

partment.

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# T'S STORY.

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*the Banner of Light*

## M FLETCHER.

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"I have learned from the spirits themselves that those who die from violence of any kind are compelled to visit the scenes of their misfortune. There for punishment, some for experience."

There was a silence for some moments between the two, and then her ladyship said :

"I presume if we were to have a séance or two in the chapel-room, and had some strong Spiritualist medium present, we might learn all that you wished to know, and possibly benefit this poor woman, who is doubtless in that intermediary state of which Swedenborg speaks. I have a friend—an American gentleman—possessed of wonderful occult power. He is coming here in a few days, and I will try and induce him to remain over night, and if you should like we will summon up the spirit, in her stiff brocade."

"I should like it the most of all things," replied the artist, in a tone of voice which had within it an odd mixture of gravity and excitement. The conversation changed to other topics, and the artist soon returned to his studio.

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It was the last part of the week that the Duchess said to Mr. Manning, as they passed in the corridor :

"Professor Williams comes this afternoon, and if you will come to my room at twelve to-night, we shall be able to have a glance."

"I shall be there," was the reply, and the two were lost among the other guests of the household. But all the afternoon and evening Cyril Manning saw and heard only the ghost. He looked forward to the midnight meeting with both interest and anxiety, and wondered, as doubtless thousands of others have, if there was any means by which this spirit could be summoned back. He dismissed the subject from his mind a thousand times, only to find this thought returning to him. Her ladyship kept her room all the afternoon and evening, consequently he could not receive any reassurances from her. He found himself growing unconsciously nervous, and he who had never known fear, who prided himself upon his stoicism, was trembling like a girl as he stood again in the dimly lighted boudoir. The Professor and her ladyship were chatting pleasantly together, and after being presented he stood and studied the face of this diviner of spirits. But there was nothing unusual about him, save a far-off look in the full, dark eyes, and an appearance of languor as he lay back listlessly on the luxurious divan. He could not have been more than thirty years of age, and there was something attractive in the spirituelle appearance of one who was in yet not of this world. Her ladyship was the first to speak, as she threw a heavy lace shawl around her head and shoulders, saying :

"I have the key to the chapel-room, so come with me as quietly as possible," and she opened the door, followed by the two men.

The house was very still, the servants all in bed, and the guests in their several apartments, and there was little chance of the trio

When the Duchess entered the drawing-room that evening for the first time, decked in a costume à la Marie Stuart, there was almost a murmur of surprise running through the room. Her ladyship was always very gracious to every one, and never more at ease than when advancing some of her pet theories. Cyril Manning, having exhibited a portrait of her ladyship a

"Would you be so kind as to give me half-an-hour to-morrow about eleven o'clock? I have something that I wish particularly to ask you about. In fact you are the only one who can help me."

The Duchess turned her clear blue eyes full upon him and smilingly said :

"I shall be delighted to see you in my room at that hour. *Is she present this evening?*"

"Oh! It's not that," said Mr. Manning. "It

light upon—an affair that bothers my head but not my heart. So, then, at eleven to-morrow I shall have the pleasure."

And sure enough, the next morning, as the little silver clock on the mantel told the hour, Cyril Manning sat in the little blue boudoir, telling her ladyship the story of his experience of the first three nights at Raglan Court.

"And so this is the picture that you made of the ghost-woman," said her ladyship, studying the portrait which he had handed her. "How marvelous! And to think that Mr. Cyril Manning, who always laughed at everything supernatural, should draw the picture of a ghost! I always told you that you'd have to come to someday."

"Yes," I know," said the artist somewhat impatiently; "but can't you tell me what this thing really was?"

"Oh! yes," she replied. "It was—it is the ghost of a woman; naturally—"

For a moment Manning looked at her ladyship curiously, as if trying to divine her thoughts, and then said in an honest, straightforward manner:

"I am deeply interested in this. Since made that portrait that woman has become reality to me. I seem to feel in some sort that that I ought to do something for her, but what or how is more than I can tell. Do you believe that those who have committed a really return to this earth? are for any reason held here for punishment?"

## JOHN WILLIAM FLETCHER

### A Soul Finds Release.

When the Duchess entered the drawing-room that evening for the first time, decked in a costume à la Marie Stuart, there was almost a murmur of surprise running through the room. Her ladyship was always very gracious to every one, and never more at ease than when advancing some of her pet theories. Cyril Manningham having exhibited a portrait of her ladyship at the Royal Academy some two seasons before, was on a footing of more than passing intimacy with her. In the course of the evening, when some one had begun to play upon the piano, and, consequently, everybody had begun to talk, the courtesies of the day having been exchanged, he said to her ladyship, in a subdued tone of voice:

Q. believe that those who have committed a crime, really return to this earth? are for any reason held here for punishment?"

"This is the spot," said her ladyship, "where Lady Clara murdered herself."

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The wind blew gently through the window, and, before they realized it, extinguished the candle, leaving the room in complete darkness. Each hurriedly groped toward the table, but they lost their way, and, huddling together like children, decided to wait whatever might occur. There is a strength in numbers. Three persons could stay together in a room in which any one of them alone would have died of terror.

They had not to wait long, for the three—who were doubtless all mediocrity-endowed, although in what particular way it would be difficult to tell—seemed to form a strong battery, as the results which followed too plainly proved. The Professor was what Spiritualists call a "physical medium," and consequently was familiar with the wonders that might be started by a less impressionable mind. He had seen tables move, heard mysterious voices speak, and more than once been the open door through which those whom the world call dead had found their way back to their loved ones on earth. Therefore he would accept, as a matter of course, phenomena which to many who were unacquainted with the action of occult forces would be looked upon as revelations from heaven, or the wild machinations of Satan himself. They had not long to wait, for soon tiny lights, like so many fire-flies, appeared dancing everywhere about the room. Now and again a wave of light would settle over the apartment, making every object visible, and then fade away. Gradually all the lights began to concentrate into what appeared to be a centre, which began to expand and unfold, until a face, then a form, and then the fully developed figure of a woman, in its long, flowing, shining robe, stood before them.

"My God!" exclaimed Cyril Manning, in a suppressed whisper. "There she is—the woman of the portrait! What in the name of Heaven shall we do?"

"Nothing," said the Professor. "Wait and keep silent."

It was only a moment, but it seemed a lifetime to at least one of the party, before the figure advanced, and a cold, chill air seemed to precede her, and then in a whisper, and almost heartrending, she uttered these words:

"The world is full of crime and misery; the air is full of unhappy spirits who are bound to this earth because of the sins and wrongs they have committed. Passion makes slaves of us all. Pity, pity, pity! An unhappy mother, who is doomed to always stand face to face with her crime."

"What, dear spirit, can we do for you?" said her ladyship.

"Do!" shrieked the spirit, in a wild whisper. "Do for me! Pray to God that the chains which bind me to earth may be broken. For," she added, in a gentler tone, "the prayers of the good draw the angels nearer the unfortunate."

"We will pray for you every night, if we can help you; but where and when?" asked the Duchess.

"Here—at this hour—every night," was the answer.

Then in a subdued tone of voice, the Duchess of Dolmar, whom the world knows only as a woman of fashion and of strange ideas, and more renowned for the beauty of her gowns and jewels than for any other one thing, repeated the Lord's Prayer, in which the two women joined in faltering tones: "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; lead us not into temptation," followed by the "Amen," drew from the spirit a heavy sigh; then "Amen! amen!" echoed from her thin, pale lips. But the light was dimmer, the form more indistinct, until it was lost, and the three alone in the darkness again. The silence was painful. Neither seemed to wish to move first; then her ladyship asked:

"Mr. Manning, what did you do with my match-case? I gave it to you just as we were coming in."

"I laid it," he answered, "on the chair. No, here—here on the table; no—what the deuce did I do with it? Oh! I dropped it; no—oh! here it is in my hand."

"You don't mean to say," said the Duchess, "that you have held that match-case in your hand all the time?"

"To be sure," replied Manning, confusedly, "or I might have lost it, don't you know?" whereupon he struck a match and lit the candle. The Professor had fallen back into a chair, with his eyes closed and his features set.

"Come here, my children," he said in a deep, strong voice; "you have witnessed one of the strange demonstrations of spirit-life. The world is full of earth-bound spirits, for while there is no devil to punish the evil-doer there is punishment just the same for all wrong and sin. No soul that has ever committed sin can escape the presence of that sin, so long as a vestige of excitation remains. The earnest prayers of honest hearts will serve to awaken in the mind of such a spirit, higher and holier aspirations, and it is the duty of all earnest men and women to set apart some time for working for the unhappy. This spirit already has started on her heavenward way. Your conjoined magnetisms have helped to burst the bonds that bound her, and she will never haunt this spot again. Good night, my friends, and let the lesson of this night sink deeply into your hearts."

The Professor moved restlessly in his chair, looked up pleasantly into the two faces and said smilingly:

"And so we are still here?"

"Yes," replied her ladyship, "we are just leaving," and taking the candle in her hand, Cyril Manning held the door open for them to pass out. He could not refrain from taking one last look at the chamber where he had seen and heard such a strange philosophy, and then quietly closed the door behind him. They stopped for a moment in the corridor as they parted for the night. Each pressed the hand of the other without saying a word. This done, her ladyship retired to her chamber, (and eventually to the great world where she will ever be a shining light,) the Professor to pack for the morning train that was to take him to St. Petersburg, where he would exhibit his extraordinary powers to the Court of Russia, while the artist retired to his chamber and hurriedly recorded the tale that you have read.

THE END.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his "One Hundred Days in Europe," (Atlantic Monthly) thus eulogizes trees: "We find our most soothing companionship in the trees among which we have lived, some of which we may ourselves have planted. We lean against them, and they never betray our trust; they shield us from the sun and from the rain; they spring welcome to a new birth, which never loses its freshness; they lay their beautiful robes at our feet; in autumn, when they are laden with the emblems of patience and of truth, for they hide nothing, not even the little leaf-buds, which hint to us of hope, the last element in their triple symbolism."

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## Foreign Correspondence.

### London Letter from Dr. Peebles.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Upon reaching this great smoky, foggy city of over four millions, we were met in the railway station by Mr. James Burns, of the Medium and Daybreak, and conducted to a temperance hotel, where rooms had been previously engaged for us.

It is about ten years since I was in London, and in cleanliness, in the removal of raggedness and drunkenness from the "Seven Diamonds" and other localities, it has improved wonderfully. It is eminently the great city of the world. The day previous to our arrival was the Queen's Jubilee, and the platforms, flower-wreathed arches and dazzling decorations were still visible along the streets and around the parks where prince and peasant, patrician and plebeian had so recently jostled against each other. The city was full of people, the Orient being well represented; and to an American it has the appearance of having been finished. I saw few or no new houses in process of erection in London, or through England, Scotland or Ireland.

Social life in London is in one sense exclusive, the cliques and clans being more sharply drawn as they approach royalty. The Queen, by common consent, is a good motherly woman, and has kept a clean court. She has had nine children, and he is said to be her prize, she nursed them, as all mothers should. Uneducated Americans, with the recommendation of a "big purse," who bow and toady to the titled aristocracy, are only laughed at. My countrymen visiting London, or Paris, for the first time, would do well to arm themselves with letters of introduction from authors, editors, or well-known Americans. With these they will at once find entrance into excellent society, which, contrary to what is generally thought by Americans, is based upon neither blood nor immense estates. Homes in England are more sacred than in new countries—an Englishman's home is his castle.

IN PARLIAMENT, The other day I sat in the gallery of the House of Commons and listened to several speeches, especially Mr. Bradlaugh's upon the necessity of cultivating the twenty millions of acres now uncultivated, and mostly used for private parks or hunting-grounds for the lordly gentry. The speech was clear and caustic, making the rich landholders wince. A sharp debate followed. Gladstone sat listening, but silent. Whenever he does speak the multitude listen. He is the idol of the liberals, and the hero of Home Rule for Ireland. It is coming.

Prof. Tyndall's position relative to Home Rule surprises me. He not only denounces it but pronounces Gladstone's policy "wicked" and "cowardly," calling the "grand old man" "a desperate gambler, miscalculated statesman," and whom he declares he "will fight to the death." How is that for a scientist? Americans, enjoying the blessings of freedom, cannot understand why Ireland should not have her Home Parliament as well as Canada, Australia and other colonies of the British Empire.

Matthew Arnold's statement, while in America, that Americans—the better class of them—were against Home Rule and Gladstone, was absolutely untrue. Not only Americans generally, but Irishmen almost universally, a large majority of Welshmen, of Scotchmen, and the more thinking laboring classes of England, are with Gladstone. Bishops, lords and landlords are against him. He is in the moneyed minority to-day, and already—with the "Coercion Bill" and "Crimes Bill" in view—I may say with a distinguished Member of Parliament:

"The old familiar sights of blackened walls and quenched hearths and desolated fields meet the traveler's eye through the west and south of Ireland, recalling the terrible days of 1847 rather than suggesting this the fiftieth year of Her Gracious Majesty's reign."

Treading or riding along the crowded streets of this mammoth city, seeing the daily displays of soldiers in Hyde Park and various public places in London, I am reminded of the stinging words of the late Mr. Thackeray:

"Accursed, I say, be all uniform coats of blue or of red; all ye epaulettes and sabre-bashes; all ye guns, shrapnels and muskets; all ye silken banners embroidered with bloody reminiscences of successful fights; down, down to the bottomless pit with you all, and let honest men live and love each other without you!"

The land question is the great question of England and Ireland. Why should some English lord in England or Ireland own millions of acres, and millions of the people own not even a garden spot? Land limitation must and will become a law in all lands and climes as the future ripens the principles of fraternity and equality.

Many new honors were conferred by the Queen in celebration of her Jubilee, yet, strange to say, no Gladstonians were made peers, baronets or knights. Blue-blood Tories got all the honors—if honors they are—and yet Gladstone, truth and liberty live.

"That which is crucified to-day  
The distant future shall adore,  
And truths which error seeks to slay,  
Live evermore."

DR. JOHN DEE'S SPIRITUALISM.

While in Manchester I spent considerable time in the "Free Library," examining the writings of Dr. John Dee, an author, celebrated mathematician and Spiritualist in Queen Elizabeth's reign. One of his works, edited by Dr. M. Casaubon, is entitled, "A True and Faithful Relation of What Passed for Many Years between Dr. Dee and Some Spirits." Also, "The Letters of Sundry Great Men and Princesses, Some of Which Were Present at these Conferences (séances) and Apparitions of Spirits." The book was published in 1659. His "autobiographical tracts" and his "Monas Hieroglyphica" interested me deeply. They were published about the middle of the fifteenth century, and are very rare.

His principal medium was Mr. Edwin Kelley. He often used a crystal to help his clairvoyance. The crystal, or rather speculum stone, used in evoking these spirits was afterward owned by the Earl of Peterborough, the Duke of Argyll, and Horace Walpole. A late English writer says, "It is a piece of highly polished canal-coal, and was recently purchased as a relic, for about seventy-five dollars, by Lord Londesborough." The witty Butler, referring to this stone in "Hudibras," says:

"Kelley did all his feats upon  
The devil's looking-glass, a stone."

Poor Dr. Dee, though a most estimable and scholarly gentleman for his period, was a plain, earnest, misrepresented and maliciously slandered. So it was and is—the best fruit trees are most abused. His enemies, not content with their persecutions, despoiled his library of four thousand volumes. Writing of this, he

says: "I do not so much grieve my heart over the loss of my books and manuscripts, as I do over the rash, lewd, and most untrue fables and falsehoods against me, which have over-spread the whole realm."

STANOE WITH EGLINTON.

As per agreement, I was at Mr. Eglington's residence, Nottingham Hill, promptly at eleven o'clock. Mr. Eglington had just returned from St. Petersburg, where he had given séances to the Czar and Czarina, Grand Dukes and Duchesses, princes, barons, counts, ambassadors and university professors.

Think of it! University professors, Czar, princes, scholars, Gladstone, and nobles near the throne, whose names I am not permitted to mention, attending Mr. Eglington's séances—and yet there is a class of materialistic scientists and sceptical zealots who pronounce the whole matter fraud and fable! Are not such individuals mental monstrosities? The facts of conscious intercourse between this and the invisible world are well established. What will the harvest be? Is a matter for the future to decide.

But to the séance: It was in broad daylight: The slates were washed before my eyes. I wrote my questions in a way that rendered it impossible for Mr. Eglington to have seen them had he desired to. Putting a bit of pencil upon the slate and holding it nearly under the table by his thumb and first two fingers, his other hand in mine, the slate was nearly filled with straightforward answers to my questions in an almost incredibly short space of time. And while they were being answered the table was floating in the air, nearly a foot from the floor.

The following communication was received while both slates, carefully cleaned, were lying upon the top of the table, a bit of a pencil between them, and our joined hands over them; the table, in the meantime, rising and swinging in the air:

DEAR BROTHER—From the realms of the infinite we stretch forth our hands and grasp yours with the warmth created by respect. Nobly you have fought the great battle for truth's sake. Your books will live to yield their spiritual fruit long after your body has perished; and now in the declining years of your life do you live with a fervent greeting, full of appreciation for what you have done for the cause of humanity. Sorrows and trials may have been yours, may be yours still, but you will have the recollection of having served your God and your fellow-men faithfully, all of which will make your way smooth, and prepare you for the life immortal. It is before such men as you that bigotry and false theology have had to give way, and the higher and more perfect way shown to the people of earth. Lovingly, therefore, do we group around you, tendering you our thanks and imploring the blessings of the Father upon your future career, and his care of you when your labors shall be over.

The questions I asked I design to use at another time, with their answers. Mr. Eglington leaves England soon for Australia. I can assure Mr. Terry of the *Harbinger of Light*, and others, that he is both a genuine medium and a trustworthy man.

STANOE WITH D. DUGUID.

Having read, a number of years ago, Mr. Duguid's book "Hafed, the Prince of Persia," with Mr. Howitt and others' criticisms upon it, none of which were satisfactory, while some I thought decidedly unjust—I was exceedingly anxious to have a series of sittings with this very remarkable medium. And thanks to him and his controlling intelligence, the long-desired wish has been fully gratified. In a room set apart and consecrated to the purpose, I conversed hours and hours with Hafed, the entrancing spirit, upon Palestine, Persia, India and Egypt; upon the seers, sages and magi of two thousand years ago, and upon Jesus of Nazareth, and the relation that he sustained to him.

You have not room for even an outline of the communications. Suffice it that I say this much: Hafed, the Prince and Seer, was one of the magi that proceeded with the gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh to Bethlehem, at the birth of the man of Nazareth. Persians, Hindus and Egyptians, as well as the Hebrews, were looking for a Messiah, or some great moral teacher. Hafed, expecting him to appear in Persia, was much disappointed that he should appear among the Hebrews, who, in Hafed's words, were at that time little better than "robbers and assassins—about the worst people on earth."

When very young, Jesus was sent to Egypt and put under the protection of Ischa, who became a father to him. He studied in the same cell with Hermes, a warm personal friend of Hafed's. Upon "leaving Egypt," says Hafed, "I became his tutor, traveling with him into India, where he did many marvelous things. While here he was initiated into a small community, or brotherhood, who had banished themselves from the world. Here he became an adept, being taught the lore of ancient India, after which he returned with me to Persia."

"Soon after commencing his public ministry his spiritual power became astounding. The Hebrews admitted it, but said he did these works through the magic he had learned in Egypt. We called him our prince—the Prince of Peace!" "I knew some of the apostles intimately," said Hafed, "especially Paul, whom I heard speak in Athens. I knew about primitive Christianity. I aided in its origin and organization. I helped to plant primitive churches in Asia and along the seas of Southern Europe and Northern Africa. The first Christians were generally humble and poor, but rich in spiritual gifts and deeds of charity." "Hafed, often seeing Jesus in a magnificent temple in the heavens, with Pythagoras, Socrates, Confucius, Gautama Buddha, and other glorified souls of the ages, often reports to earth their exalted themes of thought and contemplation. Through Hafed, I had a corroboration of my séance in Jerusalem through Dr. E. O. Dunn, who still has his inspirations and visions."

"LONDON SPIRITUALIST ALLIANCE.

Cordially invited by the Council, I attended, June 30th, the Alliance Conversations. At the appointed time W. Stainton Moses (M. A. Oxon), the President, took the chair, and introduced O. E. Cassal, Esq., who read an able and most masterly address upon "Death." It was listened to with deep and profound attention. By request of the President and Council, I moved a vote of thanks, accompanied with such compliments and off-hand remarks as I saw fit to make. There were between two and three hundred present, and I never met a more genial, social, and at the same time cultured assemblage of people. The order was perfect, the music excellent, the refreshments inviting, and the cordial handshaking universal. All felt fraternal and happy. The evening's theme was "Spiritual Manifestations of Spiritualism in its Religious

Aspects, and the never-ending Jubilee that are to be in that Better, Brighter Land of Immortality." Not a jarring word of discord was thought or breathed during the evening. Elder F. W. Evans, from America, and strangers from the Continent, were at once made to feel perfectly at home. The aura, the very atmosphere of the hall, was indicative of cleanliness, refinement, good taste, and a real soul-felt spirituality. This London Spiritualist Alliance is certainly a centre of power—a power that radiates over the kingdom and the adjoining continent. And further, during the whole evening there was manifest not a particle of that strained stiffness, that assumed superiority and pompous littleness, so characteristic of uncultured, uneducated, jealous, pessimistic grumblers.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS IN LONDON.

Though the lecture season has nominally passed, yet meetings are held regularly by Spiritualists in several London localities. At a large public meeting held a Sunday evening in Claremont Hall, Elder Evans gave an account of the spiritual manifestations among the Shakers before the Rochester marvels through the Fox sisters. Mr. Burns followed him in a thrilling speech, referring to our mutual work in the Cavendish Rooms, nearly twenty years ago. Mr. Burns is an earnest, impassioned speaker, and dares to speak the truth just as he sees and feels it. At this meeting, as at the Alliance, I met many old friends—friends of whom I cherish only pleasant and happy memories.

Barrister George Milner Stephen, called the "great Australian Healer," is still in London. He very much helped Elder Evans's hearing. He certainly has wonderful healing gifts, and belongs, as you know, to a distinguished English family. He was for a time acting Governor of New South Wales. He also had a seat in the Victorian Parliament, and was for a season Prosecutor for the Crown. Now he is an humble yet effectual healing medium, relieving human suffering.

I listened one afternoon to Gerald Massey in St. George's Hall, but did not see a Spiritualist present that I knew.

In Manchester there are many Spiritualists. Near there resides John Bright. When in this country a few years ago, Mr. Harper, a devoted Spiritualist of London, whom I had the pleasure of meeting a few days since, accompanied me to the residence of John Bright at Rochdale. He had attended a séance at the home of S. C. Hall, and was very favorably impressed with the manifestations of D. D. Home. Quakers, considering the visions, prophecies and spiritual gifts of George Fox, Hoag and others, should never oppose Spiritualism.

The Manchester vegetarians gave us, but more especially Elder Evans, a most gracious greeting in the form of a vegetarian supper, followed by speeches, that of mine being unpopular, because of the truthful confession that I occasionally took a bit of broiled steak—expressing the opinion that good lean beef and mutton were preferable to sour bread and soggy potatoes. And yet, from the study of man and his foods, I am convinced that vegetables, grains and fruits are cleaner and higher types of food than much animal flesh. The logic of the matter is, the drinks and foods make the blood, the blood makes the body, and the body affects the manifestations of the mind.

In New Castle, the home of such sturdy Spiritualists as Barkas, Kersey, Robinson, a book merchant, and others, we had crowded audiences. The people were enthusiastic. They drank in Spiritualism as the earth drinks in the dews and showers; and they listened with the deepest interest to the Elder's presentation of Shakerism.

In Sunderland, a ship-building city near New Castle, the Spiritualists opened their hall, and we had excellent meetings. Miss Eva Fay, with her troop of juggling tricksters, was "exhibiting Spiritualism in the theatre in full gallant" the same night that we were in the city. I stated that the BANNER OF LIGHT and other Spiritualist journals in America had repeatedly exposed her.

I have been flooded, since coming to this country, with letters asking my "terms" for lectures. My uniform reply has been: "I have no terms; my field of labor is physiology, hygiene and laws of health."

On our return to Glasgow, we are to lecture several times to those good, devoted Spiritualists, and they are to give us a *soirée* before we return to America. The Glasgow Spiritualists, now out of debt, and relying upon home talent for speaking, are united and prosperous. Truth is immortal, and must come off victorious.

London, Eng. J. M. PEEBLES.

Aspects, and the never-ending Jubilee that are to be in that Better, Brighter Land of Immortality." Not a jarring word of discord was thought or breathed during the evening. Elder F. W. Evans, from America, and strangers from the Continent, were at once made to feel perfectly at home. The aura, the very atmosphere of the hall, was indicative of cleanliness, refinement, good taste, and a real soul-felt spirituality. This London Spiritualist Alliance is certainly a centre of power—a power that radiates over the kingdom and the adjoining continent. And further, during the whole evening there was manifest not a particle of that strained stiffness, that assumed superiority and pompous littleness, so characteristic of uncultured, uneducated, jealous, pessimistic grumblers.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS IN LONDON.

Though the lecture season has nominally passed, yet meetings are held regularly by Spiritualists in several London localities. At a large public meeting held a Sunday evening in Claremont Hall, Elder Evans gave an account of the spiritual manifestations among the Shakers before the Rochester marvels through the Fox sisters. Mr. Burns followed him in a thrilling speech, referring to our mutual work in the Cavendish Rooms, nearly twenty years ago. Mr. Burns is an earnest, impassioned speaker, and dares to speak the truth just as he sees and feels it. At this meeting, as at the Alliance, I met many old friends—friends of whom I cherish only pleasant and happy memories.

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Dr. Peebles and Elder Evans in Glasgow—Farwell Meetings.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: We have had quite a time of rejoicing in Glasgow, having been privileged to see much of these estimable men—Dr. Peebles and Elder Evans. It is not necessary that we agree intellectually on all points with people to appreciate their moral and spiritual worth. Had we, as a body, been at one with Shakerism, we could not have loved the Elder more than we do; more than one felt that here was not only a moral force, but a man of ideas, and so we have all, in a measure, been stirred by the sweet simplicity, the naturalness and purity of the man. Altogether a striking figure is Elder Frederick, with his large fund of common sense, throwing light on ancient errors, thrashing the absurdities of the churches, and trying to work out the problem of a community in which righteousness and peace will reign. To get at the better way is the object and aim of all reformers; and the Shakers are surely entitled to the credit of doing something to help the world to get at a higher truth than has yet been reached. Hepworth Dixon in his "New America," published over twenty years since, seemed to be much attracted to Elder Frederick and the people. "The people," he says, "are like their village; soft in speech, demure in bearing, gentle in face; a people seeming to be at peace not only with themselves, but with Nature and with heaven." And again: "After spending a few days among them, seeing them at their meals and at their prayers, in their private amusements and in their household work, I found myself, thinking that if any chance were to throw me down, and I were sick in spirit, broken in health, there would be few female faces, next after those of my own wife and kin, that would be pleasanter to see about my bed. Life appears to move on Mount Lebanon in an easy kind of rhythm, order, temperance, frugality, worship. Every one seems busy, every one tranquil."

We may not comprehend Shaker theology, cannot make much out of the Second Advent, some of us may not be so certain of the first advent; but we can admit to the fact that it is a sweet picture which not only Hepworth Dixon

but so many other writers have drawn of their life, in marked contrast to what is got out of the gas-lighted and gas-impaired Christianity we are triumphant in.

John Ruskin forcibly says, "You might sooner get lightning out of incense smoke, than soul-action or passion out of your modern English religion." The Shakers have undoubtedly made a road upon which we can travel a long way; they have given us many lessons as to life culture, given us many seeds of future life for our little garden. Men might go leagues to listen to such a man as Elder Evans, and come back well paid. One feels that the realization of heaven on earth looks a bit nearer than ever it did before, and that it does not belong to dreamland, but is practical and present. "Measured against the millions of Christian people," says Dixon, "six or seven thousand Shakers may appear of small account, and this would be truth if the strength of spiritual and moral forces could be told in figures, but one man with ideas may be worth a parliament, an army."

The greatest work is one which the world does not talk about, does not even see. The Shakers soar above the level of all common vices and temptations, and from the height of their unselfish virtue, offer to the worn and wearied spirit a gift of peace and a place of rest.

Dr. Peebles, by his books; which, like sacks of corn, are carried from land to land to be sown and bear their manifold fruit, was closely known to all of us. It is a great thing, even once in a lifetime, to come in contact with such men, to be cheered and comforted in your way-faring, and yet filled with new vigor and new faith. Dr. Peebles is certainly a representative man amongst Spiritualists; he is read and admired in every quarter of the world, and seems to be growing in the esteem of spiritual workers. With much poetic feeling, his keen eye sees mines of wisdom not quarried before, and brings a power of unsung gold to light. Called "Iconoclast" by one school of thinkers, Christian by another, he seems neither; but he is undoubtedly a man whose mind and conscience, heart and soul are all well developed. The striking characteristics of the man, as of his books, is his warm, affectional nature.







Sarah Marshall of Philadelphia. She leaves a fortune, estimated at \$350,000 to \$400,000, for the relief of chronic and incurable invalids who cannot be cared for in the general hospitals by the "regular" medical faculty, whose facilities in the healing line are















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