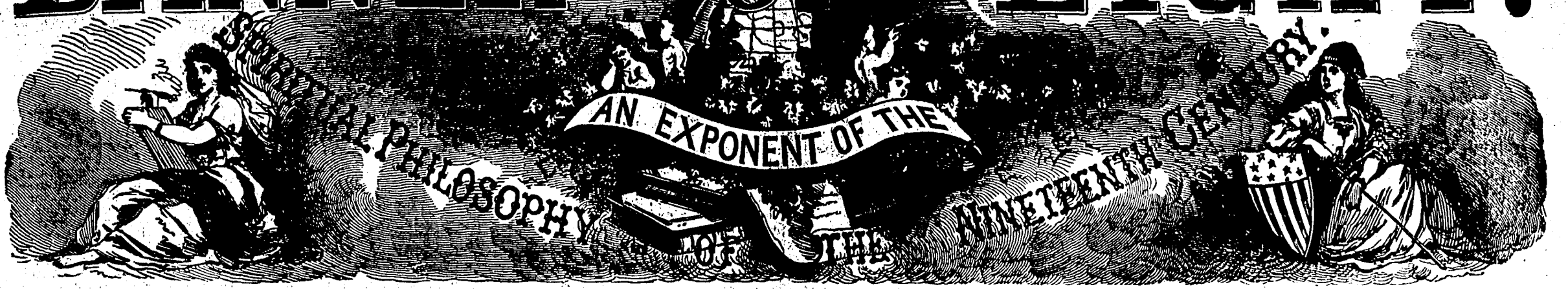


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. LX.

GOLBY & RICH,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1886.

\$3.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.

NO. 7.

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The Spiritual Rostrum.

THE MISSION OF AMERICA.

An Address Delivered by
PROF. J. R. BUCHANAN,
At the Lake Pleasant Spiritualist Camp-Meeting.
(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

It is about a century and a half since the philosopher Berkeley uttered the prophecy:

"Westward the star of empire takes its way."

If that be true, the world's empire is ours. He also said, "Time's noblest offspring is the last." This is complimentary to us, for we are the last specimens of the human race that have appeared. It is complimentary to Spiritualism, for that is the latest evolution of love and wisdom. It is complimentary to Lake Pleasant, and other spiritual camp-meetings, for these camp-meetings are the latest and best improvement on the old plan of dividing mankind in hot weather into saints and sinners; the sinners being gathered into shoddy Saratoga and Coney Island, and the saints gathered in some rural camp-meeting, listening to some Orthodox Bonanzas, frightening delicate women with an imaginary hell, until the camp resounds with shouts and groans. We have something better than that.

But if it be true that the star of empire rests over our heads, is it not time that we should know it, and cease looking to the Old World for wisdom, for fashion, or for guidance?

It is a craven spirit unworthy of an American that turns away from the rich resources of our own country to bow before foreign dictation and assumption. We have the most energetic population that was ever gathered under one government. We have had the largest armies that the civilized world has seen, and the ablest generals. We have the best form of government ever known. We have the most efficient and inventive artisans that the world contains. We have the most skillful physicians, the profoundest knowledge of the constitution of man, the most rational and wide-spread knowledge of Spiritualism, the most progressive systems of primary education, the greatest independence from the follies of ancient falsehood, and, to crown the whole, the greatest wealth-producing power, and the most inexhaustible natural resources: and out of all this we are continually evolving new thought, new arts, inventions and philosophy—perpetually superseding the old with the new, for "Time's noblest offspring is the last."

But are we all moving onward in this grand career? are we all assisting the march of mind and the triumph of good over evil?

I am very sorry to say that our two leading institutions, the church and the college, are doing much to resist the march of progress, to hold on to the old and resist the new, and to preserve old falsehoods in unbroken power. What else could we expect from the church, when we look at its parentage? There is no change of species known to science. Brambles do not produce water-melons, and lions do not bring forth lambs. The church that murdered reformers of old will never become the nurse of reform. Its cruelties, according to Lecky, "were not perpetrated in the brief paroxysms of a Night of Terror, or by the hands of obscure sectaries, but were inflicted by a triumphant church, with every circumstance of solemnity and deliberation." Its victims "were usually burnt alive. They were burnt alive not unfrequently by a slow fire. They were burnt alive after their constancy had been tried by the most exasperating agonies that minds fertile in torture could devise."

When the members of this church threw off the yoke of Rome, becoming Protestants, they did not give up the principle of persecution, for, as Lecky says, "the principle of persecution was affirmed quite as strongly, was acted on quite as constantly, and was defended quite as pertinaciously by the clergy." "In Scotland (says Lecky) a persecution rivaling in atrocity almost any on record, was directed by the English government at the instigation of the Scotch bishops, under the Stuarts; and in England, under Elizabeth, "Romanists, Anabaptists, Arians and Independents" were "imprisoned, exposed in the pillory, branded, mutilated, scourged, tormented, hung and burnt alive."

I need not speak of the cruelties in Ireland, which have planted there such a burning hatred, nor of the Protestant cruelties in Europe, and the persecution of Quakers and witches in our own New England.

The church that comes from such an ancestry is not the Church of Christ. It sends forth no martyrs to truth—no imitators of the martyred Nazarene—no group of holy men ready to welcome the advent of the angel-world. The most learned Unitarian divine in New England thanks God publicly that we are entirely ignorant of the spirit-world, and he has a right to thank God, if he enjoys it, for his own voluntary ignorance.

The unchanging mission of the church is to preserve the mouldering parchments and ancient customs, to hug old ignorance in its bosom as a sacred thing, while barring its doors against the divine light of truth, coming through science and philosophy, coming through geology, paleontology, anthropology, psychometry, and the direct revelations of the spirit-world, truer and wiser in this enlightened period than they ever were when they came through the mist of ancient superstition.

While ecclesiastical institutions thus stand as a dark cloud between man and heaven, the college is no less efficient in its power to wither the noblest attributes of the human soul and paralyze the inspiration that leads to a nobler life.

The regular pupil of the fashionable college comes forth with a literary but not a practical education—profoundly ignorant of the noblest faculties of human nature, scornfully hostile to spiritual science, unaccustomed to impartial philosophic thought, specially trained to go on in the world as it is, with all its wars, its slavery, its intemperance, its unspeakable horrors, and unwilling to coöperate in the reforms which the present state of human suffering demands. The influence of the college tends to perpetuate the old and discourage improvement. The medical college goes still further, by inculcating along with supercilious bigotry a heartless system of materialism, that tends to blot out every spiritual and religious impulse and faculty in human nature. The church and the college belong to the past; they work for the past, against the future—for the effects dogmas of the old world, and against the free thought of the new; and if that is the case they are no part of our true civilization, no part of our Americanism, no part of the empire that is ours, and the sooner we are rid of their blighting influence the better for the world.

I do not mean to be rid of churches and colleges, but to be rid of the antiquated patterns that we have. We want colleges that will not make learned and pedantic fools—colleges that will teach more of things than words; whose degree of Master of Arts will not signify that he has no other art than to say "Alc, hæc, hoc," or "bonus, bona, bonum," but that he is really such a Master of Arts as has never yet come from a university—master of the arts by which houses are built, farms are tilled and machinery constructed: competent to stand at the head of great industrial enterprises as a leader and benefactor; competent by his honesty to uphold society; competent by his benevolence to carry on human progress—for industrial skill, honesty and benevolence can be taught as easily as Latin and mathematics, as I have shown in "The New Education," and as several reformatory schools have shown in practice by converting young criminals into good citizens.

If such churches and such colleges are demanded, if they are to come, it must be by the public spirit and generosity of our best and most enlightened people—the people who are enlightened by spiritual knowledge—and I say to them, to those who have been blessed in the acquisition of capital, an immense responsibility rests upon you, for one dollar given to aid in the establishment of a true education and the promotion of original research will help the world forward more than a thousand spent in the ordinary forms of commonplace benevolence.

When you assist the struggling pioneer in science, who has revelations to bring forth, you do a work that will be felt in its effects for all time. When you give the world a model educational institution, you teach a nation practically how to redeem itself from every form of degradation and suffering, how to abolish pauperism and crime, and take the front rank among nations.

Victor Hugo complained of America as not having assumed its mission among nations. I wish to point out what that mission is:

It is to establish

Political Freedom,
Religious Freedom,
Scientific Freedom, and the
Freedom of Progress.

It is commonly supposed that we have already established political freedom. So it was thought in 1776 and 1789: the work was supposed to be done, but we found in 1860-65 that it was only half done, for the white race that was freed was less than half of the human race, and after losing almost a million lives to atone for that mistake we established freedom without any limitation of race or color, and then it was thought to be finished, but it was not finished.

Again I say, the work is only half done. We have established "the freedom of exactly one-half of human kind, and left the better half more destitute of political rights than any body of rebels that ever threw off the load of a king to gain their freedom. But our political slaves are very patient, and lovely in their freedom. As the negroes in the South were proud of having a good master and learned to hate the

abolitionists, so many a woman is content to have a master, and does not reflect upon the fact that woman has not had the same property rights as man, has not had even the right to the children who are a part of her own body and soul, has not had the same wages for the same work, and has had every path to honor, power and wealth barred against her by a public opinion in which she was taught to acquiesce.

But, thank God, the work of woman's emancipation has begun. She can vote in matters of education, she can hold some petty offices—one by one almost every occupation has been opened before her. I had the distinguished honor of opening to a woman the first door of a medical college that ever was opened; I have had the pleasure of signing many a diploma for female students, and have seen them go forward in a successful practice, and if I were disposed to boast of my moral possessions, I might say of them, as Cornelia of Rome said of her children, "These are my jewels." The good work has gone on bravely, and now it is said that we have twenty-five hundred female physicians in this country, and I know not how many female students in literary colleges, who hold their own in competition with the young gentlemen, and often carry off the honors. A young lady has just carried off the honors of Harvard in the classics, and another young lady has taken the lead in the London University examination, and won the prize.

Who was it that stood across the path of the women to drive them back? There stood a bigoted church with the fires of hell to enforce its authority, saying to woman: "Thus far shalt thou come, but no further"; there stood nearly all the colleges saying: "We can't have women in our halls—it shall not be"; and there stood embattled the old Allopathic medical profession, saying: "She shall not enter our societies—she shall not be recognized at all, and she shall not be admitted to a college to study, and if she studies and practices without our permission, she shall go to jail for violating our medical law." And to justify all this, Prof. Clarke stepped forth from Harvard to prove that women were of too feeble and unhealthy a constitution to bear a good education, as if it was not the business of education to build up body as well as soul. These miserable pessimistic notions have been swept away, and the battle has been won by the patient perseverance of woman; but we must not forget who were her enemies, for I hold the enemies of woman to be the enemies of the human race.

When Miss Sophia Jen Blake, in 1869, applied for admission, with four other ladies, to the Edinburgh University, they were opposed by the professors, and mobbed by the students. She carried the case into the courts, and got a verdict in her favor, but the higher courts reversed this, and finally on appeal to Parliament in 1875 she was defeated by a majority of forty-three after a six years' battle. When women applied to the College of Surgeons in 1876, for examination and license in midwifery, the examiners, Drs. Barnes, Farre and Priestly, all resigned, to avoid giving a license, and the Obstetrical Society, by universal acclamation, gave them a vote of thanks for this unmanly trick.

The British Medical Association took the alarm for fear women might come among them, and in 1878 resolved that no woman should be eligible to membership. The American Medical Association stands on the same ground. In 1849-50 there was not a medical college in the United States, except that in which I presided, that would admit a woman, and in 1859 the Philadelphia County Medical Society (the headquarters of old fogeyism) passed a vote recommending its members: "to withhold all countenance and support from the faculties and graduates of female medical colleges, and that, consistently with sound medical ethics, they should not hold professional intercourse with them." So you see if the Devil can quote Scripture, the Allopathic professors can quote medical ethics. Let us never forget the action of the old school medical profession in England and America.

Why should not America teach the world that woman has the same political rights as man? The men alone have managed Government for the Lord knows how long, perhaps one hundred thousand years or more, and they have so mismanaged that in every country on this earth political life is filled with corruption; in nearly all countries political life is a cruel, cold-blooded despotism; in nearly all countries the people are enslaved by war, war debts, and standing armies; in nearly all countries the bayonet is the sole foundation of authority, and if this is barbarism, there is not in the Old World a single truly civilized nation.

I want to see the better half of humanity come in, among whom we rarely ever find a defaulter, a drunkard, or a murderer. I want them to come in to purify politics, to put benevolence into every department of the government, and to put an end forever to war.

I want to see women enabled by thinking great thoughts, and doing great deeds, for which they are just as competent as men, for they are equal to men in college life and in medical practice, and the world's history has no nobler heroism than that of Joan of Arc.

When the freedom and equality of woman are established in this country, I know that we shall go on with increasing wealth, power, harmony and prosperity to the dominion of the world; for all history shows that the only nations that flourish in progressive civilization are those that give woman some degree of honor, and that every nation that degrades and dishonors woman degrades itself, until it falls behind and below others, and either perishes from its own rottenness, or is conquered by its neighbors and blotted out from the map. All this is to-day a monumental ruin—a half-civil-

ized people continually mowed down by famine, pestilence and wild beasts; a monumental ruin to record and prove the Almighty fiat that whatever nation tramples on woman shall itself be trampled down in mud and filth, if not exterminated from the face of the earth, leaving behind such ruins as in Asia mark the graves of perished empires. Thank God there will never be such monumental ruins here, for we have a civilization in which woman is honored as she never was honored before, and in that honor we have the promise of immortality.

The Caucasian race, the white race, has generally honored women, and the dark races have not. Hence the white race has beauty and strength and wisdom and growth. Two hundred years ago the whites were a feeble race in numbers, not more than one-tenth of the world's population; now the white race is the master of the world, and in one more century there will be six hundred million of the Anglo-Germanic race, and our language will be the dominant language, our nation the leading nation, and woman will be in full equality. Woman is destined to vote and hold office in this republic, and I would like to see the law that if a man is President, the Vice President shall be a woman.

But this does not complete political freedom. We have not true freedom when a large portion of the population is composed of half-educated and unskilled laborers, living from hand to mouth, at the mercy of a corporation or an employer, often afraid to vote their own sentiments, and feeling but little interest in the government, since, whoever rules, they expect only toll and poverty for themselves. A true democracy requires that all gigantic monopolies of land or anything else shall be broken up, and that every citizen shall be well educated, and shall have a fair start in life by being made thorough master of one or more skillful occupations in which he can be safe and independent, so that he shall have no miserable poverty and no pauperism, but a commonwealth of many, independent citizens, who understand their rights and duties. America will not be a true republic until we have industrial education for all, and that I believe is coming soon, and that will be the rock on which the temple of liberty can stand forever. Therefore woman's rights and the toiler's rights should make the largest plank in the platform of any honest political party hereafter.

So much for political freedom—and what does religious freedom mean? Does it mean only that no church shall send out a tax-collector, and no church shall have any preference in law over other churches, or citizens outside of churches? That is only political freedom, but I want the freedom of the soul. I want to see the members of all churches free from bigotry, ready to listen to the testimony of their honest fellow-citizens, ready to learn all about the modern advent of the angel-world, and ready to engage in the honest pursuit of truth to reach a nobler religion than that of the past. It depends upon your zeal and perseverance, my friends, to enlighten those who are sitting under the dark shadow of old creeds. Do not weary in well-doing, but keep on, showing to all honest church-members the holy brilliancy of our light from heaven, which is destined to establish the brotherhood of man on earth.

It is also the mission of America to establish scientific freedom. We have not had it. Every church, every college, every learned society is bound in the fetters of old opinions. Every aspiring scholar, every honest investigator of nature, every soul reaching upward toward a nobler life and more comprehensive truth, has lived under the weight of that mental despotism which has no power now to burn or imprison, but still has all the old bigotry, and still has the power to ostracize, to disgrace and to starve—and sometimes men are more afraid of the poverty and starvation confronting them and their families than of the martyrdom by death.

We know how sternly these penalties have been applied—how Theodore Parker, Wendell Phillips and John Pierpont were proscribed. We know how Dr. Hare was trampled on by his associates of scientific societies. We know how Ellipton was dragged down to obscurity from the summit of the medical profession in London, and how Judge Edmonds was crushed in New York, and Mr. Henry Kiddle driven from an honorable position; and a host of individuals in private life have been made to feel the persecution of society, especially the humble mediums, who have stood on the frontier line of progress in a hostile region.

The spirit of despotism has ruled heretofore in New England, causing thousands to put on the livery of some popular church without the least faith, until the church is all honeycombed with hypocrisy. It is organized in creed-bound churches, but it is preeminently organized in the National Medical Association, which is organized to procure in every State monopolizing laws, which would compel those who enter the medical profession to pass under the discipline of their colleges, in which men are taught to look down in scorn on all spiritual things, to sneer at the most successful improvements in the profession without investigation, and to discard everything that rises above gross materialism. I would as soon see a law to compel every teacher of religion to pass through a Jesuit college.

The spirit of the societies, colleges and academies that scoffed at Harvey survives in this Association, and scientific freedom cannot exist in this country until the dominant influence of that combination is broken; and therefore I regard it as the duty of every liberal to work for the overthrow of its power and the medical legislation it has procured, and for the support and establishment of medical colleges

organized in behalf of freedom and organized in sympathy with the powers that rule in heaven.

Do not think that I am at all singular or extravagant in my denunciation of the colleges. Macaulay has expressed himself as strongly against Oxford and Cambridge, and that immortal martyr, Giordano Bruno, whose monument is to be dedicated at Rome next February—in the city in which he was burned alive in 1600—expressed himself about the English universities in language of scorn much more pungent than mine.

When these unholy combinations are broken down, restrictive laws are abolished, and liberal institutions are in operation, the great work of progress is but begun.

I have done my duty in all these reforms, land reform, industrial freedom, woman's rights, medical, religious and scientific freedom, and first presented in full in my essays on "The Land and the People," in 1848, that doctrine of Land Reform which under the advocacy of Mr. George and Mr. Davitt is shaking the foundation of the British government; and now I am presenting in all its dignity and force a doctrine of scientific progress which will overturn the foundations of the literary world and all its universities as they stand to-day.

This overturning power is Psychometry. It would seem rash and presumptuous for any single scientist to think of overturning the established order of thought, principles of philosophy and methods of intellectual progress established throughout the world, and unquestioned from the beginning of civilization; but it is not a question of personal power, or talent, or influence, but simply a question of truth. It was nothing to the inventor of the steam engine that all nations ignored it. It was nothing to Copernicus that all the civilization of his age ignored the Copernican system. It was nothing to Pythagoras that all astronomers ignored the heliocentric system. It was nothing to Columbus that all European intelligence was against him. It was nothing to Harvey that all physicians and colleges in his day misunderstood the heart, for the man who really discovers a truth is master of the situation, and the slow moving world must in time come to him, see what he sees, and walk in the path he has discovered.

If I have discovered and cautiously demonstrated Psychometry, if it is satisfactorily practiced by all who possess the psychometric faculty—becoming a cause of wonder to all who witness it—no more doubted in its application than the science of chemistry—then it is an established science, the right arm of enlightened physicians, and to become the right arm of all enlightened scientists who become acquainted with it.

The establishment of Psychometry is the beginning of a revolution which introduces endless and unlimited progress. In the presence of psychometric revelations of the origin of ancient religion old superstitions fade out and libraries of old theology become useless lumber. Under the guidance of Psychometry therapeutic science will be remodelled, and medical diagnosis will attain scientific precision, rendering the medical art an unquestionable blessing to mankind—for a psychometer in New York or Boston may diagnose a case in Paris or London, discovering its interior condition as well as the faculty residing in those cities. In the presence of Psychometry, history and biography must be rewritten, and geology, paleontology and astronomy will become new sciences by enlargement. Psychology will be revolutionized and the whole fabric of social thought be changed. A very brief review of the situation will show that we are at the beginning of a great intellectual revolution, in which Psychometry and Spiritualism will change the entire aspect of intellectual civilization.

The leading element of every national civilization is the religion which lays the foundation of social order and dominates in literature as well as life. If you change the religion you change the national destiny. If the Saracens had not been defeated by Charles Martel in 732—eleven hundred and fifty-three years ago—Europe and America might be to-day living under the crescent instead of the cross, with Mecca as our shrine instead of Calvary, and Mahomet as our prophet instead of Jesus, with polygamy established and the distilleries suppressed; and the terrible robbery and slaughter of the innocent in Mexico and Peru under Roman Catholic Spain would never have occurred; for a thousand years ago the Saracen empire was further advanced in civilization and humanity than our Christianized ancestors. But the Saracens dishonored woman, and therefore their empire fell before the Western nations that honored woman.

The revelations that came by Jesus and Mahomet have changed the face of the world in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, for their power was carried to the ends of the earth, even more by the soldier than the priest. But the day of that military devastation is coming to an end, and henceforth science is to take the place of the sword. The whole fabric of ecclesiastical power, which has been surrounded by cannon and glittering with bayonets, is destined to dissolve in the light of science, and the national churches, already disestablished in Ireland, and dismantled in Mexico and South America, will be disestablished in England, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Austria and Russia, leaving man everywhere in free relationship to heaven and his own conscience. All this will be accomplished by Spiritualism and Psychometry, which demolish the entire foundations of all ancient orthodoxy.

The sole foundation of Orthodox churches is the traditions of the past preserved in what are

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OUR RED BROTHERS.

BY GENE SMITH FAIRFIELD.

Banished from their homes forever
Are those dusky tribes of yore.
Hear the wailing of the river,
See the sobbing treetops quiver,
Hear the grasses whisper, "Never,
We shall see them nevermore."

Silence reigns where once the voices
Of the vanished race rang loud,
And the stern pale-face rejoices
That he wove their burial shroud.

Sunshine flings its golden lances
Their familiar woodlands through;
Where the wigwags stood it dances,
'Mid the sweet wild flowers it glances,
And upon the waves, and fancies
It once more sees the canoe.

Noble warrior, graceful maiden,
Children of the forest, sleep;
But their names and lives are graven
On the soul of nature deep.

And the breezes' plaintive calling
For the playmates they have known,
And the rainbow leaflets falling
Through the loveliness enraptured
Of the autumn, seem recalling
All the Indian spirits flown.

Banished, yet not gone, at midnight
To their dear old haunts they come;
Forms ethereal in the moonlight
Chant the songs of peace at home.

Rockland, Me., Oct. 11th, 1885.

Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light. A LESSON FROM LIFE.

BY RITA DELL.

I was alone in the twilight, watching the fading gold of the sunset change into the deep, dark blue of the night; watching the stars come out one by one, and grow brighter till they alone lighted the earth. The quietude of the hour soothed me, and I felt at peace for the first time since the great grief had come into my life. For the first time I could think calmly upon it. Till now I had felt crushed, overwhelmed, rebellious. Why had this trial come to me? Why had my only treasure been taken from me? Not dead. Would to heaven it had been only death! That I could have borne, and laid him by the side of his father in the grave with less grief than now. I should have known that he was safe, though gone forever from my sight. But this! Oh! Father of All! why must this be? Snared by evil, and drawn down into its depths, my boy, whom I had thought to keep unsullied from impurity; whose manhood I had fondly hoped would be unstained by any act of dishonor! This had been the cry of my soul from the first hour of my grief until now. Perhaps this was the retribution, and I was growing numb from excess of pain. I could not tell. Then the room grew dimmer, and everything was shadowy. All was silent, and the place was restful. I closed my eyes wearily. I would sleep a little, I thought, and strength might come to me. Then I seemed to be lifted gently out of my chair, and as gently laid down on what seemed a bed of fragrant flowers. I felt no alarm, nor did it then even seem strange to me. So sweet and restful was it that I thought of question or surprise came into my mind. How long I lay thus I cannot tell.

When I came to myself again, and opened my eyes, I was in a new world. A soft light, like nothing I had ever known before, was around me. Near me stood the husband of my youth, long ago dead as we term it, but so changed. He was the same, yet not the same. He had not grown old, but had gained something that I could not define, which had ennobled him. He was beautiful; but that does not express the change, or describe it. Long I lay there, my eyes watching the face, fearing to move lest it should vanish as a dream.

At last he smiled, and bending over me kissed me in the old lover-like way I so well remembered, saying, as he raised me gently, "Come, my Elma; time passes. This is the first time we have met each other face to face since I left you long ago; but I have been near you through all, and have done all I could to comfort you in this last severe trial. Now it is permitted me to help you to read a lesson from life, that you may be assisted to bear what has come to you, and understand its meaning. Are you ready now?" Without a word, for I seemed unable to speak, I tried to follow him. "No, my Elma, let us walk side by side, as we did years ago," said he, and with his arm around me, we walked, or rather floated, for we moved with apparently no effort.

How far we went or how long we were on the way I have no idea. Time seemed annihilated; I was scarcely conscious. My first distinct recollection was hearing my companion's voice saying softly: "Elma, dear, awaken now." I roused myself and looked about me. We were in a room, plainly though comfortably furnished, in which was a woman alone. She was sitting in a chair in front of an open grate in which a fire was burning, deeply thinking. As I stood watching her I was surprised to find that I could read her thoughts. Evidently some trial had come to her, for she seemed grieved. The grief was connected with some man whom she dearly loved. She was thinking: "It is surely no fault of mine that he has turned away from me. I have done him no wrong even in thought." And she reviewed the occurrences that had taken place since her first meeting with him. Again she thought: "I do not feel that I have done wrong in allowing myself to love him. I find no harm in him. He has shown only good to me. He may not be strong, but he is not wicked; of that I am sure. Now what would be the wisest and best course for me to pursue in the matter, that will result in the best good to all concerned? I gave him my promise to be true to him, but I turn from him now, I shall have broken my word. Can I be still, and see him under the influence of one who will draw him down, and then trample on all the kindly feelings she has roused, merely to gratify her own selfish nature? Peace, be still, my soul. Love conquers all things. It is stronger even than death. I will let my affection go out toward him as strong as I may. I may protect him from evil. Angels, I pray you assist me, and keep him safely." Thus her thoughts. Then she arose, saying, "I must work now," and began some task with her mind at rest. At times her thoughts would turn to the man whom she called Herbert, but always with love, and apparently, with no desire to control his action, only that he be kept from ill.

Then I saw that from the heart went out a silvery line of light that seemed to connect her with something else outside of her own room. I turned to my companion for an explanation of this. He understood my desire, smiled, and said: "Come, my Elma, and we will go to another scene."

We followed the silvery line, the walls proving no impediment to our progress. Soon, in another scene, we came upon a man who seemed to be almost enclosed in a cloud of the same silvery light; and on looking closely I could discern that the delicate line of light had expanded into a thin cloud. It did not interfere with his action, nor was he conscious of its existence; but it seemed as if it was possessed with the power of making things appear in their true character to the one within it. He sat talking to a woman, very different from the one from whose room we had just come. This one cared nothing for himself, but only for what she could gain from him. Selfish and designing, dimly conscious of her own weaknesses of character, yet resolved to gain all she could of this life in spite of them; she talked with soft words, showing an interest she did not feel, pleased with the interest he took in her, and accepting as her right the gifts and kindnesses he bestowed. While she talked thus with him she seemed to surround herself with a kind of fog that made her appear for the time transformed into a more beautiful and lovable being. As I watched her with intense interest, I could see the faintest gleam of light, and the silvery cloud gradually expanded, until it finally entirely enclosed

its occupant. Then he began to see his companion's real character, and to recoil from her; finally turning entirely away, thinking, "I will go to Bertha," leaving her disappointed at the loss of her dupe.

Not fully understanding this, I turned to my guide for instruction. With the same loving smile that his face always had, when he said, "My Elma, you have seen the power of love. What came to Herbert is the severest test that can come to any man. The woman, whose character you saw to be selfish and hypocritical, used her influence only for her own selfish purposes, and cared not for the consequences to him. To gratify herself, she made use of her art to fascinate the generous part of this man's nature, and at the same time to play upon his generous impulses for her own benefit. The end would have been to him bitter disappointment. The silvery cloud you saw around him, and which connected him with the heart of the woman we first saw, was her love for him; pure and unselfish, leaving him free, yet never abating or faltering, it prevented him from cursing himself by yielding to a temptation to evil. A man truly and unselfishly loved by a pure woman can hardly be lost; can never, with that influence around him, go far astray. But come, my Elma, we have yet more to see." So saying I felt the clasp of his arm grow closer, and I again became unconscious of surroundings.

When I again came to myself, I was standing in my own chamber, my companion still near me, looking down on my own mortal form reclining in the chair in which I remembered going to sleep. My husband smiled and motioned me to look at it, passing his hand gently over my forehead and eyes. To my great surprise I saw some after scene of my own past life come up before me. My words and thoughts seemed like living things, and around them I saw light or shadow, according as they had been selfish or otherwise. I saw that instead of loving my boy truly and really, I had been selfish and ambitious for him, and sought to realize in him, by controlling him, my own ideal of manhood. I had tried to make my experience in life answer for him; had sought to hide from him that he might not be tempted; had made him weak by obliging him to depend on me instead of encouraging him to depend on himself, and thus develop his own strength. The consequence was that, at the first sight of glided evil, he had fallen, and I was the cause. My eyes filled with tears, this was a worse grief than the other.

"My Elma," said my companion gently, "do not give way to despair. Our boy is not lost. There is yet hope for him. Out of this weakness will be born strength. The trial will purify his character of the dross, leaving only the pure gold. All human souls must seek their better experiences, that they may learn to seek that which is pure and good and true. You have seen how love can protect from evil. Thus do the angels protect their earthly loved ones, and thus may we, my Elma, protect and help our boy to rise and seek for himself, and not at the suggestion of another, that which is true and noble in life." So saying, my companion touched my eyes gently, and I remembered no more till I awoke in my chair with the soft air of a June morning, sweet with the breath of the roses, blowing upon me. The lesson was learned. I grieved no more over what had befallen me, but from that time have I never forgotten the power of love. Many times since have I seen its beneficent influence, and realized that love, and love only, can redeem the world.

Banner Correspondence.

Massachusetts.

WORTHINGTON.—Florence Sampson writes: "Improved with age, the BANNER comes to us in its sixteenth volume, though there has seemed to be no room for improvement. The stories by Miss Shelhamer show excellent good judgment on the part of the spirit giving them, containing, as they do, in pleasing form, an explanation of the different ways in which spirit communications are given and the good resulting therefrom, thus attracting the interest and attention of some who would not think of reading a lecture till their interest had first been aroused in this way."

HOLYOKE.—Dr. C. Blodgett writes that he has received a message from his spirit-wife in writing that is nearly a perfect copy of her own when in this life, through the mediumship of H. F. Merrill, who has never seen her handwriting.

AMESBURY.—Mrs. Dr. Newton writes: "Intelligent and appreciative audiences assembled in the Universalist Church, Oct. 10th, afternoon and evening, to listen to Mrs. Juliette Yeaw of Leominster. The subject of both lectures was, 'The Rise and Progress of Modern Thought.' She held the close attention of all present through the entire delivery of her remarks, which were warmly and thoroughly appreciated. That she may come to us again is the earnest wish of many of her hearers."

WORCESTER.—"W. C. S." writes: "The Worcester Association resumed its meetings Oct. 2d. Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing on that and the Sunday following occupied the platform. On the afternoon of the 10th Mrs. Twing spoke of the beautiful thoughts which Spiritualism brings to us. In the evening she interspersed her remarks with some of the experiences in her own life-work, concluding with an original poem. At the close of each address her controlling spirit, 'Ishabod,' called several of the audience to the platform, and gave to each some test or message.

Sunday, Oct. 17th, Mr. Thomas W. Sutton of this city occupied the platform, the controlling spirit being Rev. Thomas Whittemore of Boston, who in the afternoon spoke of his work while in the earth-life, in the early days of Universalism, of its unpopularity, and the opposition its advocates met, and the similar position Spiritualism now holds. He spoke of his experience with the new Philosophy since passing to spirit-life in an earnest manner, exhorting his hearers to live the life here they would like to live in the other world.

In the evening, after briefly reviewing the religions of the past and the growth and power of the Christian Church, he passed to the consideration of the Spiritual Philosophy and its demonstrated facts, and its application to the practical duties of life, referring to it as the coming religion of the world—the religion which will rear no massy structures of stone, but structures in the human soul, and give growth and development to the spiritual part of man's nature. This was Mr. Sutton's first appearance upon the lecture platform, and his friends have cause to congratulate him upon his success; he should be kept at work in the lecture field. October 21st Mrs. Emma B. Paul, of Morrisville, Vt., will speak. Mr. Sarah A. Byrnes, J. P. Thorndike, Charles Daborn, A. E. Tidale, Edgar W. Emerson, Juliette Yeaw and others are engaged for the winter season."

New Jersey.

VINELAND.—Emma A. Fay, Conductor of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, writes: "We hold sessions every Sunday, at half-past twelve, and average an attendance of forty. Sunday, Oct. 17th, the month's maxims were given by the members, and the questions from the Query-Box read and given to different members to answer the following Sunday. Dr. William English led the callisthenics, which were of an interesting character, and new features were adopted. Frank Daykin and Edith Lee were appointed to entertain the little ones, with stories, the Sunday following. This week the members will meet with Dr. Adella English to organize a Dramatic Class. The session closed with marching, which the members enjoyed exceedingly. We would be pleased to correspond with other Lyceums. Mr. R. F. Hurd is our Corresponding Secretary."

New York.

NEW YORK CITY.—John Franklin Clark writes: "Mr. J. J. Morse is speaking for the First Society of Spiritualists in New York at the Grand Opera House for the present month of October, and the clear and forcible utterances by his controls, and the strong common sense that characterizes them, are appreciated by those who listen to him. He is a man of high character, and his friends have cause to congratulate him upon his success; he should be kept at work in the lecture field. October 21st Mrs. Emma B. Paul, of Morrisville, Vt., will speak. Mr. Sarah A. Byrnes, J. P. Thorndike, Charles Daborn, A. E. Tidale, Edgar W. Emerson, Juliette Yeaw and others are engaged for the winter season."

by the Conference as among the most satisfactory of any ever given before it by any medium. I will instance one:

He said: I see walking before me a spirit who died, as you call it, across the water in Europe. He died very suddenly. He gives the name of John Martin. He comes to a man named O'Sullivan, and says he died in his arms. He comes to you. [Pointing to Mr. O'Sullivan, who sat on a seat in front of the medium.]

Mr. O'Sullivan was unknown to the medium. He arose, and stated that while he was United States Minister at Madrid, Spain, Mr. John E. Martin was United States Consul at that place, and was his intimate friend; that he died suddenly of cholera, and while being supported in his arms, as stated by the medium.

Mr. O'Connell, in a number of instances, after giving the names of the spirits, gave also the names of the persons for whom they came, and impressed all with the genuineness and power of his mediumship; it therefore affords me pleasure to be able to thus speak of him."

TROY.—"D." writes, Oct. 18th: "The Progressive Spiritual Association, under its new management, is meeting with even greater success than was anticipated. Last Sunday we had Mr. Larkin, of Iowa, who gave an able discourse on 'The Life and Character of Jesus in the Light of Modern Spiritualism.' Mrs. E. Cutter, both on this evening and the Sunday evening previous, occupied a portion of the time with psychometric readings, in which she is peculiarly successful. We expect to have Mr. J. William Fletcher with us Sunday, Oct. 24th, and Mrs. Clara A. Field two Sundays in November."

A social has been organized in connection with the Association, which holds its meetings every two weeks. The following are the officers elected: President, Mrs. Isa E. Bussey; Vice President, Mrs. Jane River; Secretary, Mrs. E. B. Duffey; Treasurer, Mrs. M. Moe.

The list of recently-elected officers of the Association is as follows: President, W. H. Vosburgh; Vice President, William H. Lee; Secretary, Mrs. E. B. Duffey; Treasurer, E. B. Armstrong; Trustees, Mrs. E. Gorthy, Mrs. Jane Nives, Mrs. H. L. Barnes, Mrs. M. Moe, Messrs. J. O. Cooper, William Gardner, Harvey Wilbur, Ferris Dodge, Charles Holman, C. M. Austin and C. M. Bowman."

Oregon.

McMINNVILLE.—B. F. Fuller writes of the proceedings at the New Era Camp-Meeting; but as an account of them was given in our columns last week, we omit a large portion of his report, giving only such items as are new. Mr. Fuller says: "I arrived on the grounds Friday, Sept. 17th, at noon. On the evening of that day Col. Reed, of Portland, Oregon, delivered an address. The next day George P. Colby lectured at 2 P. M.; in the evening a conference was held. On Sunday, the 19th, the speakers were Dr. Taylor, Col. Reed, and Mrs. Howard, of Astoria. Mr. Colby answered questions, and James Cooley, of Marion County, described spirits seen by him. During the ten days I was there Mr. Colby was the principal speaker; he also held a large number of sances, which were well attended, and gave much satisfaction. Other speakers, besides those I have mentioned, were William Phillips, Mr. T. Burkman, Rev. Mr. Foster, and Mr. Reese. Dr. Howard and Mr. Fitzgerald read several excellent poems. Saturday, Sept. 25th, an election of officers for the ensuing year was held, William Phillips being chosen President, and T. Burkman, Secretary."

Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE.—Dr. F. H. Roscoe writes that the lecture in Low's Opera House, on the evening of Oct. 2d, by J. Wm. Fletcher, on "Switzerland," was very interesting, the pictures illustrating it were beautiful and the descriptions of them unexcelled; on the evening of Oct. 10th Mr. Fletcher spoke in the same place on "Grant," and his tour round the world—it being the third time he has given it in Providence. His remarks were well received and frequently applauded. Dr. R. recommends Mr. Fletcher to the attention of societies arranging for the lecture season of '86-7.

Washington Territory.

ILWACO.—"H. P." writes, Oct. 12th: "We have recently had the pleasure of listening to lectures by the guides of George P. Colby, who is a fine speaker, and controlled by intelligences of a high order, well calculated to convince skeptics and materialists that this life is not all of human existence. Bro. Colby has been on this coast two years, and by his mediumship done a noble work, and brought joy and gladness to the hearts of many."

New Publications.

GARNERED SHRAVES, A Story with a Moral. By Sherman N. Aspinwall. 8vo, pp. 170. For sale by Colby & Rich, Boston.

To ladies possessing wealth and position who are desirous of employing the means at their disposal in ways that will accomplish the greatest good to the greatest number, this work will prove a welcome visitant. The interest which invests the opening pages continues without cessation to the last, and no one can read the story without realizing a renewed spiritual awakening to words of kindness and acts of beneficence.

HAPPY MOMENTS. By S. W. Straub. Long 8vo, bds, pp. 174. EVER NEW. By S. W. Straub and W. F. Werschul. Long 8vo, pp. 176. Chicago: Published by S. W. Straub.

Each of the above contains the author's improved plan of teaching Sight Reading. The first-named is designed for juvenile classes, and in addition to instructions in vocalization supplies a collection of songs. The second furnishes a practice of its lessons in a large number of Choruses, Glee, Part-Songs, Quartettes, Anthems and Chants, designed for Singing Conventions, Normal Schools, Choirs, Family Circles, etc.

SHORT STORIES FROM THE DICTIONARY. By Arthur Gilman. M. A. 16mo, pp. 124. Chicago: The Interstate Publishing Company. Boston: 30 Franklin Street.

Few persons know the value of a dictionary except as a work of reference to be consulted for a moment and then closed. The purpose of this book is to indicate to some extent the riches a large dictionary contains, and by what means its pages may be made entertaining, instructive and amusing. The derivation of words, and the changes they undergo from age to age in their meanings, constitute an interesting study, some curious illustrations of which are herein given.

CELESTIAL SONNETS. A Collection of New and Original Songs and Hymns of Peace and Progress, Designed for Public Gatherings, Home Circles, Religious, Spiritual, Temperance, Social and Camp Meetings, etc. By B. M. Lawrence. M. D. 8vo, bds, pp. 128. Boston: For sale by Colby & Rich.

Many of the finest sentiments and consolatory teachings of Modern Spiritualism find fitting expression in the words and music of this volume, which, with scarcely a single exception, are such as the most spiritually-minded will most heartily appreciate. For public and private meetings in hall and parlour, as well as in households of all Spiritualists, its use will be found advantageous as a means of harmonizing mental states and inducing conditions favorable for the presence and inspirations of the unseen. The contents comprise nearly one hundred and thirty songs, and about seventy-five pieces of new music, together with many choruses and a few selections of standard tunes.

MARBUS BRUTUS AND OTHER VERSES. By Walter Hubbard. 8vo, 16mo, cl., pp. 48. New York: Brentano Bros., 5 Union Square.

The author, who is an actor by profession, gives in this volume fifteen specimens of his skill in versification. They include: in their subjects, Shakespeare, Macbeth and Mary Anderson, and other plays. How to Strengthen the Memory. Of Natural and Scientific Methods of Never Forgetting. By M. L. Holbrook. M. D., Editor of "The Herald of Health." 2mo, cl., pp. 128. It is claimed that the principles given will, if fully understood and diligently followed, insure to those who have defective memories a vast improvement in them, and that by half an hour's study and practice

each day every person with a weak memory may acquire a strong one. The book very thoroughly canvasses the entire field of experience and observation in the subject treated upon, and is of much value to those who need its aid.

"HAL HORTON'S FORTUNES," written by Jessie Hurd, aged ten years, is the title of a handsomely printed volume of forty-five large pages, adorned by a picture of the very young authoress and other engravings. It may be obtained by mail (for 75 cents) from Dr. E. F. Butterfield, the well-known clairvoyant physician, 299 East Genesee street, Syracuse, N. Y., who is the grandfather of this young phenomenon. It is a simple, natural story, faultless in style and expression, and, as stated in the preface: "It was an idea of her own to write a book; a self-imposed task 'to improve her expression,' she said, and she had written about forty pages manuscript before any one read it, writing sometimes on the floor, or kneeling by the side of a chair, a few moments before going to school, or to play with other children, never reading what she had written, but continuing on with her little story as though she had not been interrupted, and with no thought of its ever being published. It is now sent forth as she has written it, as an incentive to all little girls and boys to exercise their faculties in expression and composition."

A GRAPHIC PICTURE.—An earthquake at Arica in Peru is thus described by Gen. Plensanton: "The people of that afflicted country have been shaken up so often that they have no difficulty in recognizing an earthquake by sight. But the last one was recognized long before it could be seen. It came more slowly than any of its predecessors—so slowly that all the people had time to run out of their little one-story adobe houses into the plaza, where they fell prone on their faces. When the earthquake got there it carried the ground up just like a wave. The people lying in the plaza felt just as you do when a big wave rolls under you on the beach. Those who lay in the trough of the wave, so to speak, were all right; but those who went up on the crest of the wave fell into it where it broke, and were buried alive under it. It was all over in a minute."

"Light for Thinkers," Sept. 18th, notices the brochure entitled "An Epitome of Spiritualism and Spirit-Magnetism," by the author of "Vital Magnetic Cure," etc., making use of the following appreciative language: "This is an excellent pamphlet for general circulation." Published by Colby & Rich, Boston. Paper, pp. 111. Price 35 cents.

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