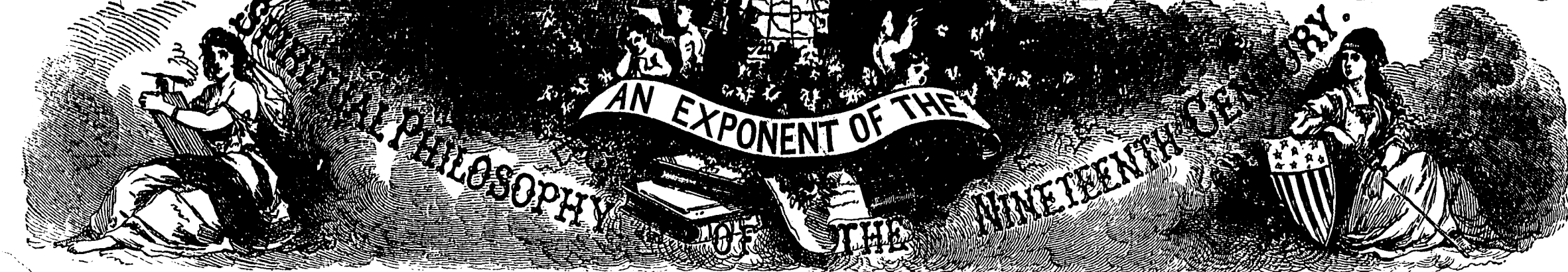


# BANNER OF THE LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.

## AFTER THE DARKNESS—WHAT?

BY M. T. SHELHAMER.

Night falls in folds of dusky gloom,  
The glorious sunset dies  
With all its wealth of tint and bloom,  
From out the western skies,  
The heavy shadows deepen fast,  
And darkness weaves a veil  
Of sombre aspect, cool and dim,  
To mantle hill and dale.

Life flings its stern, relentless power  
Upon a human soul,  
And suffering becomes its dower,  
As seasons onward roll.  
The fairest blossoms turn to dust,  
Hope's sweetest joys decay,  
The brightest promise slowly pales,  
And sorrow's gloom holds sway.

Beyond the darkness of the night  
What hidden danger lies?  
Lo! Flashes forth a gleam of light  
Along the eastern skies!  
The shadows fade and disappear,  
The glorious sun bursts forth,  
And morning comes with gladdening power  
To beautify the earth.

Beyond the gloom of mortal strife  
What unseen we are found?  
Hark! piercing through this earthly life  
There comes a joyful sound!  
It is the music of the spheres,  
Sung by celestial choirs,  
While from the shadows gleams a light  
From *Love's* eternal fires!

Beyond the shadows splendour shins,  
Above the darkness, Light!  
After the struggle, triumph dawns,  
And *Love* was the light!  
After Earth's shadows, *Heaven* comes,  
And from the fold and strife  
Gladsome and joy and peace arise  
Peaceably and true!

## Original Essay.

### THE SPIRITUALISM OF 1888.

BY DR. F. L. H. WILKINS.

"War human, tell us of the night,  
What its shades of promise are."

We challenge the student of human history to bring from its annals anything that will compare with the progress Modern Spiritualism has made during the years that have passed since the Rochester knockings first broke upon the startled ear of this materialistic age. Unprecedented has been the revelation of the grand truth that human beings who, through the chemical process called death, have laid aside the mortal and entered the purely spiritual life, can and do communicate with the inhabitants of earth.

The religious world had been taught the doctrine of immortality for ages. It had hoped it was true, had tried to believe it was true, but never could it find any possibility have a demonstration of its truth until one human soul who had solved the great mystery by passing through the process of death, should return and demonstrate his presence with indisputable proofs of identity.

That this has been done in innumerable instances during the past four decades, and is constantly occurring, day by day, is established as a fact by an overwhelming amount of human testimony, and in the general sense of believing in this truth, this demonstrable fact, Spiritualists are numbered by millions.

And just here we would define the accepted meaning of the term Spiritualist. Every person who believes that exanimated human spirits, or, speaking more accurately, human spirits that have passed out of the mortal body, can make known their presence and power to persons still in that body, and hold intelligent communication with them, is a Spiritualist, whatever else he may believe or disbelieve, or whatever else he may call himself.

This one central idea, however, is the only one that such an immense number of minds cherishing it, holds of every variety and grade, can rally around. And is it not an all-sufficient bond of union? Is anything more needed? Is not this demonstrable fact of spirit communion an all-sufficient reply to the question, "What do you Spiritualists believe?"

Men in the pride of their intellect have pointed in derision to the humble origin of this great movement, and questioned why it did not come with all the sublimity and majesty of prophetic days. "If your spirits are what you claim them to be, why have they not founded through some mighty leader a new and powerful religion?" Because, thank God! the angel world determined that the fatal mistakes of the ages past should not be repeated in this last great epoch-making effort to establish in this nineteenth century what they had striven to accomplish through all the ages in India, in Egypt, in Greece, Rome and Judea, but were thwarted in their designs every time by the degeneracy of pure Spiritualism into Eccelesiasticism and Ritualism through the powerful influence of proud, ambitious priests.

Such was the effort made through Buddha in India, through Abraham in Chaldea, through Jesus in Judea, through all the prophets and seers and inspired ones of ancient times, and through all the great reformers of modern times.

The pure Spiritualism revealed to the ancient Hindus in the depths of those primeval forests into which

they retired for communion with the unseen world, was swallowed up in time by the proud, aristocratic, arrogant sect of the Brahmins, who set up a great order of hereditary priesthood, and divided men up into castes and placed themselves in haughty arrogance at the head, as the specially chosen favorites of high heaven. Then arose Buddha, the inspired medium, selected by the angel world to break the power of this priestly despotism that was crushing men down into the depths of superstition and materialism, and call them back to a consciousness of their own spiritual nature, and of their ability to appeal directly to the great source of spiritual light and life, with no priest, no paid hireling to stand between him and their own soul, wherein is found the grand presence-chamber of the divine. And for a time he triumphed. There Spiritualism was reestablished. But Buddha passed away, and in the course of time his pure spiritual precepts were forgotten. Buddhism became powerful and corrupt, and sank into the same condition of formality and ritualistic observance with Brahminism.

Abraham was a Spiritualist, a medium. He heard spirit-voices bidding him leave the joys of home and friends, in the midst of the highest civilization that then prevailed, and migrate to a strange land, there to seek closer, purer communion with the spiritual light of the universe than he could attain to surrounded by the formalities of paganism. He saw spirits, and if the record be not an idle tale, he must have been a remarkable materializing medium, for these spirits entered of his tent in broad daylight, so substantially materialized that they could partake with him of the material food prepared for his own sustenance; and there they opened up to him the mighty future, and revealed to him the important part he was to play in the founding of a nation destined to exert a marvelous influence on the progressive development of humanity, and the onward march of civilization. For a long time the descendants of Abraham were each and all of them mediums, and it is recorded of them that they communed with spiritual beings and received innumerable signs and tokens of spiritual presence and power. But after a time, false to the high inspirations of the spirit, they went after strange gods, turned away from the bright prospect of the skies, and as a result, were forced into captivity in Egypt, the hotbed of sacerdotalism and extreme ritualism. Enslaved by the pomp and splendor of the powerful hereditary order of the priest hood, immediately on their return from captivity they set about founding the same order of things in Palestine, and so successful were they that their efforts culminated in all the proud glory of Solomon's Temple, and their priests were more powerful than their kings.

Conditions more adverse to the operations of the spirit could not have been devised, and notwithstanding all the warnings and denunciations of their mediums, their seers and prophets, the people sank deeper and deeper into the night of ecclesiasticism, until there was no communication with the angel world, either by signs and wonders, by trances, dreams or open vision, and again was the nation forced into captivity, and this time by the Romans.

A dark pall settled over the fair land of Judea. But the nation was not forgotten by that power that was leading and guiding it along its destined way. Severe was the discipline it brought upon itself by its misery to the world of spirit forces that was endeavoring to accomplish through its great work for humanity, namely, the establishment of an open, recognized communion between the two spheres of existence.

Nothing daunted, nothing discouraged by all the preceding failures, again the light broke forth in Judea. From the depths of obscurity and loneliness, arose the greatest instrument of the angel world, the greatest medium that had yet been known. The power of the spirit was upon him from his cradle. Signs and tokens, wonders without number, followed him wherever he went, as credentials of his glorious mission. Nor were these his only credentials. He came with something greater, diviner far than mere phenomena. He came, uttering the grand truths of the spirit, bringing forth its fruits in dear human love and kindness, in gentleness and sweetness, revealing the divine in the human as had never been done hitherto, revealing men to the worship of that God who is a spirit, bidding them return to that Delphi, that prophet's audience-chamber within the soul, which is the true kingdom of Heaven, that mediatorial, wonder-working, spiritual nature of man, where God's voice may be heard speaking from the midst of the divine silence, declaring humanity to be the only begotten of God, and therefore of necessity his revealer.

How splendidly he swept away the proud distinctions of caste, the hollow forms and ceremonies of ecclesiasticism, the empty pomp and pride of the hierarchy. His grand declaration that the fulfillment of all the law lay in the recognition and acceptance of the gospel of human and divine love, was the crowning revelation of the ages. It ushered in a glorious era of Spiritualism. Who could have believed it possible that the fair and beautiful truths of the Spiritualism that was so graciously and winningly presented to the land of Palestine, could ever by any possibility become perverted, or lost again in the mazes of ecclesiasticism? Yet so it was. The Spiritualism of the Nazarene prevailed for only about three centuries, and then the pomp and splendor of the great Roush hierarchy burst upon the world, and Christian Ritualism began to contend with Christian Spiritualism, and became too mighty for it. The history of past ages was repeated. Again ecclesiasticism triumphed, and Spiritualism receded. The signs and tokens ceased. The spiritual manifestations died out, gave place to dogmas and doctrines, to forms and ceremonies, to the pomp and splendor of bishops and archbishops, and again materialism reigned triumphant, and through all the dark ages that followed, Spiritualism slumbered beneath its sombre pall with only an occasional sign of spasmodic life.

At length, after centuries of ecclesiastical despotism, there came a day of reaction against this priestly power that had cursed the earth for thousands of years. The masses turned in disgust from the false position that had been so long forced upon them. The thinkers scoffed at the pretensions and unfounded assumptions of the priesthood. The Reformation rolled its mighty waves over Europe, and the way was prepared through its influence for another powerful outpouring of the spirit. Again was it found that Spiritualism had not forsaken the earth. In a spot as humble as Bethlehem of Judea, began another mighty movement that soon proved itself to be in harmony with the great outpourings that we can trace through all the ages, whose grand aim has been to recall men to a sense of unity with the Infinite Spirit by bringing them into vital relations therewith.

And to this later day movement, men have given the name Modern Spiritualism; but it is the same bright, blessed power that manifested itself in the groves of Hindostan, on the plains of Mamre, on the mountains of Sinai and Horeb, and in the land of Palestine, and this time it has come to stay. For forty years the fierce light of public scrutiny has beaten upon it, for forty years it has stood at the bar of public opinion, and received the condemnation of priests and lawyers,

of scribes, pharisees, and hypocrites. It has been crucified by its friends and its foes again and again. It has been vilified and abused by those who should have received it with shouts of welcome. Most emphatically it came to its own, the Church, and its own received it not, but rejected it with scorn and contempt, and affirmed its father to be the devil, and the pit to be the origin and source of its marvelous demonstrations of spiritual presence and spiritual power. But during these forty years in the face of bitter and determined opposition, against storms of obloquy, reproach and contempt, in spite of fierce hereditary and bitter invective from pulpits, press and bar, it has steadfastly maintained its ground until millions have opened their eyes to the overwhelming evidence it gives that we are indeed "surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses," even now, as in the days of the apostle, and that a bridge has been hither over the dark chasm of death, upon which the feet of the bright immortals who bring these demonstrations of spiritual presence and power shall never again cease to tread. Modern Spiritualism has given us overwhelming proof of its power to hold its own, and we need have no fear of its ever descending into ecclesiasticism, or degenerating into the formalisms of a sect, for it opens every soul into which it enters to the cherished liberties and inspirations of the universal skies.

Thus, then, stands the Spiritualism of 1888. Never stronger, never more aggressive, never with so powerful a hold upon the hearts of the people, we could have no stronger proof of this than we find in the remarkable increase of active hostility toward it on the part of its foes in all quarters, especially its clerical foes. But, gentlemen, it has come to stay, don't waste your powder. The indications of this are manifest in all directions. Our camp-meetings were never so thronged with earnest seekers as they are this season. Our churches are all honeycombed with Spiritualism. It pervades our social life. It makes its power felt even in our political life. There is no great reform movement that is not influenced by it. No heart that pulsates in unison with the great heart of love that throbs above us, no hands that scatter abroad the seeds of truth and divine presence, need that are willing to be led in the use of that sword, the tongue. Truly, the bright, ministering angels of the skies to whom Spiritualism belongs, whose work it is, and who will take good care that it is well and thoroughly done, despite the opposition of foes and the unfaithfulness or unworthiness of friends.

The belief in spiritual manifestations is not so much a religious belief as it is an affectional demand, and that it makes such rapid strides is because it is a necessity of the heart.

And now at the commencement of the fifth decade of this great movement we find it one of the most prominent themes of public thought, subject both to ridicule and reverence. Its progress has been marked by much that has laid it open to the scorn of the worldly, fanatical expressions of it have been made. Many unworthy representatives of it have cast upon the dark shadow of their own unworthy lives. But what great movement in the world of mind, since the dawn of human existence, has not been attended with like results? The history of early Christianity will not compare favorably with that of Modern Spiritualism. Take the history of any of the great movements that have resulted in the formation of sects, Calvinism, Methodism, Mormonism, and see what excesses at fanaticism marked their progress, and draw forth the ridicule and contempt of the masses. It is most regrettable that in the case of Spiritualism, the same has been the reverse of all, since men who perceive that the human soul holds it as a part of all phobes, and contempt, and finds it an impediment to virtue, and a means of advancement.

It cannot be denied that it stands today a mighty, moving power in the world, with millions of adherents in our own land, and millions more in foreign lands, with a literature of its own in many languages, and an influence that has not only left wherever civilization has gone.

Only as it awakens in the mind, a conviction or immortality or establishes the fact of a great moving power that governs man in all his doings, or brings to him the knowledge of his own nature, can it claim to be estimated. All besides this, all its philosophies and its theories, all the vagaries and follies that have attached themselves to it, must be estimated by, and in the light of, this one, its true, its sacred, its significant, its individuals have capacity to grasp, or freedom to cherish its revelations.

Besides the mere wonder-seekers, the chasers after vagaries and the camp-followers of Spiritualism, there stands today before the world a great multitude of earnest men and women, declaring that they have received the demonstration of a grand fact, and that thousands of homes this demonstration has come bringing with it the joys of eternal life, and thousands of hearts are beating with a holy joy, and the world is being brought to a new era of enlightenment and contempt can mar the beauty of what to them is a revelation of Infinite Love.

This Spiritualism stands at the beginning of its fifth decade, an active, powerful agent in the world of mind. It has taken hold of man's highest nature. It appeals not alone to his intellect, but to his heart, and the heart springs to life with the life of all attempts to deaden it, until the affections themselves die out. But today it is demanding to be treated not merely as a popular superstition appealing to the affections, it claims to be something more, something able to satisfy the intellect of the scholar, the scientist, the statesman, the jurist. The seed planted by the way, has become a mighty tree, whose branches are for the healing of the nations. The appeal made to the affections has satisfied also the reason, and philosophy begins to define and measure it. It is no longer a mere sentiment, today in relation to the various religious sects. As we have already said, the churches are honeycombed with it. All the sects have their representatives in this general faith, and all are able to engraft it into their former belief, which it modifies and enlarges, making it far more soul-satisfying, thus proving that it is not the foe but the friend to religion. It is found to substantiate all spiritual truths, and to make certain and real what was before vague and unreal. It contradicts no spiritual truth, denies no spiritual revelation, opposes no religious faith that does not enchain the person. And though denounced as opposed to all biblical revelation, it is in truth the shining gate to all the sacred light of the ages, and demonstrates the truth of the revelation and the inspiration. Thus its religious tendency is most clearly manifested. All that constitutes true religion can never find truer disciples or worthier representatives than those who find in Spiritualism the realization of their holiest dreams, their most sacred aspirations.

Therefore the Spiritualism of 1888 challenges the consideration of the world not alone as a scientific fact or a philosophy theory, but also as a religious faith. It refuses to hold itself responsible for individual idiosyncrasies. It stands against being estimated by isolated facts. It demands the investigation of its whole basis by those who attack it. Therefore let not those who claim to be its disciples attempt to represent it as individuals. Its facts and theories are not individual; they have a general basis, and must be made to rest upon it.

But, as individuals, we can present its influence upon our daily life and reveal its vitalizing effect by our enlightened and extended love of justice, righteousness, purity, truth and holiness. No amount of sophistry can affect this standpoint of earnest men and women. The true Spiritualist is being called upon today as never before to take his position, not as a sectarian, but as a free, liberal exponent of the highest, purest, and most spiritual, with the world has ever known, by living it in every act. Then shall philosophy and religion, love and purity unite to erect a worthy temple in which to worship the living God.

## Literary Department.

## BARs AND THRESHOLDS.

Written Especially for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. EMMA MINER.

### CHAPTER I.

DORIS.

Doris heard a slow, measured step upon the stairs, and then a knock at her door. She knew it was her grandmother's knock. She glanced dubiously around the room. White muslin and blue silk were thrown carelessly on lounge and chairs.

"Oh dear! That is grandma, I know! And my room in such a whirl! Seems to me it is always in a whirl!"

She hastily caught a couple of yards of muslin from an easy chair as she passed it and tossed it on the bed. She opened the door, and her grandmother paused on the threshold. Doris knew she was surveying the small white clouds.

"I declare, Doris! only one empty chair! And likely enough you hustled the things out of that to give me a place to sit in!"

Doris's slight blush was an answer.

"What in the world are you doing now?" she asked.

"Only making over one of my old white dresses, grandma," replied Doris. "And I found some nice pieces of blue silk among my things, and thought I would trim a hat for a change. Isn't it pretty?"

She poised it on her little hand. It was a dainty combination of blue silk, white lace, and a white plume that nodded defiantly in Mrs. Mason's face.

"Oh dear! here you are again spending your time toilsomely over such vanities! I have tried to bring you up well, but I don't see what it is going to amount to. Why can't you be more like me?" and she straightened herself proudly.

Doris glanced at her grandmother, and laid her hat down with a sigh.

"Grandma," said she in a despairing tone, "it isn't in me." You will have to give it up!"

Mrs. Mason seated herself on the one vacant chair, folded her hands, and proceeded to lecture Doris on her pride and vanity.

"But, grandma, I really don't think I am proud, as you call it. I like to have my dresses well and look nice. Then I put them on and forget all about them. Truly, I don't care much whether they are calico or silk. Is that being proud?"

The young face wore an anxious expression as she looked into her grandmother's.

Mrs. Mason was interrupted in her reply by a light tap at the door. Doris sprang with alacrity to open it. She gave the new comer a bright glance of welcome. It was Aunt Amelia.

Aunt Amelia always did and said just the right things in the right place. Doris fervently wished all the people in the world were like Aunt Amelia.

"I thought I would just slip in and help you on your dress a bit, Doris. I know you had had quite a jumpt out this morning, and might feel tired."

Doris's face cleared gratefully as she made a place for her aunt near herself.

"I can't trouble you much," continued Aunt Amelia, "but I can sew straight seams, and I guess you had to do the puckering."

Aunt Amelia began on a sleeve, while Mrs. Mason began on Doris again.

"Where have you been this morning?" she inquired, referring to the "jumpt."

"Only to Mrs. Sanders's, grandma, and I found her quite sick, and alone, so I stayed to do a few little things for her."

Doris modestly restrained from explaining that she had prepared a nice breakfast for the invalid, and made her comfortable in many little ways.

"Well, I hope you didn't spend all your time fixing up posies, and such nonsense. A chapter from the Bible and a good prayer would do her more good."

Doris felt there had been a painful omission of that work. Aunt Amelia interpreted the look on the troubled face, and said:

"Well, well, Sarah, I guess as long as Doris made her a cup of good tea, and tidied her up a little, it was just as good in the Lord's sight as though she had spent all her time reading and praying."

Doris gave her aunt a grateful glance, while Mrs. Mason's frown deepened.

"Strange how you always take Doris's part," said Mrs. Mason. "You ought to set her a better example."

"Well, I don't know as it is all Doris's part. I want to take the part of the right, no matter whose it is; and you know, Sarah, I always did believe in works."

Doris, sitting there in the midst of her ruffling, looked at her grandmother and aunt, and noted the contrast. Mrs. Mason was prim, dignified and stern. Her cap was always placed evenly on her head. The folds of her dress seemed afraid to fall loosely, lest she should stoop at once to straighten them. There were no soft lines in her face or about her. She mentally decided she should never want to go to her grandmother if she were in great trouble.

Partly attentive to her ruffling, she was equally attentive to her aunt, Miss Amelia Parker. Her plump figure amply filled the little sewing-chair. There was a calmness in her

face, born of patience in trial; a ready sympathy, and something of laughter at the corners of her mouth. Her cap was seldom straight. It usually sat on her head in a helplessly one-sided fashion, as if of itself making apologies for people's shortcomings.

Aunt Amelia made Doris think of a beautiful sunset, after a hot, dusty day, while her grandmother was like a cloudy midnight. Yes, Doris was indeed "a fanciful girl," as Mrs. Mason often said.

Mrs. Mason soon left the room, and Aunt Amelia and Doris continued their sewing quietly.

Doris was motherless. Seventeen years ago, the day upon which she first saw the light, her mother journeyed to that land invisible to so many. She had incurred Mrs. Mason's displeasure by a marriage with a worthless, dissipated man, who had deserted her, and left her alone in a strange city. She made her way back to her mother, who, to the last, had no word of pity or forgiveness for the broken-hearted woman.

Mary Mason Stuart was a forbidden subject. Mrs. Mason had destroyed all pictures of her, and the little Doris, bearing her mother's image, grew up in ignorance of these facts. Doris was ten years old before Miss Parker came to live with them, and from that time she and her brother Morris had a sympathizing friend in her.

The loneliness of her life, and her exclusion from young companionships, had matured her character. She sometimes felt old, so old, and when she saw groups of gay young girls passing, and an echo of merry voices was wafted to her ears, she wondered what it would seem like to be among them.

Morris, who was two years older, had gone beyond Mrs. Mason's keeping. Three years seemed a long time, and it was three years this very date day since he had openly rebelled against Mrs. Mason, and bidding Doris goodbye in a choking voice, had left her with her grandmother.

Doris's thought went back to this sad day. She remembered how brightly the sun shone. She remembered he had brought her a bunch of lovely white roses. A white rose was lying on her now. She took it up and kissed it for his sake, while tears ran down her cheeks. She spoke not a word, but Miss Parker said:

"Yes, I remember, three long years! I thought of it the first thing this morning. But, Doris, try not to worry. We shall see Morris again sometime. I am sure of it." And putting Doris softly on the cheek, she left her alone.

Thanks to Mrs. Parker's timely assistance, the simple dress was soon finished. It was a very mild sort of dissipation, which would witness its first wearing, being one of the many church tans which were the extent of Doris's social privileges. But Doris looked forward to it as an important event in her simple, quiet life, and at last the evening arrived.

Mrs. Mason always accompanied her, not so much for the pleasure of association with friends, as for the personal supervision of her own table linen and forks. She was usually elected general manager and supervisor of the linen and silver.

On this particular evening she found herself much perplexed at the similarity of arrangements. Many a smiling lad and lassie tripped up to her, and, placing a basket before her, said: "Please, Mrs. Mason, mamma tied a pink string on the forks and spoons, so you would know whose they were."

Mrs. Mason looked ruefully at the accumulation of wares. There were yards and yards of pink string used.

Meanwhile, Doris, happily freed from all care, and having exchanged smiling salutations with friends, had clasped hands with Lucy Harrison, and strolled a little way from the crowd.

Lucy was her particular and most intimate friend, yet Doris did not have opportunities of meeting her frequently. Lucy's father and mother were not members of this church, or indeed of any church. Mrs. Mason called them "ungodly people," and was much afraid some of their decidedly broad views might be installed in Doris's head, if she were allowed to visit them too often; and when Lucy came to see Doris, there were no chances for girlish confidences. Mrs. Mason watched them too closely. They were two good, innocent girls, but Mrs. Mason disapproved of girlish giggles, and little speeches neither pious nor profound. She wanted them to have the benefit of "her example."

Doris and Lucy left the noisy dining-room, and seated themselves in the remotest and darkest corner of a smaller room.

"What have you been doing lately, Doris?" asked Lucy.

"Oh, a few little things; but I keep thinking of Morris most all the time. I can't keep him out of my mind. I do so wish I could know where he is!"

"Perhaps he will come back soon," said Lucy. "He won't come where grandma is; I know him too well for that!" and Doris's tears fell fast.



Just then a little group of elderly people entered the room. Following closely behind them was one who was a stranger to Lucy.

"Who is that tall, dark young man?" she asked.

"That is our new minister, the Rev. Lester Brooks. He has only come to fill a vacancy. Dr. Packard has preached here a great many years and got tired and sick, so the church gave him a vacation. He has gone to Europe, and Mr. Brooks will occupy the pulpit while he is away."

Doris had said this so many times to curious inquirers that she rattled it off like a well-learned lesson.

"He doesn't look much like a minister, does he, Doris? I mean he isn't prim."

"That is what I said to grandma," said Doris. I secretly believe she thinks so herself, only she won't say so because he is a minister."

Mr. Brooks's observant eyes noticed Doris's tears as he entered the room, and he managed to seat the group of ladies at a little distance from her, and take his own position so that their attention would be attracted in the opposite direction. Doris was thankful. She did not want them to see her crying. In a few moments there was an unexpected call for the services of two of the ladies, and they all left the room. Mr. Brooks went over to Doris and Lucy.

Doris was not in the least reserved with Mr. Brooks. It was only three months since he came among them, and she had found herself wishing he were her brother many times.

Mr. Brooks perceived at once that Doris was not specially interested in the merry-makings, and that she had to make a great effort to keep her tears back. He took her hand lightly for a moment, and then said gravely:

"Is it a new trouble, Miss Doris? Is it anything you may tell me about?"

"I should like to, but it began a good while ago, and you have not heard anything about Morris?" and Doris pressed her handkerchief to her eyes.

"You are mistaken. I know a great deal about Morris." Doris looked up questioningly.

"Dr. Carroll told me something about him. I am sorry for you, and for him, too. Try to be patient a little while longer. I am sure you will see your brother again."

Doris looked up hopefully.

"Dr. Carroll and I are friends," said Mr. Brooks. Doris wondered, for Dr. Carroll was what Mrs. Mason called "an unbeliever." He was an excellent physician, but Mrs. Mason did not employ him. Doris had often met him at the house of a sick friend, Mrs. Sanders. She liked him very much.

"I suppose I must go to the parlor now, but I want to say to you to try to remember that, although the world is wide, our Father's ministering angels are everywhere," and, with a kindly pressure of the hand, he left her.

"Those words make me feel better than God's watchful eye," that grandma is always talking about. I wonder if they mean the same thing," said Doris.

"I don't know. I never thought about it," replied Lucy.

The words conveyed much comfort to Doris. They recurred to her often during the evening's festivities, and once in passing Mr. Brooks she gave him a grateful glance which amply rewarded him.

Mr. Brooks was quietly observant of Lucy Harrison. She seemed so unlike the crowd of young ladies scattered about the vestry. He soon made his way toward her, as Doris left her a few moments to wait upon Mrs. Mason.

"Do you come here to church often, Miss Harrison? I don't recollect seeing you here before."

"No, sir. I sometimes come with Doris to the church fairs, and occasionally to the sewing-circle, when they are very busy."

"Then they make you useful?"

Lucy smiled.

"I like to be useful sometimes," she replied.

"Where do you attend church?"

"I don't go to church at all."

Lucy expected he would look horrified. He was simply attentive.

"Then what do you do Sundays?"

"Very much as I do other days."

"And are you always useful the other days?"

This time she smiled.

"I think we ought to make all our days good and useful," said Lucy.

"Yes, so we ought, and we cannot choose the work for one another. But I am very glad you are Miss Doris's friend. She needs comfort and encouragement," and he moved away as Doris approached Lucy.

Mr. Brooks's calls upon Mrs. Mason became frequent. She always called Doris in, that she might have the benefit of religious conversation. Let her introduce what topic she would. Mr. Brooks always managed to turn the conversation into a channel which interested Doris. It was a great comfort to her that he hoped for Morris to come home.

## CHAPTER II. QUESTIONS.

Doris sat in Miss Parker's room one afternoon. Both were sewing.

"Aunt Amelia," said Doris, "grandma is always talking about 'God's watchful eye,' and Mr. Brooks talks of the 'ministering angels.' Do you suppose they mean the same thing?"

"Not exactly, Doris."

"Well, what is the difference?" persisted Doris.

"I have often thought of that same thing myself," said Miss Parker, speaking rather indistinctly, with her mouth full of pins. Doris waited patiently for her to remove them, one by one, when she resumed:

"Do believe in ministering angels, but I don't know anything about the other. You know, Doris, I am not like your grandma. I don't believe as she does in a great many things."

"Why, Aunt Amelia! Are you an 'unbeliever'?" Doris's face expressed amazement as she asked the question.

"Yes, child, according to your grandma, I suppose I am." Her spiritual state did not apparently occasion her any uneasiness, for she continued to sew over and over on a sheet with steady fingers. Doris looked at her aunt's peaceful face, and asked:

"Aunt Amelia, do you ever feel that you are a great sinner?"

"No, I don't! I try to do just as near right as I know how, and I can't do any better. Not but that I might be wiser at times, and consequently do better. But we are none of us to blame for what we do not know. When I get up in the morning, I just say to myself, 'Now, Amelia Parker, there's most likely another day before you. Do your very best to do some good to somebody in it, and no harm to anybody! That's my way of praying. And then,

when night comes, I sit down to think it all over; and if I see I have made a mistake, I am willing to hear the consequences."

Miss Parker's sense of justice was a strong characteristic.

"Honestly, auntie, that is just the way I feel, too; and when I told grandma so one day, she was shocked. She said I 'was of a wicked and perverse generation,' and worse than the heathen."

"Well, as for me, I would n't undertake to say who were heathen. They might be nearer the kingdom than I."

"What is being near the kingdom?" asked Doris.

"I call it doing exactly as you would be done by. It covers the whole ground, in my estimation," said Miss Parker, giving her needle a vigorous poke through a seam. "The Golden Rule means freedom, and justice, and truth, and peace, and purity, and love; and what more do you want?"

"It means a great deal, then, doesn't it?" said Doris.

"Yes; and folks get so earnest searching after something they don't know anything about, and have no way to find out, that they jump right over all this, and don't pay much attention to it. Mind you, Doris, I don't say I am right; but I do say I go according to my conscience, and I shall follow that until I know some better rule." She smoothed out a hem, and continued thoughtfully:

"I suppose your grandma does a great sight of praying for me. I hope it will amount to something, I am sure."

Doris smiled.

"As if you were not the dearest, best auntie in the whole world!" she exclaimed, jumping up and kissing her. "But now, aunt, the sheets are done. Who will take them to Mrs. Sanders, or to Mr. L?"

"Well, I feel a trifle old to-day. Maybe it is because I am so wicked. Perhaps you had better go. Tell her I will carry or send over the rest of them to-morrow."

Doris rolled up her bundle, meanwhile, musing on all Miss Parker had said. It was a puzzle to her. She believed in genuine goodness, and she knew her aunt was thoroughly good.

The thoughtful lines were not smoothed away from her face when she entered the home of Mrs. Sanders. Dr. Carroll was standing by a table, dropping some medicine into a glass.

"Three-fourths good afternoon, Miss Doris! seven-eight!" and he turned suddenly upon her.

"What is that doubt upon your brow?" he asked smilingly.

"Not much; only Aunt Amelia and I got to talking about the kingdom, and I was wondering a little what it all means. I can't quite make it out."

"Older heads than yours have failed to do it, Miss Doris. I don't think either of you are far from it."

"Why, grandma says I am worse than the heathen!"

Dr. Carroll dropped the spoon with a sudden suppressed exclamation. Doris did not know whether it was about the spoon or Mrs. Mason. It did not sound very pleasant, she thought.

Doris busied herself for a few moments with Mrs. Sanders, gave her the bundle her aunt had sent, also the message; and as the light was fast waning, stepped lightly into the hall. She was surprised to find Dr. Carroll sitting there.

"I thought you were gone," she said.

"I waited to see you. Will you sit down here a moment?"

Doris obeyed. She wondered if he considered Mrs. Sanders worse.

"Now don't get alarmed or excited at what I am about to say, Doris. Do you remember Hugh Scott?"

"Do you mean the young man who went away with Morris?"

"Yes. I have reason to believe he has returned and is in this city. I also firmly believe he knows where Morris is."

"Have you seen him?"

"Yes, but he will tell me nothing. I knew you would want to make the effort to see him yourself. Perhaps he will talk with you. Can you manage to go to him?"

"I must," she answered; "but where is he?"

"At Bray street, No. 10."

"Bray street? where is that?"

"Not in a good part of the city. You had better tell Miss Parker. Perhaps she will go with you."

"Yes, I always tell Aunt Amelia everything. I know she will go. But Hugh won't go away before to-morrow, will he?"

"No; he is quite sick with a fever, and has a broken arm besides. He is fast enough for a while."

Dr. Carroll gave her a card with the address.

"Oh! how can I thank you enough?" she exclaimed.

He dropped her hand suddenly, sprang into his carriage and drove rapidly away.

Doris went home and entered the house quietly. Miss Parker noticed a new interest in her face, of which Mrs. Mason, deeply interested in the perusal of a book on "Holiness," was unobservant. Doris was thankful, and as early as possible went to Miss Parker's room, repeating all Dr. Carroll had said.

"Surely I will go with you, if we can manage it. I don't like to do anything secretly, but there seems to be a call for this. Go to bed now, child, and be patient."

It was past midnight when Doris fell asleep, and then she had troubled dreams of Morris and Hugh. She awoke early, and heard rain pouring steadily on the roof of the piazza under her window. It was a dismal sound.

"Oh, auntie! what shall we do? Can you manage in a storm like this?" Doris found time to whisper the words as they passed through the hall before entering the breakfast room.

"I am afraid not, dear, but we will see by-and-by."

Doris forced herself to eat, that Mrs. Mason might not notice her restlessness, and was glad to leave the table.

"It is of no use to think of going to-day, child," said Miss Parker, as they reached the upper landing of the stairs. "We couldn't frame a possible excuse for going out in such a storm as this. According to what the doctor says Hugh can't get off a great ways, and we must wait until to-morrow. Bring your sewing into my room, and let us talk the matter over."

Doris was thankful for her aunt's companionship. As for Hugh and Morris there seemed to be nothing to do except to await developments. There was a long silence. The rain poured unceasingly. The fire burned with a low, gentle warmth. Doris's thoughts wandered here and there, and finally rested upon what Miss Parker had said about ministering angels the day previous.

"Aunt Amelia, you said you believed in 'ministering angels.' What are they?" She spoke with interest.

"I guess I am in for it now," thought Miss Parker; "but it has got to come sometime, and perhaps 'now' is the accepted time," as Sarah would say."

Doris, unheeding her aunt's thoughts, patiently waited for her to speak.

With a glance of apprehension at Doris's face, she replied:

"Well, Doris, you have asked me a question now I have been expecting some time, and I shall answer it according to my conscience. But first, I want to ask you a question. What do you understand by immortality?"

"I suppose it is that our souls live forever, that dying isn't the end of us," said Doris.

"So I think. But what do you suppose we do after death? It would be pretty hard to worry through an eternity and not do anything special, wouldn't it?"

"I should think it might be," replied Doris.

"I always find one day hangs heavily on my hands if I am unoccupied."

"If we are to live through an eternity, we surely ought to be doing some good. Now I believe that in heaven, as it is generally called, we shall have opportunities for doing good, and one of them is to bless and really help and comfort some of the loved ones left behind." Miss Parker spoke with an earnestness which was impressive.

"But how can that be done?" asked Doris.

"Dead folks can't do anything."

"Take care, Doris. You mean you think they can't."

Miss Parker's voice expressed so much doubt that Doris looked up curiously.

"Surely, auntie, you don't believe in spirits?"

"Well, you can call them 'spirits,' or ministering angels, just as you please. I believe in them, all the same."

Doris dropped her work in her amazement.

"Why, auntie! I thought only crazy or foolish people believed in spirits."

"That is a common mistake. Many people, wise and good, believe that spirits can return to earth to communicate with friends, and accomplish certain work."

"But how are we to know anything about it? We can't see them or hear them," said Doris.

"Perhaps you can't; but some people see and hear them. It needs a different sense of sight and hearing, or perhaps I should say a keener sense. It wouldn't be right for me to say nobody could do it because I couldn't. If a deaf man were to say you could not speak because he could not hear you, or a blind man were to say there was no such person as Doris Stuart because he could not see you, it would not be the truth. It would not alter the facts of the case."

Doris mentally accepted this logical view. Miss Parker continued:

"It is called being 'clairvoyant' and 'clairaudient.' When a person has these gifts, they can see and hear spirits, and talk with them, too."

"Auntie, did you ever see a spirit?"

"Yes, I shall always think I have. I know I have seen my father."

Doris looked up eagerly. "Do tell me about it, auntie!"

"Well, at first it was nine years ago, at the time sister Ellen died. I stood side of her, holding her hand, and somebody came up quite close to me, and laid his hand on ours. I thought it was the doctor, and I didn't look up; but in a minute or so I heard the doctor speak, and his voice sounded out in the back part of the room. I looked up quick, and there stood my father, as plain as ever I saw him! I said, 'Father!' and he smiled, and put his other hand on my shoulder, and stood there quite a little while. I have seen him a good many times since, and I can hear him speak sometimes. When anything important comes up he generally comes to me, and tells me what to do. He is my ministering angel," and she looked smilingly into Doris's face.

Doris was too much astonished to reply at once. Miss Parker continued:

"I think it is right for you to hear these things, but I declare I don't know but Sarah would turn me out of the house if she knew I had spoken about it."

"Yes, she would feel dreadfully. Auntie, wouldn't it be a good plan for me to read my Bible, and hear all grandma has to say on religious subjects, and all you have to say, and then make up my mind which side I will take?"

It was a very anxious face raised to Miss Parker.

"It would be just the right way, you may depend, Doris. Nobody can get at truth when they only hear one side; but if your grandma learns that you are inquiring into it, she will put a stop to it. She knows what I think about it, but she says it is all my imagination."

Doris was silent for a few minutes.

"Does Mr. Brooks know your views?" she asked.

"No, he has never said anything to call them out, but I expect he will any day."

"Who does agree with you?"

"Well, Dr. Carroll, for one. He knows more about the subject than I do—has investigated a good deal. He says the more he studies it the stronger he is in it."

Doris now understood Mrs. Mason's strong dislike for Dr. Carroll. But her thought was busy in another direction.

"Auntie, how do people find out about all these things?"

"In various ways. There's clairvoyance, and clairaudience, and writings, and raps, and table tipplings, and various things they hear through mediums; they call them 'tests.'"

Doris caught eagerly at the word "raps."

"What are 'raps'?" she asked.

"Well, they say spirits make sounds on walls and floors and furniture—sounds like rapping."

"Did you ever hear any?"

"I don't know. I have sometimes heard noises I couldn't account for, but I wouldn't like to say it was spirits unless I knew. They say they will answer questions by rapping."

"Do they ever rap when you are not asking questions?"

"I do n't know. They might, to call your attention to them and make you wonder what the sound was."

Doris drew nearer her aunt, and whispered:

"Then, auntie, I really believe I have heard those raps. More than six months ago—it was the night I had the toothache so hard—I was lying wide awake, and I heard a queer noise right on the table by the head of my bed where my Bible lies. I thought of rats, and thought of everything. Often I wake up and hear it. I have wondered and wondered what it could be. I spoke to grandma about it once, but she only said, 'Rats, most likely, child; but you know, auntie, grandma is so particular she would n't let rats rest in this house six months.'"

"Well, not knowing I can't say; but I should advise you to inquire into it."

"I don't know but I should be afraid. Can't you come into my room to stay some night, and see if you hear it, and what you think of it?"

"Indeed I will, Doris, any time you want me."

"Come to-night, then. I am sure if ministering angels can come to me they ought to come now while I feel so troubled about Morris and Hugh."

"Well, dear, we will let this rest for a while and see what comes of it."

[To be continued in next issue.]

## WATER LILIES AT SUNSET.

BY HENRY AUGUSTIN REERS.

My eyes have seen when once at sunset hour White lilies flock that edged a lonely lake. All rose and sank upon the lifting swell. They swayed their long stems lazily, and tapped their floating heads and stirred among the leaves. And when the sun from western gates of day Poured colored flames, they kissed to ruddy shame. So blushed their petals that they glowed like roses morning-bloom in dewy bowers. When garden walks lie dark with early shade, That so their perfumed chalices were brimmed With honeydew till they overflowed. And spilled rich lights and purple shadows out. That splashed the pool with gold, and stained its waves in tints of violet and ruby bloom. When twilight closed, when earliest dewdrops fell All frosty chill died down their golden hearts. They shrank at that still touch, as maidens shrink. When love's first footstep frights with sweet alarm the untold willingness of their virgin breasts. Then shut their ivory cups, and dipping low They folded beauties in the gloomy wave. They nodded and bowed and heaved and slept. But sweeter far than summer dreams at dawn. Their mingled breaths from out the darkness stole Across the silent lake, the winding shores. She shadowy hills that rose like a dream. The marsh among whose reeds the wild fowl screamed. And dusky woodlands where the night came down.

## September Magazines.

THE CENTURY.—George Kennan continues his interesting and instructive Siberian recitals, his special topic this month being "Exile by Administrative Process." Illustrated with portraits of a few of the many victims of a cruel despotism, of whom he says, and very justly, "If such men are in exile in a lonely Siberian village instead of being at home in the service of the State—so much the worse for the State." These papers are attracting the attention of leading minds in all parts of the world. "The Industrial Idea of Education," an article by Charles M. Carter, endorsing a growing conviction among progressive educators that our public schools should be made more utilitarian. Educationalists will likewise find much to interest them in the opening article of this number, in which "Uppingham, An Ancient School Worked on Modern Ideas," is fully described by George R. Parkin. The locality is a small market town, one of the midland counties of England, and the school, founded in 1541, is at present a model institution of its kind. A fine tribute is given to a fine mind by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in a sketch of Ed. Rowland Hill, from whose writings she makes several choice selections, among them this striking one: "A comet is the spirit of a world hovering about and waiting to be incarnated." Miss Phelps says: "Still stands among our poets upon the claim of pure inspiration," and this claim is strongly supported by the selections she gives. The article will find appreciative readers among Spiritualists. The contents of this number are of preeminent excellence. In addition to the above, the number contains stories, poems of merit, sketches of travel and adventure, "Topics of the Time," "Open Letters," and "Recreation." New York: The Century Company, Boston, Dammell & Upham, 285 Washington street.

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.—As a frontispiece is given a portrait of Arthur St. Clair, first governor of the Northwest territory, following which is a romantic account by the editor, Mrs. Lamb, of the establishment of civil government beyond the Ohio river, under the title, "Marietta, Ohio, 1788-1888." Illustrated. In a scholarly treatise upon "Indian Tribes in Prehistoric Times," by Cyrus Thomas, Ph. D., their location and movements are described, and consideration given to theories regarding the mound-builders. C. C. Jones, Jr., describes the jubilant welcome given in Georgia to the Declaration of Independence which, though proclaimed in Philadelphia July 4th, was not heard of in that State until August 10th. In "Reconstruction," Dr. J. H. Patton clearly and concisely shows the policy adopted by the government in restoring the Southern States to the Union. "Canada's Financial and Business Condition," is treated upon by Dr. Prosper Bender. As a matter of curiosity, a *face simile* is given of the title-page of "The Universal Magazine of Knowledge and Pleasure, for July 1757, London," and an article from it, giving an English view of the Ohio river. The shorter articles include a graphic account of an "Escape from a Burning Prairie," by George Catlin, the famous traveler among the Indians, and "George Washington as a Dancer." New York: 743 Broadway.

ST. NICHOLAS.—A triad of pleasing pastoral verses opens this month's number, and next are three chapters of "Two Little Confederates," a story that all, North and South, have become interested in. E. P. Roe, whose recent translation was deeply regretted as the last leaf turned of his earthly service, collected on his journeyings "Some Stories about the California Lion," (panther) and these are given, with several illustrations. A story of the Dakota billiard is entitled "Great Dora," and "Charles Barnard in his usual attractive style gives in "Broken Adrift," an account of a young girl's adventurous management of a canal boat that took a notion to start on a tramp. Estelle Thompson gives a story of "Knot-Holes." "Dick's Farm Hand," describes the finding by a boy of one solution of the labor problem, and "The Mischievous Knix" is a quaint fairy story, finely illustrated. On other pages we are told "How Some Birds are Cared For," and Charles G. Leland informs ingenious boys "What to do with Old Corks." The Century Co., New York, Dammell & Upham, "The Old Corner Bookstore," Boston.

WIDE AWAKE.—An attractive feature of this month's issue of this favorite is a descriptive account by Horatio O. Ladd of "The Ramona Indian Girls' School," connected with the University of New Mexico at Santa Fe, and named in honor of Helen Hunt Jackson and her book, "Ramona." The school was founded in response to a request of San Juan, a Mesquero chief. Several engravings show the Apache children on their arrival, in their blankets, and shortly after in new apparel. The opening story is one of the political campaign of 1840, entitled "Two Conspirators." "Plucky Sam," continues "His Story," and in "Around the World Stories" are related "Adventures of an Abyssinian Monkey." Ed. E. Hale, in his "Story of Boston Common," gives some account of the distinguished guests of the city who have visited that notable locality, of whom were Lafayette, President Jackson, Black Hawk and Keokuk. "Summer Lanes," interesting especially to young landscape painters, "Ned's Base-Ball Club," "The Little Lombard Hero," "The House in the Tree," and "How to Make a Weather Bottle" are among the remaining contents. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.—Dr. Helen Densmore resumes her "History of Mind Cure." A treatise is given upon "Washing and Baking Powders. How They are Made." Its remarkable feature being that no special diet is recommended, but only their constituents and the process of manufacture described. Following this are articles upon "Adulteration of Food," "Resuscitation of the Apparently Drowned," "Diphtheria" and "Corsets." New York: 206 Broadway.

THE PATH CONTAINS "Conversations on Occultism," "Some Teachings of a German Mystic," etc. New York: W. Q. Judge.

THE INDEPENDENT PULPIT contains the third installment of "Thoughts for the Thoughtful," a discussion upon the "Lord's Supper," "What Unbelievers Have Done for the World," several other contributions to freethought literature, and a continued narra-

tive of the editor's motley experiences in his personal efforts to enlighten the people in Eastern Texas. Waco, Texas: J. D. Shaw.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—Portraits of William H. of Germany, and the Empress Augusta Victoria, with brief biographies. Introduce this month's contents, which include articles upon "Cremation," "Hereditary Influences," "Education and Use of the Brain," etc., together with "Notes in Science and Industry," "Editorial Items," poetry and illustrations. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.

## Verifications of Spirit-Messages.

DR. JOHN SCONEY.

It is with a grateful heart that I recognize the message of Dr. JOHN SCONEY, in THE BANNER AUG. 22th, as coming from my revered father. Not the shadow of a doubt is in the mind of any who have read it, but that he really communicated it. Before he was translated it was a subject of frequent conversation in the family that he was to send a message from the "Banner Circle," as soon as he was able, and I have watched for his coming with great interest. His neighbors of many years, Mr. and Mrs. John Williams, wish to add their names to the number who publicly recognize this message. Mr. Williams feels deeply grateful to my dear father as the one who first directed his attention to the truth and beauty of Spiritualism, and he is now approaching the "life-eyelast" with a full knowledge of what awaits him in the hereafter. As my father said, THE BANNER was very dear to him—more highly prized, if possible, as he ne







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 personal free thought, but we cannot undertake to endorse  
 the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents give  
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 tions. The name and address of the writer are in all cases  
 indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot  
 undertake to return or preserve manuscripts that are not used.  
 When newspapers are forwarded, please specify the name  
 of our institution, the sender will confer a favor by drawing a  
 new link in the chain of the article he specially desires to  
 call our attention to.  
 When the post-office address of THE BANNER is to be  
 changed, our patrons should give us two weeks' previous  
 notice, and not omit to state their present as well as future  
 address.  
 Notices of Spiritualist Meetings, in order to insure prompt  
 insertion, must reach this office on Monday of each week, as  
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 marked "Personal" on the envelope.

Before the opening light of Truth, crowds  
 tremble, ignorance dies, error decays, and humanity  
 rises to its proper sphere of knowledge.—Spirit John  
 Pierpont.

### Volume Sixty-Four.

This number of THE BANNER begins its sixty-  
 fourth volume and thirty-second year. It will  
 be generally admitted that a paper possesses  
 genuine vitality that can boast of an existence  
 so long continued. And it must be said further,  
 that unless it had the support of a wide and  
 earnest constituency it could never hope to  
 count so many years. The two factors are  
 mutually essential to its lasting success.

THE BANNER, as all its readers know, was  
 the pioneer in the promulgation of the new  
 truth contained in Modern Spiritualism. It  
 was in the work at its beginning in our age.  
 When the phenomena were discredited for their  
 novelty, before the vastly important message to  
 the world which they contained was fairly  
 heeded, much less apprehended, THE BANNER  
 proclaimed without hesitancy the fact of a  
 new revelation to humanity whose far-reaching  
 purpose was fully known only to the inhab-  
 itants of other spheres. It was the mouth-  
 piece of the invisible world in its newly opened  
 channel of communication with mortals, and it  
 has ever sought for no higher service than that  
 of helping to open wider each year the intercourse  
 of spirits with mortals.

The passage of the thirty-one years of THE  
 BANNER's life of steadfast devotion to this ex-  
 alted cause has witnessed an advance in knowl-  
 edge and an increased illumination on the sub-  
 ject that has now put it in a position from which  
 opposing influences cannot shake it. The belief  
 in the actuality of spirit communication has  
 gained a strength from widening knowledge  
 that none of the ordinary methods of hostility  
 can impair. Spiritualism has finally become  
 one of the world's accepted agencies for its sal-  
 vation from error and its progress toward the  
 yet distant goal of perfection. The develop-  
 ments of the past ten years alone would at the  
 first have provoked incredulity if they had been  
 stated in the form of prediction. And it is ex-  
 aggerating nothing to say that when the last  
 year of the current century is reached, the  
 spread of this welcome knowledge and the over-  
 whelming power of its substantiating proofs  
 will have established Spiritualism as the basis  
 and life of all religion that will satisfy the hearts  
 of mankind.

This paper, it hardly need be added, will con-  
 tinue to pursue its chosen course without swer-  
 ing or faltering, illuminated by heavenly light,  
 upheld by the ministry of spirits, and aiming  
 to serve the deepest needs of humanity. The  
 opening of a new volume merely supplies the  
 occasion for renewing a pledge so well under-  
 stood already.

### Oblique Justice.

The New York Sun calls attention to the dis-  
 charge of a highway robber by a judge in that  
 city because the man assaulted and robbed de-  
 clined to prosecute. The Sun complains that  
 this is administering the law in the interest  
 of particular individuals, and not in the interest  
 of the community. The Sun can do this con-  
 sistently, for it is only a few weeks since it was  
 doing its utmost to secure the conviction of a  
 woman who was charged with obtaining money  
 under false pretences from an eminent lawyer,  
 although the lawyer himself not only refused  
 to prosecute, but was a witness for the defense.  
 In spite of this, the woman was convicted, and  
 is now serving a term of imprisonment. This  
 question naturally arises: If it was right to  
 convict the woman Miss Debar, notwithstanding  
 the protests of the man alleged to have been  
 defrauded, might not the highway robber,  
 Barker, have been convicted, although his vic-  
 tim declined to prosecute?

### Our Duty to the Criminal.

That it is a disgrace, and the account made  
 square, when we have removed him from the  
 reach of his temptations, and shut him up  
 where he cannot repeat his crime, is one of the  
 most mistaken ideas that could well engage  
 minds that entertain any just sense of human  
 relations and responsibility. Not only are we  
 bound to protect ourselves against his further  
 wrong doing, as well as keep him from doing  
 further harm to himself, but we are bound to  
 provide for the wholesome security of our com-  
 mon future. Imprisonment by no means dis-  
 solves our relations with the criminal. He re-  
 mains a member of the common society as long  
 as he lives. Even after we revengefully send  
 him out of the world in his fearfully unfit con-  
 dition, his active influence still makes itself  
 felt by others, through whom he works off all  
 that for a long time remains of his wicked and  
 erring propensities within him.

In the course of a recent interview Col. Robert  
 G. Ingersoll observed, with his customary  
 breadth of view and largeness of sympathy, that  
 he regarded criminals as unfortunate, whereas  
 the generality of people unthinkingly and  
 wrongly regard all violators of the law with  
 hatred. He said they did not take the circum-  
 stances into consideration. He regarded these  
 people who are in the clutches of the law not  
 only as unfortunate, but as *clitims*. Under the  
 same circumstances, the same persons who pun-  
 ish themselves would themselves be punished. While  
 society undeniably possesses the right of self-  
 defense, the question whether that right goes  
 to the extent of taking life depends on entirely  
 different considerations. Society may in justice  
 do two things—protect itself, and do all in its  
 power to reform the criminal. It has no right  
 to take revenge; no right to torture a convict;  
 no right to do wrong because some individual  
 has done wrong.

Now if the government was controlled by a  
 greater and nobler thought; if it said: We will  
 reform, we will not destroy, but if the man's  
 beyond reformation we will simply put him  
 where he can do no more harm—the effect  
 would be far better. The execution of a criminal  
 can be shown to have a degrading and de-  
 basing influence on the community. It results  
 in cheapening human life. Hanging tends to  
 destroy the idea that human life is sacred. In  
 this way society, without seeming to know it,  
 raises its own crop of criminals and keeps them  
 all the time on hand. It literally plows the  
 land, sows the seed, and harvests the crop. The  
 time will come when we shall know better than  
 to do this; when men will know that real pro-  
 gress means the enfranchisement of the whole  
 human race.

Our interests are all so united and interwoven  
 that the few cannot be happy while the many  
 suffer, nor the many be happy while the few  
 suffer, nor any be happy while one suffers. In  
 other words, to utter it as plainly as possible,  
 the human race is interested in each individ-  
 ual. When the time comes that this is univer-  
 sally apparent, society will stop producing  
 criminals, producing failures. It will not leave  
 the next generation to chance. It will not, in  
 Col. Ingersoll's words, regard the gutter as a  
 proper nursery for posterity. Instead of catch-  
 ing thieves and hanging them up in a peniten-  
 tiary, instead of shutting those who kill others,  
 in consequence of which we have to build and  
 maintain penitentiaries and courts of justice,  
 and pay judges, district attorneys, juries, wit-  
 nesses, detectives and police instead of all  
 this it would be far cheaper to find the criminal  
 in his childhood, to take his parents out of  
 the vile tenement-house or compel its owners  
 to keep it clean and sweet, to widen the streets,  
 plant a few trees, provide a plenty of baths,  
 and set up a good school in the neighborhood.  
 If society only took some interest in this fan-  
 cily, and so in the child, instead of coming to  
 break into houses he would be building them.  
 This lesson of beginning at the fountain-head  
 of things in the social state cannot be repeated  
 too often or learned too thoroughly.

There is no reforming influence whatever in  
 punishment, asserted Col. Ingersoll. There is  
 no reforming power in revenge. Only the best  
 of men, the noblest minds and tenderest hearts  
 should have the charge of penitentiaries and  
 the care of criminals. The latter, as soon as  
 they enter the penitentiary, should see that it  
 is filled with the air of kindness and the light  
 of hope. It should be the supreme purpose  
 of confinement to convince the criminal that he  
 has made a mistake, and that the government  
 wishes to convince him that he has made a mis-  
 take, to open his intellectual eyes, to educate  
 him, to elevate him, so that he will look back  
 on his past mistakes only with horror. This is  
 genuine reformation, and punishment is not.  
 When a prisoner is compelled to put on the  
 uniform that expresses nothing but the degra-  
 dation of his position, no step has been taken  
 toward his reformation. His heart has only  
 been filled with hatred. And after having been  
 thus abused in his helpless condition for a num-  
 ber of years, treated, in fact, like a wild beast,  
 and then being turned out again into the com-  
 munity, in most cases his uppermost thought is  
 to "get even" with his tyrant and persecutor.

The existing system for the treatment of  
 criminals in many States of the Union unques-  
 tionably produces more crime than it prevents,  
 said the Colonel. In the Southern States, or at  
 least some of them, convicts are hired out for  
 the purpose of building railways, or plowing  
 fields, or digging coal, and the death-rate among  
 them has been as high as over twelve per cent.  
 a month. Men and women are chained togeth-  
 er indiscriminately. For the slightest offences  
 against the regulations they are shot down like  
 wild animals. In some of the northern prisons  
 machines are operated for punishment that are  
 utterly debasing and degrading. Col. Ingersoll  
 remarked that he was opposed to any punish-  
 ment that cannot be inflicted by a gentleman,  
 or that tends by its infliction to harden and de-  
 base the man who inflicts it.

As to solitary punishment, he thought that  
 was only another mode of torture. The criminal  
 should not be punished, but reformed, if  
 indeed he is capable of reformation. Whatever  
 is done, it should not be done as a punishment.  
 Society should be too generous and noble to  
 harbor a thought of revenge. It should never  
 punish, but simply protect itself. It should,  
 above all, endeavor to reform the criminal. To  
 reformation solitary imprisonment clearly does  
 not tend. The prisoner will be happier when  
 his hands are busy, his thoughts are occupied,  
 and he has something before him to do. This  
 keeps alive cheerfulness, which is the temper  
 above all others to be cultivated.

Punishment, in past ages, was the only means  
 of reformation practiced. If any one did wrong  
 they punished him. If people continued to com-  
 mit the same offence, the punishment was in-  
 creased. And so it went on, until in countries  
 that had become civilized they hanged wrong  
 doers, even for the crime of petty stealing. And  
 in those times men were torn asunder by horses,

their bodies quartered, and their heads set upon  
 pikes at the city gates, for the crime of treason,  
 with the natural result that there was a hun-  
 dred times more treason than now. It was the  
 same spirit that ruled in the church. And in-  
 asmuch as no more punishment could be in-  
 flicted when death came, the church declared  
 that it went right on, growing worse and worse,  
 forever and forever. But this did not work the  
 reformation of mankind any better. So the  
 fires of hell are burning out, and gradually los-  
 ing their terror for men in the rapid advance  
 of illuminating knowledge. The intelligent peo-  
 ple of the world, said Col. Ingersoll, are many  
 of them endeavoring to find out the facts in na-  
 ture that control the dispositions of men. Others  
 are trying to ascertain the facts and condi-  
 tions that govern health and disease. The  
 common object of both is to produce a race  
 without disease either of body or mind. They  
 confidently anticipate the time when there  
 shall be neither hospitals nor penitentiaries.

### A Timely Discourse.

A very thoughtful discourse, emphatically  
 placing humanity before individuality, was  
 that delivered by Rabbi Solomon Schindler at  
 the Temple Adath Israel, on the evening of the  
 5th inst., in this city, his theme being: "The  
 Future Unveiled," and the occasion the Anniv-  
 ersary of the Jewish New Year.

With the opening of a new year, remarked  
 the learned Rabbi, new work presents itself.  
 We may appropriately say the same at the  
 opening of a New Volume of THE BANNER—  
 THE SIXTY-FOURTH. Every one of us is called  
 upon to contribute his share of usefulness to  
 the general stock of human welfare, according  
 to the limit of his capacity. We are all co-la-  
 borers, without distinction of race or religion.

Reflections on the future, said Rabbi Schin-  
 dler, are always more or less tinted with uncer-  
 tainty. We rejoice in the past, but are apt to  
 regard the future with apprehension. A day  
 like that which opens a new year places us face  
 to face with the future. Nor, added the Rabbi,  
 is it so difficult a task to unveil that future.  
 Every observing person can foretell the future  
 with the same certainty and precision with  
 which we can foretell, in a general way, what  
 a novel or a drama will must contain. Every  
 person in the course of a new year will work  
 out still further that character for which he has  
 been designed, and perform a part in that act  
 or chapter to which his age entitles him. Our  
 future itself is not dark and gloomy, a mixture  
 of all kinds of possible and impossible accidents,  
 but our destiny is settled and established by a  
 firm and permanent but natural law. Every  
 cause is followed by the same result, and in as-  
 certaining the cause we become able to foretell  
 the future.

Humanity will move in the same order and in  
 accordance with the same laws, in the future,  
 as the planets have moved and will move in the  
 same curves forever. The thing for us to learn,  
 therefore, and the lesson we are to impress  
 ourselves with, is that we are not to separate  
 our fortunes as individuals from the fortunes  
 of the community; we should consider our-  
 selves individually as an insignificant part of a  
 great system, and not as the only and sole ob-  
 ject that is worthy of contemplation. We must  
 not expect for our own individual little selves  
 a destiny different from that of the grand body  
 of humanity, nor must we demand for ourselves  
 the sole and exceptional care of Divine Providence.  
 We must learn to understand that our  
 own personal existence and personal welfare is  
 of as little import, and plays as small a part in  
 comparison with the body of mankind, as is the  
 motion of a drop of water in a storm-beaten  
 sea, or the friction of two grains of sand against  
 each other in the whirlwind of the Sahara,  
 though each drop of water and each grain of  
 sand is needed to make up the sea or the desert.

There is, said the Rabbi, only one future be-  
 fore us, and that is the future of the great body  
 to which we belong and of which we are but  
 particles, namely, mankind. Only the future  
 of mankind concerns us, and this is not con-  
 cealed. No veil hides that from our view. We  
 may not know whether we shall live to-morrow,  
 and this may appear a great calamity to us—but  
 what of it? We know that humanity will live,  
 and that our personal work, great or small as  
 it may be, will be gathered and collected in  
 that grand receptacle. We may meet with re-  
 verses; we may lose what we own to-day; com-  
 forts we are accustomed to may be missed by  
 us to-morrow. But it matters not. Whatever  
 has been can never be lost. It remains. It  
 helps to swell the material, the intellectual,  
 the moral wealth of mankind; and it matters  
 little who is called its guardian, or, in the cur-  
 rent language, its owner.

It is a superstition, an error, to consider the  
 future a sealed book, a landscape covered with  
 an impenetrable mist, a statue hidden by a  
 veil. To the eye of the observer, the future is  
 as open as the past or present. The same God  
 who ruled yesterday will rule to-morrow. The  
 same law in force at the beginning will operate  
 at the end. Hence the individual must learn  
 to find and to fill his place in the universal sys-  
 tem. He must learn to bring the pulsations of  
 his heart into unison with those of the grand  
 heart of humanity—to be thrilled by its joys  
 and to suffer by its pains. Then we shall learn  
 to appreciate and love our fellow-beings, and  
 only then; and to do so not for the quantity,  
 but the quality of their work.

### J. J. Morse Closes in San Francisco.

The long engagement of fourteen months' ser-  
 vice in San Francisco of Mr. J. J. Morse ter-  
 minated on Sunday evening, the 26th ult., with  
 a lecture in Washington Hall, on which occa-  
 sion a large audience greeted him with cordial-  
 ity, listened to him with close attention, and  
 parted with him with many expressions of re-  
 gret. The *Golden Gate* remarks at the close of  
 a notice of the events of the evening:

"Mr. Morse's labors have been productive of great  
 good, while his courteous yet independent manner, his  
 unflinching adherence to our cause and his spirit-  
 ualists, have won him the respect of all earnest spir-  
 itualists, who are not ashamed of their faith. For, in  
 his own words, he is 'first, last and always a Spiritual-  
 ist and a medium,' a statement alike creditable to his  
 head and heart."

Mr. Morse is at present in San Jose, where he  
 will speak every Sunday morning and evening  
 during the month, in G. A. R. Hall.

We have on file for publication in our  
 next issue a timely communication from the  
 pen of Mr. Alonzo Danforth, the Children's  
 Spiritual Lyceums. "It foreshadows a 'New  
 Departure,' a very important one in our esti-  
 mation, and one which we hope will be put in  
 practical operation. We shall do all that lies  
 in our power to aid the contemplated new  
 movement. The 'Temple Fraternity School'  
 will be conducted under the auspices of the  
 Temple Fraternity Society.

### Plain Words from Spirit Henry Clay.

Those who have been familiar with the BAN-  
 NER OF LIGHT and its work during the thirty-  
 one years (and over) which have passed since its  
 establishment, know that it has ever acknowl-  
 edged its indebtedness to the advice, counsel  
 and spiritual aid which it has during all that  
 time received from the band of exalted in-  
 telligences whose earnest interest in the wel-  
 fare of humanity led to its establishment in  
 April, 1857.

It has been the custom of the managers of  
 THE BANNER, on the mortal plane, to meet  
 with their spiritual coadjutors, in the Free  
 Circle Room, on the morning of June 10th of  
 each year, in grateful recognition of what the  
 Unseen Intelligences have done during the  
 twelvemonth previous to uphold the interests of  
 the establishment and the Cause it represents,  
 and to listen to such words of caution and en-  
 couragement as these spirit-mentors might have  
 to offer.

At the meeting of this character held on June  
 10th, 1888, Spirit HENRY CLAY—who has  
 presided over these special sessions for many  
 years—gave expression to an able address,  
 which, while necessarily of a personal char-  
 acter and appropriate to the peculiar na-  
 ture of the meeting, contained many strong  
 points of general interest to the friends of the  
 Cause, a condensation of which is herewith  
 presented:

**FRIENDS—Spiritual Associates in the Cause of Truth:**  
 Once again we approach upon the dawning of the  
 tenth of June, to bring to your minds and hearts a  
 realization of the glorious work in which we are all en-  
 gaged.

The grand purpose of our lives is, and should be,  
 that of sending forth to the world at large tidings of im-  
 mortal joy, that human hearts may spring upward into  
 new light under these grand tidings, and sing their  
 songs of rejoicing to the Father above: There is no  
 death; the grave has lost its sting—for this we meet,  
 on the occasion which annually returns to us in the  
 opening of the summer-time; for this we unite in spirit  
 and in soul-purpose, that we may do our part in the  
 work of heaven, and send forth unto humanity, not  
 only the tidings of great joy that they shall live al-  
 ways, but also the beautiful consolation and benefi-  
 cent message from on high, that their own beloved dead  
 do live and can return to watch over and protect their  
 lives!

Such work as this, friends, is worthy of all effort,  
 of all sacrifice.

The year that has passed has been one of trial,  
 of much affliction to you who gather here, for there  
 have been hurled against you from various quarters  
 shafts of ridicule, arrows of contumely and misrepresen-  
 tation; in your public work you have been obliged  
 to face the misunderstanding of the world; in your  
 private lives you have sometimes felt the shadows  
 that have pressed around you; you have felt the  
 wounds and pains brought to your hearts by others;  
 but you have withstood the tempest and the storm, and  
 now meet together again, in the body, friends, united  
 in spirit, still pursuing your work in harmony with  
 the angel world.

You cannot possibly tell the effects of your work and  
 of the year that has now passed; they reach out into  
 the spiritual world, meet with thousands of human  
 hearts there beating, and spread forth in an influence  
 abiding and undying from land to land. On these mortal  
 shores you cannot possibly understand this in its  
 fullness, because those spiritual atmospheres and mag-  
 netisms which are constantly going forth from such  
 labors as this in which we are employed do not always  
 strike upon the external senses, nor are they always  
 heeded by the physical eye or ear; and so, friends,  
 there is much of relationship toward your mission and  
 your life which cannot possibly be understood or re-  
 lated in mortal speech; but those in spirit-life perceive  
 and comprehend the far-reaching importance of that  
 work, and recognize that it is one that should be main-  
 tained through all effort, and if necessary, through  
 all trial, for the Truth's sake.

The year has seen much of convulsion; I use the  
 word advisedly—convulsion in the life of the people,  
 in the career of this nation. This convulsion of old ex-  
 isting forces and principles has made itself felt in every  
 department of existence; in the social field it has made  
 its way, tearing and destroying, twisting here and  
 there, rending human hearts and human opinions, and  
 making its way without stint or favor; in the political  
 field it has set an under-current in motion, so that  
 there is and has been more of agitation than the world  
 can describe, and this is still going forward, and must do  
 so, not only for the present year, but for all departments  
 of religious life, where man is supposed to lay down the  
 thought of the material for a time, and to devote his  
 attention to the spiritual or devotional part of his na-  
 ture.

In this direction there has been a revolution going  
 forward, slowly and gradually, producing in some in-  
 stances a convulsion that is felt from the centre to the  
 circumference of the religious strongholds of the land,  
 and which is still making its forces felt, and seeking to  
 be understood. This must be so, since there is a re-  
 generating process going on throughout the entire  
 kingdom of human life, and this regenerating process  
 must be adequately felt, must be early understood and  
 experienced in the life of this American nation, and by  
 it given expression to the world—for we believe, from  
 our standpoint in the higher life, that it has been de-  
 creed by exalted powers that this nation shall lead the  
 world in progress, in development, in the unfolding  
 of spiritual, intellectual, religious, political and social  
 life. In the ranks of Spiritualism, that great army of  
 progressive reform, this revolution of which we speak,  
 this regenerating process, has been most certainly felt.  
 It must be so, since Spiritualism, standing upon the  
 outskirts of human life, and sending its forces through-  
 out every department and every field of existence, must  
 certainly feel the tremblings of the earth and the  
 air, catch the vibrations of the higher atmosphere, and  
 thrill under the electric touch of those divine forces  
 which must be set in operation in order to produce  
 that revolution which leads to betterment and to per-  
 fection.

What, then, friends, seems to be the outgrowth of  
 this condition of things? We find evidences of strife  
 and discord and inharmonious on every hand. Men  
 and women, and especially those who are made sensitive  
 by these electrical vibrations of the world, give forth  
 opinions that sometimes clash—become highly individ-  
 ualized in their thought, and express that which ap-  
 pears most strongly to the inner nature; so we see  
 symptoms of inharmonious, and sometimes, we are sorry  
 to say, of persecution, sent forth into others; but this  
 is inevitable under the existing circumstances, and  
 therefore we must submit to it until the work of the  
 present age is accomplished—until the regenerating  
 process is complete for mankind.

In Spiritualism there must be a purification, so that  
 principles, lofty ideas and grand purposes shall stand  
 forth prominent before the world, and shall not be hid-  
 den by the weakness and selfishness of those beings  
 who are so thoroughly finite and material that they  
 seem to have no part in the great infinite purpose of  
 life.

Yet, friends, we find in our ranks that which is high,  
 which is of itself grateful to our finer senses, to our  
 higher aspirations. Spiritualism, coming before the  
 world like a grand and glorious light streaming down  
 upon a high-placed humanity—ready to warn and in-  
 vigo-urate those who will open their futures to its re-  
 ception—attracts to itself not only those loyal and  
 lofty souls who desire to know the truth and to live it  
 in their daily lives, but the motes and insects that are  
 ever flitting about looking for that which will illumine  
 and brighten; but just as surely as the lamp draws in-  
 to itself those presumptuous creatures that fly within  
 its blaze, feeling that they are a part of it and must  
 shine also within its light, consuming them by its own  
 brilliant flame—so must Spiritualism in its own good  
 time, so must the love and unerring justice of heaven  
 draw those human motes and insects that are attract-  
 ed to Spiritualism only because of its light, only be-  
 cause they hope to shine by the reflection from its  
 rays, only because they wish to use it for their own  
 selfish purposes, and will most assuredly consume not

only their reputations, which are false, but themselves;  
 they will pass into oblivion, for it must be so. The day  
 shall dawn when every unscrupulous mind, every un-  
 principled heart, every falsifier and deceiver in the  
 name of Truth shall be swept away, and shall most cer-  
 tainly shine forth no more to the world as an honored  
 light.

On the other hand, those who seek to do right, whose  
 intentions and thoughts are honorable, whose aspira-  
 tions are high, who ask for the light and guidance of  
 good spirits, will be unconqueringly sustained. Those  
 of our workers who, as human beings, are sub-  
 jected to the weaknesses of the flesh at times, and  
 brought under the varying conditions of material life,  
 and cannot always be perfect in their work or in their  
 line of existence, but who try to do right, seek to fol-  
 low the lines of truth, and to obey the highest dictates  
 that come to them from on high—such we commend  
 wherever they may be found, whether in the humble  
 walks of life they strive to do their duty, day by day, or  
 in the exalted positions of a public career: Wherever  
 they are, we surround them with spiritual influences,  
 and bless their existence.

What have we to look forward to in the time to come?  
 To an army of new workers springing up in various di-  
 rections from private homes, unknown and unnamed  
 by the world, but held under the direction of good  
 spirits, who will love and protect them, and in the  
 fullness of time bring them forth to take their places  
 in the world as helpers to humanity, as leaders and  
 teachers, under the guidance of spiritual life. But  
 this will not be at present. The cause has yet more  
 trials to undergo.

We are proud to say, in this hour, that not one honest  
 medium has been assailed but has bounded upward  
 from the crash in grander strength and higher power,  
 while those who have prostituted their gifts for merce-  
 nary purposes, for selfish ends, may have felt the sting,  
 the obliquity of persecution; but it is only that which  
 they have drawn upon themselves, and which they will  
 draw until they retire from their unlovely work. We can  
 afford to dispense with any life and with any work in  
 Spiritualism that is not open and honest and free; we  
 can afford to sweep aside any human being who dares  
 to prostitute his gifts to selfish ends, even though he  
 be a medium ten times over for the influence of the  
 spirit-world.

If Spiritualism has not within itself such elements of  
 truth and of power as will cause it to flow onward in love  
 and blessing to humanity without the aid of tricksters  
 and of unprincipled people, then let its light be with-  
 drawn from the world until humanity so ripens that it  
 can receive its glory and live under its warmth without  
 resorting to that which is vile and polluted. But we  
 declare that Spiritualism has the elements of truth and  
 power which will protect it, which will give it strength  
 to sweep abroad in silent ways and through beautiful  
 avenues, reaching the heart of man and hearing the  
 benediction of love.

God chooses instruments in his own time and through  
 his own wisdom. They may not be such as you or I  
 would accept or select for the work of cleansing, purify-  
 ing and helping to remake the conditions of life, but  
 they are such as He provides. We must be willing to do  
 our part according to the light and truth pressing upon  
 us, and to do it faithfully and well!

### A Test of Clairvoyance.

Mr. H. G. Moulton, doing business in this city  
 on Bulfinch street, recently had an experience  
 in clairvoyance which, as reported in the *Globe*  
 of Sept. 5th, gave him an inkling that there is  
 something more in it than he has hitherto sup-  
 posed. Frequently of late he has missed goods  
 and occasionally a small sum of money, and a  
 fortnight since a considerable sum was taken  
 from the pocket of his vest in his closet. He  
 mentioned this to a young lady in his employ.

A few years ago the young lady's mother lost  
 a small sum of money, which she found from in-  
 formation given her by a clairvoyant medium,  
 and she felt that she could by the same means  
 be











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FOURTH FRIDAY SEPTEMBER 15 1990

ley, Feb. 3d and 10th; Edg  
and 10th; J. Frank Baxter,  
B. Hagan, May 10th and 26th



**Spiritualist Camp-Meetings.**

**Onset Items.**  
 The materializing medium, will be at Onset longer. Her address for the fall and winter is Lexington Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.  
 of Odd Fellows were at Onset Monday, and visitors were on the ground during the day. The attraction in Bay View was also a yacht race down the bay. A meeting was held at the Auditorium in the evening, and interesting remarks were made by a great many people who witnessed the which took place in the evening. There the Temple, with the Middleboro' Band also a ball in the Casino, with Lindall's Band. Both were well patronized, as several hotels and restaurants. Between in the evening a fire broke out in one of on Union street, and the building was ended. It was thought at one time that the dome house would have to go; also the "age" owned by Mr. B. F. Bourne, but, for wind was blowing, and through the stren- of the citizens and fire-wardens the fire confined to one cottage, which was owned by Mrs. Young of Stoneham, and is a ere being no insurance), together with all, wardrobe and seventy dollars in money. ppy to learn, however, that Mrs. Young is tute, as she still owns a house in Stone- rented, and also has a monthly and on. The fire is said to have caught from candle while the occupants had gone. This is a warning to those who illuminate as to stay by them. We learn that four ars have already been offered for the lot ne house stood—a lot that cost her forty ears ago—which shows something of the property at Onset at the present time.

**Surge and Directors of Onset Day Grove** take this opportunity of thanking the clitors at Onset for their timely and efficient gushing the fire on Monday, Sept. 3d, also Industrial Union for furnishing ladders, s, etc., for such occasions.

**E. Y. JOHNSON, Treasurer.**  
 afternoon, Mrs. Helen Walton lectured on Present and Future Status of Woman." and 23d, the Harvest Moon Festival will This Festival was first instituted by Dr. leaf seven years ago, in memory of the once inhabited this place; and it has been each year since at the full of the Harvest first year there was only a flag-raising at In Central Park; the second year there arranged for visitors and several addresses the third and fourth years the day was the Grove, the Auditorium being very trimmed with autumn leaves, fruit and The fifth and sixth years the celebrations the Temple, great numbers being present. seventh year, promises to exceed every pre- attractions. There will be addresses by of the different mediums present on Sat- noon. The Ladies' Industrial Union will pper and fair in Belmont Cafe, opposite with an autumn dance in the Temple in Sunday there will be speakers engaged ing and afternoon.

Afternoon there was a meeting held at the Mrs. H. M. Walton read an original "The Vision of Alhambra." Mrs. Walton's poems are very fine and have been well re- are forcible, practical and sensible.  
 afternoon a meeting was held in the grove, Jones of New York presiding.  
 the lectures were held in the Temple—a dance being present. Mr. Frank Jones the morning, and after the usual prelim- ing, introduced Dr. H. B. Storer as the day. Dr. Storer preceded his lecture. His subject for the morning was: "The Life," in which he remarked that chance which we cannot see. Spiritual growth the evolution of the soul. There are those to the intellectual as though it was the stration of life, but living a life of love and ne another, being charitable to others and ling too much from them, the doing of a oient act, this is the highest and divinest e it brings the most sweet, and perfect life. rap is of as much value as the most mar- manifestation. When we are convinced that s after death, any further looking after the is a hindrance instead of a help to our et the storms gather, let misfortunes come, rop away from us, we still know that our s is assured, and we can rest content in idge.

Afternoon Dr. Storer's subject was "Spiritual- liberator." Unless the heavy burdens, elson doors, and let the oppressed go free! st burdens which mortals bear are those on them by their ancestors. It is not well ere of God until you have a better concep- the knowledge of man. The holy spirit is love, going out to bless mankind. ssible to do justice to either of these lee- short space allotted here, but those who assure of listening to them were very much edified.

Evening there was an entertainment in the onisting of speeches, tests, dramatizing, **GUSTIE F. HOWE.**

**Office, Onset, Sept. 9th, 1888.**  
 Among the lost articles received at this office, unclaimed, is a gray shoulder cape, which can have by addressing me by mail: G. F. t, Mass., Box 230.

**Queen City Park, Vi.**

Sept. 3d. Many felt in duty bound to return es to-day to attend the State election on

was made happy in the afternoon by the President, Dr. E. A. Smith, with a large from Lake Pleasant, and altogether the ises to be one full of interest and good the evening a concert was given by the Pavilion. Excellent music was discoursed number of interested listeners.

ercises consisted of the usual confer- noon, followed in the afternoon by an acknowledged power by J. Clegg Wright. ening Joseph D. Stiles, the remarkable t-medium, held a successful seance in the y was an interesting day at the Park. The ader brought a large party of excursion- atsburgh, N. Y. The Park offers such an- tations that people avail themselves of unity to visit the place and enjoy its offer- is occasion they crowded the Pavilion to s. Ananda M. Spence of New York, who well received.

Afternoon Mr. Stiles gave one of his descrip- so astonishing and bewildering to those with this phase of mediumship. He was A. E. Tisdale, the eloquent blind medium, ss of great beauty and power. It was a many, and was highly enjoyed by all. e weather was cool on Thursday, the at- the meetings was good. In the afternoon ight gave an interesting and beautiful ad- a gentle breeze at times; again a verita- e, leaving, it is thought, a clearer and

ing an "Old Folk's" Concert was given ing and well-pleased audience. The sing- and the costumes elegant. Charles W. leader, is a sort of universal genius who the good will of the public.

there was a well-attended conference in. At 2 p. m. the Pavilion was nearly filled crested audience. Joseph D. Stiles gave which was full of good things. It seemed his listeners as indeed a baptism from lecture was prefaced with an exquisite in- am. After the address the people were an exhibition of his powers as a test me- one tests were given, all being recognized Many of them were of such a character de the possibility of a reasonable doubt i- genuineness.

Sept. 8th. In the forenoon Mr. Wright ful address, in which the orator and the combined.

Afternoon and evening the Ladies' Aid Society nal Fair, which proved a great success. crowded at times, and the receipts were o much credit cannot be given to the ir untiring efforts in behalf of the cause. is again beautiful, and such as to voo- es to the Park to enjoy the exercises of the under was loaded twice with people from rlington.

He gave the morning's address before a ce. It was full of helpful thought. ratorium in the afternoon J. Clegg Wright sea of faces, and gave unfettered ut- spirations.

ing a very pleasant reception was held at f the President, Dr. E. A. Smith, in honor rs. Lucius Webb—the occasion being the birthday of Mrs. Webb. The speeches and gems in their way.

been many visitors from out the State: of Chicago; Warren G. Brown and wife, N. H.; Jacob Nichols; Mrs. S. A. Gowl, Mass., and many others.

**A. E. S., Secretary.**

**1, Mass.**—The First Spiritualist Society opened its course of Sunday meetings in Sept. 9th, Mrs. A. L. Pennell on Onset platform.

ecture will be on Sept. 16th, by Mrs. C. on the 23d-30th, Dr. H. P. Fairfield will ed Oct. 7th and 14th by Prof. W. F. Peck; 28th Bishop A. Beals; Nov. 4th, Mrs. E. Nov. 11th and 18th, C. M. Nickerson; Nov. J. D. Stiles; Dec. 6th and 16th, Mrs. I. bek. Lectures on Dec. 23d and 30th, by nes, close the year 1888.

re some speakers engaged for 1889: Miss ner for Jan. 20th and 27th; Frank T. Rip- and 10th; Edgar W. Emerson, March 6d Frank Baxter, May 6th and 12th; Jennie y 10th and 26th.

**Mrs. E. S. LORING, Sec'y.**

**Spiritualistic Meetings in Boston.**

**Harbor of Light Circle-Room, No. 9 Howarth street.**—Seances are held every Tuesday and Friday after- noon at 8 o'clock promptly. Admission free. For further particulars, see notice on sixth page. L. B. Wilson, Chair- man.

**College Hall, 84 Essex Street.**—Sundays, at 10½ A. M., 2½ and 7½ P. M. Eben Cobb, Conductor.

**Mishawum Hall, City Square, Charlestown.**—Mediums' meeting every Sunday at 2½ and 7½ P. M. Dr. Mark Smith, Chairman.

**Eagle Hall, 616 Washington Street.**—Sundays at 2½ and 7½ P. M.; also Wednesdays at 3 P. M. Dr. E. H. Math- ews, Conductor.

**Ladies' Aid Parlors, 1031 Washington Street.**—Sundays at 2½ and 7½ P. M. F. W. Mathews, Conductor.

**Eagle Hall, 616 Washington Street.**—After- noon exercises were opened by Mr. Coombs, with re- marks, together with tests and readings from articles taken from the audience, which were pronounced cor- rect. Dr. Thomas spoke in his usual earnest manner, closing with spirit names and descriptions. Mrs. J. T. Lewis and Dr. McKenzie participated satisfactorily in giving tests and readings. Mr. Riddell spoke earnestly for the cause. Mrs. Wildes recited a poem. The chair- man closed the meeting with psychometric readings, which were pronounced correct by those receiving them. In the evening Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham again oc- cupied the platform with one of her highly pleasing lec- tures, closing with tests.

Mrs. M. W. Leslie, who has just returned from Cas- adaga Lake, spoke highly of that camp-meeting, and said that hundreds were brought in contact with Spir- itualism and led to investigate its glorious truths.

Dr. Barker gave us some good thoughts under con- trol. The chairman closed the evening's exercises with psychometric readings. **F. W. M.**

**Ladies' Aid Parlors, 1031 Washington Street.**—The platform, afternoon and evening, was interestingly occupied by David Brown, Dr. Thomas, Mrs. Townsend and Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham. **F. W. M.**

**Spiritualist Meetings in New York and Brooklyn.**

**Columbia Hall, 879 6th Avenue, between 49th and 50th Streets.**—The People's Spiritual Meeting (re- moved from Spencer Hall). Services every Sunday at 2½ and 7½ P. M. Mediums and speakers always present. Frank W. Jones, Conductor.

**Arcanum Hall, 57 West 25th Street, N. E. cor- ner 6th Avenue.**—Meetings of the Progressive Spiritual- ists are held every Sunday at 2½ and 7½ P. M. Reliable speakers and test mediums always present in spirit phenom- enal gifts. Prof. G. W. Van Horn, Conductor.

**Adelphi Hall, corner of 52d Street and 7th Ave- nue.**—The First Society of Spiritualists holds meetings every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7½ P. M. Admission free.

**A General Conference** will be held Monday evening of each week at 230 West 36th street, at the residence of Mrs. M. C. Morrell.

**Johnston Building, Flatbush Avenue, corner of Nevins Street.**—Brooklyn Progressive Spiritual Confer- ence every Saturday evening, at 8 o'clock.

**The First Society of Spiritualists.**—The meet- ings opened to-day after the summer vacation. The initial service was well attended, when the state of the weather is considered.

After singing—a duet by Miss Pleasants and Miss Pierce—Henry J. Newton, Esq., President of the So- ciety, addressed the audience substantially as follows:

"Friends: The summer has gone, with all its bur- den of events, into the eternity of the past. I hope those of you who have been absent from the city, and those who have rested these two months and more at your homes in the city, are ready to commence in earnest with us in the work of the fall and winter cam- paign. Let 'work' be the watchword! The fields are indeed ripe unto the harvest, but the laborers are few. There is something that every one can do: go to work and find out what you can do for the cause of Spir- itualism and your fellow-man, and do it with all your might.

Do not delude yourself with the idea that because we have abolished hell and the devil our road to heaven is to be easy—that we have nothing to do but fold our hands. Those of us who have received this light have grave responsibilities resting upon us. The talent intrusted to us must not be folded in a napkin and laid away, but must be used to the best possible advantage, so that in the final settlement and balanc- ing of accounts we shall have more credit than debt on our balance sheet, and some substantial capital to commence life with in the spirit-world."

His remarks were well received, and a seeming de- termination was manifest to profit by them.  
 Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham spoke in the forenoon upon subjects selected by the audience, the leading theme being: "Coming Back." The speaker made the application of "all human souls to the honey bee, go- ing forth from day to day, . . . and if there is a coming back of the body, should there be any difficulty of the coming back of the spirit?" "So in coming back it is learning the lessons of the day." The lecture was ap- plicable to the occasion; it was one of Mrs. Brigham's best efforts, and was highly appreciated by her audi- ence. In the evening she spoke upon a subject—"His- tory"—selected by the influences speaking through her. After the lecture, Mrs. Brigham gave several psychometric readings, all of which were pronounced correct by the recipients.

Mrs. Brigham will occupy the platform for the First Society every Sunday morning and evening for an in- definite time. **S.**

**New York, Sept. 9th, 1888.**

**The Brooklyn Spiritual Conference.** so EMILY B. RUGGLES informs us, has become so success- ful under the management of Mr. Jones, and recently by Mr. W. C. Bowen, that Sunday meetings are now felt to be a necessity to meet the demands of the local Spiritualists. Therefore a meeting was held Thursday evening, Sept. 6th, and a society organized, to be known as the People's Spiritual Meetings of Brook- lyn. Mr. Joseph La Fave was elected Chairman, and Mr. W. J. Cushing Treasurer and Secretary. These meetings will open Sunday evening, Sept. 16th, at "Johnston Building," in a room adjoining the one occupied by the Conference Saturday evening, the speaker who opens the meeting to have the first half- hour, those following ten minutes each. Inspirational and test mediums always welcome. Seats free. A col- lection to defray expenses.  
 Mr. Charles R. Miller gave the opening address at the Conference on the evening of Sept. 8th. Messrs. Ellsworth and Philbrook, Judge Coit and Mr. Elwell (who is a member of Dr. Talma's Church), also inter- estingly participated in the remarks. **347 Dean street.**

**Young People's Progressive Society, Chicago.**

The above society has again taken the field of labor after three months of leisure. An earnest effort is to be made this season to accomplish all that has been expected in the past, and for that purpose the social committees, as well as those appointed in the new de- partment of literature and music, will have their hands full. The socials are to be carried on every two weeks in Martine's South Side Hall, in which the relig- ious meetings on Sunday evenings are also held, and the Literary Circle will hold its meetings in a smaller hall, to begin in October. Mrs. Ada Foye has opened the Sunday night meetings, and last evening addressed over two hundred people on the subject of "Psychical Power and Demonstrations of its Phenomena." A much larger audience is expected next Sunday even- ing, and during each succeeding one during the month. A moonlight ball was held by the society at Jackson Park Pavilion Aug. 31st, in which over two hundred couples participated. The opening reception of the Social Department occurred Thursday evening, Sept. 6th, nearly three hundred persons being present. The society is doing a good work for the cause, as well as interesting many of the young people in the higher and purer walks of life. The socials occur every two weeks, Thursday evenings, from Sept. 20th. Mrs. Ada Foye will continue with the society during the month every Sunday evening at 7:45. **CELIA.**

**Martine's Hall, Indiana Avenue and 22d street.**

**Reception at Lake Pleasant.**

A correspondent writes us as follows: "A reception complimentary to Mr. Harvey Lyman of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., was given him on the occasion of his recent visit to Lake Pleasant, on Sunday evening, Sept. 2d. The gathering was held under the trees on the grounds of his nephew, Mr. M. W. Lyman, whose guest he was. Dr. A. H. Richardson of Boston made the opening remarks.

After music by Mrs. Adams of Vermont, Mrs. Clara A. Field of Boston spoke very feelingly of the old days, and the high esteem in which Father and Mother Lyman are held by the old campers.

Then followed cheering words from Mr. George James, Mrs. Dillingham, Mr. Onthank, Dr. L. A. Plumb, and Dr. Dean Clarke of Boston; Mrs. M. A. Clayton of Auburn, N. Y., and Mrs. Clara Banks of Haydenville, who also ably assisted in the singing.

Mr. Lyman responded, and gave many pleasant re- miniscences. He left the grounds Sept. 3d for a trip to Queen City Park."

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