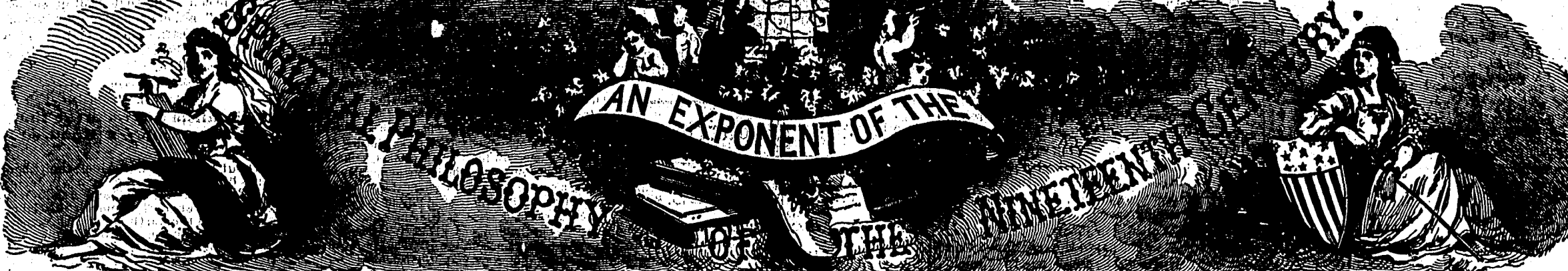


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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It is worth while to think too much about being good. Doing the best we know, minute by minute, hour by hour, we will grow to goodness as fruit grows to ripeness.

The Spiritual Reformer.

The Tendencies of Modern Scientific Thought.

A Lecture Delivered by
MRS. H. S. LAKE,
At the Cassadaga Camp, Aug. 7th, 1886.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

It is said by a class of persons who are endeavoring to hold the thought of the world pinned to the theories of past ages, that the tendencies of all modern reformers, whether Spiritualists or those who seek to enlighten us upon the laws of man's physical being, merely, are toward atheism and irreligion.

They affirm, and with some show of reason, that to deny revelation and to question the existence of God serves to weaken the faculty of veneration and to diminish the superabundance of faith, which is an essential element in the religions of the civilized world. However this may be, it is clearly apparent to all reflective minds that, within the last fifty years, there has been a mighty revulsion of feeling regarding the established creeds and forms of worship, and it is equally true that there is a strong current apparently setting in the direction of irreligion.

This fact is constantly deplored in the Orthodox pulpits, because men dislike to be unmoored from what they had supposed to be stable anchorage, and because religion has been made a paying speculation for a large number of indolent minds, fattening upon the credulity of their followers. That they are such, or have done so, is not entirely their fault, but is partially the result of the state of the people whom they have endeavored to minister unto. These have not ventured to hint to their teachers that they were spiritually an hungered and athirst; but when any new or novel emotion has stirred within them, or when some startling thought has been suggested by the action of the unseen universe, they have speedily subdued it or exorcised it as an evil spirit which was seeking to dethrone the one only and true God.

Thus, while the majority of mankind are and have been at some time or another under the influence of a spirit of progression, a craven fear has operated against the full manifestation of that spirit, and the underserfing, would-be leader has become virtually the follower of an army of dissatisfied souls. These of whom I speak are, of course, the average men and women; but outside of these limits we shall find a goodly number of bold and original thinkers, the Martin Luthers, John Wesleys, Swedenborgs and Parkers of religion, the Mills, Spencers, Huxleys and Darwins of science, embryonic, to be sure, but with marked irregular tendencies; they are disgusted with the prevailing system of repression, and so with one bold stride they override accepted customs of thought, and, impelled by their own momentum, land in a sphere at the extreme of that which had well nigh shackled their aspiring souls.

Now, the action of minds like these has created a condition in the intellectual world which writers and speakers of every grade have denominated "the tendencies of modern scientific thought."

The whole Protestant Christian world—that which is admitted as strictly and truly orthodox—headed by its venerable ancestor, the Roman Catholic Church, is busy forging bolts to throw at this terrible monster suddenly arisen in the midst of Christendom, armed at all points, armed to the teeth, and called Science. One class of Christians have grappled with it, and not having been able to throw it, or overthrow it, have boldly and barefacedly announced that it is a myth, a phantom, no real thing at all, and unworthy the attention of reasoning man. The Pope, with his syllabus, heads this almost innumerable body of ignorant and unprincipled persons, who prefer to see the universe reversed, rather than that the infallible Church should make an admission that it has been thriving on error for over seven teen centuries.

The other class, who are considerably in the minority, are endeavoring—because of a real and profound fear regarding the religious crisis—to compromise with science, and artfully to repudiate some of the hitherto unquestioned teachings of Christianity.

Now the most of this alarm and anxiety is caused, as I think, from the fact that mankind has caught no fair view of the ultimate result of modern scientific research; not even the scientists themselves, who, busy in their laboratories and in their studies, have never once thought of analyzing the motive spring of their acts as they would analyze a drop of water under the microscope, or the action of vital force (heat) upon the composition of the human body.

And if the scientists and philosophers have been obstructed in their vision by the magnitude of their discoveries, which yet reveal no Supreme Will, what wonder is it that those who have no idea of how those discoveries are made should be alarmed at the cry, "matter can do it all?" Feeling as they do, beyond a possibility of refutation, that the law governing matter can have little in common with the law governing spirit, on the impulse of the moment they are ready to "immaculate" science, rather than to lose God.

This saying and unreasoning dogmatism, which has caused the religious world to bristle at all points with doctrines and declarations, is to be traced to the fact, which they have perceived, that as the minds of the people have been so long constrained to the observation of

one particular point in the spiritual horizon—a point which after close inspection is found to recede further and further from man's reason and to abide only in the firmament of faith—I refer to the Mosaic record and the story of man's fall and subsequent redemption—a rebound to the further extreme is but the natural and inevitable result.

The thinking, leading minds of the age, having decided that these statements are untrue, it could not but follow that religion—that which has been understood as resting immovably upon this basis—should have fallen, also, with its visionary foundation.

I admit that the time is a serious one. I admit that it is difficult for man (physical and spiritual in his composition), at the present day, to determine where he shall stand or whom or what believe. But let him remember, in the midst of this confusion, that there can be, in the very nature of things, no antagonism between truths. They link and interlink, blend and interblend, throughout the entire circle of the physical, intellectual and spiritual domain; and whenever man's restless and aspiring soul yearns some new fact, we may be sure it only serves to elaborate those already discovered.

Now man has been aware since his primeval existence—has been certain that within his inner self, which he has variously denominated soul, mind, spirit—that he has a religious nature; that, many times and oft, from different motives and with different results, he has striven to understand, and take hold of, and rely upon, and fellowship with, a great "First Cause," an inscrutable balancing power. The ancient with his idols, suggestive through the material, the savage with his symbolism, the civilized with his imagery, all have testified to the fact that within man there exists an element whose nature it is to search for and lay hold of the underlying and indwelling spirit of all visible and invisible things.

This testimony, the affirmation to this fact, is as varied and as old as the records of the race. Hence, though the Mosaic record prove false, though Jesus, the Messiah, be a delusion, the fact of the inward and upward attraction of man's soul to a spiritual source can never be disproven or overthrown. And if he will lay aside all merely speculative glasses, and look at every fact candidly, he will perceive that all the formulas formulated by the material universe have been wrought out by the spiritual.

Let me illustrate: Is there to be builded a magnificent temple for the worship of the gods? Is it to be massive in structure and elaborate in details? Straightway, in the spirit of the architect there is reared the spiritual image of that temple; wall and floor, ceiling and cornice, all are laid solidly and systematically in the spiritual world, and then, guided by this imprint, the imitative hands project into the material world the building which is desired. Again: There is waiting in the womb of the spiritual world a grand fact for science to bring forth and to foster. It may have lain hidden in the universe for centuries, when, suddenly, (the world having ripened for its reception) some sensitive instrument, vibrating to inspirational truth, if possessed by it, and at once, in some obscure corner, a laboratory is alight with the crystallized thought.

Science is the glowing mirror of the great spirit. On the camera of the universe there is stamped an indelible impress. The eye of the artist, the ear of the poet, the thought of the philosopher are daily revealing it to man in new and marvelous coloring and expression.

By-and-by, having touched up, here, and brought out there, man, the student, will stand afar off, and behold in the laws of science and in labors of love a mighty and magnificent picture. Matter and mind, soul and spirit will be found to blend in harmonious proportions, and the great being will then have revealed itself to the spiritual perception of man.

The scientists of the physical school tell us to day that they cannot allow God to enter as a factor into the elements of the natural world; they tell us that they cannot touch, smell, hear, taste, nor see God; that they do not find this being in their labors in their laboratories; that in the earth he is not, nor has he been discovered by the most powerful telescope or the most minute microscope. Infatuated with the senses, the materialist is gazing steadily outward, here and there, blind to the fact that he has the power to look within and to discover there a vast untrodden realm, wherein are tens of millions of springs which he might touch, and find them moving and operating on the things and conditions which he thinks are moved and operated upon only by the material world.

I have said infatuated with the senses. I might have said blinded by the external senses, for just so surely as to-day he sees the mountain-top with his dilated physical eye, so surely may he with the physical vision obliterated behold the valleys and heights, the rivers and plains, the mansions and people of a world which he cannot delve into with the pick, nor unearth with the spade, nor build upon with physical brass and iron, and wood, but nevertheless a real, a peopled, and a solid world.

By the habitude of science the materialist will answer, "I do not believe you, because you do not prove it to me." But if you shut your eyes you cannot know the sky is blue, nor that love beams in the countenance of your friend; so he who would discover these spiritual truths must not keep closed his spiritual senses—he must be a Spiritualist to know of spiritual things; and when I use the term Spiritualist, I mean in its broadest and most comprehensive sense, I by no means refer to that man (or woman) who has simply found out that there is a condition in which he can put himself,

and therein receive communications which conclusively prove to him that his "dead" relatives are not dead, but alive, and interested in the last new book, and the latest rise and fall in stocks. Great as this knowledge is, it does not constitute a true Spiritualist, but only a believer in the phenomena of Spiritualism. Persons adapted to this condition adhere to every sect, and creed, and party; they constitute the rank and file of the irreligious and unspiritual army of the world. It is these persons who have impregnated the spiritual atmosphere with an element which clings so close to earth, and earthly things, that it brings mildew and blight; which renders them incapable of comprehending sentiments which exalt the soul; which bring to it those superb flights of fancy which touch the pencil of the artist with fire from heaven, until the insensate canvas glows with divine truth, and a language more masterly than any speech; which weaves the matchless melody whose vast rhythmic sweep moves the bosoms of thousands with one accord; which gathers into its embrace love, heroism, courage, devotion, and imprisons them in the words of the poet which burn into the hearts of men for centuries upon centuries of time; nay, which utterly incapacitates them for knowing anything about that wonderful uplifting and outpouring of the soul, called prayer, which is as much an indestructible element in the spiritual man as is the granite, and gold, and marble of earth, changing forever, but never annihilated.

Prayer? Why, the patriot prays when he lifts his gleaming sword in the thunder and carnage of battle, calling, perhaps, with profane lips, to his awaiting soldiery: "Now, comrades, advance and strike for your country!" What a wave of sublime emotion, impregnated with a sentiment similar to that which prompts the prayer of the devotee at the shrine of his saint, rises from the brain of that devotee at the altar of his country! And it brings its response; for whether science recognizes the fact or not—it is only a question of time—there is swung out upon the spiritual world a cord of entreaty whereon rush to their country's service whole armies of the departed.

Prayer is a force. Science is yet to demonstrate this. Altho it has been used as a powerful weapon by superstition, crushing helplessness, children and raising even strange men to tremble when subjected to its powerful influence. But when the torch-light of spiritual science plays upon its proportions, we discover that it has uses, like electricity and light, and that, in more ways than one, it may benefit and save man.

Ere long the "prayer-gauge" of Tyndall will have a meaning other than burlesque. The medical world has already discovered that fear and hope, love and hate, are powerful operatives in the realm of matter. Where is the man or woman to-day who does not know that the way to keep the body performing its proper functions is to contrive to keep the soul serene? And how few there are who will deny that they are affected, largely and constantly, by the action of mind in the matter around them—by the action of mind relieved of the earthly matter which only revealed it to the external vision.

What an imposing array of scholars one might bring forward to sustain the position that the researches of science, although taking such wonderful and tenacious root in the material form of life, have yet, despite the desires of the investigators, extended into a domain which they have been determined to ignore, thus, strangely enough, leading the people on and on toward the wondrous source of being—God.

The greatest impediment now lying in the way of the world's rapid advancement and progress arises from man's narrow and cramped spiritual vision. Why, friends, if you were all without fear, to tear from your inward sight the blinders which false customs, which erroneous thought-habits, which selfish affections, which competitive tyrannies, which vitiated bodies have thrown upon you, and if you were to launch out boldly into the great ocean of spiritual life lying all around you, how soon you might obtain a rational conception of that which we denominated God.

We need again to propound the question: "Knowest thou the Lord?" for he is not known more by the greatest than by the least.

How say you so? Why, you, my neighbor, you, my friend, have caught glimpses at times of "the Lord"—harmonious being; but startled by its magnitude and its brilliancy you have recoiled within yourself, your personal aims and needs, and so have checked the spiritual progress of the world.

I speak from experience. I recall, and I am not alone in the recollection, times when a wonderful illumination, superb meanings of life and of duty to truth and to my fellows poured in with resistless fury upon my spiritual being until I staggered under the awful pressure; and then, touched by the little devils of selfishness and cowardice and greed, I threw up with these a rampart between myself and "the Lord," and the mortals around me went hungry and empty-hearted away.

Why is this? It is because you have not yet the spiritual strength to advance. You are appalled by the newness of the picture before you. You find it easy to drift with the tide of established opinions and customs, and when the angels call out: "The least shall be greatest," then, indeed, in the olden phraseology, you find that it is "hard to enter the kingdom of heaven."

This is all natural. It is reasonable, for theology has not been able to make it plain why man should deny himself for a fellow. He has

been enjoined upon to do this, but no sufficient reason has been given.

Ludicrous inconsistency! For what would the world think to-day of a ship which should attempt to reach the West India Islands without chart or compass? To perform a successful voyage requires correct reckoning and ample equipments. This, theology has never had; but science is laying in her stores, providing herself with the necessary instruments, and thus, thoroughly armed, she is setting out upon her long voyage.

She says she is in search of truth, but she does not yet perceive that all truths are but effulgent rays streaming from the bosom of Deity.

But, say the timid lookers-on—those who dread the travail of birth—but, although this appears to be the logical conclusion from your premises, how is it that anarchy, confusion, and dire dismay, and horrors unequalled, lie all about us in the light of to-day? How is it that things have such an air of desolation and distress in the religious world—that the people are rushing upon each other, in many parts rending each other like wild beasts? Ah! my friends, they hear the roar of the hurricane; they perceive the vibration of the foundation upon which they are standing; they look to a few leaders to extricate them, and these leaders, alas! have withheld from them the truth.

It is as though a doctor, fearing to startle his patient with the knowledge, with the information of his approaching dissolution, should send him, with surprise and a shock, into the new experience of another condition of existence.

The spiritual doctors, however, are not actuated by as commendable motives as are their brothers, the physical doctors—regard for their patients; some have not pecked the shell of selfishness and duty; some have failed to get clear visions of human responsibility, and so they wait, while the delvers, the tollers in the earth, and on the hill-top, and at the desk, and in the laboratory work on and on, underming the whole religious fabric whereon the multitude stand, meantime erecting a structure whose pillars are knowledge and experience, which shall be strengthened and augmented as the ages succeed each other in the cycles of time. Oh! no, the divine has never been withheld from the hearts of the people. Through all the darkness and doubt of every age there has been held aloft a little light—the light of the soul—to guide mankind deeper and deeper into the mysteries of being, and nearer and nearer those life giving realms wherein the inconceivable power, in its two-fold existence, watches the evolutions and involutions of time. The mistakes, and blunders, and confusion, which have attended the pathway of the religious world, are the natural result of the infancy of the human race. The child-world has been looking curiously here and there at the manifestations of God, much as the infant gazes about the appointments of his parents' house, satisfied that they exist, but unable to comprehend either their origin or import.

The sad results which have arisen from the ignorance of the world have at last awakened it to a sense of its insecurity, and it has determined to find out what lies outside of, or within, the realm of matter, animating and endowing it with life. Had this not been so you would not have had promulgated that singular document of Roman effrontery, the Pope's Syllabus, with which he had hoped to intimidate the spirit of modern research—nor would you be reading so many sermons as you do to-day upon scientific religion.

Neither Darwin, Tyndall, Spencer nor Huxley would have been able to create such a commotion in the religious world as they have created, had that body been sufficiently spiritual to behold what scientific investigation will indirectly bring to light—spirit as substance, separate from its original, gross, visible form. True, this discovery will overthrow all former teachings of theology, but it cannot, by any possibility, annihilate God—God being the ocean to the river of individualized soul. It is not long since the religious world refused to entertain science, because its tendency was to overthrow all preconceived ideas of the supersensuous world; now, by a strange transposition, science refuses to fellowship with the new spiritual revelation because it endangers its supposed reliable theory of cell evolution. Thus do we see, in the mighty universe, the constant play of opposing principles, destroying old theories and multiplying new facts, bringing us nearer every day than we ever have been before to a just comprehension of the Infinite Source; for having discovered that as we lay aside these bodies of matter we still have other bodies, and as we observe greater beauty and harmony in the outward universe, and as we perceive the indissolubility of love's tender ties and the great interblending of all truths, and as we stand under the full flow of light and heat radiating from centres of spiritual beings above us, we cannot certainly feel God any less in the soul nor have any less satisfying or sensible proof of the divine.

Every experiment in the laboratory, every poem in the garret, every painting on the wall serves but to give expression to that unseen source which is continually drawing man upward and onward and inward toward justice, truth and love—the trinity comprising the Perfect Being.

An experienced traveler says that in a sleeping-car the upper berth is cooler in summer, because there is more air stirring in the top of the car, and warmer in winter than the lower berth, because the warm air rises, and there are not so many draughts. He might have added, the New York Sun thinks, another recommendation. If the berth breaks down, you fall on top of the lower-berth fellow every time.

OUT-PLATOING THE PLATONISTS.

A Texan has floored the Concord crowd. Sing high and sing low for the great southwest; He sent 'em a paper to read aloud, And it was done up in style by one of their best.

The Texan he loaded his biggest gun With all the wise words he ever had seen, And he fired at long range with death-grim fun, And slew all the sages with his machine.

He muddled the muddlers with brain cracking lore, He went in so deep that his followers were drowned, But he swam out himself to the telluric shore, And crowded in his glee o'er the earthlings around.

ENVOY.

Oh! Plato, dear Plato, come back from the past! And we'll forgive all that you ever did to vex us If you'll only arrange for a colony vast, And whisk these philosophers all off to Texas.

Spiritual Phenomena.

An Investigator's First Experience at a Materialization Seance.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

On Saturday, June 26th, in company with my brother-in-law, H—, I attended a private materialization seance at Mrs. Cadwell's, No. 242 West 39th street, in this city. Upon entering the house we were shown into the reception room, where we found a lady and gentleman conversing upon the subject of Spiritualism. I gathered from their conversation that the gentleman was a firm believer, the lady not so well confirmed, and evidently seeking for more knowledge and light on the subject.

I must premise that we were all strangers to each other, neither H— nor myself having met either of the others before.

After waiting a short time, there entered a tall, fine-looking woman, dressed in a half tight-fitting wrapper. She spoke a few words of greeting to the others, and, turning, advanced toward H—, extending her hand, saying she was pleased to see him. He arose to meet her, and greeted her as Mrs. Cadwell, and, as he was seated beside me, I glanced upward, expecting he was going to introduce me, but he did not, and, apparently without having noticed me, the lady turned, when the gentleman before referred to remarked: "Emma and her mother are in the back room." She answered: "I will go in and see them." In a few minutes she returned and took a seat distant about three feet from me. As she advanced directly opposite to me I was struck with her fine personal appearance, and thought to myself that was a face I should know again wherever I might see it. I continued to look at her very intently, and was struck with a look that suddenly illumined her whole face, but that shone more particularly out of her eyes. The very look and expression of my mother appeared to me so vividly that I thought I saw her again, although she had passed away from mortal vision nearly a quarter of a century since.

My gaze seemed to rivet hers, and as she looked at me a shiver passed over her and she buried her face in her hands. This action occurred twice, when the gentleman on the sofa asked her if she felt cold or had taken cold. She said "no, it is the influence of this lady, (pointing to me) which I cannot shake off." Suddenly raising her head and looking me full in the face, she said: "Pardon me, madam, are you not a Roman Catholic?" The likeness on her face to my dead-and-gone mother had so unnerved me that for the moment I was unable to reply, and could only bow my head in acquiescence. On recovering my speech, I said: "I am very sorry if my influence is so unpleasant as to cause you disagreeable feelings."

"No! no!" said she, "not disagreeable, but quite the contrary." I then asked her, "How could you possibly know I was a Roman Catholic?" "Because," said she, "I see a nun standing beside you," and then added, "Will the lady allow me to shake hands with her? I should like to do so very much. I like you!" We both arose, and taking the hand which I extended, she shook it warmly, saying at the same time: "How do you do, Mrs. Devlin?" I looked at her amazed, because I knew that H— had not mentioned my name to any one there. "Am I not right?" she asked. "Is not that your name?" "It is," I replied, "but how did you learn it?" "The nun, who is beside you, told me," she answered. I would have questioned her further, but the gentleman here reminded her that the time had arrived for the appointed seance, when we were all invited up-stairs.

The room in which the seance was held was a large square room on the second floor. The furniture consisted of a marble-top table, containing a few books, heavy curtains darkened the windows, some eight or nine chairs were placed in a semi-circle on one side of the room. The mantelpiece contained some photographs and other small ornaments. A chandelier hung suspended from the ceiling, one of the burners of which was lighted and covered with a tissue screen, giving, however, sufficient light in the room to distinguish everything very distinctly and accurately.

The cabinet, so-called, consisted simply of a curtain suspended from a rod in an angle of the room. The room was made still lighter, the curtains of the cabinet were thrown back, and we were invited to enter and examine it, and assure ourselves that there was no possible way for collusion or fraud. Indeed, I could not see that it was possible. The distance from the centre of the curtain to the angle of the solid walls of the room was not more than three feet, with but one door leading into the room—the folding doors communicating with the front parlor. The only article of furniture in the cabinet was a wooden chair. I also noticed a pair of little shoes, and two or three playthings, which I was informed belonged to a child of the medium who had passed over about seven months ago.

Leaving the cabinet we took our seats, the medium also being seated on the outside of the cabinet, after which the light was readjusted, making the room about as light as when we first entered. In a few moments the medium arose, and with the gait and movement of a person stricken in years, drew aside the curtains, and entered the cabinet. (I would say here that the circle consisted of seven persons beside myself.)

Presently a deep guttural sound issued from the cabinet: "Ugh! Ugh! me Mollie!" "Well, Mollie," said the lady manageress, "what have you to say?" "Ugh! Mollie want to say she Catholic—very good Catholic!"

After singing a verse or two of a simple hymn, the curtain parted, and there appeared the form of a woman clothed in white. The skirt came just to the ankles, the upper portion of the garment fitted the neck closely, and a collar fell over the shoulders, knotted in front with a narrow ribbon, or at least what appeared as such. The arms were bare to the shoulders, and the dress confined with a corset-

shaped garment of a delicate blue color extending below the hips, thus sharply defining the entire figure.

The form thus clothed stood a moment, and beckoning to H— he went up, then returning to me said the spirit form wished to see me. I went forward.

"Do not be timid or afraid," said she; "I will not hurt you. Will you shake hands?" I took her hand, which, while it felt warm to the touch, did not have that soft, yielding touch of human flesh. Several other forms came out of the cabinet quite into the centre of the room, under the chandelier, the light of which was still further turned on, making everything perfectly clear and distinct. I stood close to these forms, examined their features, noted their size and general appearance, and in every case found a marked difference.

One form, called the Angel-Mother (who claimed to be the mother of the medium), stood fully six feet in height, and large in proportion. This form, in response to a question from a gentleman in the circle, delivered a reply with a clear and distinct utterance of at least five or six minutes' duration, in choice and beautiful language. Before retiring she opened the curtain to its fullest extent, showing plainly the medium sitting on the chair, her head resting against the wall.

Then came from the cabinet to the centre of the room, one who was greeted as Lucille Western. After producing some very remarkable manifestations of spirit-power, she reentered the cabinet, and, holding back the curtains with both hands, appeared to sink bodily straight through the floor. Several other forms also appeared, holding communication with their friends.

Presently we heard a beautiful voice singing a Latin hymn. No one except myself in the circle appeared to recognize the language. I knew it immediately, by the words and music, to be one of our hymns in honor of the Virgin. By request it was repeated, and little Lulu (one of the cabinet spirits) said it was intended for me, and was sung by a spirit-nun who gave her name as Julia. Thinking back, I remembered a young girl by that name, who was the intimate friend, in life, of my sister, H—'s wife, and I also remembered that she had determined to enter the convent, but, as time and distance separated us, I had no positive knowledge that she had done so, yet, strange to say, about six months ago I heard of her death.

A form now parted the curtain, and motioning to H— he went up, and after some earnest conversation together he asked me to join him, saying: "This is Sarah; would you not like to shake hands with her?" "I know you," she said, speaking in a low tone, "and your sister, also. I like you very much, but I love your sister. She is very true and good. She does not believe in what you see now; but be gentle with her; the time will come when she will know and believe." She then seemed to vanish from before my eyes.

After the singing of a verse or two by the circle, a childish voice in the cabinet said there was an old gentleman who was anxious to communicate with his daughter, who was then present. On being asked to designate her, the answer came: "The lady with the 'cry clothes' on." He says he does not like her to wear them; he never did like to see them."

As I was the only lady present dressed in mourning (my father having died the preceding February), and knowing his aversion to black garments, I was somewhat startled by this communication, as I was positive no one there knew anything concerning me, or any circumstances connected with me.

This same little voice said to H—: "I was up to your house at the wedding (he having had a daughter lately married), and you never gave me a piece of the cake." "Well," said he, "I will bring you a piece." "No, you needn't," answered the little one; "I don't want it now; I only wanted to let you know I was there. I saw the lady with the 'cry clothes' on, there, too."

An interval of silence now occurred in the cabinet, broken at length by the strong voice of a man, announcing that the old gentleman had tried to materialize, but was unable just then to do so.

"That," said H— to me, "is Nelse Seymour, the cabinet control," and immediately the curtain parted, showing the form of a man dressed in black. He remained in full view for some ten minutes, perhaps, during which time he conversed with those in the circle, answering such questions as were addressed to him. Finally, H— went up to the cabinet, taking me with him. He shook hands, asking me if I would not like to do the same. Extending my hand, it was seized with a force that to me felt quite human, hurting me so that I cried out, "Oh, dear!"

"Excuse me," said he, "I didn't mean to hurt you."

Some one in the circle said he did not look like himself in the black coat. The curtain was closed, and before I could count ten, opened again, showing the same face and form, but clothed in a pure white garment. His appearance in this having been pronounced satisfactory, he disappeared, to be succeeded by another, who was announced as Dan Bryant. I went up with H— to shake hands with this form. I observed he was not nearly so tall nor large as the previous figure, and shook my hand in a very quiet gentlemanly way. Neither was the voice so strong; it was just raised above a whisper, and of an entirely different intonation. "I am in the same boat with you," said he, "both of us Catholics, but I found no purgatory here. The only one I experienced was the difficulty I had at first to communicate with my friends; but I have conquered that now. You did not know me in earth-life, but I would say to you, lead a good and true life here, that you may go on progressing when you pass over. There is no distinction of Catholics or Protestants in the other sphere."

Having said this he receded from view, the curtain closed, and after a few minutes the medium came out looking quite exhausted, and the seance was at an end.

This is a faithful account of everything as it occurred. I have given the exact words, as spoken by these forms, of all I remember. Much more was said than I have recounted, but as the substance only remains in my mind, I forbear to write what would be only ideas clothed in my own language.

In conclusion I would say that while I believed in Spiritualism, to a certain line, I was totally unprepared for the wonderful manifestations I beheld. I cannot and do not believe they were produced by any trickery or collusion, and yet the fact remains that I saw, spoke to and touched some half-dozen forms, all differing in size, height, and general personal appearance.

Some day it may be given me to comprehend

what now appears so mysterious. At present, I can only say with Hamlet: "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in (your) philosophy."

New York City. M. DEVLIN.
[Not having personally met with the medium named, and knowing nothing whatever, save general report, of her seances or her powers, we publish the above account at the request of its writer—taking no responsibility in the premises.—Ed. B. of L.]

Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

SPIRIT-VOICES.

BY CARABEL CHOZIER.

[Concluded.]

What could I do? I could not tell "Grannie" anything of this, for she would make the good old doctor give me another dose of blue pill, and that is all it would amount to.

One night about two weeks after the Van Dorn murder, "Grannie" and I had quite a long talk in regard to our going to the city where she had a large bank account, and deposit the gold we had in the house. At first she demurred, for she would not be happy had she not lots of money at her fingers' ends. But I told her that it was dangerous, and as the police had failed in getting any clue to the parties who had taken the Van Dorn, wealth, why, they were still at liberty to rob whomsoever they saw fit. And as we were considered wealthy in the little village, who knew; perhaps, it would be us next. "Grannie" shook her head, and was so worried that she forgot to have Margaret bring in her usual cup of tea. So we took our lights and went to bed, but I could not sleep. It seemed as if the room was filled with voices; some talking of the old "miser's" death. They appeared to be further away, but my mother nestled near me, and I could feel her soft cheek close against mine. I wonder now why I did not go mad with fear, though even now, at times, I hear that same voice calling me, "Dear Ruth," and sometimes I hear dear old "Grannie's" voice—but I will return to my story. My mother whispered in my ear: "You must begone from here; danger is near, my child. Go, go," and I answered, "Yes."

The next morning grandmother did not look at all well, she said that she did not sleep hardly any. "Have some more tea, 'Grannie,'" I said at breakfast. "No, child, I do not want any more. I dreamed of your mother all night," and the tears filled her eyes, while her dear withered lips trembled, and her soft white hands folded themselves together. "Did you, 'Grannie'?" what did you dream of?" "Oh! I thought she was talking to me, and she seemed so worried, and was trying to tell me something, but I could not make out what it was."

"Well, never mind, dear 'Grannie.' I guess the reason you did not sleep well was because you did not have your tea last night. Now, 'Grannie,' cheer up, and we will go to the city, put all our pretty gold in the bank, stop at that nice hotel where we have such comfortable rooms, and have a real jolly time."

"Yes, yes, I know what your jolly time means, you sly little puss."

"What does it mean, 'Grannie'?" I said, glad to divert her mind from her unpleasant dream.

"It means new dresses, ribbons, and all such silly things." Then we rose from the table, and went to her pleasant snug "keeping-room," and discussed our contemplated journey.

That night I did not hear any of the voices, and the next morning we went—gold and all.

We were there just four days when "Grannie" received a telegram: "Come home. House has been robbed. Margaret."

The paper flutters to the floor and for the full length of one minute "Grannie" is dumb.

"Well, well! of all things, this to happen to me!" said grandma, wiping the perspiration from her face.

I read it, and knew why I was sent from home.

"Ring the bell, child, and—here, here! I get me my bonnet, and—oh, dear! I wonder how soon we can get home! Goodness! was I ever so flustered in my life?"

The porter answers the bell and tells us we can leave for home in forty-five minutes. We fly around and pack our things, grandmother doing more to hinder than help, and at last we are ready to start. I look at "Grannie" to see if she is all right, then I burst into a laugh, for her bonnet is on so that the veil falls in back, and the milliner had designed it to fall over the face. Her glasses were on upside down, and she had one of my gloves, trying to make it fit her hand, which was much smaller than mine.

"What are you laughing at, you silly child? Do you think this a proper time to smirk?"

"Oh! 'Grannie,'" I gasp, "just look in the glass."

She does, and her laugh rings out clearer and louder than mine.

We arrive home and Margaret meets us at the gate with her face as white as cotton.

"You see, misses, I went down to stay with my sister last night, seein' as how her baby was took down with the croup. This mornin' I came back, and found the house—well, just as you see it. I left it for you to see, so as you'd know what them villains had done."

We entered the house, and there was everything scattered about, just as the thieves had left them. The old mahogany desk was split and broken. "Grannie's" room was topsy-turvy. The bed clothes were about the floor, for I presume they had thought grandmother had treasures hidden in the sheets. All of the every-day silver was gone, and everything that was portable, and of any value. But grandmother was a happy woman, that she had taken my advice, and left her hobby, in the shape of money, in the bank at C.

Two days later the robbers were found, much to every one's joy.

After that the voices grew less and less, until it was a rare occurrence for me to hear them; but always before any misfortune is going to befall my family or myself, I hear my mother's voice in words of warning.

I know that there are scoffers of any such thing, but to me it is a reality, and I firmly believe that we live hereafter as much as I believe we exist here; and I know that at times our dead are given the power to return to us, if we will allow them. But how are they to be heard if we deafen our ears with diabolical?

Oh! Bella (pointing to a wild plant by the wayside) "What's that?" Country Cousin—"That's milk-wood." Oh! Bella—"Oh, yes, what you feed the cows on, I suppose."

The Reviewer.

NICHOLS'S HEALTH MANUAL: Being also a MEMORIAL OF THE LIFE AND WORK OF MRS. MARY S. GOVE NICHOLS. By T. L. Nichols, M. D. 8vo, cloth, pp. 452. London: Published by the author.

A book that will interest nearly as many readers on this side of the Atlantic as upon that where, for more than a quarter of a century, the subject of its biographical portions lived and labored for the improvement of human conditions. In 1810, in a New Hampshire town, Mary S. Gove entered the sphere of earthly existence, the early years of which she describes in a brief autobiography that forms the first chapter of this volume. In the autumn of 1838, being then in her twenty-eighth year, she began her public work by giving a course of lectures on anatomy and physiology before the Boston Ladies' Physiological Society, which gave such great satisfaction that a second course was called for and given, followed by others in various New England towns. The fame of her triumphs reaching New York, Philadelphia and other cities, she became the recipient of invitations to those places, which she accepted, in every instance filling her engagement with great satisfaction to her audience, which in New York filled Broadway Tabernacle, then the largest public lecture hall in that city, to repletion. This was not done without encountering much opposition. She was then but twenty-eight years of age, and the appearance of a woman upon a public platform was an anomaly. She was attacked violently and shamefully; words were attributed to her she never uttered, and lectures she never gave. Only those who experienced the vicissitudes of a reformer and progressivist in those days can, in these comparatively liberal times, realize through what seas of grief and persecution they passed who were pioneers in bringing to public recognition the fact that the dissemination of knowledge and the inculcation of true and virtuous lives is not to be trampled by any limitations of race or sex. The history of the labors of Miss Gove at the outset of her useful career, as given in this book, will be read with deep interest now, and with still greater, mingled with feelings of surprise and wonder, by future generations.

The lectures of Mrs. Nichols (then Miss Gove) chiefly related to the health of women, and through them of children. They were eventually published by Harper Brothers, in a duodecimo volume of three hundred closely printed pages. Of this volume Mr. Nichols gives a review, presenting the leading portions of each lecture, which, together with similar extracts from her subsequent writings, mostly published in England, and chapters of like nature from the repertoire of his own large experience, constitute the "Health Manual," designated on the title page.

Notwithstanding Mrs. Nichols was a born seeress in her perceptions of character and condition, and her foresight of the future, she entertained at the time of the advent of Modern Spiritualism a strong repugnance to it. As an illustration of her powers of prevision, it is mentioned that previous to commencing her public labors as a health reformer, she, while prostrated by a serious illness, saw what appeared to be a scroll or sheet let down before her, on which was written a prophecy of all the more important events of her life, which as the years went on was fulfilled to the letter.

But it was impossible that a truth so potent as that which came rapping at the door of human understanding on the 31st of March, 1848, persistently doing so month after month, should fail to attract the serious attention of a mind like that which Mrs. Nichols possessed. In 1850, herself and husband then living in New York, she visited the then well-known and very effective medium, J. B. Conklyn, and became convinced that means of communion with those whom the world denominated "dead and buried" actually existed; and of these Dr. Nichols and Mrs. Nichols availed themselves whenever an opportunity subsequently presented itself. Of this Dr. Nichols says:

"We became satisfied, by careful investigation, both in America and then in England, of the objective reality of spirit manifestations. We saw, heard and felt the bodies of materialized spirits. Men trained to scientific investigations like Prof. Hare in America, Prof. Crookes and Wallace in England, and Prof. Zöllner in Germany, have published full and illustrated accounts of their investigations, which leave no room to doubt the reality of the phenomena. As to its value, that is another question. Every fact has its value; it is a element of science. The one thing proved beyond all doubt by the facts of Spiritualism is that the individual man survives the death of the body. It is certain that we live on—it is rendered probable that we shall live forever. Spirits do exist, and under favoring circumstances they are able to prove to us their existence, to write messages to speak to us, to appear again in bodily form, and let us see, hear and feel them. It is not easy to overestimate the importance of such experiences."

It cannot be expected that in these columns we can find room to give more than a brief view of a book which, like the one under notice, is in itself a full library of good thought, wise counsel, valuable suggestions, and solid instruction on matters of vital importance to the whole of mankind. We must, therefore, refer our readers to its attractive pages for further knowledge of its contents, with the assurance that a studious perusal of them will result in an increase of that wealth which they can enjoy in this life, and take with them to add to their possessions in the life beyond.

Misunderstanding Corrected.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I notice that one of your correspondents, writing from Keokuk, Iowa (BANNER OF LIGHT of Sept. 4th), takes exception to an idea which she understands me to express in my recent article on "Public Mediumship," namely, that "the control [meaning, doubtless, the controlling spirit] absorbs the mental and physical strength of the medium," or, as otherwise phrased, "consumes the medium's normal power."

Permit me to assure your correspondent that this is a misunderstanding. A careful reading of my essay will show that I made no such statement. What I said was, that, in its exercise, "every phase of mediumship, like every other form of activity, requires more or less expenditure of the nervous and vital forces."

This refers to the generally understood physiological law that all action, either physical or mental, is attended by some expenditure of force; and this, it was stated, if not excessive, is generally a benefit rather than an injury. This surely does not imply that "the control," or controlling spirit, absorbs or consumes this force. It is, no doubt, largely absorbed by the recipient of the communication given, or the healing power imparted, or whatever may be the form of activity. All mediums may not be conscious, on all occasions, of any depletion from this cause; and the expenditure, as I said, may be and is in many instances compensated from some source. Nevertheless, in other cases (as this young medium may yet learn from her own experience), the sense of exhaustion is unmistakable, and its results, if often induced, may be ruinous to health.

It is doubtless true, as she partly intimates, that the harm to mediums comes generally through contact with uncoöperating, gross, unspiritual and hard-headed mortals, with many of whom a public medium can hardly fail to meet—and hence the need of caution; yet some spirits who attempt to "control" are neither "intelligent" nor wise as regards protecting the health of mediums.

Let me add that I do not like one thing which is now becoming so common among Spiritualists—the use of the word "control" as applied to a spirit, and the idea that it implies. To be under the "control" of another mind, however intelligent, exalted, or wise, is surely not the highest condition for an intelligent being, though it may be useful temporarily for important ends. Many mediums are not "controlled." They are impressed or inspired, or

they see, hear and feel with clarified senses, but have meanwhile conscious possession of their own faculties, and can judge and act for themselves in relation to whatever is presented to them. This is obviously a far higher, and more desirable condition than that of subjection to "control," either conscious or unconscious. Let us "seek earnestly the best gifts," and the wisest use of them.

A. E. NEWTON.

Arlington, Mass.

[From the Golden Gate.]

Spiritualism Known to the Indians of the Ohio Valley a Hundred Years Ago.

About 1783, Jonathan Alder, then about eight years old, was captured by a wandering band of Indians, in Virginia, and conducted across the Ohio River to the home of the tribe, which was then on the north bank of the great Miami River, and now in Logan County, Ohio. So said Jonathan Alder in his journal, which Henry Howe quotes in his history of Ohio. Jonathan Alder stayed with the Indians until the treaty of Greenville, in 1795, when he and all the other white prisoners of the Indians were surrendered, according to the conditions of that treaty.

Alder was, when surrendered, about twenty-four years old, and had been married, according to the Indian forms, for some years, and had a family by his Indian wife. But he said they did not live well together, and, after the treaty, parted, and his wife and Indian family moved West with her tribe.

During the time he lived with the tribe, and after he was married to his Indian wife, he was taken into their confidence, and became as one of their principal men, was consulted as a chief, and attended all their councils. He was indebted to the late Henry Alder, the son of Jonathan Alder, for what I am going to relate. Jonathan Alder never learned to read or write, and Henry Alder, his son, became his amanuensis, and wrote at his dictation his journal. Henry Alder I knew well, and learned many things about his father's captivity and life among the Indians which have never been published. His journal was never published entire, and was separated, mutilated, and finally lost.

As he related, after he had gained the confidence of his tribe, at certain times the select men would arise into some deep and dark glen of a moonless night, join hands in a circle and sing, and that their spirit friends would come and sing with them in audible voice.

Henry Alder tried, he said, to remonstrate with his father against writing such an account in his journal, as no one would believe it, but he ordered him peremptorily to write it, as it was the truth, whether any one believed it or not. Thus we see that Spiritualism was known and practiced among the Indians in the Ohio valley nearly a hundred years ago.

T. J.

London, O.

The American Social Science Association.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The following is embraced in the report of this Association, which has just closed its proceedings at Saratoga Springs, N. Y.:

"Mineral Water at Home and Abroad," was the subject of an address by Dr. Titus Munson Conn of New York City. Dr. Conn emphasized the fact that such waters should be drunk judiciously, and under the direction of physicians who have made a study of them. Treatment by mineral waters, both at home and abroad, is destined to have a great extension within a few years, and he believed that treatment is to take on a sort of reciprocity or international character as our admirable native waters become better known abroad. In conclusion, Dr. Conn said that the mineral springs of our own country and of Europe are among the most valuable means of cure in chronic cases. They will bring relief and cure after other remedies have failed."

The above address seems to be a step in the line of monopoly for the Regular medical practice. How would it suit the visitors at Saratoga Springs to be obliged to be examined by some Regular physician, and have their cases registered and a certificate issued allowing them to partake of such and such waters, and no other; also be obliged to pay a fee for such a certificate?

It is ascertained that the waters will bring relief and cure, after other remedies have failed, as Dr. Conn declares, what is the need of going through the red tape of drinking waters under the direction of physicians? Why not let it remain as it is—a subject of individual and practical experiment by the party most deeply concerned? For the sake of our common humanity, let these mineral springs be kept free from falling under the interference and control of so-called regular M. D.s, since medical restrictive laws are on the statute books which prevent "irregulars" from practice.

COM.

Verifications of Spirit-Messages.

FANNIE BROWN.

In the BANNER OF LIGHT of Sept. 4th I find a message from FANNIE BROWN, which is correct. A year previous to her death I spent a few days with her parents in East Boston (cousins of mine), and thought Fannie was a very pleasant, bright girl. The last day of her life, as she was returning from school, on crossing the railroad track she caught the heel of her boot in the rail and fell, and the cars passed over her, taking off one leg, and otherwise so injuring her as to cause her death. She was an only child.

A few years previous to Fannie's departure her mother lost a daughter fifteen years of age, who, in her dying hour, called attention to a spirit-friend standing near, presenting a bouquet of flowers to her mother, saying: "I came to accompany Becca (Rebekah) over the river."

Respectfully, MRS. M. S. SEARS.

29 Quincy Street, Somerville, Mass.

JOEL W. RANDALL.

In the BANNER OF LIGHT of Sept. 11th, 1886, is a communication from JOEL W. RANDALL, of Boston. He is my wife's uncle, and I knew him well, and I should have known it was him even if he had not signed his name. He was a very successful business man, and honorable in all of his business transactions to the very letter. His place of business was 9 North Market street, Boston, a business commission merchant. A message from him I have desired for a long time, and it was received with much pleasure. "Long may your medium live in earth-life to afford us poor mortals such welcome treats."

Yours respectfully, G. F. HERRICK.

Augusta, Me.

POMPEIAN CLEANLINESS.—A recent letter from Pompeii to the American Architect says: "One thing is difficult to conceive without seeing it, and that is the gorgeousness of the interiors of the private houses. The colors are now faded; the columns are broken; the mosaics of the floors are generally nearly destroyed; the fountains do not play; the flower-beds are destitute of flowers; yet, even as it is, one is continually amazed by the brilliant effect of the interior walls. In one house the view rounded by gayly-decorated Corinthian columns standing before walls painted from top to bottom in a variety of colors, is really daring to the eyes. The old Pompeians lived in a rainbow atmosphere. Another striking thing is the absolute cleanliness. You may say that the dirt has all been taken away by the Italian government. That is true; but it is quite evident that, in the old times, it never was there. Our modern houses are not made to be clean as were the Pompeian residences. The walls, the floors, every corner of their homes were finished with the most admirable workmanship. In their rooms, no plaster and no furniture was of such excellent material, and so well patron, that it soon became like marble. They had no wooden walls, no cracks where dust could penetrate. Water for cleansing was found in every part of the house, and ran off through perfect drains. All the tables and bedsteads were of marble or bronze, and even the wall-curtains and the borders of the flower-beds were of hewn stone. Hygiene must have come naturally to the old Pompeians, and evidently had abundance to get a hygienic and comfortable life, and to escape disease, and to provide for the health of the people, and one of these carried his life off at last."

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

Read the card of Dr. J. R. Cooke, on our

The Earthquake.

Editor of the Banner of Light:—
Correspondent, "F. L. K." has given you publication on the recent earthquake. In conclusion, I will add a few points worth a moment's attention: New York Tribune stated that science fault in regard to accounting for it; and the *soi disant* is really science in this in other matters, we who are not add to a high seat in its close communion me many, Elihu-like, venture to show opinion.

or more places water was projected air with force as from a Geyser. An on one of the railroads extending—I think toward Atlanta—found the ch out of place. In mending the track it necessary to cut out pieces of rail—distance five feet; in another, two. The d become shorter, showing that the d compressed somewhat.

hooks came at Charleston when the highest. If I am rightly informed, the wells from which the water-supply is l were not affected. If so, the earth-like ocean-waves, did not extend down-ry deep.

one that Mr. Pluto, of Hades, if we may ek, boils his caldron on scientific prin-He does not use fire wood, not even rhodox brimstone, as that would speed-ist the atmosphere of its oxygen. He poetry of motion. The rapid movement earth suffices to produce heat enough pot, without Macbeth's "witches" to fire. But to suppose that "electricity hing to do with it" is a very crude Every new movement of a stellar body ent to excite the movement which we tric. Many as were the grim jests put out about the planetary perihelion of a few go, there is good reason for accepting ion that they largely influenced the o and atmospheric conditions of our It is much more than probable that the manifestations that have recently been d had their origin in disturbed mag- or, if you please, electricity.

pose a shock which would be vividly on a sand formation could be received ky mass and carried with little or no ation to a great distance, there to ex-elf. It would be on a similar principle at of a row of balls hanging up in con- you far them at one end of the row l keep quite still except the extreme he further end, which will fly off, as if e the entire force.

connection of volcanoes with earth- is not so well established as it may St. Pierre in the last century mentioned ere were near the seaside, or where water Jorralo in Mechoacan, (Mexico) was ng by two rivers that suddenly ceased above the surface of the ground; the oming into contact with explosive min- les beneath the earth, doubtless set the ings going. My worthy friend, the late mas R. Fraser, of Halifax, N. S., once d to me that he would not hesitate to ount Vesuvius.

ecular feelings of sensitives I am not d to consider. I think I was somewhat y the matter myself; but I did not suspect that Mme. Terra was making r, or posing in the character of terra The axils may have shifted; it does so , and many of the causes are still hid- am hardly in sympathy with the lady in New York, who uses the occurrence asize her warnings to repent, any more the clergymen in Salem or Charle- 727, who ascribed the great earthquake and declared him able to give a similar ation in the Carolinas; yet I do not ink that this globe of ours does all its n its own hook, enslaved to law, with- viving Supreme Intelligence. I sympa- rtly with the saying of Ralph Waldo n when the Adventist warned him of ing destruction of the earth: "We will uite well without it."

ALEXANDER WILDER.

English Items.

CHILDREN'S LYCEUM IN ENGLAND.
Sunday was the day appointed for the inaug- a Children's Progressive Lyceum in New- n, with H. A. Kersey as Conductor. Mr. tson was to direct the exercises, and in the deliver an address in Northumberland Hall, e Lyceum sessions were to be held, upon gressive Lyceum," informing his auditors of e and purpose of the institution.

OF PROF. BUTLEROF.—We deeply regret to the death of Prof. Butlerof, the distinguished vant. We are, as yet, in receipt of none of ulars of the sad event. In a letter which has ived by a friend of the deceased gentleman, ng the news, the writer says: "In fact, this eparable for his friends, for science, and es- or Spiritualism," in which he was an enthu- and firm believer to the last; and by his labors oally verifying the facts and the phenomena, ur movement popular to some extent among gues. We accord our deep sympathy with v, a sister of whom is now the widow of Mr. me.—*Light, London, Sept. 11th.*

ing-man's wife was walking in the crowded e other day, when a great robust fellow, in on with a slim boy about twelve, struck him blow on the side of the head. She remon- and received the usual return of ribaldry, writhed with pain, and, being clairaudient, an was told by her spirit friend to rub the with her hand, or he would be deaf for life, amputation set up would injure the ear unless. She at once did so, when the boy declared the pain left him. Her spirit friend at the e said, "His mother told me to ask this to be him." To test this spiritual statement, the asked the boy where his mother was, and he that she was dead. "There is," says the and *Daybreak*, in relating the above, "a beneficent spiritual power at work amongst e, that is little known, but is felt in many di."

Spiritual Meetings in Boston:

r of Light Circle-Room, No. 2 Bosworth Every Tuesday and Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock. n free. For further particulars, see notice on . L. B. Wilson, Chairman.

Spiritual Temple, at Berkeley Hall.— rom Oct. 3d to June 1st, every Sunday at 10½ A. M. M. H. Holmes, Chairman; Wm. A. Dunk- urer.

Spiritual Temple, corner Newbury and Streets.—The Spiritual Fraternity Society will e services on every Sunday P. M. at 2½ and even- . Hall, 34 Essex Street.—Sundays, at 10½ ½ and 7½ P. M., and Wednesday at 2½ P. M. b, Conductor.

Hall, 616 Washington Street, corner of Sun ways, at 2½ and 7½ P. M.; also Thursday; at e speakers and test mediums. Excellent music. Robinson, Chairman.

allistic Phenomena Association, Berke- . Meetings Sundays at 2½ P. M., from Oct. 7th to Address all communications "Spiritualistic Ph- Association, 1021 Washington street, Boston, J. H. Ricker, President.

en's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, Paine al Hall.—Sessions Sundays at 11 A. M. Seats invited. Benj. P. Weaver, Conductor; F. B. r, Cor. Sec., 45 Indiana Place, Boston.

Washington Street.—The First Spiritualist id Society meets every Friday. Mrs. H. O. Tor- tary.

—The Ladies' Social Aid Society meets every day afternoon and evening in the parlors of Mrs. t, Academy Block. Mediums and friends are in- . M. A. Dodge, Secretary.

Hall.—The meetings at the above named e largely attended last Sabbath. In the morn- Cobb, the popular manager, spoke elo- n opening the services, after which he in- gentleman, a stranger, who gave a fine eluc- the higher teachings of Spiritualism. Mr. tnam spoke with much enthusiasm on the e times as indicating the near approach of al condition never known on this planet. ed to the remarks of the stranger as being of- dered, exclaiming all he had during his long ex- by the stranger were being made he seemed er the control of spirits who were listening to ghton next addressed the meeting, and was y Col. E. C. Bailey, who paid a high tribute rk that healing mediums were doing to re-

Heve the sick and afflicted, and advised some of the Boston mediums for this phase to visit New Hampshire, where there were but few, and the people wanted their service. He must have forgotten that there is upon the statute books of that State a medical law that for bids their doing so.

Miss Dr. Webster spoke in a pleasing and instructive manner. Miss Peabody and Mrs. Conant gave tests and a reading.

Dr. Sell closed the services, and purported to speak for Judge Ladd to Allen Putnam and Mr. Cobb. The services were considered to be of more than ordinary interest during the entire day.

Boston Spiritual Lyceum, Paine Memorial Hall, Appleton Street.—A well attended session was held Sept. 19th. Conductor Weaver greeted the chil- dren with earnest words of encouragement and advice, and introduced Mr. D. N. Ford, Conductor of Onset Bay Lyceum, and for many years a faithful and untiring laborer in our school. Mr. Ford was very cordially welcomed. He said: "I am glad that I see before me so many of my old associates and co laborers. Many changes are constantly taking place about us, for we live in a world of change; but I am glad that you as well as myself are still so deeply interested in the Progressive Lyceum. Let us use the fleeting hours of this earthly life not only for our own spiritual culture, but the welfare of our brothers and sisters, and the liberal education of the children."

The topic of the day, "Kind Words," was then taken up, and both children and adults contributed their illustrations, some original, others culled from various authors. Mr. Horace Johnson concluded this ex- ercise with an excellent extemporaneous address, alluding to the blessings sure to follow the speaking of kind words on all occasions. Miss Amy P. Peters read acceptably "Hetty McEwen," by Lucy Hamilton Hooper, and Mr. Matthews sang "The Battle Prayer." Readings were given by Freddie Stevens, Harry Hall and Mrs. Francis; piano solo by Master Bertie Knowlton; and a charming song by Gracie Reales. Among our new scholars to-day was little Alice Ireland, four years of age. Topic for next session, "Truth."

FRANCIS B. WOODBURY, Cor. Sec.
45 Indiana Place, Boston.

Paine Memorial Hall.—The meeting held on Sunday by Dr. J. R. Cooke, for the purpose of intro- ducing several new mediums to the public, was well attended, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather. With the exception of a very fine inspirational ad- dress by Mr. Thomas Dowling, of Malden, the medi- ums were all before the public for the first time. The controls of Mr. F. E. Godfrey recited through him an exquisite poem, and followed with an eloquent address upon the necessity of mediastimic development, and of bracing spirit influence closer into homes and lives. Some marvelously clear tests were given by "Sparkling Water," the bright little control of Mrs. J. D. Bruce of Wakefield. "Spring Flower," Mrs. Elder's control, was next introduced, and bids fair to excel in giving tests.

A short but pleasing address through the medium- ship of Mr. Townsend, psychometric readings by Mrs. Bixby, and tests by Mrs. S. Meserve, completed the long and interesting programme. The inspirational harmonica playing by Prof. W. S. Sweet, of Taunton, was exquisite, especially the *encors*, which was ren- dered with great expression. A trio was given by Mrs. Low, Mrs. Cook and Miss Morton with much skill and vivacity. The kindest feeling was shown by the audience, and "Godspeed" was given by many to the new mediums.

Eagle Hall.—There was a good attendance at this hall, afternoon and evening, Mr. Robinson presiding. Mr. Allen Putnam was the first speaker, and awak- ened profound interest by his eloquent remarks. Mrs. Lunt-Parker spoke, and gave psychometric readings, as also did Mrs. Conant, Dr. Thomas, David Brown and Dr. Sell. The services closed with some fine sentiments from one who was a stranger to most of the audience. In the evening a full house greeted the speakers, viz., Mrs. Dr. Wright (from New Haven), Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, Mrs. M. A. Ricker, and others. Both sessions were highly enjoyable.

Providence, R. I.—The Providence Spiritual As- sociation will open its lecture season of 1886-7 at Blackstone Hall, Sunday, Oct. 3d, with Mrs. Dr. Lunt-Parker of Washington, D. C., as speaker, accom- panied by her six year-old daughter as test medium. Services will commence at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Our Society will start out under very favorable cir- cumstances, being unincumbered with debts, and an encouraging amount in subscriptions having been promised for the coming season. The following speakers have been engaged: Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, Mr. Eben Cobb, Mrs. R. B. Little, Mr. Geo. A. Fuller, Mrs. A. H. Colby, Hon. Warren Chase, Mrs. E. L. Paul, Mrs. N. J. T. Brigham, Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham, Mr. J. Frank Baxter, Mr. J. J. Morse. With this ar- ray of talent and the additional attraction of good music, we are encouraged to believe this will be the most successful season in our history. D.

Portland, Me.—The Portland Spiritual Temple re- sumed its meetings Sunday, Sept. 6th, after the usual summer vacation. Mrs. A. P. Brown of St. Johnsbury, Vt., occupied our platform Sundays, Sept. 6th, 12th and 19th. Mrs. Brown came to us directly from Temple Heights Camp-Meeting, and brought much of the ardor and spirit of the camp with her. Her lectures have been forcible, instructive and logical, and were listened to with interest.—Dr. Storer of Boston will lecture for the Temple, Sept. 26th. C. H. JEWELL.

Spiritual Meetings in New York.

Spencer Hall, 114 West 14th Street.—The Peo- ple's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2½ and 7½ P. M.; also Thursday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. No vacation for warm weather. Frank W. Jones, Conductor.

NEWARK, N. J.—The People's Spiritual Fraternity holds meetings every Sunday at No. 223 Halsey street, at 7½ P. M. H. M. Vreeland, President.

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