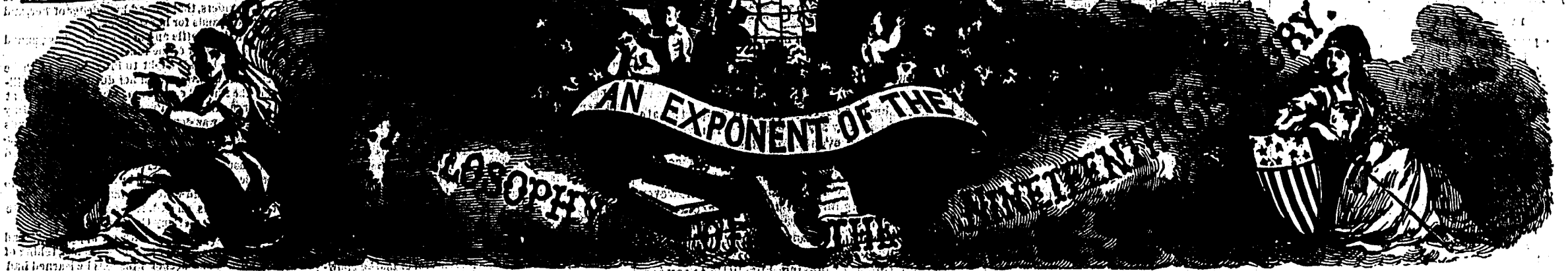


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. LVI.

COLEY & RICH,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1884.

\$3.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.

NO. 3.

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Original Essay.

A PRETTY DEBATE.

There appeared in the *Popular Science Monthly* in January last an article by Herbert Spencer, reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century*, entitled "Religious Retrospect and Prospect." This article was reviewed in a satirical strain in the same magazine by Frederic Harrison, under the caption "The Ghost of Religion." The article of Mr. Harrison was answered by Mr. Spencer in a second article entitled "Retrospect and Prospect." This second article of Mr. Spencer, and that of Mr. Harrison, appeared in the August number of the *Popular Science Monthly* for this year.

As illustrating the views of persons so eminent in the world of science and letters as are the writers, these articles are deserving of careful study. Though belonging to different schools, the writers have much in common. Both admit that the proper domain of religion concerns the unknowable. But Mr. Harrison, a disciple of M. Comte, seems to believe that though the object of religion is unknowable, it is possible to establish a cult, that is, a system of rites and ceremonies that will engage and retain the observance of mankind. And if we may trust the assertions of Mr. Spencer, Mr. Harrison is in fact committed to the religious system devised by M. Comte, and which has been, to a certain extent, initiated by that philosopher's disciples.

On the other hand, Mr. Spencer considers it impossible to foretell or prescribe the forms in which the religious sentiment of men will find its last and most satisfactory expression; and in his first article, tracing the historical genesis of religion, and from its known development making a general forecast of its future, he reaches the conclusion that with the advance of the human intellect, the Supreme Cause, the chief object of religion, will simply become more and more mysterious, just in proportion as the human mind is gradually driven to divest it of all conceivable attributes except that of exhaustless energy. The advance of science will "not destroy the object-matter of religion, but simply transfigure it," while under its concrete forms it will enlarge the sphere for religious sentiment.

Though he does not say it, Mr. Spencer seems to imply that rites and ceremonies will vanish from religion altogether, while the religious sentiment will augment in intensity and purity, and at the same time cease to be a possession for vulgar humanity. He does not say as much, but that is a legitimate inference from his first article. Mystery being the dominant quality in nature that sustains religion, they only can be most truly religious who enjoy the widest view of her transcendent wonders. It seems also to be implied in that article that both affection and dread of the supreme object of religion will also vanish; as would seem highly probable if only cultured humanity is to become its sole possessor.

The stages of the process of the evolution of religions, as conceived by Mr. Spencer, are somewhat as follows:

"The religious consciousness," he says, "is concerned with that which lies beyond the sphere of sense." But how does man arrive at the notion of agencies transcending perception? This is a gradual process.

(1) Through dreams the primitive man gets the idea of another self, of his double. "This other self, in the imagination of primitive man, is a real object. In his sleep, as he fancies, it wanders about, and has all the experiences of a real being."

(2) Belief in his own double leads to the belief in the doubles of his fellows. An invisible population of souls thus becomes an article of faith with primitive populations.

(3) Belief in doubles having been established, performance of certain classes of duties to them arises from the sentiments of love and fear; for example, the supplying them with food, fire and clothing, and other articles supposed to be required by their wants. These are the primitive forms of religious sacrifices.

(4) Perpetuation of generations in these ritual performances for the benefit of the dead (or imagined spirits) along with the rehearsal of traditions of their good or evil qualities gives permanence to the religious sentiment.

In their separate existence, and stimulates imagination to multiply their numbers.

(5) Discrimination in the grades of departed souls next follows, with the ascription to them of graduated powers for good or evil. The practice of sacrificing continues with variations in the offerings and in religious duties proportionate to the grade of the spirit worshipped.

(6) The merging of peoples with one another by war and conquest, blends worships and intensifies and more sharply discriminates the qualities and grades of the spirit deities.

(7) A spirit or deity-world having been thus fairly initiated and left subject to the play of the social and individual imagination, the gods develop and change in qualities with the varying social conditions in which their worships exist. This is perfected polytheism.

(8) With the development of intelligence and the contrast forced on the mind between the actual constitution and the supposed attributes of the imaginary deities, there proceeds through disbelief a decrease of their number and a diminution of their attributes. One phase of this change is with some peoples the concentration of all deity attributes in one deity. This is monotheism, in which in process of time the Supreme Deity becomes invested in the mind of the worshiper with only the highest human attributes, but in unlimited measure; that is, the attributes of perfect love, boundless wisdom, and exhaustless power. Into this phase of religious belief the various societies of highest grade of the Caucasian stock have entered or are entering.

(9) The final term of religious development, according to Mr. Spencer, will be to divest the Supreme Being of all attributes but infinite energy, and leave him for the religious consciousness as simply the Unknowable.

I do not pretend to have taken this summary of religious development from Mr. Spencer's first article alone, but from other productions of his as well; and I think it does not misrepresent his views, even if it is not complete.

Mr. Harrison pronounces this article of Mr. Spencer to be the last word of the Agnostic philosophy in its long controversy with Theology, and to be unanswerable. He has no dispute to make with it, except that it does not represent what religion is, but rather the ghost of it. He then criticizes the "Infinite and Eternal Energy" of Mr. Spencer's philosophy as containing nothing answering to the accepted idea of God, except in its negative aspect. It is simply empty infinity, without any basis in reality—a pure negation, and therefore it is no basis for religion, and cannot be.

He then criticizes incidentally Mr. Spencer's theory of the origin of religion, ridiculing the idea of its evolution through the worship of ghosts or spirits; broadly asserting that from the beginning religion was the worship of natural objects evident to the senses; that fetishism was its original form. Its substance, "in the vast cycles of primitive ages was reverence for Nature as influencing Man"; "reverence for the assumed authors or controllers of Nature." The spontaneous and the final religion of man rest on the same elements—belief in a Power that controls his life, and reverence for the Power so acknowledged. That Power is Humanity itself, controlling and controlled by Nature, according to natural laws. Religion is concerned with worship and conduct. But it falls of its purpose in seeking an object in the realms of the unknowable. It must come back to the known. It has always been and it must ever be anthropomorphic. "Humanity is the greatest object of reverence within the region of the real and the known."

In his reply Mr. Spencer commences with a re-statement of his doctrine of the "Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed," asserting and showing that it is far from being a mere negation, and that he has persistently held and taught that it is a positive reality, the substratum "at once of material and mental existence, the Ultimate Cause." On the contrary, he charges the Positivism of M. Comte, of which Mr. Harrison is an advocate, with studiously ignoring anything outside of or beyond phenomena, and as maintaining the inquiry for first or final causes to be absurd.

He then goes on to show that *fetichism*, or the worship of natural objects, is not a primitive form of religion; that it does not first appear in the lowest stages of society; that it reaches its greatest height in societies considerably advanced, and that it, with Nature-worship, is an aberrant development of ghost-worship.

The remainder of his second article presents a severe exposition of the absurdities of the worship of "Humanity" as originated by M. Comte, and of which Mr. Harrison is assumed to be an adherent. For Comte, taking for granted that rites and ceremonies are an essential of any system of human observances, truly constituting a religion; as they have ever been, constructed an enormous cult, with its system of rites and duties, to be performed at stated periods, in honor of noble men who are reputed to have been, while living, benefactors of humanity. He also includes the Grand Être—Humanity itself, in this system of worship. It is clear from this exposition of Mr. Spencer that the worship of Humanity, as M. Comte conceived it, and as Mr. Harrison may be presumed to accept it, will never win to its observance the humanity of fact.

In conclusion, Mr. Spencer declares that his sole object was to show how the religious consciousness arose, and what of that consciousness must remain after criticism: shall have done its utmost; and not what effect as a moral agent in society religion will have when science and philosophy shall have reduced the conception of a Supreme Cause to its lowest intelligible terms.

If the writer may presume to intervene with a word toward the settlement of so great a controversy (*Antisacramentalism*) between persons of so great scientific and literary distinction, he would say: I agree with you, Mr. Spencer, in your theory that systems of religion originated in the worship of deceased ancestors. Assuming religion to be in its essence the endeavor to conform human conduct to the demands of a super-sensible personal agent, real or imaginary, I should say that it began with the worship of the living, and continued through memory, love and respect from persons living to the same persons dead. Objects of worship must be objects of love and duty before systematic adoration can attach to them. Parents being objects of love and duty before death, with primitive men continued to be such objects after death. I do not deny that dreams may have suggested to primitive men the idea of invisible and intangible men and women. Do you think the idea would be sensibly weakened, if we were to assume that among men and even savages of to-day, intangible men and women (the imagined dead) were now and then seen by persons possessing abnormal powers of vision, suppose we say, *clairvoyantly*? I know that no idea is so absurd to our "science," Mr. Spencer, as the idea of the existence of persons intrinsically inaccessible to the normal action of the senses of sight, touch and hearing, existing anywhere, in heaven, above, on earth, or under it; but I think you are candid enough to admit that if among primitive men a person should appear endued with the power of seeing invisible persons—even though the power were abnormal—such a phenomenon would give a great impulse to the worship of the dead. But without insisting on probable facts of this kind, and without attempting, as you do, to justify by a decisive induction from the practices of savage tribes, the position that religion had its origin in the worship of the so-called dead, I conclude deductively (which I admit, outside of mathematics and formal logic, is not a scientific procedure) that there is no possibility of explaining the origin of a stated performance of duties to invisible personal agents by many persons in common, (which are religious duties,) unless similar duties had been performed by common to personal agents before death had rendered those agents invisible. Let worship begin with duties to visible persons, and among primitive peoples it must run over to the same persons after they shall have become invisible, that is, dead. This is a deduction, Mr. Spencer, and not an induction.

But please let me declare as my further deduced belief that the religious sentiment in all the course of its development will never escape from the groove predetermined for it by the yearning for intercourse with super-sensible personal beings. If such beings are inaccessible, the religious imagination will create substitutes in fictitious deities to be worshipped with fanciful and fictitious observances, until super-sensible personal agents become accessible.

After the habit of a common worship is established, a society or people will perpetuate it out of reverence for its forms, from aversion to change, and from the interested support of those entrusted with the charge of their observance. All that goes without saying. But as well as yourself, I see that all rites and ceremonies performed in the interest of religion will come in the end to be seen as destitute of any charm over the object of worship, will gradually fall into contempt and disuse, and that there will succeed a worship without rites and ceremonies. I think you saw this, and when writing your first article you hesitated to attempt forecasting the phases which a religion would assume that could have neither stated duties nor common rites. It was a wise hesitation.

I fancy, moreover, that you must in your secret heart feel that a Supreme Cause, of which you can neither predicate nor deny a capacity for intelligence, love, or any emotion, can never be an object of permanent human affection. And as indeed it could be the object of no human emotions other than wonder and dread, it could never win a ritual service common to a multitude of worshippers. So you were wise again in relegating all the worship it is likely to get to the few master minds versed in the higher facts of science, whose exalted adoration could never be shared by the clamorous, disordered crowd of ordinary men and women. You seem to me, Mr. Spencer, to reserve religion for scientific persons exclusively. And I think you must admit that this sort of religion would have very little influence on the conduct even of the cultivated. Even they could extract from it no practical comfort, solace or guidance in the struggle with the great or the petty miseries of existence. Conscious of this, you perhaps had another motive to attempt neither in your first nor second article to sketch the religion of the future. From your standpoint you only saw with certainty that in the future there would be very little religion to speak of.

You are very happy, Mr. Harrison, in depicting the inadequacy of Mr. Spencer's "Infinite Energy," destitute of all intelligence or emotion appreciable by man, to serve as the object of any common worship, and especially a worship by rites and ceremonies. I see that Mr. Wilfrid Ward in the *National Review* ("The Ghost of Religion") has spoken very fastidiously of the sentiment with which you have exposed the inadequacy of the Supreme Being left as the residuum of Mr. Spencer's analysis. But do you note that both Mr. Ward and Mr. Spencer with equal acuteness and a more subtle irony have shown the absurdity and impotency of the Comtean cult for the basis of a religion of general acceptance, or of satisfaction for the devotees?

Mr. Spencer has also shown that your notion of *fetichism* as the original form of religion is without foundation in fact. The notion that religion began in the worship of natural objects, such as sun, moon, stars, fire, mountains, rivers, stones, trees, and the like, is shallow. No stated, regular worship could have commenced in fear and wonder alone; worship common to several devotees could not have originated in an object that did not evoke the sentiments of love and duty, as well as of awe and wonder. No inanimate object, and no animal of a lower grade than man, could have called out worship. Whether the object was animate or inanimate, it must have been invested by the devotees with imaginary personal qualities in order to hold him to the performance of stated duties toward it. An ideal personality, or a fancied relationship to such personality, is the basis of that sanctity in an object which renders it capable of sustaining a persistent system of worship. I could show this more fully deductively, but Mr. Spencer has shown it inductively; that is, that *fetichism* is a secondary stage in the evolution of religion, which began in the worship of invisible persons.

"How mere a phrase," you say, "must any religion be of which neither belief, nor worship, nor conduct can be spoken!"

Now without recalling the absurdities of the Comtean cult, so fully exhibited by Mr. Ward and Mr. Spencer, let me remind you that the five hundred and fifty-eight saints of the Comtean calendar are, according to the Comtean theology, extinct human beings. "The mountain or sky," you say, "which untutored man worships, is thought to have some sort of vital quality, some potency of the kind possessed by organic beings." This seems to me slightly inconsistent with your assertion that it was "not any immaterial, imagined being inside things, but the actual visible things themselves," which constituted the object of worship in the various forms of *fetichism*. You were right, however, in the assertion first quoted; it is not merely the vital but the personal potency with which inanimate and animate objects are fancifully invested that engages worship. But how can the saints of the Comtean calendar, believed to be extinct, become an object of religious faith? How can moral and personal *equus* be any more objects of faith and love, and exert an efficient control over conduct, than Mr. Spencer's Absolute Cause? You ridicule the idea that such a Cause with no attributes but infinity and energy can, as an object of worship, be loved, or feared, or control human conduct. Well, then, will a pantheon of five hundred and fifty-eight saints win the worship of men, even though they were once benefactors of the race, if it is thoroughly believed that they are now without "vital potency" and personal existence? The show of a worship of such nondescript may be set on foot by a clique of amateur actors of religion, but it can never win over the world.

You were wrong, Mr. Harrison, in asserting that the Absolute Energy is simply the negation of known reality. You know that an endless series of events will unroll into an interminable future. Where are those events now? They lie latent, evidently in infinite substance and one exhaustless energy. In truth the infinite substance is but one aspect of the exhaustless energy. If we cannot say what this energy is, we can say what it does. It perpetually adds to the sum of existences while as perpetually extinguishing less than all. It therefore guarantees unceasing continuance to some class of beings, notwithstanding their existence had a beginning. The absolute cause is, therefore, anything but a negation. In this Mr. Spencer was right, and you should not have attributed to him a tenet which you must have known he did not hold.

You are both right, gentlemen, in asserting that the human mind cannot ascribe to the Absolute Cause thought or emotion, as we know these qualities. You are, therefore, both right in predicting the steady decline of the social worship of the Absolute Cause by rites and ceremonies. A religious rite or ceremony is the stated joint social performance of an act having no value in itself, but understood to have value as a charm or delight to the object worshipped, and in its consequences to the performer. With increasing intelligence men will cease attempting to charm the Almighty by symbolic performances. The worship of the Supreme Cause by common rites will, therefore, gradually disappear, and will continue only in the sentiment of individual souls.

Very singularly, Mr. Spencer, you derive religion from the worship of deceased ancestors, or ancestral spirits, and you trace its evolution into monotheism, where you seem to see it vanishing as an external visible fact, and having no existence except as a sentiment felt but not expressed by the cultured few. This is only one phase of religion, Mr. Spencer. The religion of the uncultured many in groups and associations will still persist, but you have lost track of it.

You are very strong, Mr. Harrison, in your dissent from the view that religion originated in the worship of spirits, and yet you believe that the worship of the Absolute Cause will cease even in individual souls, but that the worship of persons will be the last social religion, the last religion of human souls in communion. But you insist that the supreme charm of this last religion will consist in the fact that these persons shall be extinct!

Let us briefly sum up your respective views. You, Mr. Spencer, believe that religion began with the worship of ancestral spirits; that its true object is the Absolute Cause; that it will cease to be a social observance, will disappear as an external fact, and will become simply a sentiment in the souls of cultivated persons.

You believe, Mr. Harrison, that religion began with natural objects fancifully endued with "vital potency," that it will cease as the visible worship of the Absolute Cause, but will continue as an external fact and as a form of social communion in the worship of dead human beings, provided they be really extinct.

Your discussion, gentlemen, and my own reflections force me to the conclusion, already suggested, that this is substantially the true idea of religion: the endeavor to conform human conduct to the demands of a super-sensible personal agency, real or imagined. I am persuaded that every religion that has been, or that shall be, will fall within the scope of this definition. The real object of religious worship must be intangible, invisible and personal. A *fetich* gets its worshipped attributes from a fancied intangible, invisible personality; and Zeus, Jehovah or Brahma only intensifies to the devotees the same attributes.

Is it natural to suppose that with the flow of time the object of religion shall become more and more fanciful, inaccessible and unintelligible? Not if the religious sentiment is to persist and grow as an element of human nature. Mr. Spencer has shown that the Supreme Deity will increasingly fall as an object of social worship; but he has not shown nor attempted to show that it may not be an object of increasing trust. We can trust in the bridge that has once carried us safe over the torrent below; so we may trust in that Absolute Cause that is self-consistent through the fathomless abysses of space and the shoreless ocean of eternity. But we shall find it ever harder and harder to organize for it an external worship in which we can unite. This worship must take up its seat in the individual soul. It needs and can tolerate no partners.

But the intangible and invisible persons, the first and most natural objects of religion, still remain. They will constitute the objects of the true social worship of the last religion which men can enjoy in common. This is a worship that requires no ceremonies, no incantations, no magical rites, no performances of observances that are mysterious only because they are senseless. Our departed loved ones are coming back to us; though invisible, they emerge from their obscurity in garments of light; though intangible, they put on tangible forms; they beckon us upward from the rolling cares of earth; they ask no other adoration than intelligent love. Always seemingly absent, but ever present, they are our sufficing deities whom we trust next to the Absolute Cause. The day shall come when these gods and goddesses shall visit every fireside, shall converse with us in the stillness of midnight and the early dawn, and sit at our tables on sacred anniversaries. In that day every family shall have its own gateway to heaven, every group of loving friends its communion indissoluble by death. This worship of superabundant love shall be the last religion.

D. L.
Washington, D. C., Aug. 30th, 1884.

SINGULAR PREMONITIONS.—The following, purporting to be an extract from a private letter from New York, was published originally in the *Hartford Times*, but is now going the rounds of the press in many parts of the country:

"The lady of the house where I live was brought to New York by her father and mother (from Hamburg) when she was eleven years old, and, with her, two younger sisters, all of them charming married women in this city now. It is an old story, but vividly fresh in the minds of the whole family. One night, in this city, the mother of the three girls having been kept up by some household duties, had gone to bed about midnight, when, beside herself, the whole house was hushed. Scarcely had she taken off her clothes and got into bed when she had occasion to violently wake up her sleeping husband with this: 'Do you know that my mother is in America? She has just been in here, but would not speak to me, and this moment she has gone into the room with the children! Do in and bring her out. How she has found us out at this late hour of the night I do not know.' The roused husband went into the next room, turned up the gas, and saw only three beautiful little girls smiling and sleeping in one wide bed. He noted date and hour. The next steamer mail from Hamburg brought news that the grandmother of the children, in that very night and hour, had gone to the Beyond. Did she stop in this city to bless the children on the way? Who shall tell? Strange as it is to the unbelieving—shall I say uninitiated?—on the morning after the appearance of the three little girls all told at breakfast about having 'dreamed of grandmother.'"

Philosophical materialism holds that matter and motions of matter make up the sum total of existence, and that what we know as physical phenomena in man and other animals are to be interpreted in an ultimate analysis as simply the peculiar aspect which is assumed by certain enormously complicated motions of matter. If the world were peopled with automata, if men had gone on from the beginning like puppets, eating and drinking, and marrying, working and fighting, exactly as they have done, producing human history in all its details exactly as it has been produced, only without any consciousness, without any sentient life whatever, then materialism perhaps would afford a satisfactory explanation of the world. But the moment the first trace of conscious intelligence is introduced, we have a set of phenomena which materialism can in no wise account for. The latest and ripest philosophic speculation, therefore, leaves the gulf between mind and matter quite as wide and impassable as it appeared in the time of Descartes.—Prof. John Fiske (*Excursions of an Evolutionist*).

THE RAILWAY SANDWICH.—Bill Nye, in a sketch about "Trichina," thus exonerates the traveler's terror:

"Ham sandwiches at railroad eating-houses do not contain trichinae. There may have been trichinae in them when the sandwiches were new, but there are none now. Trichinae can stand everything except eternity. Even the spiral worm must at last yield to the wheeling cycles of relentless years. Put a little mustard on a railroad sandwich, and you can eat it as safely as far as trichinae is concerned, as you could a slice of old red sandstone with a piece of granite on each side of it."

SOLVED AT LAST.

Lines suggested by the death of Mary Clemmer-Hudson, the cherished friend of Alice Cary, and author of "Lives of Alice and Phoebe Cary."

BY MRS. JULIA GREY BURNETT.

"Life's fitful fever" o'ertast,
Its tears and all its misery;
The spirit gone to solve at last
The one great mystery!

Long were the weary days of care,
When home and friends seemed vanishing,
When night grew black, without a star
Its darkness banishing!

The loving heart, the helping hand,
So strong to aid the perishing,
Have reached at last the Better Land,
Love's labors cherishing.

The richest, purest, fairest gem,
Most precious of its rarity,
Shines brightest in her diadem—
Sweet Christian charity.

Now peace and love with sheltering wing
Will hover o'er her eagerly;
And music such as angels sing
Soothe her so tenderly.

Gone is the darkness of the past,
Its tears and all its misery
Fled like a dream, and solved at last
Is life's great mystery!

Washington, D. C.

DORMITORY THOUGHTS.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

III.

"Who would have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, oh! Sun, or who could find,
While fly, and leaf, and insect are revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun death, with anxious strife?
If Light could thus deceive, wherefore not Life?"

Coleridge thought these lines the best in the
English language. They may be; that is a matter
of taste; but the thought conveyed in them
is certainly both hopeful and suggestive, and
so is a good introduction to what I have to say
in this Dormitory effort.

I think it will not be a digression if I relate
an incident that has always interested me, and
is made rational by the view I take of sleep-
life in these articles. A relative of mine, whom
I will call Allen Dole, who died quite an old
man when I was a youth, had during his adult
life periodical spells of inebriation lasting a
day or two, then followed months of creditable
sobriety. Except for this one failing he was a
very estimable man. When this irresistible
thirst came on he had to have his spree, if it
could be called one, for he knew when it was
coming on, and deliberately prepared for it, par-
ing the dark season quietly all by himself in his
own room; hence his weakness was not general-
ly known to the outside world. On one occa-
sion coming among us after one of these retire-
ments, he said he had had a very singular
dream, which lasted a good while. "It was more
than a dream," said he; "there was something
unusually real about it." His brother knowing
his habit, said, "Oh! you are only bally, per-
haps out of your head." Allen finding a more
hospitable disposition in the rest of us, related
it, saying he felt then under its influence, as if
he had just returned from a long journey. That
was natural enough, we all thought, though
we did not say so, but listened attentively to
the narration of it, which was about as follows:

A person of angelic appearance came and
awoke me, and said, "Allen, I want you to go
with me." I did not feel much surprised, and
prepared to go as a matter of course. I was
rather attracted to this visitant from the land
of souls. I say this from what followed. I
found myself moving along with this messenger
—without any mechanical effort glided along,
as it were, in his company. This movement
seemed to excite in me no surprise nor ex-
pectation. I paid no attention to any sur-
roundings, but as I call the vision now to my
mind, I seemed to be in a misty or cloudy en-
velope, my companion, not my progress, being
my attraction. After moving along in this way
for some time, the misty surroundings having
grown into a more beautiful light, my compan-
ion said to me, "Here we are, Allen." I don't
know when our locomotion changed, but at this
time we were walking quickly over the soft,
velvet-like, grassy turf, and it seemed to be
now the auroral splendor of a new and mag-
nificent morning, and all the landscape was
in harmony with it. It seemed to be the most
beautiful place I was ever in, and while feast-
ing my eyes on the natural attractions of the
locality I found I was in the midst of a large
gathering of very happy people. It seemed to
be a festival. I felt and breathed pleasure in
the happy atmosphere that enveloped me. I
felt at home—that is, I did not feel like a
stranger, nor did these happy people seem to
consider me one, or as a new comer. The situa-
tion, as I now think of it, seems strange to
me, but it did not then. One thing was very
singular, but even that excited no surprise:
the faces of all these people were the faces of
the departed, the vanished lights of human
life, the still living forms of the loved and lost.
Some of them had died before I was born, but
I knew who they were just as well as I did
those who had been the remembered faces of
by-gone days, and many of them were those
whom I had followed to the grave; but they
were all alive, as much so as I was then my-
self. But what surprises me now is, that find-
ing all these dead faces alive, it did not sur-
prise me then. There was Lucinda (who had
died about a year before), not the emaciated
young woman that consumption had had so
long in its grasp, but the picture of health and
youthful activity; in the words of the poet:

"It did not seem irrational, or queer,
To thus confabulate in common speech
With this old friend who had been dead a year—
Strange things these dreams, and sometimes wisdom
teach."

Not one of my living friends was there; not
one of you (addressing us). If I had met any living
faces there, I do not think they would have
seemed strange to me any more than it did to
be there myself, but if I had, and remembered
the fact now, as I do the vision, or dreamy ex-
perience, I should consider it ominous, or prop-
hetic of dissolution. I would feel now that
that person was soon to be called home.

This is enough to relate of Allen's account.
There were other details of no general interest,
so I will only add that after Allen had been
there what seemed quite a long time, his moth-
er, who, with others, was very near him, said
it was time to go; but Allen was reluctant, said
he preferred to stay. She said, "No, you must
go now; but in fifteen years you will come
again, and then stay all the time, like the rest
of us." I will add that Allen died in about fif-
teen years. It was always said by Aunt Fales,
whose memory was superlatively good, that
he died exactly fifteen years from the date of
that vision. If that was the case, or even if
only an approximation, there was provision as

well as method in the circumstances of that
somewhat singular dream, which, as Allen said,
was something more than a dream.

Schiller, the German poet, says, "The im-
mortal soul does not share the weakness of
matter. During the sleep of the body it spreads
its wings and goes—God knows where." I do
not know as the poet knew any more about it
than the rest of us do, but his expression of the
thought seems to conform to my dormitory
ideas, so I add it in the way of cumulative tes-
timony.

The relation of the above tradition, and it is
something more than a tradition, for it exists
in my memory also, as an incident of my youth-
life, I trust will not be out of place, but will
find itself in order with what I still have to say;
I do not like to break the thread of my thoughts
by any short cuts. I say this in apology for this
episode, for I recognize brevity as one of the
virtues in fugitive articles.

A great many people think spirits are in a
sense defile, and know the future; once they
thought so more than they do now. I consider
them but human beings, like ourselves. Still,
as there is a difference among us mortals in the
line of forecasting, some being better and more
reliable than others, so there is a difference
among spirits. The latter, relieved from many
of the disabilities of humanity, may have a less
circumscribed outlook; still it seems to me that
prophecy or prevision must be a matter of mathe-
matics; given the factors, the result can be
foretold. That there is an intuitive power
also, a sensing of coming events, a sort of royal
road to results, I have no doubt, but the do-
main of mathematics is very extensive, and may
include the intuitional. These are often singu-
larly true, yet the factors producing them are so
complicated, it would seem, for human beings,
or even spirits, to intelligently grasp. In some
mysterious way, catastrophes, collisions, ship-
wrecks, and other events, are sometimes fore-
told; certainly the command of the factors that
produce or bring them about is inconceivable from
a human standpoint. My idea, perhaps,
will be made clearer by referring to something
simpler in the way of known facts—perhaps,
however, not simpler. I refer to such cases as
Zerah Colburn in figures, or more lately the lad
spoken of in the country somewhere, who will
tell how many beans or oats are in a lot scat-
tered on the floor; that is, a man may take a
handful, or a measure full out of a barrel or a
bin, and throw them on the floor, and instantly
he will state the number—1,680, or 6,680, more
or less—and a careful count proves the number
stated to be exactly correct every time; such
cases have been called freaks of genius. With
such instances in human nature, and the occa-
sional prevision of some coming event that
takes many coincidental causes to produce, I
hardly dare to use the word impossible, and say
they are only lucky guesses. Yet I had rather
feel that in some way the magnetic lines of some
individuals reach accidentally, perhaps constitu-
tionally, spheres of thought where is under-
stood a higher algebra than we here conceive
of. I will leave, however, this point, presum-
ing we shall know more of all these matters in
the future than is possible now. With all the
possibilities referred to, still I think it is not safe
or wise to act under the advice of spirits through
mediums with any feeling of certainty that their
worldly wisdom is better than our own. The
spirit communications through business medi-
ums are very often suggestive, but are as often
wrong as right, even when the medium is per-
fectly honest. We must remember also that
our own impressions, without our knowing it,
may be spirit influences. These rather ragged
hints—ragged, because they are a digression
from the Dormitory Thought—seem to be ne-
cessary to make intelligent what I am now go-
ing to mention.

If one could know the thoughts or true in-
wardness of W. H. Vanderbilt, or Jay Gould,
or others, among the great movers in financial
matters or speculation, they could act very in-
telligently, and quickly with prudence reach
material success. There are people, and so
there are spirits, who feel "booms" and who
feel panics in advance of the fact. I think
without knowing it they sense the public mind
while it is forming, a sort of mind-reading
of the community, not individually, but sense,
so to speak, the mental atmosphere. Spirits are
better mind-readers than mortals are, but the
higher read the lower every time, in the form
and out of it; the lower do not read the higher.
This is Robert Dale Owen's idea. I have had
proof myself that such is the fact. It is possi-
ble, then, that there are spirits who know Van-
derbilt's and Gould's thoughts; but who would be
sure that the spirits who said stocks were
going to rise or fall had seen the thought-fig-
ures or mental plans of the big operators, even
if they said so? Jim Fisk, it is said, still specu-
lates; some say Jay Gould is his pawn, and
Fisk the "Divinity that shapes his ends"; it
may be so, but who knows? It does not follow,
because a spirit calling himself Fisk comes
through some business medium, that it is Fisk,
and while if Fisk knew what the Gould moves
were to be, and the rise or fall could be cor-
rectly foretold, there is no certainty that the
sitter could reach either, hence there is many a
slip between the cup and the lip even from
supermundane sources, and I think it wise that
it is so; to use a homely expression, one had
better paddle his own canoe, and then even it
will not be certain who paddles it.

Apologizing for this digression, which seemed
to be necessary, we will now step back into
our "Dormitory Thought." It is possible that
in our sleep-life our spirits, being awake, are
moving among our attractions, or like-minded
souls, the associates to whom we will gravitate
when the mortal coil is severed. It is possible
a great deal is known in the way of causes by
our own spirits in their wakefulness while our
bodies are asleep, and much information is
obtained that in the future we will remember
that does not now reach wakeful consciousness.
We may in this state be cognizant of divinites
shaping human ends, that if known when awake
would enable us to work on certainties and be
sure of our calculations; but such a thing is
evidently not the law of our being, and wisely
so. There might be rebellion in the ground
stratum of heaven if the skill of the "Fisk"
influences could be diverted into public knowl-
edge—there is selfishness, you must know, in
both worlds. Still a little of this light leaks
into consciousness now and then in the form of
impressions or intuitions, that after all may be
the flavor of our spirit-experience, or as the
poet would say:

"That whispers of some unearthly host."
Emerson says, "There is a crack in every-
thing that God has made, and the light of
heaven shines through the crevice." Seems to
me I have thrown out some hints or sugges-
tions in these articles that show a connection
with what I have called an unconscious life. I
cannot explain my thought as fully as I want
to without being too lengthy, so I will end by
quoting a couplet from Tom Moore as suggestive
of a scent from our spirit-experience:

"You may break, you may shatter the vessel you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

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Foreign Correspondence.

ECHOES FROM ENGLAND.

NUMBER THIRTY-SIX.

BY J. J. MORSE,
Sole European Agent and Special Correspondent of the
BANNER OF LIGHT.

The value of a correspondent is proportionate
to the frequency and accuracy with which he
relates passing events for the benefit of the
public he appeals to. This dictum, if accepted
as correct, and such it is, will, unfortunately,
react against the present scribe, who, however
he may be complimented upon the accuracy of
his comments, can scarcely be flattered as to
the frequency of his narrations, though if im-
peached in regard thereto he may well plead in
extenuation that having but little to say is a
good excuse for saying nothing at all. Indeed,
the progress of Spiritualism in Great Britain
since my previous communication has been
marked by so few incidents in any way not-
worthy that this letter has been delayed week
after week, on the Micawber-like principle of
waiting for "something to turn up."

The only striking event—happy by no means an
agreeable one—that agitated our people here
has been the death and burial of the old
"Central Association of Spiritualists," origi-
nally the "British National Association of Spir-
itualists," which, having contracted liabilities
to the extent of £750, and not finding a suffi-
ciency of generosity expressed by its own mem-
bers, very wisely committed the happy despatch;
but since, phoenix-like, risen from its ashes
in the form and style of the "Spiritualists' Al-
liance."

The Metropolitan Spiritual Lyceum is dead;
another effort failed, and the president and the
writer of these lines are poorer by some hun-
dreds of dollars. It, in its career, reminds one
of the old proverb, "up like a rocket, down like
the stick," the only monument that marks its
past existence being the Sunday services it es-
tablished and which services the present
writer—who was the regular speaker—was
compelled to take over to his own responsibil-
ity, or else there would have been a total col-
lapse of the society and the transfer of the
meetings occurred in April last, and it is mat-
ter of sincere pleasure to record the fact that so
far the friends have loyally supported the lec-
turer in his effort to maintain what is now the
only public Sunday service in London.

The writer can scarcely decide in his own
mind whether to congratulate America or to
mourn the fact that Mrs. Emma Hardinge-Brit-
ten is now in the land of her adoption, where
she will undertake a farewell tour previous to
her contemplated retirement from the spiri-
tual platform. However vigorous in spirit one
may be, bodily vigor in this telluric life will
become reduced, and increasing years bring
demands for rest which few can disobey, and
in the case of our sister, long years spent in the
toils and fatigues of active public life have
earned her a right to rest and ease from the
fatigues hitherto endured. Thousands through-
out the world will regret when the time of her
rest comes, but none will begrudge to her such
a retirement in the quietude of a mortal life. It
may be absurdly hazardous that her retirement
will be largely nominal, as so active is her
mind and so intense her sympathies in regard
to spiritual truth and teaching that she will
"die bearing harness on her back" to the very
end. Spiritualism has just received at her
hands a monumental evidence of her painstaking
and arduous labor in the form of a goodly
volume entitled "Nineteenth Century Miracles;
or Spirits and their Work in Every Coun-
try of the World," which, as we have said, is
every way to rank side by side with her former
book, the "History of Modern American Spir-
itualism."

Mr. W. J. Colville, who has aged in appear-
ance considerably since his previous visit to
this country, has wrought a good work in Lon-
don, which has attracted very favorable com-
ment. The writer is quite sure that every
platform orated to the credit of the spiri-
tual world is an additional bat-
tery against the gigantic errors and supersti-
tions which prevail on all sides, and Mr. Col-
ville's very remarkable utterances meet with
cordial approval from those who are the ad-
mirers of the plane of thought his inspirers
operate from. The young gentleman that Mr.
Colville brought from Chicago, Mr. Ingalls, has
returned to his home no doubt instructed and
benefited by the experiences of his visit.
Mr. E. Egerton has recently established
himself as a public medium. He has selected
a fashionable locality, and provided himself
with surroundings and accessories in harmony
therewith. His mediumship is exciting a large
amount of interest, and its presented features
stamp him as one of our most remarkable me-
diums of this present time, particularly in the
department known as slate-writing, which phe-
nomenon occurs quite readily in his presence.
A career of great usefulness lies before him,
and undoubtedly the spirit-world will be able
to effect much good through his instrumentality.

Miss Lottie Fowler has left this country, for
a time at least, after a very successful tour in
various provincial towns as well as an equally
profitable residence in the metropolis. Miss
Fowler's mediumship is very highly spoken of,
and undoubtedly the tests given through her
have been comforting, instructive and demon-
strative to an innumerable number of clients
who have sought her.

Your correspondent has pleasure in reporting
that he is making an effort which promises
to be successful to popularize the literature of
Spiritualism in Great Britain by reducing the
prices thereof. His first attempt in that direc-
tion has been to publish an English edition of
that able and valuable work, "The Scientific
Basis of Spiritualism," by Esop Sargent,
the right to do so having been obtained from
the executors of that gentleman, and the pub-
lication being effected with the cooperation of
Colby & Rich, the original publishers. The ef-
fort in this direction will be followed by others
of a similar nature, and thus American spiri-
tualist writers may be long here to see their
works more widely circulated, in Great Britain
than their hitherto practically prohibitive
prices would permit.

It must gratify your numerous readers
throughout the world to know that in spite of
change on all sides, the BANNER still waves
the freedom standard in the land of spiritual
progress. Long may you, also, continue in the
post of duty; and long may Colby & Rich con-
tinue as household words, wherever our cause
is known. For it is good to know that Luther
Colby and Isaac B. Rich are kinder in heart
than many know, often helpers of the straight-
ened, aids of the unfortunate, forgiving and
generous of mind and heart. The present
writer speaks whereof he knows, after some
ten years' dealing with them both, and in that
time has had many courtesies, attentions and
considerations at their hands. May prosperity
and ever increasing usefulness be yours, gentle-
men.

Now, Mr. Editor, on the principle of not
wearying your readers with too much at a time,
or unduly trespassing upon your already over-
crowded space, let me bring this brief effusion
to a close, heartily wishing yourself and every
reader God-speed, and expressing at the same
time my continually increasing appreciation of
the ability and energy and tact so constantly
displayed on the pages of the BANNER, which
makes it a leading exponent throughout the
world of those high principles pertaining to the
Spiritual Philosophy which mark our faith as
the religion of the future, and the only satis-
factory demonstration of that immortal life
whose inhabitants from time to time greet us in
our journey through mortality, and who shall
meet us, let us trust, with smiles of welcome
when we pass from hence to the land of the
loved and the dearly-remembered.

The Prospect, London, August 1st, 1884.
And sole European Agent of Colby & Rich,
201, Euston Road, London, Eng.

Colby & Rich, by the way I was mistaken about Geo-
rge. As you were saying, Geo. Colby is not a
recruiter, and he was a Swedenborgian. August
1st, 1884. "Well, he's a Norwegian."

Biographical.

Mrs. Olive G. Pettis.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

One after another of the quite early and efficient la-
borers in the spiritualistic field are departing from
this mortal sphere, thus furnishing fitting occasions
for putting on record brief accounts of her or his life
and beneficent labors. Mrs. OLIVE G. PETTIS, of
Providence, R. I., recently deceased, was a born medi-
um, so clairvoyant and clairaudient in very early child-
hood as to see and hear relatives and friends who had
passed on, and so intuitive, in 1848, when the door of
humanity was knocked upon at Hydesville, as to di-
vine the advent of a spirit seeking mundane hospi-
tality.

The compiler of most of the present article was in
Providence just when funeral services attendant upon
Mrs. Pettis's decease were performed. He had heard,
often heard, of her as a spiritual healer of marked pow-
ers, and an earnest, hospitable Spiritualist, but had
never seen her. Interest growing out of what he wit-
nessed at the funeral has induced him to gather from
various sources some definite information concerning
one whose exit called forth unusual manifestations of
respect and esteem.

The Evening Telegram, Providence, July 29th, con-
tained the following notice:

"Early yesterday morning Mrs. Olive G. Pettis died
at her summer residence, and family homestead, in
Goshen, N. H., after a brief illness, from pneumonia.
Mrs. Pettis resided in this city for more than thirty
years, and was highly respected. She was widely
known as a doctor, in which field of labor she was
most successful. She was born in Goshen, N. H., and
her age was seventy-one years and one day. She was
beloved by all who knew her, and was idolized by her
children, who, although all of mature years, and mar-
ried, and who have all their own families, have kept hand-
ed together by filial ties, and under their mother's
roof-tree all found peace and comfort at all times, and
it formed a general happy meeting place for several
families—never allowing their love for their maternal
parent to wane in the least, but seeming like one hap-
py family, retaining under the mother's loving eye in
manhood and womanhood the close ties of childhood's
days."

She was mother of nine children—four sons and five
daughters—all of whom are living; and fourteen grand-
children also survive her.

Her remains arrived in this city about 3:30 o'clock
this afternoon, and were immediately taken to her resi-
dence at 35 Mount Street, from whence the funeral will
take place Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

From an obituary notice in the N. H. Argus and
Spectator, Newport, N. H., Aug. 1st, 1884, come the
following:

"Mrs. Pettis spent most of her early years in
Goshen in the house where she died. She was mar-
ried in early life, soon removed to Rhode Island.
The family included nine children at the time of
her death, all of whom survive both par-
ents, and are intelligent and enterprising men and
women. When spiritual mediumship was elicit-
ing the interest of many, and perhaps the ridicule
of many more, Mrs. Pettis's positive nature made
her a doctor, and she was called upon to her assistance
discovered herself to be strongly imbued with the
clairvoyant and healing features of the new philoso-
phy. It is certain that her gifts seemed for her the
confidence and patronage of the most opulent families
of several cities, from whom she received a liberal
salary. She followed it for several years with great
success, and retired from active life with an ample
fortune. Subsequently she made large real estate
investments in Providence, and liberally endowed her
family of four sons and five daughters. At her sum-
mer residence she dispensed charity with a liberal
hand; bountifully spread her board to kindred and
friends, and there she died. Her last hours were
soothed by the presence of one son, three daughters
and several grandchildren."

The husband left his mortal form in 1855, leaving her
with nine children, ranging in age from nineteen years
down to one, and with small financial resources. Her
position must have been severely trying. But obvi-
ously she possessed strength, energy and will to meet
bravely, contend with and surmount the obstacles be-
fore her, independently of mediumistic labors. Yet it
was by, or because of these, that she was brought from
a cramped into an affluent financial state.

She is spoken of as having possessed a strict sense
of honor and integrity in all business transactions; as
one who "would have hated herself if she should mis-
represent, or give short weight or measure," as hav-
ing been as firm in principle "as the granite of her na-
tive State." Though a woman of strong constitution,
robust health, remarkable efficiency and strong will,
"she had a heart as tender as a loving child." Through
all her hard contact with the world, up to her last
breath, she was kindly thoughtful for others, and al-
ways believed the world was good, and a majority of
the people in it good. She was fearless, generous and
considerate. One season, when times were hard, she
reduced the rents of all her tenants without being
asked by them to do so. As slip from a newspaper reads
thus: "Reduction of rent rates."—Mrs. Olive G.
Pettis, who lets from thirty to forty tenements in the
ninth ward, South Providence, has reduced the rents
of all her tenants two dollars a month each, the reduc-
tion to date from November first."

The preceding statements exhibit Mrs. Pettis as
possessor of uncommon powers to draw forth upon
herself and continue to hold the love, confidence and
esteem of nine adult children and their offspring. The
united love of the family bespeaks strong and ever
active winning forces in her who ruled where all loved
to meet and tarry. A volume of eulogy is bound up
in such filial attractions. Also skillful judgment and
wise liberality seem to have guided her use of her large
property.

Her children speak of Mrs. Pettis as having been
nearly tireless. By birth a Parker, and one in a
branch of the Parker family remarkable for both
physical and mental strength, she was both able and
willing to work day and night, to journey frequently
and far to the homes of patients, and, on return, give
instant attention to such as in her absence had come
to her house for healing aid. All persons who have
become conversant with the ability of unseen impar-
ters to energize and sustain such physical organisms
as are ready recipients of spirit-impartations of force,
can admit probably that wherever such susceptibility
is very large, in a constitution inherently strong,
active and full of vim, unseen helpers can sustain it to
an extent far, very far beyond, what seems possible—
beyond what can be possible except in a few cases.
She was, by original construction, very strong and
active, and a ready recipient of force imparted by su-
permundane. The accounts of the extent of her accom-
plishments, and labors as a healer are credible when
the sources of her strength are understood.

One of the daughters writes that until only a few years
ago she, the daughter, was a "thorough unbeliever
in her mother's belief," that the mother highly val-
ued her spiritualistic faith for the hope and comfort it
gave herself—she sincerely, thoroughly believed it;
still she never sought to force it upon others. Espe-
cially she left her own children free to think and
adopt a creed each for self; less were her efforts to
induce them to believe as she did than to lead others to
do so. Her children as well as herself "were all
strong-willed," and she allowed them to be free think-
ers and free actors in reference to spiritual matters. As
a result, in this large family, there were and are adhe-
rents to and worshipers with not less than five differ-
ent denominations, and yet liberality lifts each to tol-
erance of the creed of every other. "As years have
rolled on, one after another of them has come to em-
brace the mother's creed, and the tendency of others
is in the same direction."

"Was it indifference or was it intuitive perception of
high wisdom's teachings that allowed those young
minds to follow their yearnings or preferences as to
religious associations? Probably the latter, for the
mother's love of her creed was such, and her spirit
such, that, as one of her children says, "she would
gladly have suffered martyrdom if by so doing she
helped others to believe, for she was of the stuff that
martyrs are made of."

A very brief statement of the prominent points of a
single case of her marked powers of vision, which
drew upon her much public attention, is as follows:

"A puny, sickly little boy of seven or eight years, the
cause of whose ailments baffled discernment by his
physicians in Brooklyn, N. Y., where he belonged, was
brought under inspection by Mrs. Pettis. She saw a
living, make in the child. Soon the boy was placed
under her care, in Providence, where, by treatment
something soon was brought out of the child in such
places as could be, and were identified as parts of an
adder. Also Mrs. P. perceived about the time when
the boy's life was in danger, that the adder had been
drunk in by the boy. At the time she named, the boy

was sunning on the south side of Long Island, near
a spring at which he often drank.

That is but one of many cases in which her powers
performed wonders, that spread knowledge of her, and
called forth demands for her services.

A friend of Mrs. Pettis and of her family has penned
the following account of the funeral services:

Her body had been brought to Providence by those
of her children who were with her during her brief ill-
ness, and the funeral ceremonies were solemnized at
her residence in South Providence, Thursday, July
26th. The house was densely crowded with the friends
of the deceased, and many were unable to gain ad-
mission. The stores in the neighborhood were closed
during the hours of the funeral.

The services were conducted by Allen Putnam, Esq.,
of Boston, Mass., and were very impressive.

First a prayer was offered, followed by a quartette
who rendered, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Mr. Putnam then followed with an appropriate and
instructive address to the assembled friends, telling of
the many virtues and acts of kindness he learned had
been performed by the dear friend who had passed to
the spirit-world. He taught his hearers not to grieve
for the loss of their dear friend, as she was still with
them. "He wished that all could see and feel as he
did about laying aside this mortal form. Death should
have no terror. It was only just to fall asleep and to
awake in the new, bright and glorious life. He next
read a poem entitled, "He who died at Azan," with
deep feeling and impressiveness, and followed it by a
few more consoling remarks.

Mr. Putnam, himself a venerable gentleman of more
than eighty years, was not personally acquainted with
the deceased, and was therefore laboring under great
disadvantage, also he was temporarily less healthful
than usual. It had been desired by the family that
some one should assist Mr. Putnam, but all such as
they wished for being out of the city, they could not
be informed in time. Nothing could have improved
Mr. Putnam's utterances, and the friends thought
they must have pleased the one over whose casket
they were made.

The large gathering of hundreds of people in atten-
dance at the funeral, embraced members of all denomi-
nations, who were highly pleased by the services, and
the thoughts of many of his listeners were turned to
the awakening of a spiritual life.

The quartette then sang "Abide with Me." After
that, time was given for friends to look once more
upon the form of her whom so many had loved and
reverenced. The body rested upon a bed of flowers
in a broadcloth casket upon which was a plate with
the inscription: "Olive G. Pettis, born 1813, died July
28th, 1884—Rest in Peace."

The floral designs were numerous and elegant.
Among the most beautiful were an anchor, a cross,
star, harp, crescent, sickle, heart, broken column, also
wreaths, sheaves of wheat and bat bouquets. The
bearers were four of her oldest and best friends,
William G. R. Mory, Jabez C. Knight, William Shat-
tuck and David Burgess. The body was placed in her
family vault in Swan Point Cemetery, where we left
her while rain, gently falling, brought to many minds,
"Blessed are the dead that the rain falls on"—the re-
volving rain of heavenly spheres.

She who has here been noticed clearly deserves rank
among the very efficient mortals through whom spirits
have put forth healing powers, and, especially among
such as have been practical commanders of the copious
advent of invisible workers whose teachings and labors
among their mortal survivors are prominent features
of Modern Spiritualism.

To her many descendants whose love she won and
retained to a marvelous extent, we may address the
words of Abdullah:

"She lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
By such light as shines for you,
But in the light she cannot see
Of unfilled felicity
In enlarging paradise,
Lives a life that never dies."

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In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents. The former are open for the expression of impersonal free thought, but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents give utterance. We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable as guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve manuscripts that are not used. When newspapers are forwarded which contain matter for our inspection, the sender will confer by cash or drawing line around the article he desires especially to recommend for publication.

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, OCTOBER 4, 1884.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE.
Bowditch Street (formerly Montgomery Place),
corner Province Street (Lower Floor).

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS:

THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY,
14 Franklin Street, Boston.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,

39 and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

COLBY & RICH,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

ISAAC B. RICH,.....BUSINESS MANAGER.
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JOHN W. DAY,.....ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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 Spirituality.—BRUNN B. BRITTAN.

To be Spiritual a Duty.

When people of superficial thought flippantly put the question, as if it were a poser, What is the use of Spiritualism? they may as well be answered once for all with the inclusive question, What is the use of LIFE? We certainly might have escaped a world of trouble, which implies experience and its discipline, if we had never become possessed of a conscious existence. Now if the great end and aim is simply to be selfishly happy, enjoying full physical health, gratifying the physical appetites, it may as well be confessed at the outset that we might as satisfactorily have been created mere animals, and never had the spiritual spark kindled in us which is to become for us the burning light of immortality. Those who put such a question as this do not conceive of the character of the confession which they thereby make of their own spiritual development.

The satisfying, profoundly satisfying, conviction which Spiritualism brings, that the human spirit enjoys a deathless existence, is practically the root and germ of all spiritual aspiration and supplies the stimulus for all spiritual growth. Take that away from mortal consciousness, and the very sun of life is blotted out of our sky. As blind and trusting faith merely, it has shown that it possesses a power with which no other power known among men is able to cope. But adding to this faith knowledge, we are inspired with a confidence which imparts even boldness to all spiritual endeavor and clothes this earthly existence of ours with an entirely new aspect and meaning. This is just what Modern Spiritualism does and is doing for the world; new yet old; modern only in the sense that the time in the world's history is ripe for its revelations. To pause, however, with the mere recognition and acceptance of this vital truth, and be satisfied with the secret enjoyment of it without putting it to earnest use internally, is to pause before the full measure of the work Spiritualism is capable of doing for the individual is accomplished.

The phenomena of spirit communion have an esoteric as well as an exoteric meaning in the divine economy; and both should be duly appreciated by the Spiritualists of the present day. We are to breathe their significance as an atmosphere. We are to allow them to act as a tonic in our lives. We are to learn through them, and by their aid, how to change this life of sense and externality into a life of receptivity and spirituality. Having had demonstrated to us the fact of the continued existence and constant presence of our departed friends, we also find that in so far as the human spirit is competent to conceive of the future state, it is forced to acknowledge that the highest and most exalted life consists in the constant development of individuality. In that are included all our loves and friendships, our desires and hopes, our strivings and aspirations. Everything at last collects and centres in the life of the individual soul, and this in turn develops and strengthens, and achieves happiness in the activities that are suggested by instincts divinely implanted, and through which alone immortality itself is made desirable.

It is then most assuredly the clear duty of all upon whom the light of the New Revelation has dawned to assiduously apply this priceless evidence to the profoundest interior uses. This is Spiritualism, and nothing less than this can be reckoned as the full meaning of the term. It consists not merely of a belief, but a belief that permeates the life, inspiring it to the noblest action, teaching the supreme greatness of humility, inculcating the lessons of charity, extricating from the heart the growths of selfishness in all their forms, daily bringing the receptive and waiting soul into a closer unity with the divine spirit, and penetrating all the commonest and coarsest actions with an influence that makes them but subordinate and temporary and the human soul itself sovereign and supreme.

All the various public séances in town are well-attended. Greater interest than ever is taken in the manifestations of spirit-power in our midst. Many of our very best and most intelligent citizens attend the circles; and are satisfied of their legitimacy. Trance mediums, also, as well as the healing mediums, are helping on the mighty work that is to eventually subvert the world from the thrall of ignorance and superstition.

Making Haste to be Rich.

Wealth is not the same thing as riches. It is something more. It includes all those resources, not only material but personal, from which mere riches are generated. Wealth has its root in character and conduct, and takes into its account achievements and attainments, and may exist even where riches make a comparatively small show. So that in speaking of riches, let us not confound them with wealth, which is by far the larger and more valuable possession. To be rich is, in this age at least, and in this country, an almost universal desire. There are few indeed who are able to resist the power of the prevailing temptation. Just what people want to be rich for, is a question that they apparently never ask themselves; but so far as the result finally exposes their motives, it is chiefly for the gratification of luxurious desires and to rival, or at least to equal, those who are already rich around them. How far such motives are a worthy inspiration and guidance for the life, every one should be able to judge readily for himself.

A rich people means, of course, a people that has completely emerged from the shadows of barbarism and semi-barbarism, and become thoroughly civilized. Its characteristics may be peculiar, but it will not fall to have complied with the fundamental laws of civilized existence. Modern civilization, in fact, rests exteriorly on material well-being and prosperity. Even a high state of morality is wholly incompatible with a state of abject poverty. It has been divinely ordered, and all history makes the fact obvious, that prosperity and the highest forms of development are indissolubly associated in this life of blended matter and spirit. The two factors are an essential part of one and the same problem. What is true of a nation is likewise true of every individual composing it. A man may have a strong, even a controlling, desire to be rich; the only consideration with him in the pursuit of riches should be what it is to cost to acquire them and in what way they are to become serviceable to him. If these two preliminary questions can be answered satisfactorily to his inmost conscience then he is at liberty to enter on the pursuit of riches and acquire all he can in conformity with such reasonable desires.

But it rarely happens that such a man accumulates riches to a very great extent, certainly not to an enormous extent. Peter Cooper never could have been as rich as Vanderbilt, though he had had all of Vanderbilt's opportunities. The reason should be perfectly plain to every person of reflection. Cooper acquired riches, not for the sake of possessing power, but for their valuable use. And even in the other case, and in fact in all similar ones, the purely selfish motive is limited in its operation, and after going only so far on its course is diverted to broader channels for the universal good, in obedience to laws which it finds itself impotent to defy. Riches, in whatever hands, are in the last and truest sense the property of all of us together. Therefore, having placed ourselves in a condition to put our faculties to the best use so far as external conditions go, we are not to permit ourselves to be distracted with the jealousies of rivalry, or torn with the conflicting forces of aimless envy. If others have been allotted to hold the bulk of the current capital, they do it merely as trustees for the rest of us. They can eat and drink and wear no more than we, and unless they put their riches out for the common use, they are no more benefited with them than we are without them.

It is well to have a clear comprehension of this matter of riches and getting rich, that our precious lives here on earth may not be wasted in pursuing we know not what or whither. Once having a distinct and positive view of the field and of our several places in it, we shall find far more reason for contentment in our place than for uneasiness and unhappiness because we are not doing what others are doing. If we were like those others, and were not ourselves, we should then do what they do, not as they act, become rich like them, and miss of the richer compensations in life for which they go out of the world starving. Of course it is unspiritual altogether to draw comfort from this thought of mere compensation, since it implies a certain degree of self-congratulation, which comes within the domain of selfishness; yet in any mental adjustment of current reflections on life, its opportunities, enjoyments and responsibilities, it is perfectly legitimate to accept what is ours with gratefulness, and thereby rid ourselves of the subtle assaults of envy in every form. We need not throw our lives away because of our disappointment that riches are not more equally distributed.

The foregoing reflections relate to the acquirement of riches, which, as we have said, are the evidence of a high civilization. It is plain that some must be the temporary possessors of these riches, and that all cannot be. A few hold in trust for the sake of the ultimate enjoyment and benefit of all. Once apprehended in such a light, the cost of the pursuit of riches for the mere sake of riches becomes self-evident, and will incline very few to embark in it; and the perfect folly of being in haste to become rich cannot fail to be painfully apparent. It would be supreme folly to make haste if we design our riches for a wide and high service; and to make haste in order to make them serve our individual selves only would be little less than deliberate insanity. We can clear up all this current confusion in our minds about the attainment of riches by laying hold of a few simple principles and then adhering to them. It is wicked in us to waste this precious lifetime in fuming over what will do us no good, while we neglect that which will really enrich ourselves and dispense blessings around us. This is a subject that ought to be studied in a clearer light and be better understood.

DR. HENRY SLADE, who has been suffering from severe illness at the residence of Mrs. Jacob Martin, Cairo, Ill., has so far recovered as to leave for Evansville, accompanied by his niece, Miss Agnes Slade. Mrs. Martin informs us that during the three weeks Dr. Slade remained at her home he had but few hours when he was able to give free scope to his mediumistic powers; but what then occurred was sufficient to convince every candid mind that the manifestations were independent of the medium; though investigators held different theories as to their cause.

The present issue of the BANNER, as our readers will see, is filled with choice reading matter, such as should occupy the space of a truly spiritual paper. Our sole aim is to do good—to benefit our common humanity, to have charity for the erring, to inculcate the truth, that, in the end, all may become, if not here, hereafter, happy souls in the realm of the Beyond.

Remarkable Test through Geo. Cole's Mediumship.

The widow of a once prominent member of the Regular medical fraternity in Massachusetts called upon us recently, stating that though she was not yet thoroughly convinced of the possibility and verity of spirit-communion, yet she had just had what herself and friends considered a remarkable experience, which she wished, from a sense of duty to the intelligence claiming to manifest, to place before the public. Her statement was as follows:

Her husband, who in earth-life was widely and favorably known as one of the foremost among the physicians of Boston—in which city he practiced medicine for some thirty years—died (speaking after the general usage of the term) some five years since. While she had no particular faith in the verity of the spiritual phenomena, yet—yielding partly to the urgent recommendations of friends who were Spiritualists in belief, and partly to her own natural desire to hear from her loved one, were such a thing demonstrated to her as possible—she finally decided to make a venture, and “try the spirits” through the instrumentality of George Cole, the sealed-letter-answering medium, residing in Brooklyn, N. Y. She accordingly prepared a letter to her husband in spirit-life, secured it against fear of pre-examination, and forwarded it to Mr. Cole, for the purpose of his giving a sitting to obtain a reply. She received in due time an answer, which had been written in the manner usual at his sittings (which we have already described in these columns), but did not attach any great importance thereto, because of the—as it seemed to her—general character of its contents. Shortly after her first perusal, however, she was moved to examine more closely the envelope in which it came, when, to her utter astonishment, she found therein a small scrap of paper (about half a note sheet page or less) which she had overlooked before, upon which, in chirography which she clearly recognized as identical with her deceased husband's, was traced the following prescription: *Crete Preparat. 20 grains; Spts. Myristic 1 drachm; Aqua Fontana 1 1/2 ozs; Liquor Potasse 10 drops; Syr. Zingib. 2 drachms.*

A desire was intimated by the intelligence writing the above that as this remedy was intended to relieve her own trouble, (a stomachic difficulty), she would see that it was placed before the public in the BANNER, for the benefit of others. This she decided to do, and called on us in pursuance of that object.

She represented herself as particularly pleased with the signature attached to this slip, as it was a fac simile of that of her husband, (whose name we withheld at her request, for personal reasons), even to a habit which he had while in earth-life, of joining the concluding sweep of the initial of his middle name with the top of the first letter of his surname.

The above related experience involves a test with which it seems to us the lady is right in being deeply impressed. Will some individual among those self-concoited *esoteric* (?) who have in stock so large an assortment of ready-made “solutions” for the spiritual phenomena and their outcome, please bring forward one, if they can, which shall, to any person who dares to use his unbiased reason, explain away this remarkable demonstration—through the instrumentality of an utter stranger to the Doctor and his widow—of spirit-identity and continued interest in the welfare of those left behind!

A Heavenly Message.

The message of Spirit Herman Blasee, given in the Message Department of the BANNER of Light of Sept. 27th, is one that may well be styled heavenly, for it is all that, both in spirit and expression. It is not a merely personal message to certain others, but is rather the diffusion of a spiritual atmosphere in all directions. The spirit speaking was, while in the flesh, the pastor of the Hawes Unitarian Church, at South Boston. If all preachers would talk to their people as this spirit does to the readers of the BANNER and the wider public, nobody would think of questioning for a moment the rapid and immense expansion of their influence. The spirit assures us that “the entire spirit-world is filled with earnest, exalted souls, who are working for the elevation of mankind.” Why, then, should not the rest of us work in unison, firmly persuaded that the result is as sure as it is desirable? Upon the unfortunate, the ignorant and the lowly would this exalted spirit confer the benefits of instruction, that they may be helped to burst their confining bonds, and rise above their depressed condition.

He recognizes even the poorest creature that walks the earth as a member of the great family of progressive beings, that are destined to become angels of purity and light. He feels the spirit of tenderness flowing out from himself to all humanity, and can call every man brother and every woman sister. He implores every one to be faithful to the convictions within, to seek for the light and to walk in it, and to try to perform every part of the work allotted him. Above all, he enjoins every one to pay strict allegiance to the promptings of the divine law within him. This is only saying that there is such a principle all the time operating within each one of us; a very different matter from the dread Orthodox dogma that we are wholly evil and cannot find the good with all our seeking. Faithful labor, this spirit tells us, will help us to unfold our spiritual powers, and likewise assist, by the silent influence of example, the weak and faltering to do their duty, and thus unfold their spiritual powers also. An example of right living, we are told, will impart an influence of great good to struggling and weary souls, that would otherwise, with no such light before them, fall into the rut of error and vice. It is worth thinking of seriously.

W. J. Colville

Will resume ministrations in Berkeley Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, 4 Berkeley Street, Boston, on Sunday, Oct. 5th. Services at 10:30 A. M., 8 and 7:30 P. M. An inaugural address will be given at the morning service, and replies to questions in the afternoon. “The Present Condition of England, Viewed Spiritually,” is the subject of the evening discourse.

Mr. Colville will also hold the first of his series of receptions in Berkeley Hall on Monday evening, Oct. 6th. His friends and the public are cordially invited to attend.

Mr. Colville writes to say that his sojourn both in England and on the continent of Europe has been very pleasant, and he has a large budget of news for all his friends who wish to see them. His address for the present will be 67 Tremont Street, Boston. Friends calling on Saturday afternoon will be made very welcome.

Miss Louisa Fowler, of the Imperial Hotel, No. 15 East 14th Street, New York City, as will be seen by last week's advertisement.

“Progress of Spiritualism.”

In an article bearing the above heading, a correspondent (T. Y. K.) of *The Independent Pulpit* (Waco, Texas) says that notwithstanding the many years Spiritualism was scorned by the world as a fraud, and by the church as an effort of the devil to ruin souls that might otherwise find rest and peace within its fold, it has steadily grown, is now rapidly gaining acceptance among all cultivated people, “numbers among its most ardent supporters hundreds and thousands of the foremost thinkers of the world”; and very justly adds: “There can scarcely be found anywhere a man of average intelligence who has patiently and fairly investigated its varied phases who will attribute the phenomena to any other source than spirits.”

Remembering that Spiritualism has been of immense benefit to the cause of liberal religion, he declares also that humanity owes it a deep debt of gratitude for what it has done toward assisting “the great advance of freethought that has swept over the whole world during the last twenty-five years.”

The mission of Spiritualism is pronounced a grand one, for the reason that it has brought immortality to light; its cheering doctrines have brought happiness to many a sorrowing heart and bereaved family. “It teaches,” says the writer, “the purest and loftiest morality, and answers that momentous question: ‘If a man die, shall he live again?’ It answers that other question so often put by the Christian, namely: ‘If you destroy my faith in my religion, what have you to give me in place of it?’ Spiritualists can confidently say to all who seek to know the truth, we will give you a religion founded on reason and experiment, that will remove all your doubts and fears, rendering you happy in this life, and taking away from you all fear of death, of angry gods and cunning devils. Spiritualism furnishes us a key to all other religions. It enables us to see all that is good in them, and all that is true in Rationalism.”

George Chalmey

Is under engagement to speak during the Sundays of October in Cleveland, Ohio. He will answer calls to lecture in surrounding towns on week evenings. Address him at Forest City House, Cleveland.

After the expiration of his engagement in the West, we are informed that he purposes returning to Boston to commence weekly lectures in some central location. He would be pleased to hear from such of the Spiritualists of Boston, and others, as may feel favorably inclined toward practically developing such a project. He can be addressed by these friends at Cleveland, as above. Mr. Chalmey, it is announced, is full of enthusiasm regarding his new work, and determined to devote himself in unstinted measure to the proclamation of the inspiring truth of demonstrated human immortality.

“Facts.”

The *Facts* magazine for September gives a very interesting account of a séance with Mrs. Bertha Fay at Onset Bay, where lace was materialized and dematerialized in Mr. Whitlock's coat pocket; an interesting account of phenomena by Mr. A. L. Hatch, of Astoria, N. Y., in which he relates a dream his daughter Lizzie had before she passed to spirit-life. She will be remembered by our readers as the one who has materialized at so many different séances. Mr. McElroy, of Pittsburgh, Pa., describes the materialization of four spirit forms at one time, and other interesting phenomena at Mr. and Mrs. Caffray's séances at Onset. This number also contains other descriptions of phenomena. *Facts* can always be found at the Banner of Light Bookstore. Price, ten cents per copy.

A. B. French.

We are informed that this able lecturer has several engagements, through the Lyceum Bureau, near Boston, in the latter part of December.

He will be glad to make engagements for any of his popular lectures at places on the route from Ohio to this city, or at any points in New England. Address him at Clyde, O., for circulars and special terms.

In the MESSAGE DEPARTMENT the present week the reader will find the remarks of the Controlling Intelligence concerning queries propounded to him regarding “the blighted fig-tree,” etc., the experiences of Judas, the power of spirits to permanently materialize fabrics, etc.; MARY ELIZABETH BURBANK, of Boston, states that she is very anxious, for special reasons, to meet and talk with some of her friends privately; JUDGE JOHN W. EDMONDS speaks in earnest phrase regarding the importance of the cultivation of home-circles among Spiritualists and inquirers, and would have all believers in the New Dispensation remember that it is their bounden duty to see that the grand truths it brings from on high are promulgated in a way that will meet the demands of every yearning soul asking for light and spiritual knowledge; FANNY GREEN McDONALD brings words of counsel to a friend in California; HARRIET JACKSON wishes to send love to friends yet left behind, and hopes for a better conception of spirit-life and communion on their part in days to come; WILLARD HUNTER desires to open an avenue in New York City through which he can come in direct and personal communication with his most intimate friends—he has also a word of promise for his nephew George, in that city; SILVER TONGUE, in an eloquent message, which is replete with spiritual truth, gives advice to those who mourn the loss of friends, tells of the beauty of spirit-life, and remarks of the Banner Circle-Room: “A good work goes on and on from this council, and it is recorded in the great hunting-grounds beyond.”

We are in receipt of the title-page of a new magazine, soon to be issued in Chicago, Ill., entitled “The Mind Cure and Basic Sciences,” J. Swarte to be the chief editor. We understand that an association has just been organized in that city—composed chiefly of Spiritualists—for the purpose of publishing and circulating extensively the contemplated magazine. Our correspondent says: “This is a move for the rights of our Spiritual Philosophy, as we cannot afford to allow others to enter our domain claiming to be the founders and discoverers of mental healing.” The magazine will have a strictly scientific department. The first number will more fully make known the purpose of the publishers. Address, 18 Tribune Building, Chicago, Ill.

We learn that Mrs. E. C. Hatch has returned to the city improved in health, and will commence her lectures on Sunday evening next, Oct. 5th, at 251 Shawmut Avenue. See advertisement on another page.

Christianity at the Freethinkers' Convention.

Christianity, as it was in its earliest days and as it is now, was subjected to a sharp critical analysis and comparison, and the falsity of many of the claims of the zealous advocates of its latter phase were clearly shown at the recent Convention of Freethinkers at Oassadaga. Mr. A. B. Bradford, a clergyman for thirty years, and at one time American Consul at Amoy, China, appointed by President Lincoln in recognition of his valuable service in the abolition of slavery in this country, was one of the leading speakers. He alluded to the surreptitious manner in which the clergy had succeeded in putting the religious motto, “In God we trust,” upon the coin of the country. As reported in the New York Herald, he said that laws providing for putting such a sentence on coin were crowded through Congress without discussion, and after they were passed many who had voted for them were surprised at their own action in not understanding what they had been voting for. The American people do not, and never did, trust the God popularly described in the Bible, and the motto on the coin was only an exhibition of cant.

Mr. Charles Watts of England, one of the leaders of the liberal movement in that country, denied that the cardinal features of Christianity originated with Christ or in his day, as claimed by many, for they had been known and practiced many centuries previous; he denied, also, the continuity of Christianity as such; though retaining its name, it had had, during ten centuries, five radical changes, and is not the same system now as when first established. At first it was asceticism; after Paul's death it became ceremonial; then came the discriminative period, the reformation; next, non-conformity; and now it is mere theoretical belief, there being no such thing as practical Christianity. The notion, said the speaker, is a religious aspiration founded on Christ, and Christ is not the Christ of the New Testament, but one they create for themselves. If Christ could come on earth now he would find more pleasure among Liberals than among those calling themselves Christians.

Thomas Gales Forster.

We deeply regret to learn that this veteran Spiritualist, who was for many years one of the most prominent trance speakers on the spiritual rostrum, and whose utterances were so universally accepted, has been seriously ill during the summer months just closed, requiring medical attendance nearly every day. This will explain the reason why he has not replied to his numerous correspondents in different parts of the country. He has just returned to Washington, we learn, where he expects to remain during the winter months, as its climate agrees with him better than that of any other locality.

London, Eng., has a “Society for Psychological Research,” whose object is to make a thorough scientific inquiry into such unusual mental phenomena as may fall under the notice of its members. Some of these inquiries and the cases which involved them have already appeared in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*, Messrs. Edmund Guernsey and F. W. H. Myers being the reporters thereof. We give on our sixth page a specimen of one of these narrations in an article headed “Judge and Reporter.” The *Christian Union* (New York) devotes nearly a page of one of its recent issues to the recital of several of these instances, coupled with editorial remarks concerning the “telepathic” and other hypotheses under the auspices of which these *avant couriers* have been sent out—the whole under the heading, “How do you account for it?” In closing the *Union* editor remarks:

“We have no hypothesis to suggest in explanation of these singular occurrences, of which we have quoted only a few, and of which even the authors from whom we quote have gathered only a few. But we must remind our readers that it is utterly unscientific to refuse to believe such accounts merely because we do not know how to explain the occurrences; and that the S. P. R. is doing a very good service in making as large a collection of such narratives as practicable, and in submitting them to the closest scientific analysis, in hope of discovering their significance.”

If the Rev. Minot J. Savage is correctly reported in the *Herald* of the 29th ult., his address last Sunday at the Church of the Unity was a singular production: “We find him desiring the organization of Unitarianism as ‘The Coming Religion,’ ‘more efficient and even more tyrannical than it has yet been’; announcing that ‘bishops’ are about to be appointed for that Church—‘but we shall probably not call them bishops, many people being afraid of the name,’ etc. Does Mr. Savage's Unitarianism, which is, according to the head-lines of the report, ‘to harmonize Science and Faith,’ in time to come, propose to do it by returning to the methods of church machinery, against which Unitarianism was primarily a protest?”

The many friends of Mrs. S. P. Billings will, no doubt, be rejoiced to learn that she is recovering from her very severe illness at Mrs. S. B. Applin's cottage, Onset. It is hoped by her physician (Mrs. Dr. Starveant) that she will be able to be removed to the home of her father, Col. Wm. D. Crockett, by the first of October.

The Fourth Anniversary of the control of Mrs. A. M. Glading was observed by a gathering of about three hundred friends of that lady, in Philadelphia, on the evening of the 18th ult. A report of proceedings received from Dr. J. H. Rhodes will appear in our columns next week.

El Criterio Espiritista, of Madrid, says that the Italians have had the good fortune to discover the true meaning of the word cholera. The Latin name being *cholera morbus*, supplies the following significant anagram: “Roma sub clero” (Rome under the clergy).

All communications for J. Clegg Wright should be addressed to him at 418 Fairmount Avenue, Philadelphia, his place of residence, where he gives private sittings and phenomenal examinations.

Capt. B. H. Brown is doing yeoman service in the cause of Spiritualism, and we are glad to see that his friends in different sections of the country so fully appreciate his labors.

J. A. Halstead, Cleveland, O., writes: “The communication of J. Clegg Wright, published in the BANNER OF LIGHT, is a very valuable and instructive article.”

Our friends in the West are reminded that the BANNER OF LIGHT is published for them by the Western Spiritualist, at 251 Shawmut Avenue, New York City.

Message Department.

The Messages published under the above heading indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life in the beyond—whether for good or evil; that those who pass from the earthly sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress to higher conditions. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

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

Letters of inquiry in relation to this department of the Banner should be addressed to the medium in any case. Lewis B. Wilson, Chairman.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF Miss M. T. Shelhamer.

Report of Public Séance held June 24th, 1884.

Invocation.

May the prayer of our hearts be such as will find acceptance in thy sight, oh, our Father God. May we aspire for righteousness, for truth and knowledge; may we reach out for a comprehension of thy laws, and may such gifts as belong properly to the spiritual part of life be those which we shall seek. Oh! thou who art the ruler of this vast universe, whose presence permeates all things, whose law governeth all life, we would understand thee, we would come into nearness with thy angel ones for the purpose of growing in intelligence and of receiving instruction. May we come into conscious nearness of spirit with our fellow-beings; may we sympathize with each one, drawing light and wisdom from those who are more exalted than ourselves, and dispensing truth and consolation to those who are in need. Our Father, we ask thy blessing to rest upon every soul; we desire to perceive humanity unfolding in power, and advancing in knowledge, gaining strength and endurance of spirit, day after day. Oh! may they cultivate those attributes which shall make them receptive, which shall open their hearts to an understanding of thy eternal laws. We ask that the blessing of a knowledge of immortal life and the consolations of spiritual truth may be given unto all. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—You may now present your questions, Mr. Chairman.

Ques.—Spiritism, as a religion, takes place by the operation of natural law. If this is true, how do you account for the fig-tree which Jesus cursed withering so soon thereafter, the stormy sea which he calmed with a word, and the thousands he fed with a few loaves and fishes?

Ans.—Just as the sweeping blast of a hot autumn wind suddenly withers a living tree, so the electrical forces which powerful spirits understand how to control may be brought to bear upon a living tree or shrub, so as to cause it to wither away in almost an instant of time. And if the fig-tree mentioned in the Bible withered, as is claimed, it must have been through some such process as this, which would, under no circumstances, be in violation of natural law. It is possible for a band of powerful spirits to bring such a magnetic wave of power as to still a stormy sea; it is possible for spiritual chemists to apply substances to the rushing waves which will cause them to subside and become calm; it is possible for a magnetic being, endowed with spiritual powers, the instrument of unseen but spiritual workers, to have such an influence over a large multitude of people as to cause their pangs of hunger to subside, so that a very few mouthfuls of food would suffice for their wants. Undoubtedly some such spiritual phenomena as these were exercised in the instances mentioned by your correspondent, and, if so, it would not be in violation of natural law, but quite in accordance with it.

Q.—Jesus said: "Good were it for that man if he had never been born." Why so, if he is eventually to become a perfected being?

A.—We cannot say that it were good for any man never to have been born, for we do not understand the discipline which his spirit requires, or the experiences which he should pass through, in order to become a perfected being; but it is very natural for any one, even he who was known as the Nazarene, in moments of trial and anguish, in bitterness of spirit, knowing that one whom he has counted his friend is about to betray him into the hands of enemies, to say, "Good were it for that man if he had never been born." We cannot believe that Jesus was more than a human being, a man, endowed with all the faculties, qualities and passions of humanity; and knowing that he did subject the passions belonging to frail humanity to the higher laws of his spiritual being, realizing that he was an instrument for the service of high and noble purposes, and that a grander life, understanding that his life was above that of the average of humanity, at least of those times, in nobility of character, in moral grandeur, and in all the high attributes which show the unfolding of a divine being, yet we cannot believe that he was never subject to the lighter frailties belonging to humanity at large—and undoubtedly some of those would for a moment, at least, gain the ascendancy—therefore we believe that he, in bitterness of spirit, feeling the magnitude of his trial, and standing the terrible trial through which he was to pass, from which the fleshly part of his nature must have shrunk, uttered the words which your correspondent quoted. We cannot, however, believe that, in the largeness of his soul-life, in the higher moments of his spiritual exaltation, when surrounded by the pure and holy of the spiritual life, the Nazarene could have believed within him that it were better that Judas, or any other man, "had never been born"; he must have understood that through discipline—such as mortal birth and experience bring to the spirit—does each one gain the perfection of human or divine life.

Q.—(By George W. Burnham, Willimantic, Conn.) Do spirits materialize fabrics or hair so as to remain intact? If so, why not continue the mortal existence of the whole form?

A.—We do not find it difficult to believe that it is possible for spirits who understand the operations of chemical law to so fashion fabrics that they will remain visible to sight and tangible to the sense of touch as long as the original fabrics from which their elements were derived would remain intact. But your questioner should understand that if certain constituents or elements of woolen, silk or other substances are withdrawn from certain garments or fabrics for the purpose of fashioning independent substances, then the original ones will wear thin, and after a while become useless; and that even those which have been fashioned by the spirit cannot remain any longer than the original elements would.

Now it is not of much importance that a certain garment should wear thin, that spots or even holes should be found appearing in it; but it is of very much importance that the medium's form should not become depleted of vital magnetism, or the forms of the sitters present part with so much of their physical power as to remain weak and of but little service to themselves or others, as would undoubtedly be the case were spirits to undertake to fashion independent material forms through which they could talk and communicate with friends, retaining possession of those forms for any length of time, because every element contained within the materialized human form must have been extracted from some mortal, either from the medium or from the sitters present. It is true that spirits make use of elements of particles drawn from the atmosphere, but these are only for the purpose of imparting what we call vitality or the power of making use of the members of the human body, the elements which compose the limbs—the members of the materialized form—belong to some human being, and must again be restored to the medium or the friends from whom they have been extracted.

We are not prepared to say that it is advisable for spirits—even if they have the power—to fashion materialized forms to inhabit and operate of remaining earth in the physical, and come in contact with their mortal friends; for undoubtedly every spirit has a work to perform, knowledge to gain, and an experience to undergo in the spiritual world, apart from a physical body, and it is important that they should attend to such duties rather than neg-

lect them for the purpose of remaining with friends of earth, to whom perhaps they could be of but little service and will assuredly meet again, by-and-by, if they only perform their own labors and are faithful to their own convictions.

Mary Elizabeth Burbank.

Good afternoon, Mr. Chairman. I have been a long time getting ready to say to you like the dawning of a new day when I find myself possessing the power of just saying a few words to my friends. I lived in Boston. I have been what you call dead, I think, about eight years, and I have, for a long time, tried to tell my friends I was not dead, but that I lived, and would be happy to meet and talk with them. My name is Mary Elizabeth Burbank. I wish to tell those who are dear to me that have many times visited them since I left the body, and have held an interest in their affairs which has never faded away.

I want to have an opportunity of talking with them privately, as there are many things I would like to speak of. There were affairs connected with myself that were not settled, and my nearest ones wish they could understand what I would like to have them do in regard to them. I did impress them with my ideas, yet not knowing they were my thoughts and desires, they paid no attention to them. If my friends will give me an opportunity of coming to them in private, I feel as though I could clear up some little points that have been clouded, and I feel sure the result will please them. I am certain it would gratify me, for I have been much exercised in mind over the matter.

I am happy in the spirit-world, and have met my dear friends; and oh! I was so glad to meet my dear mother, who was one of the first to give me greeting. She conducted me to a pleasant little home, where we have been happy together. We have been trying to perform a useful work. She has taught me many useful lessons of life, and I have been always glad to study and understand them. We think we will eventually succeed in convincing our dear ones of the truth of immortality, and of the power of spirits to return and communicate, for we can see evidences of mediumistic power right in their midst, and I hope and shall work long and earnestly for it, so as to be able to give intelligent communications from the spirit-world in the families of those whom I love.

John W. Edmunds.

It pleases me to visit this circle-room, for I always like to give greeting to all men; and today I feel imbued with the spirit of good fellowship and a desire to claim every one as my own kin. I do not know that I am always in such a condition of mind, but it is one I love to be in, for I am so enlarged in spirit I feel as though I could enfold in my embrace the entire human family, and have a more comprehensive understanding of the laws of the universe than at other times.

I take an especial interest in Spiritualism, for, in my judgment, it presents to human acceptance all that is grand and ennobling. Its teachings are calculated to broaden human thought, and expand the intellect. I do not mean by the word Spiritualism merely an understanding of the laws and modes of communication between the denizens of earthly life and the inhabitants of the spirit-world, but all that is intended by the word is a comprehensive understanding of the laws of life, physical and spiritual; an acceptance of those lessons which convey to him a true knowledge of those laws which will educate him in wisdom, and make him more eager to understand his own being—to become a law unto himself.

I know that Spiritualism embraces all humanity, because I perceive nothing that is good, lasting and beneficial but what springs from the spirit itself. Those who have got acquainted with the Spiritualism are anxious to know more concerning the laws of life and of the eternal world. Many who are desirous of gaining such information from spirits want to know what mediums are best adapted to give it. I advise them not to pay so much attention to external methods, but to look within themselves for an answer to the questions which their internal natures are propounding; try to become receptive to spiritual truths, so that attendant angels can impress them with the lessons they have to impart.

It is well to form circles, to erect an altar to spiritual truth in the privacy of home-life; sit patiently, and do not weary in well-doing or become discouraged, but continue day after day, month after month, soliciting the presence of refined and holy spiritual beings, with sincere desire for light and knowledge, and my word for it you will receive manifestations of spiritual power—something that will certainly be instructive and elevating.

Spiritualism is performing a great work. A mighty influx of power from the spirit-world is permeating all the human race. Men and women have been forced to acknowledge the truth of immortality, and to declare their convictions that those who pass beyond the bounds of mortal life still live, and have the power of returning to earth and making themselves known. But something more than this is done for the benefit and enlightenment of mankind, as every Spiritualist knows.

But it seems to me that Spiritualism—liberal, grand and uplifting as it is, and blessing humanity generally—does not exert the influence it was meant to should; therefore it is the duty of Spiritualists to see that the grand truths it brings from on high are promulgated in a way that will meet the demands of every yearning soul asking for light and spiritual knowledge.

As I before remarked, I believe in home-circles, in the development of mediumistic gifts in one's own household, and thus the time is not far distant when more attention will be paid to this especial work by the head of every family desirous of investigating Spiritualism. I assure you, friends, that much can be accomplished in this way. After a few months of trial—or even a few years—you will be rewarded by an influx of power that will more than compensate you for the patience you have expended.

Spiritualism has gained an impetus that cannot be stayed, and it will sweep on and on until it has permeated every household in the land and spiritualized every human being. I believe it is to be the great reconstructive power that is to accomplish the fruition of our hopes.

I come here to-day to send greeting to friends, and to assure them that I am in complete harmony with their efforts whenever they strive to accomplish a good work for the cause of truth, and I spiritually grasp them by the hand and gladly cooperate with them. Much good work has been accomplished during the last quarter of a century, but in my opinion it is nothing to what will be achieved in the coming twenty-five years. John W. Edmunds.

Fanny Green McDougal.

Like him who has just spoken to you I feel friendly toward all mankind, and like him, I am in sympathy with the workers in the spiritual movement.

I am here to-day especially to send a few words of counsel to a dear friend to whom I sometimes manifest, and who has said to me in the language of her own heart: "Go to the Banner of Light Circle, please, and say a few words which I shall understand, for I am weak in spirit, I falter because the way before me is so rough. I know come to say to that dear friend, who is in New York: Yes, I know that the road is rugged, that your feet sometimes bleed in passing over it, that you cannot fully understand the monitions of the spirit which are given to you, so you faint and become almost discouraged. You have been called upon to give up much that is beautiful and pleasant in life; personal ambitions have been laid aside; you have waited the commands of the spirit with fidelity and trusting confidence—and we bless you for it. You have, dear friend, understood something of what it was to renounce the pleasures of life, to take up the stern duties that awaited you, in obedience to the mandate laid upon you by higher powers, than those of mortal life; but you are understood in the spirit-world, and those who are with you are most happy to so, for that I can put him in the way of developing his own natural powers so as to be of use to the world.

I shall endeavor to experiment with mediumistic people, until I find a medium adapted to my use, then I think I shall accomplish something that will arouse my friends to the importance of Spiritualism. That is my excuse for coming to you to-day, sir.

stands our inmost needs, who knows what the soul requires for its most perfect unfolding, and if we are faithful to our duty, if we are strong to do that which is right, we shall be all around and overgrown of thorns changing into a crown of light and glory which will be of the utmost benefit to us.

And so, dear friend, you have learned the lesson that those who love most, who become purified in spirit, and are at peace with their God and the angel-world, are those who have been obliged to renounce all that is personal and selfish, all that is for external aggrandizement or material pleasure, and have been obliged to say, "Not my will, but thine, be done."

I have said as much as this to you in the privacy of your own life, when communing spirit to spirit, but you have thought if I would come to this distant place and express myself it would be a new revelation to you, bring you strength and courage to go on with your work, and convince you that really the spirit-bands were guiding the labor which they design to accomplish through you, so I am glad to bring you by consolation, happy assurance, that peace will be your friend. The spirit-powers are not idle, nor are they unable to perform what they wish; but in coping with material conditions they are obliged to await the fulfillments of time. All those who surround you send their love and greeting; they will care for and guard you until you join them in the spirit-world.

My friend will understand my message, because it is to her fraught with meaning, every word will be comprehended. To the outside world it may seem little, but to one who is waiting, longing and hoping, obedient to spiritual instructions, yet fearing to make a move lest it should be wrong, it will be of great importance.

While I am here I desire to send my love to all friends and give my blessing to every worker in the spiritual ranks, and to each one I say: Oh! press on with your labors, do not grow weary, step aside from the path of duty because of the unpleasant conditions which sometimes come to you. They who have the hardest mountain to climb enjoy the grandeur of the view when they reach the summit. They who have passed through the valley and shadow of darkness and despondency enjoy the clear sunlight and the fresh, invigorating breezes more fully when they emerge into the light. They who have heavy burdens to bear, and press forward with the crosses laid upon them, will understand and appreciate the larger world of life, and the grandeur of the spirit-world, and the spiritual existence when the external, physical cares are laid aside. Therefore, dear friends, press onward; although you are misrepresented, although you are ostracized, do not feel that you must renounce the labors of love which the spirit-world has given to you, but rather feel that yours is a high and holy mission, and that its results will prove fruitful for humanity, that by-and-by a grander life will dawn which will bring fruition and compensation to each one. Fanny Green McDougal.

Harriet Jackson.

I lived in Boston, and passed out a few years ago. I had strange experiences while in the body, and did not understand myself. I claimed to be mediumistic, but I did not understand mediumship as I do now, or as many who are workers in the spiritualistic field understand it. I had to contend with the conditions that hedged me in, but I tried to perform my work, and did so, in a certain way. But were I here now, with the knowledge and light I have obtained on the other side, I am sure I would be able to accomplish much more good for humanity.

Have friends in the body. I hope they will be glad to hear from me. I have relatives in whom I take an interest. I send them my love. I have many on the other side also, and some of them have been very kind in assisting me to understand myself and my conditions, as well as to learn something of the spirit-world as it is.

My sisters join me in sending love to the friends who are here. We desire them to know that we are working for their benefit. We want to teach them of spirit-life. We want them to understand it better than they do, for although they have some faint glimmerings of the truth of spirit communion, they are not well informed concerning the after-life. I have been long, it seems to me, in attaining my present position. I have struggled through difficulties, and have had some painful experiences. I have been obliged to come back, time after time, to one person and another, to get little points of information which I could find in no other way; but in doing this I have learned many things beside of which I desire to speak. I have watched returning spirits, as they operate upon mediums, or manifest to mortals, and have gained considerable light on these matters.

If my friends wish to hear from me in private I will try and come to them. I do not know as I shall succeed, but I will at least make the effort. I can tell them, when they are ready to pass out to the spirit-world, that I will be happy to meet them there, and to give them some knowledge which they have not had before, and which were not mine when I was here. I am thankful for spirit-life, for it has given me so much understanding of which I was deprived because of external conditions while in the body. Harriet Jackson.

Willard Hutchins.

I am known, Mr. Chairman, as Willard Hutchins. My home was in New York. I have acquaintances and friends in New York City, in Syracuse, and in Oswego. I hope that some of them will learn of my return here to your office, and will inform others of my coming. A few years have passed since I inhabited the mortal form. I lived to a very good age. I cannot find any fault because death overtook me, for I suppose it was time for me to step out and make room for somebody else. I am very glad to have the power of coming back this way, and finding how life goes with my friends on earth. I was always interested in their welfare, and liked to know how they were getting along; it seemed to be a part of my nature, and I want to express the feeling to them now.

I have no very high motive, perhaps, in coming, and I do not know as I shall accomplish much by this visit, but my great desire is to open an avenue in New York City through which I can come into direct personal communication with my most intimate friends. This seems to be a highway over which thousands of spirits travel in their search for their earthly dear ones, and I have come over this road, hoping to find a by-way, which I may take to get nearer home.

I was quite an active man when I died; I did not know what it was to be idle, until within a few months of my physical demise, and then I chafed under the enforced idleness. I could not see that my mind was failing me in any respect, and it seemed that the physical powers ought to keep up with it; but I now know my time had come, that I had had all the experience of mortal life that I could through the old tenement of clay, and it was right for me to step out of the body. I am an active man now on the other side; I find many little things to claim my attention. I am trying to perform the work well that comes to me, for it seems to me everything one undertakes should be thoroughly accomplished before something else is taken up.

I have a nephew George, whom I specially hope to reach; he lives in New York, and is interested in mercantile pursuits. I think I can help him. He has quite an inventive faculty, which may be put into practical use. He has been, for the last two or three years, dabbling in little experiments which are pleasing to him, and not altogether without practical results, and if I can, through some medium, give him a private, intelligent communication, I am sure he will be most happy to so, for that I can put him in the way of developing his own natural powers so as to be of use to the world.

I shall endeavor to experiment with mediumistic people, until I find a medium adapted to my use, then I think I shall accomplish something that will arouse my friends to the importance of Spiritualism. That is my excuse for coming to you to-day, sir.

Silver Tongue.

The red man comes to take his place in this council, and to bring the spiritual magnetism

of the forests to the pale-faces who gather here. He comes to speak a word to you, braves and squaws. You are here, bringing spiritual forces; you are here, bringing from the happy hunting-grounds who bring you natural vital powers. You do not know how you help those who gather here, and you cannot tell how you are helped by the squaws and braves who wish to bless humanity. A good work goes on and on, from this council-room, and it is recorded in the great hunting-grounds beyond. Messages of love fly forth as the snowflakes in the winter. They are gathered here to the mourning, tear, and comfort on their wings, and a blessing goes with them.

Pale-faces, you see your loved ones fade away, and your hearts go after them, longing to know of their homes, of their lives. The Great Spirit protects them; he has each one in his keeping; none are lost, none can stray outside his love, for that fills the universe. Every one who goes across the big waters finds life and strength, love and home in the hunting-grounds beyond the setting sun. Every one comes back in the end, and brings affection, tenderness, peace and blessing. Let these sink into your hearts. Though you do not receive the outward message, though no name is whispered in your ears, though no words are spoken, open your hearts and peace and love will enter, the influence of your dear ones will settle around you, and you will feel strengthened to bear the burdens of life.

The red man has long been in the hunting-grounds; many suns ago he wrapped his blanket around him, and sat in the canoe, looking at the river of life, and chanted his death-song, and with a spirit strong within him he went to meet his fathers. There he found rivers singing their songs of cheer, there the birds sang in the forests, and the red man's wigwam was alive with light and beauty; he roamed the green fields and traveled through the forests without fear of meeting any foe. Then he learned the great lessons Manitou had to offer him, that love is eternal, that all human life is sacred, that the red man is as dear to the Great Spirit as the pale-face, that all are his children. Then he found that he could come back and give to the pale-faces words of consolation, tell them of their loved ones who had gone beyond, give them health and magnetism, that the blood could mantle in the cheek and surge in their bodies. Then he found that his work was to go forth to the great councils, and give the power through which the messengers can come, bearing their tokens of immortal life.

Once he hunted the deer in the forest, and he killed the big moose, now he is an immortal spirit in the hunting-grounds beyond. He has learned the pale-face talk; he has gained power, and got lessons of life that high and noble spirits teach the ignorant and the lowly, and he comes back with a blessing in his heart for all people. He takes his place in this council to be of use to the spirits who mourn because their dear ones here do not know where they have gone. He will give them power to make themselves understood. Silver Tongue.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

June 27.—Lulu, for Margaret S. Hanson, George Jarman, Samuel J. Hastings, Frank M. Leonard, Leon Water Lily, Hiram Marsh, Nellie Ricker, Willie Knapp, Job V. Capt. John Richardson, Sarah Ann Johnson, Harriet A. Bacon, Dick, Closing remarks by John Pierpont.

Sept. 16.—Silver Cloud, Kate A. Osgood, Margaret E. Spaulding, R. C. Deane, P. Greenleaf, Charles A. Holt, Austin Hutchins.

Sept. 19.—Deacon Samuel Woodman, Arlet H. Gould, Mrs. A. J. Barker, John Franklin, Hannah Watkins, Dr. Henry C. Julia Fowler.

(From the Saturday Democrat.)

NEPENTHE.

BY M. K. SHERWOOD.

To-day through the orchard strolling, Where the sweet, white blossoms fell, With the busy bees were humming As they flew from flower to cell. I stood 'neath the spreading branches Of a giant apple old. That to storms and chill of winter Sailed the birds, and bore the cold. And I felt my life was blighted— Seemed my heart was growing cold.

Ah! what memories tender Silent stole upon me there, Of a day in dying summer, Of a young face, sweet and fair; Of a heart that had been true, Of the height of sweetest dream, While I cut our names together. In the joy of lover's theme, Dearest, I had hoped to reach, To float us down life's stream.

The names we there engraved Have kept growing with the years, And to-day upon them looking— Yes, my eyes filled up with tears; For the golden bowl was broken, And the heart had broken too. Have for many years been sleeping 'Neath the falling leaves and snow, And that parting—oh! how bitter! But a Higher willed it so.

But she came to me, I fancied, As I mused out there to-day, Came back, fond, warm and loving, In her sweet, remembered way; For her arms my neck enfolded, And the lips I felt on mine. Were the same that made confession When I had been run out of rhyme— The same that at that sad farewell Said, "I'll come again sometime."

Said I fancy? No! 'twas real, 'Twas a promise kept at last; In that one moment long enough To shrieve to mortal man. There she stood, a sitting at parting, Loved ones called to higher sphere; But they ever near us linger, Often to their loved appear. Then I felt, I hope to find from mortals And in life there's nothing dear.

All life's shadows now are lifted, And my hope at last is crowned, For the grave has lost its terrors; All is halo, sweet, profound. Darkest lives all have penitence, And room for love, and tears, For the veil is widely unrolled, Through which I so longed to see; Ah! she's here, and I'm enfolded! Yes, from longing I am free! "Locust Shade," St. Joseph, Mo.

Judge and Reporter.

Mr. E. Gurney and Mr. F. W. H. Myers publish a further installment of the strange stories they are collecting, the most remarkable by far being one related by Sir E. Hornby, late chief judge of the consular court of China and Japan, and a man not only of undoubted truthfulness, but of strong rough sense. He was accustomed to allow reporters to call at his house for his written judgment:

They generally availed themselves of the opportunity, especially one reporter, who was also the editor of an evening paper. He was a peculiar man, reticent about himself, and I imagine, had a history. In appearance he was also peculiar. I only knew him as a reporter, and had no other relations with him. On the day when the event occurred, in 1875 or 1876, I went to my study an hour or two after dinner, and wrote out my judgment. It was then about 11:30. I rang for the butler, gave him the envelope, and told him to give it to the reporter who should call for it. I was in bed before 12. I am a very light sleeper, and my wife a very heavy one. Indeed, it is difficult to rouse her out of her first sleep. The bed—a French one—faced the fireplace; but the mantelpiece was a clock, and the gas in the chandelier was turned down, but only so low as to admit of my seeing the time at any time of the night, for—awakening easily and frequently—I often smoked a cigarette before I went to sleep again, and always desired, to know the hour. I had gone to sleep, when I was awakened by hearing a tap at the study door, but, thinking it might be the butler—looking in to see if the fire was safe and the gas turned off—I turned over with the view of getting to sleep again. Before I did so I heard the tap at my bedroom door. "What's that?" I thought. I was the butler wishing to say something; I said, "Come in." The door opened, and to my surprise, I walked Mr. Hornby in, and said, "You have mistaken the door, but the butler has the judgment, so go and get it." Instead of leaving the room he came to the foot of the bed. I said, "What?"—You forget yourself! Have the goodness to walk out directly. This is a mistake, or my favor. He looked deeply at me, but was silent. I heard him go, and I was certainly quite

sober, and said, "I know I am guilty of an unwarrantable intrusion, but finding you were not in your study I have ventured to come here." I was losing my temper, but something in the man's manner disabused me to jump out of bed and eject him by force. So I said simply, "This is too bad, really; pray leave the room at once." Instead of doing so he put one hand on the foot of the bed, and as if in pain sat down on the foot of the bed. I glanced at the clock and saw that it was about 1:20. I said, "The butler has had the judgment since 11:30; go and get it." He said, "Pray forgive me; if you know all the circumstances you would, Time presses. Pray give me a précis of your judgment, and I will take a note in my book of it," drawing his reporter's book out of his breast pocket. I said, "I will do nothing of the kind. Go down stairs, and the butler, and don't disturb me—you will wake my wife, otherwise I shall have to put you out." He slightly moved his hand. I said, "What let you in?" He answered, "No one." "Outfoul it!" I said, "What the devil do you mean? Are you drunk?" He replied quietly, "No, and never shall be again; but I pray your lordship give me your decision, for my time is short." I said, "You don't seem to care about my time, and this is the last time I shall ever allow a reporter in my house." He stopped me short, saying, "This is the last time I shall ever see you anywhere."

Well, fearful that this commotion might arouse and frighten my wife, I shortly gave him the gist of my judgment in a few words as I could. He seemed to be taking it down in shorthand; it might have been two or three minutes. When finished he rose, thanked me for excusing his intrusion and for the consideration I had always shown him and his colleagues, opened the door and went away. I looked at the clock; it was on the stroke of 1:30. (Lady Hornby now awoke, thinking she had heard talking, and her husband told her what had happened, and repeated the account when dressing next morning.) I went to court a little before 10. The usher came into my room to robe me, when he said: "A. and this happened last night, sir. Poor — was found dead in his room." I said: "Bless my soul! dear me! What did he die of, and when?" "Well, sir, it appears he went up to his room as usual at 10 o'clock to work at his papers. His wife went up about 12 to ask him when he would be ready for bed. He said: 'I have only the judge's judgment to get ready and then I have finished.' As he did not come, she went up again, about 1:45; to his room and peeped in and thought she saw him writing, but she did not disturb him. At 1:50 she again went to him and spoke to him at the door. As he did not answer, she thought he had fallen asleep; so she went up to arouse him. To her horror he was dead. On the floor was his note-book, which I have brought away. She sent for the doctor, who arrived a little after 2, and said he had been dead, he concluded, about an hour." I looked at the note-book. There was the heading: "In the Supreme Court, before the chief judge, v. —." The chief judge gave judgment this morning in this case to the following effect:—and then followed a few lines of indecipherable shorthand.

The reporter, it is further averred, in connection with the above account, neither had nor could have left his house in the material body; and it will be difficult for the reader to see how Mr. Myers's theory of thought-transference explains the story at all, as this reporter could never (within the utmost range of human probability) have thought of sitting at the foot of Sir E. Hornby's bed in his (H.) private apartment.

October Magazines.

THE CENTURY in its opening article, "Lights and Shadows of Army Life," will recall sad memories, interspersed with gleams of pleasing recollections of the days of 1861, to the minds of many, and inform those who have since come upon the stage of active life, of the struggle our country then passed through to preserve its unity and its liberty. Numerous engravings add much to the realism of the narrative. Another article of historic interest is one by Edward Eggleston upon the "Social Condition in the Colonies," also finely illustrated. A portrait of Rosa Bonheur, characterized by a masculinity of appearance that will elicit comment by all who see it, is accompanied by an interesting sketch of that remarkable woman and artist. Washington Gladden contributes a thoughtful and suggestive paper upon "Christianity and Wealth." The same may be said of "The Danger of Delaying Reforms," and "Is Arctic Exploration Worth its Cost?" in the supplementary Department. "Brie-A-Brac" is as chatty, chatty and choice as usual. The Century Co., New York. Cupples, Upham & Co., corner Washington and School streets, Boston.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—The present number continues Dr. Weir Mitchell's "In War Times"; "The Battle of Lake George" is treated of in an exhaustive and interesting manner by that prince in the realm of historic research, Francis Parkman; Elizabeth Roberts Fennell has a characteristic article on the "Relations of Fairies to Religion"; Louise Imogen Guiney writes of "An English Literary Cousin" (Leigh Hunt); William Shields Liscomb treats of "The Miraculations of the Gods"; Charles Forster Smith speaks of "Southern Colleges and Schools"; Edith M. Thomas contributes "The Solitary Bee"; and other articles, essays, reviews of new books, etc., etc., together with choice poems by Oliver Wendell Holmes, Celia Thaxter and Augustus M. Lord, complete another substantial issue of a sterling monthly, of which Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

ST. NICHOLAS.—The most attractive feature is "Another Indian Invasion," an entertaining and instructive sketch of the Indian school at Carlisle, by Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney, with eleven illustrations. It should do much toward interesting the youth of our country in that most commendable philanthropic enterprise. The opening article of this number is a historical, critical and practical discussion on "Slang." Joaquin Miller contributes a bright story, "Lost on the Plains," and Mr. Storey an amusing Irish-fanciful, "Lanty O'Koolahan." Miss Alcott's "Spinning-wheel Stories" reach their conclusion in "Corny's Catamount," and "The Romance of a Manager" will please many readers. This number closes Vol. XI., and great expectations are raised by the programme it gives of a new one. The Century Company, New York. For sale by Cupples, Upham & Co., 23 Washington Street, Boston.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART introduces the month with a fine engraving of A. W. Bays' painting, "Caught Tripping," representing a scene in old Egyptian times, in which one of three demure maidens elated in glee, with white kerchiefs and aprons, is teaching her delighted companions the profane pastime of dancing. At the same time is seen entering a sort of Puritan, with book under his arm, and steeple-crowned hat on his head, disagreeably surprised by the levity his knowing eyes are forced to look upon. The neglected king and closed Bible on the chair are aggravations to the unseemly show; though he may learn from what he sees that however you pitchfork nature through the door she will return by the window. "The Royal Grandfather" is an attractive full-page engraving of a painting by J. B. Reid. All of the nearly fifty illustrations in this number are excellent. Cassell & Co., New York.

WIDE AWAKE.—"For the King in His Arms" had caught her. It is the subject of the frontispiece, the story of which is told in a poem, "Little Christel," by Mrs. Bradley. The third part of "Old School Days" is given, with illustrations of scenes that will carry the thoughts of old readers half a century back. The quaint and curious story, "In No-Man's Land," is another chapter to its medley of strange scenes, and many other attractions. In prose and verse. A collection of engravings furnish all that can be desired by the patrons of this monthly. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

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