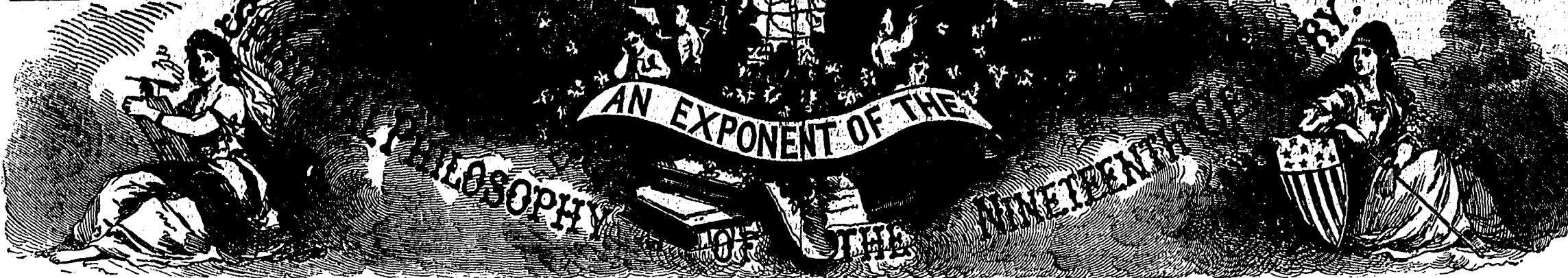


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

**FIRST PAGE.**—Original Essay: The Genesis of Thought. Literary Department: Love, the Evolver.

**SECOND PAGE.**—Foreign Correspondence: The Present Outlook in Paris. *Spiritual Phenomena:* Séance with Mrs. Sawyer. *Poetry:* Christmas, 1888. Jessie Benton Fremont's Vision. December Magazines.

**THIRD PAGE.**—*Banner Correspondence:* Letters from Pennsylvania, Maine, New York, Massachusetts, Iowa and Rhode Island. A Western Medium, etc.

**FOURTH PAGE.**—Welcome, Christmas! "Poor Luck of the Psychical Research Society." "Robert Elmore." A Reminiscence, etc.

**FIFTH PAGE.**—The Alaska Indians. All Sorts of Paragraphs, Movements of Platform Lecturers. New Advertisements, etc.

**SIXTH PAGE.**—*Message Department:* Questions Answered through the Mediumship of Mrs. M. T. Shelhamer-Longley; Spirit Messages given through the Mediumship of Mrs. B. F. Smith. Verification of a Spirit Message. New Publications, etc.

**SEVENTH PAGE.**—*Poetry:* The Lion of the Nile. Obituary Notices. Mediums in Boston. Book and Miscellaneous Advertisements.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—Spiritualist Meetings in Boston, New York, and Elsewhere. Gone Home, etc.

## Original Essay.

### THE GENESIS OF THOUGHT.

BY A. E. NEWTON.

In Two Parts—Part II.

But whence come the streams of thought that surprise our greatest thinkers? What is the "alien energy" which generates these grand visions and creations? That energy must be intellectual, or mental, and not the chance-play of blind, unconscious, automatic forces. For its products often display the highest order of intellectual action; they exhibit plan, connected thought in orderly sequence, together with imagery of the highest beauty and significance, and above all, in notable cases, a worthy purpose of good. These qualities must originate in mind; and that mind must be akin, even though superior, to human minds. What mind conceives, arranges and projects these grand surprises?

Both Holmes and Thackeray, in the quotations previously given, intimate an identity of experience between modern inspired writers and ancient Pythonesses. "There is a Delphi and a Pythoness in every human breast," says the former. No doubt this is true. But the ancients—even the most intelligent and cultivated among them, such as Plato, Socrates, Xenophon, Hesiod, Herodotus, etc., firmly believed the Pythonesses and Sibyls to be the mouthpieces (or mediums) of "the gods," that is, the ancestral spirits of the race, who were regarded as the real authors of the poems, prophecies and instructions delivered through these instruments. Emerson finds the source of his inspirations in what he terms "the Over-soul," which is the transcendental word for Deity; while Mrs. Stowe piously attributes her grandest work to the dictation of "God." But she has in her earlier writings strongly affirmed her belief in the "ministration of spirits" and the immediate presence of the spirit-world, of which she has said:

"It lies about us like a cloud—  
A world we do not see;  
Yet the sweet closing of an eye  
May bring us there to be."

And again, addressing her deceased son, in the touching poem entitled "Only a Year," she wrote:

"Not dead, not sleeping, not even gone;  
But present still,  
And waiting for the coming hour  
Of God's sweet will."

Believing thus in the nearness of spiritual beings, and their employment as ministers of the Infinite Spirit, she can hardly be supposed to mean otherwise than that such beings were the actual agencies employed in dictating to her mind the details of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Charles Dudley Warner states that "The Vision of Sir Launfal, one of the most exquisite productions of the genius of James Russell Lowell, was composed in a sort of frenzy, lasting about forty-eight hours, during which the poet neither ate nor slept." This fact is very significant.

Of Longfellow, one of the chief of our modern poets, it is stated by his biographer (Underwood), that "His first conceptions came like inspiration, and his first draughts of poems were done with exceeding rapidity." This corresponds with the "flac phrenzy" so usually ascribed to ancient Sibyls and Pythonesses in delivering their utterances, and more or less common to all poets in all times and countries. Longfellow's poems abound in recognitions of spirit-presence, showing a consciousness on his part, more or less clear, of intimate relations to the realm of spiritual being; and in the following lines of one of his later productions he distinctly indicates a perception of the immediate source of suddenly injected thoughts:

"It may be  
The thoughts that visit us, we know not whence,  
Sudden as inspiration, are the wisps  
Of disembodied spirits, speaking to us  
As friends who wait outside a prison wall  
Through the barred windows speak to those within."

Can any more reasonable explanation of the source of many of our thoughts, both ordinary and extraordinary, be suggested? In fact, in view of the established principles of material science, as set forth in President Hitchcock's treatise on "The Telegraphic System of the Universe," it seems unavoidable, granting the existence of invisible minds or spiritual beings anywhere in the universe, and especially if near at hand and surrounding us, that their thoughts should, to some extent, act upon and awaken corresponding thoughts in the

minds of mortals, and vice versa. President Hitchcock shows, from the known laws of electric, optical, odyllic, chemical and mental reaction, that thought or emotion cannot take place in any mind without producing vibrations which are limitless in extent and endless in duration. He says:

"Through the subtle agencies that have been named, we may be sure that an influence goes out from every thought and volition of ours, and reaches every other intellect in the wide creation. I know not whether, in other worlds, their inhabitants possess sensibilities acute enough to be conscious of this influence; certainly, in this world, it is only to a limited extent that men are conscious of it. Yet we must admit that it exists and acts, or deny the demonstrated verities of science."

He adds the further important statement, that "There are certain facts in the history of individuals in an abnormal state, which show that one mind acts upon another, independent of the senses, or any other material means of intercommunication discoverable by the senses."

It would seem, then, that the only thing requisite to the actual enjoyment of mental communication between minds in and out of the body, is, the possession of sensibilities acute enough to perceive and interpret the subtle vibrations caused by mental action. But poets and persons of genius, of all classes, are known to be possessed of especially acute sensibilities; and hence their ability to feel the mental activities of invisible minds that surround and are in rapport with them, even though they be wholly unaware of the source of these activities.

This law of sympathetic vibration has many illustrations. One is the well-known responsiveness of a stringed musical instrument, as a violin or a piano, to the notes of a flute or other wind-instrument, and even to the human voice, when the right chords are sounded. The atmospheric vibrations produced by the one are propagated to and repeated by the other—provided the instruments are attuned in harmony. So, doubtless, the thoughts and emotions of every vigorous mind, wherever in the universe it may exist, in the physical body or out, set in motion vibrations in the mental atmosphere, which extend to and affect indefinite numbers of other minds, sympathetically attuned, within the radius of its influence. This furnishes a scientific basis on which to form a rational conception of the source of our thoughts and inspirations—often so mixed, incongruous and inconsequential, and again so grand, uplifting and surprising as these are. And it shows the necessity of keeping our souls attuned to the high, the noble, the holy, if we would be sensitive to vibrations from the higher realms of being—the loftier planes of intellect.

Concerning Longfellow, a little incident within the writer's remembrance may illustrate the manner in which poets may be sometimes acted upon in the production of their works. It was my privilege to be present, many years ago, at a social gathering at the house of Allen Putnam, Esq., then residing in Roxbury. It was shortly after Mr. Longfellow's remarkable and peculiar poem of "Hiawatha" had been given to the public, and while it was attracting general attention. Among the company were several clairvoyants and other mediums of various gifts, and a host of invisibles were reported as honoring the occasion with their presence. Among others, a band of North American Indian spirits, of an obviously intelligent and elevated character, presented themselves, unsought, and were seen, if I mistake not, simultaneously, by two or three of the clairvoyants present. These spirits proceeded to surprise and greatly interest the company by the declaration that they were the real authors of the poem of Hiawatha—that they had banded themselves together and brought their united influence to bear upon the poet, for the purpose of producing through his instrumentality a work which should awaken a more just and kindly feeling toward their race on the part of the white people of this nation. They seemed greatly pleased with their success, and the general interest which the poem had aroused, and for this they expressed the warmest gratitude. Whether Mr. Longfellow had any consciousness of such action upon his mind in that production, I have no means of knowing, nor is it material to the purpose now in view—which is that of illustrating the origin of thought.

Great orators are doubtless acted upon in a similar way, in the production of their most effective forensic efforts, as Dr. Holmes has intimated. Take an illustrative instance: The writer had the pleasure of forming one of the vast audience that assembled in Tremont Temple, Boston, in the year 1860, to celebrate the first election of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States. The chief speaker of the occasion was Massachusetts' "silver-tongued orator," Wendell Phillips. By my side sat one of the clearest-visioned clairvoyants I have ever known, but without any expectation of any exercise of her gift on that occasion. Mr. Phillips was at his best. As he stepped upon the platform the clairvoyant turned to me in surprise, and said in whisper: "I see in the rear of the platform (the walls have disappeared) a vast assemblage of spirits, in the foreground of whom I recognize the familiar forms of many of the founders of the republic. I wonder what it means! Now," she said, as Mr. Phillips was about to speak, "I see the tall form of Washington stand forth, as if he is to address the assembly, but his language seems to consist of symbols and imagery of the grandest character." She proceeded to describe to me, as well as she could, the grand and significant imagery which the Father of his Country seemed to project in some way before the vision of his spirit-audience. Listening to her description, I at the same time had my ears open

to the words of the visible orator on the platform, and was interested to note that Mr. Phillips followed closely, a little way behind, the exact line of thought and imagery already portrayed to me by the clairvoyant as expressed by Washington, save that often Mr. Phillips's language, grand and stirring as it was, gave but a meagre idea of the glowing and resplendent symbolism projected by the (to me) invisible orator. This continued throughout the discourse. It appeared evident that Mr. Phillips was but giving utterance to thoughts and ideas impressed upon or projected into his mind by a master-mind behind him. Probably his conscious experience was not different from that in his other great efforts, or that of other great orators on grand occasions in general; but the incident at least illustrates and enforces the statement of Dr. Holmes, that "the orator only becomes our master when he himself is surprised, captured and taken possession of by a sudden rush of fresh inspiration." Orators are often conscious of sudden electric thrills pervading their whole being, accompanied by gushes of fresh thought which are a surprise to themselves.

But not only poets and orators, philosophers and novelists, sculptors and other artists, are recipients and not creators of their best things, but inventors have similar experiences. Mr. Edison is reported as having acknowledged that he has received some of his most valuable and wonderful inventions while in the state of trance. A successful inventor of cotton machinery, to whose ingenious devices the public is indebted for probably millions of dollars saved in the cheapening of cotton fabrics in this country, once said to me, in describing his experience: "When I see that some new invention is really needed, I go to my room, darken the windows, throw myself upon my bed, and lie there in quiet seclusion until the thing desired is shown to me, in all its parts and relations. Then I go to my shop and work it out." The same inventor stated that he had once been a thorough materialist, an utter disbeliever in a future life, but had been startled from his skepticism by the statement of a clairvoyant, who, one day, passing his shop, stopped outside and described to him an invention that he (my friend) was then engaged in constructing in secret, and of which he was sure no human being but himself knew anything. The clairvoyant further described to him a spirit, who claimed to be interested in the invention, and to be aiding in its completion, giving some valuable suggestions for its perfection. This spirit he recognized, from the evidences given, as a fellow-inventor, his former partner in business, then deceased, and who, he supposed, had utterly dropped out of existence; but here was proof that he still lived, and had not ceased to be interested in his former work. The result was a course of investigation, which fully convinced this skeptic, not only that life continues beyond the grave, but that useful inventions, like other good gifts to humanity, "come from above," through the beneficent ministration of those who have passed to a higher plane of life.

In thus tracing the origin of much of human thought to the agency of invisible beings, acting directly upon impressionable persons by either suggestion, inspiration, or forcible control, I do not intend to deny or ignore another probable method by which thought is generated in human minds. No doubt there exists what may be called an atmosphere of thought, of various grades or stratifications, lower and coarser, higher and more refined. As the common air is known to be charged with the germs of innumerable animalcula, or microbes, and almost constantly in vibration with various sounds, so this thought-atmosphere may be supposed to be pervaded by thought-germs of various qualities, or by the vibrations peculiar to different orders of thought—perhaps by both; and these thought-germs or vibrations generate corresponding thoughts in minds that absorb or become immersed in them and are capacitated to be affected by them. These mental vibrations or germs of thought no doubt proceed from the combined action of either united bands or perhaps vast numbers of cooperating minds pertaining to the specific grade or sphere of life whence they emanate, instead of coming from merely individual minds—personal spirits—as in the case of direct personal communication, by impression, or control.

The existence and action of mental atmospheres of different grades pertaining to earth, is sufficiently proven by the experience of sensitive persons in daily experience. Almost everyone realizes the difference between the atmosphere of a church and that of a play-house, or that of a school-room and of a political assembly, as regards the kind and order of thoughts and emotions they give rise to. Persons who in the way suggested absorb thought from the atmosphere around them may be quite unconscious of the action of any mind but their own, and hence may imagine that all originates within themselves; or, if aware of any sudden and marked influx of ideas, may attribute them directly, as does Mrs. Stowe, to "God," or Emerson to "the Over-soul," recognizing no intermediate agency. And, indeed, as already intimated, all such inspiration may be counted as truly "divine," in so far as it expresses truth and tends to good.

The practical lesson of this inquiry into the genesis of thought is, that the grade, quality and value of our thoughts and inspirations, whether they be injected by individual or associated minds in the invisible world, or generated from a spiritual atmosphere which we breathe, depends upon the elevation and purity of the minds with which we are nearest in sympathy and rapport, in this world or the other; in other words, upon the degree of personal elevation, mental, moral and spiritual, which we have ourselves attained. More inspiration, of itself—whether ancient or modern, whether given through prophets, apostles, sibyls or pythoneses—no matter how startling or surprising its methods or its products, or how lofty soever the source it may claim—is of no worth beyond its intrinsic power to enlighten, to elevate, and to energize for good.

## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### LOVE, THE EVOLVER.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

It was November—past the middle—and one of those Novembers that cheat the New Englander into a temporary belief that the winter will not be a test to his faith and hope, but will stimulate his trust. All seasons are beautiful in the Divine order of the universe to a person in vigor and strength, when the breath is a true inspiration, and the hands and feet respond to the heart. But November means forecasting and calculating, and denial of the Eastern injunction, "take no thought for the morrow."

Far off over the valleys a soft, gray mist was gathering, and the hills were purple in the distance. The forests had lost their glory, but they had taken on the serenity of gray and brown. The sky, too, was gray, but a gray that suggested repose and not death. "A symphony in gray," Whistler would have named a picture of the scene, or a representation of the day. An occasional belated robin called from the trees, and a flock of swallows asserted their persistent courage by chirps and flutters, giving life to the scene.

On the hillside overlooking the valley were sitting, on snow-covered bowlders, three fine specimens of New England womanhood. Not robust types to the eye, but in figure and movement full of the aspiration and endeavor that make even shallow cheeks suggest endurance and thin lips express latent power. They had come in the horse-cars to the limit of their route, and had wandered off to this location for a last glimpse before the coming of snow and ice of Nature, pure and simple.

"Don't look much like winter, does it?" and yet only five weeks to Christmas," said the elder.

"How can you mention such a disagreeable subject in the midst of this rest and comfort? It means hurry, bustle, confusion, restless nights, weary days, fear, anxiety, debt, perhaps insolvency," said the second of the three; and she gave her head a toss and her body a shake as she rose to her feet, and cast a look of appeal to the far-off, delectable mountains.

"I say so, too. I am weary past endurance of the present order of things. We are all deluged with pin-cushions and bags and bric-a-brac; and I saw Mrs. Fellows fold that lovely embroidery I designed myself, and spent weeks and weeks on until it was half blind, and put it in a box and tar and every horrid-smelling combination, and lock it in a great trunk, as much as to say, You are too good to use, too good to be eaten by the moths: you are simply a useless encumbrance. I could have cried from vexation."

This was spoken by the light-haired, gentle-faced maiden, Hope, who had brought out her colors to try a bit of sketching, but had given up the last hour to pure enjoyment.

"Well, I must say," answered Prudence, "that bags and pin-cushions are a little overdone, but then there are the charities: the newsboys, the hospitals, the Sunday schools. We must not forget that what makes us tired makes others happy."

"Now Prudence," said Marianna, "you have not read Mills in vain. You know that doing for people don't help them one jot. I don't forget how the pretty things I made for those back alley girls and boys were out in the ash-barrel in a week, and that doll I dressed—"

"Oh! don't mention that doll again," said Hope; "we have had it in monthly installments to illustrate political economy ever since January last. There, dear, don't be angry; I did not mean that we were bored. It was dreadful, but no worse than my pretty gown that I wanted myself, and gave to—"

"Oh! stop, girls," said Prudence. "Let us give one look at this grand November, and bury the future in a mist like that on the far-off valley."

"I know but one way out of our tribulations, and that is to seek wisdom," said Marianna. "I have just been thinking of our great-grandfather, who would not have a mince pie in his house at Christmas time because it savored of popery."

"Yes, wisdom is a good stand-by if one can bear it," said Prudence, "but I am thinking love comes first."

"Philosophy is horribly chilly," said Marianna; "let us have a run, and imagine we are girls again."

A month later and the same trio sat in a snug parlor that opened by its rear windows to the stretch of Charles River. The lights on the long bridge and the mill-dam were gleaming in eye-enticing brightness. The sunset glory had scarcely died out of the west, which seemed like a transfusion of heavenly and earthly light. The three sat quietly gazing. The pleasant chatter of an hour before had given place to a seriousness quite unusual to this sisterhood. Presently Hope began to sob in apparent forgetfulness, and Prudence, who had borne the pain of her pet's unhappiness in quiet as long as she could, at last arose, and taking the fair head between her hands, laid it tenderly on her lap. The long quiet that followed was at last broken by Prudence.

"Something is wrong, girls. We are all unhappy, and life does not look as it used to look; suppose we make clean breasts, and see where the remedy lies, if remedy there is. Come, Rose, begin."

"Oh! girls, don't say I'm silly, but I saw

Ben when I was out this morning, and he did not seem to notice me, and he has been here but once in a fortnight, and not at all since that talk we had on good works, when I said I was sick of hearing about the poor and their sufferings, and I guessed God knew about how to take care of His own. Tell me, Prue, do you think he will come again? and didn't he know that I only tried to be smart because—because he said so much about Sue Amory's charity, and we all know she has five thousand a year? You can see, Prue, you know; tell me."

Prudence was silent; she seemed like one dreaming; at last she said: "Do you believe in the handwriting on the wall? For over there, just where the darkness decreases and light begins, there are golden words. Let me read them to you: 'Those who seek wisdom must first find love. Through suffering and compassion men grow together and are lifted nearer the Divine. It is not by good deeds, but by the impulse that prompts them, that men are inspired and represent angels.' Can you not see this vision with me? All the despised pin-cushions, the monotonous bags and the labored stitches have their network of life worked into them. This network, so delicate that human eye cannot behold it or human touch feel it, is visible to the inner eye, and is like a bond of life, linking the hearts of men to each other. Tracing those delicate cords from their beginning, in the love that prompted the deed, to their recipient, I see them winding about the giver and receiver, and lighting up little flames of life that glow and scintillate, and really illumine a world. Why! Christmas time is like the burning bush—aglow with God! Every little thing seems to bear more and more of this life and light, until one hardly knows where heaven begins and earth ends."

There was a moment's hush, when Marianna said: "Prue, are you in real, dead earnest? honor bright, no foolery?"

"Oh! don't," said Hope. "I know it's all true, every word. I feel it." "Well, then, girls," responded Marianna, "our duty is plain before us. We are simply throwing away opportunities. Ten yards of satin ribbon, two pounds of Shetland, six bunches of embroidery silk. I'm in for it all. Put on your coats and let us off! stores of 'em to-night. I'll work until midnight at the week."

"Oh! please don't trifle," said Rose; "it seems to me I can never laugh again."

"That's just what I intend you shall do, and at once too. Holy visions make me merry as the morning; I feel as if I was just sixteen, and ready for a time. Don't look so sober, Prue; of course I believe every word you said, and what's more I am ready for the action after the word. Let us off like good children of the dear mother who gave the vision—for really and truly and seriously who else could have told us that pretty story of golden chains, and united heaven and earth?"

And the three donned their cloaks, and like merry children went out across the Common to the busy streets where the shops were open these days in the evening. Just as they turned the corner of Winter street, they met a rush of eager men and women, and in the midst was Ben Hastings. One eager, glad glance, and he was with them.

"Oh! I'm so glad that I met you," he said. "I thought you didn't mean Christmas this year, and I am so busy with all it brings. Come, Hope, let us talk it over, while Prue and Marianna take the shopping off your hands."

And this is the little story Ben told Hope:

"You see, Hope, I felt real sorry for what you said about good works, for somehow I knew it wasn't so, and that we must show God to the world just by our works, and so I left you, and went away just a little bit angry; but I soon recovered, and asked only to know the best. And this is what I found out. Going out of town on the cars we were crowded, and I sat beside a forlorn-looking woman. She was evidently German. She held a heavy basket in her lap to give me room, and I was so much of a boor that I did not offer to take it. At last she wished to get off, and she seemed hardly able to rise, so then of course I roused my chivalry, and lifted her basket, and carried it to the door. I handed it to her, and all at once it seemed like a thing of life, and to drag me after it. I could not but follow. She, with a true instinct of independence, almost refused to burden me, but I kept a strong hold, and followed her, it seemed to me a mile or more. She took from her pocket a key as we ascended the stairs of a tenement house. She held it with an eager tremor, and as she placed it she said: 'You have done me a good turn; may the Lord reward you.' This was intended for dismissal, but I could not go; something seemed to tug at me from the basket still, and I almost forced my way inside the door.

"The darkness was too intense for my vision, but I heard a thin, faint, child's voice say: 'You're back, Mame. I've held the match for you just one hour by the clock; and tell me, did you see or hear of the Christ-child?'"

"Ah! yes, dear; he's surely everywhere, and so he can't miss you and me."

"But will he truly come, and shall we have our lights and plenty of wood?"

"Hush, dear; here's a fine gentleman that brought my basket so I could give yer some blocks and build a fire, and we can stay here till after Christmas."

"There was a silence; the match was touched to a candle, which threw a dim light over a room which I need not describe to you, darling." How Hope's heart beat at that tender expression.

"There was simply nothing there but a bed, a little stove, and one geranium, with a few,



The number of weddings that have been celebrated of late is sufficiently large to warrant the assumption that the customs which are popularly supposed to long to leap year are a help rather than a hindrance to matrimony.



## Banner Correspondence.

**Pennsylvania.**  
WILLIAMSPORT.—Miss Mary Kelsey writes: "Last summer I attended the session of the Spiritualistic Association at Cresskill Lake, N. Y., and, as I took notes of the platform tests given through the mediumship of J. Frank Baxter and Edgar W. Emerson, I herewith jot down a few which were given."

Mr. Baxter having taken the platform said, "A man comes bearing a strange name, Isaac Rozenzweig, Isaac Rozenzweig. He says, 'Tell my friends here that I passed out from Erie, Pa., but I am not dead,' as the folks say, but am more alive than I was ever before." Recognized by Col. Irwin Camp. "The spirit then said to the 'Colonel,' 'Do you know Louis, my son, the lawyer' (of the law firm of Allen & Rozenzweig)? 'Yes,' replied Mr. C. 'Well, then, said the spirit, 'tell him that I came here to-day. Yes, tell him, if he kicks you.' The nub of this is that the said 'Louie' is a cripple, and could not 'kick' any one very well if he tried ever so much. The spirit was a great way in earth-life."

Upon another occasion, Mr. Emerson being the medium, he said, "A rather stout man comes, and says, 'Judge Babbitt is here, and wants to let the people of Erie, Pa., and the regions round about, know that he still lives after his so-called death, not a very great while ago.' He says, 'I was over ninety years old when I went out, and find my surroundings in spirit-life all I could ask for. I see many in this audience who will recognize me. I am Elijah Babbitt.'"

Mr. Babbitt was never a Judge. He was placed in nomination for the President of Erie County, Pennsylvania, many years ago, but was defeated by Hon. John Galbraith. Since that time Mr. B.'s friends (particularly Hon. J. B. Johnson, now in spirit-life, and whom I suspect was the 'stout man' who introduced the spirit) called him 'Judge.'"

Mr. Emerson next said: "A middle-aged man who has progressed a great deal, bids me say, 'I see my wife and child in the audience. God bless you both. Anthony Henderson. I shall be known in New Castle, Pa., Cleveland, O., and at Erie, Pa., and I want to say to my wife, your father, James Sherrett, and brother of the same name, send their love to you.' Fully recognized, and regarded as a most satisfactory test."

The medium then turned to a lady sitting near, and remarked: "You are a kind of a shooter; no, not that quite (hesitating), a kind of a Gun-a-Gun-sun! Well, you are my wife, at all events, and I want you to go with affairs as you have been doing—all will come out right. A. B. (Glasgow)." Recognized by Mrs. G., as being unquestionably her husband."

Then followed a gentleman, according to the medium, who displayed a pair of forceps or pliers. Mr. E. said, "He tells me to say, 'I used to put teeth in Erie, Pa., and was engaged there for years as a dentist, and I want my friends over the country to know that I did not die when so stated, and was never more alive than now. I am O. L. Elliott, that was, and is.'"

## Maine.

MONMOUTH.—Ella L. Frost writes as follows upon "Our Life's Work": "There is a work for each one of us to perform—a mission to be fulfilled by each to whom life has been given. We are all workers together in the great field of life, and are now sowing the seeds which by-and-by shall spring up, and when the harvest time comes will yield to us a measure of pain or pleasure according to the nature of the seeds we have sown during the earthly life. Oh! that I could awaken in your minds the necessity that great care should be taken in choosing the line of work which you sometime must engage in, and to which should be devoted your best and noblest efforts. If we do our duty faithfully and well, even though our work be of the humblest, we have nothing to fear when death shall come, and the time of harvest draws near. Then each one shall have his own, and if on earth he has been unappreciated, and has obtained no reward, all his labors will be made right there, for the spirit-world is a world of justice; there no one can claim what has not been earned by untiring and unselfish labor."

In the earthly life a great many of the weaker class of humanity are crushed down and trampled upon by those who have the power of ruling the world, and not as it should be, because they are especially adapted for the high position they occupy. But when death, with its cold, stern hand, draws aside the curtains of life, all this becomes changed; no longer is the weaker man held in bondage to the authority of the law-maker, but he at once finds himself upon an equal plane with his creator, and in the sight of God and the angel-world is more to be honored than he whose life of selfishness has repressed all the higher qualities of his nature, and in spirit stands poverty-stricken simply because in his earthly career he never gave any thought to spiritual matters, but confined his attention entirely to the material wants of his nature. Therefore I say to you, if your life here be a humble one, and you sometimes feel that God has not dealt justly with you, remember that you have but obtained a glimpse of life as it really exists; that all the painful experiences which come to us here are but for our good; that time will make all things right, and that by-and-by we shall awaken to find ourselves in a world of truth and beauty, and surrounded by the many blessings bestowed upon us by our Heavenly Father, if we have done our duty, and been true to ourselves and each other."

## New York.

ELYRIA.—J. H. writes: "Man's every action is based upon the idea that out of it there is to come some enjoyment; but, contrary to his expectations, that action did not give satisfaction, because in violation of some law of his being which he did not understand. The world, with all its religion, is groveling in gross materialism; its religions are mostly made up of forms and ceremonies based upon external worship of God throughout endless time, or the worship of a material god, with body and parts the same as physical man. All such ideas of God must be banished. If man is immortal he must possess some inherent relation to that power or cause which brought him into being, and it must be a relation that always will exist by virtue of its unity with that power or cause. Man's study should be his relation to God, which shall unfold his mind in reference to the grand problem of life. Some, through deep thought and power of concentration of the mind, are beginning to realize that there is a significance in bringing into action the interior functions of their being, and striving to unfold that which pertains to immortality, that germ within which is the intelligence, the light, the life of man as a conscious, individualized entity. All true knowledge is from God, is of God, and must be the savior of the world. It is that which will elevate and ennoble man, and he, when he is in possession of a true knowledge of himself and realizes his true relation to God, will be ever true to self, to God and all humanity. He will be one in whom love and good will for all humanity will beam from his eye, permeate his soul, and fill his being to overflowing with that magnetic life which shall endear him to all who are in harmony with his unfoldment. All true knowledge is from God and of God, and will redeem the world as fast as the children of earth shall, by means of it, see clearly their spiritual relation to God, and seeing it, live up to its light, which in due time will redeem the world from its materialism, and develop a true religion upon earth, in harmony with God and His just and wise laws. Inspiration and revelation will be accepted facts, that the world will believe in, for all will be recipients of knowledge in and through their interior faculties."

## Massachusetts.

FAYVILLE.—Mrs. E. Barrows writes: "The BANNER is truly a lamp unto all who, like the writer, live far away from all meetings and lectures, and therefore highly prize its full-length pages. Long life to the faithful editor and his noble work. I have a certain number of back copies of THE BANNER and the Facts magazine, which I will forward gladly to any who choose to send for them."

BOSTON.—In reply to inquires W. S. Ripley writes: "The plant called 'red root,' said to be a cure for cancer, is known to botanists as 'Ceanothus Americanus.' The local or common names are 'New Jersey Tea,' 'Wild Tea,' 'Red Root.' It was used instead of tea from China during the American Revolution, and the manufacture has been recently revived in Pennsylvania. This may be of use to people desiring to obtain the root from the drugist."

TAUNTON.—James M. Rogers writes: "In the contemplation of the crusade now being made by a majority of the newspapers of this country against Spiritualism, it may comfort somewhat those Spiritualists of faint hearts and feeble knees to understand of how much weight and value are the opinions of the press. In its widest sense, the press does not lead public opinion—it does not even express public opinion—but simply reflects that faction of public opinion—political or otherwise—which is represented on each individual paper's subscription list."

It is such to be a teacher to instruct us in the wonderful psychological workings of the human soul here, or to anticipate its boundless developments hereafter? In other times and other lands, men hopelessly blind have not posed as the great masters of painting, nor have men born totally deaf been the world's teachers of music; but here has arisen a priesthood of the press, whose members not only do not seem to have given the most subtle subject offered to mortal mind to unravel one hour of study, but who may be, for lack of spiritual perception, for the time barred from comprehending the first principles of its sublime philosophy! But this very want is why they so consistently abuse it. For ignorance is ever the father of intolerance, and intolerance usually takes the form of abuse. These servants are admirable in their nice distinctions of criticism in the delicate subtleties of a dog-fight, and even by dint of close application and much expenditure of time—win laurels as base-ball historians; but their touch upon the boundaries of the spirit-world is as palpably clumsy as would be the hand of Calliban striving to stay the flight of Ariel. It were far better for all if men were content to denounce what they know is fraud, or if they knew what they denounce. But, in the thick of this Babel of vulgar noise—this intellectual club-fighting, which would disgrace an African desert—let none forget that he is a poor creature who allows himself to be laughed out of the argument, when he knows himself to be in the right; doubly proud and doubly wretched when his heart fails and his hand loses its grasp upon a belief—the most true and ennobling in the present, the most glorious in its eternal future."

To thoughtful students of that which underlies the surface of passing events, this constantly urged attack upon Spiritualism is not a mere question of more or less fraud in the tipping of a table, or a real or simulated raps, but the entire system of the grand spiritual philosophy that is assailed. So, unless he knows whereof he speaks, let no one call himself a Spiritualist; for, unless the gathering sounds are misleading, there is going to be 'good fighting all along the line,' and none should expect except for the war, or join the ranks unless perfect in the manual of arms."

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Fort Dodge.—H. W. Prindle writes: "This place has a population of five thousand. We have an organized Society and a good hall, but no regular seance or medium to give tests, and greatly desire one to spend the entire winter or a part of it with us. Such a one would do well, and by writing to me I think satisfactory arrangements can be made."

## Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE.—W. G. Wood writes that he recently attended a seance for materialization held by a lady at her residence near the old Town House in Pawtucket, who is finely developed as a medium for that and for tests, and that the manifestations were to himself and others quite satisfactory."

## A Western Medium.

Last evening Mrs. Ada Foye, announced as an exhibition of her mediumship in Memorial Hall before a crowded house. Skeptics and investigators were especially invited to be present. In opening she gave a sermon on the fact of Spiritualism in its application to moral living. She defended it against the charges that it made its believers crazy by saying that a great many things made weak-minded men crazy—love, money and religion, for example. She had herself been a medium since she was twelve years old, and aimed to so live that she might become more and more perfect each year. Spiritualism was only forty years old, but was credited with eight million believers. What would it be when it had like Christianity, eighteen centuries in which to strengthen and develop itself? The speaker announced that the spirit phenomena at her command were rapping, hand-writing, writing in the air, and spiritual sight and hearing. The conditions for manifestations present were unfavorable, owing to the size and contradictory sentiments of the audience. She had no wish to proselyte, but only to be the humble instrument of spiritual power. All she asked was investigation first and acceptance or condemnation afterward. Many denounced Spiritualism on general principles. Coming to the seance, Mrs. Foye seated herself behind a small table at the front edge of the platform. Slips of paper were distributed, and every one present was invited to write on one of them the name of a departed friend, fold the paper, and return it to the desk. When all the folded papers had been emptied on the table there was a half-bushel of names stacked up. Mrs. Foye began by touching the folded slips, which she did not open at any time during the evening, before she had announced the names written on them. While doing this, she repeated the question: "Is this spirit here, or this?" Presently the "control" began to work, and she announced, "Sarah Anne Bateman is here."

A lady arose and said: "I wrote that name. 'Would you like to ask her any questions?' 'I would like to ask how old she was when she died.' 'Well, then, call some number, and she will rattle for 'no' and three times for 'yes.' 'Fifty, sixty, forty-five, etc., received negative answers, raps being distinctly heard from a part of the platform a short distance from Mrs. Foye, where, however, no one was sitting. When seventy was called, the triple affirmative rap was heard."

"That's correct," said the lady. "Do you know me?" asked the medium of the lady in the audience. "I never saw you before this evening," was the reply. Similar raps and dialogues ensued on the announcement of the names of John Bird, Harriet R. Beckwith, Isabella Bell, Eliza Higby, John Levin, John Barney and John Beaumont. Suddenly the medium cried: "Why, here is a military man right by my side—Gilmore, General Gilmore. Who wrote that name?" "I did," answered a woman in the rear of the hall.

"He writes," continued the medium, looking off into space, "that he knows all the trials you have to endure, and promises aid and sympathy. He says his whole name is Quincy Adams Gilmore. Would you like to ask him any questions?" "I would like to have him tell when he passed away." "Was it months or years?" "Months." Nine raps sounded. "Is that right?" asked Mrs. Foye. "Yes, he died last March."

"Allyn Cook Loomis," was called by the medium, and she observed the peculiar spelling of the first name, and a person in the audience had the middle name spelled out by raps by repeating the alphabet.

At 9:30 o'clock the seance closed, and the lecturer thanked the audience. Dyspepsis, made, as a rule, eat the following: Thin soups, made from meat, without stock; beef tea; broths. Oysters, raw only; fish only which have white meats. Beef, rare; mutton chop and boiled mutton, roast mutton, lamb with cold chicken, game, venison, meat pulp. Eggs poached and soft boiled; when raw they are well borne by many, but distress some. Bread, pulled, toasted or baked a second time. Corn bread, rice cakes, macaroni, sago, tapioca, cream crackers and water crackers.

## Spiritualist Meetings.

ALBANY, N. Y.—First Spiritual Society meets in Van Vechten Hall, 110 State street, every Sunday at 10:45 A. M. and P. M. Admission free. The Ladies Aid meets every Sunday at 10:45 A. M. and P. M. Admission free. J. D. Chinn, Jr., Secretary.

CHICAGO, ILL.—The Spiritualist Medium Society meets every Sunday at 10:45 A. M. and P. M. Admission free. J. D. Chinn, Jr., Secretary.

NEWARK, N. J.—Mediums will be held every Sunday evening at 8 P. M. 120 Congress street, commencing at 7 o'clock. J. D. Chinn, Jr., Secretary.

PEORIA, ILL.—At Union Hall, 430 Main street. Service every Sunday evening by Mrs. R. A. Allen, Inspirationalist, 7:45 P. M. Admission free. J. D. Chinn, Jr., Secretary.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Mediums will be held every Sunday at 10:45 A. M. and P. M. 120 Congress street, commencing at 7 o'clock. J. D. Chinn, Jr., Secretary.

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✎ We cordially thank our London contemporary, *Light*, for its recent kind remarks regard to us.















