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CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE.—*Literary Department:* The House on the Sands. The Doctors' Plot. Original Essay: The Duties and Responsibilities of Mediums, Spiritualists and Investigators.

SECOND PAGE.—*Spirit Telegraphy in 1880—Reminiscences of Early Spiritualism:* Spiritualism and its Phenomena in England; Reading Sealed Letters Seventeen Centuries Ago. Questions Answered Through the Trance-Mediumship of Mr. W. J. Colville, Diphtheria and Group Cure. Mrs. Richmond's Work in Chicago.

THIRD PAGE.—*Banner Correspondence:* Letters from Missouri, California, Massachusetts, Michigan, Connecticut, and Ohio. *Free Thought:* Cremation; Mind Cure, or Science of Being. "Shadows" and Shadows. Magazines for May. The Michigan State Association. Resolutions. Convention Notices, etc.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Religion without Dogma.* Mr. Eddy and Her "Christian Science." A Congress of Churches, Onset Bay Notes, etc.

FIFTH PAGE.—*All Sorts of Paragraphs.* Movements of Mediums and Lecturers. New Advertisements, etc.

SIXTH PAGE.—*Message Department:* Invocation! Questions and Answers: Spirit Messages given through the Mediumship of Miss M. T. Shelhamer from Francis Collins, George H. Kent, Samuel S. Leonard, Mrs. Annie L. Atwood, Mrs. Betsey E. Parce, Alfred H. Hamell, Clara M. Edson, and John H. Williams.

SEVENTH PAGE.—*"Mediums in Boston,"* Book and Miscellaneous Advertisements.

EIGHTH PAGE.—*Spiritual Meetings in Boston.* The Boston Spiritual Temple at Horticultural Hall. Parker Memorial Hall. The Working Union of Progressive Spiritualists. Berkeley Hall Meetings. Is This Possible? J. W. Mahony's Dramatic Recitals, etc.

Literary Department.

THE HOUSE ON THE SANDS.

The following story was read by Miss M. T. Shelhamer at the Shawmut Lyceum, Sunday, May 3d. The lady prefaced the reading by these remarks: "When it was announced that the Lyceum was to have a special programme prepared for to-day's exercises, a member of the committee of arrangements said to me: 'We shall put you down for an address.' Now it always seems to me that the time devoted to the Lyceum is the children's hour, and it is hardly appropriate to deliver an address at such time to the adults present which the little ones cannot comprehend, while if one talks only to the children the older friends may become weary; and so I have been puzzled just what to say when called upon to speak in this school. While pondering this subject yesterday, and thinking of to-day's duty, one of my spirit-brothers said to me: 'Let us vary the routine a little: we will give you a story to read to the children, that may not be uninteresting to the older persons who listen to it.' I said, 'If you can give me something good I will be glad to read it; and the response came, 'It will be good because it is true; what we give is the truth, save the names, which we have changed.' And so the spirit gave me this story."

In a little low house standing close upon the line of a sandy beach lived little Bessie Lane. Motherless, the townspeople called the child, for when she was but two years old her mother, or had been taken to the spirit-world; but Bessie herself always insisted that her mamma was not lost, for she came to her every night to kiss her and to sing sweet lullabies to her.

Mr. Lane had once lived further up in the town, but after his wife's death he had built the low, rambling house on the sands, and sending for an elderly aunt of his to come and keep house for him and help to rear his only child, he established his home in this wild spot, declaring that the sound of the sea kept him from being lonely and made him contented with his lot.

Mrs. Lane had been widely known and loved for her gentle disposition and affectionate nature. It had been said of her that she had never been known to speak an unkind word or to deal harshly with any living thing. Many a poor, forlorn creature had been made happier by her sunny smile and tender words, not to speak of the more practical assistance she would give, and many a stray cat or homeless dog found food and shelter at her hands. And so when the lovely lady passed away she was mourned for miles around. Mr. Lane received offers of assistance from every side in the care of his little one, but, refusing them all and isolating himself from his neighbors, he preferred to spend his life upon the sands or among the surging waters in his little boat.

In the midst of loneliness and solitude little Bessie lived and grew, but she never seemed to be unhappy or dissatisfied. She would sit like a bird across the sand, or skim the waters in her father's boat, laughing and singing in her glee. People called her a strange child, wise and thoughtful beyond her years, when at times she would appear before them asking puzzling questions concerning life and its duties, and replying herself in clear and simple language when they could not answer.

It was whispered that queer sounds were at times heard in the old house: sometimes the rustling of garments when no one could be seen, or a low sound like a woman singing in an undertone, or timid knocks and the rattling of furniture that could not be accounted for, and people began to say the house was haunted, and to refuse to enter it as they strolled by upon the beach.

When a little child of five, Bessie begged that she might place a lighted lamp in her window every night when the moon did not shine, saying: "The pretty lady mamma who comes to me wants it." And her father, who seemed to love to hear his daughter tell of her angelic visitor, gave his consent. After this the little light streamed out regularly upon the night, and many a belated wanderer marked its cheering ray, and blessed the little hand that placed it there.

One night a storm arose; wild and swift and dark it swept over sea and land. The wind howled and the rain dashed around the little house, while the angry sea-waves surged over the beach almost to its very door. Mr. Lane had been out in his boat fishing all the after-

noon. He had not hurried, but as his luck was good, continued to fish as long as he could see. As he pulled across the raging waters the storm struck him, and he had all that he could do to maintain his seat in the boat. Drenched with the rain, bewildered and benumbed by the fast gathering darkness and the cold, he lost his reckoning, and was making toward a shoal of rocks that lay some distance from the land, when suddenly he heard a voice, clear and distinct, whisper in his ear: "Turn to the right or you are lost! See—see the light!" With a great effort he turned his boat, and through the darkness saw a gleam of light shoot out some distance before him. It was pale and flickering, but to him a beacon star of hope and cheer, for he knew from whence it came. Steering by that little lamp-light the man guided his boat, and after much buffeting by the waves, he managed to reach his home alive and safe.

After this Mr. Lane procured a large lantern, containing a lamp of much power, which upon every dark night he lighted, and hung outside his door; but Bessie's little light still flickered from her window, like an angel's token of love, telling the weary wanderer of comfort, warmth and home.

As the child grew in years she developed characteristics such as her mother had borne before her. Gentle and kind, she made many friends, and although few could be induced to enter her father's home, yet all the townspeople were glad to welcome her to their houses, or to greet her as they passed. She always had some pet kitten, or doggie, or birdie, that had been neglected, or cast out, or abused in some way; and once, when the aged housekeeper objected to having a great crab, that had had a portion of its shell crushed by some rude boy, brought into the house to crawl upon her snowy floor, the little one looked up, with tears in her eyes, and said, "But, auntie, the pretty lady mamma, who comes to me nights, says I must be kind to every living thing," and the father declared the child should do as she pleased. So the crab was kept till it cast its old shell, and a new one had formed in its place, when it was returned to the sea.

As the years rolled on the uncanny sounds in the house began to grow louder, and when they occurred Bessie would sometimes say she saw a hand making the raps, or moving the chairs. She still continued to tell of the pretty lady mamma, and repeat the stories of heavenly life that her spirit visitor had told her. Mr. Lane listened, and believed that the lovely young wife he had mourned had been permitted to return from the other life, to watch over and teach her child. The old aunt heard with amazement, and could never quite make up her mind whether to consider the child an angel who communed with angels, or a creature of unearthly mold, who would lead the souls of others astray.

But Spiritualism had come to town, brought by a family of mediums who had formerly lived in Boston. They were not reticent concerning their belief, and it soon became known that folks who believed in spirits and who claimed to talk with the departed were living up town, and they had taken an interest in Bessie Lane, and were holding circles in the "old haunted beach house." All of which was true. One morning Bessie surprised her father by saying: "My pretty lady mamma told me last night she was going to talk to you to-day. A lady is going to walk by here that she can make talk for her, and she wants you to stay home and see."

About ten o'clock that forenoon a shadow fell across the sunny floor where Mr. Lane sat reading a book, and looking up he saw a young lady standing in the open door, with a strange far-away look in her eyes. The stranger began to stammer an apology for intruding, and said something about being attracted by the child she had seen outside; but before she could proceed her manner changed, even her features became somewhat transformed, and in a different voice from her own she began to talk clearly and distinctly to the astonished man. It was not long before he realized that this woman was entranced by the spirit of his wife, who told him many things of their past life, spoke of her visits to their home, and of her power over the little one. The spirit told him of that stormy night on the sea, and declared it was her voice he had heard directing him to look for the little light.

I cannot detail to you all that followed, but this was the first of many interviews Mr. Lane held with the spirits. Circles were formed in his house; the former manifestations became stronger; hands were seen moving about and touching all present; sweet perfumes were brought and gentle messages uttered by the returning spirits. Bessie lived in an atmosphere of such spiritual life that she seemed to grow more beautiful and happy every day.

The townspeople began to grow interested, and the more bold did not hesitate to apply for "sittings" to the young lady medium who had come among them. Thus a knowledge of Spiritualism began to grow, and to-day there is a large number of intelligent, respectable and pure-minded Spiritualists in the vicinity of Bessie Lane's old home.

Through the ministrations of the spirits, the child continued to display her thoughtful kindness to others, and to seek always the happiness of those around her in preference to her own. One night when about ten years of age, she was awakened from a sound sleep by a light touch, and starting up, she discovered a white-robed form standing by her side. Recognizing her spirit visitor, she obeyed the word "come," that was breathed rather than uttered, and rising, she followed the spirit from the house. The night was warm; and she did not suffer as

she sped over the sands with her bare feet, and in her night-dress. Her way led toward a pile of rocks far out on the sand, and as she neared them she lost sight of her guide. For a moment she paused uncertain what to do, but as she did so a low wall like an infant's cry fell upon her ear. Starting forward she reached the rocks, and there in a hollow formed by two stones lay a tiny babe, whose white face shone in the moonlight with a piteous expression. Trembling with eagerness and fright, Bessie snatched the child and hugged it to her breast, then turning, she sped away, never pausing until she reached her home and had aroused her father from his sleep. Mr. Lane never doubted that his spirit-wife had guided Bessie to the rocks in order to save the child, but what to do with it he did not know. Rousing his aunt he confided the infant to her care for the night, thinking to consider of its disposal in the morning.

But in the morning Bessie begged so hard to keep the baby that her father could not bear to take it from her so soon, and thus it happened that the little waif stayed and found a home of love in the old house on the sands.

It was never known where the child came from, but it was supposed that some cruel person had brought it to shore in a boat and left it in the crevice of the rock, hoping a wave would wash it out and commit the deed he did not dare himself to do.

I might tell you many things of Bessie Lane, every one of which would be true, but you have not the time to listen nor I to relate. But that you may know good spirits are ever watching over the ways of earth and waiting their opportunity to assist and uplift the unfortunate and sorrowful, I must tell you that when Bessie was fourteen she was again called out upon a merciful errand by her angel-mother. It had been a wild, stormy day, and the inmates of the old house had not ventured out. Toward night the girl felt a restless feeling impelling her to go out in the rain. The desire to do this grew so strong that she finally threw an old cloak over her head and started. The wind blew so she could hardly stand, but she struggled on. Half way down the beach she discerned a human figure with uplifted hands. The attitude of the figure started her wildest apprehension, and, darting forward, she caught the uplifted arm of a woman, who turned upon her a face of anguish.

This poor creature had crept out in the storm to destroy herself in the sea. Homeless and friendless, she had sought the only relief from her troubles that occurred to her. But angels were watching her life, and they had guided a friend to soothe and comfort and help her. Finding herself watched, the woman broke down in a tempest of tears which Bessie did not seek to check. When the passion subsided, the poor creature declared her determination to drown herself, but Bessie resisted and plead until the attempt was abandoned. At first the woman refused to go with Bessie, but at length she consented, and, dripping with the rain, the two turned, hand-in-hand, toward the house.

They were met by Mr. Lane, who had started out in search of his daughter. On hearing the nature of her mission he knew she had been guided in a grand work, and he insisted that the woman should share his hospitality. Weeks of sickness for the stranger followed, but she was carefully attended by the inmates of the cottage. When she recovered health she wanted to go away, but, directed by the spirits, Mr. Lane insisted that she should stay and help in the care of his house and of the little child they had adopted, especially as his aunt had grown too feeble to do much herself. This plan was arranged, and to this day Bessie Lane and her father, the aged aunt, with the stout housekeeper, once rescued from the storm, and the foundling, now a child of six, dwell in harmony together in the old house on the sands.

The Doctors' Plot.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
In these days of proscription and persecution we hail with delight all honest, earnest protests that put in a brave denial against "class legislation." Your noble efforts stand recorded in your sincere and able defense of truth, liberty, magnetic therapeutics, etc.

As in the same vein with your own noble efforts I forward you the following editorial extract from the *Hahnemannian Monthly*, a leading Homeopathic medical journal, published in Philadelphia, Pa.:

"First. The people are their own masters in their choice of a medical adviser, and the right of any man—even an ignorant one—to offer medical services, and for pay, is not to be questioned. The law may forbid such acts on the part of both physician and patient, but the right exists still, law or no law."

Secondly. The people are not asking for such legislation. The whole business is being managed by physicians, and chiefly Allopathic physicians."

Thirdly. A very cursory examination of existing and proposed medical laws shows that they are more adapted to the protection of the physicians now in practice than to the defense of the public."

Fourthly. There are evidences that some of those who originate these legislative measures design them ultimately for the enforcement of Trade Union rules and codes of ethics, (1) and for the subversion of the liberty of medical opinion."

The above sentiments, coming as they do from distinguished Homeopathic physicians, most emphatically rebuke those of their professional brethren who have chosen to ally themselves with their old enemies, the Allopaths, in a tyrannical war on human liberty.

DUMONT C. DARR, M. D.
5 East 12th street, New York City.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT.—Any of our readers who may desire to become informed upon the subject of Spiritualism cannot do better than subscribe for the BANNER OF LIGHT, published by Colby & Rich, Boston, Mass. It is the oldest paper in the world devoted to this subject, and its contributors are among the most prominent and talented Spiritualists and scholars in this country and England. Each week will be found in its pages reports of spiritual lectures, original essays on spiritual, philosophical and scientific subjects, besides the regular literary, editorial and spirit-message departments. Send for a specimen copy, which will be furnished free by addressing as above.—*The Luckavanna Democrat, Scranton, Pa.*

Original Essay.

THE DUTIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES OF MEDIUMS, SPIRITUALISTS AND INVESTIGATORS.

BY W. W. GLEASON, M. D.

Once the term "medium" was considered one of ridicule by non-Spiritualists; but through the untiring efforts of spirit-intelligences upon the one side, and the troubles and trials of those same mediums on the other, the world at large is coming to appreciate the work which those who are thus designated are called upon to do. The position of a medium is not a sinecure. His life is not his own, but surrendered up to his mission; and like other men or women, such an one is governed by the conditions of his or her work. They may as men or women be honest or dishonest, learned or ignorant, moral or immoral, kind or unkind, sympathetic or unsympathetic, gentle or rough; but in the ratio they reach toward the higher attributes or the lower, just in like ratio, by the wise provision of unchangeable law, will the manifestations through their mediumship partake of elevating or lowering qualities.

Mediums, as a class, understand themselves as little as they are understood by others. They need to be educated for their work, as does the lawyer, the physician or the clergyman; and it is a mistake for the mass of our mediums to neglect informing themselves on every subject. Just in proportion as mediums educate themselves in science, literature, art or mechanics, etc., just in the same proportion will they open wider for their spirit-friends the avenues of intercourse; just so much nearer to us will those friends be able to live day and night; just so much labor will be saved them in communicating; and we owe them this duty in a greater measure than we realize.

To be sure, none of us will admit that we are more ignorant individually, or as a class, than others, and indeed there is no need of such an admission, for the reverse is rather the fact; but we are too apt to live almost wholly for the present, whereas in reality the future is what we should strive for.

The mass of the people need to be educated to live in such a manner that healthier children, mentally and physically, shall be born, and trained and reared, surrounded by better opportunities and possibilities, in order that they may bud and blossom into more perfect men and women, and pass over to be more perfect spirits than is the rule at the present time. Then crime, insanity and imbecility will cease to increase, and apothecaries and certain medicaments cease to sign so many death certificates, or try to push forward iniquitous bills for the monopoly of the healing art (of which as a fact, they are as a class the most ignorant exponents), and the suppression of spiritual healers and physicians and liberal-minded practitioners.

The Greek women were surrounded, throughout the whole period of pregnancy, with beautiful statuary, paintings and flowers, that their spiritual natures might be constantly subject to beautiful and elevating impressions, and thus their children be stamped with the highest and purest desires and instincts.

What do the pure and high spirits tell us of the lower grades of spirit-life? What do the lower spirits, when repentant, tell us of themselves? That as a man leaves the mortal form he enters the spiritual life; as he for himself provides, he shall receive. If he passes to spirit-life while groveling in sin, he must inevitably retrace his steps till he has gathered up the imperfect threads of his earth-life and rearranged them as they should be. The Infinite design was that ultimately every web should be perfect, and it must sooner or later be so. From the earliest moment of conception until the merging into the eternal, a perfect and all-wise intention is present, and though for a season we may escape from the right path, and stray in unwise directions, still we may not imagine ourselves masters of the situation, for it is all permitted for a wise and beneficent purpose. It is thus we are taught the lessons of life, and no one lives to escape more or less of such experiences, but throughout the whole we are each and every one under the surveillance of wise guardian spirits. How well has "Benefice" taught this in number one of "Thoughts from a Spirit's Standpoint" given in the BANNER.

It is a duty, then, that every human being owes, to look at and experience life from the highest standpoint possible; to profit by every opportunity for enlightenment upon every subject, and to reach with humility one hand up toward those on a higher plane than ourselves, while we reach down with love the other to help some unfortunate from some slough of despond. The guides of W. J. Colville have well said, "To love all mankind is a duty, and without universal love there can be no permanent happiness and safety among mankind." It is, then, plainly a duty that mediums owe to themselves and our loved cause that they seek diligently after knowledge. They owe this duty, too, to their controls and guides, that their burdens may be lightened and more perfect results be attained with greater ease; and as purer lives are lived and intellectuality and enlightenment become more universal, nearer and nearer will the mortal and spiritual worlds be joined, till periods of development to acquire mediumship will be unknown. We shall be born already fitted for that blessed communion; creeds and dogmas will cease to exist, and Spiritualism will be the religion of the world—yes, of the universe.

I have heard mediums say they thought it

made no difference what their habits might be; that if spirits wished to communicate they could do so in spite of all habits, as long as the medium's health was not undermined; that the medium was simply a machine to work through. I cannot agree with this view of the matter. The better our habits the better work we may do; the more perfect the machine the better work it will turn out.

There have been recently, from both the mortal and the spiritual side, pointed allusions made to the fact that once in a while, when conditions were defective, mediums would produce phenomena by illegitimate means. That this is a fact we cannot gainsay; and while it does not detract from the value of genuine manifestations or injure the scientific basis upon which our cause rests, yet it is to be deplored and discountenanced. One fraud detected is of more injury to the future of Spiritualism than a dozen sances held with no satisfactory results. All manifestations are dependent upon physical or mental conditions, which are liable at any time, from many causes, to be wanting. If at such times we should acknowledge the facts and give the proper explanation, we should gain in such cases instead of losing. That this is done in the majority of cases I have no doubt, but it is not always done; and if the temptation is too strong and is yielded to, the spiritual body of the medium—which, in my opinion, is the instrument used by spirits through which to produce all manifestations—is warped from its true symmetry by the impression made upon it by the wrong-doing, and entails upon that medium's guides and controls new work of development ere honest results can again be attained. Not only that, but we stand upon delicate ground in the eyes of the community regarding these matters. It is no more of a crime, you know, for one poor, ill-used medium, tortured perhaps beyond endurance by so-called test-conditions, to simulate the simplest of phenomena, than it would be for a church divine to murder a man or preach the worst possible heresy! Yet, no matter what may be the provocation or temptation, a medium cannot afford to step aside for a moment. If we take up a cross, no matter what its character, presupposing that we properly prepare ourselves for the work, we know in the beginning that we must expect obstacles of every description, trials, and failures even; but if we profit as we should by our opportunities and keep ourselves "spotless from the world," we shall know that obstacles, trials and even failures are for some wise purpose, and we shall be satisfied to build as wisely as we know how and leave the rest with those wise intelligences whose mission it is to use us for divine ends; and pride of self and love for the truth and honor of our loved cause should ever over-balance the love of money and the fear of ignorant ridicule or prejudice. These are our privileges and duties as Spiritualists and mediums.

On the other hand, what is our due from those who call themselves investigators? They who class themselves thus are as varied in character as a chameleon is in color, and among them we are apt to meet with all kinds of human nature, from the sincere, truth-seeking person to the bigoted divine, who will not partake of the manna when it is freely and honestly offered to him. In no other class of phenomena will be found such delicate and peculiar characteristics as is the rule in spirit-communication with mortals, and in its investigation is needed, more than in any other, a clear head, an unbiased intellect, a kind heart and a gentle hand. One needs to be carefully educated up to the investigation of our phenomena in order to do them justice, and yet this truth is the hardest to impress upon the minds of the majority of investigators. As a rule, to obtain the best results, it is necessary to go to the séance-room as one would go to the house of a friend, unprejudiced as to what the results are to be. Mediums are necessarily preternaturally sensitive, and are generally annoyed and nervously upset by having forced upon them over-positive conditions. Test conditions are not usually conducive to good results, and yet mediums seldom object to them if asked in the proper manner. On the other hand, if harmony prevails in the circle, the spirits will usually produce phenomena which are in themselves test enough for any fair-minded person.

No medium is justified in catering to prejudice or bigotry. Spiritualism is now able to hold its own and ask very few favors. I say to every medium: Stand ready at any time to further as far as is in your power any honest, sincere effort at investigation, even if unusual conditions are asked, always reserving the possibility that phenomena may not crown your efforts; and if unsuccessful in obtaining manifestations, do not let it disturb you, for it is not your fault, but the fault of those who ask such conditions. But I also say: Stand upon your dignity and selfhood at all times when confronted by bigotry, ignorance or supercilious prejudice, and refuse to sit for such except on the usual conditions established by your guides. Cater to such people and they lose their respect for you and will overrun you. Assert your rights, and if necessary to their condition their spirit-friends or other spirit-influences will bring them to a better condition of mind, and they may come again, prepared to treat you well. They assert the right to conduct their prayer-meetings to suit themselves; we assert the same right to conduct ours in our own proper way; and while "Spiritualists know allegiance to no creed, book, man or council," still we are more than pleased to help honest, sincere investigators acquire the truth; but it never mollifies or makes more accommodating any medium, to hear investigators sneer at or talk lightly against development, harmony and

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Before the oncoming light of Truth, Creeds tremble, Ignorance dies, Error decays, and Humanity rises to its proper sphere of Knowledge.—*Spirit John Pierpont.*

Religion without Dogma.

The above term comprises a statement that expresses the exact desire of numberless people in relation to religion. They would be religious, as they instinctively are, without being loaded down with dogma as the condition of it. An article of great reach, variety and thoroughness of thought on this very subject may be read in the May number of the *Popular Science Monthly*. It forms the substance of a lecture delivered by its author, George Iles, at Montreal, Canada, on Sunday, the 30th of March, 1884. He says rightly that "the church-makers, in a very different spirit from that of men of science, have not dealt directly with facts, but with opinions about facts." While the theologians have refused competency to the intellect in its effort to deal with the problems of life, they have on the other hand, for their own purposes, overrated the powers of this same intellect. "While affirming the supreme mystery which infolds the universe, they have inconsistently given verbal explanations of that mystery." That is a charge that cannot be met with successful contradiction. The theologians simply insist on knowing everything.

The writer's definition of theology is too exact to be passed by with a mere characterization. He says—"Theology proves on examination to be no more than the views of Nature entertained by observers in the remote past. These views, formulated into creeds and crystallized into institutions, have established churches, ruled not less by the love of power than by the desire to do good." As to the notorious inconsistency of the theologians in rating and restraining the human intellect, the lecturer remarks that "in the same page which speaks of the untrustworthiness and weakness of the human mind we may find a full account of the origin and destiny of all things, and an analysis of the divine nature and intention. The depreciation of human ability and the need of modesty in attacking the great questions of life and death are stated very forcibly, and thereupon solutions are offered us of all that a little before was declared inscrutable." And again he remarks, that "the Christian idea of the Deity would seem to have been developed in the light of the sympathies which have arisen in the domestic and social life of man. These sympathies, with their allied sentiments, have been unwarrantably projected out beyond their proper sphere, that of human affairs, into an idea of the Divine."

He says that it is forgotten that Nature in the broad view is the fullest manifestation of divine power we know, and that from Nature herself, in her manifold operations, should we try to integrate a conception of its informing spirit. Hence the discrepancy between the conception of the theological Deity and the facts of the universe. "Any theory of the universe which endeavors to be comprehensive must subdue the impulses of sentiment and emotion, and face all the facts of experience." He asserts that the results of the efforts to attain views of truth must inevitably vary, as men who make them differ in natural ability, temperament, education and standpoint. For the offensive term "toleration of dissent," he would therefore substitute "recognition of difference of view." The former implies that the one allowing it holds that he possesses finally, and hence simply means the permission of known error, which he may be unwilling or unable to punish. Moreover these differences of view are merely supplementary to one another. One school of thought holds conscience to arise from an innate moral sense, while the other holds it to be but the result of experience. The philosophy of evolution includes in its explanation both series of facts from which the two schools argue.

Ancestral experiences of right and wrong conduct become organized in the race, and are transmitted as moral tendencies to offspring. And then these tendencies are advanced a step in their progress by the individual's experience during his life. What theology undertakes is to solve problems which as yet are beyond the scope of human intellect, at the same time insisting on the entire nothingness of the latter. In the presence of the Absolute and the Infinite, Theology attempts to explain all the facts of nature and the sanctions of duty, in distant ages of scant knowledge. Its scriptural revelations, as the writer says, come down to us through centuries of untrustworthy custodians; and when they reach us at last they are not revelations to us, but hearsay about revelations, and must be judged by the canons of criticism

which we apply to other departments of literature. Every theology, no matter how emphatic its assertion of a supernatural source, bears about it the plain marks of its human origin. The conceptions of God vary with the zones, and closely parallel the grades of culture in which they arise.

Profound religious instincts are imbedded in the human race. An infinite Power, the immanent sustaining spirit of universal life, is suggested by our experience with all things about us. And on the other hand, as the writer eloquently adds, "the baffled hopes and aspirations of the soul, the anguish of bereaved affection, the enigmas and tragedies of life have joined together to implant a faith in another life which shall be complement and compensation for this." But while every sentiment of the human heart compels our respect or reverence, a less lofty feeling is excited when it comes to be expressed in institutions. "The Sanhedrims and Councils of the churches, which have arisen by virtue of the religious sentiments of our race, do not appear to have been lifted above the passions and partialities of our Congresses and Parliaments. The inner heart of humility and reverence in religion we highly respect, but the churches not so highly." "Not because the Gods of the sects seem crude and imperfect conceptions are we to expect that the religious feeling which gave rise to all these will die out in man." The history of the universe is an unbroken and consistent unfolding.

"The sense of supreme mystery will grow as the margin of the known expands and touches larger and larger circles of the unknown." "The instituted religions have not only given us the theistic idea, but have also laid us under weighty obligations by establishing the only means of formal instruction in morals known to our race." This writer freely allows to the churches that they have done more than preach them and teach morality; they have endeavored to imitate their Founder in his care for the desolate and oppressed. Therefore, he says, we do not propose, in our independence, "to disinherit ourselves of anything of value which Christianity can give." Sympathy in conduct was never so much needed as now. There is, as he says, wide-spread and growing discontent at the extreme inequalities of fortune, inequalities held to be the result of bad laws, unwise customs, and downright dishonesty. Mr. Henry George obtains readily so vast an audience because he states with such force the anxieties and dangers which beset bread-winners amid the contingencies of the modern industrial world. It is from lack of sympathy between plenty and want that all these dangers spring; not simply plenty and want in matters of goods and chattels, but in the better things of culture and refinement. "The generous man," says the writer, "who will correct with kindness the faulty argument of a neighbor less endowed than himself, who will cultivate in the youth of his acquaintance love of literature, of art, and of the natural sciences, is doing as much to strengthen the bonds of society as when he shares his income with the destitute and forsaken."

Mrs. Eddy and Her "Christian Science."

We alluded last week to a paper on Mrs. Eddy's "Christian Science," read by Prof. Stacy Fowler before the association of Congregational ministers in this city, and though we cannot agree with that gentleman in all he said, yet he made some statements that so clearly exhibit the fallacy of Mrs. Eddy's claims that we place them before our readers. They are these:

"Mrs. Eddy denies the reality of matter, and in fact of all natural laws. She denies the existence of a human body, and of all senses. She denies the human personality of God. Man has what she calls the mortal mind, which is the direct opposite of God's. The mortal mind is only a belief that man has generated in himself. With this mortal mind he thinks he is sick, but he is in error. Matter, says Mrs. Eddy, cannot suffer; the mortal mind alone suffers. The body never suffers from cold, or heat, or disease. It is the mind that imagines this suffering, and which does suffer. She denies the existence of Spiritualism; she calls it hallucination. She repudiates the reality of mesmerism. Christian Science, she says, is entirely different from the so-called faith cure. Science gets the mind out of the belief in faith, and faith cure works just directly opposite. Faith and science, as modes of healing, are as different as thinking and knowing. Science accomplishes two things: First, it destroys the belief of mortal man, and reasons the patient out of a false belief; second, it teaches the patient to understand God, and to know by conception that he is the only light of the universe. The healer begins by arguing the case silently, and then audibly telling the patient that the disease only exists in imagination, and is not real. If it is a case of cancer the healer tells the person that there is no cancer, that it is only inflammation of the flesh; then the mind of the patient is swiftly swerved off the subject, and brought to bear on God. The swing of thought and imagination from the high side where God is potent to the low physical side are the foundations on which the healer works. The principle is to bring the mind out of matter into spirit, out of thought into knowledge, and to bring God by a tremendous swoop of thought down to the mind of the patient to crush a delusion."

The inconsistencies and absurdities of Mrs. Eddy's so-called "science," as shown in the above summary of its chief features, are too palpable to require any special denoting by us. Such Education does not edify; and the futile eddies of such a stream of scientific jargon serve to indicate the maelstrom of irrationalities to which it inevitably leads.

Mrs. Eddy, we believe, is fully aware that the agency by which all successful efforts of herself and her "students" are wrought is spiritual. She knows that which she calls "Christian Science" is nothing more than what our healing mediums have been practicing these thirty years or more, and which has of late vastly increased in distribution and power upon earth; but in the case of Mrs. Eddy it is sadly disfigured by the interference and interpolation of dogmatic assumptions, the mockeries of bigotry, and the pretended authority of what is called "holy writ." We sincerely regret that it is so.

Mrs. Eddy further knows—and her history twenty or more years ago in this city supports our assertion—that the work in which she is engaged is MODERN SPIRITUALISM, adapted to her wishes and aims by the adulterations above named.

These "faith cures," "prayer cures," "mind cures," "Christian science cures," and "miraculous" cures in churches in front of their altars, paintings and statuary, and even by fragments of mortar from their walls, are attracting much attention at this time. "There is but one way," says a recent writer in the *Hartford Times*, "out of this difficulty, and that is by informing ourselves of the facts, and then without prejudice admitting them. These cures, no matter by what name they are called, never occur except through some one blessed with mediumistic powers. From the days of Empedocle to the present time, we find its pages

sprinkled with the names of those who have, at different periods in the world's history, astonished mankind with their wonderful powers. These gifts have not been confined to the Jews or Christians, and not the least remarkable are those that have been known among heathen nations. It is not through 'prayers' or 'faith' or 'Christian science' alone that the cures are effected, but it is the power of the spirit-world—the holy angels operating through some mediumistic organizations, and we contend that the spirit-world should have the credit of it."

A Congress of Churches.

The Episcopal Church in the United States has for some years past held what it termed a Church Congress; now it is proposed by the other denominations to hold what they term a Congress of Churches. It is to be held this week at Hartford, Conn., and will be in session for three days. The programme sets forth that the object is "to promote Christian Union, and to advance the Kingdom of God, by a free discussion of the great religious, moral and social questions of the time," among which are "the ecclesiastical and theological questions upon which Christians differ." One gets the idea instantly, and does not fail to detect the seat of the ecclesiastical error. Resort is had to the old machinery of conventions and discussions. They are coming together from all the churches to see if they cannot reconcile their differences. Why should Christians have any differences? How much they talk about the spirit of love, as peculiarly their own possession, yet here they are trying to get near enough together to compose their hostilities; and they think they will do it by discussing the matter. Generally this proves the most unfortunate of all methods known.

In the primitive days it was a common thing to hear those who rallied at Christianity exclaim of its devotees—"See how they love one another!" It is a very different thing now, by the open confession of professing Christians, who insist that all the world of humankind is wicked but themselves. If they are so very good, and claim to be the only ones who have the precepts of Christ in safe-keeping, they ought to be the last ones whom it is necessary to call together for the avowed purpose of seeing how they can get along more harmoniously. The understanding is that ministers and people are to assemble for a common purpose. It is further understood that no topic discussed in this Congress, nor any question of doctrine or opinion arising out of any discussion, shall be submitted to a vote. So that nothing that is done will be binding on the whole or a part of those assembled. They are to try to agree, or to agree upon what points they may peaceably disagree. But it is necessary to summon a numerous convention in order to see "if love and harmony cannot rule" where it is supposed they exclusively rule outside of and without any convention?

Well, therefore, may a prominent daily journal, in commenting on this Congress, call it nothing more than a sort of a debating society, in which Protestant ministers can talk about Christian Union without committing themselves to any plan for bringing about the end, and without danger of being asked to express agreement or disagreement with anything except the most general and unpractical propositions. It does not see how, under such circumstances, the proceedings can fail to be harmonious, nor indeed do we. The topics given out for discussion are "The Relations of a Divided Christendom to Aggressive Christianity"; "The Function of Worship in Promoting the Growth of the Church"; and, "The Attitude of the Secular Press in America Toward Religion." It is all church, and but little said, after all, about the spirit of love. If union and harmony are the only things desired, it ought to be the easiest thing in the world to secure them. Love is a cheap affair, and we ought never to have to be summoned into church congresses to know its meaning or its power. Let the churches come and go, say we, but let love and truth abide forever.

England.

(Given by Spirit Pollok through the mediumship of Thomas L. Harris, and published by Partridge & Brittain in a volume entitled "A Lyric of the Golden Age," which appeared in 1886.)
 When English armies fly like beaten dogs,
 Or held in death-grip by the Russian bear,
 Like faithful mastiffs do their best and die;
 When as the banners of the standard bear,
 To swallow its doomed prey whose sinews fall,
 While every nerve is paralyzed with fear,
 The huge, fierce serpent, Bankruptcy, devours
 The nation's wealth; when commerce flies the Thames
 And the huge steamers crowd the docks no more;
 And Parliament breaks up, while anarchy
 Burns like a conflagration from the deep
 Fire-draughts of equal war; when harvests fail,
 And three old women rot the standing corn;
 When Manchester and Birmingham consume
 First wealth, then credit, and then close their doors,
 While like an inundation pour the streams
 Of hungry operatives through the streets;
 Let those fly to the mountains where on high
 Throned Independence waves her flag of stars,
 Who prize home-quiet, peace and blessed love.
 For, surely as the living God endures,
 The day of England's ruin draweth nigh;
 These signs her desolation go before.

No Church Lease on Spiritualism!

The Boston *Advertiser* of the 6th inst. mourns editorially over the fact that there are too many churches in this country devoted to half-splitting creeds, which it avers cost too much money to keep them going—meanwhile, its writer admits, over one-quarter even of those who are nominally religious are already drifting outside the churches, and the great mass of the people are not reached at all, on account of running "the Lord's business" on un-business principles. It hints that superfluous ministers should be lopped off, thinly attended church stations should be "doubled up," rival lines leased, etc., a la railroad, and the theological rolling stock reduced to a minimum of machinery run at a maximum of speed! Too late, gentlemen! The "rival road," Spiritualism, has the "inside track," and cannot, whatever the churchward-looking portion of its "stockholders" may aver to the contrary, be leased by you for one year even, much less "999."

The *World's Friend* is a new paper to be issued monthly at Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., Olivia F. Shepard editor and publisher. Its purpose will be to radiate from its pages light received from spirit-life, at the same time to "watch with firm solicitude and expose with promptness such movements among Spiritualists as threaten to draw the new-born truth into the undertow of the retreating errors of the past." In the pursuance of this mission it has our sincere wish for success.

Mr. Charles H. Hauser says that during a recent visit at Westfield, N. Y., he had the great satisfaction of receiving messages through the mediumship of Carrie E. S. Twing, who, with her husband, received him very kindly. Her mediumistic gifts he speaks of as being very finely developed.

Onset Bay Notes.

The Onset Bay Spiritualists are already moving into their domiciles; new cottages are going up; the real estate agent had fifteen applications in one day last week for cottage and building lots; Hotel Onset, with our old friend C. H. Neal as landlord, is open for the season; the work on the new railroad bridge, which is to be sixty-four feet long with two spans twenty feet wide, is rapidly progressing, while the grading for the railroad is now rapidly approaching completion; the directors propose to erect a new building on Onset Avenue for a street car station; Hotel Brookton is to be greatly improved in size and looks, etc., etc.

The list of speakers thus far engaged for the coming Camp-meeting season at Onset runs as follows—and a splendid array of talent it represents, too:

Dr. Fred. L. H. Willis, A. B. French, W. J. Colville, J. Frank Baxter, Dr. H. P. Fairfield, J. K. Applebee, Hon. Warren Chase, J. J. Morse (of England), Rev. Samuel Watson, Joseph D. Stiles, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. J. T. Lillie, Mrs. K. R. Stiles, Miss Jennie B. Hagan, Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, Mrs. Adeline M. Glading, Mrs. M. S. Wood, and Mrs. Juliette Yeaw.

One of the finest halls located at any summer resort has been erected, designated *The Temple*. It has a seating capacity of about fifteen hundred, and all necessary conveniences, such as dressing and reception rooms, the whole being lighted by gas. This hall will be used for meetings, in their order, also week evenings for lectures, concerts, theatricals, etc. L. L. Whitlock will occupy it on July 29th and 30th for a Facts Convention. The new addition to Onset Bay, known as the Old Farm, has been laid out in lots, and improvements upon the streets will be made as fast as possible.

The Directors declare that the grand principles of truth and justice, which have actuated the previous management, will be continued by the present Board, and that mediums and mediumship will receive the greatest possible encouragement at this great center of Modern Spiritualism.

A Newly Developed Medium.

About a week ago, so says the report, as Miss Carrie Nutting was sitting at a small table in her father's house in the little village of Steamburg, four miles east of Randolph, N. Y., with her hands resting idly upon the edge, suddenly the table began to move, compelling Miss N., as she says, to follow it about the room. It came to a halt directly in front of a picture of her grandfather, who died some years ago. The spot at which the table stopped was exactly that in which it formerly stood when the old gentleman used it as a writing-table. The next day, at about the same hour, the young woman was gazing out of the window, thinking over the peculiar circumstances of the previous day, when, as she explains it, a gradual lassitude took possession of her, and although she had never been known to sing, she began chanting some weird, sweet melody, which the family say they never heard equalled. As the music died away, she began repeating a poem, the words of which none of those present had ever heard. Shortly after 3 o'clock the next afternoon, while the sun was shining brightly into the window, the young woman seated herself at the table, looked steadfastly at the picture of her grandfather, and the table soon moved, and was gradually raised from the floor. After the table had ceased its wanderings, a gold ring worn by the young woman was mysteriously removed from her finger and dropped upon the window-sill; a series of rappings followed, and some of those present say that they received, through the medium, messages from departed friends and from people whom she could never have known.

Attention is called to the MESSAGE DEPARTMENT on our sixth page, where spirits FRANCIS COLLINS, of New York City; MRS. HULDAH SEAMAN, of St. Vincent, Ore.; MARY ELIZABETH HARRINGTON, of Springfield, Mass.; GEORGE H. KENT, of Boston; SAMUEL S. LEONARD, of Worcester, Mass.; MRS. ANNIE L. ATWOOD, of Malden, Mass.; MRS. BERTSLEY E. PARCE (to her daughter in Fairport, N. Y.); ALFRED H. HAMMILL (a friend in San Francisco); CLARA M. ESDON, of Windham, Vt.; and JOHN H. WILLIAMS, of Roxbury, Mass., seek recognition; and several questions presented by correspondents are interestingly treated by the Controlling Intelligence.

Revue Spirituelle and Le Spiritisme report the proceedings of two celebrations of the Allan Kardec anniversary in Paris, March 29th, the Kardec founded by him assembled at the tomb wherein are deposited his earthly remains, bearing flowers, crowns, etc. The services included the reading of communications and delivery of orations. Similar exercises were engaged in, March 31st, by about 300 members of the thirty Societies constituting the Union Spirituelle.

Thanks to George Sanderson of Weston for several boxes of choice flowers from his conservatory for our Public Free Circle-Room table; also to Mrs. J. B. Severance, Mrs. M. Wiggan, Mrs. Abbie E. Goodrich, W. W. Gleason, M. D., and R. H. Greene for like favors. From Marche, Pulaski Co., Arkansas, T. Cholski mailed a box of roses, sweetwilliams, etc., on the 5th, which we received on the 9th. Thanks for his good intentions.

The eloquent inspirational orator, Mr. J. J. Morse, is busily employing the time at his disposal, previous to leaving England for this country, for the edification of the public. In Liverpool, on the 28th ult., he delivered two addresses, which were listened to with great satisfaction. In the evening the audience was enthusiastic in its expressions of delight and approval.

The Spiritualists of Atlanta, Ga., meet every Sunday, at 3 P. M., in Good Templars' Hall, corner Whitehall and Hunter streets. Bro. Bates, in *Light for Thinkers* for May 9th, avers that the Spiritualists of that city are now moving with earnestness in an effort to raise funds to erect a spiritual temple.

J. G. Meurgens, Esq., a prominent Spiritualist of Calcutta, India, arrived in New York, by steamer *Germanic*, White Star Line, from Liverpool, Sunday, May 10th, and reached this city on the 11th.

It will be seen by the advertisement in another column that Mr. A. J. Davis has prepared for the press a sequel to the "Magio Staff," entitled "Beyond the Valley."

See Mr. James R. Cooke's advertisement, "A Good Chance." This gentleman is doing a grand work in the spiritual field.

"How they Investigate Spiritualism."

A few days ago a lady called at the rooms of one of Boston's noted mediums for an interview. On being shown into the inner office, she said to the medium:

"Before I have a seance I wish to tell you that I have no faith in Spiritualism, and I look upon all mediums as arrant humbugs."

"What are you here for, then?" queried the medium.

"Oh! only out of the merest curiosity. You know everybody is talking this subject now, so I thought I would come and see what it was like. It is only out of curiosity, I assure you."

"Well, my good woman, I am not on exhibition. The curiosities are all in the Dime Museums."

"Pray tell me, what does it take to make a Spiritualist?"

"Only one thing, madam—'Intelligence.'"

"Indeed, sir! are you not anxious to convince me?"

"Certainly not. Why should I be? It is of no consequence to me whether you believe or not. You are the one who gains by the truth. You will therefore excuse me. I should insult myself indeed if I sat with you believing that I was trying to humbug you for an hour for a paltry fee."

"The idea!" remarked the lady to her companion as she swept from the room; "why, these people really believe it themselves. I thought they only wanted the money for making only other people believe."

J. H. Mott Acquitted!

While "societies" ostensibly formed for the purpose of enlightening the public are slowly plodding their way with great reluctance toward a conclusion they see to be inevitable, but which, leading to approach, they are belaboring their brains to devise if possible some means to avoid, twelve men with no scientific prestige, sworn to render a verdict in strict accordance with the testimony presented them, have by their acquittal of Mr. J. B. Mott, on May 2d, declared the materialization of spirit forms to be a fact; in this, on the principle that the greater includes the less, other spirit phenomena are also pronounced true.

Beaten at every point in their efforts since the 31st of March, 1884, to disprove the truth of Modern Spiritualism, what will the clergy, the scientists, the materialists, and other opponents do next? Keep on, gentlemen, if you choose; our armory of defensive weapons can never be destroyed, our ammunition never exhausted.

The Theodore Parker Statue.

The Boston Memorial Association have adopted the design of Mr. Robert Krause of this city for a statue of Theodore Parker, and the 28th Congregational Society, of which Mr. Parker was pastor, having approved the same, will contribute \$5000 toward the expense.

The design of Mr. Krause is triangular in shape, and will be, when completed, of bronze, 18 feet high. The pedestals to be surmounted by a once-and-a-half life size of the great preacher, who is represented as holding in his right hand a quill, and in the left a copy of the Bible resting on one knee. At the three corners of the pedestal are geni holding in their hands medallions representing the three great reformers, Wycliffe, Luther and Savonarola. On the three sides are to be bas-reliefs representing Truth unmasking Error, Slavery and Freedom. It is estimated by the artist that it will take 15 months to complete the work.

Miss Rosamond Dale Owen

Is open to lecture engagements in the United States. After the 1st of July next she will accept appointments at camp-meetings, etc. She has been lecturing for the past year and a half in England. She can be addressed 142 E. 18th street, "The Stuyvesant," New York City, for terms and dates.

The BANNER has said many times, and still insists, that it feels in duty bound to protest against the spirit of arrogant dogmatism that is continually cropping out through the agency of a certain class of Spiritualists who seem unwilling to recognize the possibility of any truth beyond or at variance with their own individual opinions or convictions, or to regard as sound or proper any methods of investigation which do not coincide with those they choose to endorse, or which are based on principles that they are not yet prepared to renounce. This spirit is the more unfortunate, as it has led to an unjustifiable assault on the intellectual and moral integrity of many sincere Spiritualists and careful investigators, who in their search for truth have studied facts rather than theories, and applied to the consideration of spiritual phenomena, not mundane or material rules exclusively, but principles of psychological and spiritual science, deduced from a careful observation and collation of such facts. Harsh epithets and unspiritual methods are detrimental to the progress of the Spiritual Philosophy, and should be frowned down by every sincere Spiritualist in the land, otherwise slow progress will be made in convincing those who are patiently waiting to embrace the grand truths which are being poured down from the heavens for the amelioration of the human race in every department of life.

Prof. Macdonald, of Dalhousie College, in a lecture at Halifax some time since, entitled "A Talk About Time," remarked that when not receiving external events we are not conscious of the precise duration of time, and among other incidents in illustration related that a sailor, in response to a command from his officer, was about to reply "starboard, sir," when he was struck down by a bullet, which lodged in his skull. Fifteen months after the bullet was extracted at the Greenough Hospital, and immediately the tar sang out "starboard, sir!" This reminds us of a similar occurrence which took place several years ago, while we were holding a seance with a trance medium. A stranger spirit took possession of the subject unexpectedly to us, and the moment he did so evidently uttered the last part of a sentence which we could not comprehend. When the guide of the medium, however, took possession, he explained the singular occurrence by stating that the person who had just left was frozen to death on the Plains, and died before finishing what he had to say, and concluded it the moment he again came into contact with physical life after a lapse of thirty years!

The *Theory, N. Y.*, Anniversary report has just come to hand. Will appear next week.

We know DR. GRAVES' HEART REGULATOR will cure Heart Disease. Thirty years use and many persons of prominence testifying prove it. *Readable Free* \$1.00 per bottle, at druggists. Free pamphlet of F. E. Ingalls, Cambridge, Mass.

Message Department.

Public Free-Circle Meetings.
Are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston
street (formerly Montgomery), every Tuesday and
Friday at 7 o'clock, and on Sunday at 10 o'clock.
These meetings will be open at 2 o'clock, and services com-
menced at 3 o'clock precisely, at which time the doors will
be closed, allowing no admittance until the next session,
except in case of absolute necessity. The public are
cordially invited.

The messages published under the above heading indi-
cate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their
earth-life, but that 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 own reason.
All expressions of much of truth as they perceive—no
more.

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

Natural flowers upon our Circle-room tables grate-
fully appreciated by our angelic friends. Therefore we solicit
donations of such from the friends in earth-life who may
feel that it is a pleasure to place upon the altar of Spiritu-
ality their floral offerings.

We invite suitable written questions for answer at
these sittings from all parts of the country.

After the sittings are concluded, the friends are asked
to give no private sittings at any time; neither does she re-
ceive visitors on Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Fridays.

Letters of inquiry should be addressed to the editor of the
BANNER, should not be addressed to the medium in any
case.

Lewis B. Wilson, Chairman.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

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

Report of Public Séance held Feb. 17th, 1885.

[Continued from our last issue.]

Francis Collins.

Good afternoon, Mr. Chairman. I feel as-
tonished and perplexed in coming here. I
thought I had nothing to do but step right in
and speak; but I see it is a little more difficult
than I had imagined; there seem to be some
complications of machinery which I do not un-
derstand, but I will do the best I can.

I lived in New York City. I have friends
there who I would like to belong to the Order
of "The Elks," and, sir, there is one friend
connected with that Order whom I have great
hopes of reaching through this channel—one
particular friend. I was told by a spirit-friend
of his that probably he would see my message
if I gave it here. I wish to say to that friend:
You have some ideas in your mind, some plans
which you hope to see worked out in external
ways. I have been near you, and have sym-
pathized with you in all your desires, but yet I do
not think it altogether wise for you to press
on in the line which you have thought of. If
you will turn your thoughts back a little and
remember what was told you by another friend
a few months ago concerning the same sub-
ject, and act by the advice he gave you, I know
you will do better than by following out the
other line. I send you my affectionate greet-
ings, and wish you would give my regards to
the friends and acquaintances, and tell them I am
well now in the spirit world.

About two years have passed since I went
over, and during that time I have been gaining
in strength and gathering up that material ad-
which has brought me to my present condition
of peace. I was not, at first, altogether sat-
isfied or happy. I would have preferred to have
been here in a good sound body. I was only
thirty-one years old when called away, and it
seemed as though I had been taken from me
to be accomplished, but it could not be. I have
come back to say that I now have a good, sound
body that is adapted to my needs, through
which I can learn and labor, study, and do all
that a man desires, and not grow weary in con-
sequence; so if my friends wish to hear from me,
all they have to do is to connect the line in
some way, that is, visit some medium, or per-
haps they may have to visit many—and I will
perceive them just as they are, and in time I
think I will succeed in giving them messages
which they will not despise. Francis Collins.

Mrs. Hulda Seaman.

[To the Chairman:] I was told, sir, that you
welcome the aged as well as the youthful. That
is very kind of you, and a long way to speak.
We sometimes labor hard and travel a long dis-
tance just to send a few words to friends; and I
have been willing to do this, for my heart has
been anxious to reach those I love. I think I
can do so now, because it seems as though I
could see a straight line reaching from here to
them, and I think I can go over it, and perhaps
make them conscious of my presence.

Although somewhat advanced in years, I did
not pass out of the body through the force of
age or sickness. I felt comparatively comfort-
able, and had no thought of the sudden summons
which was to come to me. I was traveling in
company with a dear one and thinking only of
my journey, its object and destination, when an
accident happened which sent me from the
body. I feel pretty sure that we were near
Flint, Mich., when this occurred. I have not
taken note of the lapse of time, yet here they
tell me it is just about two years ago, and that
this time is so much like an anniversary, as it at-
tracts me here and makes me more anxious to
reach my friends.

I am aided to speak in this way by the good
spirits here who stand around me. I am grate-
ful to them and to you for listening to my
words. I was from St. Vincent, Oregon. I was
thinking of Nebraska, and places in that State,
sending out my thoughts and hoping soon to be
there, when this sudden accident occurred. I
did not realize at first what it was, but have
since understood it, and although I would have
chosen to go some other way, yet I am grateful
that all is over and I am safe in the spirit-
world. Tell my friends, please, that I have
joined the dear ones, those who had known
life's bitter experiences, some of which I, too,
had to undergo; but in looking back over them
we are pleased to say that all has been for the
best, and our lives have been unfolded and en-
larged. Mrs. Hulda Seaman.

Mary Elizabeth Harrington.

My name is Mary Elizabeth Harrington. I
was twenty years old when I died. I have been
gone a long while—nearly ten years, I think.
I have wanted time so many times to come here
or to some place where I could speak my name.
I came here once, and got control of the me-
dium, and was just about to speak, when I found
I could not give my name. I did not know what
the matter was; it frightened me a little; I
thought I had forgotten it; yet other things
which I had in mind were clear, if I could have
spoken them, and I think my friends would have
known just what I came from; but still I
could not tell that which I thought so essential,
and I made way for some one else who could
speak.

I have a sister Ellen—we called her Nell. I
have long tried to communicate with her per-
sonally, for I know she has medium powers, but
just as I have thought I should succeed, some-
thing has always happened to prevent, and I
have not yet been able to give her any knowl-
edge of my presence. I feel strange some-
times—shivers all over, starts and looks around
her, because she thinks she hears some one mov-
ing about. Sometimes she sees shadows which
she cannot account for; then the influence goes
over her again, and she wonders what it is
the spirits present who are working upon her
to develop her mediumship and make her a use-
ful instrument of the spirit-world, and if she
will sit quietly two or three times a week in the
evening, I think she may be able to do some-
thing after a little while. I want her especially
to do this when she feels the strange power com-
ing upon her, because then is the time when
she is in sympathy with spirits, and they can
closely approach her.

My parents are both in the higher life, and I
am with them; they send love to my sister and
to all friends. They want Nell to feel that she
is not separated from them; that those who
loved her in days gone by love her still, and are
with her to watch over her interests and guard
her life.

My sister lives in Worcester, Mass. I lived in
Springfield. My sister was there with me when
I passed away. Since then she has moved to
Worcester, and entered into new duties—new
plans in life. I think she will get my message,
and I hope to be able to come to her sometime
in the future.

George H. Kent.

It is strange what experiences a man is called
to undergo in life. I think the most of us are
called to pass through some which are novel,
perhaps a little exciting, and which teach us
something we did not know before. I am glad
to come in contact with anything which will
enlarge my fund of information, and to take
hold of any work, enter any avenue through
which I can send something intelligent to those
whom I once knew.

I am familiar with Boston; its streets are not
strange to me. I have trod them many years,
and although not a native, yet I call it my home.
I feel that I always have belonged here. Per-
haps a little pardonable feeling away me in
thinking that Boston has a claim upon me and
I upon it, and that now and then attracts me
back to notice what old friends are doing, what
is going on in the good old city, and what is go-
ing on outside of it to learn generally the con-
dition of my fellow beings in the flesh.

I was known as George H. Kent. I was con-
nected with the Derby House of this city, and
was formerly a hatter. I tried to make myself
useful in life, because I did not believe in a
man's being idle, and not paying attention to
the practical affairs of life.

Well, I do not feel that life has dealt hard with
me. I did not live to see the threescore years
and ten which they say is allotted to mankind;
but I rounded out half a century of existence,
and perhaps I gathered into it as many experi-
ences as some others do in a long life. Alto-
gether, I am satisfied. I now look at material
affairs somewhat differently from what I did
when here. I might have walked in a different
line, acted otherwise in certain matters if I had
had the knowledge then which I possess now;
but, summing it all up, I feel as though I did
the best I knew how, and while I am willing to
retreat all mistakes, and work to rectify any
shadows that come up, yet I do not wish to
come back in mortal form and live my life over
again. I am satisfied now that I have let that
go. I come not because I have a craving for the
past, except in that line through which I may
send my regards to friends, and ask for their
remembrance in return. I would be very happy
to give them any private information I can, in a
less public way than this. Thank you, Mr.
Chairman, for permitting me to come.

Report of Public Séance held Feb. 20th, 1885.

Invocation.

Oh! Spirit of Love, of Wisdom and of Truth, we in-
voke thy influence at this hour; we would receive from
these lessons of instruction, such measures of di-
vine affection as will uplift the human heart here as-
sembled, and bring them into a condition of harmony
and peace. Our Father, we lay before thee the offering
of our hearts in affection, in a recognition of thy will,
of thy supreme power, and work to bring about
giving and praise of grateful souls for all the experi-
ences of life which have been assigned to us, even
though the discipline of the past may in certain ways
have been hard, bitter, and seemingly unprofitable
to our souls, yet we have learned from thy hand
thy supreme judgment, and we must believe that this
discipline has, in reality, been of great value to the
progressive, unfolding spirit; and knowing that thou art
all-wise, all-powerful, too good to be angry, too
kind, we can place our trust in thee, and know that
through whatever clouds we may have to travel,
whatever burdens we may have to bear, yet thou
dost know that these are for our best good, and that
we have when the experience is over, and we have at-
tained, the burdens will fall away, the clouds disap-
pear. Our Father, we ask thy blessing to rest upon
all assembled here, and not only upon those who are
present, but upon all humanity; that thy children,
wherever found, may feel that in thee they have a pro-
tector and guide. Oh! may each one realize that thy
blessings of good are showered upon them, and that
thou art indeed a Father and a loving friend. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Your questions are
now in order, Mr. Chairman.

Ques.—[By Mr. Stewart, M.D.] Where are the
magnetic poles located?

A.—We are told that the centres of the
magnetic currents of the earth's atmosphere
are located in the Southern Hemisphere, at the
Pole; that the forces which you call "magnet-
ic" centre in that region, from whence they
form a belt circling around the earth.

Q.—Is there a magnetic pole in both hemi-
spheres?

A.—There are centres, so to speak, of mag-
netism in both hemispheres, but that from
whence the great reserve force or power is
drawn we understand to be in the southern re-
gion.

Q.—What is it, and the reason for being so lo-
cated?

A.—"Magnetism" is but another term for
"vital force." We may call electricity and
magnetism two conditions of one and the same
force. These have each their own currents of
vital power permeating the earth's atmosphere
and surging around it. Where located, we do not
understand, your correspondent means the
belt of magnetism. It is located throughout
the entire atmosphere, and surrounds the
earth's surface.

Q.—Is there a magnetic belt around the
earth? Where? and the reason for such?

A.—We have replied to this question in the
former ones.

Q.—[By Mrs. R. J. Laing, Hyde Park, Mass.]
A young lady was pronounced by her physician
as beyond recovery, and was lying in a bed
room the mother declared she should not die,
and commenced rubbing her, doing so for a
long time. At length she saw the spirit-form
of her daughter pass out the door, but the body
did not appear lifeless. The daughter recovered,
but seemed to have lost her personality and
to have assumed another character, inasmuch
as, being intelligent and active before, she was,
after the crisis, weak-minded, and it is possible
for another spirit to occupy the body for a long
time in a body vacated by the spirit who has
left it from infancy?

A.—It is possible for a foreign spirit to pos-
sess itself of an organism vacated by its former
inhabitant, provided that spirit does so pre-
viously to the withdrawal of the magnetic forces
belonging to the body, and it is barely possible
that such a spirit has taken possession of the
form of which your correspondent speaks, and
is passing through an experience upon the earth
in connection with it; but we think that the
most probable elucation of the matter is that
the spirit of the young lady, passing out from
her body at the time she was seen to do so by
her mother, was unable to sever the entire
connection between herself and the physical
frame. Undoubtedly the cause of her present
appearance of weak-mindedness and inactivity
is produced by the inability of the spirit to
thoroughly possess itself of its own physical
body, through some abnormal condition of that
body. Some physical disturbance prevents it
from regaining its hold upon and sway over the
temporal, therefore it cannot express itself
clearly and intelligently as it has been wont to do.

Samuel S. Leonard.

I am a stranger here, but I have desired for
some time past to make myself known, as I wish
it distinctly understood by my old friends and
acquaintances that I have not yielded up life.
because I have parted with the body. I re-
mained on earth a very long period of time. I
was privileged to see four score years pass over
my head. For many long years was an active
man. I could not remain idle. I felt the im-
pulses of my being stirring within me, pushing
me onward.

I could but rejoice after passing from the
body on finding the old ability returning to me,
the impulses of my being springing up into new
life, and when I discovered that there were op-
portunities opening through which I could ex-
press my power, I was not obliged to sit
down and remain idle all through eternity. I
felt like shouting, as a boy feels when he is set
loose from his studies and allowed to rush forth
and make use of the physical powers within
him. I have had some strange experiences. I
have been gaining new ideas, and throwing off
some old ones which clung to me—but I am not
sorry to part with those which I find to be false.
I now take up that which appeals to my reason
and comes from the heart.

Some here, not with a sorrowful face, giv-
ing because things are not altogether as I had
fancied, but glad to get here at all, and able to
tell my friends that I am alive and want to
meet them all by-and-by, and have them realize
as fully as I do that this eternal life is a
grand dispensation for man, and gives him all
that he needs for the cultivation of the best
part of his being.

I was for a long period of time an express-
man. My home was in Worcester, Mass. I
have a good many friends. I think I can say
there are a number there who knew me, who
remember my earthly life, although my years
drew me out of business careers for some time,
yet I feel I am not forgotten, for as though
I had a presence here, and although the times are
present are somewhat different from what they
were in my active business days.

I send greeting to all who care to hear any-
thing from me. Tell them there truly is an
open door between the two worlds. I am glad
to get back through this open doorway, and I
am going to help others to come back over the
same road. We are trying to make a stir in the
old place, because we feel that the earth con-
tains many who are ready to be awakened, and
those who are here stand very much in need of
the light which is streaming from above. I am
Samuel S. Leonard.

Mrs. Annie L. Atwood.

It will be four years in the spring-time since
I passed to the heavenly life, and I lived on
earth fifty-three years. I have desired to speak
through this channel, but have not been able
to accomplish my wish. I have desired to bring
to friends on earth loving greeting, and tokens
of my continued remembrance, hoping that
they might in this way receive something that
would aid them in their earthly journey, and
cause them to look into the philosophy of the
spiritual revelations of to-day.

I have been so happy to find myself privileged
to return, see my friends, and watch over them
at times. True, duties have been appointed me
in the higher life, yet they do not conflict with
the duty and pleasure of returning here occa-
sionally to see and guard friends and take an
interest in their welfare.

I do not speak privately to some friends of
mine, because I have something to say which I
do not wish to reveal here. It is of a private
nature, and I think I can also give them some-
thing which I have in mind, concerning the last
few days of my mortal existence, which per-
haps they would be pleased to hear.

Oh! this is a beautiful life, so restful
and quiet, and yet not monotonous, because there
is always something to stir the spirit, and give it
an opportunity to express its powers, and there
is a lack of that painful friction which
wears man on earth, and wears upon the
nervous system, so, while we are peaceful and
quiet, we are still busy and helpful, and are
happy in our work.

I lived in Malden, this State. I am the wife
of Col. George M. Atwood. Please record me
as Mrs. Annie L. Atwood.

Mrs. Betsey E. Parce.

[To the Chairman:] Good afternoon, sir. It
seems to me I never saw you afore, but I have
yet will allow me to lead to come. I don't
mean any harm, I was told you had a meetin'
here, and I see a good many faces round me.
I saw 'em before I come in; but they are strange,
sir. I wasn't acquainted with these parts; but
I thought if I could get some one to listen to
me, and if I could send a word to friends on
earth, it would be very pleasant. So you will
excuse me if I am doing any harm.

I lived right on to ninety years, so you see,
sir, I am old, and I am old and grand, and you
and you know we are always kind to grand-
mothers, and they feel as though they had the
privilege of pushing in. If you'll kindly tell
me what time of the year this is I'll be obliged
to you. I want to recollect where I left off, you
see. [This is February, 1885.] Then I must have
been gone right on to two years, for I remember
the summer of '83. Then I was summoned from
the body; but I am glad that I have been given
up this thing, and I am glad to be here, and I
didn't seem to fit me just right, so I've got out
of it and taken on another that is a better fit,
and I feel easier in it somehow.

I thought if I could tell my friends that I had
got along all right, found a quiet, pretty home
in the other world, it might make 'em feel sort
of easy like concerning their own lives when
they get over. I do not want to be in the way,
but I am glad to come, if you are all strangers
to me, and I am glad to be here, and I am glad
to see the fresh, bright faces, and know they are
all getting along in the world, and I hope they will.

I send my love, and want to say that I've met
all the dear ones in this new life. I was so glad
to find my companion and friends and dear ones
who went away a long time ago, and to know
'em right off, that I felt I had got home again.

I rather like this meetin'; it seems pretty
good; it makes me feel strong. I don't want
you to think I am old and feeble, and I am not;
now, because I am not; I feel very well and
happy in my new home.

I wanted my daughter to know that I could
see her after I left the old body. I didn't care
very much about that—I was glad I had got out
of it—but I wanted my daughter to know I was
strong, and could see well; could know what was
going on, and felt sound in mind, and that
a blessed change had come to me. Do you know
where my daughter is? I don't know, but I hope
B. Land. Her home is in Fairport, N. Y.

Once had many friends in New York State, but
as one grows old, friends slip away and pass on
to the other side, and sometimes we feel alone;
but, thanks to God, I have found all my dear
friends in my new home. My name is Mrs. Bet-
sey E. Parce.

Alfred H. Hammell.

We come to believe, when here on earth, that
after death all mystery shall be explained.
Well, now, in coming back here and trying to
avail myself of the means you afford to spirits,
I realize that this is a great mystery that
has not been explained to me. I feel as though
out of the body we know in accordance
with natural law, the powers will fall; the fac-
ulties grow dim, until dissolution sets in; but
this coming back and taking hold of another
body, using it as though it was your own, or at
least as a substitute for your own, is something
of a mystery to me which I have not mastered.
Mystery or no mystery I am glad to take hold
of it, and I am glad to be able to do so, and to
others, for I can assure you I have been nearly
three years trying to say a few words.

Over two years ago I was very anxious to
come into communication with a gentleman in
San Francisco by the name of J. K. Hammell.
I would have given my last dollar if I could
have just had a few words with him. Well,
speaking strictly to the point, I suppose you
would say I had no dollar to give—but then I
would say I had something to give, and I had
seemed to still belong to me until dispirited
and settled, and I felt as though I would give
all that, and more, if I could get the ear of my
friend. But we are limited and deprived of
means, and so we have to wait until fortune
brings us what we want. All this means that
I am very glad to get back to say a word.

I wish to send greeting to friends, and to tell
them I am very well situated in the spirit-
world. I think I take quite as much interest
in material affairs as I do in those of the spirit-
world. There are friends here whose welfare
is of importance to me, and whom I try to
look after a little, and there are some affairs
that I feel need straightening out and settling
up. I have been looking after them, and tak-
ing it altogether, I have been quite as much on
the earthly side as on the immortal.

I would like exceedingly well to have a good
sound talk with my friends, but I am not here
with whom I am most concerned are in Cali-
fornia, and whether I shall be able to do what
I wish or not remains to be seen. However, if
you will just say that I have reported here all
right, and am ready to meet with them at any
time, and that I send them my greetings, I will
be grateful to you.

I want to say that I have visited the old lot
in Alameda county, and looked over the place
where "Gracie" taken her last journey, and I
know what she has been going on, but I do not
want to discuss these points here.

Much obliged to you, sir. I am Alfred H. Hammell.

Clara M. Edson.

I only lived twenty-three years on earth. I
have come back so happy to speak a few words,
telling those who are dear to me that I have a
bright home, with pleasant surroundings, and
that all is peace and harmony where I dwell.
Yet I have gone to rest, but I shall not
be idle, for the angels say I will now be
strong and active, and able to do many things
which I could not do here because of the weak-
ness of the body.

Oh! I have tried so hard to give my dear
mother comfort, to bring her consolation. She
knew I am at rest; she is happy that I am free
from the body, because of its weariness and
pains, but she cannot help missing me, and long-
ing for the presence of the one that she loves.
I have wished to tell her of my nearness, of
my love for her, and of my bright home in the
spirit spheres. Those who are so near and dear
will come to me by-and-by. I shall have a
bright place prepared for them, they will re-
joice in the reunion that will be ours, and until
then I know I can return to them at times, and
bring them my love. I want them to think of
me as one of them, and as happy! I want them
to be bright and happy, too, not to envelop
themselves in gloom, but to feel that the blessed
sunshine of heaven rests upon all, and that they
and I can bask in its beautiful light.

I lived in Windham, Windham County, Vt.
My father is Aaron H. Edson. They feel so
lonely now, as though they were alone, I want
to tell them: No; they are never alone; the
brightness of the spirit-world is around them;
dear, loving friends from the other side come
to them to bring them peace, and the child who
loves them will still be with them. Clara M.
Edson.

John H. Williams.

[To the Chairman:] Pardon me if I look
around, for I always like to see where I am
and notice my surroundings. This is Boston,
a place dear to my heart. Many long years
have passed since I went out of Boston, bodily
speaking, but I have held an attachment for
the old city ever since, and I feel that I am one
of her sons.

My name, sir, is John H. Williams. My home
was in Roxbury. It was not called a part of
Boston until I was here, and I am glad to be
in it, and I ought to be, it is good enough
to belong to Boston, and Boston is good enough
to embrace it.

You may wonder what has attracted me
back to-day. Perhaps I can hardly tell you. I
feel, and have felt for some time, a desire to
come and speak. I have relations in this city,
and those who know perhaps more of me from
what they have heard, than knew me person-
ally, because most of my old friends have gone
on to the other side, and I am left on the other
side. But there are those who know me very
well. I wish to bring them greeting, also to
bring remembrances from other friends and
relatives of theirs. One very closely related to
me, by the name of Charles A. Williams, is
present to-day and joins with me in my greet-
ings.

I don't know as those I am interested in will
take the same kind of interest in me and what
I have to say as I do in this age. I have been
in their own concerns, and perhaps a little
more wrapped up in material affairs than they
are in the consideration of spiritual things, so
they may feel that they have not the time to
devote to these things.

But I wish to call their attention to the spir-
itual side of their natures; to tell them they
are living a life now that is to have an effect
upon the future; that they are in reality dual
beings, and that they must give much attention,
cultivation, and nourishment generally to their
spiritual side as they do to the material or
physical. They may not thank me, but I don't
think I shall do them any harm by coming. I
want them to investigate Spiritualism, to learn
something of its teachings, of its claims and its
phenomena generally. I am quite ready to
come and give them evidence of immortality, and
I think the best gift a spirit can bestow
upon a mortal is the proof of an eternal
existence, and I think it is labor which we may
do very well to engage in.

I am interested in and pleased with the ad-
vancement of humanity. I thought life was
very well worth living when I was here; I was
quite satisfied with its conditions, its environ-
ments, and the progress which mankind had
made, but in our day we did not understand so
much of the elevation and advancement of hu-
manity as you do in this age. I am looking back
over the past, and even in comparing the days
of my earthly experience with those which are
surging around you, I can feel that the advan-
tages are all on your side; that although there
is much of struggle, of friction and turmoil gen-
erally, and many have to go under the wheels
of time, crushed in the conflicts of life, because
of their inability to keep their places, yet after
all the world is moving, and I believe the time
will come when there will be fewer struggles,
and less of the terrible persecution and oppres-
sion which grind men's souls into the dust, and
mankind will reach a higher plane of existence.

I am glad to look forward to that time. I
want all my friends, those who have any part in
me, or any connection with me, to do all in
their power to bring that time forward. I want
to be proud of them, and to know that they are
living useful lives. I shall be ready to come
back, and I shall be glad to be a circle of this
kind, a private spiritual meeting in their own
homes, or a place where spirits come and make
themselves visible; I shall be glad to make use
of any instrumentality I can come in contact
with.

I think you have listened to an old man quite
long enough; I will not take up more of your
time. If I succeed as I hope in drawing the at-
tention of those in whom I am interested, I
shall feel that I have indeed been grandly
paid for coming here, and I hope, sir, I can serve
you a good turn in some other way.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Feb. 24.—John Pickett; Maria Boles; Maria L. Wil-
liams; Charles Abbott; David Edwards; Maria O. Smith.
March 27.—Rev. William Langson; Fannie A. Nyman;
Hattie E. Johnson; Dennis C. Murphy;
Susie Nickerson White.

March 8.—Hon. A. A. Abbott; Mrs. Julia Adams; E.
C. Barker; Martha Sawyer; Daniel Miller.

March 6.—Ida M. Hull; John McKee; Mrs. Elizabeth
Gould; Oliver Davis; Grace Stoddard; Mrs. Annie Hop-
kins; Mary E. Johnson; Daniel Miller.

March 10.—Capt. Sydney B. Smith; Norman H. Peters;
Alice Carter; William Gilt; Caroline Armstrong; Father
James Barker; Martha Sawyer.

March 13.—Adeline Cutter; Samuel Poor; Mrs. W. L.
Jackson; Thomas Donaldson; Edward Wyman Calligan;
Charles L. Dunn.

March 17.—Mrs. M. Wadleigh; Simeon Brant; Mary
Harvey; John Horton; Maria L. Dunklee; Hattie Young;
Mrs. John W. Spear; Mrs. Maria Barlow; Dr. C. P.
Bunpham; George W. Adams; Henry Adams;
John M. F. Lewis.

March 24.—George W. Wyatt; Abner J. Emerson; Han-
nah; Mrs. Mary Wadleigh; Simeon Brant; Mary
Harvey; John Horton; Maria L. Dunklee; Hattie Young;
Mrs. John W. Spear; Mrs. Maria Barlow; Dr. C. P.
Bunpham; George W. Adams; Henry Adams;
John M. F. Lewis.
