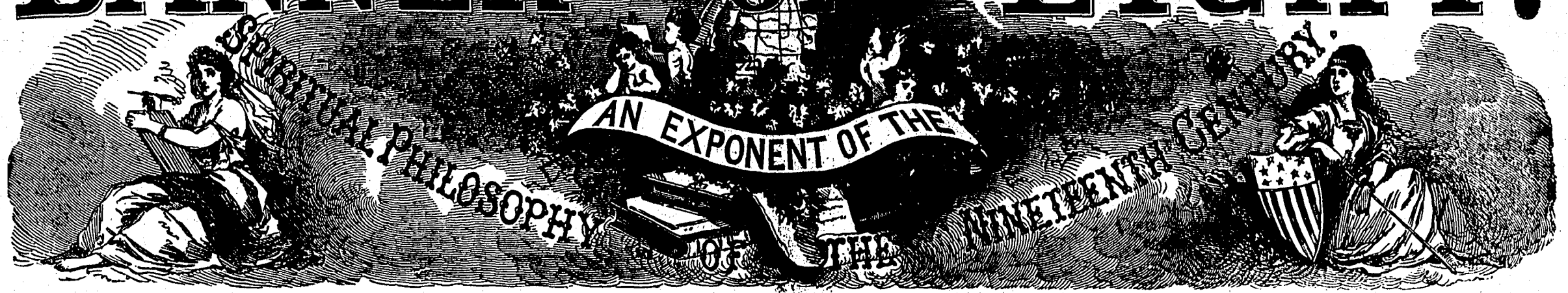


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. LX.

COLBY & RICH,  
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1886.

\$3.00 Per Annum,  
Postage Free.

NO. 6.

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## The Rostrum.

### WILLIAM DENTON.

Memorial Address by  
A. B. FRENCH.

Saturday, Aug. 28th, was observed as Memorial Day at Camp Cassadaga. The spacious rostrum in the Pavilion was beautifully decorated with evergreens and flowers. Over it was suspended a large-sized portrait of William Denton, beneath which was a vacant chair, each trimmed with vines and flowers.

At an early hour the Pavilion was well filled. President Bond opened the meeting with a few appropriate remarks, after which Mr. and Mrs. Lillie, assisted by the choir, rendered a musical selection. A. B. French then delivered the following address, which throughout its delivery held the close attention of the vast audience, many of whom manifested their sympathy with the speaker in the recital of the more pathetic portions by their tears:

ADDRESS.

MR. PRESIDENT—More than a thousand miles of land and three thousand miles of water lie between us and the little village of Darlington, England, where William Denton first saw the light. What mysteries shroud the birth of a human being! How wonderful the dawn of consciousness! No matter how lightly society may regard the advent of a young stranger into the arena of life, it is a significant thing to be born.

Birth means conflict. It decrees to us experience. To be born and live is to feel the sharp tooth of hunger, the sting of pain, the shaking chill, the burning fever, the loneliness of love, the madness of hate, the fire of passion, the shadow of regret, the sunshine of joy, and, at last, the icy touch of death.

William Denton was born to drink the full measure of all this experience. Could the wondering eyes of this little stranger, when they first looked out upon that January morning, in 1823, have seen all this, how gladly would he have returned to the mysterious realm whence he came! Nature is cruel, but she is also kind. She veils our eyes from the fate before us, and often bids us smile on the brink of danger.

William Denton did not come to this world with royal blood coursing in his veins. He did not open his eyes in any of the gorgeous palaces of England. But he had a better legacy than wealth. Nature gave him a noble mother, who did not shun the care of her child. The children of queens and princes are often taken from the maternal breast and committed to the care of strangers; but fate generally gives to the child of poverty the wealth of a mother's tender ministrations. And it was no misfortune to William Denton that his faithful mother, struggling with want, carried in her heart a warm religious faith. It is some comfort to a poor woman, sheltering her little ones in the midwinter of poverty, to feel that a kind father's hand will one day lift her burdens. Far better is it to have some faith in the darkness than to believe an unintelligent chance has woven around one a net of woe never to be broken; much better is it to trust and be deceived than to live in perpetual doubt.

William Denton's mother, with a fourth child now added to her burdens, had this deep religious faith. But with all her burdens she did not neglect the education of this child. At three years of age he began the studies which continued to the hour of his death. There is no finished education. Life is a school, and every day a rehearsal. Nor do the greatest minds derive their best thoughts from books. Nature is everywhere a teacher, proclaiming with eloquent tongue her eternal truths.

Although William Denton started at three years of age in the paths of the schools, no beaten track could long hold his independent thought. So rapid was his progress, that at four years he could read the Bible to his tolling mother.

He early manifested his love for books. The first ones he was permitted to read were furnished by the Sunday school. This class of literature, like the novel, is at best poor food for the mental growth of children. The Sunday school book, as a rule, proclaims most unreasonable ideas of God and a future world, and the novel the most improbable things regarding human life and this world. Both are deleterious to mental growth.

They disease the imagination and cripple the judgment. It is to be regretted that doting parents will feed their children with poisonous confectionery they would not themselves eat, and their minds with misleading ideas they have spent years in outgrowing and casting away.

Little did William Denton then dream of the riches in store for his inquiring mind. His boyish feet had not touched the verdant fields of science. By a strange providence in life, which the thoughtless often designate as chance, a new teacher came to the day school, one who had caught the rudiments of phrenology and who was experimenting with the galvanic battery. This opened, to Denton a new field of thought. He now began to read the magazines and to take his first lessons in geology. But he could not spend much time with books. Every hand was needed to help bear the burdens of the family. He was hired to a courier, as errand boy, at about sixty cents per week. Afterward his father hired him to a clergyman, from whom he learned that dishonesty is to be found in the pulpit as in other professions. His father soon permitted him to go back to the schoolroom. So, rapid was his progress that he was made assistant teacher, and a small salary paid for his services. This

no doubt encouraged the mother, who sent him to the grammar school in his native village, where he acquired quite a liberal education.

His school-life, however, was early broken. Gaunt hunger hovered over and about the family hearthstone. Bravely did the careworn mother fight to drive the skeleton from the door, but, with a sick husband, no alternative was left her, and William was again taken from school. At fourteen years of age he was apprenticed to a machinist. His good mother probably did not reflect that her son was not born for a machinist. Those who have the means to encourage the natural inclination of their children rarely reflect upon their gifts. How could William Denton's parents reason? The cold, hard hand of necessity was upon them, and he must be made self-supporting. But as the bird is impelled by a power it cannot define to seek a more congenial climate, so an unseen magnet was drawing him in the path of destiny.

He joined a literary society, which enabled him to procure books to read, and his evening hours were spent with Lyell and other geologists.

At this early age he began to study the rocks. While other young men were idling away their hours in foolish amusements, William Denton, with his hammer in his hand, was breaking the clasp to Nature's great stone book and gathering up fossils of departed ages. At about his sixteenth year he joined the Methodist Church and began his first public lectures. These were principally temperance talks and religious exhortations. Like all other young converts, he was zealous in this first religious experience. The old hymn says:

"Tongue cannot express  
The sweet comfort and peace  
Of a soul in its earliest love."

To deny the reality of religious conversion would be to deny the testimony of thousands of credible witnesses. In this experience he was no doubt sincere. But with his knowledge of psychology, in after years, he would have offered quite another explanation. He then, no doubt, felt God especially quickened his heart; but in his later life he would have referred it to human rather than to divine influence. So active was his nature, he could not be idle under this new impulse. He traveled with the clergy, and gave out hymns and led in prayers. But this psychic influence could not long fetter the channel of his thought. He read liberal books and made the acquaintance of church reformers. Soon the radical tendencies of his nature assumed supremacy.

He was now nineteen years of age. This is a period when young men generally manifest greater independence than discretion in their opinions. He was so zealous in the temperance cause that he refused to repair some machinery in a brewery, and his employer discharged him. Soon after he began his work as a school teacher, and lectured frequently nights and Sundays. So zealously did he fight for the cause of temperance that he was often in personal danger from the rum-drinkers. Before he had reached his twenty-first birthday, he had been pulled from an open-air platform by liquor-dealers and their friends, who were smarting under his keen wit and bitter sarcasm.

About this time financial disasters again overtook his father, and while he was expending all his income to relieve the family, he was discharged from the school for heresy. This was the most trying financial crisis in their domestic history. He could not obtain a position. He was a heretic; he believed in total abstinence and religious progress; the school-room was therefore closed to him. His ability and faithful service as a teacher were fully recognized, but he was a radical, and time-honored conservatism generally carries the keys to all public institutions. He at last obtained a clerkship in a railway station in London, and from this office he was transferred to Ashford, in Kent. Here he wrote his first essay upon the deleterious effects of tobacco, an accused weed, which has more willing slaves to day than any monarch on earth.

At Ashford, in Kent, he first felt the sting of Cupid's arrow. This was, no doubt, a turning-point in his life. Everything changes when love touches the human heart. Love's first dreams transport us into a new world, where not a cloud dims the rays of the summer's sun, nor a shadow hides the sweet face of moon and star. It is indeed a world fragrant with tropical flowers, and whose laughing, dandling rills, green meadows and sighing oceans, outrival the way-worn pilgrim's dreams of heaven. It was no doubt a great strength to him while battling with poverty and the hydra-headed monster intemperance, as also with religious bigotry, an equally dangerous foe, to know that some one loved him. Love nerves the weakest arm, and makes it strong to protect its own. Here at Ashford, in Kent, orders were often heard in the street announcing a lecture from William Denton. He was too poor to hire a hall, but he could use God's great temple, the open air. This church is always open, and all are made welcome beneath its starlit dome. Here also many a torn and ragged rock was investigated by him. He read from the great stone book of nature, the pages of which grew dearer to him each subsequent year of his life. It was also here he was made to feel most keenly the power of religious intolerance.

He advertised a Sunday lecture upon "A Hiredling Ministry," and a large audience gathered to hear him, but he was pulled from the chair while speaking. He went to the rooms of a friend and finished his lecture from the window. The lecture, however, cost him his position as clerk. The hiredling ministry against whom he had lectured influenced his discharge.

Once more thrown out of employment, he resolved to leave the land of his birth. To his intuitive mind the New World offered a field for his future labor. He sailed to this country in the year 1843, landing in the city of Philadelphia. When he reached the Quaker City, his estate consisted of between twenty and thirty dollars in currency. But another misfortune immediately overtook him. His purse was stolen, and he found himself in a strange land with only three cents in his pocket. This was an hour to test true courage. Behind him lay the pathless ocean and all his heart held dear. Before him a land of strangers and his purse empty. There was little time to reflect, as he had not enough to buy a meal. A hundred miles distant was a friend whom he had known in England, and he started for him, making the journey poor as the poorest tramp. He reached his friend hungry, his last penny gone. He was again doomed to disappointment, as his friend was too poor to assist him. He returned to Philadelphia without a cent, and pawned his watch to obtain food. He soon succeeded in getting a position as school-teacher in Jenkintown. He taught school until he saved money enough to bring his father's family and she who had stirred in his heart love's first dreams at Ashford in Kent. Shortly after their arrival he married Caroline Gilbert. It was about this time that he began to write out his "Common Sense Thoughts Upon the Bible." He was now working in an office as clerk during the daytime; in the evening he would write out his radical thoughts and Sunday evening lecture upon temperance.

If William Denton could recount to-day with his own eloquence the story of his life, he would no doubt pay a most touching tribute to the happy days he spent in the Quaker City. But alas for him they should have fled so soon! What life would not always linger in the first bright spring of wedded bliss? In those days fortune provided for the limited wants of all the family, and love shed a halo of light around every care. Why could they not last? Why does fate delight to lift a cup of woe to lips wet with the dewy kiss of love? Why does an inexorable law of destiny push us on, while we vainly boast of our own free will? Why does death covet life's most perfect fruit?

We shall fail to follow the rapidly-turning life-path of William Denton if we enter into philosophical discussion. In the midst of his joy a shadow came. It was the unwelcome presence of death. She whose love had nerved him to cross the ocean, and who had subsequently braved the dangers of the deep to join him in the New World, was suddenly summoned to the land invisible.

He had faced the intolerance of the church; he had felt the malice of the slaves who wear the cankered chains rum has forged about them; but these did not shake his firm resolution and intrepid spirit. He had been so poor he gave his last penny for a meal, yet never did plumed knight fight more bravely than did he with squalid want and icy poverty. But now in the midst of his success, and in the mellow sunshine of love's rosy morning, death drew over the sun of his life a somber veil. This is no new experience in the history of the race, but it was a new one to William Denton. It has not been given me to picture it to you. What tongue can portray the unutterable loneliness of hearts weeping by the grave of buried love? Is it any wonder that he whose rapidly-unfolding talents were to endear him to the hearts of thousands, should have then sought refuge amid the forests and hills of Virginia? Or that the orator should for a time have closed his lips, and begun the work of pioneer away from the haunts of men? The wounded bird seeks the loneliness of solitude in which to heal a broken wing, so wounded hearts often recover soonest when left alone. But he could not long remain in the forests of Virginia. "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." We find him next in Cincinnati, looking for a position whereby he might provide for his father's family. He followed the canal to Dayton, O., and there obtained a position as teacher.

During his work as teacher in the public schools at Dayton he finished writing "Common Sense Thoughts Upon the Bible." There is no other radical book in print which has served its purpose better. More than thirty years have now come and gone since he published that little volume, yet it stands to day the most concise, pointed and able work against the plenary inspiration of the Bible in print. In its pages may be found every objection raised by Mr. Ingersoll, and his school of thought. William Denton put before the public all the mistakes of Moses twenty-five years before Ingersoll. In fact, Mr. Ingersoll, and many others, are to-day reaping in affluence where William Denton sowed in poverty. Mr. Ingersoll reveals the discrepancies of the Bible at one dollar per head in the great cities of the country, but William Denton revealed the same facts, and many more, in schoolhouses in poverty, and at the cost of the position from which he derived his living. Ingersoll rides in palace cars to attack ancient myths; Denton walked on foot in mud and storm. Opportunity and great talent make Mr. Ingersoll the orator of to-day. But William Denton was one of the bold pioneers who have paved the way for the triumphant march of Ingersoll. Mr. Ingersoll's manuscript is eagerly sought by the best publishing houses in the land; but William Denton and his good wife, who now survives him, set the type for "Common Sense" with their own hands.

During his experience as teacher in Dayton and vicinity, he became more fully enlisted in his work as a public speaker. He began to be interested in psychometry, a science with

which his name will be associated in all future history. While he did not neglect his geological studies, he began to feel the reality of the invisible side of the world.

His sister, Annie Denton, was found to be a most excellent psychometrist. Indeed, I must here say, that noble, loving woman ranked among the best practical psychometrists I have ever known. She, too, has gone up higher, and left behind her the imperishable legacy of an earnest, devoted life.

During his life as teacher and lecturer at Cincinnati he met Elizabeth Foote, who became his wife and who now remains his widow. Her marked intellectual strength and her great love of knowledge formed no doubt a needed lever to lift William Denton to the position he so nobly won, and the work for which he was unconsciously ripening. Mrs. Denton proved to be a most excellent psychometrist. Her marvelous gifts were to him a talisman in every social and intellectual trial in his subsequent life. Indeed, his life with Elizabeth Foote opened up to him a new world. She was no doubt to him a balance his wonderful gifts needed to make them most effective. Did his ardent imagination lead him too far beyond the domain of solid fact, her more critical and skeptical mind helped to hold him within the bounds of scientific inquiry. Did his confiding nature induce him to trust too much to others, her keener intuition and marked psychometric powers were a ready witness to warn him of approaching danger.

Falling health drove him from the school-room, and at last he settled down to the real work of his life. He published "Common Sense," to which I have already alluded, and a volume of poems. Now he traveled, delivering radical and scientific lectures, which soon brought him in the field as a public debater. Returning from Kansas to Ohio and Indiana, he held some of the most notable debates of his life. I shall never forget the first time I saw William Denton. It was the occasion of his great debate with Rev. Carlton in Parkman, Ohio. The question involved the divinity and authority of the Bible. The discussion was held in the Universalist Church, which was crowded to its utmost capacity. Rev. Carlton delivered a most powerful speech, in which he claimed that all nations deprived of the Bible had no just conceptions of God; that the Bible was the first book in the world to reveal to man a benevolent creator. Denton's reply was the most wonderful half-hour address I had ever heard. I shall probably never hear another so full of keen satire, brilliant eloquence and merciless criticism as his attack on the God of the Bible. As the well-rounded sentences fell from his lips, like claps of thunder from a clear sky, some rose in their seats, unconsciously lifted by the power of his eloquence. So thoroughly had he disarmed his antagonist and overpowered his audience, that in a single address he had virtually won the discussion. Carlton rose to reply. He was pale and nervous, and it needed no seer to note that Denton had won a victory which could not be wrested from him. The debate continued to the end of the specified time, but Denton was almost universally acknowledged master of the contest. Nor was his antagonist in any sense an ordinary foe. He was a man who had reached the noontide of life, who had proved, perhaps, the most successful debater among the Universalist clergymen of Ohio.

It was in this iconoclastic era of William Denton's life that he was saved from the hands of a Christian mob by a friend, in Conneautville, Penn. A discussion had been arranged between Rev. I. W. Dun and William Denton, to begin Nov. 1st, 1853. The subject agreed upon was as follows: "That the Bible contains a true revelation to man from a Supreme Being." At the appointed time a great crowd gathered at Boynton's Hall. Many were unable to gain admission. Denton failed to appear at the hour. Just as the friends of Mr. Dun began to whisper that William Denton dare not meet him, Mr. Schofield, a citizen of the village, and friend of his, received a dispatch from him, stating that his stage was at Albion, ten miles away; that he would reach the hall at half-past eight o'clock, and requested his opponent to wait till that hour. At that time there was no railroad between Girard and Conneautville, as now, and the distance, twenty miles, was made by the primitive stage-coach. The roads at this time were almost impassable. So soon as this dispatch was read Dun and his friends began to manifest great displeasure. They claimed that Denton had not tried to reach the hall, and that they would not hold the discussion. Mr. Schofield, the man to whom he sent the dispatch, is a Canadian by birth, and as brave a little man as ever faced a foe. He had already dispatched a groom to harness his chestnut steeds, the fleetest in the village. In the midst of the excitement this little man mounted a seat and told Dun and his friends if they would adjourn the debate forty-five minutes by the watch he would have William Denton in the hall or drop the discussion. They consented, thinking Denton could not reach them. No sooner did they assent than Schofield ordered his groom to drive and meet the stage and bring Denton on time. The stage was met, and when perhaps fifty watches had scored forty-three minutes and all were fearing the discussion must close, Schofield's panting steeds landed William Denton at the hall. He had ridden all day and all the evening in the cumbersome stage-coach; no time to eat, no time to bathe, and the horses had covered his head and face with mud. When William Denton entered that hall, frail and mud-covered, there was cheering upon another side. Rev. Dun opened the debate, and when plain William Denton rose to reply hisses were



And as well as this universal law or God is enabled to guide and control man; planets, suns and systems, is it not reasonable to believe that it is enabled to direct the disturbing forces of nature, thwarting their destructive action, and preventing direful results, even where the attracting influences warrant such effects? Does it not manifest the same merciful spirit that a kind and forgiving parent would exhibit to an erring child—their lightning his burden or alleviating his afflictions to the degree that it may serve as a moral lesson instead of material or physical suffering? And last, but not least, does it not manifest a condition which is analogous to intelligence, will-power and love, or that which is spoken of by man as omniscience, omnipotence and omnipresence? We are not, but we are in fact, and have interpreted the same according to our beliefs, views and powers of comprehension, and it will be received as but an humble opinion of the writer.



# "WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN."

BY HELEN STUART-RICHINGS.

Men speak of the time "when my ship comes in,"  
As a day with joy in store;  
But some ships sink on the trackless deep,  
And only a wreck comes ashore.  
Some stand on the highways of life, and cry:  
"If only my ship were here,  
Its golden freight I would freely give,  
And homes for the needy rear."  
I would go and search for the aching hearts  
That abound in the haunts of sin;  
I would help them all, yes, indeed, I would!  
If only my ship were here.  
Oh! thou self-deceived! If that ship were now  
At anchor in yonder bay,  
From the wants and woes and struggles of men  
Thou wouldst selfishly turn away!  
Men speak of the time "when my ship comes in,"  
As the time friendship's debt to pay;  
But the ship may sink with its precious freight—  
Better pay what they owe to-day.  
Men speak of the ship that is coming in  
Laden with noble deeds,  
While one by one from life's golden cord  
Fall the hours like shining beads.  
Wait not for the ship that may never come—  
It may not outride the gale—  
But cherish the moments that now are thine,  
Nor watch for a coming sail.  
To-day there is need for a word of love—  
To-morrow may be too late;  
There are opportunities passing by  
While you sit on the shore and wait.

\*Inspirational.

## Banner Correspondence.

### Massachusetts.

WORCESTER.—"S. F. S." writes that Mrs. Carrie E. S. Tving addressed very appreciative audiences in Grand Army Hall on the afternoon and evening of Sunday, Oct. 10th. Both lectures were followed by music and tests. "These meetings," says our correspondent, "are gaining in favor each week, and new mediums are coming to the front. Not only are the meetings on Sunday of interest, but there are many public circles in different parts of the city. I attended two circles held by Mrs. J. E. Fisher, No. 308 Park Avenue. Although it is more than thirty years since my dear mother passed to spirit-life, she came in spirit and conversed with me as in years past she did in earth-life, telling me she still watched over her boy and guided his steps. There also came a child, who passed on at the early age of three years, but now grown to womanhood, giving consolation to her sister and brother. What can be more satisfactory than to be cognizant of such returns?"

SPRINGFIELD.—"B." writes: "Last month when the Connecticut Valley Congregational Club met at Shelburne Falls, Mass., an admirer of the late Mary Lyon, founder of the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary at South Hadley, Mass., read a memorial paper on the life and works of Miss Lyon. During the reading of the paper loud raps were heard on the table near the reader, and the clergymen and deacons looked in great astonishment at each other and at the table. No one visible was producing the raps. A clairvoyant lady was present (the wife of a well-known editor of the valley), who, on being asked the cause of the rappings, said in a whisper to her husband, 'It is Mary Lyon rapping. She is much pleased with some of the sentiments expressed in the paper being read.' It is still a mystery among the ministers what caused the sounds. They preach all their lives about heaven and angels, but are too blind to recognize the evidences of spirit-presence when they are given them."

BOSTON.—A correspondent writes that Mr. and Mrs. J. Alton, on a visit to this city from the West, received convincing proofs of spirit-presence at a séance of Mr. C. H. Bridge, on the evening of Tuesday, Oct. 5th. While Mr. Alton was tied at the side of Mr. Bridge, who was also tied, a hand appeared, minus one finger, himself and wife recognizing it as proof of the presence of a niece of theirs who had, when in this life, a finger amputated. The hand came into view a second time, and was seen by all present. He adds: "The report of Mr. Bridge's séance, given in the BANNER of Oct. 9th, is a candid statement of facts, as I have myself seen the same at Mr. B's séances."

### Missouri.

HANNIBAL.—"S. E. W." writes: "Our city was honored by a visit from Dr. A. I. Still of Kirksville, Mo., a short time since. He is truly a very remarkable man. As a psychometric reader and seer he has already proven his ability, as many of his predictions are literally fulfilled. As a surgeon he has few equals. He sets limbs that have been dislocated for any number of years. I know of one case, that of a lady whose hip had been displaced for forty-three years, successfully set. While here a man came to him with a dislocated radius. Three or four of the best M. D.s of H. had exhausted their skill, all to no purpose; they could not keep the bone in its place. They had used twelve ounces of chloroform on him, had pulled his poor arm nearly out of the socket to try to get the bone to go to its place, yet it would not. We, in company with some friends, were sitting in the door and on the walk (as the evening was very oppressive), when the gentleman came up. The doctor simply sat down facing him, took the arm up with his left hand, and for a few moments seemed to be feeling of the unruly bone, when, to our utter astonishment, he quietly remarked, 'There, it is all right now; it will be sore for several days, but that will all leave in a short time.' Skeptics jeered and M. D.s sneered until the man actually became uneasy and went to St. Louis to see a surgeon there. He came back satisfied, if he had not been pulled to pieces, his arm was truly set. He is now doing well. The crowning feature of the doctor lies in his simplicity of manners and tenderness and purity of heart."

We have no Spiritualist organization here at present, but many good, staunch advocates of the truths of Spiritualism and some faithful workers who are veterans in the cause; prominently among them stands the family of Mr. H. Hawkins; the great and good work they have done for the unenlightened will never be fully known on this side. A few of us are holding the fort in the way of a private circle, and from what we have already received we are led to expect much more in the near future. We have strong convictions that a mighty work is about to be begun, that will cause much rubbish to tumble. Thus darkness is disappearing and the truth is marching on."

### Illinois.

CHICAGO.—A correspondent writes: I note that a recent number of *The Tribune* (in the course of an article on the growth of the jobbing dry goods trade in the past), holds the following language regarding a gentleman who is a pronounced Spiritualist, and who has for many years been in full belief, and sympathy with the New Dispensation; he is also a veteran subscriber for the BANNER OF LIGHT:

"George B. Bowen was noted for his honorable, straightforward business, and his desire for the advancement of the city. He was a member of the Young Men's Library Association, and after the fire was one of the originators of the Exposition. He also sent around a petition calling for a meeting of the citizens to be held at Plymouth Church—now St. Mary's—to ask the Legislature to take property to support a free library in this city. This was the first step toward establishing a public library in Chicago. Mr. Bowen was also one of the founders of the Chicago and Pacific Railroad to Byron, Ill., and when he moved to Elgin was made Mayor of the city. He is now Manager of the Elgin Gas Light and Fuel Company."

### Kansas.

BRONSON.—A. H. Nicholas writes: "I went to Fairmount, Kansas, one hundred miles away, to attend the yearly meeting of Spiritualists, held Oct. 9th and 10th, at the residence of Celesta Denel. All present seemed to enjoy the occasion and instruction. Light and truth came from the angel-world to teach and guide us. A clairvoyant declared that the walls of the room were covered with spirits, and she saw thousands of the heavenly host around looking on the scene with thrilling interest. All appeared as real as the mortal present, and the walls of the building presented no

obstruction to their vision. Is it any wonder that our hearts were made happy, and joy beamed forth from every eye? We indulged the thought that we had a foretaste of the joys that await us in the Summer-Land; at any rate, we were as happy as we would wish to be.

The time was well and appropriately filled up with inspirational speaking on various subjects, music, etc.

After mature deliberation, I have come to the conclusion that Spiritualists are the best and happiest people in mortal life, so far as known. They are actuated by the best and truest principles, their counsellors and companions are pure spirits from the angel-world. There are in their system more incentives to live a pure and true life in this world than can be found in any other. On the principle that like produces like, persons who receive these truths into good and honest hearts will become good and wise."

### Michigan.

GRAND RAPIDS.—O. C. Howell writes us of the good work that is being done at that place by Messrs. Herlick and Barnes in the exercise of their mediumship, which seems to be of a character to convince the skeptic of the truths of Spiritualism.

KALAMAZOO.—Dr. H. J. Cox writes: "I wish to say for the benefit of any wishing to get sealed letters answered, and in justice to Mrs. Dr. Eleanor Martin of 73 W. Lane Avenue, Columbus, Ohio, that she has very accurately answered several sealed letters for me, and more satisfactorily than any one has before done. I can attest that the seals had never been broken or tampered with until they were received by me with their answers."

### Rhode Island.

NEWPORT.—John C. Peckham writes that to him there appears to be a great gulf between Spiritualism and what in these times is misnamed Christianity, and that there need not be the remotest fear that the two will ever coalesce. He says what is now known as Christianity bears no relation to what it was at its advent on earth; then Christianity and Spiritualism were about the same, now they are at the two extremes of religious faith. Christ, says our correspondent, is grossly misrepresented, and has attributes ascribed to him he never claimed to possess. The best of his teachings that have reached us harmonize strictly with those of Modern Spiritualism.

### New York.

DELPHI.—M. Carpenter writes: "It is the duty of the parents to protect their children while they are not able to protect themselves. They should not allow them to be rendered liable to be made sick by inoculation of poison into their blood, to crop out, sooner or later, like the bite of a rabid dog. They should also protect them from being taught a religion of fear to torment them (for fear hath torment), which, like vaccination, is useless and dangerous."

### Maine.

ROCKLAND.—Mrs. Gena Smith Fairfield—herself a poet of pronounced inspiration—writes: "I think those selections from Edith L. Willis's poems, in the BANNER of Oct. 9th, are truly beautiful. My husband and self greatly admire the BANNER, and could not do without it. Long may it be upheld to reflect the glory and splendor of truth."

### An American Bohemia.

To the Banner Readers:  
If you wish to shake off the conventionalities of modern life and dwell close to Nature's heart for a season, we will discover to you a new-world Bohemia, where you may enjoy a summer of gypsy life, with its accompaniments of healthful vigor and quiet nerves. Just take the Cape Cod Branch of the Old Colony Railroad—catch an express if you can, and fly past the pretty flower-beds surrounding the stations of the suburbs, through the old towns of Quincy and the Braintree, rushing along till you reach busy Brockton, where a short stop is made, and then on, without a break in the motion, through the Bridgewater and other towns, whose tall chimneys and heaps of slag tell of manufactures of present and past activity. And now the scenery changes, or rather is lost in the dense woods through which we dart, an occasional unearthly shriek announcing our approach to a weather-beaten station in a clearing. We peer down a branch road winding in among the pines, and wonder where it emerges at last. Again we pause, this time at old Wareham, with its old-fashioned buildings and reputation of former prosperity, in the days when the town did a large business in iron manufactures. Now we steam off, past the narrow, and at length arrive at our destination—Onset station. The pine forests stretch out before us in every direction, while near at hand the daisy-sprinkled fields meet the sandy road, where barge and dummy engine wait to convey us to the grove, a mile beyond. The road skirts the woods as we leave the station, and we take deep breaths of the delicious air, fragrant and spicy with the mingled odors of forest and sea.

After crossing a bridge which spans a narrow channel, we enter the main street of Onset. Give only a glance to hotels or stores, fruit-stands or ice-cream tents, for we are in search of Bohemia, which is over the borders of civilization. Look for a moment at the row of small buildings in the grove beyond the auditorium, but only for a moment, for we know these empty benches will soon be filled with an attentive audience, listening to lectures on Spiritualism, to entranced mediums and psychic readers. And we should be in the direct path of the crowd, when the falling rain sends them to the temple to seek better protection than is offered by the swaying branches over the auditorium. Scattered through the grove is every variety of shelter:

Here we see a tent with stove and cooking utensils, under a lean-to or a small building, with a tent placed on for a front room. Over there is a little wooden structure of two rooms, with shed-like roof and stove-pipe chimney; and near by, a twelve by fourteen foot building, boasting a pleasant piazza and guarded by two giant pines; while tiny houses and tents of every description spring up like mushrooms in our path. Having chosen your location and started house-keeping with as few encumbrances as possible in the way of wardrobe, furniture or crockery-ware, which means dish-washing, abandon yourself to the indolence which will soon steal over you; and earnestly do nothing. Here nature does not stir our pulses and incite us to deeds of activity, but she sends cool breezes from the bay, laden with the breath of balsam and wild rose which whistles "Hush!" to the tired nerves and busy brain, and they yield to the soft touch and are still. Once upon a time we came to Bohemia and went gypsying in all the country round; for, being a nomadic tribe, we wandered about in search of "fresh fields and pastures new." A sail and row boat bore us across the narrow windings of the bay, and sometimes, passing Wicket's Island, we would leave it to the quiet possession of the shade of the Indian obelisk, and glide on under the shadow of the South Boulevard, whose undulating bluff, shady and verdant, is crowned with cottages embowered in vines and blossoming shrubs, and finally touch the wilder shores of Indian Neck. Here, over blazing camp-fires, we made delectable chowders, fried the fish caught by our own fishermen, and boiled or roasted corn and potatoes. Our table was spread in a natural arbor, under a roof-tree of splay boughs, through which we had glimpses of the blue sky and drifting clouds. Surely the coffee was nectar fit for the gods, and our fragrant carpet of pine-needles prepared for us by the nymphs of the forest! What matter if a sudden shower sent the raindrops blissing on the corn and potatoes boiling in the pot? We could out pine-boughs and, improvise, a roof, shingled with a water-proof, a big Panama, or, perchance, some scanty garments left to dry by a careless bather; and, huddled under this partial shelter, in one hand a hot potato in its skin, the other holding a tin-cup of coffee, it was a situation—to quote Mark Tapley—"as was very much calculated to make a man (or woman) jolly."

When the fading sunset warned us of approaching night, we sailed slowly homeward over the quiet sea, whose glassy waters reflected the overhanging trees and the last dim hues of the western sky, to pass the picture of Onset and its surroundings here given you in appreciation of the fact that the "Banner of Light" is a journal of the spiritual world, and that its readers have not visited Onset in years past should keep the advice of Gilman. In mind, and make the pilgrimage to this charming spot next summer.

evening in hammock or rustic seat, watching the stars gladden softly overhead, the boats moored in the bay flash out their signal lights, or a fleet of yachts at anchor enliven the quiet scene with music and fireworks. Time falls to tell of the many points of interest, the lectures, the music by the band in the tree-shaded auditorium, the marching of the Lyceum with music and banners, and the visits to the house, deserted and half fallen into decay, where Daniel Webster is said to have sometimes sojourned when on a fishing excursion in the bay; and to the Rip Van Winkle-like house of Charles W. Sullivan, appearing to have been magically summoned from the oblivion to which it was suddenly consigned a century or more ago. We enter an immense front room, filled with the furniture, pictures and curiosities of "ye olden time," cleansed and restored to their original glory, and pass through into the kitchen, where in the great fire-place a little black tea-kettle is suspended by an ancient crane, and opposite, the dresser shines brightly with huge pewter platters and table service, while a glance at the open cupboard reveals the blue-plated ware of our great grandmother's day. The quaint bed-room is so fresh and bright in all its appointments that we look around for an old-time figure to resent our intrusion. Here Mr. Sullivan sometimes entertains his friends at an old folks supper and concert, and the effective setting of the picture can be imagined. We must leave you to discover for yourselves the pleasant walks through the woodland paths of Agawam. The ancient houses, unpainted save by the brush of time, overgrown with vines, and half buried in the rank shrubbery; the ponds carpeted with shining white lilies; and the deep sand of the roads, which makes traveling a burden to man and beast. To those who love to watch the birds and squirrels in their forest haunts, to listen to their songs and chattering, to hear the rustling of the trees, and breathe the odors of balsam and the moss-covered earth, a summer of gypsy life cannot fail to be one of enjoyment, and leave pleasant memories for other days.

### New Publications.

A DEN OF THIEVES; or, The Lay-Reader of St. Marks. By Mary Crozier. 12mo, paper, pp. 185. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

The efforts of one who found himself in a community where intemperance was rapidly growing evil to stay the hand of the destroyer are vividly set forth in this volume. As a matter of course those whose "business" he fought against became his enemies, and so deeply as to injure him physically to a degree that eventually caused his early death; but the good he had done lived after him; others took up the work, established as a substitute for liquor-saloons and their low attendants, coffee-rooms supplied with papers, magazines and books. The result was that the black wing of sorrow shadowed the town no longer, and the light of domestic happiness made sunny all its hitherto waste places. It is a book that all who desire to know and make known the best methods of working a reform should read and circulate.

THE TALES OF SIXTY MANDARINS. By P. V. Ramaswami Raju. With an Introduction by Prof. Henry Morley. Illustrated by Gordon Browne. 12mo, cloth, pp. 280. New York: Cassell & Co. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

The old and famous "Arabian Nights Entertainments" finds its counterpart in this attractive collection of legends, brought to us from China and India by one who, himself from those countries, enlivens them with his own wit and fancy. It is said to be "a real book of new fairy tales," and the boys and girls, as well as their elders, who may look over its pages, will be willing to attest to the truth of the claim. The author is a graduate of the Madras University, and a member of the Asiatic Society. The coming holiday gift season will establish its popularity.

STUDY OF THE ENGLISH CLASSICS. A Practical Handbook for Teachers. By Albert F. Blaisdell. A. M. Fourth edition. Revised. 12mo, cloth, pp. 300. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The advance made in the methods of study in the public schools since the first appearance of this book, ten years ago, has suggested certain changes which have been adopted, making the present edition all that can be desired as an aid to the study of English literature.

CASSELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY.—Recent additions to this valuable low-priced series of old classics are THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, by Shakespeare; with the Adventures of Glanville, and other Illustrative Pieces. RELIGIO MEDICI, by Sir Thomas Browne, M. D., with observations by Sir Kenelm Digby. THE DIARY OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, 1660-1661. MILTON'S EARLIER POEMS, including the translations by William Cowper of those in Latin and Italian. THE SORROWS OF WERTHER. From the German of Goethe. LIVES OF THE ENGLISH POETS: Butler, Denham, Dryden, Roscommon, Spratt, Dorset, Rochester, Otway. By Samuel Johnson, LL. D. Cassell & Co., New York. Boston: Cleaves, Macdonald & Co., 131 Tremont street; C. H. Whitting, Devonshire street.

### Verifications of Spirit-Messages.

LILLIAN A. OAKLEY.

I noticed in the BANNER OF LIGHT of Oct. 9th the spirit message addressed to Mr. John Oakley, of Macon street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and I felt it my duty to notify you that the party that gave it—his daughter LILLIAN—did pass over to spirit-life about three months ago; and as I know the family well, I felt it my duty to send them the paper—as I believe they do not attend any of our meetings, and would not have heard of it. I therefore wish to say that the message is true; also that the person named Allen in the message is known to me.

Yours respectfully,  
CHARLES E. CHEKESMAN.  
74 Albany Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CAPT. WILLIAM EARNshaw.

Urged by the spirit of CAPT. WILLIAM EARNshaw, I hasten to verify his message in the BANNER OF LIGHT. Soon after I came to this Home, Jan. 5th, 1885, I introduced myself to Capt. Earnshaw, then its chaplain and chief librarian, offered a BANNER OF LIGHT for perusal, and solicited the privilege of placing it in our Home Library. He replied that he would not touch or read the paper for one hundred dollars. I then said, "Mr. Earnshaw, I am a Spiritualist and a medium. I have investigated Spiritualism, know that it is true, and that there is communication between the spirit-world and this. If you read the lecture on the first page of this paper you will find that there is nothing in Spiritualism contrary to the teachings of Christianity." Capt. E. rather evaded a direct reply, simply affirming his belief in "Christ and his crucifix" as all sufficient. On the 18th of July following he passed to spirit-life. About three weeks after the event I had occasion to be up at midnight, when, all unexpectedly, Spirit Earnshaw appeared at my side and said, "I begin to realize that I have entered spirit-life; I feel that I am nothing, but plain Earnshaw; my position as chaplain and preacher in the Home avails me little. I have a great deal to learn and a great deal to learn." Two weeks after he appeared to me again and said, "I feel deeply the grief of my wife, family and comrades because of my departure; I am around my wife, but I cannot impress her with my presence, and I know that I have much of vast importance to me to learn in order to progress." All this message is characteristic of Capt. E., our once beloved chaplain, and true in every respect. Maggie, of whom he speaks, is his youngest daughter and was his favorite. Fraternally, FREDERICK HAASE.  
National Military Home, Montgomery Co.,  
Ohio, Oct. 9th, 1886.

THE FAITH OF A LITTLE CHILD.—At a certain country school it was decided by the members of the school to pray for rain, which was badly needed for the growing crops. At the appointed hour the people began to gather, and one little fellow came trudging up with an umbrella almost as big as himself.

"What did you bring that for, youngster?" some one asked, with a smile.

"So's I wouldn't get wet going home," was the confident reply.

It is safe to say that no one in the large gathering had come similarly provided; and that a hot, hot day of them all had, and that the little fellow had to catch the rain-water as it would pour from the roof in answer to the ascending petition.—Pittsburg Post.

### Curious Editions of the Bible.

The Geneva Bible, published in 1561-62, was called the "Placemakers' Bible," a certain passage reading "Blessed are the placemakers," etc. The "Vinegar" Bible, which says, "The parable of the vinegar," instead of the "vineyard," was published in Oxford in 1717. This book was published in Imperial folio, and is said to be the most sumptuous of all the Oxford Bibles. The printing is very beautiful, and some of the copies were printed on vellum, but, owing to the carelessness of the proof-reader, it has been characterized "a basketful of printers' errors." There is also the "wicked" Bible, which was printed in London in 1631, in which the negative was left out of the seventh commandment. Only four copies are now known to be in existence, as they were called in and destroyed when the error was discovered. A German Bible had the same mistake. But there is the "Persecuting Printer's" Bible, which says: "Printers have persecuted me without a cause." (Psalms, cxix: 161.) It should be princes instead of "printers." This was printed before 1702. The "Ears to Ears" Bible informs us that "Who hath ears to ear let him ear." (Matthew xli: 43) and was published by the Oxford press in 1810. Among others we may note the "Standing Fishes" Bible. "And it shall come to pass that the fishes shall stand upon it," etc. (Ezekiel xlviii: 10.) The word fishes is used for fishers in a Bible printed in London in 1800, and reprinted in 1813 and 1822. The "Bug" Bible, printed A. D. 1551, so called because our present rendering, "terror by night," was "afraid of bugs by night." The "Treadle" Bible, A. D. 1568, read, "Is there no treadle in Gilead?" instead of balm as now.

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In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of opinion on all subjects, but we cannot undertake to forward the varied shades of opinion which correspondents give utterance to.  
We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve manuscripts that are not used. When newspapers are forwarded which contain material for our inspection, the sender will confer a favor by drawing a pencil or ink line around the article he desires specially to recommend for publication. In order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Monday of each week, as the BANNER goes to press every Tuesday.

## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1886.

**PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE,**  
9 Bowdoin St. (formerly Montgomery Place),  
corner Province Street (Lower Floor).

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

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

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

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Business Letters must be addressed to ISAAC B. RICH, Banner of Light Publishing House, Boston, Mass. All other letters and communications must be forwarded to LUTHER COLBY. Private letters should invariably be marked "Personal" on the envelope.

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

### An Expiring Glimmer in Oregon.

The editor of *The Oregonian*, published at Portland, Oregon, has wreaked the full force of expression, as he measures it, on a statement of his total, profound and unrelenting disbelief in Spiritualism, and no doubt thinks that ends the whole matter. His summary way of denouncing those who still refuse to be convinced of an error which for them does not exist as underwits and worse, may be necessary to confirm him in the vaporous knowledge that floats in the temple of his intellect, but it will have no effect on minds not yet thoroughly infected with the deadly miasma of prejudice, and it certainly should not.

Spiritualism is not Spiritism (whatever that may be), says this learned and unlearned editor. The former he defines as "speculation," while he pronounces the latter "a question of fact." But how is even speculation to proceed, we would like to know, if there be no basis of "fact" for it to start from and proceed upon? And if Spiritualism, then, does proceed from a fact and rest upon a fact, we do not see but our brilliant assailant of its claims has sought to establish a distinction that is without a difference. If, as he asserts, fact is "to be tested by the weight of intelligent human testimony and judgment," then Spiritualism offers an abundance of "facts" to be thus submitted, and they are not to be bedogged or evaded by claiming that it is Spiritism that deals with facts, while Spiritualism has to do only with speculation.

There is "nothing unreasonable, ignorant or immoral in such a theoretical faith and philosophy," says *The Oregonian*; "but when we pass from the domain of speculative faith into that of materialistic proof that spirits do absolutely communicate," etc., etc., "we are dealing not with Spiritualism, which is speculation, but with Spiritism, which is a question of fact." And he confesses that he cannot see any unfairness in feeling at the proofs which are offered to substantiate these facts, while he neglects to say what he would think of similar sneers dealt out upon the results of speculation. What there is to constitute a valid claim to such superior respect for mere speculation while venting only contempt on the proffered evidences of fact, this daring reasoner in the clouds does not presume to suggest.

For example, this is the way he sets out with treating the proof that the phenomena of Spiritualism are facts: "Spirit-communication is an extraordinary assumption"; "the faith in spirit communication has always been prevalent in the homes of ignorance and superstition"; "the vast weight of intelligent testimony is the other way, and this testimony is not at all weakened by the fact that occasionally a man of large intellectual gifts and versatile intelligence has assented to an extraordinary assumption on contemptible evidence." Now if it be allowable to deal with legitimate and thoroughly sifted evidence after this manner, it is plain that all evidence is valueless. As if unconsciously satirical of his own position, which is one of assumption entirely, this editor makes haste to add that "the individual is never infallible, no matter how lofty his intellect, how large his learning." What a pity that he did not apply such an apothecatic statement to himself! or perhaps he will claim to be the single exception to the rule, and insist that, if no one else is, he at least is infallible himself.

Since almost every man of greatness and renown has manifested some weak spot somewhere, the sweeping inference of this mighty reasoner of far-off Oregon is that "no name, however great, can be quoted against the vast weight of intelligent human testimony on a subject that does not need to be traversed by science, but only by that reason and good sense upon which we rely when we test questions of fact in court before a judge and jury of our peers." But stop a moment, good and great *Oregonian* sir; if the truly superior intellects of the time are no wise to be rolled upon as witnesses to the fact of spirit communication, how does it happen to satisfy our very difficult friend, who counts even the investigation of science itself, that mere numbers can be brought forward to testify against it? Is there, then, a virtue for him in more numbers which he fails to discover in superior intelligence? It would certainly seem so.

But we refuse to let him off, upon even the numerical plea. We assert, and defy his suc-

cessful contradiction, that of the vast and rapidly increasing number of people who have given to the fact of spirit-communication any serious and prolonged investigation, the overwhelming majority are witnesses, not to the hollowness or falsity of the phenomena which establish it, but to their verity. How is he going to get over a fact so notorious as this certainly is? He does not make the attempt; he dare not do it. For only a few sentences further on in his diatribe he observes, apparently unconscious of all inconsistency, that "all good and sensible men are not good judges of evidence." Then whom will he summon into court as witnesses to the fact of spirit-communication for him? He discards the superior minds, because he finds flaws in them; not even Lord Bacon and Sir Isaac Newton and the other intellectual giants of the world being competent witnesses, in his judgment. He declares it to be "a subject that does not need to be traversed by science," which makes science of course a worthless witness. And at the last, after having professed himself content with the testimony of mere numbers, he throws up the sponge by admitting that "all good and sensible men are not good judges of evidence."

In the name of common sense, then, what would he have the believers in spirit-communication do? For he comes to the jumping-off place for himself at last, and says: "Finally, the personal experience and judgment of the individual is not the limit of human knowledge." Perhaps he has come to a consciousness of how little he knows himself, of the utter confusion of that knowledge, and of the great and abiding fact that present human knowledge, which may be supposed to include his own, is very far from complete. Ah! if he had but begun his epileptic assault on the facts of Spiritualism with some such utterance as this, which he is inevitably brought around to at last, he would have taken hold of the subject at the right end. Instead of that, he sets out in his article with intent to create the customary sensation of sheer impudence by making a wholesale denial of everything and asserting with oracular positiveness everything else—proceeds with the volubility of a literary crank loaded to the muzzle with great names, exhibits the boomerang method of attack by bringing home the nakedest inconsistencies—and ends off with regretting that human knowledge does not extend beyond the limits of personal experience. We make free to say that his knowledge evidently does not, and that his personal experience are yet capable of a vast amount of expansion.

### The Split in Old Theology.

So far as the public mind is concerned, all this Des Moines theological rumpus is only amusing. It raises no question of morals, and it affects no line of conduct. It is simply a rigid reassertion by the old triple-plated Calvinistic school of theology of the demoniac dogma that all are damned to everlasting woe by a so-called kind and loving All-Father, who have never had the opportunity to hear of the gospel which is said to have been offered for the express purpose of giving them a chance. If the eternal loss of even one heathen soul is to be the result of his not having happened to hear of the gospel, what profound and inexpressible grief should it not cause to ministers who profess to believe such a doctrine to think that there may be even a single soul of the hundreds of millions of heathen whom they have failed to reach. But the fact is, they do not and they cannot realize the meaning of the damatory phrase which is employed so familiarly by them—eternal punishment. It is used only in a theological sense, and for ecclesiastical purposes. And it is simply because our common sense and common humanity refuse to put up with it any longer that this revolt breaks out in the seminaries of theological learning themselves.

Just as the BANNER was going to press last week, the report became so common as to be believed that the five "second probation" professors at Andover were to be tried on a charge of heresy before the board of visitors, and the interest became general in the issue. The trial, as it is explained by the accusers, is not for heresy, but to demand how it is that those five professors, who are likewise the editors of the *Andover Review*, are entitled to draw their salaries, when they earn them only as teachers of doctrines to which they subscribed on entering upon their duties, but which they now reject. In plain terms, it is practically a charge of obtaining money under false pretences, so long as they continue to draw their salaries on a doctrinal basis different from the one to which they originally subscribed as the condition of drawing them at all. So that the accusers of these five Andover professors really allege business rather than doctrinal default, which takes the matter out of the theological domain for all that it has to do with living doctrine. To such a level has Old Theology been driven to descend in order to sustain its pretensions to authority and superiority!

The wiser heads in the Des Moines Convention, that evidently saw and realized what fatal mischief this discussion portended, were not backward in deprecating what had been done, and sought to avert further evil by stopping it where it was. It is not the province of this board—asserted one theological doctor—to turn aside from the work of missions to discuss theological questions. Another learned doctor thought the board should not take a position *ex cathedra* on a question outside its province. He considered that neither the prudential committee nor the board was an ecclesiastical body, called upon to pass upon questions of theology. But the inflammable material was at hand, it took but a spark at last to set it going, and the fire thus kindled will burn out the old rubbish before it is quenched.

The better to understand the spirit and meaning of this split in the Congregational Church of the United States, it is interesting to read once more the statement of the leading champion of the new departure—Rev. Newman Smythe of New Haven—in reference to it. He said:

"I would not walk across this platform to convert Dr. Withrow or any one here to any particular dogma, but would walk across this continent, if necessary, to prevent these fathers and brethren from adopting a most perilous, dangerous, unchristian and intolerant policy in conducting the work of the board." He insisted that the missionaries who had been rejected by the board had been misrepresented in their position. Not one of them, he said, affirmed a belief in the future probation, but only expressed a doubt concerning it, or were not prepared to subscribe to its opposite. He appealed to his hearers to say just what they meant, to have the courage of their convictions. "If you believe so," he added, "say plainly that no candidate will be endorsed who does not believe that probation and the chance of salvation ends with this life. Do not adopt any ambiguous resolution. Your action is very far-reaching to-day, far beyond New Haven and Andover. If you take this pro-

posed action, it may call home some of our best and most successful Christian workers abroad. Consider its effect upon the young men in our theological schools who are thinking of giving themselves to the missionary work. I know something of their spirit. They are waiting to see whether this board will allow them to go forth in the spirit of the liberty of the gospel. You should require no further tests of soundness of faith from our young men in the seminaries than you do of the professors who teach them and the pastors who preach to them."

Such a fervid appeal, however, proved of no effect upon the hardened Calvinistic Board that evidently thinks more of dogma than it does of the damnation it so liberally entails. It was finally decided, after some more good counsel and the reading of a letter from the President of Yale College and its endorsement by the venerable ex-President, Mark Hopkins, of Williams College, not to leave the matter to the board and the prudential committee to dispose of, but in "difficult cases," turning upon doctrinal views of candidates, the prudential committee be advised to call a council of the churches to pass upon their fitness for mission work. But the board was not content simply with this. Old Theology, that loves to consider the heathen eternally damned for no fault of their own, but simply because it so pleases the All-Father whom it also loves to call infinitely benevolent, could not adjourn its meeting and go to its self-styled Christian homes without first voting, by two-thirds of its numerical strength, that the board approves what the prudential committee has done; and that it looks "with great apprehension upon certain tendencies of the doctrine of a probation after death, which have been recently broached and diligently propagated."

There the matter stands for the time, but not for all time. It looks like a "tempest in a teapot," which for all practical purposes it is; but it is just one of those entering wedges, providentially provided, for rending asunder the hardened log of Old Theology and converting it into the faggots it is only good for. The chief interest of the matter to the community is that it marks a movement to be classed among the other movements which result in mental emancipation and spiritual progress.

### A Case of "Faith-Cure."

A clergyman's wife in Brazil, Ind., has recently experienced what she terms a "wonderful cure wrought as by miracle," which is made the subject of lengthy disquisitions in some of the religious papers, none of whom would give it any credence had the same occurred among Spiritualists or been ascribed to the real agencies by which it was effected. The lady had suffered many years from a disease that had resulted in her complete prostration. Being educated from infancy in the evangelical beliefs, when in answer to earnest prayer, and placing herself in a quiet, passive condition, a spirit approached and was able to impress her with its presence, she immediately concluded it was "the compassionate Saviour," who had come to aid her. She says: "Two or three times the presence seemed disposed to withdraw, but remained at my importuning. This continued for about twenty minutes, when I was more than ever convinced I was to be healed."

The deep-seated conviction in her mind that the spirit friend was none other than Jesus evidently overpowered all ability the spirit had to make itself known, even if so disposed. Doubtless it was plain to the spirit that under that guise only could it accomplish its purpose to cure, and it of necessity adopted the situation. Had an attempt been made to change it, it is highly probable the zealous clergyman's wife would have been led by all her religious teachings to have declared her spirit visitor the evil one, instead of "a heavenly presence," and in place of imploring it to prolong its stay, she would have said, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and the spirit being thus repelled would have failed to reach her, or accomplish its mission.

The account she gives indicates the true nature of the spirit-healer, who itself made no claim to be "Christ"—that was her own declaration; not believing any one of her friends who "slept in their graves" could appear to her, and having been taught that her "Saviour" could, she, as a matter of course, believed "the presence" to be him, and none other. She says:

"The presence slowly departed, but left the comforter, who seemed to say: 'Thy faith hath saved thee.' I expected the healing that night. I mentioned the matter to no one, but after the family had retired I renewed my prayer for the healing. Christ was very near to me. He stood at the side of my bed. It seemed I could touch his heavenly person. I prayed until midnight, when, overcome by weariness, I fell I must sleep."

"A voice" then, following out the line of the lady's conception of who the spirit was, said, "Canst thou not watch with me one hour?" The result was she "watched" three hours. After this, "the voice saying all would be well," she felt at liberty to sleep. Having attained sufficient strength to be carried to church, she says that while there "a sweet sense of Christ's presence filled my soul, and the voice said: 'You are now ready for the healing.' Returning from church, I lay upon my bed conversing with Jesus. I asked him to heal me just then." Evidence was then given her "that the disease was rebuked." Soon after she prayed that the disease might be entirely removed, and she received evidence that it was done. She reports subsequent conversations with "Jesus," together with experiences that indicate her mediumistic powers—"gifts of the spirit"; and finally, after eighteen months of utter helplessness, she was a well woman. In closing she says:

"Next morning I took down and moved my bed out of the parlor, carrying feather-bed and mattress myself with ease. I walked more than a mile to visit a parishioner, discharged my domestic, and took charge of my household affairs, doing washing, ironing and all other household work, which I have continued to do to this day; all this, too, in addition to the burdens belonging to a preacher's wife. My soul bows low at Jesus' feet, in humble adoration to him who only doeth all things well."

It matters little to the spirit or band of spirits who produced the cure to whom the credit is awarded. The fact that it was done is sufficient compensation. When for the subject of the beneficent labor the "mists have rolled away," the truth will be revealed to her understanding that not to Jesus alone but to other spirits who may so desire is given the power to "heal all manner of sickness and all manner of disease." Then, possibly, she may learn that her restoration to health at this time was brought about by some dearly beloved friend who once walked in earthly form at her side, but who, having passed beyond her mortal vision, returned to be her "great physician."

Dr. James R. Cooke has an announcement on our seventh page to which the attention of the reader is respectfully invited.

### For Spiritualists to Consider.

The very natural supposition, if distinctly stated, would be that the belief in spirit presence would make the one holding it more spiritual. But it proves to be none the less the fact that a person may fully believe that he holds individual communion with an invisible spirit, and be no more spiritually inclined than another person who refuses to believe in the possibility of the thing altogether. In short, it is perfectly possible for a person to call himself a believing Spiritualist, and still remain practically destitute of spirituality. But what does Spiritualism mean? what is the use of it? In what possible way does it help to advance the race in the direction chiefly desired, unless it tends to spiritualize the human mind and human conduct? These are very serious questions to put, and by no means unreasonable.

It is indeed strange, and it is rightly regarded as strange, if so momentous a revelation as that of immortality to the individual consciousness has no visible or practical effect whatever. Yet in point of fact how many there are who notoriously profess personal belief in Spiritualism, but are as little affected by such belief as if it were some affair purely and wholly external. Such persons really interest themselves only in that which constitutes the purely external of Spiritualism. They fail to penetrate below the manifestations which convince them of the vital truth thus manifested. They stop at the reception of the former, and straightway go about setting themselves up for teachers on this basis only as their capital.

This pitiful tendency is to be chiefly and primarily regretted because of the serious loss to the spirit which it entails. Little know those who are its victims how widely they miss of the true riches which genuine Spiritualism has to bestow upon their needy natures. With such an abundant reward of their investigations, they are content to carry away the mere husk and envelope of the truth that awaits their reception and assimilation, leaving the fruitifying portion unappropriated. Did such persons wait humbly and patiently for the entrance of the truth in all its ripeness and fullness into their lives, they would be the last ones to assume a dictatorial tone, and would be perfectly content to exhibit the real power and the great riches of the new revelation in their life and character.

There is nothing like complaint intended in this justifiable criticism of many people who freely call themselves Spiritualists, since it is only their own affair that they either come short or go wrong; but it is highly proper, and the time is especially ripe for the utterance, to bring out to the candid and reflective attention of all professing Spiritualists alike the fact that the lack of genuine spirituality causes far more upbraiding of Spiritualists by the public than ought to be the case if there were no such grounds for it as there notoriously are. The glad tidings of a demonstrated future existence, changing blind faith into seeing knowledge, are far too precious to be suffered to pass unheeded by the human spirit, like news on a daily bulletin board, bringing nothing like new life into the being, working no visible and abiding change, and falling utterly of any accomplishment such as the influx of higher truth into the heart ought naturally to secure.

### Don't Know—but Wants to Be Protected by Law!

A drowsy, bigoted medicaster who evidently does not know "what's o'clock," but supposes he is living in some other age, is at present emitting sleepy yawns—preparatory to awakening, let us hope—in the columns of the *Boston Herald*; in one of his latest he asserts that there is no cure for cancer, either through interior medication or outward remedial application. Whereupon a lively and learned correspondent of that paper proceeds to shake him soundly in a nearly two column article which the special pleading of the *Herald* editor in his defense wholly fails to overturn, since that official dodges at the outset the very point at issue. This correspondent proves conclusively that the individual "Dr." under criticism is not up with the times, and has not troubled himself to keep posted, but depends on what he learned about the knife previous to his somnolent period, while the great world has gone on to new discoveries, concerning which he either knows nothing, or which he will not or cannot see through the purblind eyes of professional prejudice.

This correspondent proves from the works of the distinguished regular surgeons and physicians—Napheys (of Philadelphia), Esmarch (of Kiel), Marsden (of London), Langenbeck (of Göttingen), et al., on the one hand, and from the records of what has been done by the irregulars (as testified to before the Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature and elsewhere) on the other, that cancer is curable, and that if he (the bigoted before mentioned) don't know it, the more's the pity. This same bigoted would like to be protected by law from the successful irregulars, and have the slot put without appeal into his hands for treatment(?). How do the people of Massachusetts like the prospect?

### The Vaccination Cruelty to Children.

Mr. William Tebb of London, who, as is well known, allows no opportunity to pass unimproved whereby he can show to the public the gross wrong they are subjected to by laws compelling them to poison their blood and that of their children, has lately addressed a letter to the Hon. Secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, of which Mr. Tebb is a member, calling his attention and that of the Society to the fact that while the law forbids ill-treating and torturing children it does not recognize that children can be tortured by vaccination, and that not only during the operation but for years following. He suggests that this subject is one which calls for the action of the Society. In support of his position Mr. Tebb quotes from a letter by Dr. Altmatt, published in the *London Times* of Aug. 31st, 1882, after the notable vaccine disaster at Norwich, in which he says: "Some of the vaccinators use real instruments of torture. Ivory points are driven into the flesh, and wounds ensue which become crustaceous, and in delicate children fatal," and those who have witnessed the prolonged suffering in such cases, which not unfrequently terminates fatally, testify that no death could hardly be more dreadful.

Those interested in the welfare of children in this country, especially if connected with societies established for the same purpose as that which Mr. Tebb addresses, should look to this matter and do something to arrest this wholesale but wholly needless form of cruelty—a cruelty that is not confined to its immediate victims, but is liable to bequeath to future generations an inheritance of lifelong suffering.

### A Cruel Deception.

Many and varied are the deceptions practiced upon the unsuspecting public by professional swindlers and soulless money-grabbers, and, unfortunately, it is the very poor, those who have not one penny to spare from their own grinding necessities, who are generally imposed upon by the rascals who should be hunted out and placed in the penitentiary for their misdeeds. Among this class of rogues are those who, through attractive advertisements in the daily papers, induce poor women to send certain sums of money for samples, etc., to the advertiser's address, promising that an easy and profitable way of making money will be taught by return mail. We warn our reader against this form of advertising, for it is but a snare to entrap the unwary and to draw the hard-earned dollars from the pockets of the poor. We cheerfully print the following article which has been sent to us by the President of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of this city:

The public may be interested in the results of the offer of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union to learn and report on the character of advertisements and circulars promising women work at home on receipt of money for materials.

This offer was published in all the Boston dailies six months ago, and it still appears, each paper in turn giving it one week's gratuitous insertion. Our investigation has shown the existence of a cruel and widespread fraud, for in the long list of parties thus advertising we have not yet found one that does the business it advertises, though in a few instances a small quantity of work may be given out in order to secure witnesses in case of arrest for fraud, while the promised materials even if sent are never worth the money demanded for them.

As some cheek to this evil our Union issued a warning circular, five thousand copies of which were sent for publication to newspapers throughout the country, and has received in response numerous personal calls, and over twelve hundred letters of inquiry, chiefly from remote sections of the country, many of them giving accounts of disappointment and loss by the home-work fraud. This, of course, is only representative of the vast number reached by our warning, but at the same time shows the wide dissemination of these plausible promises.

We cannot express too warmly our acknowledgments to the press for its valuable assistance in this work, which all must admit to be of vital importance.

ANBY MONTON DIAZ,  
President Women's E. and I. Union.

### An Indian's Prophecy.

In the year 1774 George Washington met at the mouth of the Great Kanawha, while he was making a journey down the Ohio river, the old Sachem who wrought great havoc in Braddock's army. He came forth to honor Washington, accompanied by other Indian warriors. After introduction he addressed him thus, through Nicholson, the interpreter:

"I am a chief and a ruler over many tribes. My influence extends to the waters of the great lakes and to the far blue mountains. I have traveled a long, a weary path, that I might see the young warrior of the great battle. It was on the day when the white man's blood mixed with the streams of our forest that I first beheld this chief. I called to my young men and said: 'Mark you tall and daring warrior! He is not of the red coat tribe; he hath an Indian's wisdom, and his warriors fight as we do; himself is alone exposed. Quick! let your aim be certain, and he dies.' Our rifles were levelled—rifles which but for him knew not how to miss; 't was all in vain—a power mightier far than we shielded him from harm. He cannot die in battle. I am old and soon shall be gathered to the great council-fire of my fathers in the land of shades—but ere I go, there is a something bids me speak in the voice of prophecy: Listen! *The Great Spirit protects that man, and guides his destinies. He will become the chief of nations, and a people yet unborn will hail him as the founder of a mighty empire!*"

### In Memoriam.

Not a reader of the present issue of the BANNER can afford to neglect perusing the touching and eloquent tribute which that grand orator, A. B. French, of Clyde, O., pays, on our first page, to the memory of Professor William Denton. While it is richly laden with facts and deductions, the discourse is also a prose-poem, whose excellence, if we mistake not, will receive enthusiastic recognition everywhere.

THE SPIRIT MESSAGE DEPARTMENT affords a transcript of what occurred at the sittings held at the Banner Free Circle Room, Sept. 24th and 25th—the report embodying the answers made by the Controlling Intelligence to queries regarding reincarnation, astrological law, the material or spiritual source of occurrences, spirit-consultation, etc.; Andrew Baker desires to appeal to the recognition of friends in Memphis, Tenn.; Mrs. Isabella Joy wishes those who knew her in Albany to also know that she has returned from the other life with pleasant memories; John Thompson would like to meet his friends in Boston; John L. Franklin returns to fulfill a promise made to one now residing in New Orleans; Sarah Lane has cheerful words for loving hearts in Bridgeport, Ct.; Harriet Barton comes to call the attention of friends in Kansas City and elsewhere; W. H. Collins, of Whitehall, N. Y., gives what bears interior evidence of being a strongly characteristic message; Capt. Ernest Lane, late of Chelsea, communicates to friends in Massachusetts; Florence Beck has a little girl's word to say to her father and mother in Philadelphia, and L. Judd Pardee gives a ringing communication, in the course of which occurs the following forcible summing up of existing conditions and the duties laid by the necessities of the times upon all the adherents of progress:

"I call upon my spiritual co-workers to be more earnest and faithful in their labors than they have ever been before; to hold fast their standard of truth, their convictions of right. I can see and dimly feel, and perhaps I get it more fully from higher intelligences than I can read it myself, but I understand that there is to be a great commotion in human life, not only in social and political affairs, but in the atmosphere around us; that there is to be, so to speak, a storm of a revolution, peacefully made, not by blood and warfare, but through the changing evolutions of time, and what we may really call a new dispensation is coming to mankind."

THE IOWA MEDICAL LIBERTY LEAGUE has called a convention to assemble at Des Moines, in that State, on Nov. 16th, at 2 P. M., with an indignation meeting to follow in the evening, at which it is hoped the friends of constitutional liberty as opposed to medical monopoly will rally in goodly numbers. The cause of this action on the part of the League is found in the fact that the State Examining Board under the Doctors' Plot Law has just arbitrarily decided it will "not issue certificates to physicians on evidence of five years' or over of practice," this singular decision in the light of the law being sustained by Attorney General Baker. This estops, Jan. 1st, all who shall publicly profess to cure or heal, by any means whatsoever, who have not a diploma. We trust the Convention will have a grand success, and that good may result from its labors.







## Message Department.

### Public Free-Circle Meetings

Are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, 9 Bosworth street, (formerly Montgomery Place), which is open only for the purpose of holding public free-circle meetings. The meetings are held at 8 o'clock, and services commence at 8:30 o'clock, at which time the doors will be closed, allowing only the friends of the circle to remain, except in case of absolute necessity. The public are cordially invited.

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

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

Natural flowers in our circle-table are gratefully appreciated by our friends in earth-life who may feel that it is a pleasure to place upon the altar of Spirituality their floral offerings.

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

(Miss Buchanan's name is not to be used, but she will give no private sittings at any time; neither does she receive visitors on Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Fridays.)

Letters for inquiry in regard to this medium should be sent to the BANNER OF LIGHT, 9 Bosworth street, Boston.

Lewis B. Wilson, Chairman.

### SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

Mrs. M. T. Netherland.

Report of Public Séance held Sept. 24th, 1886.

#### Invocation.

Oh! our Father, we come to thee for sustenance and good cheer; our souls are hungry; we crave the bread of life, a draught from the clear waters of living truth, and we feel that we will not be denied, but in thine own tenderness and pity thou wilt supply every want of thy human children.

We would draw into close and holy communion with the pure and good of every here; we would receive from them inspiration and guidance that will uplift our souls and strengthen our hearts. Oh! may we with this hour find the fountain of living truth and wisdom, and drink deeply from its depths. And while we crave these blessings, may we remember that we have a duty to perform; that we are here to do good, to lead the world to cultivate harmony of spirit, and to send forth a feeling of love and good fellowship that will bless all we may reach; and at all times may we feel that we must proceed faithfully and honestly with the work of life.

#### Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Your questions may now be presented, Mr. Chairman.

Ques.—(By Mr. J.) In replying to a question on "reincarnation for a special purpose," the intelligence answering said, in substance, that a spirit desiring to correct mistakes in earth-life, at a suitable period takes control of the little body about to appear in earth-life from the mother, in order to regain lost opportunities and lost experiences. The question I wish to ask is: Will the spirit inhabit said body throughout all earth-life exclusively? And will its friends in spirit-life know where it is?

Ans.—The spirit under such circumstances as those described may find it an easy task to return to earth and take upon itself the body which it desires; it may find difficulties all along the way, but finally, through perseverance and the exercise of soul-force, or, as you call it on earth, will-power, the spirit will eventually—(If decided in its determination to again inhabit a form on earth—come into connection with some prospective mother with whom it can be magnetically attached and pass through the experience of a mortal birth, taking upon itself a new form, and gaining needed discipline.

Yes, the spirit will control or possess one body on earth exclusively—as your spirits do to day. There is no difference in the career of a reembodying spirit on earth, externally or physically speaking, from that of one who has never before possessed a mortal form; but the reembodying spirit is always in advance—in mental attainments, in spiritual power, and sometimes in physical proportions, in symmetry—of those associates around it who have not had such an extended experience on earth as it has undergone. The spirit-friends in the other world of such a spirit can, if they have risen above the physical limitations of matter, follow that spirit constantly, be with it in its career, guide and inspire it, if they are more highly advanced than it, and assist it by their influence to gain that discipline and experience which it feels it requires.

Q.—(By same.) In its fortunes or misfortunes will said spirit be subject to astrological law?

A.—To an extent, yes; so far as the physical body is subjected to the physical laws of the universe. That is, the case with every human being dwelling on earth, we understand. Planetary law affects human life, and to that extent the reembodying spirit may perhaps be affected by planetary law as much as any other spirit on earth, unless it has gained experience, knowledge and wisdom through a study of such law, through a study of the planetary bodies and their movements, that will enable it to guard against such physical adversities as may come to it through the operations of that law.

Q.—(By same.) Will the said spirit select as to time of entry and surroundings of life, and to attain a famous name in history?

A.—Attains of this order do not always desire to gain a name famous in history, or famous in the world, in any direction. One spirit may be exercised by the desire to come to earth and live a career that will be marked before the world; that will give it prominence, glory and renown; and possessing a positive, determined will, may pursue its researches in connection with earth, until it discovers the conditions, the means, to gain the fulfillment of its desires. It will travel from point to point, until it comes in connection with a female whose magnetic conditions will supply just those surroundings which it most needs. Another spirit may feel that it is deficient in mental training, in spiritual unfoldment, and, in order to gain what it requires, it must needs pass through another discipline on the earthly plane. It has no desire to become famous in history, is humble, meek, lowly in aspiration; consequently will seek out those surroundings and conditions which will provide the means of living a comparatively needed life, as it were, from the great world's amphitheatre, that by study, by reflection, by the endeavor to assist its fellow-men, it will gain that mental unfoldment and spiritual training which it feels is required for the perfection of soul-life.

#### Andrew Baker.

It is true I feel somewhat a stranger in coming to you, Mr. Chairman, but I have been so cordially welcomed by those whom I have never seen before on this spiritual side, and invited to speak from this place, I feel that perhaps I shall not intrude.

Really, sir, I have no means of reaching my friends in the vicinity where they reside. I come all the way from Memphis, Tenn., seeking an interview with friends who live there, who will perhaps wonder at my coming here so far from home.

I was never in this section of the country before passing from the body, but I have visited such places as this, in the North, several times within the last few years, and I must say that I feel attracted to them. If I could induce my friends to open some such a meeting as this, and do all in their power to come into communication with their friends who have passed on from this world, and get something intelligible from them, I would do it to a great deal of good. This is not a common thing with us; in the southern portion of the country very few know that it is possible for the "dead" to return at all. If my friends have any clearly defined idea in relation to it, they undoubtedly think of me as being dead, buried, and passed away from all recollection of earthly things, and I come here to assure them they are mistaken if that is so.

In times of war I was ready to do my part in maintaining what I believed to be right. It was true the cause was not a successful one, and we were obliged to lay down our arms and gracefully submit to defeat. I did not pass away under those circumstances, but I lived a long while, and glad I was to see peace reinstated all over the country, and to realize that after all right and honor were maintained. I was not fighting for what I be-

lieved to be wrong; the principles involved I thought were good and true. I was only mistaken, and I am ready to say that thousands of my brothers at the South had the same mistaken idea—their hearts were warm and true, but they were mistaken in judgment.

Well, my friends would hardly expect to hear from me unless I said something of this kind, but I talked with them a good many times before I passed away on this very question, and we had some discussions long and deep. They could not all feel as I did; some of them were a little sore, and not altogether pleased with the results; but take it all in all, I think we were ready at the last to say all things work together for good for those who try to do right.

I will not take up any more of your time, Mr. Chairman, but I thought if I told you how well I was getting along in the spirit-world, and that I have no desire to come back to life, only to meet those who are dear to me, to give them a word of encouragement to press onward, and ask them to try and form themselves into a circle to gather news from the upper country, it would be very pleasant to me, and perhaps, also, to those for whom I come. My name is Andrew Baker.

#### Mrs. Isabella Joy.

And I come, trusting that my dear friends in Albany will be glad to know I have returned, even after such a lapse of time since I left them for another life. I went away with no shade of sorrow in my heart, for although I was not a believer in Spiritualism, yet I felt that all things are governed by a wise, overruling Providence, and that "he doeth all things well." It seemed to me then, as I have found it since, that he could only provide in love for his human children, and if he took them away from a life here, he must provide for them something at least as good, and probably very much in advance of the old, and so I went without a fear of return.

I come back in the same spirit of trustfulness to my friends. They know what my opinion was when here, and I wish to tell them I have found all things pleasant on the other side. I have only looked for sunshine, and it has shot across my path. I have seen no heavy shadows, no darkened conditions. I have a pleasant home, and my dear little ones, who were taken from me, are given back to my heart. I have them safe in the spirit-kingdom. They are not near their children; they have grown in years and stature, they are beautiful beings, and try to do God's will in loving service to humanity; so I feel that I am blessed, and in returning to my loved friends on earth I come with a gift of love, with spiritual tokens of peace and good will, with sweet offerings of flowers to strew around their way, hoping I shall be received. I do not ask them to accept what I give here without investigation. I would like to have them try to learn something of this belief or philosophy, and discover for themselves its truth, if they have any wish to near their own homes, if they want to seek for I believe the light is given to every soul that advances and opens the doorway to it; none are kept in darkness who really desire to walk out into the sunshine. Isabella Joy.

#### John Thompson.

It is not a very long while since I passed away, Mr. Chairman, and I have friends in Boston, young friends, whom I would like to meet, and other friends, not young in years, who perhaps would, if they could see me standing before them, believe that the dead come back, and it might make them happy. I have tried to show myself in such a way that they could see and know that I was with them, but I do not succeed as I wish, so I come here to speak a few words—here in Boston, where I am known, and where I have friends. I think they must hear of my return, and I hope they will be glad that I have come.

Thirty-one years and a half passed over me, and then I was called to the other life. I cannot say that the prospect seemed pleasant to me; when I opened my eyes in the spirit-world I was not altogether a flood of sunshine at first that greeted me; there were clouds, and I could not see clearly, but in a little while those conditions, coming up from the earthly side, passed away, and then I could see that I was in a world very much like the one I had left, and that its people were going to and fro, buying themselves with different occupations, and it came to me that I must go to work too, if I wanted to be happy as they.

Well, I have been working. I have been trying to get back, too, at the same time, and I am glad to be here, because I think I shall accomplish something by coming, perhaps get a word to a friend, or induce someone to look into something, and to learn if I really have the power of speaking again. I do not feel very strong as I come; there is a pressure around me, which is not altogether pleasant, but I have nothing of that kind in the spirit-world. Sometime I hope to come again, and talk more fully with those whom I knew in this city. John Thompson.

#### John L. Franklin.

A few years ago, Mr. Chairman, I promised a friend of mine in New Orleans, when I died, if I did so before himself I would, if possible, come back and give him some evidence of immortality. I was not a Spiritualist, nor was he, yet we both loved to read, and to delve into these mysterious things which I believe you have learned to call Occultism, to discuss them, to speculate upon them. Not a very great while after my promise I suddenly passed from the body. I had no warning or expectation of being summoned hence, therefore I did not leave my earthly affairs in just the condition I would like to have done. I had no means of straightening them out to my satisfaction. For some time I felt annoyed and puzzled, and altogether disheartened, as I saw the power had come to me and said, "We will give you the choice to go back to earth and take up your material affairs and settle them as you wish, or go forward and enjoy the most glorious life you can imagine, on the spiritual side." I would have chosen the first, because I felt that I belonged here; but after a while I saw that some very good friends of mine on earth were doing the very best they knew how to arrange my affairs and bring them into a satisfactory condition. That made me feel kindly toward them; I felt drawn to their vicinity, and I must say that I drew to me a new thought of life, a new idea of what an influence from a spirit might be.

In that way I learned of the power of spirits to return and manifest to mortals. Then I thought of my promise to my friend, and I tried to appear to him in person, but he was a sort of hard-headed chap, and had no more of the gift of second sight, or spiritual sight, than the most obtuse individual I know of. However, I have been to Robert; I have tried my best to accomplish what he wished, and I think now he may learn that I have come to this place, and that I am anxious to help him. I see he has some perplexities in mind—things don't move as smoothly as he wishes, and I am very anxious to help him over a rather rough road.

I not only bring greetings to this friend, but to many others. While I have a good many kind and gentle friends on the spirit-side, I believe I can say that I have a number of friends on earth who have felt kindly toward me in the past, who have, when I have seen adversity, extended to me a helping hand, and I remember each one with affection. I would do all in my power to assist them in some way that is needed. My name is John L. Franklin.

#### Sarah Lane.

I am Sarah Lane, and my friends are in Bridgeport, Conn. I was a poor girl when here. I worked hard for a living. I did not earn enough to give me all the pretty things that I sometimes wished I had, and I was not always contented with my life, but I tried to be cheerful because of those friends around me. I did not know that the spirit-world was as beautiful as it is; and when I knew I must die I felt sad and rebellious, for although life here was hard, yet it was something I could take hold of, and I knew nothing of what was to come. Before I passed away, however, I became more reconciled, and I learned to part with the things of earth with a certain kind of resignation, so that when I did awake in the spirit-world, I was not unhappy.

I have seen other spirits cling to the body to the last moment. I have tried to make my friends know I come to them, but somehow, when I come close to them, I feel weak and languid, as I did when here, not strong as I was in the spirit-world. I have very kind friends with me here, and they have ever given me the assistance I needed. I do not have to labor in the same way that I did on earth, yet I do not like to be idle. I never could bear to think I was wasting time, and I try to keep every moment occupied on this other side.

I would like very much to have an opportunity of talking to my friends privately. I have many things to say to them. I wish to speak of some little effects which I left here, and which have been stored away for the last few years. I can find a way of getting to them in private, and speaking my mind on these things. I send my love to all. Johnnie also sends his love. I am a bright, active spirit.

We very often come together to visit our friends, and try to bring them some influence which will make them happy, which will make them ready to bear the burdens of life, feeling there is something bright beyond, something that will compensate for all the sorrows which they find on earth.

#### Harriet Barton.

I think, Mr. Chairman, I was here at nearly every one of your meetings last year, trying to reach my friends, but without success; at last, I find I can say a few words, and it makes me happy. My name is Harriet Barton. I was not acquainted with this part of the country. My friends are in the far West; those to whom I come to day are in Kansas City, Missouri. There is a lady who reads your paper who is acquainted with members of my family, and I trust she will give my letter to them, that they may know I have come back in this way.

I did not promise to come, because I knew nothing of the road, nor that one had power to do so. I thought that when people died they went far away from earthly scenes, and that they would have no contact or thought of home; that all connection would be lost between earth and the spiritual state. I find I have been much mistaken. The ideas that I clung to have proven false, and I was greatly astonished when I entered the spirit-world and saw my mother and other friends, appearing almost the same as they did on earth, only perhaps a little brighter, a little less careworn and sad from the toils of life. I could not realize that I was dead—I could not understand my condition.

When the full truth came to me I wanted to come back to those whom I knew on earth and tell them the true story. At first I was a little sad about giving up my opinions—those that had really been a comfort to me in the past; but when my new friends on the spirit-side showed me that I had something much better to cling to—a really beautiful life, with kind and loving companions. I felt it was best that I should know the truth, and not cling to old false ideas.

Please give my love to my friends, and tell them if any of them have given them a message. This is my first success, but I hope in the future to manifest again and again somewhere, perhaps nearer home, where I hope to talk with them each time, and I trust I shall give something that will prove useful and truthful to them.

#### W. H. Collins.

[To the Chairman.] Well, Captain, hope I see you well? I am very glad to be here, and pretty well tucked out trying to get here. I do not mean to-day, but I have been five years trying to say a word, just to let the boys know I am alive. Now it is getting pretty near on to five years, and not a "call" gone out to them. Well, it seems as though I ought to be punished, but it isn't altogether my fault. I had the will, but I could not seem to find the way open to me, going to any "fires," because we don't have any fires, or any destructive work going on in that direction.

Now, I want to understand I mean just what I say. I know that sort of doctrine was preached once, of a state of fire in the future; but I do not know anything about it. I think the fire must have been put out long ago by one of the new engines that have come into use. Anyhow, I tell you I am getting along very well; I have some tip-top friends on the other side; I am all moving along and trying to do our best.

Now, if any of the boys here want a life, I feel that I must be the one to come and give it to them. Of course, they do not see me, and do not hear me when I call to them; all the same, I can use a sort of an influence, a kind of a spiritual "fire extinguisher," that will put out to an extent some of their crosses and unpleasant conditions, and help them on, up to brighter things. I'll try to use it the best I can.

I'm not much acquainted with this line, Captain, and you will excuse me if I don't make a good use of it. This is rather a small engine for me (referring to the medium); but I am so heartily glad to think I came at all, I'd be ready to use even one of the old hand engines, if I could not get any better, and if I could get to the boys of Cook Engine Co., I should feel as though I had accomplished something.

I'm not sorry I went out as I did. I think it was a very good way to go out after all. I might have been given more time for preparation, but I don't know but it is just as well as it is. Of course at first I didn't feel just exactly satisfied, but when I looked the ground over, I saw how things were, I thought: Well, I am in a good condition here as I was before, and I think I must be right.

I would like, sir, to have a talk with my friends. Of course, I expect every spirit who comes back is wanting to find a way to get right close to his friends and speak, and if I am looking for that, I hope I shall succeed after a while. I began to think I never would here, but as I have, I believe I can accomplish most anything. W. H. Collins, of Whitehall, N. Y.

Report of Public Séance held Sept. 28th, 1886.

#### Questions and Answers.

Ques.—Does anything occur on earth wholly independent of agencies in the spirit-world?

Ans.—We know of no occurrence that arises from a purely material or earthly source. Life itself springs from the spiritual; natural laws operate from a hidden, spiritual centre; humanity is moved and swayed upon through this earthly experience, by spiritual influences, by "force"; even little occurrences that seemed to spring to life from external conditions may, and are, may be caused by the invisible springs of action, being of spiritual source. Man, placed here on earth to derive certain experience through contact with matter, would be poorly equipped indeed were he not environed and operated upon by spiritual laws and by advanced spiritual intelligences. An intelligence passing on in the spiritual world, exploring its conditions and phases of life, experimenting with its laws, finds himself constantly unfolding in thought and power, and perhaps comes into a condition through which he may perceive how to utilize his knowledge for the benefit of mankind. He returns to earth, seeks among its inhabitants for a brain, a mind adapted to his use. That mind may be a thoughtful one, it may be given to study and to exploration; and it opens before the returning spirit a field for usefulness. Acting upon that mind, the spiritual intelligence uses his magnetism to stimulate the mental powers, and in so doing he can drop a thought or an idea into the mind of his mortal coadjutor, and in this way bring to humanity some new discovery, some new idea, some new invention, or the explanation of some hidden law. The world looks upon the man of genius and pays court to his mental powers alone, not understanding that there has been a spiritual assistant or perhaps a spiritual inspirer behind the mortal, causing the operation of that mental force which has given to the world a new idea or a grand discovery. This is but an example of what spiritual power and spiritual intelligence are doing for man through every department of human life.

Q.—In cases where an individual says regarding a proposition, "I'll think it over," does he not during the process of thinking that ensues, consult with his spirit attendants, and receive from them a solution of the problem, and definite replies to his inquiries?

A.—The man who, in listening to a proposi-

tion, concludes not to act hastily upon it, but to give it mature consideration, attracts to himself the attendance of spiritual friends who are interested in his welfare; probably they are wise and can perceive what will be for his best advantage more clearly than he can do himself. During the interval of thought, while the mortal is waiting to give his answer, these spiritual attendants are busy exerting upon him their influence, seeking to impress his mind, to guide him in what they consider the right direction, and if he be at all sensitive or susceptible to spiritual influences, if he be inclined to withdraw for a period of meditation from the external frictions and cares of life, and enter into his closet for this purpose, undoubtedly the spiritual attendants will be able to influence his mind, and to impress upon it just that idea or conclusion which they feel best for him. Sometimes, however, mortals will not act upon the deepest convictions that come to them in relation to important matters, and being allured by the attractions held out by some seeming friend, or some pleasant prospect, pay deference to them, ignoring the deeper, more prudent considerations that come through angelic or spiritual impressions, and thus they reap experience and discipline through suffering, which may, however, prove useful to them in after time.

#### L. Judd Pardee.

Good-afternoon, Brother Wilson. I would be pleased to say good-afternoon to all my friends of earth. I feel faces that are familiar to me; I feel that there is a sort of spiritual kinship here with me that gives me strength and gives me pleasure. I bring greeting to all my friends. Some time has elapsed since I have spoken to them through mediumistic lips, yet they may know I am not idle, nor in spirit am I silent; I constantly call out to them with the affection of my inner being, sending them my influence and my sympathy, and asking for their blessing in return.

The thought struck me to day that I would like to stop in and give such greeting to my friends, and tell them that I am still busily associated with spiritual workers who are striving to advance the interests of our cause, and to disseminate truth all over the world; for to me there is nothing so priceless as truth; nothing so grand as knowledge; nothing so debasing as ignorance and error; and when I have a truth, I feel culpable if I do not give it forth unto others. It is something so imperishable that the further we extend our truth the more freely we give of it; and large is its supply. I feel it is not like the fleeting things of earth. If, below our material possessions upon others, we may strip ourselves, but I believe that also may be a good work, for our spirits may become enriched thereby; but with truth, if we hand it out to one and another, impressing their minds with its value and glory, we find it is constantly coming to us; that we are growing brighter and stronger in spirit; and I do want every human being to possess this priceless treasure, know and understand the laws of life and the destiny of the soul.

Agree with your spiritual chairman, when he says that not an invention or a discovery is made on earth but what it has been foretold and been prepared on the spirit-side. I believe that every great thought that has moved the world has not only been born in the minds in heavenly life, but it has been vibrating through the universe, again and again, reaching one heart and another; although some may not have been able to give it expression, they have received it as fully as the one fortunate instrumentality that has given it a full manifestation before mortal comprehension; but to my mind that does not detract from the power and ability of the mental grasp of those on earth who have thinking minds and expansive brains; it does not detract from their years of study or of research; they are just as valuable in the world and to the world as though the efforts they made were inspired only by their own lives, as though the productions they gave forth were the results only and solely of their own mental powers. I think a man deserves credit for every thought he has which is original, so far as this world is concerned, which is not used and has not been used before; and in making use of his inspirations, he will find himself growing constantly in spiritual grasp and mental attainment, until he, too, becomes one of those lofty souls on high, who can grasp ideas from the universe itself and send them down to mortal comprehension.

But I am not here really to preach, Mr. Chairman, this afternoon, though sometimes, when I get on this strain, I hardly know where to leave off, I find so many ideas crowding in upon me, and I find that I am in constant wish, with the opportunity to give a thought and blessing to my friends was too great a temptation for me not to avail myself of.

I wish to say a word or two more, and that is in relation to the present time. I call upon my spiritual co-workers to be more earnest and faithful in their labors than they have ever been before; to hold fast their standard of truth, their convictions of right. I can see and dimly feel, and perhaps I get it more fully from higher intelligences than I can read it myself, but I understand that there is to be a great commotion on earth, not only in the social and political affairs, but in the atmosphere around us; that there is to be, so to speak, a sort of a revolution, peaceably made, not by blood and warfare, but through the changing evolutions of time, and what we may really call a new dispensation is coming to mankind. It seems to me as though the planet itself had attained to a degree of unfoldment whereby it was to throw off many of its cruder elements and burst out with new power and energy, and that this upheaval will be through commotion, through struggle, the effect of which will be felt in human life; and I want my friends—and I call every spirit, every idealist, every fair-minded man, and every idealist—to be firm, to stand by the right, and do their duty, against each persecution and ill, for the times are such that every man should stand at his post and do his duty well.

This is all I have to say, Mr. Chairman, but I feel so grateful, so glad to come, that I think this little visit has done my spirit a world of good. L. Judd Pardee.

#### Capt. Ernest Lane.

I hope I'm not out of place on board this "little craft," Mr. Chairman? It is perhaps hardly courteous in me to step forward, but I really feel impelled to send a word from across the deep waters, and I find, unless I have a good speaking trumpet, my call is not heard, so I come here, sir, and you will pardon me if I intrude. [You are welcome.]

I'm not very familiar with this new land. I tread its shores. I pass along, and look around me with great curiosity and interest. I find many things to be pleased with, the atmosphere is charming, the country seems to be delightful, and what gratifies me more than all else is to find old familiar friends who had gone over the world counts, and I find it is mistake, sir, none, and I am glad to see you. They say I have gone on my last voyage, but I find it is not so.

True, I got my clearance papers from this port about eight months ago; but I have returned from that voyage safe, hearty and well, in a better condition than I have experienced for a long time. I am not on board the *Peters* now, but I have as pleasant a berth as one would care to find.

This is my story to my friends. I tell them I am satisfied, and then my next wish is to come and have a talk with them. There are many things I wish to say to them, private ears that might perhaps catch them, but would certainly be of use, and I hope sometime to come.

I went out, sir, from Chelsea. I have many friends in this State. I have a fondness for its waters, and for its places along shore. I have been to many places. I have visited other ports, and entered fair harbors, and I have made the great voyage which men dread so much, but which I found, after all, to be a simple little trip, which landed me upon a bright shore, and into a haven of friendship and peace. I trust you will permit me to come this way again, and I hope to have a fuller report to make. I am Capt. Ernest Lane.

#### Florence Beck.

[To the Chairman.] Do you like little girls? [Oh! yes.] Do you think you could find my mamma? Will you tell her how much I love

bring her for her and all at home? Will you say I am getting to be a big girl? I was four years old when I was here, and now I am five. Isn't that nice? Are those bright flowers? [Alluding to some on the table.] They are nice, and I've got some flowers too, that I want to take home. I have begun to go to school, now. I am getting good lessons, too. That's right, isn't it? And I think I will learn, do n't you, like all the big people?

Will I be big, too, sometime? [Yes.] I did hear a lady say I was a blessed baby, and I'd always be a baby, wouldn't I? I don't want to. I want to be a big woman, too, and smart, like my mamma, 'cause she's smart, ain't she?

What place is this? [Boston.] I don't know it, I don't. [Where did you live?] In Philadelphia, and my papa and mamma live there, too. Do you want to know my name? It is Florence Beck. My mamma is Clara. Can't you find her? And my papa, do you know him? [No.] Why I ought to. [Tell me his name, and I'll send him your letter.] Joseph. Do n't you know him? No. I don't know him. Philadelphia. Do n't you go there? [Sometimes.] Do n't you know everybody there? [No.] You ought to know 'em all.

I've got a nice place where I live now; it's lovely; would n't you like to see it? [Your mother will be glad to hear that.] Would n't she like to see it? She'll come sometime, won't she?—'cause my teacher says so—she says they will all see it sometime and be happy; then they won't ever, will they? I don't cry over there, 'cause I go to school, and it's real nice. I have all the flowers I want—and little girls learn quick, don't they do. What's the people here for? Can I know 'em? Do they like little girls? I should like to bring 'em all some flowers. I didn't know you had a meeting. It's like a school, ain't it? [Have you seen anybody you knew, over there, that used to live in Philadelphia?] I didn't know 'em when I was here, 'cause they didn't live here when I was here, they didn't. They all go over to the pretty place 'fore I knowed 'em. There's a man that my papa, my mamma and lots of 'em know.

What you doing? [Writing down what you say, and it will be printed in your mother's paper, and my father will see it.] That's what they said you would. Can I come again? [Oh! yes; you'd be glad to see you.] Tell my mamma I got a white dress on, with little flowers all through it—lady say embroidered; you know, do n't you?

#### SPIRIT MESSAGES

TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.

Sept. 26. Continued.—Mr. Couter; Henry Johnson; Hattie G. Fisk; Caroline Griffin.

Oct. 1.—Charles Robinson; George A. Kirtledge; Emma Frazier; William Brown; Etta Jarvis; Maule Baxter; Clara Morse; David Wilder.

#### THE MESSAGES GIVEN

At per dates will appear in due course.

Oct. 5.—Augustus Jones; W. W. W. Horace Winter; Mabel Pratt; Henry Moore; Clara Wain; John H. Safford; Lizzie Pierce.

Oct. 12.—Lodola, for Nathaniel Wiggins, Sallie Upham, Clara Anderson; and a great deal of other friends.

Dawey, John Harper, Sarah Slater, George A. Mayo, Caroline Hardy, Henry Pollock, Annie May.

#### To the Liberal-Minded.

As the "Banner of Light Establishment" is not an incorporated institution, and as we could not therefore legally hold bequests made to us in that name, we give below the form in which such a bequest should be worded in order to stand the test of law:

"I give, devise and bequeath unto Luther Colby and Isaac B. Rich, of Boston, Massachusetts, Publishers, there inserted the description of the property to be will'd strictly upon trust, that they shall appropriate and expend the same in such way and manner as they shall deem expedient and proper for the promulgation of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul and its eternal progression."

Colby & Rich, the original publishers, have now on sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore the fourth edition of "THE SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF SPIRITUALISM," by the late Esq. Sargent. The number of the edition is in itself proof of the warm welcome extended to the book by the spiritualistic public. Despatched as it was almost from the press, it is a distinguished poet, *literateur* and spiritual scientist, to the world of readers, it must ever seem to those who knew him as his last word of encouragement in the mortal to his co-laborers for truth in this sphere of being—while it will, as time proceeds, have a wider and wider reading and a deeper and more profound appreciation on the part of the public generally.

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