

BANNER OF LIGHT.

AN EXPONENT OF THE SPIRITUAL REFORMATION.

VOL. LVIII.

COLBY & RICH,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1886.

\$3.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.

NO. 18.

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THE DECEASED SPIRITUAL MEDIUM, CHAS. H. FOSTER, of Salem: Is the only person we ever saw who could lift a material substance without touching it. Some years ago he gave a sitting to three journalists in this city, of whom we were one, at a house on Charles street, and after apparently causing music to come from a violin in the room, he took the instrument and threw it eight or ten feet from him on the floor. We saw the instrument flying there, further from him by the width of the table than from us, and found it creeping into our lap. We took it, looked at it, felt all over it, to know whether wire or string was attached, and found nothing; and to this day we never could conceive how it was done. This was more convincing of an unseen power, subject to man's will, than anything else we have ever witnessed in Spiritualism. — *Valley Visitor, Newburyport, Mass.*

Some one ought to invent a system of transfusion of blood, cut in Detroit, and pump a few gallons of grey matter into the head of the doctor who gave fracture of the skull as the cause of death in a case of pneumonia. When a physician who performs the operation of transfusion is asked if he is sure that he is not mistaking the blood for that of quinine, it would be almost too good for him if he were treated on the homeopathic plan—given a dose of the same kind. — *Boston Globe.*

Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY M. T. SHELHAMER.

AUTHOR OF "OUTSIDE THE GATES," "HERE AND BEYOND," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

RE-UNION IN THE BRIGHT BEYOND.

Let us now turn backward to the hour when Kate Jones received the summons that called her to the joys of spirit-life. Alone in the house, save the presence of the servants in the lower rooms, she had seated herself at her little table, and taken her pencil in her hand, hoping that some word or token of love might be granted her from the husband she missed. Quietly she sat, communing with her own sad thoughts, when suddenly upon her tear-dimmed eyes there came a burst of light, illuminating, flooding the room with splendor. She essayed to rise, as in the midst of the wonderful glory she saw the form of her lost one, who, with outstretched hand, stood before her, as natural and as life-like as he had been on earth. There seemed to be something holding her back, as though she was bound to the chair, and with a great effort she gave a spring forward. There was a sensation of something giving away—as though the cord that bound her had snapped, and she stepped forward eagerly, hastily, and oh! how gladly, into the arms of her beloved.

In the rapture of that pure embrace, and in the excitement of the moment, Kate did not know that he was her spirit alone that had bounded forth to meet her companion, and that her physical casket still remained in the chair, fast stiffening into a cold, gray semblance of herself. But very soon she realized that this experience was something different from anything that had come to her before, and learned that she was now forever free from all trammels of the flesh. It was the spirit struggling to loosen itself from its outer covering that had snapped the cord and set itself at liberty.

There was no regret nor sorrow in her heart at this sudden leave-taking of earth. It all seemed to her to be just right, and in divine accordance with her horoscope of life. She was only too happy to be reunited to the choice of her heart, and she felt contented to feel his presence, and to sense the strong, uplifting power, that always gave her such a feeling of security when he was near.

"And I am really with you, Eben," she said in accents of joy, "and we are really in spirit-life! Oh! how sweet! But where is Ida, and mother?"

"They are here, dear wife—look," and indeed there did appear before her two forms, the fairer of which it was difficult to tell. The younger, a beautiful maiden, with flowing locks and beaming eyes, springing to meet the tender love of her new-found mother; the elder, fair and stately, with an expression of gentle serenity upon her countenance that lighted it up with wondrous grace, hastening to give a mother's loving welcome to the daughter thus restored to her.

It was a scene which angels might love to look upon—this joyful meeting between the three—the experience of which well repaid each one concerned for anything of sorrow or pain she had ever known. Oh! there are many such glad reunions in the bright beyond, when the weary and sad of earth turn their faces toward the spirit-land to find home, friends and loving greeting over there. Is it not worth one's while to patiently bear the burdens of the flesh, doing his work faithfully until the end, when he knows that every hour of a useful, of a patient life is fitting him to receive and enjoy such compensations in the sweet hereafter?

There was no sense of weariness, no touch of languor about this arisen spirit. She was cast into no magnetic slumber. No feeling of drowsy indifference to her surroundings came upon her. She had not drifted out of earth under the pressure of a wearying illness. Her spirit, strong and powerful, had simply snapped the chain binding it to material conditions, and stepped forth, buoyant, radiant and free.

She was eager to see the spiritual things and places of which she had heard. Her mind felt expansive, as though it could take up much at once. Her spirits were bounding in unison with all the beauty and light she saw around her. There was a sense of exhilaration throughout her frame, as though she had tasted the wine of youthful vigor, and could never feel fatigue any more. There was no lagging in her movements; she felt as though all the universe was hers to explore and to investigate.

The mere act of breathing, the very sense of immortal life, were invigorating in themselves, and she felt no need of repose. One laughs at the idea of taking rest when he feels strong, and wide awake, and full of vital force, and so it was with this quickened, alert, sentient spirit, who was at once ready for any work, project or discovery that might lay before her.

She was at once conducted to her own waiting, beautiful villa in the spirit-world. The green banks, of verdure, and the perfumed thickets and sheets of blooming flowers around it, seemed transcendently beautiful to her admiring eyes. The interior of those delicate, alabaster-like walls that framed her home, seemed lovelier to her than any spot she had ever imagined could exist. Each room glowed like a gem of light, or "haloed" like a bower of beauty, so bright, so delicately finished and arranged was it in every detail. Oh! how glorious! were the words constantly welling from

her heart, as she strolled from one apartment to another, or paused in some doorway to gaze out upon the beautiful landscape.

She knew she would have much to do to keep up the perfection and beauty of this home. Not in dusting and sweeping, after the manner of housewives on earth, but in cultivating a freshness of spirit, a geniality and sympathy of heart, in preserving a taste for genuine and, if need be, self-sacrificing labor for humanity, in pursuing a straight line of study, of thoughtful effort and of unceasing usefulness; for she had learned that the homes of spirit-life, with all their appointments and possessions, grow brighter and diviner as the souls of their proprietors are firm and faithful in good works, or wax dim in brightness and become tarnished if their inmates grow careless and indifferent in their own soul-cultivation or in thought and attitude toward their fellows.

Here in this charming abode Kate was to make her home with Eben and little Ida for companionship and loving association, while close by she found the fair dwelling of her beloved mother, so sweet and attractive in its every part, where she knew her dear father—whose earthly scenes were drawing to a close—would soon appear to find his new life.

Very soon after her arrival in the spirit-world Kate Jones met and received a warm welcome from her old friend, Susie Raymond, and the pleasant intercourse of years past was renewed between the two friends. The Westons, too, and John Raymond came in for a share of her friendliness, and a cordial intimacy was soon established between the homes of these harmonious souls.

Our readers may be certain that, ere she had fully entered upon the realities of her new condition, Kate was approached and accosted by an exceedingly bright intelligence, whose features shone like the sun and whose countenance of mild benevolence beamed upon her with an expression of peace and of purity. The figure of this man was tall and commanding, and clothed in a long azure robe, girdled at the waist with a silver cord. One could not tell from his appearance whether he had seen fifty or an hundred years, so strong, so full of vigor and power did he seem; yet there were lines denoting great wisdom and experience, and an expression of thoughtfulness on his brow and in his eyes that denoted that many years of study, of reflection and of labor had been his. This being introduced himself to Kate as "Angelo," her former spirit-guide, and he assured her that she still remained his charge, and that it was his duty to conduct her in her search for knowledge and to initiate her into the great Temple of Truth, whose devotees dedicated themselves in useful work to humanity and wasted no time in the practice of useless ceremonials. Through the agency of "Angelo" Kate became familiar with other bright spirits who were his associates and who from time to time had visited her in the development and exercise of her mediumship on earth. These pure souls dwelt together in fraternal love, in a spacious dwelling that shone like silver and stood upon a commanding eminence. In the inner part of this structure was an apartment walled around with vines of living green, through which the light streamed cool and dim. Seats of carved workmanship, and desks formed of a material resembling burnished silver, made up its furnishings. Here, at stated intervals, the members of the fraternity gathered, clothed only in the robes of white held sacred to this place, and worn on no other occasion. With devout hearts and tranquil minds they came, invoking the influence of more celestial souls who dwell in worlds beyond their own, to receive the benediction, or to listen to inspired words of advice through the lips of such of their number as were sensitive to the control of those higher intelligences, or to sit in the quiet atmosphere of the place, to sense the power and influence streaming upon them, and so elevating to their souls.

Kate soon became an initiate into this assembly, and before long she began to show signs of new mediumistic power. Her experience and discipline as a medium on earth had prepared her to fill a place here, and in a little while she became an instrument for the voicing of spiritual instruction and guidance to the earnest souls who sought for wisdom from celestial spheres.

Meanwhile, friends of earth were not forgotten; in company with others, those whom we have followed to spirit life, she frequently sent words of love and remembrance to young Charles Raymond, through the agency of William Stone, never forgetting to leave friendly greeting and encouraging messages for that worthy medium and his wife. When Charles bade farewell to his friends and turned his steps from Stirlingville, these faithful spirits still kept watch and ward over him, and held him in their care.

Charles and the Stones maintained a correspondence that was quite vigorous for a time. In his first letter he described his arrival in the city, his search for a lodging-place, which he had found in the upper story of a third-rate boarding-house, and that he was then about to set out in quest of some employment. His next was full of disappointment because of hope deferred, for work was not as active as he had expected; and the third continued in the same strain, only lighted here and there by the record of a few small jobs he had found the opportunity of doing for a little pay.

A few more weeks passed, and Charles wrote that he had reduced his living expenses to a minimum. "It is so hard to find employment," ran the lines, "and as yet nothing steady has been secured. Now and then I find a day or two of work which I gladly do. But oh! I cannot tell how terribly lonely and dreary this life is to me. Nothing but my books, and the classes of the evening school I have entered, keep me from utter despondency. This free school is a blessed institution, and a boon to me. I am studying physiology and anatomy, as well as the science of geometry. Meanwhile I have paid for my room four weeks in advance, and have just ten dollars ahead."

Before the end of the four weeks, another letter announced that its young author had succeeded in finding a situation in a large office, where he was expected to do a man's work for a boy's wages, but it was an opening through which he hoped to climb to higher things; and it would at least pay for his bread and shelter till something more lucrative was found.

One year after Charles Raymond's departure from his native town, a large, tall, heavily bearded stranger arrived in Stirlingville, making inquiry for the widow Raymond and her son. He was told of the mother's death, but for information of the boy he was referred to William Stone as the one most likely to know of his whereabouts. People wondered who the man could be, but only one or two old friends recognized him as Robert Weston, the long absent son of the late Charles Weston. From Stone he sought news of the party he desired to find. Seated in his little parlor with the stranger beside him, William read aloud the last letter of his friend. "I have been very ill," he read, "with a severe attack of congestion of the lungs. I am much reduced in flesh, and wholly so in means. I must get to work at once, though I am almost as weak as a baby. I am fighting fate, but I mean to conquer or die."

As he read, rapt, loud and strong, echoed from an old desk in the opposite corner from Stone. It was the same place of furniture Susie Raymond had earned for her husband, and had been left in charge of William by her son Charles. Many times had it served as an instrument of communication for returning spirits, and it was now being used for the same purpose.

In answer to the stranger's wondering look, the medium explained the mysterious sounds. Weston had heard of Spiritualism, he was hospitable to though not familiar with it. Once or twice he had received what purported to be news from the "far country," and now he listened with interest as Stone spelled out the message: "Take the next train; find the boy. Be quick; love from mother. Lydia Weston." The message was urgent, and he felt it must be obeyed. So bidding farewell to his informant, whom he promised to see again, Robert Weston hastened to the railroad station.

CHAPTER XII.

AT LAST—AFTER MANY DAYS.

For the first few years succeeding his father's death, Robert Weston's business career had been an uneventful one. At first he could do no more than make a comfortable living for himself and mother, but soon after the transition of that loved parent to the higher life, his prospects brightened and his income increased, so as to permit him to wed the woman of his choice and provide a pleasant home for her occupancy. Within the last two years his success had been great. Every business venture he made turned out well, and he had now amassed quite a considerable property, and was fully prepared to fulfill the injunctions laid upon him by his father's last words.

We will not follow him on his journey of more than a hundred miles by the late afternoon train, but will precede him to his destination. It was evening. The street lamps of the city gleamed dimly through a rising mist. The church clock in the neighborhood of a large and rather dingy-looking house standing upon a back street had just struck the hour of eight. Lying outstretched upon a cot bed in an upper room of this house we find Charles Raymond, pale and much worn with illness, and now panting as though it were difficult to breathe freely.

As he had written his friend, Charles had been suffering from a severe attack of congestion, brought on by exposure while overheated in the dampness of the cellar of the establishment where he was at the time employed in packing some boxes of goods. To-day, after three weeks of enforced idleness, he had ventured to return to his work, feeling the necessity of earning his weekly wages. He had not been able to accomplish much, and tonight found him weak and exhausted, and almost unable to reach his lodging. He had come in late, and after lighting a small lamp, and removing his hat and shoes, he had flung himself upon the bed, too tired to care for anything but rest. He was discouraged and dismayed. The day's experience had shown him he was not able to do the manual labor required of him by his employers. Want stared him in the face, and ill health was upon him. Oh! how he sighed for a few days of rest away from the noisy city. He believed that a breath of the delicious October air out of town would revive his energies and restore his strength.

It had been a brave fight the young man had made with the world. He had done his best, and had succeeded in keeping out of debt, in living above the temptations of a large city, and in storing his mind with useful knowledge by hours of careful and painstaking study at night, and by strict attention to his duties. But now he felt the forebodings of an anxious heart that could not be silenced.

There was a sound of footsteps ascending the stairs, followed by a low rap upon the door. Scarcely heeding, Charles made no response, until a louder and sharper knock caused him to struggle to his feet and open the door.

A stranger stood before him, who stepped into the room and closed the door.

"Yes, sir; please be seated," and the young man pointed to a chair.

"I have just come from your old home," continued the stranger, "and have been directed here by your friends the Stones."

"Oh! how glad I am to see any one from there, and how I wish William had come with you."

"I wish so too, for you evidently need a friend's care; pray lie down; you are too weak to be up," and the gentleman laid his hand kindly upon the trembling arm of the youth. "I hear you have been ill."

Charles sat down upon the bed, and his visitor glanced around the apartment. The feeble rays of the lamp disclosed the simplicity of the furniture, but its appearance of neatness redeemed it from plainness. A braided rug before the bed, and another in front of the small table, lay upon the painted floor. Two chairs, a bureau, a washstand, the table covered with a crimson cloth, and supporting a pile of books; a trunk covered with a similar cloth, and the chintz-covered bed, completed the furnishing of the room, save a couple of very good engravings and a swinging case filled with well-thumbed books upon the wall, and a pale green shade at the window.

Turning to the lad with a smile, he said, "You must pardon me if I seem rude; but I always gather an idea of a person's mental and moral proclivities from his surroundings. I see that a studious mind is here. But I will not weary you. Do you remember hearing either of your parents speak of their old friend Charles Weston?" abruptly plunging into the subject of his visit.

"Oh! yes; and I remember the dear old gentleman, though somewhat imperfectly. I was quite a favorite of his. I was named for him, sir."

"So I am aware. Do you also remember his son Robert?"

"But dimly; I do not think I saw much of him."

"No? Then you will be surprised to learn that I am he—my name is Robert Weston. Do not rise," as Charles started forward. "Though I am very glad to shake hands with you," taking the outstretched hand from the bed. "Now, another question, did you ever hear either of your parents speak of a sum of money they loaned my father, that was never repaid?"

"Never. I think they could not have done that. Your father was a business man, and my parents were poor people."

"Nevertheless, it is true that John and Susie Raymond loaned Charles Weston the sum of forty-five hundred dollars, and received his note for the same. Owing to financial troubles and business reverses that note was never lifted. When my father, struck to the heart by the calamity that ruined his business, was smitten with paralysis, John Raymond called upon him and insisted that the loan was no loan, but a free gift, which he never wanted repaid. My father would not accept this, but his generous creditor went home and got the note, intending to destroy it before the sick man's eyes. Father was too ill to see him on his return, and Raymond left the packet containing the note with my mother, with the instruction that it be burned."

Like an obedient wife, she laid it beside her husband that night, in a moment when he was calm and free from pain. He gave it to me an hour before he died, with the injunction to sometime pay it to the uttermost farthing. I have kept his parting request religiously in mind. It should have been fulfilled before this had it been in my power. For years I was unable to make much of a saving, but lately I have succeeded beyond my highest anticipations. This is a debt of honor, sir, that I come to pay. Principal and interest shall be discharged at once." And taking a large wallet from the inner pocket of his coat, the speaker abstracted from it a paper, yellow and worn with age, but with the clear lines of Charles Weston's promise to pay John Raymond's loan still visible upon it. This he laid before the astonished youth, and beside it another paper, which he then filled out. This second paper proved to be a check for the original forty-five hundred dollars, with interest added, and represented a goodly sum of money.

We cannot picture the amazement, the joy and the gratitude of Charles Raymond. At first he could not realize that this good fortune was his, nor could he for a long time be convinced that he had a right to take the money. But Weston assured him that he could amply afford to pay it, and in no other way could he feel that his father's last will had been fulfilled.

It was late when they parted, and it was then decided that the following day Charles should visit his friends at Stirlingville for a vacation, his further movements to be decided after he should get there. Robert Weston would accompany him on the journey, as he wanted to learn more of the mysteries of Stone's powers.

The close of the following day found our friends seated in the cottage of William Stone with himself and wife. These two worthy people had listened in wonder to an account of the good fortune that had come to Charles, and they rejoiced at it as though it had been their own. They were now waiting for news from the spirit-country. William had held out his hands, scarred and seamed by the cruel things that had been bound around them time and again, with the request that they be so secured that there would be no possibility of his producing the phenomena that might arise. But Weston had said: "We do not need this. I can trust to your honor. I would not so degrade my manhood as to insult you by treating you as a villain who must be bound to prevent my being imposed upon. You may have your own con-

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Attleboro, Mass.

A correspondent writes us that free and liberal thought is finding good expression in this town—as the following excerpt from a discourse pronounced there recently by Solon Lauer on "The Duty of the Hour" will show:

"While we do not want to destroy those spiritual realities which sweeten the life of man, while we do not want to crush out of us the flower of religious sentiment, we must show that the life of the soul is holy; that the rising and setting of the sun include as many hymns of praise and earnest prayers as can be found between the lines of any book. The life of man is sacred, and its every care and joy are fit for prayer and song. The deeds of man are holy, and they merit every rite that worshipers perform on bended knee before the altars of the church. The joys and sorrows of the human soul are fit to be embalmed in sacred verse, and every sigh that rises from the human breast is prayer for help as eloquent as any chanted words of priest. The blood that pulses in the veins of man is holy, too, and in its flow sings praises to the God that makes the heart to beat. Man is divine—in every physical part, in thought and feeling, movement of the spirit, throbbing of brain, when in that thought-gemmed dome the light of inspiration comes, filling the chambers of the soul with rays of truth. In every act of life, in love and hate, in hope and fear, in God-like action or divine repose, man is a theophany; and when the heavenly muse descends to earth, she sings most sweetly of that earth-born man. Religion, too, must own the world, and in her temple celebrate his praise. His daily life must be his highest care. Her hands must labor for his good. The God above needs not our help or praise. The ocean needs no fountain's stream to all its depths. The atmosphere needs not the breath of man to swell its volume. The sun has need of no ignoble taper to increase his light. Our God is infinite and self-complete. He fills the universe's vast extent. From him we draw our life, not from him. Before we were, he was. But in our worldly state, we need each other. The love of friends, the help of strong ones in the hour of need, the warm heart beating for our woes, the kind hand wiping from our eyes the tear of grief—these are the things that make the life of man most when in this garb he comes to us. Balm for the wounded spirit, strength for the weary soul, clothes for our nakedness, for hunger, food—with these the spirit of the single saint can aid by physical part, and we know her. Our highest duty, then, is to each other, and our religion must be one of helpfulness, or it is naught."

Aid for A. C. Cotton.

In a recent issue of this paper we called attention to the calamity which had befallen Mr. Cotton, the enterprising publisher of *The Rostrum*, at Vineland, N. J., through the destruction of his home by fire—resulting in a total loss to him of some \$2500—there being no insurance. *The Rostrum* for Jan. 10th acknowledges the receipt from Prof. D. F. Morrill of \$100, Messrs. Colby & Rich \$50, and divers smaller amounts from friends at home and abroad, which show that Mr. Cotton's case has appealed powerfully, as it should, to the generously disposed in the movement. Pecuniary assistance can be sent direct to *The Rostrum* office, and names and amounts will be published in its columns.

The same issue of *The Rostrum* contains a call signed by J. B. Dunton, J. C. and B. B. Blaisdell, et al., wherein it is set forth that Mr. Cotton is eminently worthy the assistance now asked for him in that he has been always a sturdy worker for humanity, an earnest Spiritualist, and a strong friend of true mediums.

"Will our angel friends (proceeds this document) influence all mediums to take some means to help our brother? Will they hold one of these meetings? Will societies and lecturers take up one collection for his aid? All aid in these ways will be duly acknowledged in this paper (*The Rostrum*), and names added to the roll of honor. We ask all who are able and willing to help to send the amount by check or cash consideration. We are moving here to help our worthy Brother and Sister Cotton to a home, and if we can get money by any material to build this winter we can use it through free donations of our own, no doubt \$150 or perhaps \$200 in labor of carpenters, masons, etc., which will not be available when spring opens. . . . Will some wealthy ones follow the example of those grand pioneers, Colby & Rich, who responded with a fifty-dollar check, and thus give a helping hand to our worthy brother and sister beyond a doubt? Will all the exchanges of *The Rostrum* publish these appeals and take measures to help according to their best ability?"

The Boston Spiritual Temple.

A. B. French, Esq., the eloquent orator from the West, will speak for this society at Horticultural Hall on Sunday, Jan. 17th, at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Subjects, morning: "The Value of Spiritualism"; evening, "A Look Ahead, or, The World's To-morrow." Mr. French has been listened to by large and enthusiastic audiences throughout the country, and the citizens of Boston and vicinity should not fail to improve the present opportunity to hear him.

THE SPIRIT MESSAGE DEPARTMENT on our sixth page opens with the usual Invocation—the next exercise in order being Answers to Questions, under which heading the queries of correspondents and others concerning the recuperation of impaired nervous and physical strength, scientific knowledge and its relation to values in the spirit-world, conditions in California, the alleged preponderance of male controls, the "Milky Way," "electricity," and hatred as a means toward Christian discipline, are answered by the Controlling Intelligence; T. J. Caystle, late of the *Times*, Los Angeles, Cal., speaks in a practical vein regarding the paper and his friends, for whom he cherishes kind remembrances in the eternal world—he further, and rightly, objects to being regarded as a "disembodied" spirit, saying: "I do not like the term; it is too much of a contradiction, for I have a body; I am incarnated; I have not been divested of form or feature, and how it is possible for me truthfully to say I am a disembodied intelligence I am at a loss to understand." Mrs. J. M. Chandler of Hartland, Vt., brings words of encouragement and cheer to those who loved while on earth; Lewis T. Washburn of East Cambridge assures all who knew him that he is very well in the spirit-world, and that he would be pleased to talk with such as will afford him the proper opportunity; C. K. Ferris sends a message to A. J. Ferris of Plainville, Ct.; Clara White speaks to friends in Brockton, Mass.; Minnie Bowles of Boston has a pleasant word concerning her life and its surroundings in the spirit-sphere; Gen. John A. Reid of Kansas City, Mo., announces his purpose to materialize through the assistance of a medium in that place if he can compass the right conditions; William H. Hunt of New Orleans, La., desires "to come into more vital and closer communication with those who are dear" to him; Rachel Saunders of Frankfort, Pa., has an encouraging word for her friends yet in the body; Mamie West of Boston wishes to talk with her parents in a more private way; the Controlling Intelligence gives messages for Robert Elwell and Hannah Stearns, and Hattie Hall of New York City would have her kindred feel that her transition was all for the best: "I have only been taken to a brighter world."

NOTICE TO MEDIUMS.—John G. Wira, Chairman of the Committee of Correspondence for the New Orleans, La., Association of Spiritualists, writes us, under a recent date, that that organization is desirous of obtaining the services, during the present winter and coming spring, of one or more mediums for independent slate-writing in the light, materialization, transfiguration, etc., through whose instrumentality it may be able to present to the public these "proofs palpable" of the verity of spirit-return and communion. The request of this friend in the South is placed before our readers that it may fall under the eye of the medium workers. Mediums who desire to correspond regarding the matter can address the gentleman for terms, references, etc., at No. 340 Calvary street, New Orleans.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

THE NEW YEAR.

Lo! another New Year
Lies before;
All its days are pages
That must close;
Write thou then with steady hand
Thy record, for it shall stand
When heaven's seas and solid land
Shall chafe no more!

Some idea of the popular growth of America may be gained from the contemplation of the fact that in 1750 the population of metropolitan New York City itself was just about as large as Saratoga Springs can boast of to-day.

It is motive that weighs in God's scales and not deeds. A wish on earth is vain in heaven.—*S. J. Jennings.*

A freshet at Montreal has been destructive to property, and the cause of much suffering among the poor in the lower portions of the city.

W. Irving Bishop, the alleged mind-reader, has, as we expected, lost the heavy suit for damages which he instituted against Henry Labouchere, editor of *London Truth*, who took the trouble to speak disparagingly of B's performances. The *Transcript* records that "so far from getting even the conventional expense, the verdict in Mr. Labouchere's favor carries costs with it."

First!—Clinton Block, Boston, was the scene, on Tuesday, Jan. 12th, of a severe conflagration, involving a loss (as judged by a city contemporary) of from \$75,000 to \$100,000.—Several large mills at Kensington, a suburb of Philadelphia, were burned Sunday morning, 10th, involving a loss of \$1,000,000.—There was a \$100,000 fire at Newark, O., Saturday night, 9th.

"Rapid Transit Lager Bier" is the sign over a saloon in a neighboring city. "We know of nothing more appropriate," says an exchange; "it affords a quick passage from wealth to poverty, respectability to disgrace, healthy to bloated bodies, and from this world to one of reckoning beyond."

The gale of Friday night and Saturday morning, Jan. 8th and 9th, was the most disastrous to shipping experienced on this coast for many years. There were seven lives lost in Boston harbor, and two vessels were totally wrecked. There were also a number of casualties. It is estimated that about forty vessels were wrecked or badly damaged on the New England coast.

At a recent meeting of the London Anthropological Society, a modern philosopher read a paper on the game of hopscotch, in which he traced the origin of the game to a period anterior to the introduction of Christianity, and showed that in early Christian times children had some rough idea of representing in this game the progress of the soul through the future world, and that the division of the figure into seven courts was on account of the belief in seven heavens.

It is said that the mercury is dancing just above zero at this time (Jan. 12th) in Georgia.

Mr. Bland is Chairman of the Finance Committee, and so the mints will continue to grind out for an indefinite period the useless and menacing millions of the silver dollar coinage.

JUSTICE TO THE INDIAN.—The efforts and expenditures now made in their behalf are not for the purpose of protecting the peace of the country or for the security of the frontier, or on account of their hindrance to our national growth, but simply because the honor of the Government requires that they should be protected against destruction by the very agencies that build up our prosperity and greatness. Humanity and not policy directs their present treatment.—*Nashville American.*

OBSEQUIES IN ENGLAND.—Noting the fact that the prefect of the Seine has sanctioned an expenditure of \$3000 on the establishment of a crematorium at Pere la Chaise, the *Pall Mall Gazette* speaks of the English crematorium at Woking as "an abortive erection." It is nothing of the kind, indignantly rejoins the *London World*; although cremation's progress is slow, the Woking building is in use from time to time, and the body of a lady was successfully cremated therein recently.

Faith overleaps the confines of our reason, And if by faith, as in old times was said,
Women received their dead,
Raised up to life, then only for a season
Our partings are, nor shall we wait in vain
Until we meet again!
—*Auf Wiedersehen.*

Daniel Lunt of Newbury, Mass., has the gun of Capt. Ezra Lunt, his ancestor, the man who first volunteered in the Old South Church of a Sunday, and marched to Bunker Hill.

A transatlantic paper we wot of records that a Scotchman who had just had considerable difficulty in establishing his right to the benefits of the extension of the franchise, was asked for his vote by one of the candidates for office; whereupon he got quite indignant, and cried angrily: "Glo ye ma vote? It's no likely. I had far too much difficulty in getting 't myself to gie it awa to anybody."

A newspaper is like a pretty woman in many respects. To be perfect it must be the embodiment of many types. Its form is always made up. It is chased. It has a weakness and a strength. It is a creature that can stand some praise. It is a truly proud of a new dress.—*The Sedgwick (Kan.) Farmington.*

Europe is still ruled by the old men. Mr. Gladstone has just celebrated his seventy-sixth birthday; M. Grévy, at the age of seventy-eight, has been re-elected President of the French Republic for a term of seven years, and the Emperor William, verging on his nineteenth year, has completed a quarter of a century on the Prussian throne.

A remarkable instance of religious devotion was exhibited the other day at Indianapolis by an old couple named Seiberg, who permitted themselves to be removed from confinement to coal gas, because they would not lift a hand on the Sabbath to adjust the stove-pipe which had fallen. When their neighbors found them they were so far gone that it was impossible to resuscitate them. Some clergymen we know would rather die than read a Sunday newspaper. Some day it is to be hoped that we shall get beyond such absurd fanaticism.—*Boston Herald.*

The rough seas of winter—Coals and colds.

NEW PAPERS.—We are in receipt of the following new papers: *The Spiritualist News*, published monthly by the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists, Glasgow, Scotland. *The May Flower*, published monthly by Mary A. Parsons, Winochet, O. *The Father's Love*, a monthly, W. A. Sprinkles and Franklin Rhoda, editors, San Francisco, Cal. *The Secular Age*, published weekly by Maloney & Stoll, Cleveland, O. *Polymathical Investigator*, published weekly by W. McNiel, Little Elm, Texas. *The Rising Sun*, M. Fiedler, Kalamazoo, Mich.

A Vermont man recently went into his yard and waited for his dog, but a bear answered its instead. Whereupon the man fled. Some men are never satisfied.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Mrs. K. R. Stiles, of Worcester, Mass., with her husband, purpose leaving that city at an early date on a trip to Florida, which will consume some three months. While she is in the South we would recommend her to the attention of the Spiritualists of Charleston, Savannah, Jacksonville, New Orleans, and other places, as an excellent seance medium, also as a speaker.

The Twentieth Anniversary of the Organization of the Cleveland, O., Children's Progressive Lyceum will be celebrated next Sunday at Weisgerber's Hall. See card of Thomas Lees on eighth page.

Mrs. E. A. Cutting will visit Springfield, Mass., next week. Those wishing to know of her medial powers can consult her while there, or address her at her Boston office. See advertisement, fifth page.

Attention is called to the announcement made on our fifth page by Dr. C. T. Buffum, who returns to Boston after an absence of some two years.

Australian Items.

The Victorian Association resumed its Sunday evening services Nov. 15th, the President, Mr. Rutherford, opening the meeting with preliminary remarks, in which he urged upon its members that they join hands and work with Spiritualism for Spiritualism to the best of their ability, "that the goodness, grandeur, beauty and use of Spiritualism might become visible, through the effect of the harmony it establishes among themselves." A reading was then given by Mrs. Greenham, from Denton's "Soul of Things," followed by a lecture by Mr. Cunningham and remarks by Mrs. Addie L. Ballou.

The annual picnic of the Melbourne and Richmond Progressive Lyceums was held Nov. 9th. The morning exercises consisted of Golden Chain Recitations, callisthenics and marches. Dinner was served at 1 o'clock. The afternoon sports included juggling matches, foot races, etc., various prizes having been contributed by friends.

From the *Herald* we learn that the *South Australian Times* of Nov. 21st contained a bold, outspoken article over the editor's name, giving his experience with spiritual phenomena during investigations recently made by him in Melbourne and Adelaide.

English Items.

From London we learn that it was Mr. Eglington's intention to leave the early part of this month for St. Petersburg and Moscow, to remain one or two months, and at the end of that time visit Berlin, Hamburg, Munich and Vienna.

Florence Maryat is awakening an interest in spiritual phenomena, by interesting accounts in *Once a Week* of her personal experiences therein.

Information reaches us from New York, via England, that "Commodore Vanderbilt's daughter, Mrs. Le Bau, inspired by the example of the donor of the Spiritual Temple in Boston, thinks of building one in New York."

The new monthly magazine, the initial number of which was announced to appear this month in Munich, is to treat Spiritualism historically and experimentally, and occasionally illustrate its contents with engravings.

Washington, D. C.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings, who has been spending some weeks in Washington, was tendered a farewell reception on the evening of Dec. 20th, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Downey.

Over a hundred persons were present to "speed the parting guest" with many expressions of regret that the "good-bye" must be said.

On New Year's Eve Mrs. Capt. Cabell's parlors were the scene of another gathering which also had Mrs. Richings for its centre. On this occasion a brilliant and unique entertainment was provided for the guests, on behalf of the ladies in the front parlor, were each handed a dainty souvenir programme, bearing on its reverse side a picture of "The Naughty Little Girl." The rear parlor having been transformed for the nonce into a stage—the handsome portiere being admirably as a drop-curtain—a sprightly one-act comedy was charmingly rendered by Mr. and Mrs. Richings, succeeded by two powerfully delivered recitations by the latter, the programme closing with "The Naughty Little Girl," which Mrs. Richings gave in costume.

This most enjoyable evening passed all too quickly, although many of the guests remained until the boom of cannon at ringing of bells announced the New Year's advent.

Children's Lyceum at Onset.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Notwithstanding the severe cold of Sunday last there was a good attendance at the Lyceum. The exercises opened with singing. After the Banner March recitations were given by Nellie Barnard, Guy Parker, Brainerd Bates, Winnie Bourne, Fred Bourne, Austin Ballou, Louis Williams, Esterbrook Bates and Bertha Blackwood; songs by Rita Shea and Lettie Bates. Mrs. Wanser read her answer to the question, "Why do I come to the Lyceum?" Readings were also given by Misses of East Wareham, Mrs. Fairbanks and Mrs. Barnard. Mrs. Pearce and Mrs. Sears gave songs, and Mr. S. A. Griffin an address. The session closed with singing "Roses Underneath the Snow."

In connection with the Lyceum a dramatic association has been formed, and their first entertainment was given Friday evening, Jan. 8th, for the benefit of the Lyceum industrial union, at the Onset Avenue Theatre, in Williams Building. It consisted of pantomime, songs, duets and recitations, concluding with the farce, "The Fellow that Looks Like Me." A crowded house rewarded their efforts, netting the ladies a handsome sum. D. N. Ford, Conductor.

Newburyport, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: J. J. Morse, the inspirational trance speaker, of London, Eng., gave two excellent addresses last Sunday on "Materialization of the Soul." Sudden illness on the part of your correspondent's wife, necessitating his withdrawal from the hall, is his excuse for not presenting a synopsis of both addresses.

Miss Jennie B. Hagan, inspirational speaker, unable to fill an engagement a few weeks ago by reason of illness, will be with us next Sunday. The ladies of the Society on Friday last reflected Mrs. A. A. Easson, President; Mrs. F. W. Goodwin, Vice-President; Mrs. John S. Pike, Secretary, and Mrs. William F. Holt, Treasurer. Mrs. M. E. Lord closed her engagement here Saturday morning last. She gave a circle at Amesbury Thursday night (7th), and was so well liked that she was engaged to hold several more this week. The Spiritualist Society will hold a candy pull and dance on Sunday evening, Jan. 18th, at the Lyceum, and a large attendance and good time. Mrs. Laura E. Dainty, the charming little actress, and a Spiritualist and medium as well, was in town last Friday, in her new play, "The Mountain Pink." H.

Haverhill-Britain Hall.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Last Sunday Edgar W. Emerson of Manchester, N. H., occupied the platform at Britain Hall, attracting large audiences afternoon and evening, notwithstanding the zero weather. In the afternoon he was controlled by the late Rev. Henry Jewell, Universalist clergyman of Merrimack, delivering an excellent address upon "The Utility of Spiritualism." In the evening he was forcibly and suddenly controlled by a stranger to the audience and the medium, who spoke in an interesting and instructive explanation of the mystery yet simplicity of spirit control, and in a lucid manner described the process by which he was able to control his instrument, describing the process as similar to that of a mesmerist when controlling a subject. At the conclusion of each address there were given thirty or more descriptions of spirits present, nearly all of whom were recognized; many of them gave in writing their names and addresses. The platform was occupied by J. Frank Baxter. E. F. H. Haverhill, Mass., Jan. 12th, 1886.

Meetings in Keene, N. H.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: To our lecture season opened Sunday, Sept. 13th, when Dr. C. H. Harding addressed, both afternoon and evening, appreciative audiences. He is one of the best psychometric readers that has been in Keene, and after each lecture gave his audience tests which were listened to with great interest. Sept. 20th we had Capt. H. H. Brown; Sept. 27th and 30th, J. Frank Baxter; Oct. 18th and Nov. 29th, Hon. Warren Chase; and Dec. 2nd, George A. Fuller.

Mr. Fuller is one of the finest inspirational speakers upon the spiritualistic platform. He holds his audience spellbound by his eloquence and by the glorious truths he utters. All who have the pleasure of meeting Mr. Fuller can but wish him every success in this life, knowing that a glorious hereafter awaits him in the Summer-land. Dr. E. H. Ammen accompanied Mr. F. and gave a seance at the residence of H. G. Haskins, for physicians and mutual manifestations, which were very true, and all went away feeling well repaid. Mrs. M. M. Holz.

Keene, N. H., Jan. 9th, 1886.

New Bedford.

Frank T. Bley has met with a success in New Bedford, Mass., that must be very satisfactory to those who have been benefited by his labors, and highly encouraging to himself as a lecturer and test medium; so we are informed by Geo. Y. Nickerson and J. H. Thomson, who write in eloquent terms of the service he has rendered in that city on the public platform and at private seances.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure

Co. M. L. Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hyposulphites. Is more nutritious and strengthening than any other combined or single remedy. The Medical Profession universally attest this fact, and prescribe it in Consumption and all wasting conditions with splendid results.

Meetings, etc., in Dover, N. H.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Sunday afternoon, Jan. 3d, Miss L. Barnicoat delivered a lecture at Sawyer's Mills, "Engine House," to a full audience, on "Justice," which was fully appreciated by all present, after which she gave a large number of psychometric readings, clairvoyant descriptions, etc., which were acknowledged to be true in detail. One who was depicted in the first, but she kept up the reading or description to such an extent that the parties rose to their feet and said, "Yes, I remember it." It is true. A more appreciative audience I do not remember having seen inside of those walls. The interest is all increasing, we have instituted a "Guarantee or Emergency Fund," which is meeting with a goodly number of patrons, and we are confident that ere long more will be added to our number. As I noted in my last letter to the Banner, a lecture to be published in the *Antinomianist* of Rochester, N. H., by W. J. Colville, on "Future America," I have received letters from north, south, and west for copies, which will be supplied as soon as published. CHARLES STAMFIELD.

Haverhill-Good Templars' Hall.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: J. W. Mahony, of England, spoke for the First Spiritualist Society of Haverhill and Bradford, Sunday, Jan. 10th, at 2 and 7 o'clock P. M. Mr. Mahony commenced the exercises of the afternoon by reciting the poem by Eliza Cook entitled "The Heart's Charity." The subject of his lecture was "Civilization Under the New Spiritual Dispensation." His remarks upon which he touched one or two points of the audience. At 7 o'clock his subject was, "Is Life Worth Living?" Both lectures were replete with sound common sense, and were listened to by audiences that at their close pronounced them as being of the highest value. Mrs. E. Trask Hill, of Boston, will occupy the same platform next Sunday, Jan. 17th. W. W. C.

Movements of Mediums and Lecturers.

(Matter for this Department must reach our office by Monday's mail to insure insertion the same week.)

Mrs. M. M. Pratt is at present located at Aurora, Ill. Hon. Warren Chase lectures in Somerville, Ct., Jan. 17th; in Manchester, N. H., Jan. 24th and 31st; in Woonsocket, R. I., Feb. 7th; in Fall River, Mass., Feb. 14th and 21st; in New York City, at People's Meeting, Feb. 28th; in Louisville, Ky., during March and April; in Evansville, Ind., May 2d.

Charles Dawson of New York speaks twice in Providence, R. I., Sunday, Jan. 24th—his subjects being "Individuality" and "Progress." Mrs. S. Willis Fletcher will lecture early in August at the Neeshamby Camp-Meeting.

J. Frank Baxter is open to a few week-evening engagements during the last of January, previous to his departure for Washington, D. C., to fill appointments in February. 18th lectures in Rockport Wednesday evening, 18th; in North Abington, Thursday evening, Jan. 14th; in Haverhill Sunday, Jan. 17th, and in Woonsocket, R. I., on Tuesday evening, Jan. 19th.

Bishop A. Beale terminated his engagement at Chateaufort, N. H., last Sunday, and commences another at Topeka, Kansas, next Sunday, Jan. 17th.

Dr. J. K. Bailey spoke at Amesbury, N. J., Dec. 6th; at Prospect Plains, 8th; at Lakewood, 13th; at Spruce Creek, Pa., 24th and 25th; at Wheeling, West Va., Jan. 2d, and 4th; at Baltimore, O., 10th; at 2 P. M. on Jan. 11th, at New York, West Va., 2 P. M. He has also visited other points, a correspondent informs us, and accomplished good work at healing the sick. Address him, Box 123, Scranton, Pa.

Dr. Dean Clarke speaks in Providence, R. I., Jan. 17th; in Haverhill, 24th; in Brockton, the 31st; would like to make engagements for February at once. Address care of his office.

J. William Fletcher has been engaged for the Neeshamby Fall Camp-Meeting next summer. All letters addressed Ashland House, New York.

A Room Full of Spirits.

The Rev. Charles J. Young, the eloquent pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, said in his sermon last Sunday morning that the room was full of spirits, but he added: "We cannot see them."

"What a singular strange assertion for a Presbyterian clergyman to make!" but if he wishes to strengthen his statement he should invite Dr. W. B. Mills into the pulpit to supplement such sermons by giving names and descriptions of spirits present.—*Saratoga (N. Y.) Eagle*, Jan. 9th.

There is only one way to advocate Spiritualism—and that is the honest, emphatic and dignified way of doing it. We want advocates who shall be incapable of fraud, and who shall teach the higher truths and sincerely demonstrate only the facts of spirit communion. He who mixes genuine phenomena with demonstrations of how to commit fraud, will be condemned by the public, and discredited by all honest Spiritualists.—*Light for Thinkers*, Atlanta, Ga.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate. Tonic for Overworked Men. Dr. J. C. Wilson, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have used it as a general tonic, and in particular in the debility and dyspepsia of overworked men, with satisfactory results."

ALLEN PUTNAM, Esq., will answer calls to lecture or to attend funerals. Address him No. 46 Clarendon street, Boston, Mass.

To the Homeless and Needy.

The pioneers of the Spiritual Philosophy were the seers, who are to this day true Spiritualists. Their doors are open to those who will come out from the world and live a pure, clean, temperate, industrious life. Their locations are the most beautiful in the land, and even in the Bible we find the soul finds new joys in spiritual life and the kingdom of heaven on earth. Further information will be given by writing to J. H. Haverhill, 78 Pearl street, B. Somerville, Mass.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in *Agate* type, twenty cents for the first and every insertion on the fifth or eighth page, and ten cents for each subsequent insertion on the seventh page.

Special Notices forty cents per line, *Minion*, each insertion. Business cards thirty cents per line, *Agate*, each insertion. Notices in the editorial columns, large type, delivered on demand, fifty cents per line. Payments in all cases in advance.

Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our office before 12 M. on Saturday, a week in advance of the date whereon they are to appear.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT cannot well undertake to couch for the honesty of its many advertisers. Advertisements are accepted, and whenever it is made known that dishonest or improper persons are using our advertising columns, they are at once dropped, and the advertiser is notified. We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover in our columns advertisements of parties whom they have proved to be dishonest or unworthy of confidence.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Cure for the Deaf.—PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others, and comfortable to wear. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials, free. Address F. Hiscox, 383 Broadway, N. Y. Mention this paper. A. 15.6m

Andrew Jackson Davis, Physician to Body and Mind, will be at the Apothecary Store of Webster & Co., 63 Warren Avenue, Boston, Mass., every Tuesday and Thursday, from 9 to 12 A. M. Consultation and advice, \$2.00. U. 16

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be seen every Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, from 9 until 11, at No. 20 Worcester Square, Boston. J2

Dr. Jas. V. Mansfield, at 82 Montgomery street, Boston, answers sealed letters. Terms \$3, and 10c. postage. 4w

To Foreign Subscribers the subscription price of the BANNER OF LIGHT is \$3.50 per year, or \$1.75 per six months. It will be sent at the price named above to any foreign country embraced in the Universal Postal Union.

H. A. Kersey, No. 1 Newgate street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, will act as agent in England for the BANNER OF LIGHT and the publications of Colby & Rich during the absence of J. J. Morse.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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SPIRITUALIZING REMEDIES, specially prepared and magnetized to null each case under the direction of spirit controls Dr. Nicolson and Hodge. If you are suffering, do not fail to try our Wonderful Vital All-Healing Remedies. One trial will assure you of their power. We have Pills for Malaria and Contagious Fevers. Liver Pills for all disorders of Liver, Gall, Bile, Stomach and Kidney. Cough Pills, for Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, etc. Dropsy Pills, for all glandular enlargements, Tumors, etc. Nerve Pills, for Nervous Prostration, Consumption Pills, for Lung Troubles, Asthma and Bronchitis. Yellow Pills, for General Debility and Female Weakness. Yellow Pills, for all Mucus Discharges, Blood Pills, for Erysipelas, Rheumatism, Salt Rheum, etc. Dropsy Pills, for Dropsy, and all malignant sores. Price per box, \$1.00. Post paid to any address. Correspondence solicited. Dr. J. E. Steers, Esq., P. O. Box 1027, 1115 Broadway, New York.

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THE well-known blind Trance Medium, treats all forms of disease by his new method, which is known only to his Immense Hand. Any sufferer would do well to apply to him at once, and learn if their case is curable. Send lock of hair and \$2.00. Also Life from scene from the cradle to the grave. Send lock of hair and \$2.00. A grand opportunity to test the most wonderful powers in the world. Address him at 84 West Springfield street, Boston, Mass., Suite L. 1w

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