

# BANNER OF LIGHT.

VOL. LIV.

COLBY & RICE,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1883.

\$3.00 Per Annum,  
Postage Free.

NO. 9.

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## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1883.

Public Reception to Ed. S. Wheeler, in Horticultural Hall, Boston, Mass., on the Evening of Wednesday, Oct. 31st; Appreciative and Commendatory Speeches by Dr. H. B. Storer, Hon. Warren Chase, J. Frank Baxter, J. William Fletcher, Dr. Jacob Paxton, James A. Bliss, Capt. R. Holmes, Dr. A. H. Richardson, L. L. Whitlock, Eben Cobb, John Wetherbee, Mrs. Clara A. Field, J. B. Hatch, Mrs. H. E. Wilson, Miss Maggie J. Folson, Prof. W. W. Clayton, Miss S. E. Gay and N. S. Greenleaf; Secretary Danforth Acknowledges the Receipt of Many Letters of Sympathy with the Enterprise; Choice Vocal and Orchestral Music; Readings, etc.

(Reported for the Banner of Light by John W. Day.)

To ED. S. WHEELER.—Dear Sir: In consideration of your manifold services rendered to Spiritualism, and your arduous and valiant labors in defense of Free Speech during the past thirty years, your numerous friends and admirers, in affectionate appreciation of your worth as a man and a teacher of inspired truth, hereby tender you, and with a reception in Horticultural Hall, Boston, on Wednesday, Oct. 31st, at 7:30 P. M.

All those in sympathy with this laudable undertaking are respectfully invited to be present on that occasion.

COLBY & RICE, M. R. SPRAGUE, DR. H. B. STORER, R. HOLMES, JAMES A. BLISS, EREN COBB, ABIE M. H. TYLER, BENJ. WEAVER, FREDERICK ROBINSON, JOHN WETHERBEE, DR. A. H. RICHARDSON, J. B. HATCH, H. A. BUDINGTON, Springfield; JOHN F. ARNOLD, North Adams; T. T. GREENWOOD, Templeton, Committee of Arrangements.

Boston, Mass., Oct. 22d, 1883.

The above invitation to this veteran champion of spiritual truth, appeared in the *Banner of Light* for Oct. 27th, and the public reception which it proffered took place at Horticultural Hall, Boston, on the evening specified. The place of assembly was thronged to repletion, and the friendly enthusiasm of the people manifested itself at all points throughout the necessarily protracted but highly interesting services.

The platform and other points in the hall had been decorated for the occasion under the skillful directions of Mrs. Maggie J. Folson, to whose industrious zeal and unsparring labor much of the success attending the details of the meeting was preeminently due.

At about ten minutes to eight o'clock the guests of the evening, the chairman, the speakers and other representatives of the cause, marched down the centre aisle, Baldwin's Band at the same time playing a stirring melody, and took seats on the platform.

When this preliminary had been arranged, the Chairman, Dr. H. B. Storer, officially called the meeting to order, and paid his tribute of respect and appreciation regarding Mr. Wheeler and his public career in a speech that was applauded to the echo, and was so clear-toned in character and so distinctively to the purpose, that almost the keynote of the meeting was given. He called to his post of office, the presiding officer by the Committee of Arrangements, Dr. Storer said: "I give him sincere pleasure to speak thus publicly of the gentleman in whose honor the meeting was convened—a gentleman who had been a long time friend of his, and who, as a lecturer upon the public platform, had for a quarter of a century, by his practical common sense and noble fidelity to truth, as he comprehended it, won the ear of the intelligent public, and called forth in all parts of the country, wherever he had been, the abiding esteem and love of countless friends."

A few weeks since, when the announcement found publicity that this brave worker was lying at the door of death, the hearts of all these friends were saddened; while they felt that as far as he was concerned the change from the mortal to the spirit-life would be but a glorious gain to a good and faithful servant. "Gone home to his sure reward," they instinctively sensed the great loss to the cause of truth and human well-being on the earth-plane, which would follow the demise of one who had been such a fearless champion of that cause in the years gone by. Those who had stood with Mr. Wheeler in the great Conventions of Spiritualism—National and Local—were cognizant of the services he had rendered, and could not feel that they were ready to spare him from the ranks of the workers; and gladdened were their hearts, and also those of thousands all over the world, when they saw him restored again, and his voice was heard proclaiming with its old-time vigor the fundamental truths of the New Dispensation.

The speaker referred to the occasion as more than usually pleasant and significant to him

because we were met to speak our words of appreciative sentiment and grateful recollection to the brother, while he was yet in the form; we had not closed our ranks about a coffin lid, while our tongues poured into the "dull, cold, ear of death," a benison wrung from sorrowing hearts, which found when too late that an angel had walked beside us unwares. Mr. Wheeler was here to listen to what his many friends—as represented by the large body of prominent men and women in attendance on the platform—had to say; a body including delegates from the various societies in this city, and other parts of the country, assembled to express its approval of the man and his services. Mr. Wheeler had been distinguished during his public career, for certain traits of character; he was known as an utterly fearless man, and no time-server; his inspirations were ever in the line both of his earnest convictions, based on tireless investigation, and his brave manhood in asserting them: A protestant during his long career against the frauds and shams of society, against everything which went to make the rich richer, and the poor poorer, Mr. Wheeler was equally distinguished as an advocate of social reforms, and as a Spiritualist in defense of the truth of an intelligent communion between the two spheres of existence.

It was impossible for him (Dr. S.) to put into language the high estimation in which he held this gentleman, and his works: Do you know (he asked of his auditors) that it is rare in this age to find men who at the sacrifice of popularity are ready to "speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," so help them God? When such men come into view they should be honored by all justice-loving hearts; and no man has been more distinguished for this rare characteristic than has Ed. S. Wheeler. After announcing that a ten-minute limit had been necessarily assigned to the speeches, in consequence of the notable array of talent present, he introduced to the audience the veteran speaker, Hon. Warren Chase, of California.

Mr. CHASE, who facetiously announced himself as "the oldest craft on the line," as regards the platform advocacy of Spiritualism, was received with long-continued applause. It was thirty-six years, he said, since he (Chase) first delivered a lecture on the subject to the induction of which among men his own and the labors of Mr. Wheeler had been so strenuously devoted; for thirty of those years he had been privileged to know Mr. Wheeler; he had met with him on the platform in many trying crises, and had ever found him a true man, and a dauntless defender of the cause—a bold and honest utterer of what he conscientiously believed to be the truth. He (Chase) had followed along the path of popularity, but content to know that it was along that of the right as he conceived it. I have (said Mr. Chase) traveled from the Pacific to the Penobscot, from the Atlantic to the great Lakes, and have found the name of Ed. S. Wheeler known wherever Spiritualism is known: He has thousands of friends that he knows not of, and sometime, in the olden days, if not in this, they will speak to him their approval of the services which he has rendered during his years of self-sacrificing toil. The speaker was glad the present meeting had been called; glad to be present himself; glad to see before him such a concourse of the Spiritualists of Boston and elsewhere to do honor to a staunch advocate of their cause; glad to see upon the platform such a grand assemblage of speakers and mediums, gathered to bid a brother success, and to congratulate that brother on the great truth which his best years of life he had devoted. He closed with the sentiment: God bless, angels bless—God speed, angels speed the work of Ed. S. Wheeler! [Applause.]

J. FRANK BAXTER was next introduced: While his name did not appear on the list, and he had not therefore expected to be called upon to speak on the present occasion, yet whether invited or not in such capacity, he felt it an incumbent duty to be personally with those who were here assembled to honor the guest of the occasion. He should have felt reluctant to conscience and manly duty had he not been here to-night. Mr. Wheeler was a man who in his earliest years he (Mr. B.) had learned to respect, and later, as he had come to know him, had learned also to love. If he were a worshiper, he would on the present occasion render homage of that order to that gentleman for his firmness, his fearlessness, his moral stamina, as shown in his persistent advocacy of the great truth which his best years of life he had devoted. He closed with the sentiment: God bless, angels bless—God speed, angels speed the work of Ed. S. Wheeler! [Applause.]

ALONZO DANFORTH, Secretary, being next presented by the Chairman, called the attention of the audience to the receipt by him of letters in high and full sympathy with the present meeting and its objects from I. N. Platts, Amelia Colby, Susie W. Fletcher, C. L. and M. S. Wood, T. T. Greenwood, H. A. Budington, F. L. H. Willis, John F. Arnold, and Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Lyman.

J. WILLIAM FLETCHER was next introduced to the people by Dr. Storer, as being one who, while young, as mortals reckon time, had won, by his devotion to the cause, a high place among the public advocates of Spiritualism. Mr. Fletcher, in commencing his remarks, that he desired in behalf of the many present, and the many who were not present, to join his words with those which had already been spoken in appreciation of Mr. Wheeler and his efforts. The speaker was practically aware of the thorny path trodden by all the public advocates of Spiritualism, since fifteen years ago he stepped out from beyond the limits of a quiet country home, and went forth into the field of spiritual labor; and, at that time, among the very first names he heard as synonymous with a determined spirit and a mighty power for good was that of Edward S. Wheeler. His friends used to say of Mr. W.: There is a man who has made his way in the world unopposed by the number or strength of his enemies, and if a man's own strength could be rightly measured by the number of his enemies, Mr. Wheeler's opponents demonstrated by their persecutions, zeal and unflinching denunciations, the real importance and worth of his labors for all that was best for humanity.

The present was a startling epoch in the history of Spiritualism; Conservatism and Radicalism were heaving and settling like two mighty tides. Hitherto the pressure upon the movement had been from enemies without—now we had but little to fear from outside foes, but there was far more to be feared from certain enemies within.

Time was when Spiritualism meant that man had a soul, that that soul lived after the change called death, and could intelligently commune with his brother man yet in the flesh. This demonstration of the possession of a soul might not be considered very much by one class of minds; but while another was filled with doubt as to whether man had a soul at all, and still another class was extremely uncertain, provided he had a soul, as to who would get it by

and by, the clear evidence presented by Spiritualism as to the verity of a continued, conscious and natural existence for man in the hereafter was a grand gift to the age. The spiritual phenomena have increased in power and diversity as the need thereof has arisen, and the lessons taught by them it was logically ours to apply to our work and endeavor; but on the other hand there seemed now to be some power at work among Spiritualists which tended to draw strict lines; to cultivate dissections, and multiply divisions in "the household of faith"; this self-seeking spirit in certain quarters, whose presence and influence exerted against the distinctive work of Spiritualism he met in everywhere—this element which chose rather its own advancement than the upbuilding of the cause—would, in time yield before the majestic power which the principles and truths of the New Dispensation revealed to the inmost hearts of men.

We have reached a point in the history of the cause when, as sensible men and women, recognizing the responsibilities resting upon us, we must hold to that cause firmly, we must work for it, and suffer, in and for it; notwithstanding the efforts of certain large individuals who had by some mysterious process got into the movement and were at present trying to turn it to their own channels of self-aggrandizement, the usefulness among the workers would triumph at last! Those who, as Bro. Wheeler had done, preferred to sink their individuality in the struggle for the betterment of humanity—those who were willing to lose themselves in the great truths they loved, and who would win the crown of appreciation at the last.

The speaker said that the guest of the evening had been one of those who spoke the Word of the Spirit as it was given him to speak it—totally regardless of the consequences to himself; he had never known him to falter in the hour of trial; and when the list of the world's self-sacrificing Saviors—the self-devoting benefactors of humanity—was made up, high on the shining roll would be found the name of Ed. S. Wheeler. [Applause.]

A. C. ORCUTT, and J. A. LUNN at this point gave repeated roars of laughter and applause, repeated the words at the reception of a spontaneous encore from the audience.

EDWARD S. WHEELER was next introduced by Dr. Storer. When the continuous and sustained shout of welcome with which he was received by the great audience had subsided, that his glad friends might again listen to his voice or a spiritual orator, he proceeded to deliver a speech in which he expounded the cause of Spiritualism in the most eloquent and convincing manner. He spoke of the power of the old-time humors, were artlessly and soulfully blended. Referring to a passage in his past experience regarding the present place of assembly, he said: that the last time he had spoken in Horticultural Hall the place rang almost as loudly with hisses as it now rang with cheers. He loved the manifestations of friendship rather than the hisses of those who differed from his views, but was rather more embarrassed by the expressions of love, as he would wish to be remembered for his love, and not for his power. He had been showered down upon him than he was by the hisses of the aforetime: He was not accustomed to such treatment. In fact he was not at all sure but that if some one in the rear of the hall should rise and proceed to "call him names," he would not feel more natural in his surroundings and better assured as to how to go on in his remarks. There were several reasons why he could not expect to address the people present, as he would wish to be remembered for his love, and not for his power. He had been showered down upon him than he was by the hisses of the aforetime: He was not accustomed to such treatment. In fact he was not at all sure but that if some one in the rear of the hall should rise and proceed to "call him names," he would not feel more natural in his surroundings and better assured as to how to go on in his remarks. There were several reasons why he could not expect to address the people present, as he would wish to be remembered for his love, and not for his power. 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**Letter from W. J. Colville.**

To the Editor of the Banner of Light :

While thanking you sincerely for publishing so much that I have sent you, I must again ask leave to trespass a little on your valuable space in order to inform my many friends in Boston that I am not unmindful of them, though my innumerable engagements steadily prevent my corresponding individually with those who favor me with kind and interesting letters from "the Hub." Since the appearance of my last letter in your columns I have received two papers, one containing about eighty-five and the other nearly one hundred and fifty signatures of good friends, urging me to return to Boston without delay; but, under this heading, I can only say that my movements are directed entirely by my spirit-guides, and for this reason it is not in my power to accept or decline my friends' kind invitation. The receipt of the papers and several very kind and thoroughly sincere letters of friendship has given me greater pleasure than words can express; and should the ruling powers in spirit-life see fit to direct me across the ocean I shall most willingly and gladly respond to their behests. Meanwhile I have only to remain where I am, doing the work that presents itself from day to day and waiting for the decision of my spirit-band before I accept or refuse any call to a protracted engagement on either side of the Atlantic. It is, however, in order for me to here remark that my spirit-friends declare their determination to fulfill to the letter their part of every agreement, and if the conditions necessary to their work are furnished by Boston friends and arrangements are made for my return, in accordance with the wishes of the guides, made known to many friends before my departure for England, my return at an early date is an assured fact. If such arrangements are not or cannot be made, my work will continue in England for some time longer, and here the harvest is indeed plentiful and the laborers few.

I have just completed a very successful visit to the North, Newcastle, Gateshead and North Shields having been the scenes of my latest efforts. In this northern colliery district the people are very ready to accept progressive ideas; they take to the Spiritual Philosophy kindly, and are generous in the support they give to the cause. I have spoken to very large and enthusiastic audiences in this district, and am sure that many years of effective work might easily be spent on Tyneside. Mrs. Britten is a great favorite among the thinkers in that locality. The only drawback to perfect success has been the squabbling of some officials who undertook to go to law with their brethren.

"A little bit of property which belonged to an incorporated society. What a pitiable example for Spiritualism... and yet what a lucid... upon these squabbles... prech from the text, "No man... unteth new wine into old bottles: else the new wine... burst the bottles, and the wine is spilled, but new wine must be put into new bottles." I am as much convinced as I am of my own existence that the spirit-world will not entomb itself in the sepulchre of an institutionalism which allows half-a-dozen men to govern as many hundred in accordance with their whims and fancies, and to bind the spirit-world and its instruments in chains and fetters at the same time. Organization on a spiritual basis can only be the coming together on an equal footing, for the accomplishment of good work, of such minds as are drawn by the irresistible power of spiritual sympathy. Trustees, acts of incorporation, title-deeds, etc., etc., are the grave-clothes in which the church has buried inspiration. The resurrected spirit of to-day has had enough of the tomb and the official seal, guarded by the representatives of modern Phariseism, and now, refusing to be recaptured, the spirit of Spiritualism passes out of eight, ascends into heaven, or goes somewhere where the officials cannot catch it; and thus the trustees and all the big guns have to make the best they can of "the strong arm of the law" on which they lean for support. Suppose they do get possession of a little property; is that property what we Spiritualists are seeking to obtain, when we tell the world we want inspiration, spiritual teaching, knowledge of immortality, and many other blessings which organizations of a material nature cannot have among their stock in trade? My guides are laboring untiringly to develop reliance upon spiritual guidance in the conduct of spiritual affairs and the relinquishment of all hold upon the old Orthodox methods of church government. It is astonishing to be told, wherever you go, that though there are five hundred people or more at a spiritual meeting addressed by a speaker who attracts the public, that at regular meetings held by the society, the attendance averages anywhere from twenty to fifty only. This is a convincing proof that people go to meeting for the instruction or spiritual food they can derive, and not to support organized efforts to sectarian Spiritualism.

Spiritualism in England at the present time is thoroughly permeating all institutions and all classes of the community; it is discussed everywhere, and some of the ideas expressed by novices are truly amusing. In Newcastle I have the pleasure of meeting another Swedenborgian minister, fully as talented and liberal as Mr. Cameron of Blackburn. Mr. Boyle, who is pastor of the New Jerusalem Society in Newcastle, is one of those highly cultured and yet altogether unostentatious men in whose presence human souls seem to visibly expand. He accepts all the facts of Spiritualism, and only seems to think it dangerous to approach the spirit-world in an unholy frame of mind. I have the privilege of a long conversation with Mr. Boyle on religious topics, and I hope and believe I derived much benefit from communion with so superior a mind. There are two distinct parties among the Swedenborgians in England, and I believe it is the same in America—the one party is very narrow and exclusive, very dogmatic, regarding Swedenborg as absolutely infallible; the other party is broad, liberal, progressive and fully abreast of the most advanced thought of this day.

Among the workers directly within the spiritualistic fold who are doing much good in England, I must mention Mrs. Groom of Birmingham, a lady of little pecuniary means, though by no means wealthy, who devotes every minute of her spare time to the advocacy of Spiritualism in a most popular and effective manner. Sheffield is a smaller place in England to that which

makes hosts of friends wherever she goes, and, with the assistance of her husband, who is also a zealous Spiritualist, bears consolation and enlightenment to thousands of weary and restless hearts. I had the pleasure of speaking at a burial service in connection with this lady. No services were held at the house, but on our arrival at the cemetery we conducted a short service in the chapel set apart for the use of all nonconformists, whatever may be their religious convictions. Over two hundred people were present. We then proceeded to the grave; a crowd numbering nearly three hundred gathered; and she and I were both inspired to address the assembled concourse of friends and strangers on the subject of death as an introduction to a new but perfectly natural state of life. Every one was remarkably attentive. It was a beautiful summer day; the weather was all that could possibly be desired for an open-air service, and many who had never heard of the truths of Spiritualism previously, were much delighted and impressed.

Mrs. Britten is in excellent health and always busy. Her lectures are, if possible, grander than ever; she is a universal favorite among thinkers of all phases of thought, who cannot but admire her sublime eloquence and the extended knowledge displayed by her on the platform, whether they agree with all her positions or not. Her new book has now gone to press, profusely illustrated. It is a marvel of cheapness, considering the vast amount of information it contains, and every Spiritualist who can possibly afford it ought to possess one or more copies to hand to friends who ask what are the evidences of a future life.

Mr. J. J. Morse is still a great favorite with Londoners. His lectures on Sunday evenings at Cavendish Rooms are very largely attended, and whenever he visits the provinces he is sure of an enthusiastic reception. He has just moved his place of residence and business to 103 Great Portland street, a most central and commanding situation, where business of all kinds is usually very brisk.

Like most public speakers I get very few opportunities of hearing people, but I hear a great deal about them, and I think we often get at the general drift of public sentiment by conversing with numbers of people all over the country, more readily than in any other way. I am now writing a spiritual romance, into which my guides are introducing a very large amount of spiritual philosophy. It will really be an historical work, but, as I am at liberty to publish many things in the form of a tale which I cannot give to the public otherwise, without taking undue liberties with the names and addresses of private individuals, I have determined to write a story, and, by simply changing dates, names and places, to give to the world a record of some of the most marvelous spiritual experiences of my life, which has been a very eventful one, together with an account of some of the most wonderful experiences of others who shrink from publicity but are quite willing that facts should go out to the world in all their entirety. I shall send my work to press in England as soon as I obtain five hundred subscribers, and hope to issue an American edition also. The book will be plainly but strongly bound and sold at a very moderate price, not over seventy-five cents for the ordinary edition.

Allan Kardec's works have certainly marked an epoch in the progress of spiritual revelation and they are attracting to-day great attention in England, as re-incarnation\* is a very favorite topic with many writers just now. The English periodicals, *Medium* and *Daybreak* and *Herald of Progress*, are both very vigorous in their circulations are rapidly increasing. Mr. Burns is indefatigable; a more untiring worker can scarcely be imagined. Mrs. Burns and their two sons are also constantly at work on the paper and in the transaction of a very large book and printing business. The *Spiritual Record*, a monthly journal, is becoming very popular, and *Light* still holds its own with "M. A. (Oxon)" as one of its leading contributors, a gentleman who is a perfect literary host in himself, and has a host of spiritual friends at his back also. If time and space were as unlimited as news I could keep writing till I passed into spirit-life one hundred years old with a pen in my hand; but, fearing I have trespassed too much already on the hospitality of your crowded columns, I must ask all my friends to pardon my outspokenness and to believe me to remain now, as ever, the sincere well-wisher of all interested in the promulgation of truth.

W. J. COLVILLE.  
4 Waterloo Road, Manchester, Oct. 20th, 1883.

\* Re-embodiment.

[From the Daily Evening Telegraph, Philadelphia, Oct. 30.]

**Spiritualism in Paris—A Communication to a French Physician—A House Defended from Burglars—A Missing Will and Its Discovery.**

PARIS, Oct. 16th, 1883.

The investigations into the nature and developments of Spiritualism recently set on foot by the University of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the terms of the will of the late Henry Seybert, have attracted public attention to the singular and as yet unexplained form of physical or mental phenomena. It is certain that not a few "testations" of this so-called force are not wholly trifling, deception, or the result of over-excited nerves on the part of the participants in the séances. There is undoubtedly present some subtle fluid, similar in its nature to electricity. Whether the spirits of the departed have anything to do with the matter or not remains a vexed question; and is rendered difficult of solution by the extremely limited number of persons of social, mental and moral qualifications, sufficiently elevated to render their experiences above suspicion, who are subjected to the influences of this "mysterious fluid." Such persons do, however, exist—ladies and gentlemen whose characters are above suspicion and above reproach, and whose words were the "mediums" through whom the following demonstrations took place.

One evening in Paris an American gentleman, who is a powerful medium, came to call on some American friends, who are strong believers in Spiritualism. (Owing to meet there, however, with a number of persons who were anxious to witness some display of his powers, the medium, whom we will call M. Z., with the full consent of his host, was allowed in tolerance what he lacked in credulity, to perform a series of extraordinary and middle operations; namely, that he was, in the shape of a young French physician, Dr. Z., who was but slightly known to his host, and not at all to any of the guests. The séance continued. Dr. Z., joining the master of the house, who was quietly seated on a sofa smoking his cigar, but little interested in what was going on at the table amongst the investigators into the supernatural. Suddenly a call was made for Dr. Z.; a communication was to be made to him. The message was delivered and it was—

me said I died there, leaving nothing in the way of papers by which I could be identified." This message evidently produced a powerful effect upon the young physician. On being asked if he had known the person whose spirit was supposed to be present, he returned an evasive answer, and soon after took his leave.

The next morning he called upon his host and suggested that the message he had received the night before purported to come from the spirit of his mother. "Now," he said, "I went on to say, 'my brother left France some years ago, to seek his fortunes in the United States. From the time of his departure until now his family have received no tidings of him whatever. We do not even know whether he is alive or dead, and as my father died since he left us the settlement of the estate has been much delayed and complicated by our uncertainty respecting his fate. Do you think that there is a possibility of my brother's return to the very extraordinary communication that I received last night, or can you suggest to me any means of testing its truth?' "Well," answered the American, "I have no belief in Spiritualism whatever, and am inclined to consider the whole affair as a sort of hallucination. Still, if you wish to investigate the matter, I would advise you to write to the French Consul at London and ask him to inquire at the S— Hospital if any person named Z— did die there the month of November, 1890." This suggestion was adopted, and in due course the French Consul's answer arrived. On the 10th of November, 1890, Edouard Z— had died at the S— Hospital of inflammation of the lungs. He had been attended in his last illness by a Dr. Myers, not Mayer, and that one trivial error was the only mistake in the whole communication. This incident was related to me by the American gentleman at whose house the séance took place.

The next experience was told to me by the charming and intellectual lady who was one of the first to be attracted to the time and place. An American family were tempted by an amazingly low rent, joined to unquestionable advantages of situation and surroundings, to engage a country house not far from Versailles. The lady in question chanced to be a medium of exceptional power, though she very much dislikes her peculiar gifts, seldom speaks of them to any one, and will never exercise them if she can possibly avoid doing so. The family had not long occupied their pretty country home, when they began to detect the serpent that lurked beneath the floorboards. At first it was a low, strange and inexpressible sound, disturbing them, not only after dark, but in broad daylight. Strange lights gleamed in unoccupied rooms after dusk, disappearing at the approach of any member of the family. A pale-faced woman, tall and spare, with long, dishevelled locks and glittering eyes, was seen looking into the mirror of a certain room on the second floor in which all these manifestations appeared to centre themselves. It is not my purpose to give a detailed account of all the strange sights, and the nocturnal occurrences, that tormented my friends during the whole of their stay. Suffice it to say that their experience was as novel and inexhaustible as it was disagreeable. But one of the incidents deserves narration as being with the case that I have cited, one of the very few instances in which any real good resulted from a spiritualistic communication. "As I have before stated, the lady of the house was a powerful medium, and was informed one day by the unseen tormentor of the household that her dwelling was shortly to be visited by burglars. She forthwith exclaimed, 'If you know of any town, or place, to protect us against the threatened danger. You have done so much harm that surely you can do us some good in return.' "We will protect you," was the response. A few days later the brother of one of the ladies, a boy of about twelve years of age, came to pass a week with them. The first night after his arrival he was awakened by a great noise of thumping, pounding, and moving to and fro in the room directly over his own. He was roused by his mother, and the next morning he told the whole story roundly for having made so much noise in the night as to disturb his slumbers. The next night, about 1 o'clock, the noise recommenced worse than ever. Becoming indignant, the youth got up, lit his candle, and went up stairs only to find his sister sleeping soundly and everything tranquil and in order on the upper floor. Bedlam, as he thoroughly named it, was in the room, and he saw down by the window of the room, and he saw a woman in a night dress, seated out at the stars, and drew himself in one way or another for at least an hour before retiring to rest. The next morning the servants, on going out, found that the garden gate (which was a door in a solid wall, and was always locked at night) had been forced open, the flower-beds had been trampled down, and a thick, heavy stick lay on the gravel walk, just outside of the drawing-room windows. "What does all this mean?" asked the lady, medium of her spiritistic man who came to break up the house, "was the answer: 'We cannot tell, but it is a warning.' "The thief was scared away by the lighted candle, and it was we who forced your brother to get up and light it." "Can you tell me the burglar's name?" was the next question. "No, but we can show you his portrait." Under the influence of the spirit, the lady—who knew nothing of drawing, by the way—sketched out in bold outline a rough, characteristic face, with coarse features and a repulsive expression. This drawing was examined, and commented upon, and shown to some few friends with curiosity. It was then thrown aside in a drawer, and the matter was dropped for the matter. A few weeks later, an organ-grinder stopped in front of the house and began to play for the delectation of the children. He was accompanied by a man who was instantly recognized by every member of the family as the original of the drawing.

One more instance, and I have done. One day there died in Paris, of a long and wasting malady, an elderly and wealthy American gentleman, an old bachelor, whose fortune everybody who was acquainted with him, most earnestly wished to see survive, and who, however, he had long been suffering from, some months prior to his demise. On the occasion of this quarrel he had declared to an intimate friend his intention of destroying his will, which he had made some years, before in favor of his nephew. This friend sought earnestly to dissuade him from such a step, but the old gentleman was highly indignant, and he left him unpersuaded. After his death the will was sought for, but all possible places of deposit, but without result. The friends, who happens to be a thorough disbeliever in Spiritualism, ordered a search to be made in a private house, where a séance was in progress, very soon, he was informed that his deceased friend desired to communicate with him, and the following message was delivered: "I took your advice, and did not destroy my will. Tell my nephew that he will find it in a drawer of my wardrobe, the second from the top on the left-hand side, underneath the brown paper that covers the bottom of the drawer. It is enclosed in a large square envelope, fastened with three seals." This I then sought out the young man, who was naturally much interested in his uncle's probable loss of his inheritance, and he fully "Did you search in your uncle's wardrobe for the will?" he asked. "Yes, we looked everywhere." "Well, come with me, and let us examine the wardrobe together. I have a deep conviction that we shall discover something." Very reluctantly the young man accompanied his friend upon what seemed to be a most hopeless errand. The search at first proved fruitless, but, in the second drawer from the top on the left side of the wardrobe, under the paper that covered the bottom of the drawer, the will was found in an envelope closed with three seals.

Now, I advance no opinion as to the cause of this. I merely state facts, which may lead to pending investigations into Spiritualism, should such investigations be carried on in a fair and candid spirit.

L. W. H. FARRER.

[illegible]

**November Magazine.**

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.—The current number is "one of unusual interest." The frontispiece is a fine engraving of Trumbull's Washington, as an accompaniment of the text that follows: "The Last Gasp of the Main Continental Army of the Revolution," with eleven illustrations. It next gives an account of the treaty of Peace between Great Britain and the American Colonies, with a fac-simile of the signatures thereto. A full-page engraving furnishes a copy of "The Colossus of the North; or, The Striding Boreas," a rare caricature, which appeared in London about the time of Lord North's resignation. The story of Grace Sherwood, who was prosecuted and persecuted in Virginia in 1706, upon suspicion of witchcraft, by Ed. Ingie, forms an interesting narrative. One Elizabeth Barnes circulated a report in 1682 that Grace came to her one night, and upon leaving, "went out of the keyhole or crack of the door like a black cat." Being arrested she was tried and convicted, but the justices did not know what further action to take, and the case was referred to the attorney general, upon whose decision it was determined to empanel another jury of women, but no woman could be found who would serve. At last she consented to be tried by ducking "to see how she could swim." When the day for this trial came, it was postponed for the singular reason, says the old record, "vs weather being very rainy and bad so that possibly it might endanger her health." When a propitious day came the sheriff was hidden "to collect boats, and to "duck the suspected wench in water over a man's head." All being ready, a start was made for the scene of operations, a mile from the court-house. It was mid-summer, and doubtless the whole neighborhood was aroused by the remarkable event about to take place. The "witch" was led by the sheriff's deputy, seemingly unconcerned about her surroundings and destination. A little in the rear were the justice and officers, followed by women and children, all pushing and crowding for a near view. At length the river was reached; the throng ranged itself along the bank, and amid the silence of the spectators Grace was dropped into deep water. She swam, with ease, a result that served to strengthen the suspicion of her guilt, and she was sent back to jail to await a future trial, though no record exists of its having been reached. "It is probable," says the writer, "that after the matter had ceased to be a nine-days' wonder" (though a nine years' wonder would be nearer the truth, since it commenced in 1682 and this was 1766) "the poor woman was released and allowed to pass the rest of her days without molestation."

Of the remaining subjects ably dealt with in this number may be mentioned "General Houston's Indian Life," "Journey of Madame Godin" across the American Continent in 1735. Among the minor articles is one about "Abby Folson and Judge Story" that will interest Bostonians. Historical Publication Society, New York.

WIDE AWAKE.—The spirit of adventure rules the present number. The opening story, "Benny's Wigwag," is a touching reminder of the homelessness of the Indian on his native soil. This is followed by "My Arizona Class," an interesting narrative by Jessie Fremont, whose husband, Gen. Fremont, was Governor of Arizona during Mr. Fremont's experience with the schools as here related. "How Mr. M. Had His Fingers Taken" is an amusing sketch with an illustration showing the comical methods employed to effect the purpose. Mrs. Whitney furnishes another piece to her "Battered Cruise." A Persian Homunculus in the time of Darius forms the groundwork of a spirited sketch, by Mary J. Safford. "Two Parasol School Boys," in which accurate descriptions are given of the dress and customs of that remote age. The various serials are concluded, and this being the close of a volume an index and title page are given. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY this month opens with "Mother's Kisses," and closes with "Mother's Little Darling;" the former being a pretty poem by Geo. Cooper, illustrated with an engraving, that is the frontispiece of the number, and the latter a sonnet with piano accompaniment. The intermediate articles are such as will greatly please those for whom entertainment and instruction they are designed; the engravings are many, and attractive. Russell Publishing Company, 38 Bromfield street, Boston.

THE ELECTRICIAN reports the electrical exhibits at the American Institute, Fair in New York; gives an account, with illustrations, of the "Sun Lamp," an improvement of the lamp sold of France; continues Prof. Leyden's interesting "Sketches of Electrical History," and furnishes other matters of interest and value to all engaged in the study or application of the science. Williams & Co., 119 Nassau street, New York.

SHAKER MANIFESTO contains essays on "Progress Order and Individualism," "Grace and Knowledge," "Education," etc. United Societies, Shaker Village, N.H.

[THE BUILDERS AND WOOD-WORKER for November.] Fred. A. Hodgson, publisher, Fred. T. Hodgson, editor, 234 Broadway, New York.

Nathan F. Hart Dead!

We were shocked to learn on Wednesday morning of the death of Nathan F. Hart, who died in the Hospital of the Maine State Prison on Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, of malignant cholera. We learn from Warden Bond and Dr. Levanier that Mr. Hart had been unwell for some two weeks and unable to work, and had been taken to the hospital a short time before his death. He was fifty-four years of age and had been in prison five years, having been sentenced at the September term of the Supreme Judicial Court in 1873. He maintained his innocence to the very last, and most of the people were believing him innocent of the crime of murder, and were generously satisfied to have money paid to him in obtaining a new trial. As he lived we believe a jury of his countrymen would have vindicated his character at the new trial which he was sure to obtain on grounds which ought to set aside a verdict in a State whose Constitution guarantees to every man an impartial trial. Four depositions were taken at Washington last week, before Daniel P. Ross, Commissioner appointed by the Court, at the taking of which Chief Attorney Robinson was present. These depositions show that one Juror before the trial and another during the trial had expressed qualified opinions as to the honesty of Nathan F. Hart, and that the juror who had obtained a new trial. At the new trial, the anonymous letter could not have been shown to be those of Mr. Hart, and the story of Wall about entering the cloud, and the inference from the alleged dream.

As we looked upon the pale, calm face of the dead convict in the prison on Wednesday, we recalled vividly that touching scene at the close of the trial, when hearing the verdict of guilty he exclaimed, "Is it possible? Is it possible? I do not think of me as a murderer, and I am told that several of my friends have said that I am a good man, and yet I have been pronounced guilty! He had not long before a friend, which will not err in the least, writes him of integrity, and that he has no consciousness of wrongdoing. He writes, "I have a wife and a family, and I am sure that if I were free, I would be able to support them. I have kindly spoken to you, and I am sure that you have not failed down temptation, and I am confident that you will be able to support your family."

RECORD OF MR. HART'S TRIAL. The following is a summary of the evidence given at the trial of Nathan F. Hart, who was charged with the murder of William Bond, a member of the Maine State Prison, on the 1st of August, 1873. The trial took place at the Supreme Judicial Court, in the city of Portland, Maine, on the 1st of September, 1873. The jury consisted of twelve men, and the judge presiding was Chief Justice Allen. The evidence was as follows:

The first witness called was Warden Bond, who testified that he was the person killed. He stated that he was in the prison at the time of the murder, and that he was alone with the prisoner, Nathan F. Hart, at the time of the attack. He testified that he was struck on the head with a brickbat, and that he fell to the ground. He also testified that he saw the prisoner, Nathan F. Hart, standing over him, and that he saw him pick up the brickbat and throw it away. He testified that he saw the prisoner, Nathan F. Hart, standing over him, and that he saw him pick up the brickbat and throw it away. He testified that he saw the prisoner, Nathan F. Hart, standing over him, and that he saw him pick up the brickbat and throw it away.







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 Notices of Spiritualist Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Monday, as the BANNER OF LIGHT goes to press every Tuesday.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1883.

**PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE,**  
 No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province Street, Boston, Mass.

**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS:**  
 NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY,  
 14 Franklin Street, Boston.

**THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,**  
 33 and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

**COLBY & RICH,**  
 PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

ISAAC B. RICH, Business Manager.  
 LUTHER COLBY, Editor.  
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Business Letters should be addressed to ISAAC B. RICH, Banner of Light Publishing House, Boston, Mass. All other letters and communications should be forwarded to LUTHER COLBY.

**SPIRITUALISM** is the Science and Philosophy of the Universe as viewed from the Spiritual Standpoint; and it is identical with Spiritualism.—SPRIT 8, B. BRITTON.

### The Birth of the Last Child.

The precise date when generation is to come to an end on the earth for the human race happens to be about the only thing left over which theorists or controversialists could raise an issue; and Dr. Wilde, of Ontario, Can., has ingeniously discovered the fact and proceeded to drag it forth with a cackle of delight which can be compared to nothing but that of a hen over her first egg. This enterprising preacher, not to be outdone by any of his contemporaries in what is unique or original, addresses his attention to the question when human births are to cease, having of course a theory behind it, that is to be supported by the answer. We find his discourse—or hodge-podge blending of fancy, conceit, sense, and nonsense—printed in full in the columns of the Markham, Ontario, Sun, and will try to give an idea of what its author is presumably driving at, without wearying the attention of our readers; at the same time lightning it all we can.

Ministers can find anything they want in the Bible for a text; we remember a peripatetic preacher's performing the funeral service for an aged and respectable negro, who took for his text, "And he shall die in his nest." What his notion of a nest precisely was, we did not clearly comprehend; but he evidently had a cloudy something floating across the low dome of his mind. So Dr. Wilde, in pretty much the same spirit, if not indeed with equal intelligence, took a verse out of Isaiah, in which it is asserted that "there shall be no more than an infant of days, nor an old man that hath not filled his days." This without doubt answers, in his mind, to the notion he seeks to parade, that on a given time there will be no more infants, and that nothing is hereafter to be looked for but old men. Allowing it to be so, it will occur to everybody to ask: What of it? What can there be in such a fact, whenever it shall actually transpire, that makes it interesting to hear about it? Does it bear upon morals in any way? Is there any warning or menace contained in it? Has it a particle more of significance than the other fact that at some time there will be no more sun or moon, or earth either, for that matter?

Truly all things are grist for the preacher's mill in these desperate times, and all is fish that comes to their net; so if they are hard pushed for topics to talk upon, they manage to pick up one as senseless as this one, which raises to no purpose the question when the last child is to be born. What this parson thinks about the matter is of no particular importance, save as a sort of "literary curiosity," and as such we will consider its principal points. In opening his singular discourse, Mr. Wilde confesses that it is extremely interesting to find out, if we can, what God was driving at in the creation of this mundane sphere, and when he shall be able to say he is satisfied. His subsequent quotations from the prophets and others come as a matter of course; every minister fires off a fusillade of them as soon as he has named his text and pointed it in the direction he is going to talk. That part of the business concluded, he proceeds in his own fashion, which we must pronounce a queer one indeed. He protests his belief that God will continue to "run this world" until all his original purposes are accomplished, one of which he asserts to be that a certain number of human beings shall have existence on the earth—and no more. With equal relevance he might have taken as his text that passage which sets forth that "the hairs of our head are all numbered," and attempted to show that as soon as God's purpose in this little item of hirsute production was accomplished in an individual case, it might be considered that the estimate of that individual had been achieved. One idea is just about as important, equally as reasonable and fully as interesting, as the other.

This Dr. Wilde's surname, by the way, striking us as being not so much of a misnomer—is particularly anxious to find out when the "end" of things is to come. He is impatient for what is to follow. If we were to quote his own favorite Scripture to him in mild reproof: "Sufficient unto the day," etc., he would of course keep silence and listen. So we will try to do the same, giving our readers likewise intelligence of what we can catch from his lips. To consummate this end, which gives him so much uneasiness of mind, he lets us into the intentions of Christ with as much freedom as if he had once been made his confidant. He tells us all about the object of creation, and he tells about the object in bringing what has been created to a close.

"The time will come," he says, "when this

creation of the creatures shall cease." We would not undertake to dispute it; but nevertheless we presume to ask: What if it does? It is just this kind of speculation in the dark that ministers like to indulge in, because they think it excites superstitious dread and causes the human mind to yield itself more unresistingly to their power. After this time on which Dr. Wilde dwells with such satisfaction has come, then follows—what? According to his own confession, nothing more nor better than a dispute; a dispute over the new heavens and the new earth. In view of such a dread contingency most people would sincerely prefer that none of the coming children should be the unfortunate last one, but that the gulf of uncertainty hinted at should rather be bridged with living little ones. It would be a great deal better to put them to than to pave the Orthodox hell with their dead little skulls, as Jonathan Edwards teaches us the case is already.

The millennium on earth, says Dr. Wilde, is one conception of the new heavens and new earth, while the other conception carries them safely over, in his own heavenly words, to "the other side of the fires." Those who stay here have at least this advantage, and he will not venture to deny it: they will keep out of the reach of "the fires," while those who attempt to reach "the other side" will stand a chance of getting a scorching. On the whole, however, and to cut this merely preliminary matters short, Dr. Wilde roundly asserts his belief that the final new heavens and earth are to be a great way off from here, and we are willing for the sake of peace and quiet to accept his statement; adding our own modest suggestion that he will be likely to know a good deal more about it when he gets there, and by that time he will be cured of his morbid habit of speculating about unprofitable things. We use the word unprofitable in the Orthodox, and not at all, in the Spiritualist view.

Well may he inquire, and he shows sense in the question, what place is to become the receptacle of the untold millions that have passed from earth, are all the time passing from it, and will have passed from it, long before the desired, or apprehended, end comes. If immortality is the priceless boon of the human spirit, its existence must be fixed and not vague, or else it loses to that degree all idea of individuality and identity. Surely, where do all these countless human spirits go after passing beyond the veil called death? Our preacher says they are "the plants of the new heavens and earth." Also, that they are worked, by some process of celestial masonry that such as he only knows all about, into "the foundation of a new Zion and a new earth," to be covered over "till the time of rebuilding comes." He is obviously confused in his metaphors as well as in his conceptions, or he never would convert spirits into plants and stones by the fiat of a single sentence. We give him notice, therefore, that he must make his choice between them. A spirit cannot very well be an organic and an inorganic substance at the same time, whatever the theological necessities may happen to be.

But before the multiplication of the race can come to an end, he says there must be a "rapid increase," and "on the lines of Israel at least." Because, before the end comes, Israel is to rule the world. And to show that this increase on the lines of Israel is already taking place, he asserts most conveniently that Israel is doubling every forty-five years—while it takes the rest of the world about one hundred and twenty-three years to double. He says that "God is fulfilling his word marvelously." Then, again, he refuses to believe that, mixed as things are at the present time, "the devil is getting the biggest spoil from this world." And he emphasizes the statement with a jerking "No, sir!" whose dogmatic self-assertion even Dr. Fulton or a Joseph Cook might envy. He declares that Christ would never be satisfied "if the Devil got more than he got," and he furnishes as the best reason for thinking so that he (Wilde) would not be satisfied himself! His estimate, his judgment, his conceptions are all only human and limited; and so, too, appears to be his learning, for he innocently speaks of Agnostics and other "agnostics." He has, unfortunately, not yet learned to "divide the word" obediently to its simple meaning.

But no mere want of earthly knowledge need hinder the wonderful extent of this knowledge of the heavens. There will be no thistles and thorns in the new heavens, he assures us; no noxious weeds in the new garden; the new home will be beyond the flames; nature will give her increase without sweat and toil. Therefore he enjoins on us to be glad that we are alive, and to be no less glad that we shall shortly be dead. The contradiction is of no particular consequence; we will try to feel glad all the same. As for the number of people who are to live on this earth, he thinks the matter was long ago fixed. Things cannot go on in this way always, he is solemnly sure of that. If they did, his opinion is that "Toronto would be a larger city than it is now" in a thousand years; and that is reason enough for him. The increase of population has got to stop because the earth cannot after a certain time contain it all; that is the Wilde argument in its last resort. The parade of figures in support of it is altogether too dazzling to be faced; they should be met obliquely.

But he comes out of his wilderness to confront us with all possible boldness with the statement of his belief that the six days of the Mosal creation mean neither more nor less than six thousand years. If he is particularly happy in that belief, why should anybody wish to disturb him? And these six thousand years of creature creation, he says, will come to an end "in the year A. D. 2000" whenever that is. After that date, not another child is to be born upon earth. There will be a rest from births for a thousand years. The only point remaining to be cleared up is the precise or approximate time when the year 2000 will really come. Like all the rest of the prophets, even those whom he so confusedly interprets, he leaves everything unsettled, uncertain, and consequently vague. And yet such as he are especially fond of taunting spiritual mediums with not being able to predict with anything like accuracy.

All this is truly Wilde enough. What it amounts to, others can make out as well as we can. What it profits, no one can tell. It is the vagrant activity of a mind that hardly knows what it wants or where it would light. It is really pitiful to read this sort of discourse, mere pudding-stone from one who sports the title of a divinity doctor in front of his name, in which nothing whatever is really said, but feeling, prejudice, instinct, ignorance, presumption, and an assumed familiarity with divine purposes are all mixed in a general stew, into which he generously invites his hearers to thrust their fingers and pull out such morsels as they mostly crave. It is large in the pulp instead of upon the stage.

### The Rapper of Wittenberg.

On the 31st of October, 1817, just as the evening mists descended upon the city of Wittenberg, an Augustinian monk passed through the crowds gathered before the Castle Church in waiting for vespers, and nailed upon its door a document the outcome of which proved, as time passed on, a complete revolution in man's ideals of religion and the true place to be assigned to organization in its relation to individuality in matters theological. On that day and date began in a more marked degree than ever before a struggle between "principals and powers" in the ecclesiastical world and the conscience of man: a struggle which has gone onward till the rapping of that German monk's hammer has sent its tones adown the years, giving freedom as it sped, till we have the spectacle of a universal belief under the auspices of the Protestantism which he founded being held all over the world on the four hundredth anniversary of his birthday.

Not only do Protestant Churches owe Luther an offering of gratitude: Spiritualists and Liberalists are equally in his debt. The raps of his hammer voiced the advent of conditions which could not be confined to theologic limits, or to the mere question of the "justification of the individual by the achievement and exercise of an individual faith, as in contradistinction to a justification arbitrarily imputed to that same individual by a hierarchic institution which claimed to draw its powers from the vicarious reservoirs of the past: Out of this limitation the conscience of man, freed to the extent of beginning to make open inquiry for itself in one matter, expanded, till now under the slow but broadening influence of the centuries, and through the additional labors of others who like Luther have been terribly earnest—but whose prototype he was in moral and physical courage and mental prowess—the measurable freedom of human thought to-day has been achieved, and the grander freedom of the years to be rendered possible of approximate prophecy.

Every friend, therefore, of the freedom of flexible, receptive, individual thought—as opposed to the cramping processes of fixed organizations, which are ever, from the nature of the case, conservative in their ultimate tendencies, whether in the fields of theology, political government, philosophic deduction, scientific investigation or spiritual research, can consistently thank the Rapper of Wittenberg for his great work for humanity. Truly has it been said of him:

"He was the child of terrific struggle and conflict—the one mighty mind which was the 'whispering gallery' of the still, small voices of enslaved spirits, and which spoke for freedom, millioned-tongued, in tones that thundered round the world and down the ages. His mind was made convex to receive the scattered rays of God's sun which had fallen into the souls of men during fifteen centuries; and in him they were 'focused' and made to blaze and burn so as to set the moral and spiritual heavens aflame with a new life and a new hope for mankind. He found his age deformed, and set himself to the task of its reformation."

The present age has traveled far beyond him now. He believed and taught in his day that individual "faith" was all that individual deeds had nothing to do with the problem; while in our times even the strictest Protestant sects are continually moving (whatever may be written in their creeds) nearer a position on the higher ground that a man's works must alike prove the vitality of his faith, and the practical worth, if any, of the system in which he claims to cherish such faith. Another Rapper has produced this change in larger degree than any other agency known to man: the enfranchised spirit who over thirty-five years ago rapped out—but with the agency of no earthly hammer, nor the concurrent presence of a closely-written manuscript—upon the wall of an humble home in Hydesville, the opening signal of another Reformation in man's conceptions regarding the present life, its bearing on that which is to come, and the nature and pursuits of that life when entered upon at death by the spirit disrobed from clay! Each day this revolution set on foot by Modern Spiritualism goes forward in every walk in mortal life—re-forming (perhaps unconsciously to their followers, but surely) all the systems of thought on these great matters which have sprung into being necessarily at various times because of and to satisfy the needs of the varying mental, moral and physical elements going to make up the composition of world-wide humanity. The Rapper of Hydesville has come to complete the work of the Rapper of Wittenberg: Let a world yet to be enfranchised by his divine mission say, Amen!

### Spirits at the Telephone.

The suggestion frequently made that the sensitiveness of the telephone rendered it available for spirit-manifestation, and hence might possibly be used for transmitting communications from unseen operators, appears to have been noted upon by some one or more of the spirit-host at Saratoga, N. Y., in two instances, the last of which occurred last spring at the time of the decease of Dr. L. B. Larkin, during whose illness the occasional ringing of the call-bell of the telephone in his house caused him so much annoyance that it was disconnected and so fixed as to prevent all use of it. The morning that Dr. Larkin died, says the *Sentinel*, the call-bell of the telephone of Mr. R. C. Vandenberg, in another portion of the village, was rung, and when a domestic went to see what was wanted, this message came: "Dr. Larkin died this morning [giving the hour]. Let Mr. Vandenberg come here at once." Then the girl was asked to repeat the message to show that she understood it. When Mr. Vandenberg came in he was informed of the message, and at once went to Dr. Larkin's place and told them he had come in response to it. He was told that they had sent no message nor authorized any, and he was shown the disabled instrument. His services, however, were thankfully accepted in making arrangements for the funeral. Then attempts were made to ascertain where the message originated, but without the mystery being at all unraveled. The authority above mentioned further says that the late Dr. Larkin was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and the friends believe that the message to Mr. Vandenberg was sent by some spirit-friend who found a medium near the wire at some point, and believed Mr. Vandenberg's services would be needed in making arrangements for the funeral, as indeed they were.

Dr. Joseph Rodas Buchanan will reply, in our next issue, to some of the positions taken in Thomas Gales Forster's lecture in the *Banner of Light* of Nov. 10th.

Mrs. E. Beste, 678 Tremont street, holds materializing circles on Tuesday and Thursday each week at 8 o'clock P. M.; Wednesday and Saturday at 3 o'clock P. M.

### Decease of Ed. S. Wheeler.

It would be difficult to imagine any more striking and practical exemplification of the uncertainty attending all human conditions than is afforded by this number of the *Banner of Light*. Our entire first page and a portion of our eighth are devoted to a report of the reception tendered Bro. Wheeler at Horticultural Hall, Oct. 31st, where joy was radiant on every face, and hopes the brightest for his earthly future were showered around him—and now we have the sad duty, sad for the cause, but not for him, to announce that he has passed on through the gates of death. We can only state the fact at present; he may literally be said to have died in the harness, for he was stricken down by paralysis while addressing the Ladies' Aid Society of Boston, on Friday evening, Nov. 9th, and never regained consciousness in this life—passing peacefully away on the afternoon of Monday, Nov. 12th, in his fifty-first year of mortal experiences.

Thus another worker has gone home, "bearing his sheaves with him." Who next will be called out for heavenly promotion from the earthly ranks of the Grand Army of Truth?

We are requested in behalf of his widow to state that his funeral will occur at Horticultural Hall, at 12 o'clock on Thursday, Nov. 15th. On which occasion the principal addresses will be delivered by Dr. H. B. Storer and J. W. Fletcher, to be followed by Mrs. Clara A. Field, Dr. Dutton, and others. Appropriate vocal music will also be included in the exercises; and all friends of Mr. Wheeler are invited to attend without further notice.

### Prof. Kiddle in Providence.

In Slade Hall, Sunday, Nov. 11th, afternoon and evening, there were large and intelligent audiences, assembled to listen to Prof. Henry Kiddle of New York, who in the afternoon spoke on "Spirit-Principles and Laws," and in the evening on "The Theistic Revelation of Spiritualism." Both discourses received a very earnest attention, and elicited many expressions of warm commendation. Verbatim copies of one or both will be forwarded, by request, to the *Banner of Light* for publication.

Additional interest was given to these meetings by the public performances of the new musical medium, Mr. James R. Cooke, under the management of Mr. Jas. A. Bliss. Mr. C. is almost totally blind, and is of a slight, nervous organization, giving indication of unusual sensitiveness. He is evidently an extraordinary medium; and, under the purported controls of the great musical composers, Jno. Sebastian Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Balfe, Weber, etc., etc., gave some powerful and artistic piano-forte and organ playing. He is also controlled for vocal music. His performances, especially in view of the fact that he has been a medium only seven weeks, were quite astonishing, and elicited the most enthusiastic applause of the audience at both meetings.

### A Veteran Gone Home.

A brief note from S. C. Perham informs us that that earnest worker for the cause, Charles Thompson, Esq., late Secretary of the Vermont Spiritualist Association, passed from earth to spirit-life, on Friday, Nov. 2d, at his home in St. Albans, that State, at the ripe age of seventy-one years. Bro. Thompson was one whose inmost feelings centred on the New Dispensation and its interests; he was a fearless and earnest worker, and one ever alive to the needs of the present day—one of the most important of which is that Spiritualists shall defend their mediums if they desire the spirit-world to allow these its sensitive instruments to further minister to the people. One of the latest acts of Bro. Thompson's life, at least so far as our acquaintance with him is concerned, was to write an article in defense of the mediumship of Mrs. Mary M. Hardy, called out by those fully endorsing her from the pen of John Wetherbee, printed some time since. We shall give it to our readers in our forthcoming issue, as the, typically at least, last word on the mortal side from this now ascended servant of the truth.

### Gerald Massey.

W. J. Colville writes us that this gentleman's lectures in St. George's Hall, London, Eng., were, at the time of their delivery, "largely commented upon and much eulogized. He is a marvelous speaker, and his new work, 'The Natural Genesis,' is creating a marked sensation in the world of letters."

Our American readers—especially those interested in the conducting of Spiritualist meetings—will do well to remember that this distinguished poet, philosopher and orator is at present in America, and can be addressed for engagements at 620 Green Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., or in care of this office.

Mr. Colville writes that his return to the United States at an early date is an assured fact if certain conditions are complied with—otherwise he will remain in England for some length of time. He cogently remarks: "Organization on a spiritual basis can only be the coming together on an equal footing, for the accomplishment of good work, of such minds as are drawn by the irresistible power of spiritual sympathy. Trustees, acts of incorporation, title deeds, etc., are the grave clothes in which the Church has buried inspiration. The resurrected spirit of to-day has had enough of the tomb and the official seal, guarded by the representatives of modern Phariseism"; and adds that his guides are laboring untiringly to develop reliance upon spiritual guidance in the conduct of spiritual affairs, and the relinquishment of all hold upon the old Orthodox method of church-government. All which means that the spirit-world workers are opposed to organized efforts to sectarianize Spiritualism.

We are in receipt of the first number of a new periodical, printed in the Spanish language, from Key West, Florida, which it is proposed to publish on the 10th and 25th of each month: "LA LUZ ESPIRITA," devoted to psychological studies, and the official organ of the Spiritualist Society of that place. Its introductory article enumerates the leading subjects to be discussed in its columns, the principal of which are: The Existence of God; The Immortality of Man; Pre-existence and Re-incarnation; Plurality of Worlds; Unlimited Progress, and Spirit-Communication. It is another indication of the rapid advance Spiritualism is making toward becoming the accepted belief of all nations; as such we welcome it to the ranks of workers for the enlightenment of mankind, and wish it most abundant success.

BANGOR, MICH.—A report of a meeting of Spiritualists and Liberalists held in Bangor, Nov. 3d and 4th, is received, and will appear in our columns next week.

### Sleeping with the Head to the North.

Interesting facts are given in the *Electrician* for the present month respecting the subject above-named. In 1822 M. C. Vignier wrote to the *Revue Philosophique* that he was of the opinion an agency existed capable of exorcising a continuous action on the apparatus of the nerves (canals) varying with the position of the head, and that this agency is terrestrial magnetism. He considered it beyond dispute that galvanic currents not only exercise a powerful effect on our nervous system, but that electro-magnets produce marked effects in certain nervous affections; experiments made by M. Charcot, at Salpêtrière, leave no doubt on this point, the truth of which is yet further substantiated by the practice, which must have some foundation for its existence, adopted by Swedish peasants, who cause themselves to be buried for several hours so as to lie north and south, in order to cure neuralgia. The writer above mentioned remarks that it is sufficiently proved by physiological experiments that a very close relation exists between the nervous system and electricity, of which magnetism is but one form.

In the *Journal Officiel* of May, 1881, a report was given of an experiment made by M. Ziegler. He took a lens of soft iron, exposed it in a place where it received the lines of terrestrial magnetism, and re-directed them to the organ to be studied. By projecting the magnetic lines concentrated in this manner on the heart of a rabbit, the rhythm of the heart was changed, and by concentrating them on the intestines, violent peristaltic movements ensued. The investigations made of the operations of the laws governing these more subtle agencies, will doubtless reveal information of the utmost value to mankind. All that is needed is that scientists shall be so far loyal to the truth as to willingly relinquish any preconceived views and even long-established theories if in the course of their studies and experiments newly-discovered facts shall require them to do so.

### The First Spiritual Temple.

Last week published a brief account of the proposed new building to be erected by the Working Union of Progressive Spiritualists in Boston. The following-named ladies and gentlemen are officially connected, with others, in the prosecution of this enterprise:

**Incorporators.**—Marcellus S. Ayer, Elmore C. Ayer, Frederick W. Gregory, Geo. W. McCallan, Elizabeth H. Maynard, Harriet A. Blaisdell, M. Janette Ayer, Dennis S. Baker, J. Comodore Street, Josiah D. Hunt, Julia A. Dawley, Roxana L. Grosvenor.

**Officers.**—Marcellus S. Ayer, President; Frederick W. Gregory, Vice President; Elmore C. Ayer, Treasurer; J. Comodore Street [No. 47 Dwight street, Boston], Secretary.

### Mrs. Susan S. Richardson.

Wife of Dr. A. H. Richardson (so well known to Boston Spiritualists), passed to spirit-life from her home in Charlestown District, on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 11th, aged 99 years 6 months 3 days. Her funeral services took place at her late residence on Tuesday, Nov. 13th, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes officiating, and Charles W. Sullivan and Mrs. Nellie M. Day joining in appropriate song. Mrs. Richardson was a prominent worker in the Ladies' Aid Society, and will be missed from her post by many. We tender our sincere condolences to Dr. Richardson in this his hour of affliction.

Dr. T. L. Nichols, of the London (Eng.) *Herald of Health*, pays a high compliment to Prof. J. Rodas Buchanan's excellent work, "Moral Education—Its Laws and Methods," in the November number—denominating it "a handsome, solid and most valuable volume of four hundred pages." He concludes his notice by saying, "Dr. Buchanan is well known as an eminent explorer in the domain of physiology and psychology, which are but two facts of the great science of humanity, and we expect to find in this book a perfect mine of facts and suggestions." As Dr. Buchanan is permanently located in this city, those of our citizens who take an interest in the important subject, as set forth in the volume in question, can unquestionably have an opportunity of consulting with him personally at his residence, No. 29 Fort avenue.

Just before going to press we learned that Dr. McEwen had passed to spirit-life from his late residence in Washington, D. C., and that the funeral took place on Monday last. The deceased was one of the oldest and most distinguished advocates of the Spiritual Philosophy residing in Washington. We have been promised fuller particulars for our next issue.

The *Banner of Light* next week (Nov. 24th) will contain the verbatim report of a lecture on the "CREATION AND NATURE OF SOULS—ORIGIN OF SPECIES," which was delivered by H. B. Philbrook at the Church of the New Spiritual Dispensation, Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 19th, during a meeting of the Fraternity.

In answer to several correspondents, of late, we feel it to be a duty we owe to the gentleman in question, as well as the public generally, to state that we consider Mr. J. Frank Baxter a genuine platform test medium, all statements from whatever source to the contrary notwithstanding.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond will speak in Chokering Hall, New York City, next Sunday, Nov. 18th. Mrs. Richmond will soon deliver a series of week day evening lectures in Brooklyn. Her address while in New York will be 328 East 79th street. She receives Friday afternoon and evening.

W. H. Vosburgh, magnetic healer, of Troy, N. Y., will be at Winsted, Ct., about ten days, from Wednesday, Nov. 7th, to the 27th, and at Meriden, Ct., from Nov. 27th to Dec. 7th.

Our thanks are hereby returned to Wilson Flint, Esq., for a fine basket of autumn fruit, grown in his own garden at Everett, Mass.

We have enjoyed during the present week the friendly and congenial presence at our office of Prof. Henry Kiddle, of New York.

Presbyterian bigotry in Melbourne, [Australia] having determined to cast out its *enfant terrible*, the Rev. Charles Strong, that gentleman's congregation has resolved to cast out Presbyterianism. On a recent Tuesday evening, when a resolution to sever themselves from the Presbyterian Church of Victoria was submitted, there were only eighteen dissentients. Thus the process of religious evolution goes on until, by and by, the cream of the old will be outside of the churches, and the new-born world will be left with the seedling of the new religion, N. S. W.















