON, M. D.

BELGIUM.

Le Messager, of Liege, of the 15th of August, has from the lucid pen of "A Collaborator," an article on "Transformations," in which the writer says, "that if these transformations should cease for a moment to produce their results life would cease; all of being, intelligent or not, is subject to this inevitable law, progressive in its changes.... A fact beyond contradiction is: matter is made for man; all material objects of which he can make himself master, be it by conquest or by creation, in one sense, become properly his, appertain to his domain.... And man can attach himself to an Ideal, but he cannot create it himself; he can see it confusedly, can make some acquaintance with it more or less false, but he can never be completely its inventor, its originator.... To lay claim to the immutability of anything is an insanity. Events, which are called the language of God, show the untenableness of such a pretension.... God is a truth for all those who have not broken the bonds of a natural heritage of common sense, for He is not a relative truth, but a truth absolute...."

Mons. Callé continues his "God in Creation" by a consideration of the astronomical and geological features of our planet; but as his observations are wholly of a scientific nature that hardly admit of condensation, I must stop with this brief notice.

"Spiritualism in Antiquity." Dr. Wahn here enlarges further upon the origin of Christianity. "One sees by what has preceded," he says, "that in the writings of the evangelists there is discordance of all kinds. Why then attach so much importance to these documents? And why reciprocally anathematize each other, as the Christian sects have done, on account of the bad translation of said books called sacred? Subtract from the *Evangelists* the words of Jesus, 'Love God, love you one another,' precepts given to humanity several thousand years before our epoch, what remains there still indispensable to human society? Absolutely nothing. As many another moralist, Jesus brought to our humanity the word of reciprocal love. That was the object of his mission, for that word was forgotten. All the rest is so secondary it can hardly provoke discussion." Appropriate extracts from the Vedas, observations respecting the Indian Christa, the poor fisherman Durga, of the Ganges, and his miraculous draught of fishes with which he fed the multitude, complete the present chapter.

The *Montieur*, of Brussels. The August number of this neat little monthly is wholly devoted to Mr. Henry Slade—his detractors, to the attack made upon him by the *Etoile Belge* and Mr. Slade's reply to it, and to statements by able and trustworthy persons concerning the genuineness of the manifestations in his presence, independent of all trick or imposition. Every attack made upon Mr. Slade has signally failed in its aim and been the undesigned cause of broadening the boundaries of our faith.

The September number of the *Montieur* gives also a considerable portion of its space to Mr. Slade—quoting the *Banner of Light* of July 8th, which shows that at this time he "was accomplishing a grand work in the city of New York." The next article is on Mr. and Mrs. Powell as very wonderful mediums for the slate-writing phenomenon. This is followed by an extract from the *Banner of Light* of July 22d—"a fragment from a discourse pronounced by Mr. Powell in Philadelphia," touching upon the moral precepts of Christ and the commencement of the Christian religion.

SPAIN.

Of the *Criterio Espritista* of Madrid, I have the July and August numbers. The former opens with an article on the "Cemeteries of Madrid," which demonstrates (an analysis and a microscopic examination of the dust in the neighborhood of those places of internment having been made) that they are sources of typhoid fever, and should consequently be closed. To this end steps have been taken, and new grounds are to be appropriated for the dead to the east and west of the city. It seems, however, that Cardinal Moreno has informed the Mayor of Madrid that he cannot tolerate this assumption on the part of the civil authorities; that he will not allow these old lurking-places of disease and pestilence to be closed, nor will he dedicate new ones. And there is a force sustaining this opposition which is not wholly of a spiritual nature, for if civil internments and in unconsecrated grounds is to be the rule, the Church has closed to it a large source of revenue, which, as the writer observes, is as secure to it now as the receipts of the Custom House to the Government.

Following the above are: "Spiritualism is *la Filosofía*"—a notice of a new book by D. Manuel Gonzales, much of which has appeared in *The Critic* and been quoted in the *Banner*; "Double Existence"—a study made by the Academy of Medicine of Brussels respecting the double personality in the same being, of which there are a number of well-established instances, besides that recorded in Mr. Ewes Sargent's latest work respecting Mrs. Mowatt; "The Martyrs of Science," in which is quoted a part of that terribly sad record of the last sad days of the Jeannette party who perished with Captain De Long; "Impressions," by Mme. Soler—impressions in a church where a funeral and a wedding were taking place at the same time; and "Neurologia"—the record of a noble, heroic life, the life of a daring, suffering, persecuted patriot and Spiritualist, who at an advanced age has just departed this life. The latter has reference to no other than our brother Don Vincente Torres Villanueva, one of the first adepts of Spiritualism Spain had, and one of the founders of this periodical. As Don Vincente Torres has contributed largely of his slender means to advance our cause, and largely of personal courage, moral and physical suffering, toward a liberal government and the amelioration of the condition of his countrymen by breaking the fetters of Church and State under which all progress was inevitably arrested, he merits these lines of especial commendation. May we ever cherish in our hearts the memory of such good strong men!

The August number of *El Criterio* continues its former article on "Double Existence" (upon earth), which has, as yet, some inexplicable features, unless our learned co-laborer, Prof. Buchanan, comes to the rescue with his "Sarcophagomy." In the present contribution on this subject, there is, for the sake of contrast, shown what may be produced in a somnambulic state and a magnetized condition. In 1850 the daughter of a French physician of Toulouse was prostrated by a general paralysis: what was the father's surprise when, after magnetizing her, he found she would obey his commands. He ordered her to get up, to dress, to walk, use her arms, etc., which she did without seeming difficulty. Was she not cured and well again? No. Returning from this magnetic state she was the same helpless being as before.

I find here also one of Mme. Soler's admirable contributions, "The Laugh." She makes a beautiful contrast between the laugh of children mingling with the chirp and song of birds in a garden, and that sardonic laugh—"laughs there are of Lucifer, laughs overflowing with horror"—which has no echo within the gates of Paradise.

Mons. Flammarion is also represented here (by an extract from the *Voltair*) as a reviewer of Mons. Bué's work entitled *La Vida y la salud o la Medicina es una ciencia*. "This author," he says, "with an accent of sincerity predisposes us to follow him in his favor, he relating a number of cures of desperate cases by this new branch of science—magnetism.... After reading the work of Mr. Bué it is easy to understand why Dr. Bichat wrote these memorable lines: 'Medicine is a disjointed union of inexact ideas, of illusory means, and of formulas as absurdly conceived as injuriously combined.' Without entering into minor details we declare with Mr. Bué that medicine is not a science.... We have here an exposition of his theories and his cures of which we have surprising examples; the reestablishment of the equilibrium of the vital forces, cures, and the prolonging of human life by means of magnetic passes and the imposition of the hands.... It appears to me that these worthy of the title of wise, naturalists, physiologists, and particularly physicians, could, without loss of character, give to these new experiences their learned attention," etc.

La Luz Del Porvenir of Barcelona. I have in hand four numbers of this splendid little weekly, "devoted," as the editors say, in the fourth number of the fourth year of its existence, "to the indigent of the earth; in its pages are not to be found the grand philosophical problems and fine reflections of the learned, but the poor, the infirm, find here sympathy; sad stories; episodes of real life; communications which always exist between the living and the (so-called) dead." In this same number is an account of the obsequies in New York of Margarita Haughey, whose deeds of charity had rendered her dear to thousands who followed her remains, or crowded the streets to render a parting tribute to this eminent friend of the poor. In connection with this is a record of the proceedings

"I have previously noticed this, but what here is said cannot fail to do good though often repeated."

of the *Academia Francesa*, which awarded two prizes of four hundred dollars each to women who, under the most adverse circumstances, had done the greatest amount of good. José Bernard of Rennes was one of these, who, in laborious indigence, taking poor, abandoned, diseased children from the streets, and in many other ways, was the spirit of abnegation and devotion to suffering humanity. The other prize was awarded to Emelia Proudhon of Nantes, who, though an orphan, and gaining by her work only thirty cents a day, adopted a poor suffering sister, and maintained her to the end of her days.

Among other articles of much interest is one on "Civil Internments." It was written because a worthy citizen had been refused sepulture in a Catholic burying-ground, on account of his advocacy of Spiritualism. Mme. Soler then takes occasion to describe what she saw and heard on the 18th of May last at a grave where Don Miguel Vives pronounced a memorable and fitting discourse. It being on a holiday many citizens came out of an idle curiosity; but it seems that the sound words of the orator were largely approved—he "demonstrating the convenience of civil internments, for it was now an era when humanity was shaking off the yoke of the religions of the past and adopting a rational faith. He explained that Spiritualism was not a sect nor a religion; that it would not form a 'church,' and that the services of its officers were gratuitous; that it was a school of philosophy, *rationalista*, demonstrating to man that only by his good works would he be saved,.... and as the Bible says: 'As you measure to others so shall it be measured to you.'.... And these cemeteries the author regards as only to be required for a short time more, for cremation with its sanitary issues is to make them tenacious."

Revista de Estudios Psicológicos, also of Barcelona. This is a handsome monthly magazine of thirty pages, printed in large, clear type, and evidently ably edited. "Ecce Homo"; "What is the Truth?"; "Justification by Faith"; "Civil Marriages" are the more lengthy contributions to the present number. "Children of the Street," by Mme. Soler, should be quoted entire if space permitted. "Schools independent of the Clergy," ought also to be considered at length, as well as "Galería de Tumbas." Regarding laical teaching the writer says: "Spain is still the country of superstition and fanaticism; to live in a perpetual lie seems preferable to the masses, rather than declare their independent convictions.... But there are nations which are emancipating themselves from these trammels, the monarchy of Belgium, and the French Republic."

El Faro of Seville. It is hardly possible to read a few pages of these Spanish journals without encountering the most bitter denunciations of the Catholic Church and its priesthood. This little *Faro* has enough to so inflame a populace that it is a wonder that overt acts are not led up to. But this feast of horrors seems hardly conducive to our spiritual nourishment; at least, there are other features of life, an aspect of tender, human sympathies, which serve rather to exalt the flame of love and devotion, than to cripple our aspirations for something better.

La Luz De Los Espacios. I have received No. 21 of this periodical of the Island of Cuba; and, as heretofore, I congratulate its supporters (knowing, as I do well, Cuba and its government), and trust that the good angels will ever have them in their firm and friendly keeping. It seems that "our adversaries," as a writer here says, "who would not for a time hold any rational discussion with us, take up again the gauntlet; but it is not enough to dictatorially assert that 'Spiritualism is absurd, a Utopia, a madness; that it represents the superstition of past ages,' etc.... But this has not impeded the rapid propagation of our doctrines. All over our globe thousands of spiritual groups and a hundred and fifty periodicals proclaim and defend this progressive light.... Ay, señores detractores of Spiritualism! we wish to be fools as our illustrious Kardec was a loco; we wish to be insane like Flammarion," with compliments to his great talents. "We wish to be like Paganini and Da. Amelia Domingo y Soler; like Wallace, Perty, Castellar," and many others named "who are an honor to our age...."

"We Progress," an able dissertation on what has been accomplished in the ages through the ancient teachers to the present time; "La Creación," a lengthy poem by Francisco Figueroa; another by Ana Cabrera de Cornet; "Variedades," containing many interesting little items, and the "Bulletin" of the Society of Psychological Studies, which reviews Mme. Royer's recent work, are the more lengthy contributions that merit a more extended notice. What occurred, also, at a meeting of the Spiritual Society, of Havana, has much interest, for there were speeches, poems, instrumental music, all of a high order, giving universal pleasure and satisfaction. The "Mission of Spiritualism" was ably presented by one of the orators.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Gazeta Da Tarde, of Rio de Janeiro. This, though a business paper (in the Portuguese language), devotes in a most respectful manner a portion of one of its columns to a celebration, by the Spiritual Society of Brazil, of the thirtieth anniversary of the death of Allan Kardec. It took place in the Municipal Hall of San Sebastião. A bust in bronze of the distinguished French writer and Spiritualist, Kardec, stood upon the table. Several societies were represented in the gathering. An oration and music were enjoyed, "and good order and harmony reigned during the festa."

Revista Espiritista, also of Rio, is a large, handsome magazine of thirty-two pages; but the one in hand, like several heretofore received,

dates back to Jan. 1st, and has been several times noticed in the *Banner*.

The *Constancia*, of Buenos Ayres. This excellent monthly opens its fair pages with a touching discourse by Don R. Hernández, pronounced at the grave of a distinguished citizen and Spiritualist, Don Carlos Encina, and reproduced in a secular paper, *La Nacion*. Space does not permit any summary of it. "Who are Spiritualists?" is the next article, and over three columns are devoted to the names of such of our faith as have distinguished themselves in the arts, sciences, literature, discoveries, etc., in Russia, Germany, England, France and other portions of our globe. Among those enumerated I find Dr. J. R. Buchanan, Zöllner, Butleroff, Denton, Kiddle, Aksakoff, Story and O'Sullivan. One of the most attractive features of the present issue is (a part of) Mrs. Richmond's discourse at the Parker Memorial Hall, copied from the *Banner*. Following this are some sage observations on the following: "Official Bulletin of the Archbishop of Seville.... 'There is to be open to the public readings of articles, for a prize, on Spiritualism: what there is of truth in its ridiculous assumptions, impostures,' etc., etc. Then we have a lengthy and well-written article on "Spiritualism as a science, as a moral force, as charity." Prof. Cadwell's communication to the *Banner* from the Aldrich House, May 27th, and an article in the Boston *Sunday Herald* respecting Miss Hattie Craig's apparent death and visit to celestial regions, are among the other items it would be pleasant to reproduce here.

La Prateridad, also of Buenos Ayres. I have in hand two numbers of this popular brochure, overflowing with noble sentiments such as the spirits can dictate and Don Emilio Castelar can write. Thomas Paine and Ralph Waldo Emerson are united here in an article (translated from the English by Señora E—) in which the latter "chief of transcendentalism of Boston forms a notable contrast to the author of the 'Age of Reason,' but whom we unite in the same idea, for they both worked under the law of inspiration," etc. A spirit-communication from Balzac; "Garibaldi"; a letter of commendation from Mons. Leymarie; a "Discourse by Victor Hugo," on the "Truth of Transformations," and many more items which I cannot further notice, are also contained in these issues.

Adorned by an elaborate heading of much artistic taste, I find before me *El Horizonte*, a large paper of Guatemala. It is dedicated to "Politics, Industry, Arts," etc. The present issue is largely devoted to a couple of banquets—one by the President of the Republic to Foreign Ministers and the Legislature, and the other, "De la Paz," by the artisans of the city; but I see nothing here of Spiritualism—unless it be found (undesignedly, I fancy, in favor of our cause) in a lengthy poem entitled: "A Miraculous Apparition of the Apostle Santiago." It begins with (Part II): "Thanks, my chief, let us sit down and smoke a cigar." Probably the saint sat down and smoked, for a long conversation follows respecting the state of religion, the indifference of man to it, etc.—a suggestive and not unwise colloquy.

Revista Espritista, of Montevideo. I regret to see in its first few lines, by the editor, Don Justo de Espada, that from circumstances beyond his control he is obliged to have his "modest Review," as he terms it, published in the city of Buenos Ayres. "Forgive, for they know not what they do," several communications from spirits (in one of which *falsehood* is held up as the great danger of the age), and "Neurologia," invite particular attention; but I must refer only briefly to two persons named in the latter, the wife of Don J. M. Fernandes who is connected with the *Revista*, and Mme. Teresa Folch, who, on account of her connection with Spiritualism, was refused burial by ecclesiastical authority in the so-called consecrated grounds of the Romish church.

Revista Espiritista, of Caracas. I have nothing of this important little paper since March 25th. Its articles on "Reincarnation," the "Bible" and "The Book of Mediums," I think I have heretofore noticed.

ITALY.

The *Annali Dello Spiritismo*, of Turin, for August, opens with a translation of Mons. Eugene Nus's "The Grand Mysteries"—or rather with a portion of its first chapter, its "Introduction" having been previously noticed. Here we have presented the conception of northern nations, of Freya, the earth, daughter and wife of Odin, the god of fire,.... the teachings of the Edda,.... of the Veda that the first development of earth was from fire, etc.... The *Medium and Daybreak* is then credited with a lengthy article; which is followed by one on "Positivism"—a continuation—in which "the functions of the brain generating ideas and thoughts" are presented for consideration, but are nevertheless held by the writer in great esteem if not with a repugnance of sentiment that hardly admits of expression. But I could not do justice to its several pages, which close with "the celebrated Pomponazzi, who, though living some four centuries ago, might pass for one of these liberal thinkers, *nihil sub sole novum*." Six pages are also, and I doubt not ably and appropriately, devoted to "The Emancipation of Woman," a continuation, "woman, having a nature and an origin and a destiny identical with our own." "Spiritualism in Carrara" follows next; with this closing sentence: "Intimidating the monks and arresting the diatribes of the priests and the badinage of the Carrarans, while the table continues to move." Through the mediumship of Mme. B. V. "Caroline" pronounces the most consolatory phrases: "If you could for an instant, Virginia," she says, "see the better future, you would suffer patiently all the torments of the

present.... No more misery, pain, hatred, enemies," etc.; "all is peace, love, blessedness, all friends, all wise, all illuminated," etc., she doubtless refers to good spirits such as Virginia's probably was. But I have prolonged these observations beyond intent, for I have yet to give brief notices of other journals no less worthy of scrutiny and praise.

GERMANY.

Psychische Studien of Leipzig, for August. Probably we have nowhere a more able exponent of our cause than this monthly. Mons Otto Schulz contributes the first article on spirit-manifestations; the next is *Krankheits-Geschichte der D. G. in Haffingen* mitgeteilt von Pfarrer Blumhardt; then comes Spiritualism before the English Church Congress, which include the remarks of Messrs. Stuart Cumberlan, John Fowler, Dr. Eastwood and Stephen Bourne; then, *Das phänomenale und das transcendente Weltmaass*, von Lenz Baron von Hellenbach. Many minor items follow which, it would seem, must deeply interest every German scholar.

Der Sprechsaal, also of Leipzig. The number of the 19th of August continues its observations on "Modern Spiritualism." Dr. Knorr of Savannah, Ga., contributes to it a lengthy article. Prof. Schlessinger of Vienna, writes of "The Spirit-World." Captain Drisco's article in the Boston *Traveller* of 18th of May is copied; these, with a lengthy poem, make a variety that must attract the German reader.

FRANCE.

Revue Spirite, Paris, for September. Though the most important and valuable of all the periodicals devoted to our cause, and though within reach, through the courtesy of its editor, I left it untouched till I had noticed others in hand, hence I now find but little space remaining for that to which I usually devote the largest amount of room. One of the most weighty of the announcements of the present issue is under the head of "THERAPEUTIQUE"—embracing the title of, and observations on, a new work by the able writer and acute practical observer, Mons. Alph. Chagnet. Here, with Spiritualists, the name of this noted author is a golden guarantee of rich thought, opulent fact and relevant deduction; ay, more—a consciousness of dealing with higher intelligences than is accorded to us generally. The whole title of Mons. C.'s book is, I believe, this: "Magnetism and Somnambulism appropriated to the most common maladies, aided by the employment of plants the most usual in medicine, followed by observations (instructions) concerning the composition and application of the remedies suggested, 'conseils.' Anatomical plates, with philosophical explanations."

Under "Declarations of Dr. Burq," who seems to have made a wide breach in the formidable walls of learned ignorance, if such a term may be used, the *Revue's* editor says: "Awake ye, spirits of Mesmer, of Puysegur, of Delucze, of Du Potet, all you who in the long past ages demonstrated a grand truth, without now the fear of ridicule and of bodies united to throw a veil over all new light." In support of some learned observations upon this subject, which I regret I cannot give entire, Mons. L. says: "The editor-in-chief of the 'Dictionnaire encyclopédique des sciences médicales,' terminates an article where all the facts *hypnotiques* are accepted, with many others. There it is said, 'fascination is a fact that can no longer be contested.... We believe in bacchantes, ménades, corymbantes and all the delirious frenzies by which certain festivals were celebrated in the fables of the gods and goddesses of the Olympic heaven; as we may well believe to-day in the epidemics of possession, the fakers of India, the tremblers, the *illumines*.... We doubt not more of an influence exclusively *psychique*," etc., etc. "The Mediumship of Mme. Harding-Britton," as well as her marvelous labors, are commended in a lengthy editorial which follows the above. Her prophetic observations in Alabama previous to our terrible war are here clearly enunciated and seen to have been fulfilled. [She was recently in Paris, the guest of the Countess of Pomar. Though she with her husband called at the hotel where we were temporarily stopping, we had not the pleasure of seeing them.]

In the "Review of the Anglo-American Papers" the *Banner* comes in for a large share of honorable notice. Mr. Hazard, however, as one of its able contributors, is thought to throw too broad a mantle of charity over mediums; but those who know how mighty is the spirit-influence for evil as well as good, and consider the (almost entire) passive condition of a medium, can hardly exercise too much good-will, benevolence, kindness, tenderness, in behalf of this much tried and too little prized class of our peculiarly endowed fellow-laborers in this new (renewed) grand field of wondrous manifestations."

"Development of Education" in France and the "Bulletin of the Scientific and Psychological Society" are entitled to lengthy extracts, but space forbids. I must, however, add a few words to what I reported some time since respecting stone-throwing near Montbazou, last May. Mons. Léon Denis, who wrote of it originally, has been to the farm, obtained some of the stones thrown by an invisible force, and made such researches as to establish the fact that no such stones are to be found in that neighborhood. A terrible dog, brought to the place, instead of searching for the malefactor, and actually recoiling from a dark chamber, rendered himself wholly useless. The farmers confirmed the reports heretofore published. *La Lumière*, Paris. I understand that this admirable little paper, so ably edited by Mme.

"Mrs. Fox-Kane, while sitting one evening in Albany, N. Y., with my family, ordered, with a little trepidation, the 'sitting,' closed at once, as a dark and repulsive spirit was seen to be assuming form near us."

Lucie Grange, is discontinued. Its number of 15th August gave promise of a brilliant future. "Spiritualism in History," by Mons. Bonnemere (continued), "Spiritualism and the Press," and "The Force of Facts," by Mmc. Grange, deserve translation entire; but these are only a part of what the editress has so generously supplied to her readers. We may hope that her pen will not be lost to our cause.

Licht, mehr Licht (Paris), of Aug. 20th and Sept. 3d, are before me. Its sixteen pages, handsomely printed in the English type, abound in important matter. Under "Logos" and "Spiriteraft" we have its first lengthy article; then one on "Preexistence," by Von R. Wiesendanger, of Hamburg; "Spirit Reflections," by Louise Braun, of St. Petersburg; "Spiritualism in Bohemia," "Correspondence," etc.

MISCELLANEOUS.

La Chaine Magnetique, Paris, Aug. 15th, is devoted to valuable observations on "Metallo-therapie," a discovery by Dr. Burg, of the influence of metals on the human frame—each person having an adaptation for a certain metal. An arm made rigid by magnetic passes was relieved in a few seconds by the application of a piece of copper, etc. The article of most interest to Spiritualists is one here on a new book by M. Eglise Bonnemere on "The Soul and its Manifestations through the Realm of History." "All recognizing the persistence of life after death; separated from the body, the soul becomes a spirit. They admit the possibility of communion between these spirits and us; also, the return to new existences, be it upon our earth or in other worlds," etc.

Le Clarion. This large sheet, which has the spirit its name indicates, though dedicated to the passing events of our mortal heritage, gives a whole column to "Spiritism." Its remarks here are founded on a "communication" from the spirit of George Washington, found in *La Lumiere*. Though this critic pens much in a spirit of badinage, he admits that he has seen inexplicable things, and that many of the learned in all the walks of life adhere to this new religion—if it may be so termed.

Le Devoir, of Guise (Aisne). I have in hand Nos. of 13th of August and 10th of September. The editor wishes to exchange with the *Banner*. Though, as I have had occasion frequently to remark, the *Devoir* is not a spiritualistic journal, it is edited with great ability, has always "valuable articles on what is most important to the working classes, and clearly demonstrates the utility of uniting capital and labor to the great advantage of the laborer, while, at the same time, its founder, being a Spiritualist, omits no good opportunity to put in such facts about our faith as he is aware will redound to its glory and its good name.

Banner Correspondence.

New York.

COMMUNITY.—D. Edson Smith writes Sept. 16th: "To the controlling spirit of the *Banner of Light* public session held June 30th, 1882. In today's *Banner* the first paragraph under 'Questions and Answers' is, 'A certain writer claims that every medium is responsible for everything that is done by spirits through her organism,' etc. I presume I am the writer referred to, as I wrote an article about that time on the question 'Are Mediums Responsible?' But I assure you I did not write in a spirit of dogmatism, but in a spirit of investigation, earnestly desiring to draw forth light on this important and much disputed question. And if the question asked you, as quoted in today's *Banner*, was from my article, then I think the questioner is either illogical or unfair. An exact quotation of my words would have been, 'Hence every medium is responsible for every act done through their mediumship.' That first word, hence, was omitted, but shows that something had been offered for proof of what follows the word hence. Now what preceded the word hence was this: 'As I understand it, one of the foundation facts of Spiritualism is, that every person in the world has a guardian spirit, at least a little higher morally than the charge. Another is, that spirits of the other world can, by will and desire, call to themselves, almost instantly, their spirit-friends; and yet a third is, that 'good is stronger than evil.' If these are facts, it necessarily follows, to my mind, that no spirits in this world or any other can obtain possession of any one if these spirits are on a lower plane of morality than the one they seek to influence.' 'Hence,' etc.

Mark what I said: 'If these are facts, it necessarily follows, to my mind.' Surely there is nothing dogmatic, or, as you are reported as saying, 'unjust, unphilosophical and unscientific' in that. I made no 'assertion.' I asked for light, 'for bread.' You think the position that 'mediums are responsible' is 'unsound.' But you give us no established facts or principles to prove your statement.

Am I wrong in thinking that the general teaching of the spirit-world is to the effect that each medium is surrounded by a band of spirits, or at least one guardian spirit, with moral and intellectual proclivities as high as that of the charge or medium? And that this guardian or band can instantly call sufficient police force to protect the medium from doing or saying anything beneath the words or acts of said medium, when in a normal state, under all circumstances? These are the questions I wish to ask you, friend spirit. If we do not have guardians equal to ourselves in morality, or if they are not able to summon aid to protect their mediums, then mediums are not responsible.

But if mediums cannot be assured of protection by their guardians when they give themselves into their hands, it will deter many from permitting themselves to be controlled. As a rule people are protected, in this life, from lawless tramps; and I had supposed the arrangement for such protection was much better in spirit-life than in earth-life.

Assure you I have no theory nor hobby to support. I want to know the true principles of the matter. If controlling bands cannot protect their mediums from doing or saying what they would never do or say in a normal condition, why cannot they protect them?"

NEW YORK CITY.—Judge Nelson Cross writes: "I am frequently called upon to direct inquirers to a good reliable medium, in this and other cities, and in this behalf it gives me great pleasure to recommend those who are seeking such information in reference to the city of Boston, to Mr. D. E. Caswell, now located at No. 30 Worcester Square.

I called upon Mr. Caswell for a sitting, being wholly unknown to him at the time, and besides many things of value to me, imparted by his controls, I received a number of absolute tests, which no unaided human mind could have given. The nature of these communications

and tests being private and personal, could have no special interest to the *Banner of Light* readers.

Mr. Caswell is a young gentleman of unblemished character, who, through the instrumentality of the invisible powers, finds himself unable to pursue any other calling than that of a medium, and he not only needs but deserves patronage and encouragement."

Ohio.

GENEVA.—The Secretary of the First Spiritualist Society, G. A. Clark, writes: "It is only a few short months since myself and family have had the pleasure of perusing the pages of the *Banner of Light*, but in that time we have learned to love it so well that I am sure we shall never willingly part with it. When we came to this place, two years ago, we knew little or nothing of Spiritualism; since then we have become thoroughly convinced of the truth of its great underlying principles, and we are daily learning more of the beauties and blessings that the bright immortals do and will bring to us, if we will only let them come. Much that has served to convince us, as well as others, of the unmistakable presence of our spirit-friends and guides, has come to us through the mediumship of Miss E. M. Gleason, a lady who was born and has always resided in this vicinity, and who at the time we came here was holding public sances at the residence of Mrs. Louise Shepard, and developing as a trance speaker. We have obtained some very convincing tests through her mediumship. Her improvisations of poetry are as fine as any we have ever heard, and we have listened to some of those who are ranked among the best in that phase of mediumship. Being comparatively young in the lecture field, she is not as widely known as many others who are no more deserving. Her lectures are highly spoken of wherever she goes, and she has delivered some very interesting ones here in Geneva in the past month. She now contemplates a westward tour, making Michigan her first stopping-place. The Spiritualist society of Geneva would cheerfully recommend her to the people as a lady in the true sense of the word; as an honest and efficient medium, and an earnest worker in the great and good cause.

It is an old saying that 'precious goods are always found in small parcels.' I think that this adage, applied to the Geneva Spiritualist Society, would make out the said society to be very 'precious,' the number of avowed professors in the faith being quite small in the town at present. But there is an outside element—in the form of private sances, and developments—that promises a 'revival' at no very distant day, and we hope we may be present to see and hear."

ASHTABULA.—O. B. Clark, Secretary of the First Society of Progressive Spiritualists, writes: "Knowing your columns are open to all, and especially to those who wish to advance the cause of Spiritualism, I feel I cannot better fulfill my part at the present time than by writing, for the benefit of your many readers, a tribute to Miss Carrie E. Downer, an inspirational speaker and poetess, of Baldwinville, N. Y. Miss Downer and her companion, Mrs. Denio, have been staying with the Spiritualists of Ashtabula for nearly three weeks, much to their enjoyment and the skeptic's amazement. Miss Downer gave several parlor entertainments, one of which was at the residence of the writer, on Friday evening, Sept. 15th. Her address at that time was soul-inspiring, and her poems on the subjects of 'Resurrection,' 'The Trinity,' 'Spirit' and 'Atonement,' given her by a skeptic, were astonishing, and being suggested by an outsider did away with any suspicion of the possibility of collusion on the part of the friends, and were consequently convincing to all. She also gave a poem at the close, purporting to be from Edgar A. Poe, and as it was in the rhythm and meter of his masterpiece while in the form ('The Raven'), it was easily recognized, and as far as known, different from any of his published poems, either in or out of the form. She also gave a public lecture in Haskell's Hall, on Sunday, Sept. 10th, under the auspices of the First Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists of this place. Subject for afternoon session: 'Inspiration; From what Source does it Come?' and being advertised in our papers beforehand, called out one of our Orthodox ministers. Evening subject: 'Soul, and its Destiny.' Both were considered in a masterly manner, and were much appreciated. Miss Downer also gave tests at her private circles, by describing spirit-friends, while under influence. She gave us good satisfaction in this line. She is a convert from the Methodist church, and Mrs. Denio from the Congregationalist. They have been traveling for about two years. Mrs. Denio is a former resident of this vicinity, and has relatives and many friends here. They are both ladies, in every sense of the word, and we can recommend them to the friends of the cause as such. We hope our friends throughout the country will engage these ladies to speak for them. They are worthy of support and confidence."

New South Wales.

REDMYRE.—A correspondent writing under the nom de plume, "Hope," says: "It may perhaps interest you to receive a communication from this out-of-the-way part of the world. At a sance, a private one, held a few weeks since at a friend's house, a spirit representing himself as that of the late John Tyerman, a most successful and able lecturer in the cause of the spiritualistic doctrines, informed me that the doctrines or views laid down in 'Anglo-Israelism' were in the main correct, and advised a deep study of them. I told him I would adopt his advice, and further, would communicate with some of the leading spiritualistic journals in both England and America on the subject. At this he appeared to be well pleased. He also gave me to understand that from the Great Pyramid of Egypt would soon come information of vast importance to man; and this Pyramid forms a great landmark in the ideas of the Anglo-Israelites, from which something is to be taken before long that must establish the truth of their belief. Now as no place in the world contains more sincere and intelligent advocates of Anglo-Israelism than America, I assume, if not one, you are at least fairly informed of the nature of their faith, which faith is so strongly verified almost beyond all reasonable refutation by the every-day history of the English speaking race, that none can wonder at the strength of it. The entire unity of the English race has been much shown in our sorrow for your late President; not only your loss, but our loss, and the loss of all where freedom has her home. What could have shown this feeling more effectually than that never-to-be-forgotten picture in the London *Punch* under the head of 'The Common Sorrow' of America weep-

ing for her beloved, in the arms of England? That picture was more than a volume in itself; it went straight to our hearts like the whisperings of a spirit, and in Australia many a heart heaved and many an eye moistened while looking upon it; and we all felt, America, you are one of us, or as Anglo-Israel would say, 'Manassah, thy sorrow is mine, so let us mourn together.' Mr. Tyerman, as is well-known, was a very zealous and able man. He took when in this life an interest in me, but it is only since his death that I have become a convert to Spiritualism, which I believe does not seek to annihilate scripture, but rather to strengthen it, by purifying it and presenting it to man, so that he can accept it and read it with pleasure and profit."

Connecticut.

FAIRFIELD.—A correspondent writes: "The *Banner of Light* along with other papers was voted a cordial expression of thanks by 'The New England Anti-Vaccination League' organized at Hartford on Sept. 26th. Although this was your due, I feel you deserve especial honor for the vigorous, fearless and scathing onslaughts you have made on that huge medical fraud—Vaccination. You deserve all praise, also, for the brave and intelligent criticisms you publish respecting the 'tricks of trade' adopted by the so-called 'regulars' in medicine. I hope your paper will continue to raise high the standard of medical reform and medical freedom, and promote all agencies for the liberalizing of thought, until the light of truth breaks in and exercises its disintegrating power over the stubborn and unyielding forces of the gross materialism of this materialistic age.

I feel you are doing a great and good work for humanity, and deserve all honor and credit for the same. Why any so-called liberal mind should attempt to disparage your efforts, or carp at your methods, is a psychological phenomenon one can hardly disassociate from sordid motives."

STAFFORD.—George A. Fuller writes: "The *Banner of Light* is a paper that grows dearer to me every day. May its pure pages ever be a beacon-light to the world."

Colorado.

LEADVILLE.—J. K. Jones writes: "During the last three months we have been favored with the presence of several distinguished mediums. Jesse Shepard, during his stay of two weeks, gave private and public sances with good results. Then came Mrs. Annie M. Kimball to inspire us with thoughts celestial by lecturing upon subjects selected by the audience, with her usual power and effect. Her psychometric reading of character, at the close of her lectures, was a novelty highly appreciated. Her short visit is regretted by many warm friends, she having to meet engagements at Pueblo, Col., and Peoria, Ill. The highly gifted inspirational and clairvoyant, Mrs. E. F. J. Bulene, commenced her public service on Sunday, Sept. 10th, to an unusually interested audience. We hope to have her remain with us longer than the time for which she is at present engaged."

New Hampshire.

FITZWILLIAM DEPOT.—D. F. White writes: "We have a library in this place in which I would like to see some works upon Spiritualism, but am not able to buy them. If any Spiritualists who read this having second-hand books in a fair state of preservation which they feel disposed to donate for the good of the cause will send them to me I will present them to the Library in their names, and will remit to them the postage if they will furnish me with their address."

Texas.

DOWLIN.—J. A. Rutherford writes that he was born in 1799; that he does not worship an angry God, venerate old dogmas, drink whiskey or use tobacco, but tries to carry heaven in his own bosom, in the shaping of a clear conscience. He wishes "every brother and sister of the liberal sort," of about his own age, to write to him, by letter or postal, and he will respond.

AUTUMNAL PICTURES.

I see the fields where cattle graze,
The hills soft wreathed in smoke,
The gold brown brook and ancient bridge,
And old red mud beneath the ridge;
And dim lights on the orchard side,
Where low-grown trees low branching wide;
The hamlet nestled in the glade,
A drowsy nook that loves the shade;
The dusty highway, long and brown,
Slow creeping out beyond the town
To breast the hillside in its strength,
A silent treader of the dust and throng,
Far to the hanging woods on high
That with their verdure soothe the eye
With myriads of dusky green
That wear October's richest sheen.
O'er old stone wall the blackberry twines,
Inced with every gadding vine,
The elements and with foxglove,
The shade-bush and the feathered brake,
And woodbine curled in cedar spire
That soon shall glow a line of fire;
Nor darker could the elder gleam
With fruitage dipped in Stygian stream.
All treaked and splashed with guttless blood,
The sunach flares along the wood;
The mullein takes its lonely stand
Upon the hilly pasture land,
Where slow the cricket's voice is heard
Plaining some solitary word.
Shrilled by a small black cat's fear,
Who preaches 'neath the furze and brier.
The golden-rod from myriads whorls
Is sunny or flame unfurled,
And triumphs o'er the dusty way,
Companioned by the thistle gay,
That spreads a disk so rosy fair
To feed the pretty birds of air.
And foremost, with a twittering note,
The dainty goldfinch sweeps its throat.
The noontide warms the quiet air
With scent of apples spiced and rare;
And quinces by the mossy well
Feel in their veins old Midas' spell;
While clusters on the bronzing vine
Breathe out an odor of old gleam.
From thick embowered, bosky trees,
Comes now the murmurous hum of bees.
Far off the golden stubble land
Lies in a warm and glowing band,
And in the earth, sunned through and through,
Aid ripened to the ringdove's breast,
Clouds mottled like the ringdove's breast,
Move softly onward toward the west,
With rifts of deep and tender hue—
A nameless depth of gentian blue.
In perfect beauty, flushed and sweet,
Dear Autumn comes with growing feet;
Her tanned cheek wears a sunset dye,
A laughing light is in her eye;
About her shapely ankles brown
Swells out a mossy, rustling gown,
With here and there a color dash,
A breast-knot of the mountain ash;
Her round arms globed melons bear,
And scarlet leaves have crowned her hair.
—Augusta Larned.

"Punch," a couple of years ago, had a clever sketch, by Charles Keene, of a farmer suffering from the lurches of a steamer as she met the waves. "Why doesn't the captain keep in the furrows?" he disconsolately asks.

"ROUGH ON RATS." Ask druggists for it. Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, vermin. 15 cts.

Literary Department.

THE SOUL-TEST.

BY CHARLES M. SKINNER.

It was in the autumn of 18— that I left Heidelberg, where for two years I had been in somewhat irregular attendance at the noble University, and where I had succeeded in establishing a reputation for good fellowship. I should never have gone there had not I essayed a period of foreign travel on coming into possession of my property, an event which transpired on the sudden death of my guardian. This crusty but well-meaning individual had doled out my patrimony in suchiggardly sums that I had formed no true appreciation of the value of money, and when I received my little fortune—it was little, but it seemed immense to my almost boyish eyes—I safely banked what I thought would suffice me for a time, and with the rest resolved to gratify an intense longing to visit Europe. When the new luxury of travel had somewhat palled upon me, and I had seen the regulation sights in the regulation manner, I began to think seriously of my future. I had gone partly through a course of medical study in America, but concluded to finish my literary education before seeking a diploma, believing that a physician should appear to advantage, no matter in what class of society his professional services may be most needed. I therefore selected Heidelberg as my training school, and, after having been acknowledged as a student in a ceremonious and disagreeably public manner, by sundry be-spectacled and bald-headed professors, I applied myself to study with due earnestness. But I had not been fully weaned from the free life of late months, and when I was studying my naturally sanguine, joyous nature asserted itself in the revels and jollities of one of the many students' clubs.

Among the students, for whom, by a strange law of contraries, I conceived a genuine attachment that I know was warmly reciprocated, was Caspar Wolfenstein, the most singular genius I had ever met, and one whose eccentricities were alternately the puzzle and ridicule of his class-mates. He was tall, slender, large-boned, sallow, and his big brown eyes when not dimmed by study shone like a couple of planets mirroring a sun of brilliant intellect. His close-shaven face and simplicity of demeanor gave him a somewhat boyish appearance. Though coarsely dressed he was not shabby, and with his hair worn long, to keep out the cold, as he said, his big slouched hat and the inevitable volume under his arm, he was one of the most picturesque features of the quaint old city. He made no secret of his poverty, and it was well-known that he had struggled hard to carry him through the University. What he lived on nobody knew, but some of the students, jesting upon his gaunt appearance, intimated that rats were to be had for the trapping, and that some nations tolerated them in stews. There was no after student at Heidelberg, for the wisest of the bald-heads were often put to their wits' end for answers to his curious inquiries. I doubt not he gave them more to think about than they gave him, and I have known them to be led completely from the matter in hand by his original solutions of great problems in mental and moral philosophy. In quickness, shrewdness, plain-speaking and plain looks he reminded me of a New Englander, but his manner of thought and life were widely at variance with that of the practical Yankee.

In mind he was essentially German; a type of the mystics and abstruse philosophers rapidly become extinct under the spread of scientific materialism. Mental and moral philosophy were his delight, the sciences being studied merely as adjuncts to these branches; "for," said he, "being a man I believe only in those things which bear directly upon man's nature. We are not animated stones, that we must spend our years in the acquisition of geological knowledge. What have rocks and soils in common with us? Botany will do for peddlers of simples; astronomy is a grand science, but it is ultra-human; mathematics—bah! how utterly impracticable as applied to man. Why do we not investigate ourselves before we unfold the simple and profitless pages of inanimate nature? Man is completed nature, and what we need is a Newton to discover the laws of mind, a Galileo to pierce the darkness of externals, and show us the luminous germs of possibilities in every soul."

In answer to this outburst I replied, "Caspar, your flights toward the unknowable are greater than my weak and untutored wings of thought will carry me, and I am afraid you will have to look for your Newton and Galileo elsewhere than among your classmates. There, old fellow, do not be put out! I meant no harm. Let's take a turn to the Castle, for you need exercise. You spend too much of your time vaporing over metaphysics and what-not in that garret of yours. Come out with the rest of us; walk oftener and take some amusement. I know you would never follow my example and neglect your studies for what we call pleasure and you regard as a bore, but really, Caspar, you go to the other extreme. You brood and study so much that you will become morbid."

"Perhaps you are right," he answered, "for there have been times when, weakened by long study and self-neglect, I have fancied my mind to be injured, and I see—that is, I imagine—Pshaw! I've the vapors already! Come, if you are in the mood for walking I will accompany you."

It was the afternoon of a clear autumn day; the air was bracing, but not uncomfortably cool, and as we mounted toward the Castle the outlines of distant hills arose, blue and distinct, one above another, like a beautiful succession of steps to the horizon. Though thoughtful, my companion was not morose, and by directing his attention to the many beauties of the landscape I had the pleasure of noting that he felt a real interest in the walk, that he forgot his dreams and theories, and that an increased elasticity of step and flush of cheek bore evidence of a large reserve of health, no matter how heavily he had drawn upon it by wearing study and distracting thought. He even went so far as to drink a glass of Rhenish with me at the Castle *Weinhaus*, and for some hours we strolled about the romantic ruin and over the adjacent hill.

I had taken so few walks with Caspar that I was surprised to see him develop under the refreshing influences of our stroll. He disclosed wonderful conversational resources, and threw the charm of cultured scholarship over every topic that he touched upon. His imagination played freely, and gave his observations the charm of poetry. He questioned me with lively

interest in regard to America, and announced his intention of visiting that country when he should have obtained the means. We talked, chatted, and admired so long, that it grew toward nightfall before we thought of returning, and the glory of the sunset detained us even then. We stopped on the hill-top and watched the solemn pomp of the western clouds, the flushed sky and purpling hills uniting in a great pean of color; then it darkened and the sky was fading, when the upthrown shadow of some cloud invisible to us shifted, and the last spark of day flashed out in a cloudlet some distance above the horizon, blazing it with gold, ruby and amethyst, an evanescent jewel in the misty crown of evening, a testimonial to the eternity of light.

Caspar was much impressed, but his joyous mood cooled to his habitual reserve as we descended. He had walked in silent meditation for some minutes when he exclaimed, "Do you know, as I watched that cloud break out into new light after it had seemed to die, I could not help thinking of the human soul, and its promised resurrection. Do you believe in the soul?"

"Why, of course."

"Yes, but really and intelligently?"

I was about to make an indignant reply when he interrupted. "Of course everybody says he believes in the soul, but how many think anything about it? In things the most important for us to know we allow ourselves to be guided by hearsay and blind faith. I was reading Cicero's 'Tusculan Disputations' yesterday, and I could not be otherwise than amused at the puerile character of the ancient speculations regarding the inner life of men, the germ of divinity that we are told, resides within us. They vapor—those old philosophers—over the character and attributes of the soul, but cannot tell us if we possess such a thing."

"And have you not faith enough in religion to be satisfied with its promises?"

"Yes, but—but—I suppose my mind is differently constituted from most others. I require tangibilities to prop my faith."

We walked on thoughtfully, almost moodily, for a time. In facing the sunset we had not noticed that heavy black clouds were rolling up in the east, and lightning was flickering above the hills. One great planet, glowing like a molten fragment from the primal fires of world-forming matter, was following the sun into the abyss of space, but the other luminaries of night were obscured in the heralding vapors of the storm. Caspar did not notice the threat boding in the firmament, but after some moments of absorption he turned to me suddenly and said: "Are you willing to make a compact with me, that the first of us to die shall appear before the other after death? Think! It may solve this awful problem, and withdraw the veil from the deepest of creation's mysteries. It may, at least, demonstrate whether we have authority over our disembodied souls."

The storm was rapidly advancing, and a distant peal of thunder following his words, echoed down the valley, reverberating from height to height with a sound that impressed me like hollow laughter. I shuddered and looked at him with dread. No, he was not mad. His eyes were clear, his face calm, his attitude composed, and his earnestness was that of a chemist laboring with a difficult analysis. He read my fear and smiled reassuringly.

"No," I cried. "Such a compact would be impious. I'll not make it."

The despairing look that overspread his face had for me, for the moment, a sense of the ludicrous. As if he could have hoped that anybody would comply with such a preposterous demand! I smiled in my turn, and dropping my hand upon his shoulder, said, "At least, not tonight. You are getting morbid again. Come, now, take my advice and leave your books for a week or two. You will feel the better for so doing, and will be in good trim for study when you have rested your brain. But look sharp, or the rain will overtake us."

We said little more as we hurried on, and when near the University we parted, he going in the direction of his garret, refusing an invitation to supper in my comfortable apartments, I to lounge over a novel, receive my eggs and toast and tea from good Frau Katzenpfeil, and, comfortably enveloped in dressing-gown and slippers, listen to the roar of the storm that soon broke violently over the city. Lightning struck in many places that night, and what with the crashing thunder, the wind, the rain, the hail, and Caspar's strange proposition that kept running in my thoughts as an odd strain of music lingers in the ear, it was late before I ceased tossing in my bed and fell asleep.

Next morning the University was startled by the report that young Adolph Hertel had been found on the pavement of a narrow street, stiff in death, his clothing saturated with rain and a very small wound in the left breast that must have reached the heart. Investigation failed to reveal any fact bearing on the case, save that the deceased had spent his last evening, as was his wont, with a little coterie of congenial spirits. Much champagne had been consumed, and, after a rolistering time of it, the party separated at midnight. There was no trace of blood, nor weapon, nor sign of scuffle, but several bricks in a chimney overhanging the alley had been displaced by a thunderbolt that must have struck the paying, for one of the curbs was splintered and vitrified. Hence the authorities came to the conclusion that poor Hertel died of lightning stroke, and he was buried with Christian rites.

I confess I entertained doubts as to the truth of this verdict. The deceased was always well supplied with money, and, in consequence, was always surrounded by toadies; he was reckless and extravagant in habit, and it seemed to me not improbable that his death should have resulted from the jealousy or cupidity of some comrade.

Caspar appeared much disturbed by news of the accident, and his moodiness and absent manner grew upon him, but he applied himself to study with renewed energy, and we saw little of him except at lectures. I left Heidelberg soon after; it had grown uncongenial to me, and the violent death of a fellow student had impressed me deeply, for I fancied that if I plunged further into recklessness a similar fate might be in store for me. Besides, I longed for action; I was tired of being a do-nothing, and I returned to America grateful at finding myself once more in a practical, wide-awake, go-ahead country. Fortune favored me in my medical practice, and in a few years I was in a way to shortly retrieve my wasted fortune and achieve a position wherein I might enjoy prosperity and peace. My little house, lying on the edge of a New England town, was, with its adjacent garden, lawn and beautiful avenue of maples, a matter of pride to me. I was more content than I had ever expected to be.

One afternoon having returned from my bedside visits, my bell was pulled, and shortly after

Caspar Wolfenstein was ushered into my library. Some moments elapsed before I recognized him, he had grown so haggard and distressed; but when he spoke in his old voice a host of recollections came upon me, and I grasped his proffered hand with fervor. With a view to making him as comfortable as much at home as possible, I showed him about my house, assigned him the best room, expatiated upon my pictures, saw the weary look quit his eye when I led him before my books, insisted on his joining me in a cigar beneath the trees, prepared a nice little supper for him, and chattered so fast about old times that I was surprised at my own volubility. The more I talked, and the more cheerful I became, the deeper grew the shadows on the face of my friend, until I was shocked and sobered into a less effusive mood by the almost despairing expression that settled over his features.

The day had been oppressive, so after supper I suggested the garden again. We walked across the lawn to an avenue of old trees that, as the evening gathered, threw dense shadows over the ground, and being at a distance from the house we enjoyed the most complete privacy. Looking through the avenue to the west, where the landscape was limited to a stretch of ragged moorland and clump of dark woods, I saw that a storm was rising; already a most refreshing breeze played through the branches, and their rustling, blended with the chirp of the crickets and the distant piping of frogs, made a peaceful evening music. Seated upon a rustic bench, partly facing the moor, its expanse unbroken by a light or sign of human habitation, we could watch the progress of the storm.

Our conversation was upon general topics, and was often interrupted by long and awkward pauses. I felt that Caspar wished to tell me something, yet all my efforts to draw him on to its divulgence were futile. At last, as the thunder sounded near and the lightning became blindingly sharp, I said: "Come, Caspar, the storm will shortly break; let us go in."

"Not yet. Not yet," he said the words in a confused manner. "Do you know why I came to America?"

"To see the country, I suppose, and learn something of our laws and customs. With your studious turn of mind I can hardly imagine that you would have made so extended a trip for mere recreation."

"I came here to get away from—from myself."

"What do you mean?"

"I am a criminal."

"You!"

An intense earnestness was in his manner now: "Yes, I; though what I did was to solve a question that I believed mankind should understand. What I learned by committing that crime I could not disclose without endangering my life, unless I confided it to some friend who would not betray me, and who would publish to the world the great, the awful discovery I have made."

"For heaven's sake, explain yourself."

"Do you remember the evening that we climbed to the Castle together? That night I proposed to you an oath to disclose yourself to me after death, if there then remained anything to reveal."

"What prompted you to such a fancy?"

"Love of knowledge; eagerness to solve the greatest of all mysteries. And I have solved it! Mine the crown of success, but it is a crown of thorns, and oh! it cuts into my brain."

"I do not understand."

A flash of lightning disclosed to me Caspar's face, white as marble and wearing an expression I had never seen on mortal features. A horrible fascination laid hold on me. Could it be that I was talking with a spirit? Was this the soul of Caspar come to prove its own existence? I felt a cold shudder, but the delusion vanished before his voice.

"Do you remember that night after we parted? It was such a one as this will be."

"Remember it well. Did not Hertel die that night?"

"Oh, God! I killed him!"

"You! This is madness."

"No, I swear to you it was I. Perplexed with thought, I wandered through the city in the storm for hours, not knowing that it rained or thundered. As I passed the door of a wine shop, Hertel, who had been carousing with a band of students, stumbled out upon the pavement tipsy, but jovial and talkative; and as he insisted on sharing his umbrella with me, I took his arm and went toward his home. So full was I of my subject, that in the course of conversation I told him what had occurred between us. He laughed in drunken bravado, and said he should not have hesitated to take such an oath, and stopping in the street, he exchanged with me the oath you had rejected."

The storm was coming nearer.

"As we resumed our walk I felt myself arrested: a sharp wire broken from a window-grating had caught me by the sleeve, and in attempting to disengage myself, the wire broke off in my hand. It was straight, firm, splintered at the end to a needle-point. A flash of inspiration came to me: there was the man and here the weapon; Hertel led a useless life; the world would not miss him; should I die first, would any one give credence to his word when my spirit appeared to him? might not a present death save him from a slower, painful, and perhaps disgraceful end? and then the satisfaction and glory of establishing such a tremendous fact as I have learned! I thought no more, but hastily rejoining him, bade him prepare for death. He turned about, startled, but saw my threatening attitude and fell on his knees with a prayer, and while he prayed, I struck him to the heart."

"And this might have been my fate!"

"I do not know; perhaps it might, but Providence interposed itself between us."

There was a silence, in which I repressed with effort an exclamation of horror. Caspar did not look at me, but presently resumed: "I plucked out the steel and flung it far away. His dying groan was quenched in the terrific crash that followed a bolt of lightning. I fled, but not an instant too soon, for a moment later a chimney fell on the spot where I had stood. You will perhaps think me heartless when I tell you that, speeding homeward through the storm, I felt but slight remorse, and that I was more deeply wrapped in speculation as to the result of the experiment than in dread of the aspect it might assume. I reached my garret, and a sudden chill came upon me. I thought I felt a clammy hand upon the knob as I turned it. Rain was still falling, and a heavy, tomb-like air was blowing through the window. I flung myself upon the bed and was lost in thought for a time, when I gradually came to know that I was not alone. I had seen nothing, and heard nothing but the moaning of the storm, yet there was a feeling such as you may have experienced on entering a darkened room

containing persons at first unseen by you. I turned my head toward the chair whence this feeling seemed to emanate. Horror! There sat in a space of dull moonlight that penetrated the driving clouds, the vapory form of Hertel!"

A sharp flash and a roar of thunder ushered in the storm. The gates of heaven were opened and the deluge fell. It was too late to retreat to the house, so we drew beneath the trees, Caspar all regardless of the raging elements. He continued: "The eyes were fixed on mine with a reproachful look, but burning within them I could see a fearful light; a light that I felt would grow into a consuming fire, and blast my very soul with fear. I tried to rise, but could not. I tried to speak, but could not. I broke the spell sufficiently to make an appealing gesture, when the phantom slowly arose, looking taller and more appalling than before. Its arms were held above me for a moment and shook as if dropping poison from its finger tips; then it vanished, the eyes being visible to the last, and freezing my senses like the glare of a Gorgon. I wanted to cry out, but to do so might betray me. Hapless man! Of what avail was my discovery, since I could not reveal it? For the first time, I was afraid of the dark; afraid of myself. Conscience was preying on my heart, and its gnawing was more than I could bear. I fell upon my pillow senseless."

"But this might have been an illusion."

"No, it has since returned. It comes before me when my mind is not upon it. Adolph Hertel has fulfilled his vow. There is a soul, and oh! there is a goading thing called conscience that is our own proof of that great fact. I am a haunted man."

"My poor friend, in your love of wisdom you have acted most unwisely; I will use no harsher term. You should seek from heaven that peace you may not find on earth."

He wrung his hands and cried: "I do. Daily and nightly my prayers go up for forgiveness—for peace to myself, peace to his perturbed soul; but there is no peace; none—none!" And the words died away in a long wail.

My head fell upon my hand and my speech was choked with oppressive and conflicting emotions; but Caspar was so long silent that I looked up to offer some expression of sympathy or solicitude. The dangerous fires flickering in the sky showed me a spectacle I can never forget: Caspar, colorless as death, dabbled by the rain, gasping for breath, his hair tossed back, his eyes staring wildly down the avenue, his shaking finger pointing into the darkness. His breath came at last in an agonized shriek: "Look there! Look there! Back! I believe—I know the soul is immortal! Visit earth no more!"

I peered in the direction of his gaze. Great heaven! Was that a mist-wreath rapidly blown toward us from the moor, or had it indeed the outline of a human form? It came nearer, grew luminous in the darkness. Of a sudden, the air seemed to flame before my eyes, and a hideous crash of thunder shook the earth. I was half stunned by the lightning stroke, for such it was. The storm had burst in renewed fury. I rushed into the path to drag Caspar toward the house, for body and soul were under menace. He was not there. I called. There came no answer, but another thunder peal. Starting toward the house for a lantern, I fell across a prostrate body on the grass. It was Caspar. Wild with excitement and fear, I picked him up as if he had been a child, rushed to the house, placed him on a sofa and tore open his clothing. Caspar Wolfenstein was dead of lightning stroke.

There was a small wound in the left breast, reaching to the heart.

Modern Inspiration Acknowledged.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

At a late meeting of the American Unitarian Association in Boston, Rev. Dr. Hedge, an acknowledged leader in the Unitarian body, delivered a memorial address commemorative of Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D., who deceased last winter in New York. In this address he used the following remarkable language:

"He (Dr. Bellows) could not be intellectually passive and active at the same time, except occasionally in the sense in which

"The passive master lent his hand to the vast soul that over him planned."

Occasionally. Here I come to speak of a master-trait of our friend, a ground-principle in his mental constitution, not to mention which would be a grave omission. I am at a loss by what term to express it. If I cared to be pedantic, I would say, in the Greek sense of the word *demonic*. I will call it, in plain speech, an extraordinary capacity of pure inspiration. No one has really heard Bellows, no one really knew him, who has not heard him at his best on the platform. He was not always at his best, though never prosy. I am at a loss by what term to express it. If I cared to be pedantic, I would say, in the Greek sense of the word *demonic*. I will call it, in plain speech, an extraordinary capacity of pure inspiration. No one has really heard Bellows, no one really knew him, who has not heard him at his best on the platform. He was not always at his best, though never prosy. I am at a loss by what term to express it. 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Message Department.

Public Free-Circle Meetings

Are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, corner of Province street and Montgomery Place, every Tuesday and Friday, 7:30 P. M. The Hall (which is used only for these meetings) will be open at 2 o'clock, and services commence at 2:30 o'clock, precisely, at which time those who wish to be seated should arrive. The public are cordially invited.

The messages published under the above heading indicate the spirit carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil—consequently those who pass from this life are in an intermediate state, eventually progress to a higher condition. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his own reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive or know.

It is our earnest desire that those who may recognize the messages of their spirit-friends will verify them by informing us of the fact for publication.

Natural flowers upon a table are gratefully appreciated by our angel visitors, therefore we solicit donations of such from the friends in earth-life who may feel that it is a pleasure to place upon the altar of Spiritualism their floral offerings.

We invite visiting questions for answer at these meetings.

Miss Schenker wishes it distinctly understood that she gives no private sittings at any time; neither does she receive visitors on Tuesdays or Fridays. Her sittings are held on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 10 o'clock in the morning. Her address is 100 North Street, Boston.

Letters or inquiries in regard to this department of the Banner should not be addressed to the medium in any case.

LEWIS B. WILSON, Chairman.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MISS M. T. SHELLHAMER.

[Report of Public Séance held Sept. 19th, 1892.]

Invocation.

Spirits of Love and Wisdom, we invoke your presence here this sacred hour. Oh! may each one here become imbued with the power and potency of your might, with the loving sympathy and assistance which ye would bring unto all mankind. Oh! may humanity, struggling in the bonds of flesh, reaching the wisest of self, and with the aid of the angels, pressing onward over the rough places of life, feel your presence, day by day, sustaining, strengthening and quickening the inner powers within to new endeavor and love. Higher flight, Oh! ye bright and blessed ones from spheres immortal, may we ever seek to be more and more like such as ye. May we endeavor, day by day, to become pure in spirit, that we may send forth an influence of love and peace that will bless the world. May we have within the mortal veil the power supreme of angelic loved ones, who bear down from the crystal heights of heaven tokens and tidings of immortality, and as we struggle with our difficulties, surround him in the earthly tabernacle, raise his eyes upward, and behold the heavens crowned with the eternal stars, or look out upon the everlasting hills, or the countless ocean, and may be realize that the immortal is within him, and that the outward form and manifestation may change, yet the spirit liveth on forever, and in new forms and conditions still pursues its grand and mighty work, still guided by the light of the eternal truth, and still in the path of progress. May the knowledge sink deep into his soul that there is no such thing as death, but that only change is brought to the individual, in order to ripen and perfect his spirit, that the soul may be able to take upon itself new powers, new conditions, a new lease of life, that will afford it opportunities to expand, to unfold its innermost self in purity and beauty, reverence, and may we all, these earnest and blessed ones, who are embodied from physical life, feel deeply within our souls that we are one, united in harmony and fraternity of spirit, that the Eternal Father of Love and Wisdom recognizes each one of us, and that as his children and sisters, it is our duty to press forward, seeking for that coming time when love, harmony and peace shall sway the nations. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are prepared to consider your queries, Mr. Chairman.

Q.—(By B. F. C., New York.) Are there laws that control human action superior to the will of the individual?

A.—We understand that all life, including human life and action, is controlled by a superior law, which is beyond the supremacy of the individual. While it is true that the will of the individual does, to a large extent, govern and control his actions, yet it is also true, so far as observation and experience teach, that the individual will is subject to a higher law. Circumstances and conditions over which man has no control frequently sway his actions, so that he is unable to guide them himself as he desires. This, to our mind, indicates that there is a higher law operating upon the will of the individual. To our comprehension, all things in life are governed by a superior force, term it what you will.

Q.—(By Jane M. Mitchell, Turlock, Cal.) Why is it that some mediums exhibit an unnatural craving for spirituous liquors?

A.—We recognize nothing outside the domain of natural law; therefore, if a spiritual medium exhibits a morbid craving for intoxicating liquors, it indicates to us that he or she is either the victim of an acquired taste for such liquors, or that he or she is indulging the desire, the "craving" for intoxicating drinks, which hereditary desire has become awakened and brought into activity by surrounding conditions; or else he or she is under the influence of some spiritual intelligence, unfortunately enough to have become a victim to the love of intoxicating liquors. Either one or all of these reasons will do to explain the cause of a medium craving spirituous liquors. We know of no other.

Q.—Are efforts being made to bring to greater perfection the power of spirits to make themselves visible to mortals by the process known as materialization?

A.—Hundreds of spirits—most of them wise and intelligent, loving humanity, and desirous of elevating and educating mankind into the sphere of knowledge—are working in constant endeavor to perfect the various phases of mediumship, including that of materialization. As spirits who are in rapport with the physical conditions of material life acquire knowledge concerning chemical law and affinity, and attain power over matter, they will be able to perfect the phase of mediumship called materialization, as we prove to mortals beyond the shadow of doubt, and we are confident that some for the moment the material form, the object of which will be to establish a knowledge of the soul's immortality and conscious activity beyond the grave.

John Pierpont.

We presume that most Spiritualists are aware that the work of the spirit-world, as expressed through the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism, is not only directed toward the education of mortals into a knowledge of the laws of the spiritual life, but it is also directed toward spirits who are in need of education and elevation from adverse conditions in life. We presume that most Spiritualists realize in opening spiritual circles and establishing therein a medium who is to be controlled by various intelligences from another life than this of earth, that these circles should be convened for the purpose of assisting and benefiting spirits who are in need of education and elevation, because of circumstances which surrounded them in the mortal life, the effects of which cling to them unpleasantly, and which they are unable to cast aside. We understand that circles have been opened in many places in this country and elsewhere whose avowed purpose it is to assist such spirits in their return to mortal life, that they may be brought to the mediums and take control of their organism, in order to leave behind them, in this life, much of that unpleasantness, of that cloudy vapor which surrounds them, and debar them from progress in the spiritual world. We are also glad to understand that many mortals are actively engaged in giving welcome to such returning spirits, that they receive them kindly, converse with them intelligently, seek to point them to a higher mode of living than the one which they have hitherto known, and in many ways strive to direct the attention of the unfortunate or unhappy spirit to something higher, nobler, purer than it has before realized, and in some manner to provide these spirits with the requisite conditions to enable them to rise to a higher condition of happiness and growth.

In returning to this circle-room, we from day to day welcome and receive many such spirits of whom we speak, and although but few of them take control of the medium's organism, yet as they are brought here they receive strength and encouragement from the band of spirits engaged at this place. They receive magnetic strength to throw aside conditions which weigh upon them, and they receive memories which stir within them with pain and sorrow; to break away from those remembrances; from all those circumstances which

would bind them down to physical life, and debar them from seeking the companionship of angelic beings; while they also receive, from time to time, some knowledge or encouragement which they require, and thus they go forth happier and better for having come. Such spirits have turned us into, and we have found them expressing gratitude and sincere thanks for the reception which before was given them, and which they declare assisted them onward. And we have invariably found it to be the case, where any such spirit has been benefited, cheered or encouraged, that he or she has broken away from the unpleasant conditions of life, by making a good use of the lessons learned here, and in returning has brought some other friend who is in need of assistance; so they become messenger spirits, beneficent beings, because of their own experience sympathizing with others who are unfortunate, desiring to assist the needy and downcast.

These preliminary remarks I make for the reason that I have brought here to-day a spirit in whom I am greatly interested, whose organism I have controlled, in days past, to speak words of encouragement or of knowledge concerning the immortal life, which I have felt were needed by those with whom I came in contact; and I feel that it is a privilege and a pleasure to assist him to control this organism, in order that he may receive magnetic strength from the spirits gathered here.

We ask your sympathy for him, for we assure you that he will bring to you, by-and-by, a power that will strengthen the spiritual bonds which are existing between you of earth and those of the angel world. A loved and loving companion, who passed to the spirit-world a few years since, is waiting to receive, assist and strengthen this spirit, but he is unable to do so at the present hour, because of conditions emanating from physical life which surround him. It is partially to throw aside these conditions, to cast off the effects of the latter portion of his material life, that our friend is brought here, and also that he may be able to break away entirely from the material form, which to-day lies cold in death, to rise above earthly conditions and enter the spiritual realm.

While present, I wish to bring my kindly greetings and regards to my brother Wilder, who is present, and to assure him that his spirit-friends brought him here this afternoon to make use of his magnetism in pursuance of the work which is to be performed to-day. I would also assure him that the senior David Wilder, his father, desires me to bring his remembrances and love to his son, and assure him he is working early and late to disseminate that truth which he could not realize while on earth, but which has come to him with overflowing radiance since he has passed to the spiritual world. Having been to him so beautiful, as it has revealed the divinity within, he desires to extend it to all mankind, and is pursuing his work to the best of his ability in this direction. John Pierpont.

John H. Currier.

Our brother Pierpont has expressed a desire for me to take control of this organism and express myself to my mortal friends. I am pleased to do so, and yet I realize the limitations of my power, and I shall succeed I can understand, for I know that the conditions surrounding my spirit are not favorable for its expression through a mortal organism. I understand enough concerning the laws of spiritual control to realize that I can but imperfectly make my presence known to-day; and yet I am glad, very glad, to comply with any request of my friend Pierpont, for myself always bent to my comprehension, a beautiful spirit, whose delight and desire it is to assist humanity.

I bring no message concerning the spirit-world. What I have seen of it since departing from the body is but very little. I have beheld more of it while in the bodily form than I have since stepping outside, and I am not prepared to make any definite statement concerning it, except to say that it is a beautiful world, and I have not been able, until within the hour, to sever the connection binding my spirit to the mortal part; and were it not for the assistance of the good spirit-friends present, I should not at this moment be able to announce myself from this place.

I am not prepared to say that I regret the passage from the body, but I do not regret not returning to inhabit it again were the power given me to do so. I have cast it aside, and I am glad to be freed from it, for the conditions which at times assailed me were such I rejoice that they are—so far as my own will is concerned, if I understand myself—forever broken; and although the effects becloud my spirit, and I cannot behold the presence of the loved ones as readily as I desire, yet I believe that I will pass away in a short time for I shall work with my utmost will to bring this spirit. I will then be able to rejoice that I am a spirit.

To me death was a matter of rejoicing. I could not and did not believe that it could be a cause of sorrow to any intelligent, thinking mind; and in my own experience, though painful and severe, I am still glad to be able to say that death is a deliverer. It has brought me to and I accepted it. I courted it. I am glad to have been able to meet it as a friend.

I hope none other will be obliged to pass through the same condition that I am passing through at this time; but I suppose while humanity lives and has its pains, sufferings and weaknesses, while it yields to its temptations, various individuals will pass through such conditions, and even more than I have been able to experience to-day. Thus I hope that I may work—and I will make it so if possible—to assist such beings out of their unhappy condition into a brighter, broader sphere of being.

I send my greetings to all my friends. Tell them, please, that I shall be happy by-and-by to announce myself and communicate with them, and I feel sure that they will be able to announce myself to-day from the *Banner of Light* platform, and to control this little medium, whom I honor, because I realize that she is the mouthpiece of the angels.

So I would have my friends know that I am working in spite of the shadows and the darkness, and I shall work on, seeking to dispel them as I can, with the aid of the blessed ones beyond. Brother Grover is present, and desires his remembrances sent to all friends. John H. Currier.

John F. Fisk.

[To the Chairman.] I understand, sir, from the tenor of the remarks of the gentleman who has preceded me, that he has but recently passed to the other life. I am myself a new-comer into the spiritual ranks. I have but recently joined the great army of the mighty dead, and I am pleased to find that they are not dead, after all, but are indeed actively alive. I found myself so much stronger and better than I had been, long, long before passing out, that I felt to congratulate myself and others like me, and I am glad to return and announce myself to my friends, to say to them that I am not dead, that the weary, wasting hours of illness have only prepared me to enjoy and appreciate the life and strength and health that are brought to me in the world beyond. I suffered to a great extent; life's forces weakened gradually, until I was unable to retain them; the hold of the spirit was then loosened, and the mortal cast aside. If I had understood more of the spiritual, I would have been better able to understand these things, and to look forward with rapture to the life to come. As it is, I feel somewhat like a child, and perhaps may not be able to express myself as a thinking man, yet I hope that I will.

I passed forty years of life in the body, and underwent many experiences. I knew what it was to labor and to fight for the good cause. I was a soldier in the late war, a member of Company B, Thirty-sixth Regiment. I have met a few of my old comrades on the other side, and they have done more to initiate me into the secrets of the new life than has anyone else, for we have talked together. I have met dear ones whom I knew and loved in the past, and I am recapturing my health and strength, seeking to gain that which my being requires for its unfoldment.

I passed away, and it was really a passing away with me, gently and gradually, in the early days of August, of this summer. I have since that time been trying to make myself felt and recognized by friends in the body. I am told that after this I will succeed better; that I will gain power and strength by coming

here, and perhaps, by-and-by, I may gain an opportunity of manifesting to my friends in their private homes. This would please me very much.

Before the preparations made for laying away my body, I beheld the dear old flag that I had loved so well; the lovely flowers, blooming in beauty and fragrance, brought to my spirit happy thoughts, and caused it to blossom with grateful thanks to those friends who so kindly remembered me. I would express these thanks to each one, and assure them that the kindness they extended to me while in the form of the mortal remains, has been treasured up by my spirit, and I will ever possess it. I passed away from Franklin street, Melrose Highlands. John F. Fisk.

Daniel G. Taylor.

[To the Chairman.] For a long time, sir, a band of spirits have been seeking to manifest individually from this place; one would try at one time, and another at a later period, and yet none have succeeded in sending the message which they desired to send to one who was my companion in the body—Mrs. E. Taylor of "Chapin Home," New York City. At last I have been able to manifest. I shall not, perhaps, be able to speak all that I desire, and it is rather late for any one of us to come; yet I know that the experience will do me good, and I know that the friends who are yet in the body; some friend who will be able to understand why these things have not been brought forward before. I wish to say that the band is still working to develop that which it desires to have outwrought upon the earth; that we are not yet ready to explain these things, and we desire to say that to one who is in communication with us, who wishes to have these things given publicly, that the spirits declare that the time is not yet ripe for so doing; that by-and-by, when opportunities are given, the plans which have been laid in the spirit-world, that are to be unfolded here through mortal organisms, will be brought to the comprehension of mortals, but not at present; the time is not ready, and it is not ripe. By-and-by she will see why we so desire this.

I bring the love and sympathy of the friends who have encouraged and sustained, by their spiritual presence, the weak and feeble mortal form. They bring assistance and spiritual cheer for the interior being which is striving to express itself but cannot do so. By-and-by, impediments will be removed, and the spirit will be able to express its knowledge, understood more fully than it has done before.

Mary sends her best love; she is ever with you, and her presence and power are a sustaining force that guides you through many trials in life. She will come with greater power by-and-by, and give to you individually, apart from any other medium or spirit, a knowledge of those things that you wish; you will be able to express them under the work we so far forward, perhaps in humble ways, yet so that it will be of assistance and benefit to many. Daniel G. Taylor.

Susan H. Place.

Understanding somewhat, as I do, this law which I see in operation to-day, that a spirit who has recently passed to the higher life can free itself from physical weakness and pain, and other unpleasant conditions that surround it, by returning and coming into contact with beneficent spirits who are laboring for the good of humanity, I feel that I am able to do so. I am a spirit, and I am expressing myself, I can lay aside those things that impede its progress, and be able to rise above them. I return to-day—return, because I desire, as rapidly as possible, to free myself from the effects of the bodily weakness which wore upon me so long before I was called from the body. And although but a few days have elapsed since that period, since I beheld the faces of my dear ones, especially of him who passed one year ago, and who brought to me a spiritual influence that was sustaining and purifying, even though it could not heal the physical, yet I am here to send my love to my friends, to thank each one for every little attention, for all acts of kindness bestowed upon him and upon me.

We treasure them all, and they form a crown of glory for us in the spirit-world—one that brightens our lives and that we can never cast aside. We shall retain it all in our loving remembrance, and as we talk over the kindness and sympathy of friends, and realize how the spirit-world sustained and assisted us through many hours of trial, we will be ready to appreciate all that is brought to us in the immortal world, and to press forward in our endeavors to assist those who are needy, who are unfortunate from any cause, who will not remain to give any extended message. My great desire is to bear my love and thanks to my friends, and to assure them I will not forget them, and also to bear the loving remembrances of him who is with me, and to also assure each one that we will not be idle. Freed from the infirmities of the flesh, I will soon be able to go and do as I desire. I know, to cast aside all that would impede my progress in this direction, or to me down to old conditions, and then we will be ready to do all that we can for the enlightenment, encouragement and assistance, in some way, of those who are in need. Susan H. Place, of Cambridgeport, Mass.

James P. Carpenter.

[To the Chairman.] Will you be kind enough to say, sir, that James P. Carpenter, who belonged to Grove Hill, Page Co., Virginia, announced himself from this place. I was formerly known as Postmaster of that place, and I am now in the country, and there are many others yet in the body who knew me. I feel just like coming back to-day to speak, that my friends may understand I am not forever silent. It is over three years since I departed from the outside shell; but that is no reason that the inner kernel has been destroyed; on the contrary, it has been beating, taking root, and is now, I think, in a fair way for growth. I am not altogether comfortable in coming in this manner; I feel as though I had been somewhat shortened and cramped, and not as I would be had I possession of my own body; but all the same, I am right glad to be able to come back at all, and speak in any manner whatever. I reckon those friends who knew me will open their eyes in astonishment when they hear that one from the dead has come back; but I think it will do them good, after all; and if J. P. Carpenter, or some of his friends, will scatter my few words among those who knew me, I will take it very kindly of them.

I send them my greeting. Tell them I have found an occupation in the spirit-world—not in getting mail matter, but one that is congenial to me—as I am satisfied, so far as I have seen of the life beyond, that I am in a very good condition, and could not have bettered myself had I chosen the way. Therefore I am ready to shake hands with old friends and help them over the same road if they will give me the opportunity.

I will not take up any more of your time, Mr. Chairman, especially as I feel somewhat strange and unsettled. Much obliged, however.

James Faulkner.

I merely wish to say to my friends in New York that I am now ready to fulfill my promise to them. If they will sit quietly, as they have proposed to do, every Thursday evening, our spirit-friends will supply the conditions, so far as the spiritual goes, for affording them these opportunities of investigating Spiritualism, which they have so long desired. We ask of them, that they will comply with our request, hitherto received upon the material side, and be sure and allow no outsider in their circle—meet regularly, and be prompt in their attendance, and under no consideration, to remain away from the séance unless it be for some reason over which they have no control. We are now bringing forward our manifestations, for we have laid our wires and prepared the way. At first, what we may express by thought and feeble, in outward expression; that, of course, must be anticipated; but I know we will be able to give enough for our mortal friends to realize that they are receiving palpable manifestations from spirits—conscious, intelligent spirits. My friends are looking for some message from me, from this place, so I know they will receive what I have to give to-day. [To the Chairman.] You may announce me, if you please, as James Faulkner.

Jennie Sprague.

This circle, to-day, has been arranged almost expressly, I may say, for the benefit of spirits who have but recently passed from the body, and although two or three have manifested who cannot, properly speaking, be said to have just passed away, yet the principal ones who have controlled have only lately entered the spirit-world, and there are many present who have within a few weeks passed from the body. They are here to gain strength and assistance; the magnetism of the spirit-hand controlling this place assures a wish at this hour, and is stimulating them with new strength and power.

I cannot say that I have just passed from the body, for many long years have elapsed since I entered the spirit-world, a little child, and I have attained my growth and maturity in the eternal world, but I come to-day bringing one, a dear grandmother, who has but recently entered the eternal life. I come to speak for her, because she has no desire to speak for herself; she could not do so, did she wish, for she has not emerged from the conditions which pressed upon her before she left the body; weariness, pain, and the feeble effects of old age, (for she lived to be nearly one hundred years old) still press upon her to-day, to a certain extent, but she is gaining rest and strength. We have brought her here to-day to facilitate her progress, and to give her new power.

I wish to say to my dear mother, and to all in the body who are dear to this now ascended spirit, that she in a little time will be able to manifest to them, to express her love and her thanks for all the long years of attention and care bestowed upon her. Her desire is to assist and benefit them. She will, in a little while, be able to emerge from the conditions which surround her because of her newly acquired belief in the power of the spirit to manifest through mortality. She has been assisted by my dear grandfather and her loving children, who came to her, and have borne her away from the material life.

All send their love, all desire to be remembered. The work is going on and on. In a little time it will be felt and realized that the mundane affairs which are, while present, to bring the love and encouragement of spirits who are working earnestly for the benefit of humanity, to my mother, and to those associated with her, who are actively engaged in spreading the truth concerning immortal life. They bring their tidings of good cheer to hearts that are longing for knowledge of the future, and are seeking to manifest their knowledge, and will sink into the minds of mortals, and be productive of good for all coming time; the sphere of labor will be widened by-and-by, when the proper time arrives, but the influence which is now spread abroad is felt and understood by many. It is doing a good work. For the present, be content; by-and-by the harvest time will be shown to you, and you will be able to reap the reward of your labors. I am Jennie Sprague. I bring my message to my dear mother, Mrs. Maria B. Sprague, of Boston.

[Report of Public Séance held Sept. 22d, 1892.]

Questions and Answers.

Q.—Are all portions of the surface of the earth accessible to the approach of spirits, or do the magnetic conditions of some portions render them more accessible than others?

A.—From the knowledge which we have gained, we are prepared to state that all portions of the earth are easily accessible by some spirits. Certain spirits may be unable to manifest their presence at various portions of the earth, but other intelligences, further advanced, are able to manifest their presence at those places where the magnetic and electric forces operating at various portions of the earth are able to manifest their presence in any part of this planet, provided they have the material conditions necessary for doing so. We are taught that all portions of the universe are peopled by spirits, consequently all parts of the earth have spirits in close adjunct to them, which spirits will be enabled to manifest their presence, provided, as we have said, material conditions are favorable for their doing so, the magnetic and electric currents operating upon and above the earth's surface having nothing to do with this.

Q.—(By Esther, New York.) What course should one pursue in order to become an efficient worker in the cause of Spiritualism?

A.—The best course to pursue to further the cause of Spiritualism, is to live in harmony with the teachings of the spiritual world; to make the best possible use of whatever means you have to spread the truth; to sustain your Lyceums, not only by your presence but by pecuniary assistance; to give freely whatever light you may possess upon the subject of immortality to those who are prepared to receive it; to manifest your presence, to maintain your vigilance in discussing the question, as well as all others pertaining to it, at all times and under all circumstances; living such a life as will show your fellows that the philosophy which you accept—the knowledge which you profess to hold—concerning the future and the destiny of the soul is a true and noble one. Seek to impress upon your neighbors the grand truth that the life beyond is continuous, and that as a man lives in the body, so shall he come into the spirit-world; as he sows, so shall he reap the result of his actions in the higher life; live so that your neighbors will exclaim of you, "He is a Spiritualist, and is proud to own it; his works and his life prove such a religion to be a grand and noble one."

Q.—(By A. J. F.) If disembodied spirits can control spirits of the body?

A.—An individual in the body who possesses a strong, positive will, and a general knowledge of psychological law, will be enabled to control a spirit out of the body who is sensitive, susceptible to magnetic influences, negative, provided that spirit is not taken under the charge of an exalted intelligence, possessing the ability to manifest his power to that being who is in control of the body. The individual in the body who is sensitive to the superior intelligence would perceive that the spirit was to be governed and controlled by the embodied individual for an unwise purpose. Under such conditions he of the higher life would deem it his duty to take that sensitive, negative spirit under his control. It is more difficult for an individual in the form of a spirit to control a spirit in the body than it is for a spirit to control a mortal organism; for the reason that it is difficult for the embodied individual to determine the precise locality of the spirit at any given time; but by sending out all the positive will-power of his nature, and concentrating it upon any one spirit, he may be able to, and probably would, govern and control the actions of that spirit for a certain length of time.

Rev. Joseph D. Pierce.

The good seed that is sown in darkness and under seemingly adverse conditions germinates and grows forth its powers of growth; so the body that is "born in corruption" gives forth the spiritual counterpart, which is born into the realm of light and beauty. The soul, springing from the body laid away, gains power and strength to press forward, to grow in activity and knowledge, until it becomes like unto the higher ones in the angelic world; so we find these lessons are brought to our souls in order that we may acquire instruction, in order that we may become like unto them in our spiritual growth, and raise our heads upward toward the realm of wisdom and of truth.

Sixty-five years I labored in the body. I sought to disseminate truth as I understood it. I now know that it came to me only in feeble, flickering gleams; what I then thought was the entire radiance of the grand light, I now know to have been but a feeble reflection. As I press onward in the spiritual world, seeking to expand my spirit, so that it will understand and reflect more and more of the glories of truth and knowledge, I find that I understood not the half of the soul's destiny and welfare. I understand but little concerning it now; but as I know I did not realize the truth while in the body, I feel it to be my duty to raise my voice in regard to this subject, for it presses upon my spirit.

I return here to announce my presence, as best I can, and to say to my friends and those whom I looked upon as my followers in days past, that there is a grand and mighty truth awaiting the acceptance of humanity—a truth concerning the eternal life of man. It may be brought to you in dreams; you may perceive it by glimpses only; yet you seek to investigate and understand, your spiritual eyes will be

come opened and you will be able to perceive as more clearly than ever before. Such lessons as have been received in the past, such truths as have appeared to your innermost being, I would have you observe. I would have you cling to all that is of assistance to your spirit, that quickens your growth, that gives you power to work out the noblest attributes within you. I would also have you seek for something higher and better, that will elevate you spiritually and physically, that will bring you up from old conditions into higher and brighter ones, that will, in fact, broaden your perceptions, so that they will not be narrowed to a small portion of the sphere of life, but may be widened, and widened until you can take in, not only those things that surround you, but a knowledge of life as it is, for humanity at large; also a comprehension of the starry life beyond the "valley of the shadow of death."

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven." By this, I mean, not let your acts be widely spread abroad, for self-adulation or emolument, but set a good example that may be seen and appreciated by your fellows. See to it that you are earnestly to live upright lives, to be honest, just in dealing with one another at all times, to follow the "Golden Rule"—"Do unto others as ye would have them do to you"; so will your light shine; it will be a living example unto others; men will point to you as one who follows the Master's teachings, who tries to do right, to live right, while the plaudits and encouragements of angels will follow, to encourage you to persevere in these things so as to express them more clearly through this foreign organism; yet a perception of them has come to me, from day to day, and I feel it is my duty to return and speak, to give my testimony concerning the life of the spirit—that it is a real one, an active one, one that is conscious.

I remember the past days of my earthly existence, and at times, as memories flow across my spirit, I feel, Oh! that I could return and with silvery tones exclaim to my friends, "Ye know not whither ye are going; ye realize not the true life that lies beyond the veil." I would ring into their souls the injunction, "Be true to yourselves! This is your first duty; be true to the highest, noblest attributes and impulses within your souls; listen to the voice of conscience that speaks that speaks of duty, whatever the cost. As you travel on from day to day, over the up-hill road of life, bearing your burdens, although they may be heavy and weigh upon you, you may lift up your heads toward the glowing sky and feel, as you dare to do right, as you sow the seed of noble endeavor here, that you will receive full fruition in the eternal world; you, though clouds obscure the sky, yet the golden rays of glory shine; so the approval of loved ones gone before still smiles upon you from the world beyond. Then endeavor to do right, and there will be no need to fear concerning the future life, for it is a life of activity, of beauty, of glory and of achievement for every earnest, struggling, faithful soul."

I passed away from the body, as you Spiritualists call the death change, about the middle of November, 1880. I was afflicted by an acute disease, a complicated one, which seemed to be congestion of the lungs, attended with fever. The struggling spirit had not the power to retain its hold upon the body; yet I am glad to feel myself free, to know that I have escaped from the bonds of flesh, and have entered the land where I may put forth my powers, and know that they will be used for the benefit of those who will come to every earnest, studious soul, and the knowledge thus derived is not such as we have to cast aside in the future. I belonged in North Attleboro, Mass. I was known as Rev. Joseph D. Pierce.

Lyman S. Todd.

I feel very much interested in the spirit who has just preceded me, for he seems to be one who is earnest, who is anxious to learn what he can concerning the spiritual life. He is like one surrounded by new scenes, and in a strange country—he has hardly learned, as yet, to adapt himself to the conditions that knowledge, which he has gained, is giving him advice, which he is anxious to follow. He is like one who has entered the world of causes ignorant concerning its location and conditions, in fact, of all pertaining to it, and have watched with interest their manifestations of surprise, astonishment, disapproval or pleasure, as the case might be. I have found fully as many disappointed and displeased, as I have men of those who were made happy, and were ready to rejoice at the change.

It was only recently that I observed the entrance of a spirit into the higher life. He was a very good, earnest, simple-minded individual, or seemed to be, but he had passed all his life on earth in entertaining the old religious ideas; he had never used his reason, or questioned the ideas and opinions that had been presented to him by his parents, teachers and friends; when he came to the spirit-world and looked about him, he could not understand why he was so conditioned. He was bewildered for a time, and did not believe he had passed from the body; he thought that during his sleep he had been transported to some distant part of the earth. When he became convinced that he had indeed entered the spirit-world, he said to the individual who was giving him advice, "And you tell me this is the spirit-world—that I have passed through the change called death, and that I am to live here for the future?"

The spirit replied: "Yes, that is true; the body is dead, has passed through the change called death, and your spirit has been loosened from the bonds of flesh and conveyed to this other world, where you are to reside in these conditions for a season."

The new-comer could not realize, understand, or approve of the proceeding at all. "And you tell me I am not to find my Saviour?"

The spirit replied: "No, you will not see the Nazarene, unless you enter the sphere of holiness in which he dwells."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you must become humble, like a little child, ready to deny yourself, pleasures and gratifications, in order to bless and assist others, to bestow upon your neighbors—those who are in need—whatever you may have for the enjoyment of yourself, to be humble and lowly, and seek to be pure in spirit."

"I do not understand anything of the kind, and I do not believe what you tell me," the spirit replied. Consequently he was left to himself for a time, seeking after his condition. This seems to me to be a very good illustration to behold the face of the Father, and listening to the advice of none who came around him.

You may imagine that his condition was one of sadness and perplexity. He is still under the cloud with which these things surround him, and for a time will be obliged to remain in that depressing condition. By-and-by he will perceive that these things are true and real, although undoubtedly he will want to deny them a time with believing that if he makes the best of the condition now brought to him, he will eventually pass to a higher plane of being, where he will commune with his Saviour, and behold the face of our Father. So I feel to help every spirit in like condition, and bring them back to such a place as this, and give them a little experience, by assisting them to control a medium. This seems to me to be a very good illustration to behold the face of the Father, and listening to the advice of none who came around him.

I was very much interested in the question, "What course should one pursue to become an efficient worker in the cause of Spiritualism?" and I agreed with what your spirit chairman said in regard to that subject. It seems to me there is more to be said; it seems to me that Spiritualists are not sufficiently awake to the vital interests of their cause. If they only rouse themselves, and look to their own

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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.

CHILDREN'S DAY.—On Friday afternoon, October 20th, our Public Free Circle will be devoted exclusively to spirit children, who are anxious to send messages to their parents or other loved ones.

The War on Mediums.

Some people build wiser than they know, and others, in seeking to pull down, are unconsciously helping on the work of construction. There are few master-builders, the bulk of us workers, including even the best, being but apprentices. Whatever the apparent result of our work, we can trust to the divine plan. The present war upon Mediums is by no means to result, therefore, according to the designs of those who are engaged in waging it. Of course it is to eventuate only in good, though very far from the expectations of those who are carrying it on. What is wantonly malicious in this concerted act of assault will fall of its purpose, because it will be directed into right instead of wrong channels. The intention to break down mediums will be thwarted by invisible power and turned only into an agency for their good. But it never can be a consolatory thought with these plotters of mischief that their work has finally injured none but themselves.

In a very just and timely article on the subject, *The Spiritual Offering*, published at Ottumwa, Iowa, asserts with truth that "never since the first communication made glad the heart of mortal, has there been such a determined and persistent attempt to destroy Spiritualism as the movement known as the war upon Mediums; nor could efforts in any other direction have proved as detrimental; for mediumship is the chief corner-stone of Spiritualism. If that be destroyed, the avenues between the two worlds would be closed, and a knowledge of the phenomena which has rescued millions from belief in supernaturalism, and others from the cheerless thought of annihilation, would in time become inoperative and relegated to the realm of legendary lore." *The Offering* says that the enemies of Spiritualism well understand this, and "their shameful misrepresentations and diabolical treatment of mediums is designed to destroy confidence in mediumship, close the hearts and homes of Spiritualists against the only instruments the spirit-world can employ, and force them to abandon their high calling."

It appears precisely as if certain dissatisfied and constitutionally unhappy persons were angry because Spiritualism is beyond the reach of their arbitrary and irresponsible control. They seem to prefer to have no Spiritualism unless they can dispense it themselves. Hence they seek by every method known to the ingenuity of malice to drive out of the field all prominent mediums for phenomenal manifestations, and to work upon others by sheer intimidation to such an extent that they shall not dare to give the public the benefit of their mediumistic power. In this way they hope to get rid altogether of trance and inspirational mediums. And what do these persons who are engaged in waging such a war expect to gain from it? It is clearly a work of intended destruction in the first place; but the ulterior purpose is a selfish and ambitious one. What spiritual results could possibly be reached, if such a purpose were to be allowed its full gratification? How much better would the world be off in respect to its spiritual condition than it is now?

This war on the mediums is, beyond all question, the first danger which now seriously threatens mediums. Its first result will be the loss of the public confidence in them, which will inevitably injure their health and shorten their lives, then prevent the development of other mediums, and finally bring on the decay of general interest and a rapidly spreading stagnation. Therefore do we echo the ringing words of *The Spiritual Offering*: "Let all true Spiritualists stand like a wall of fire between mediums and their deadly foes." For these foes are indeed deadly and desperate. They mean to extirpate the last traces of mediumship, leaving it rather a tradition than a memory. For some unexplained reason they seem to think the phenomena the worst foes that Spiritualism has; as if one were to denounce and discard the alphabet out of which the language is wholly made. They treat mediumship as if it were the worst enemy that Spiritualism could have; whereas but for mediumship Spiritualism would never have been known as a new revelation to the world.

This war on the mediums is the open and direct war on Spiritualism. There is another form of the war, which is indirect and not much calculated to excite suspicion. It is the rather undemonstrative attempt, as *The Offering* proceeds to state, "to force it (Spiritualism) into the channels of Christianity, and by destroying its distinguishing characteristics, make it appear like a branch of the decaying tree of theology." For thirty-four years, adds *The Offering*, Spiritualism has been proclaiming principles diametrically opposed to the church; hence to Christianize it would be to annihilate it. We would ourselves prefer to put it in this way: that Spiritualism is capable of imparting a wholly new and larger life and meaning to Christianity, and therefore need not assert itself, and not fear what ecclesiastical interpretation and authority can do. There is little doubt, nevertheless, that ex-priests "would use Spiritualism to galvanize its lifeless forms and useless ceremonies"; but that they never can do, if Spiritualists themselves appreciate and enforce the full meaning of their own revelation through mediumship.

That was an admirable statement of the work projected for Spiritualism to do, which appeared in the message of a spirit through Dr. Slade, and which we published in our last week's issue. We cannot do better than to reproduce it in its pertinent parts:

"The friends of this new truth—revealed by the light of heaven, or, rather, by those old truths made glorious by human progress, extending till it has reached the horizon of higher spheres—are only required to put in practice the truths which you see and feel and know. You are not expected to wage war against the society in which you live. You cannot hope to succeed by trampling under your feet those laws which have been placed over you in good faith. My friends, let it be your work to erect a temple of sympathy and love, through which angels can descend to cheer and gladden the hearts of humanity. Thus, not out of society, but in its very midst, must be carried on the work of reform; and side by side with the selfish combinations of material interests must be formed an association more natural, more spiritual, and more attractive, which will guarantee to each and all the right to labor, thereby securing to all a common interest and a common end. Nature reveals to us the high and holy principles which are best adapted to redeem the human race."

True Spiritualists everywhere will work in close association for the great end above proposed. They certainly will not turn and rend the innocent agents through whom so much has been accomplished already. They will not heed the sneers of those who now affect contempt for the phenomena, nor the ambitious appeals of those who see in the new revelation to man an opportunity to temporarily push themselves into places where they may be seen. The best test of the real acceptance of truth is its acceptance in genuine humility. Self-abnegation is the surest proof of the faith that includes conviction. Therefore phenomenal Spiritualism is to be held fast by the end, and all approaching influences are to be discarded that suggest self rather than sacrifice, and ambition rather than worship.

Death and the Beyond.

We find an interesting article in that comparatively new magazine, *Wilford's Microcosm*, published in New York, in discussion of the question—"Does Death End All?"—in the course of which there is to be met very much of what Spiritualism teaches and of what Spiritualists know to be true. The *Microcosm* shows a just appreciation of the importance of such a question as it asks by remarking at the outset that "no other question so deeply interests mankind individually and personally" as this one, and that "no intelligent man or woman of the countless millions who have lived and died upon this earth has approached the final change without seriously asking the same question." Philosophers and religionists, it adds, have for thousands of years striven chiefly to give a definite and satisfactory answer to this question, and to establish such a system of intelligent belief as would convince persons of ordinary intellects that there is as much a real hereafter to humanity beyond the night of death as there is a real to-morrow beyond the setting of the sun to-day.

But the editor of the *Microcosm* thinks that thus far all efforts to establish such a system of belief, based on facts or other rational considerations, have failed—perhaps not wholly, but to the extent of absolutely satisfying inquiring minds. He asserts that the present state of existence would be a very different thing from what it now is, if we could know positively that when this body dies, "that which animates it will immediately awaken in another life with a spiritual body, clothed upon with spiritual vestments, and surrounded by a real spiritual environment as tangible to the soul as is the present environment to the bodily senses." This, however, is not so. We do know that the spirit of mortal, when freed from its earthly tenement, awakens in another life with a spiritual body. And yet the present state of existence is nowise changed by the fact or by a knowledge of the fact. Why should it be? Because it is given to man to know more to-day than he knew yesterday, it does not follow at all that his enlargement of knowledge changes his human nature.

Still the *Microcosm* asks, as if it could not endure to let the question go unanswered—"Is it possible in this life to acquire such a practical assurance of a real existence beyond the present, independent of the ordinary channels of religious faith, as to make the future state a matter of business consideration, as we would anticipate the coming spring-time and prepare for its duties and enjoyments when this winter of our discontent shall have passed away?" He is obliged to confess that the Father of our spirits originally intended that we should possess and enjoy while here such a degree of assurance, as our chief and legitimate inheritance. And we are glad to tell him that Spiritualism gives to such an assurance the needed proof and demonstration. The mystery is already out and the secret is told. If the editor of the *Microcosm* will investigate in the same worshipful spirit in which he inquires, he will not fail to return from his quest with all the evidences of immortality which he so much desires to possess.

He is sufficiently reasonable to admit that a lack of actual personal experience in relation to a future state of conscious being does not necessarily detract from the evidence in its favor, or take from the undoubted assurance which we may rationally entertain of such a hereafter. And he expresses his belief "that the time has at last arrived in the world's philosophical and scientific progress when man may absolutely know, in a most important sense of that word, that the present life is not, in the very nature of things, all there is of or for us; and that the Power that created and placed us here, with the countless evidences of Intelli-

gent design manifest in our marvelous vital, mental, and physical organizations, and everywhere witnessed in our relations to the environment, contemplated more by such existence than to mock human intelligence and to stultify all ideas of Divine wisdom which man is capable of forming." On that broad and firm basis it is proposed to proceed with the investigation. It is just what all thoughtful persons should do. We are sure that it can lead to but one result—the same which Spiritualism has for more than an entire generation proclaimed triumphantly to the world.

"The Crisis Reached"—No "Ecumenical Councils" for Spiritualism.

In another column we have adverted to the present wide-spread attack upon the Spiritualist mediums, and to the eloquent words of the *Spiritual Offering* on this topic. It would seem painfully manifest that this determined onslaught is not confined to the United States, but seems to be urged on wherever the cause has obtained a hold upon the public attention; and, what will appear the strangest feature of the case to the student, in years to come, the worst enemies and the fiercest calumniators which the angel-appointed ministers of the New Dispensation have to encounter are among those who call themselves Spiritualists.

We have placed over this article the significant words: "The Crisis Reached," and have added to them an expression of our own views. The quoted phrase is from the editorial heading of the leader in the last London *Light*, and what follows therein indicates that the editor of that paper has reached a position from which he would be pleased—if he could so arrange it—to take a "new departure." If one may judge by the language of that editorial, and the phrases made use of by correspondents in the same issue who claim to endorse its position, the same relentless war has also of late been inaugurated in England against "professional mediums," "dark circles," and the phenomenon of materialization. In consequence of the "Miss Wood" and other cases, London *Light* has appealed through a circular to its readers to suggest "conditions," etc., etc., after the true church method—indeed, Prof. Barrett, on receiving a copy of the "official" circular, remarks that "it would be most desirable to call a sort of Ecumenical Council" in the premises.

As the fruit of this appeal-by-circular, some sixty ladies and gentlemen have been led to address letters longer or shorter to the editor of *Light*, in which every variety of opinion is expressed, from the astonishing declaration by M. A. (Oxon), who (rather rashly, it seems to us) puts himself on record as follows: "I would abolish the cabinet as a pest-house of deceit," and who proclaims that "the only test worth countenancing is a clear view of the medium during the whole séance, and, of course, in light sufficient for exact observation," to the manly protest of William Eglinton, who sums up the whole matter of human interference with the work of the spirits in the following pregnant words, which are worthy of being inscribed in letters of gold:

"I AM ENTIRELY OF OPINION THAT IF WE GRANT THE EXISTENCE OF AN AGENCY EXTERNAL TO THE MEDIUM, AND BY THE EFFORTS OF WHICH WE HOPE TO MAKE CONVERTS, WE HAVE NO RIGHT TO IMPOSE OUR CONDITIONS, WHETHER OF LIGHT OR DARKNESS, CABINET OR NO CABINET, WITHOUT THE MAJORITY OF INSTANCES CONSULTING THE VIEW OF THE SAID AGENT. THIS LATTER ESSENTIAL I BELIEVE TO BE THE ONLY TRUE METHOD OF HARMONIC INVESTIGATION."

The present attack on dark circles and cabinet manifestations is simply ridiculous, and must appear so to those of our readers who have had any experience in attending spiritual séances. Speaking as one individual in the mass, and from our own personal experience, we declare, unhesitatingly, that some of the most astonishing phenomena known to the history of the cause in America have been presented at the dark circles of Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain, Mrs. Maud E. Lord, et al, and the cabinet séances of the Davenportes, Laura V. Ellis, and other mediums. The most determined skeptics have to our own knowledge attended such séances, and have come away thoroughly convinced of the utter honesty of the mediums, and the absence of any attempted deception on their part, even if not convinced of the truth of spirit power operating to produce what they have seen. Yet, if we understand the pronunciamento of our English brethren, it is such circles as these that they would put a stop to, and such cabinets as these upon whose forever-closed doors they would set the seal of pseudo-scientific or would-be respectable condemnation.

We have just said that in the light of the past history of the cause in America—and we have no doubt the same is true of English Spiritualism—this attack at this late day upon two orders of the phenomena which have accomplished so much to disseminate a knowledge of spirit-power over material things, is simply ridiculous—and no matter by whom made we are content to stand by that characterization of the act, and take the consequences.

As for "professional," "paid mediums," against whom so much empty cant finds expression in the English spiritualistic press, we are at a loss to know just what is meant. Here in America the fact is generally acknowledged that those who are mediums in the full sense of the word, as regards development and fitness for the work, must of necessity be "professional," as the state of their peculiar makeup is such that a person fitted for a good medium is in nine cases out of ten unfitted for other duties; such person is of a delicate, sensitive, spirit-aided development (if we may be allowed the expression), which is the furthest from fitness to contend with the disturbing elements which are the outcome of sustained manual or other labor, and therefore of necessity makes use of his or her development as a means of support. Again, the experience of the majority of our most celebrated media in the past has been that a knowledge of their gifts at the outset reaching the public has brought to them such a stream of visitors as to gradually render due attention to ordinary business impossible, so that in self-defense they were obliged to abandon their secular pursuits and attach themselves permanently to the work for which such a demand demonstrably existed. Are the English mediums, then, so different in their nature from their American brethren that they must be condemned for doing likewise? And if not, is not the apothegm of the Nazarene, as applicable to them as to any other class of employment looking toward an honest livelihood: "the laborer is worthy of his hire?"

We are aware that the battle for Spiritualism must be hottest in a country where, as in England, conservatism in Church and State holds

supreme sway; and we endeavor to make due allowance (but perhaps cannot, because of the comparative freedom on religious matters extant in democratic America) for the great sensitiveness which divers adherents of the cause, who have a certain social standing to maintain in the domain of caste, manifest when some of those mysterious, perhaps in a material sense questionable, occurrences take place at séances, which after-experience almost universally demonstrates to have been the legitimate outcome of the conditions then and there existing. But exercising all the charity at our command, we yet feel to protest against this general *sauve qui peut* which seems to have been sounded by *Light*, and to be echoed in panic-stricken tones by many whom we have heretofore thought grounded in the faith beyond peradventure of what any mortal might say or do against the mediums or the cause they profess to love. Halt! gentlemen, and rally! this is no time to flinch and fly either before the attacks of outside enemies, or the doubts which the timid among you seek to awaken in your souls! The spirit-world has the course of the movement in hand in England as well as in America, and all around the globe; and it will yet "cause the wrath" of the "exposer" and the keen denunciations of the Pharisee, wherever residing, "to praise" it, as coming years bring in the certain victory over all its foes!

A New Theory of Life.

A new theory of considerable interest has been advanced by Rev. Ed. C. Towne, a gentleman well known as a deep thinker and a liberal and progressive speaker, more especially in this locality as the successor of Rev. John Pierpont to the platform of a religious society in Medford. The theory is, that all life, in both animals and plants, is due to atom charges of electricity carried into the living system by the oxygen of respiration; life not being at all the result of the properties of protoplasm, but of oxygenic electrification of the protoplasm; that the natural course of electrical action in protoplasm establishes functions and creates structures to correspond to function; that variations arise from the influence of the environment upon electrically conditioned reproductive germs or embryonic forms, and give the true origin of species, not by means of natural selection, as Darwinism teaches, but by a vastly easier and more rapid and efficient method of natural creation. These views ignore the protoplasmic theory of the basis of life, and of the minor theories of Darwinism, but confirm and greatly strengthen the main doctrine of evolution.

Mr. Towne has prepared three lectures in elucidation of his theory. Taking the statement of Prof. Helmholtz, in his Faraday lecture last year, before the Chemical Society in London (in which he adopted the view of the renowned Swedish chemist, Berzelius, that atoms are in a state of electric charge), that "the quantity of electricity with which the atoms appear to be charged is exceedingly high," Mr. Towne proceeds to show that in all protoplasmic forms in which life appears, whether animal or plant, the vital state and vital motions are due to the charge and currents of electricity brought in from without by the oxygen atoms on which all life is found to depend.

The Influence of Suspicion.

On another page of this issue will be found an epitome of the case of Miss Wood, concerning whose medial gifts the latest story of the professional "fraud-hunters" has been raised in the British Isles. In introducing the narrative we very briefly refer to what has been said regarding the effect of hypercritical sitters at a séance upon both the medium and the resultant phenomena. We here subjoin additional testimony in support of the views we have frequently expressed fully in the past, and have on the present occasion merely outlined:

The editor of the London *Psychological Review*, who has been supposed to be largely in sympathy with that class of investigators who clamor for subjecting mediums to rigid and "crucial tests," as the only condition of obtaining trustworthy spirit-manifestations, in his issue for September gives as follows his opinion—which every experienced investigator will endorse—of the results of this harsh and unsympathetic method:

"One essential of success is harmony. That, I venture to say, can never be arrived at when the 'bolt and bar and sticking-plaster' method of investigation is adopted, nor in an atmosphere which is full of nothing but suspicion. The sitters are suspicious of the medium, so they tie her and secure her in various ways. The medium's mind is thus unsettled, and a distrust of the sitters engendered, so she wants the sitters tied also, viz., each to hold his neighbor—the medium, poor thing, seeing that that is the most she can hope to accomplish. And so the thing goes drearily on, medium and sitters in antagonism one to the other. Is not the whole thing a farce? What can be expected under such conditions? I confess, I do not wonder that the law of 'like attracting like' holds good, and from suspicion you get nothing but suspicious results. Is any other result possible?"

In another column will be found an excellent communication from Dr. Shellamer in favor of the Children's Spiritual Lyceums, to which we call special attention. These Lyceums should be sustained peculiarly. We understand the Shawmut Lyceum is in need of funds, therefore any pecuniary assistance which the friends of the spiritual cause may be disposed to bestow upon it will be thankfully received by us, and acknowledged in the columns of the *Banner*.

W. J. Colville recently delivered four lectures in Elgin, Ill., with great acceptance. At the close of the series he held a reception, which was attended by a large number of prominent citizens, all of whom were intensely interested and greatly instructed by answers to questions occupying an entire hour. Mr. C.'s Indian control, "Winona," also gave character-readings of various individuals to the satisfaction of all present.

George A. Fuller writes us: "While at Sunapee Lake, N. H., I had a very interesting experience with Mr. A. W. S. Rothermel, which convinced me of the genuineness of his manifestations. Having received independent writing in his presence, I took pains to test the matter by means of psychometry, with the very best results."

MORAL EDUCATION.—The announcement of Dr. J. R. Buchanan's new book, which will be found on the seventh page of this number of the *Banner of Light*, sets forth the fact that this important work has now made its appearance in print, and may be had at our Bookstore.

C. F. Pidgcon, whose remarkable mediumship we referred to in a recent issue of this paper, has changed his address from 278 to 268 North Alabama street, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Deluge Left Out!

The Rev. Robert Collyer in the course of a recent address on "The Saratoga Convention," (Unitarian) told, amid the smiles of his hearers, the following anecdote related by Dr. Carpenter, one of the delegates from England—the story being illustrative of the hopeful and widespread progress in "Biblical" ideas now going on in that country:

Dr. Carpenter said that many years ago a new encyclopedia was to be published in Great Britain. "The Deluge" was one of the topics to be described as a specialty, and it was assigned to an eminent scientific man. He treated the theme with all the freedom of modern science, and the revisers found his article so far out of the orthodox range of opinion that they feared to use it. Announcement was therefore made that a description of the deluge would be found under the heading of "Noah," to be issued later on. The subject was then assigned to another writer. But he, too, was of scientific leanings, and his remarks on Noah and the deluge were too bold and free for the Committee on Revision, and were quietly discarded. A second announcement was made that the long expected essay on the deluge and Noah would be embraced under a later heading, and measures were taken that the subject should be treated this time in a dull, orthodox, and untrue, but eminently safe manner. But the third essay was no more satisfactory than its predecessors; for the writer, despite all the instruction and caution he had received from the Revision Committee, insisted upon being original and new. Four attempts in all were thus made to have the theme written up from the Committee's standpoint, but without success. Finally the encyclopedia came out without one word, from its first page to its last, about the deluge.

Mrs. A. H. Colby at Horticultural Hall.

The eloquent trance speaker Mrs. Amella H. Colby occupied the platform of the Boston Spiritual Temple at this place Sunday, October 8th, both morning and evening, and her sound logical reasonings enlisted the profound attention—and elicited the sincere satisfaction—of all who enjoyed the privilege of listening—and the number of these sufficed to fill the hall.

In the morning her remarks treated of the general growth of Spiritualism; in the evening she gave a trenchant discourse having for its object a review of the current creeds, and a demonstration (as far as time would permit) of their inherent improbability.

Mrs. Colby speaks from the same platform Sunday, October 15th, at 10:30 A. M. (on which occasion she will continue the consideration of her last Sunday night's theme), and at 7:30 P. M. The public are cordially invited.

The city of Chicago and a doctor named Junius M. Hall have been sued by William F. Schmidt for \$5000 damages. Schmidt says that he is the father of several children, among whom are two girls, twins, nine years old. In January last, his wife, under his direction, went with the children to the La Salle school to have them admitted. The principal refused to admit them unless they procured a certificate from some physician that they had been vaccinated within seven years. Dr. Hall, then in the employ of the Health Department as assistant physician, refused to give her a certificate unless the children were vaccinated. She objected strongly to this, but rather than have the children kept out of school she finally succumbed, and the children were re-vaccinated. In a few days their arms began to swell, ugly sores made their appearance, and the twins were made sick for five months by the vaccination-poison, and were compelled to stay out of school.

The Rev. Minot J. Savage addressed his congregation at the Church of the Unity, Boston, Sunday morning last, on "The Newspaper—Its Good and Its Evil"—dealing with the uses and abuses of the press. After summing up the good and evil which might be ascribed to the work of the papers of the day, he stated it, in effect, as his conviction that while an improvement in public opinion was needed to remove the temptation to reprehensible practices in some directions, in the main "the modern newspaper is preaching our gospel and doing our work, for, true to its functions, it cannot help preaching the gospel, first of intelligence and then of the public good, which means, translated into biblical phrase, the gospel of everlasting righteousness."

Prof. Henry Kiddle, of New York, who is doing a good work in the cause of Spiritualism, was in town the present week. He attended our free circle meeting and expressed himself highly gratified with the result, saying its establishment was unquestionably of great importance, not only to mortals, but immortals, the latter finding an avenue open whereby they could manifest their presence according to their capacity to do so, while the former had thereby gained a knowledge that their deceased friends and relatives still live. The Professor had agreeable interviews with Dr. Charles Main, the veteran medium and healer, as well as with other mediums in the city—an account of which he will probably give in these columns at a future day. We hope so, at least.

THE INSTITUTE FAIR.—The attendance on this choice exhibition of the Industrial Arts has been steadily on the increase of late, and on Saturday, Oct. 7th, (day and evening), the number of its visitors reached figures variously estimated by the daily press at from twenty to twenty-five thousand persons. Good music, the splendid lights, the fine pictures, the wonderful displays of human ingenuity, etc., combine to make this noble building on Huntington Avenue, Boston, an honor to the city, and a resort to omit visiting which will entail upon the person so failing a loss of opportunity that will bring forth regret in coming time. The Fair will continue in session till Nov. 1.

At East Braintree, Mass., the regular course of meetings commenced last Sunday, the 8th, the platform being occupied by Mrs. Carrie F. Loring. The lectures of the afternoon and evening, we are informed, were listened to with a great degree of interest; excellent tests of spirit-presence being at the same time given. Next Sunday, Oct. 15th, Mrs. Cella M. Nickerson, of Cambridgeport, will conduct the services.

By an announcement on the twelfth page, present issue, it will be seen that Colby & Rich, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, have on sale a new pamphlet by Dr. J. M. Peebles, entitled "INGENIOUSLY OR CHRISTIANITY—WHICH?" Dr. Peebles informs us that it will be speedily followed by a brochure treating the query: "INGENIOUSLY OR SPIRITUALISM—WHICH?"

Mrs. J. R. Ploker, the materializing medium, will hold séances on Saturday and Tuesday evenings, October 14th and 17th, at 37 East Concord street, Boston. See card in another column.

Written for the Banner of Light.

HOPE AND SORROW.

BY GRACE LORROW.

I said she was a gay deceiver,
With smiles that lured but to betray;
I said I would no more believe her,
I drove her from my heart away.

Too oft, alas! I'd paused, elated,
To listen to her silvery speech,
Which told of joys that for me waited—
But they were ever out of reach!

"But just beyond—sure, I could grasp them!"
Her siren tones were full of cheer;
But just as I was fain to clasp them,
The blessings were no longer near!

Off in the distance, fast receding,
Leaving behind but woe and pain;
While Hope, herself, smiling unheeding,
Still mocked me with her gay refrain.

I said: "Away, false siren! leave me;
And walk no longer by my side;
Out of my life! no more deceive me;
I'll seek a better, truer guide."

Like some sweet dream's alluring vision,
She vanished from my sight away;
No more I looked on joys elysian,
That, mocking, smiled but to betray.

I turned, and lo! there stood beside me
A being with sad, pitying eyes;
"Come now," said she, "and I will guide thee
Unto thy home beyond the skies."

"Thy name?" I asked. She said, "'Tis Sorrow:
I sing for thee no dulcet lays;
But each sad day and each to-morrow
Are numbered with the eternal days.

"What though the shadows thickly darken
Around thy pathway here below?
A true voice whispers—will thou hearken?
God's purposes thou yet shalt know."

"Then fear not, though I walk beside thee,
For I am sent from Heaven in love,
Through all the coming years to guide thee
Safe to the eternal peace above!"

Spirit of the Press.

The Indian Question.

Among the national problems of our country, there are none more interesting or more important, so far as justice and right are concerned, than the Indian question.

Beginning with the proposition that the Indians are human beings, and as such are entitled to human consideration and treatment, it is unquestionably true that the white people of America, more especially of the United States of America, have been guilty of the grossest wrongs to their red brethren. They have stopped at no crime or outrage in their depredations, and that which is their inherent right—his own property, and have hesitated at no tyranny to hamper and restrict him in the enjoyment of that which they themselves hold sacred, "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

That the government cannot be blamed for all the wrong done to the Indians no one will gainsay. The irresistible pressure of immigration, flowing as it is, mainly from the east and the countries across the sea, has brought a vast number of people to our western borders, whose sympathies, if aroused at all, are excited against rather than in favor of the aborigines.

To them the Indians, menacing the stability of their new homes, are but savages fit only for extermination; or else are the natural incumbances of a land which they covet, and of which they think it must be freed—because they covet it.

The hardy pioneer, intent upon gaining a foothold upon that soil where he has cast his lot, and far from the safe protection of civilized centres, can hardly be expected to regard with patience the destruction of his little all by some midnight foray of the Indian, en-tailing the ruin of his stock, the burning of his house—possibly the massacre of his family. And he stands ready armed at all times to defend himself, and only too willing to engage in any expedition to pursue and kill the enemy. Not for a moment does he consider that the very feelings excited in his heart have their counterpart in the breast of the detested "red skin," that there is the same intense hate of the destroyer and robber who has stolen the land, demolished the villages, killed the women and children, and violated every solemn promise, in one heart as in the other.

For this condition of things the government is not altogether to blame. Nor is it to blame for the blood-thirsty tone of a portion of the western press, which is constantly and forever on the side of death and extermination to those unfortunate people whose great misfortune it is to have been born copper-colored. But that the government has fallen into grave errors—may, been guilty of great crimes in its treatment of the Indians, will be perfectly clear to every honest, unprejudiced mind that studies the subject.

What is the cause of all these errors, of all these crimes—errors and crimes that have resulted in the loss of thousands of lives? Briefly stated the answer is—avarice and expediency. Not only as individuals but as a nation we have looked with longing eyes upon the fertile domains of the original occupants of the country. We have allowed that avarice to lead us into fraud—stupendous national frauds—of the most glaring and shameful kind. The history of the Indian tribes is the history of broken faith, of treaties violated, of wholesale robbery—including its natural accompaniment, murder. Out of that avarice grew the policy of expediency, a smooth name with which to hide a grievous wrong. It has not been expedient to shock the feelings of our western borderers who clamored for the blood of the Sioux, and the Apaches and the Comanches, as well as less prominent but none the less fated tribes. It has not been expedient to crush out the race of robbing post-traders and rapacious speculators who have lived and fattened on the double robbery of cheating the Indians and swindling the government. It has not been expedient to relinquish organized raids, restrict grasping corporations, and test of all, discountenance territorial aggrandizements. In short, we have not been just, that we might be expedient.

In extension of that weak and ignoble policy it has been urged that the Indian must vanish before the superior intelligence of the white man, that the disappearance of barbarous and savage life before the approach of civilization is only a repetition of history, and, as such, is unavoidable and unchangeable by any human agency; that the land which the red man uses only as a hunting-ground is needed by the growing numbers of our people. We must have the lands for cities, towns, villages and farms—and the Indian must go.

This is the argument which the friends of extermination always present as a comfortable cloak to cover a multitude of sins. But is it unanswerable—and is it right?

We have in this country a conglomeration, amalgamation, importation, call it what you will, of people from the various countries of the eastern hemisphere; every line of thought is represented here, every religion, all manners and customs, and the United States may rightly be called the sample case of the world. Does any man, native born or foreigner, possess any less land or other property because of the presence of the other members of the happy family? Is his wealth or influence circumscribed or limited at all by the company of strangers on the common soil? Nay, is not, rather, the company of these strangers an incentive and a help—at the same time a motive and a means whereby he strives and labors in a healthy rivalry, and prospers? Shall the Holland colonists of Michigan envy their German cousins in Southern Illinois, and seek to exterminate them that they may possess the fruitful land? Or shall the German community desire to eliminate the Hollanders of Iowa—or both desire the destruction of the Russian Menonites?

But, some one may say, these are civilized communities, and these people are white peo-

ple and practically brethren. Then let us go a little further. Does any man believe that the presence of the African has destroyed in any instance a white man's power, or right, or opportunity to acquire and possess anything or any spot in any State of this great Commonwealth by peaceable and lawful means? And would the Indian be any more powerful to restrict us in buying and in holding all that we are capable to buy or to hold if he, like the African, had been taught to live with us and not to hate us?

Again, the advocate of blood may say the African is peaceably inclined, but the Indian is a savage, a wild beast, a marauder and a murderer; and he must die.

My fiery friend, who made him so? Who aggravated his instinct of self-preservation into a wild, hot cry for vengeance? Who blunted every noble impulse in his heart and turned his love to hate? There is no need to answer. It is a sad story, but it is terribly true.

If there are any who believe that the Indian cannot be taught to live with us, and to become useful and honorable citizens, they are wonderfully ignorant of the history of this patient race; for patient they have been, under the severest trials. I need but to point to the Poncas, the Cherokees, the Delawares, as illustrations of a savage people tamed and civilized.

The great trouble has been that the Indians have had no home, they have been continually "moved on." Dickens tells in his "Black House" the story of one poor lad who was continually "moved on." But here we have a people, a race, whom the long bony finger of policeman Jonathan has uninterrupted kept moving.

Said one of our generals, well known for his active service in the West, speaking in reference to his duties, when a friend remarked, "It is a hard thing to go on such a campaign." "Yes, it is hard," but, sir, the hardest thing is to go and fight those whom you know are in the right." That has been the unfortunate position of our army, many and many a time.

And now, what shall be the remedy for these things? Thinking men may well stop to consider this question, and it is a hopeful sign of the times that they are considering it, more or less.

In the first place, it seems to me that a wise policy ought to be adopted to train the Indians for citizenship. Of course a savage cannot be transformed into a useful member of society in a day. But various methods, skillfully adapted to different circumstances and conditions, could be devised, all tending to the one great end of educating and uplifting him until he can truthfully claim the title "civilized man."

Again, if he is to be educated at all, it can be done best by members of his own race, if they are competent; and it may be worth while to inquire whether some system of normal schools for Indians cannot be established, the scholars in which are to become teachers amongst the Indians at the public expense. The influence of one such native teacher would do more to civilize the still untutored savages than a thousand rifles.

Further, the oft repeated violation of treaty obligations ought to cease. And if it can be stopped in no other way it ought to be done by constitutional amendment, an amendment which would be to the Indians what the fifteenth amendment is to the Negro. Even the Indian Territory, which is consigned to its inhabitants by the most solemn national compact, is in danger from the grasping hands and covetous eyes of the rapacious human vultures all around it. It is a shame and a disgrace. The people of the United States ought to arise in their might and once more make the constitution the glorious instrument for the protection of the weak.

And more of all the Indian should be allowed the rights of a citizen. He should be allowed to own the soil, and as much of it as he can earn or pay for. The title in it ought to be his, not as a member of a tribe, but as an individual, and that title ought to be inalienable, except as he may choose to dispose of it for a consideration, and of his own free will. If he happens to own a spot that covers a good field, or a gold mine, or a magnetic spring, he ought to be allowed to keep and reap the benefit from it or sell it on his own terms, and not be dismissed from his land by governmental regulations and a company of soldiers, because "it seems desirable that the country should be opened to settlers."

And, lastly, the Indian ought to be granted the protection and authority of a court. It is a curious inconsistency in the law that the sheltering arm is over the highest and the lowest of every name and nation, Chinaman, Irishman, German, Frenchman, Jew, Russian, Turk, even to the savage Negro of Ethiopia and the pagans of the seas—over all these, but not the Indian. The only original inhabitant, the native, the real countryman, has no standing in any court of justice. He cannot sue or be sued. If he lends money to a white man he cannot recover it by law, though he may hold the white man's note, and the white man may be worth millions. There is no way by which he can assert his rights if a white man chooses to defraud him. And when the white man's government itself turns against him and lays its heavy hand upon his shoulder and pushes him back, what wonder that he sometimes takes up arms in sheer despair.

It is to be hoped that agitation of this subject may be kept up until the right prevails. We are not naturally unjust. Even the cry of blood-thirstiness is only the wail of fear, and were the happy change to come, which is so ardently to be desired, and the Indian become a useful, peaceful citizen, the cry for blood would cease.

May those who have good hearts and large minds bend themselves to the task of solving this perplexing problem, so that posterity may look back delighted that these things are no more, even while they wonder that they ever could have been. *The Universe (Magazine), published weekly by a company of the same name at 2866 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.*

It is significant that the London *Spectator*, which has supported and apparently reflected the foreign policy of Mr. Gladstone, remarks in its issue of Sept. 16th, or shortly after the victory of Tel-el-Kebir: "The actual transfer [from Turkey to England] of the suzerainty [over Egypt] is an accomplished fact." In the opinion of the *Spectator* the Khedive should be supported by a force of British troops, and the British Government should be formally declared the warden of the Suez Canal, with the right of garrisoning Port Said, Ismailia and Suez. It will be safe to assume that England has decided upon some such policy, that Germany will support it very cordially, that France may acquiesce, and if this take place, that the rest of Europe cannot prevent the formal transfer of Egypt to British control. The *Spectator* intimates with great frankness that "the ultimate authority must rest with the Khedive, whom it is possible to advise, to guide, or in certain extreme contingencies to dismiss." In other words, it is proposed to make Egypt an English province. *Advertiser, Boston.*

Long Gray Moss of the South.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

For ornamental and decorative purposes there is nothing more beautiful than the long, flowing moss which grows so plentifully in our Southern country, and as Christmas is approaching, no doubt many of your readers, especially those belonging to Lyceums, would like to obtain some of this moss for decorating halls and Christmas trees. To accommodate such, I will take pleasure in sending by mail small packages, carefully wrapped up, to all who will send a sufficient amount of stamps to pay expense of mailing the same. I can send it in one, two and three pound packages as may be desired.

Truly yours,

ALEXANDER KING.

Crockett, Texas, Oct. 24, 1882.

Referring to the plan on foot in Boston to raise a statue to Harriet Martineau, the St. Louis *Republican* says: "It will be still better if by its side is placed one to Margaret Fuller. These twin sisters by the divine right of intellect deserve to be immortal together."

Children's Lyceums.

Aid the Lyceum Movement!

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As the season has now arrived when the Lyceum sessions are recommencing in various parts of the country, I desire to approach the popular attention in the interests of these worthy institutions for the training of the young in the principles of spiritual freedom and unfettered inquiry. To this end I would appeal to all Spiritualists who have the good of the Lyceum movement at heart—some of whom assemble Sunday after Sunday to witness the exercises of these schools: To all who believe in and freely acknowledge before the world their sympathy for the grand and beautiful ideas of human progression as embodied and taught in these institutions: To all who have passed from spiritual darkness into the living inspiration of the present—who have cast off for themselves the shackles of tyranny in religious ideas, and believing in the everlasting Christ-principle in humanity are now rejoicing in the fullness of the untrammelled expression of thought: To all these I would make appeal in behalf of our Lyceums.

Another has said, and wisely too, "The free school system of the United States is the foundation of American civil liberty; and as the common school is supported and upheld, so true liberty flourishes and is made beautiful; but if the common school is ever made the servant of sect or party in its plan of giving a general education to the young, then liberty dies, and America, the beacon-light of the world, loses its high behest given by the inspiration of free thought and its expression."

If such be true in regard to the mental and political aspects of the problem for the correct education of the rising generation, as bearing on the concerns of the mortal life, how much more important is it that some adequate steps be taken by those who have the new light which is destined to cheer in time the whole world, to impart that heaven-bestowed gift upon the children now coming forward to take their places as men and women in active life, by supplementing the intellectual and political instruction which the common school now gives with the spiritual illumination which the Children's Progressive Lyceum has to offer in such untainted measure concerning not only the life that now is, but that which is to come?

Truly to-day the Declaration of Spiritual and Religious Liberty is being written; to-day the foundation of a Spiritual Republic is being laid, broad as the universe, high as the heavens, and infinite in its power and capacity of protection to all those who from the religious despotism of the ages are fleeing to the shelter of a system of belief whose only test of membership is, that the highest worship to God is the truest fidelity to man. And as in the republic of civil liberty the school is by the wisdom of that republic held and honored as its foundation and life, so in the republic of spiritual liberty, I hold that in the Children's Lyceums are contained the elements necessary for the continuance and upbuilding of this grand republic. Upon the success of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, in its present or more perfected form, depends largely the success of the movement known as Modern Spiritualism; since it appeals to those who are to take the places of the pioneers, and prevents the young of the coming generation from entering on life's duties weighed down with the errors of the past. This necessity for educating the young in the particular views they cherish is recognized by all church organizations now extant, and while in the case of Spiritualism the angelic helpers from the thither side of existence may do much on the mortal plane to make up for the shortcomings of those who profess to believe in their demonstrable presence, yet no excuse exists for a Spiritualist's allowing his children either to grow up under the tuition of an Orthodox Sunday School (to unlearn by bitter experience at the adult period the errors he has himself escaped from by a similar process,) or without instruction in the foundation principles of his own heart-cheering knowledge concerning human duty and destiny.

If these premises are correct—and they are self-evidently so—let me ask the friends and adherents of Spiritualism everywhere: Are you doing your duty, in a manner commensurate with the importance of the issues of the present hour? Indeed, how many who have received this new Truth are doing their whole duty toward the young who could be very easily brought within their influence? I believe if Spiritualists were alive to the importance of the Lyceum movement, they would not in so many instances coldly pass it by. I believe that Spiritualists owe it to themselves everywhere to sustain some local organization for the propagation of their views—if only to support a Lyceum; and such support should come from earnest interest in the best good of the cause, rather than motives which wait on mere curiosity. Imagine a family of children without parents—an army cut off from its base of supplies—and you have the present condition of the Children's Lyceums as far as either the personal or pecuniary support and presence of many Spiritualists are concerned.

I am aware these are plain questions to ask, and unpalatable facts to present before the spiritualistic public, but duty as a member of a Lyceum impels me to ask Spiritualists to come up to the help of the children against the mighty powers of Ignorance. Do your duty to the light you now enjoy! Remember as the plastic clay is molded, it hardens into shape and so remains. You are not called to the molding of mortal clay, but the destiny of immortals is in your hands, and the voices from the higher life exclaim: "In the morning go forth and sow the seed of a free and divine love that shall bring forth a harvest of full and perfect Progression." The Lyceums ask your aid, both as workers and givers, and their members are always happy to welcome all who wish to join in their ranks. None are too old to labor in this noble cause; spirit is ever youthful, for it is immortal! How beautiful, then, to behold age and youth hand in hand and walking the road of eternal Progress.

Not desiring to be offensively importunate in the premises I desire to invite the inquiry of those who think for themselves, as to the real merits and importance of the Lyceum work, feeling that they will readily perceive and endorse its claims when their attention is arrested.

We whose lot as Lyceum laborers is cast in Boston hopefully trust that some of the wealthy philanthropic Spiritualists of this city will some day see the importance of building a hall where the children of Spiritualists can receive instruction in spiritual truth. When the spirit of divine charity shall so enlighten the minds of the affluent that they realize that to educate and to spiritualize the children is commanded by the angels, such a hall will be furnished;

and when that time arrives we know children enough will be found to test the fullest capacity of any such structure that may be reared.

When all Spiritualists understand the fact that as the Children's Progressive Lyceum movement lives or dies so may the prosperity of true Spiritualism be measured, they will give the attention to the subject that is its due. To those who have held back from that movement we have only to say: "Now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation"; join in the Lyceum work, and set before the young an example of true living." Let those who by the help of the angels have in the past upheld this movement still go on unfalteringly; a crown of brightness shall be theirs, and angel-hands shall bestow upon them the blessings of approval for well doing. J. A. SHELLHAMER, Office 83 Montgomery Place, Boston.

Everett Hall (Brooklyn) Lyceum.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As I perceive your columns are open for information respecting the progress of truth, and well directed efforts for the moral and spiritual instruction of youth, you will doubtless feel pleasure in giving place to a few items about the Children's Progressive Lyceum at Everett Hall, 393 Fulton street, Brooklyn, N. Y., held every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

This Lyceum has lately been reorganized, with the following officers and leaders: Prof. A. F. Deane, Conductor; Mr. LeGrand Douglas, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. Mills, Guardian; Miss Straut, Assistant Guardian; Mr. Noe, Musical Director; Mr. Headley, Treasurer; Mrs. Beckwith, Mrs. Ruggles, Miss Roberts, Miss Wiltsey, Mrs. Peterson, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Wolf, Leaders.

The session last Sunday was enlivened by the following interesting and instructive exercises: Miss Lillie Headley, Recitation, "Robin and the Cherries;" Miss Bessie Beckwith, Song; Miss Jessie Peterson, Recitation, "The Tramp;" Miss Ida Straut, Recitation, "Woman's Rights;" Miss Kittie Beckwith, Recitation, "The Two Dimes;" Miss Nellie Wright, Recitation, "The House in the Meadow;" Miss Wiltsey, vocal and instrumental music, "How the Gates Came Ajar;" Mr. O. Johnson, "Husband's Fat Wife;" Mrs. Beckwith, vocal and instrumental music; Master Mills, Recitation, "The Farmer's Wife;" Miss L. Mills, Recitation, "That Old Cloak of Mine;" Miss Roberts, Recitation, "Going to Church;" Mrs. Ruggles, "True Rest;" Mr. Headley, Recitation, "One Black Sheep Among the White."

Mrs. Mills, under influence, gave a spiritual name to Miss Kittie Beckwith (*Faithful Friend*), just returned from the far West.

SECRETARY PRO TEM.

THE HEART.

The Source of Life and Motion.

Its Simple yet Marvelous Mechanism.

Its Diseases Explained by an Eminent Physician—Startling Facts not Generally Known—Who Can Discover a Remedy, &c.?

Messrs. Editors:

The subjoined facts are believed to be, in a measure, novel to most persons out of the medical profession. Their importance is thought to be sufficient apology for their appearance and general publicity.

Instant death is one of the characteristics of heart disease, and claims its victims in the busy walks of life, while resting in a chair, or while in bed at night, wholly unconscious that the dread disease is upon them, believing themselves to be affected with kidney or liver troubles, indigestion, asthma, catarrh, dropsy of the chest, or weakness from overwork.

Dr. Graves, an eminent physician of New Hampshire, has recently given publicity to the following facts relating to this dreaded malady. He says: "Life rests upon a thread, the breaking of which causes instant death. In considering the diseases of the heart, it becomes necessary for the reader to form some idea of its structure and the duties it performs. The heart, for instance, is a bundle of muscles, put together to beat, and contract, and expand, and dilate, and is like a hollow ball with two openings, one for the blood to enter, and the other for it to depart. When full, it contracts and forces out the blood into the arteries. This contraction mechanically closes one of the openings by a simple membranous valve, and opens the other. After it has emptied itself, the opening closes and the blood is again drawn into the heart again fills. In this way the heart empties and fills itself again about seventy-five times in a minute. The functions of the heart depend wholly upon the contraction of the heart when full, and the strict integrity of the two valves. Should these valves become disorganized in any way during the contraction, or immediately afterward, the purpose of the heart's action will be defeated.

The successful working of these valves is the whole secret of real heart disease. There is no danger of dying from heart disease without knowing it months and years beforehand. The victim may be apprised from signs which are unmistakable, such as inability to run up stairs, hurry in walking, palpitation, a sense of suffocation, business or purpleness of the lips. These, and always, especially when sudden efforts are put forth.

Thus it appears that the affection of the heart, except in rare cases, is patent to the most casual observer. The heart's construction thus explained, shows the vast amount of labor it performs, and assists in forming an idea of the following diseases and symptoms accompanying them.

Hypertrophy, or enlargement of the ventricles. The symptoms are: Enlargement of the left ventricle and palpitation more constant than in any other disease of the heart. There is a rush of blood to the head on extra exertion, with throbbing or headache, aggravated by sudden rising or lying down. Dizziness, ringing in the ears, sparks and illusions before the eyes; also purplish violet color upon the cheeks, nose and lips; a dull, severe and aching pain in the region of the heart, extending toward the shoulder and inside of the arm. These require on the part of the victim energetic treatment.

Pericarditis, or inflammation of the heart-case, is not unfrequent. The membranous sac in which the heart is contained becomes inflamed, and it has been discovered that about one in twenty-three who die at an adult age exhibit marks of recent or former attacks of this disease.

The general symptoms are: Pain in the region of the heart, shooting to the shoulder-blade; an acute inflammatory fever, preceded by chills. The pain increases by taking a full, long breath, and by stretching the left side. Inability to lie on the left side; a cough, generally dry, and general prostration and violent palpitation.

Water in the heart-case is the result of inflammation, and is a common attendant of dropsy. The patient has a sensation of the heart being in a floating state; pulse frequent and irregular.

The general symptoms of the valvular disease of the heart, shooting to the shoulder-blade; a cough, with watery expectoration; difficult breathing; frightful dreams and starting in sleep; congestion of the lungs; expectorative stains of dark blood; swelling of jugular vein; lividness of face; dropsy in legs and feet; a contracted and tight feeling about the lower part of the chest; engorgement of the liver and spleen, with oppressive feeling of the brain; small, weak and irregular pulse. The

danger of diseased valves is the production of hypertrophy.

Angina Pectoris, or rheumatism and neuralgia of the heart, is strictly a nervous disease; it begins with a pain and constriction in the region of the heart, accompanied by more or less pain in the left arm. It is attended with great sensitiveness and pain in the breasts. When violent, the heart-pain is terrific. There is also oppression in the chest, and in the worst cases, amounts to suffocation. Palpitations are violent; the brain is oppressed, and fainting occurs. The termination of this disease is rapid, and all hope for life is in immediate treatment. Cases in the aggregate, deaths from heart disease are found to be inferior only to consumption as to fatality.

Out of more than five hundred dissections witnessed by the renowned Dr. Clendinning, about one-third presented signs of heart disease. Must this be so? Is there no remedy? Yes, there is one—DR. GRAVES'S HEART REMEDY, and will send a treatise explaining the disease and the remedy, which has been successfully used for nearly thirty years, to any one who will apply to me.

Yours truly, F. E. INGALLS, Concord, N. H., July 22, 1882.

New Books.

THE SPIRITUAL ECHOES.

A NEW COLLECTION OF WORDS AND MUSIC FOR THE CHOIR, CONGREGATION AND SOCIAL CIRCLE.

BY S. W. TUCKER.

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