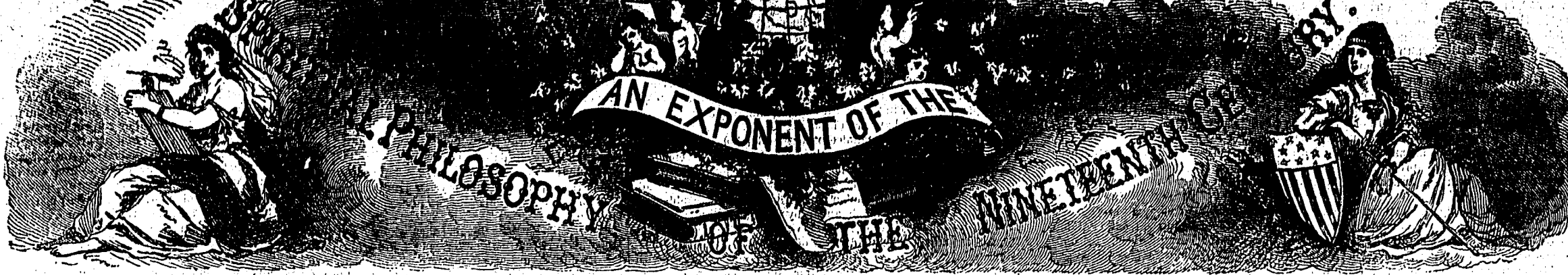


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. LXV.

COLBY & RICH,
9 Bosworth St., Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1889.

[53.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.]

NO. 12.

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Spiritual Phenomena.

A Haunted House in New York City.

[From our Special Correspondent.]

On one of the most fashionable avenues of our city there stands a fine mansion that is for sale, because it was said to be haunted. The housekeeper asserted that she saw a spirit-form perambulating through the house, and heard its footsteps; that often a voice through the speaking-tubes, sometimes from the basement, and sometimes from the upper floors, called the names of different members of the family. Further, doors that were securely locked would be opened, the gas turned on and lighted in unoccupied rooms; furniture would be moved from one place to another. Nothing vicious or of a destructive nature was done, but there seemed to be a constant desire by the spirits to hold the attention of the family to the fact that they were present and could make their presence known. At last to get rid of the annoyance, the family removed to their home in the country, taking all furniture from the house, and offered it for sale. This was in the early spring.

During the Centennial celebration the family desiring to see the parades opened the house, and placing a few cot-beds therein occupied it a few days for that purpose. As they had been fearful that the gas might be lighted by the spirits, they had taken the precaution of having it turned off the main before closing up the house, so on this occasion they provided some lamps for use.

As the twilight came on, during the first day of their occupancy, the lady of the house said she would go for the lamps. She soon returned and assured the family that she found all the lamps lighted and burning, and in many other ways the spirits proved to them that they were still there and active.

Several weeks ago the lady called upon Mrs. M. E. Williams, the materializing medium, of 232 W. 46th street, and confided to her a recital of their troubles. Neither she nor any of her family knew anything about spirit-phenomena or Spiritualism, but she did know of what was going on in her own house, and having heard of Spiritualism and mediums had decided to try and find out something from that source if she could.

Mrs. W. told her she had no doubt the spirits had something to communicate, and that if afforded an opportunity would do so. Mrs. Williams informed her somewhat of her experience with spirits, and so impressed her visitor that she soon after came again, and brought her husband, and after a further interview with Mrs. W. it was arranged that she visit their mansion, and hold a séance there.

On a Saturday evening, early in May, Mrs. Williams repaired to the house, and met there the owner and his wife and a gentleman friend, and a lady friend of Mrs. W.'s. The room was carefully examined, and found to be bare of all furniture except a cot-bed, and of visible occupants save those above mentioned.

A piece of drapery was procured, and placed across the door of a closet in the back parlor, and a chair placed therein for Mrs. W. The four others seated themselves upon the cot-bed in front of the draped door.

Soon Spirit Holland, Mrs. W.'s chief control, addressed the sitters and assured them that he had met and conversed with the spirits who had caused the phenomena that had been witnessed in the house, and could assure them that they were not evil-disposed spirits, nor mischievous, but only desired to state a fact concerning the house and one of the spirits who would soon speak for himself. Then several spirits, relatives of the persons in front of the draped door, came and talked with and identified themselves to their friends, much to their surprise and delight.

Then a spirit giving the name of "Galaway" came and said that when this house was being builded, sixteen years ago, he was employed upon it as one of the builders, and that falling from a scaffold he received severe injuries in his side, from the effect of which he died, after some days of great suffering; that, after being removed to his home, no one connected with the erection of the building ever called to see him, or seemed to take any interest in his welfare. This treatment he felt was an injustice, and showed a lack of human sympathy that was his due, and hence he had been attracted back here from time to time, had made the house his home, and when he found enabling conditions, had made his presence known by speaking, opening and closing doors, moving various articles and in such ways as he could. He said the lady of the house was the medial

instrument that enabled him to do these things. At length the magnetic conditions had been imparted to the house itself. He further said he had no desire to annoy them now that they had given him an opportunity to state what he had.

Moral.—If you would not be haunted by the spirits that have passed the portal of the tomb, be careful to discharge toward them the offices of a common humanity while they are living here. If you chance to get into a house where they have returned and taken up their abode, get some good medium to come and give the spirit an opportunity to state his case, and adjust matters in a mutually satisfactory manner.

Ninety-nine hundredths of all the misunderstandings between individuals can be amicably arranged, and the hard and bitter feelings removed, and hatreds and indifferences be made to give place to loving friendship, if the parties will come together and have a full, free and honest talk; it matters not whether one of the parties is in the mundane, and the other in the supermundane, or not. Human nature is persistent and exists in all the spheres, but kindness and love will touch the hardest heart.

Spiritualism now numbers three more adherents, for the one séance in that vacant house proved its truth to the owner, his wife and their friend, who, I understand, is a prominent artist.

Eclecticism and Medical Laws; Spiritualism in Chattanooga; A. E. Newton's Departure; Hudson Tuttle's Psychic Research; Elder Evans's Autobiography.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have recently returned from attending the annual meeting of the New Jersey Eclectic Medical Association held in Newark. It was a decidedly interesting session, and the more so because of a strong resolution introduced by Dr. A. Wilder (and unanimously adopted) to the effect that Eclectic physicians largely stultify themselves and dishonor their profession whenever they aid or in any way abet the fossilized old school oligarchists in their selfish schemes of passing restrictive medical enactments. And all honor to the BANNER OF LIGHT for its brave advocacy of justice and equality before the law for magnetic healers, clairvoyants, and the various schools of physicians. The people themselves, in these matters, are the rightful jurors and judges. Dr. Wilder read a very able paper before this body in session against all medical boards, bills and monopolies. New Jersey has about one hundred and twenty Eclectic physicians.

SPIRITUALISM IN CHATTANOOGA.

But why say Chattanooga? Spiritualism is everywhere, the spiritual being the real. Visiting Dr. Geo. A. Fuller in his picturesque Lookout Mountain home, and casting an eye downward upon Chattanooga, a growing, bustling city of fifty thousand, I could but exclaim, "What a change since the late civil war! My seven weeks' stay there was both pleasant and remunerative. The Southern people are eminently social and friendly; and further, there is not a particle of prejudice there, so far as I could discover, against Northern men. I attended some of the Spiritualist meetings, and do not remember of ever seeing a more intelligent appearing audience. Dr. Fuller's lectures were clear, earnest and eloquent. Mrs. Fuller presided at the organ. Spiritualism is certainly a growing gospel in this portion of the Sunny South."

A. E. NEWTON'S DEPARTURE.

The first pen-impulse is to write—True; true and faithful to the end! Whenever I think of the transition of this noble and gifted exponent of Spiritualism my heart swells in sympathetic sorrow. His gain, ours the loss. So many of my old compeers have recently crossed the crystal river—Denton, Putnam, Britton, Harter, Newton and others—that I feel like comparing myself to a storm-worn and weather-beaten oak upon the hillside, bending westward toward life's approaching sunset.

While Mr. Newton was a resident of South New Jersey for his health, our interchange of books and letters and neighborly visits was frequent. I soon came to know him thoroughly; and none could thus know but to esteem and honor him. Envy and malice were utter strangers to his calm and generous nature. There was no guile in him. He was critical without being caustic, religious without being bigoted, and constructive rather than destructive. He was candid; he was conscientious; he was a humanitarian, and his charity for all was proverbial. He was an ideal organizer, carrying a hammer for building, rather than a hatchet for hacking or a torch for burning. He would rather suffer wrong than wrong a fellow-being. And while endowed by nature with a clear, analytical mind, there was never a shadow of vicious bitterness in his criticisms. His great failing—if a failing—was his reserved modesty. He refused to the last to stand upon the public platform, where his very presence would have been a power for good. His late essay in the *North American Review*, entitled "Why I am a Spiritualist," was a fitting crown to his literary and noble life-work.

In leaving the mortal for the kingly metropolis of immortality, he took with him his many attainments, his spiritual riches, his cultured individuality, his trained memory, and has already communicated back to Mr. Colby, his friend and veteran co-worker. Mrs. Newton, his faithful companion and inspired helper in his chosen fields of reform, has the sympathy of all true Spiritualists.

HUDSON TUTTLE'S PSYCHIC RESEARCH.

Recently Mr. Tuttle forwarded me his "Psychic Research," accompanied by a most fraternal letter. A new book is a new birth, born from the brain; and in this instance a truly in-

spirational brain. The "analysis" or preface sounds the key-note to the volume, viz.: that there is a psychic ether, the equivalent, spiritually speaking, of a "thought-atmosphere," permeating and filling the interstellar spaces of the universe. This theory, now generally accepted by advanced scientists, was taught by Mr. Tuttle himself, if memory serves me, some thirty-five years ago. And it certainly furnishes a most solid and satisfactory basis for the much-talked-of matter of thought-transference, and the varied spiritual phenomena that so puzzle Materialists.

While marred by a few such proof-reading blunders as are found on page 216, where "belief" occurs for *beneath* the book—the whole book is rich in its compilation of facts relating to premonitions, clairvoyance, dreams, visions, trances, predictions, and other psychic phenomena, with commentaries and classifications of the same for the purpose of educating therefrom a rational spiritual philosophy. The work is well and ably done, enriching the already extensive literature of Spiritualism. The book should and will have an immense sale.

Naturally enough, I do not agree with all of the author's conclusions. Differences of opinion are moral necessities. Under the heading of "Man a Dual Being," the author says: "Man is neither a spirit nor a body; he is the intimate union of both." And in support of the above, thus continues: "Paul, the most profound thinker of all the founders of Christianity, very forcibly and clearly expresses this duality when he makes the distinction between the celestial body and the terrestrial" (body). But the duality here referred to is one of *bodies*. Neither the soul nor spirit is mentioned. And further, if I understand Paul, he is a swift witness against Mr. Tuttle's duality theory. See Hebrews, iii: 12: "For the word of God is quick, piercing, even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow"—the latter belonging to the body! And again: "I pray God your whole soul, and spirit and body, be preserved blameless" (etc. (I. Thess., v: 23). If these passages do not teach the trinity rather than the duality of man, then I fail to comprehend their import. It is a significant fact that there are three words used to describe the elements and make-up of man, *psyche, pneuma, and soma*—*pneuma* is something more than the *nous* of Plato. The Alexandrian school of old, as well as the universities of Europe to-day, teach trichotomy, or the trinity of man, rather than the duality. But all this aside, "Psychic Research" is one of the most valuable volumes ever published by a Spiritualist.

ANOTHER BOOK—AND A QUEER ONE.

I refer to the "Autobiography of a Shaker," a volume of three hundred pages, lately published in Glasgow, Scotland. Elder Frederic W. Evans, originally a rank Materialist, became many years ago a pronounced Spiritualist through his own mediumship. These startling manifestations are described in this book, as well as the general doctrines and communicative practices of this interesting body of Believers; all, or very nearly all of whom, are Spiritualists. Elder Frederic's life has been a remarkable one; and now, though eighty years of age, he is vigorous of body and active and clear intellectually. He will become an historical character.

J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.
Hammonton, N. J.

Stuff that Dreams are Made Of.

AN ATTEMPT TO TURN THEM TO SCIENTIFIC ACCOUNT BY CLOSE STUDY.

[From the London Lancet.]

The commonest experiences of every-day life are frequently those which are most interesting to study, and they are also in many instances those which most successfully elude the grasp of scientific precision. Medical musers of all ages have pondered over the mystery of dreams and sleep without getting much further than speculations of a very personal nature. This personal element is inevitable, since experience shows that in every account of a dream there are awkward lacunae where the inventive faculty is brought into play. There is a modest hesitation in the waking state about recounting in consecutive form the disconnected particles which have formed the component parts of the dream, and the result is that ordinarily a veil is woven to hide the defects of memory, or sundry adventitious links are inserted to give a logical sequence to what is most illogical.

Individuals do not believe sufficiently in the accuracy of their own accounts to trust those narrated by others. Dreamers of dreams in the past ordinarily foretold their own successes, and thus accustomed their hearers to unfamiliar ideas; more recently a novelist has confessed to having worked up much of the perilous stuff that dreams are made of into literary form, and to have reaped much advantage from this assistance. The latest publication which reaches us from Dr. George M. Gould proposes a more serious task, for it is no less than an attempt to study the nature of consciousness, and of its origin from the facts of sleep and dreams. The difference between the dreaming and the waking consciousness is assumed to be the absence of all stimuli in the latter condition, while all the subordinate centres are functionless. The dreaming consciousness is supposed to be on the alert to watch over the sleeping organism. "When sleep is permitted, it is because it is safe to permit it. Hence sleep may at first be dreamless with less danger to the organism."

Although there is much that is extremely interesting in this paper, the conclusions arrived at are somewhat startling. It may be hesitatingly conceded that "dream personality has no individuality," but many will demur at the notion that "through physiological psychology we catch a glimpse of the profound truth that, at heart, we are all the same," while to say that "dream philosophy—conceals religion and sympathy" is to challenge contradiction. Dr. Gould's views are no less novel than striking, and his language often has a poetical turn mingled with scientific phraseology that is entertaining; for example, in his concluding words upon dream consciousness he says: "Its phantasmal existence is upborne upon the ghostly wings of past sorrows and joys, and tied to reality by the tenuous thread of a momentarily interrupted sensation."

Literary Department.

WILBRAM'S WEALTH.

Written Especially for the Banner of Light.

BY J. J. MORSE,

Author of "Righted by the Dead," "O'er Sea and Land," "Cursed by the Angels," "A Curious Courtship," "Two Lives and their Work," "Tone: the Fatal Statue," etc., etc.

PREFACE.

The lot of the laborer, the function of capital, and an equitable relationship between the various members of that complex mechanism called society, are exciting greater attention now than ever before.

Integral coöperation, whereby communities own and control the production and distribution of all they need, by themselves, for themselves, is the next step forward by which to escape soulless monopolies or destructive individualism.

Wilbram's wealth is nobly used, his city a suggestive hope, his self-sacrifice an inspiration, himself one of nature's noblemen.

The Carner emporiums, sad to say, are not all departed from the commercial stage of the sea-girt Isle. They are becoming fewer each year; in time they will be known no more. Florence and Frank are types of womanly truth and manly honor, fortunately confined to no one land alone.

Education, justice and honor are the foundations of progress. In the end industry and worth will win their just rewards. Some day Welgoud Wilbram's dream may become a sober fact. As for the rest—the pages tell the tale.

THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCES THE CARNER FAMILY, WITH ALL THE RESPECT DUE ITS MANY VIRTUES.

After due deliberation it has been decided that the only method by which his readers will be able to appreciate the many excellent virtues of the Carner family, is that the members thereof be individually introduced to present notice. No other method will so effectively disclose the various points of character belonging to this excellent family, as in the sanctity of their private life they present an harmonious blending of their various virtues, such a compact unity of goodness that one might, metaphorically, describe them as a social sun of purest elements, the effulgence of which might, at first, be too much for the sight of ordinary mortality. To spare the reader a too sudden access of this radiance I propose to have the members of this household step forth individually.

As is befitting, let us first introduce to the reader the head of this amiable family. In years he is a trifle over fifty, round of face and clean shaven, cheeks puffy, chin of the kind called pendulous, hair black, and worn longer than ordinary custom prescribes; even the fact that it is well oiled, carefully brushed from his forehead, and falls in heavy folds behind his ears—which are a trifle long—does not divert it of a certain irritating influence over the observer. But there, who shall blame a man because of the way in which he wears his hair, even if, as it is asserted, such and like trifles are said to indicate a man's character? In person he was stout—himself admitted that much—his netter limbs were short and stumpy, and he used those useful members with a sort of reluctant motion that resulted in his walk partaking of a sort of undecided compound of glide and shuffle. Dressed in plain black, his clothes were without spot or crease, constituting a species of moral armor proof against all worldly advances or allurements. Two things above all others, however, present themselves in the character of this good man: They are his mouth and his voice. The first was, indeed, a remarkable feature, being as to its upper lip full, heavy—conveying the idea, his enemies said, of an animal disposition, arguing a love of things alimentary, indicating that if you fed its owner well you ministered to his loftiest needs. The lower lip was in singular contrast to its uppermost companion, in being thin, sinuous and nervously active, having a curious habit of curling over the lower row of teeth, as will, it is said, the lips of the crafty, cruel and hypocritical; but the bland, suave manner of the man permit no such suspicions being attached to his disposition. His voice was mild in tone, parental in his manner of using it, and could express a depth and sonority that indicated the deep feelings in the heart so well sheltered behind the immaculate shirt bosom covering the capacious chest; some say he had built upon that sonorous voice a reputation for a character of goodness which served him ably in his dealings with his fellows! Yes, that fairly describes his looks, but only a closer acquaintance with him will enable us to appreciate the character of the man. A seemingly prosperous man—bland, suave, respectfully attired, gentle and deliberate in manner, devoid of personal adornments, wearing as a watch "chain" a simple band of black watered ribbon, to which was attached a bulky seal; he looked a cross between an over-zealous preacher of the ignorant sort, and a toady of the most unctuous kind, but he was neither; for Zebedee Carner was a prosperous and eminently respectable draper, whose "Emporium of Elegance and Fashion" was situated in South London's busy and bustling Walworth Road.

The aforesaid "establishment" was ostensibly under the control of the head of the Carner family, but actually such was but nominally the case, as the assumed-to-be-head of the house rejoiced in a helpmeet who was the actual director in all things, and whose influence was paramount in every direction; so much was this true that many shrewd observers had been wont to remark: "That of all things this world contained, Carner feared his wife the most!" which was no doubt a slander upon the character of that pious personage. As this lady is of great importance to our story, gallantry and necessity alike demand that she be introduced with careful particularity to the reader's attention. Her husband's senior by some four years, and his superior in all the arts and artifices, she was proficient in, she certainly was entitled to supreme rule, which indeed she exercised with unrestrained effect. Her general manner was one of condescension, which was a perpetual reminder to all whom she encountered of their inferiority, that at times was exasperating beyond endurance. Once she had doubtless been fair to gaze upon, but advancing years had robbed her of her charms, and had also sadly denuded her of flesh, leaving her form spare, gaunt and tall. So pale were her cheeks, so tightly stretched the skin upon her forehead, so bony her hands, so attenuated her frame, that certain disrespectful spirits had privately named her "the skeleton," a not altogether undeserved appellation. Her little gray-green eyes were shaded by heavy eyebrows; her thin, wispy hair, already turning to an iron-gray, was eked out by a "front" having little corkscrew curls

on either side, and held in place by a broad band of black velvet ribbon, which "front" was fastened by some mysterious combination of tape and hair-pins under the little bob of natural hair at the back of her head, wherein was jabbed a high tortoise-shell comb, whose row of little knobs seemed to be mounting guard over the artificial supplement to the scanty locks of the owner of the "front" aforesaid. The face was long, coming to somewhat of a point at the chin, the forehead wide and moderately high, the nose was thin, straight, and pinched at its extremity. The lips were thin and bloodless-looking, and truth compels us to state the upper one had a few straggling and wiry hairs at either corner. Dressed in her rusty black silk, with its long body as straight and flat in front as at back, with its tightly-fitting sleeves, a small black alpaca apron edged with black bugle-work, a narrow band of black ribbon round her throat, looking as solemn as a perpetual mourner, Miriam Carner, carrying a little key-basket on her arm, was, from her austere looks and manner, the very reverse of her worthy husband. An icicle in rusty black silk, as chilling and melancholy as if she was "born to sup sorrow" and had lived thereon all her life. Stern Methodist, rigid moralist, she embodied the harsher virtues, and scorned all the little pleasures of our lot; it was a mystery she ever married, and it would have been a greater mystery still if from such unlovely soil there could have come any other flower than the only daughter whose nature was a bad compound of her father's cunning and her mother's winning pliancy, which latter only served to veil her ignorant fanaticism. But Miriam Carner, good woman as she claimed to be, was in her own eyes a respectable and virtuous member of society.

The remaining member of this delightful household was the aforesaid only daughter, who insisted upon being addressed as "Miss Carner," though in the privacy of family life her parents called her Jane, simply. Miss Carner had now been twenty-four years a denizen of this subliminary sphere, but it was unwise to remind her of that fact, as she but admitted to nineteen summers as the present limit of her age. The first impression she produced on the beholder was that she was all shoulder-blades, elbows and knuckle-joints, and that such trifles had somehow been connected with a dull, leathery-looking face, a low, retreating forehead, pinched features, a snub nose in a perpetual state of sniff, with a form of medium height, with, in a sentence, a girl awkward in manner and gait, who was pervaded with a keen sense of her own importance, whose dressing exhibited a startling combination of pretence and vulgarity, while above all these points there loomed a head covered with a luxuriant mass of strong, fibrous hair, which sentimental swains are apt to describe as auburn, but which in this case an unqualified regard for truth compels us to assert was red. This is the picture that gradually evolves as you take in the details of maiden Carner, who, in spite of her able manipulation of her varied charms, had not yet succeeded in making any deep impression upon the hearts of any members of the sterner sex, so as to cause any one thereof to manifest a consuming desire to drive her home of the charm and delight her presence imparted. Like her mamma she was pious, but unlike her mamma she was actively and aggressively pious; having a sharp tongue, being without envious, and consequently at times spiteful, her religion saw more of sin and wrong than excuse or pardon, wherein she is not unlike many others. The reader is now fairly made acquainted with the family of Zebedee Carner, and the importance of these worthy people in relation to the fortunes of our hero must excuse the minuteness of the description, though, no doubt, the reader already feels a glow of pleasure at being introduced to the respectability and piety the Carner family embodies and expresses.

Let it be here noted that the Walworth Road is one of those busy thoroughfares that are to be found in various quarters of the great metropolis, wherein ships of all sizes, for the sale of every conceivable article, stretch in an unbroken line for miles together. To find this busy mart let us start from the region of banks and brokers' yelp "the City"; crossing London bridge, with its swift-flowing Thames beneath us, then continuing along High street, Blackman street, and Newington Causeway—three names for several parts of one continuous highway—we presently find right before us that far-famed and widely-known hostelry the "Elephant and Castle," on the left of which is the road we are in quest of. A goodly place it is just here, as we stand with our backs to the old "Elephant," up there upon the house-top, which many a little one has watched, in the vain hope of seeing it "come down when it heard the clock strike one," yes, indeed, a goodly place, for a large, open space is before us; here no less than six main lines of travel empty their streams; the rush and roar of cabs, carts, omnibuses, vans and vehicles of all kinds mingle in a deafening and incessant uproar.

Just across this open space we see the lights gleaming in front of one of London's largest Music Halls; sharp round the corner upon our right looms up against the sky the dome-shaped roof of Spurgeon's noted synagogue, while upon our right is the ever-famous old Kent Road, adown which one time thundered the old mail coaches on their way to Dover, from which quaint seaport the tired traveler sailed across the stormy channel on his way to France. Colossal warehouses, manufactories and shops rise on all sides, while ever and anon a shrieking locomotive, with its rattling train of carriages, rushes with a roar over the bridge that spans the road a little below us, so adding to the distractions of the place.

It is evening, and the church clocks of the neighborhood have, with tolerable unanimity, just informed us that the hour of nine has arrived at last, and as we turn down the road we have come in search of, we at once notice that the lights are being extinguished in the shops, that goods are being hastily removed from doorways, while shocked-headed boys or stalwart porters, according to the importance of the concern, are busy hauling shutters from the cellars and proceeding to "shut up" with all the celerity and dispatch they can individually manage to exercise.

By the time we have found the Carner establishment, it is closed, to outward appearances, but an hour's work still remains for the tired and ill-paid assistants to accomplish, so that their employer's boast that he always closed at nine and gave his people the

advantage by so doing, did not, in the eyes of "his people," seem to be of any particular benefit to them. To judge by the early manner the conclusion of the day's duties was being accomplished—mostly matters of accounts that a less virtuous employer would have retained a book-keeper to attend to—also judging from the tired look of the pale, delicate girl at the desk, it could be plainly seen that this extra hour's work, though it saved a drain on the good master's pocket, did most woefully hurt the health of that same good master's servant, while from certain murmurs it was not at all unlikely that but for the presence of the lady of the house there would have been a repetition of the mutiny that once before broke out, resulting then in the summary expulsion of all concerned. At last the work is over, and Mrs. Carmer, in her latest tones, delivers her usual command: "Young ladies will now assemble for prayers, previous to supper and rest," with which request she turned to lead the way to the upper part of the house.

The "young ladies" duly ranged themselves around the long mahogany table in the upper room that served them for all purposes in the way of eating and recreation, while presently the good Zebedee himself enters, taking his accustomed place at the lower end of the table, facing his amiable spouse. An utterly useless and quite demoralizing function this of nightly prayer: No soul, no loving trustfulness, no heartfelt uplifting to a Higher; instead, a whining repetition of commonplace platitudes, and a confession of weakness as hypocritical as degrading. Zebedee with an unctuous twang, Miriam with a metallic snap that seems to gutturalize each sentence from its successor in their dreary flow, fourteen utterly tired young ladies, all looking weary, worn and bored to death, a scarce-concealed yawn here and there; but, at this moment, a common quite uncommon in character—for when the fourteen should have knelt at the desk below, sat bolt upright, heedless of the requirements of the moment, which brought the sharp rebuke from Miriam Carmer that "When Miss Lenton realizes that this is our nightly communion with our blessed Master, she will, perhaps, comport herself as befits the occasion."

Florence Lenton heard no word of this timely speech, for, as a deathly pallor spread over her face, she dropped from her chair to the floor in a sudden swoon. In an instant all was confusion, while Mr. Carmer bustling up to the prostrate girl, himself trembling visibly while, remarked to his wife, "We had better give her a little brandy, my love"; to which suggestion that lady responded with, "Certainly not—!" Ere she could, however, complete her sentence, young Frank Winfield—the only masculine "indoors" assistant in the establishment—sarcastically observed in an undertone, "Prayers on an empty stomach would make a horse sick." This reaching Mrs. Carmer's ears caused her to sternly bid that adventurous critic to precipitately retire; but instead of so doing, Frank took the head of the unconscious girl upon his knee, and was moistening her lips with the contents of the glass Mr. Carmer had been using for a like purpose during his usual exhortation, when, suddenly putting the glass to his own lips, in spite of the seriousness of the occasion a comical smile flashed across his face as he muttered to himself, "Ah! we'll bring her round now, for here is the potent spirit that is needed—gin!" For in very truth such was the prominent ingredient of Carmer's nightly molten.

Presently Florence was restored to her senses, and two of the girls assisted her to her room and bed. Supper was then served, a meagre repast of butterless bread, dry cheese and water-grood wholesome stuff for hearty, robust folk, but quite unsuited to these girls who had borne the work, confinement and bad air of the badly ventilated and lighted shop for fourteen weary hours. Yet they had been provided with three other good meals, upon a sort of high-class pauper dietary scale, and having a worthy and pious master and mistress, they were, of course, contented with their lot. During supper Frank expressed himself in round terms concerning the unkindness of "the skeleton," vowing with much heat that it was in all ways too bad; and the young ladies, with but one exception, supported his view of the matter—for Florence was beloved of them all. She it was who adjusted their little differences; who read to them, sung and played for them on the dreary Sundays; she it was who helped them in all those little ways that only girls can understand, and in their several fashions each of them loved her, save in the case of the one exception previously noted; and also these "young ladies" secretly resented the snubbing and thinly disguised nagging Florence was constantly subjected to from her aunt; for Florence Lenton was the only child of Miriam Carmer's dead sister, who, with her husband, had died three years after Florence's birth, from which time until now the child had been with her Aunt Carmer, a period of some fifteen years. Just ripening into womanhood, a tall, graceful girl, with hair as dark as a raven's wing in its hue, possessing a pair of full, lustrous hazel eyes, face full of pleasant features, a nose straight but well proportioned, indicating power and will, as did her well-formed mouth, which, withal, was also indicative of the warmth of heart that pervaded all her actions, she gave the full promise of unfolding all that makes up a warm, true-hearted, brave-minded and steadfast-natured Englishwoman, in whom Time, our ever fostering parent, would bring forth in her fullness all that adorns and crowns the life of the true and useful woman. Florence Lenton needed but a more congenial atmosphere, or some stern trial that should appeal to her inward nature, to become a woman in character and thought. At present she found neither, and hence was pale, nervous and delicate from overwork, lack of rest, and want of real purpose in her life. Keen observers would, however, see that under the present character of the girl there lurked slumbered potent powers, as at times the flushing cheeks and sparkling eyes told of forces that might at any time awake; that could, in their awakening, transform her nature and sustain her through almost any trial.

During the dispatch of supper Frank Winfield made many inquiries concerning the condition of the patient up stairs, and his anxious looks and eager manner gave tokens of his sympathetic interest. So much was the general attention absorbed that it was not noticed that little Bertha Black had slipped out from the room, but had it been noticed by her associates that her destination was Jane Carmer's room, and that her purpose was a confab with that amiable person, to the detriment of Florence Lenton, it is more than probable the dislike she was the object of would have been considerably increased. To state it plainly Miss Jane was boiling over with rage and jealousy, for she was deeply enamored of Frank Winfield, who, if conscious of her feelings—

suppose ignorance concerning them. But at present Miss Carmer was discreet enough to confine herself to a variety of intended-to-be-expressive frowns and smiles. In her little confab with her confidant Bertha, Miss Jane was wise enough to let her friend do all the talking, merely interjecting a snort or a sniff occasionally, as a species of spiteful punctuation; but could our hero have read her thoughts he would have discovered they boded but little good for him; indeed, he subsequently experienced the not at all pleasant character of them in a manner that was exceedingly unpleasant to himself and others.

Leaving these two amiable girls, on whom surely the nightly prayers must have been wasted, let us enter the private sitting-room of the Carmer family; true, it is not inviting, looks cheerless, and feels cold in spite of the warm fire and the lighted gas. Why is it that plety and furniture polish are always associated? What affinity can there be between stiff-backed horsehair-seated chairs, and the blessings of a religiously-conducted household? Perhaps such things, with the addition of the inevitable massive gilt-clasped family Bible, the cold-looking Sierra marble vases, the usual family portraits in oils—the very looks of each face being a death-sentence upon all innocent mirth and pleasure—perhaps such things may be all needful to enforce the preaching they bear silent witness to, that preaching wherein the gospel is of despair, woe and death! If so, such rooms as these are full of useful discipline for such souls as think that life means gladness, sunshine and human kindness, and will eloquently teach all who use them to properly appreciate the fact that this life is a vale of tears, a time of tribulation; and further, as certain high professors have asserted, that as all who enter the land of eternal joy hereafter must, while here, endure tribulations and trials, and constant woe, it was, of course, right and proper that Miriam Carmer, a worthy disciple of this gospel of gloom, should seek to impress its tenets upon all and sundry in the cold, dreary, uncomfortable room that prevailed not only in her private room, but throughout the entire house; thus, as it were, forever reminding her of the straight and narrow road she professed to be ever sedulously pursuing on her way to her glorious end. Poor Miriam Carmer, you are to be pitied, you and the rest of the preachers of piety and polish, discomfort and devotion; but will you never turn to those happy worshippers, the flowers and birds, whose service is in the brightest and gayest of temples, the green-carpeted and purple-canopied world in which you build your altars of misery?

Zebedee and his loving partner were seated in this their private retreat from the cares of business. Supper had been consumed, and their chairs had been removed to either side of the fireplace. A tumbler of some steaming compound was close to Carmer's hand, while the man himself sat contemplating the stifled flames of the burning coals. Presently he turned his face toward his wife and interrogatively ejaculated, "My love?" which amiable address elicited no response from the partner of his bosom. Pausing a little, he again vented the same speech, adding, "My dear," and then having fortified himself with a sip from the aforesaid tumbler, he continued, "In my opinion Florence is very careless and inattentive."

"Pooh! She is a little out of sorts, that's all. A little trying at times, certainly. We must not be too harsh. You know my poor sister was never a woman of a religious disposition, as am I, therefore we must expect a little difficulty in dealing with her child," said Miriam Carmer. The charity and kindness of the foregoing speech did the good aunt's heart much honor in view of the fact that Florence cost but her food and clothes, while in return she performed duties that were honestly sufficient for two individuals to accomplish.

"Well fed, housed and clothed, with all the advantages of religious instruction and training," said Mr. Carmer, "she has a home that hundreds would jump at, and if I find any more faintings and idleness, I'll teach her a lesson that will cure her once for all," which amiable sentence he full-stopped with a gulp from the contents of his tumbler.

"No, Mr. Carmer, if you please, you will leave her to my care. I am bound by my promise to do my duty to my dear sister's child, and I will do it faithfully to the end, no matter how my feelings are lacerated as I fulfill my trust; and the good woman gave a sigh, and plausibly closed her eyes.

How far this conversation might have proceeded will never be determinable, for at this juncture Jane Carmer bounced into the room with kindling eyes and flaming cheeks, exclaiming in vicious and disjunct sentences: "Oh!—that I should hear—my own dear!—parents—so abused by those who—eat—their bread!—I never did—think there was such—wickedness—in the world! Oh! pa, you are a 'hypocrite,' and—ma—you—are a 'skeleton'; and you half starve and overwork every one in the place; and—here she burst into a series of hysterical sobs—I am—I am—I am a cry—prying, con—con—concealed mischief-maker." Here at last she gave way to a flood of tears, whether of indignation or vexation it was difficult to determine.

The matter was this: She had encountered young Winfield upon the stairs, and had made some attempt to attract his notice, following such up by asking how "his poor friend Florence" was, in a tone and manner that excited that already much disturbed young man's wrath to a higher pitch still—indeed, had so exasperated him that he had impulsively, injudiciously and most unwisely retorted upon her, derided her parents' professed piety and charity that had permitted a relation to be taken to her room ill, and then concerned himself not at all as to her condition afterward. He told her plainly he saw through her artifices, her tattling, tale-bearing and malice—in fact, he had crowded months of irritation and suppressed anger into a ten minutes' torrent of scorn, and also by championing the sick and almost friendless girl, had made of Jane Carmer a bitter enemy for all time to come. Her parents, by alternately chiding and soothing, finally succeeded in calming the ruffled spirit of the sadly perturbed damsel, so that presently her mother said: "Come, it is too painful to touch this now; let us all retire, and in silence and prayer seek counsel as to how we may deal with this wayward youth." But to judge by the deepening frown in her brows, and the angry looks in her little eyes, her prayers presaged to be more for punishment than for mercy.

At last the household sleep; the roar of the traffic becomes less and less, and little by little silence and sleep are the rulers for a time. The Carmer family is a large one, and as old Father Time plods upon his ceaseless march through many lands he ever and anon meets many of them upon his path. Yes, a good old stock—straight-laced, dully, marveled about them, and have met them daily, marveled about them, and at night have felt the world must be happier when they sleep. Let, then, this good and pious family in the Walworth Road sleep on, for in very truth they will awake all too soon for the peace and comfort of those committed to their care.

CHAPTER II.

NARRATES SOME PARTICULARS CONCERNING FRANK WINFIELD, AND SERVES TO SHOW THAT LISTENERS SELDOM HEAR GOOD OF THEMSELVES, WITH OTHER MATTERS OF IMPORTANCE TO THIS STORY.

The author is conscious that an apology is due the reader for the unceremonious manner in which the hero of this story has been introduced. Yet, as this is a sober narrative of every-day life, it was impossible to have introduced our hero with any of those flourishes and surroundings that are the inevitable accompaniments of the heroes of the mimic stage. And even though all the "dramatic unities," as the sticklers for that "art" which, too often, is but nature distorted, insist upon, be violated by the assertion that our hero is devoid of all those distinguishing marks wherewith heroes have been associated from times immemorial, yet it must be frankly admitted that if "the noble bearing," the "intellectual brow," and the "lofty soul," that generally appear as the ear-marks of the hero were possessed by our particular hero, they were so well concealed that ordinarily no one would have accused Frank Winfield, aged twenty years, of being much of a hero as depicted by the aforesaid sticklers for the dramatic unities. However, if he was not at all that romance paints the hero, there was a sturdy manhood and independence in him that made good foundation on which to build an excellent manhood. Certainly he was tall, well-proportioned as to body, had a bright, smiling face, clear blue eyes, thick, curly chestnut-hued hair, mouth firm and well made, chest broad and deep, a big, strong hand, showing a power and vigor that betokened a character of reliance, force and resolution; the promise of a manhood honorable and useful in its nature. At present, Frank Winfield scarce knew the power within him; fate, as a rule, teaches us all sooner or later, and presently she took this scholar in hand, and in the end he lived to thank her for the tasks she first imposed upon him, harsh, even, as they were.

Like many another youth Frank had been sent to London as the means of placing him where he could be trained for a start in life. His father was a steady and industrious man, a shoemaker by trade, a resident of the ancient borough of Derby, in which he had lived all his life, and ever since his days of manhood had passed his time in efforts to maintain himself somewhat in advance of the usual lot of those in his walk of life. He was an upright man, just to severity at times; a sober, temperate-living man, a trifle too exacting, but a sincere believer in the narrow creed of the little chapel in which he was a deacon; possessed of a neat and comfortable home, but a home from out of which went all light and sunshine one sweet summer evening when the mild and gentle spirit of May Winfield soared away beyond the many-lured glories of the sunset. Ah! yes; it verily seemed on that memorable evening that the up-darting rays of the setting sun must be the shining glory of the golden stairs which lead from life to death to life that lasts eternally. From that hour forth Robert Winfield was an altered man. A sternness was exhibited in all he did, and whatever of softness his nature possessed was never again expressed in word or deed. He kept the house in the same state as did his wife during her

life, yet it plainly gave him no joy or comfort; nor could he ever rest long at a time in the neat little sitting-room they had been wont to use, the windows of which looked down the road so gay with flowers and trees and life and song of birds in summer-time. Sternly fighting for a place in the world, he had grown to feel that life was full of trial and bitterness; being narrow in creed and judgment, he reasoned that his bereavement was a test of his faith, and as the king of the forests hides from his fellows when wounded or dying, so this man trying to say "Thy will be done" hid the wound and his hurt from all eyes save his own. His dumb agony was pitiable, alike in nature and result, for in this last it changed him to the harsh, stern man we have seen him.

This stern-minded parent had tried Frank at various things in their native town, but the boy seemed too mercurial in disposition to settle long at anything, and having a somewhat unruly tongue, it must be admitted that member caused him no small trouble and his father much anger by his thoughtless use from time to time. Finally, his father seeing an advertisement in the local paper offering a "thorough business training and a comfortable home, combined with sound religious care," for the "modest premium of £20," he made Frank understand that here was his last chance; if he used it rightly, good; if not, he need never darken his father's doors again. Was not the author correct, then, in stating that there was nothing heroic pertaining to our hero's birth, parentage, career, disposition or introduction to the reader?

The second year of "the opportunity for thorough business training" had spent nearly two-thirds of its twelve months, and during our hero's experience as the only male apprentice of Zebedee Carmer, he had often caused that worthy man much perturbation of spirit; for however we may clothe ourselves in the armor of our own self-sufficiency, we are not altogether proof against the shafts of hearty contempt shot by a free-minded and sham-hating youth, who is too big to thrash—and who was too serviceable to be expelled. So the good Zebedee bore it as meekly as so meek "a vessel" should. Not so, however, did the "vessel's" wife. In a thousand ways that a little-souled woman can make Frank's life a burden to him, and where assistance was needed the amiable Jane came readily to her mother's aid; altogether Frank's life, at this time, was in no danger of being made too pleasant for him. The memory of his departed mother fortunately prevailed with him, else would he have shaken the dust of the Carmer mansion from his feet, and braved his father's wrath again. There was also another restraining power; as yet its nature was but dimly disclosed to him, but he felt its influence upon him, and laugh at himself for his folly, brace himself against it as he would, in spite of all these efforts, he could not overcome the conviction that he was in love! But then, how absurd! Utterly without prospects, entirely dependent upon his ability to profit by his apprenticeship to assist him in starting as a draper hereafter for himself, and by his father's help, and that parental help entirely depending upon the completion of his term of indenture, when every passing day but made him feel a deeper distaste for all that surrounded him, truly he saw it was absurd to fall in love, to think any sane and sober-minded woman would ally herself to him, while in addition he further felt himself to be as unstable as water, as shifting as the wind.

It fell out, however, that though the eminently sensible opinions recorded above were entertained by our hero, and so served to keep his feelings on the matter they referred to within due bounds, yet, in spite of the good resolutions formed by him to govern himself in accordance with the practical considerations presented, he did what most of us do at the very first opportunity: that is to say, he discarded all caution and calculation, and boldly plunged headmost into what was veritably a sea of trouble, actual and metaphorical, alike for himself and Florence Lenton, the object of his fervor.

Truly there is a quietness about an early autumnal Sunday evening that not even the activity of the busy Walworth Road can altogether overcome; and if two people seat themselves in the recess of a deep bay-window, and can find enough to talk about to occupy their minds and ears, small wonder that such retreat would answer to them for a rose-clad bower, or that they should dream the dreams we have all dreamed at some time in our lives.

The Carmers are at chapel, excepting Jane, who is in her room indisposed, from which cause Florence had excused her own attendance with her aunt and uncle, while Frank had remained within doors to "keep house," which, as Florence was at home, he had consented to do with a suspicious willingness. After Mr. and Mrs. Carmer had departed upon their devotional errand, Frank listlessly peeped into the sitting-room, and innocently remarked:

"Ah! you there, Miss Lenton? May I come in?"

"Certainly, if you wish."

He seated himself in a chair, which he brought across the room with him as he walked to the window, but there was a dejected look upon his face, and he seemed moody and unlike his usual easy and cheerful self, so much so that his companion presently remarked:

"Why, what is the matter? You look like—"

and Frank, hastily finishing the sentence for her, said, "As disagreeable as I feel!" which polite speech elicited a smile from Florence, while Frank, heedless of her merriment, continued:

"I am sick to death of this beastly life. I cannot understand why my old dad ever got it into his head that this was the kind of life for such a fellow as me. Why, Miss Lenton, at home I was always in some scrape or other, and was as full of life and action as a colt; while now, and his face bore a look of serene composure, "I am stifled, broken, crushed by the everlasting routine of this miserable place. Now, tell me, is that a hand for handling ribbon with? Do I look the sort of fellow to sell sinnerlike girls gloves and fancy goods? Why, at times I feel that I'd like to pitch every piece of dress goods in the place at that old hypocrite's head, smother him beneath the lot, and then cremate the entire concern!" and as the ridiculousness of the spectacle presented itself to his mind, he broke out in a hearty laugh, which effectually dispelled his gloomy looks.

"It has often seemed to me," said Florence, "that your health and strength were being wasted here. I have thought if I were a man some more manly life would suit me better."

"Well, yes, that's my case. But father says, 'Go, learn your business, come back, and I will see you started,' so like a dutiful son I came, am learning, and suppose in about fifteen months I'll go back and get 'started,' and a country draper's is a decent sort of business, come to think of it," he asserted; then continuing, he added: "At times I am exasperated beyond endurance. This precious husband and wife can't treat the humblest in the place with decency. Why, see, now, how you are treated! At times I wish you were my sister, so that I had a right to say all I think. Wasn't Carmer savage over that girl?" At the memory of the incident Frank laughed loudly, but presently sobering down, he said: "But the kindness of leaving you to be cared for by any one except their precious selves—why, I could have thrashed them both!"

"Well, no doubt they thought it was of no serious moment, and perhaps the remarks of a certain young man may have had something to do with the matter," with a smile said Florence.

"I say, Miss Lenton, do you think I shall ever make a draper?" asked Frank, thus running clear away from their previous subject.

"Frankly, I do not think you ever will." What alas Frank? Surely so confident a young man is not bashful? But he fdgets upon his chair as if he had incontinently sat down in the midst of a lady's workbasket. Presently he stands up, and looks out of the window, and, as if talking to himself, says:

"I think a nice little country draper's, with three or four principals, a good stock, and a neat sign of 'F. Winfield & Co.' would suit me to a dot."

"Is the 'Co.' a necessity?"

"From my point of view, yes!"

"Have you any friend that would go into partnership with you?"

"I know one that I would prefer."

"Ah?"

Then a pause. What is the matter with Frank? Surely he is not so hungry that he must needs eat his mouth out? After remaining silent a little while he draws a breath, and then, as if refreshed, he asks:

"Are you going to live here all your life?"

"That is impossible to say."

"Would you like to?"

"I am not so unselfish as to say 'Yes.'"

"You are not happy then?"

"Oh! Mr. Winfield, how can one be happy here?"

True, I have endured this life so long that times it seems to be my natural lot, and to rebel against it looks almost like ingratitude to those from whom I have received all I possess. But, alas! as I grow older the pretence, the harshness and the littleness that are daily and hourly around us all me with feelings of loathing and contempt, which, fight against them as I may, grow so strong that at times I could rush out from it all, and in the big world beg, starve, live or die, anyway to be free from the things and scenes that are our daily experience."

The indignities and unkindnesses of years gave Frank the opportunity the ray god had hitherto denied him, so he made his plunge and impetuously exclaimed:

"Dear it is a little longer; then when I am freed from this servitude—which for your sake I'll endure for its full term—when my father's promises are carried out, come out from here, be the 'Co.' in my house, for I love you, Florence, and I want you to be my wife," and his eyes sparkled and his breast heaved as he held his arms toward her.

Why will women whose hearts answer to the honest love of a true lover ever put away from them that they prize the most? Yet that did Florence. She loved this open-hearted Frank, and with a woman's insight saw his honesty and power. She knew he held a place in her heart none other could ever occupy; but was it fear for his stability, or was it that she felt her first duty was to this miserable household of which she formed a part? Why, oh why, was it she then put him away from her, saying in so doing:

"It cannot be; we are good friends now, as like as sister and brother. You will see the world presently and forget your passing fancy. I am grateful to you," extending her hands which her listener eagerly grasped, "for many, many things, esteem you as a dear, dear friend; but let it rest there; it will be better for us both."

Then Frank—as man must when naught else presents itself—submitted, conditionally, that he should three months hence seek her further answer; and as the night was warm they still sat by the open window, where after some time spent in silent thought they came down again to the solid earth that mortals—other than lovers—tread upon.

[Continued in our next issue.]

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AS THE BANNER is sold at nearly all the Periodical Depots in the United States, and has a wide circulation in foreign countries, it is a capital avenue through which merchants and others can reach customers. REMEMBER THIS FACT!

A GREAT MAN.—Roger Bacon was at last conquered by the church. He was imprisoned for fourteen years. At the age of eighty years he was released from prison, but death alone took him beyond the reach of his enemies. How deeply the struggle had racked his mind may be gathered from the last affecting declaration of his: "Would that I had not given myself so much trouble for the love of science!" He held the key of treasures which would have freed mankind from ages of error and misery. With his discoveries as a basis, with his method as a guide, what might not the world have gained! Nor was the wrong done to that age alone—but to this age also. The nineteenth century was robbed at the same time with the thirteenth. But for that interference with science, the nineteenth century would, without doubt, be enjoying discoveries which will not be reached before a twentieth century.—Prof. A. D. White, in "The Warfare of Science."

A very novel feature is to be introduced into the asylum for the blind, to be established in Pittsburgh. Dr. Campbell, of the Royal Institute for the blind, in London, who is expected to be in charge of the asylum, aroused the greatest interest in the world's metropolis when in last September he selected a class of blind pupils whom he had taught to ride on the bicycle, and they, with him in the lead, rode from London to Derby. The distance between the two places is 125 miles, and a remarkable fact in connection with the feat was that no accident occurred on the way.

The Wonderful Karlsbad Springs.

At the Ninth International Medical Congress, Dr. A. L. A. Tabold, of the University of Pennsylvania, read a paper stating that out of thirty cases treated with the genuine imported Powdered Karlsbad Sprudel Salt for chronic constipation, hypochondria, disease of the liver and kidneys, jaundice, diabetes, dropsy from valvular heart disease, dyspepsia, catarrhal inflammation of the stomach, ulcer of the stomach or spleen, children with marasmus, gout, rheumatism of the joints, gravel, etc., twenty-six were entirely cured, three much improved, and one not treated long enough. Average time of treatment, four weeks.

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The Reviewer.

A STRANGE PEOPLE. By John M. Buchanan, author of "A Strange Conflict," etc., 32mo, paper, pp. 312. New York: J. S. Ogilvie.

No one upon reading this book will question the appropriateness of its title. Mr. Buchanan, the leading character of the author's previous work, is the chief one of a party of travelers in this, though seldom spoken of as visibly present. Including Mr. S., the party consists of five men, who, with servants, are journeying among the Sierra Madre Mountains in Mexico. After some peculiar adventures they meet with some still more so. Their progress being cut off by a mountainous cliff, a section of the cliff at least seventy feet in height by one hundred and fifty in breadth, without a sound disapproving, revealing a scene of palatial splendor. Three broad marble steps extended the full length of the entrance, and divided the hall before them from the roadway. Beyond the steps the pavement was of marble, decorated with intricate carvings of what appeared to be pure gold. Along the walls were bulbous columns with sculptured surfaces; between these marble statuary representing human beings such as the visitors had never before seen, giants in size, and animals of weird form. From the ceiling of this hall, which was of magnificent proportions, were suspended large globes giving a rose-colored light, soft and luminous. At various points fountains, spraying their waters high in air, emitted musical echoes. Mr. Buchanan was appealed to to know what it all meant. "There is so much to explain," he said, "including what you ask, that rather than cause unnecessary delay, we might best defer it to a more fitting opportunity. Let us proceed, gentlemen; there yet remains much before us."

And they did proceed, into scenes and wonders that cast those of the famous "Arabian Nights" into the shade. The new world of the people they met surpassed the lot of the nations of man in his ordinary earthly state. I read the thoughts of each other; persons and objects moved or were moved by an act of the will; vehicles were transported through the air, palaces were called into being, surrounded with gardens and gorgeously furnished, and many other equally mysteriously accomplished events astonished, as well they might, the travelers. In a conversation regarding how all was done, one of these "strange people" set forth the possibilities of nature and man as his highest representative in a way that at least opens up a new range of thought. In regard to their means of transit, it was said:

"I move through the air as I would walk, with no greater effort, nor do I use any other kind of energy. The power that enables me to move my arm enables me to ascend into the air."

"I do not understand how a man can suspend gravitation," said the inquirer.

"That is your incalculable, gentlemen; if you will excuse me, you are too superstitious. You start out with a denial of possibilities because of preconceived notions of things founded on theory."

These people had no laws, no criminals. With the peculiar powers they possessed they had no need of the one, and no cause for the latter. In course of a description of the conditions, etc., of their being, one of them said: "Until you have your entire nature under absolute control, you can little understand its manifold uses and powers. In you you may see a slight manifestation of it, but so slight, compared with the possibilities to be attained, that in comparison it is not to be considered as of any consequence."

The pressure of other matters will not allow mention of other remarkable points of interest. Enough is said to show that it truthfully relates to "A Strange People" whose habits and customs surprise the reader at every turn.

DECORATION.

Mid the flower-wreathed tombs I stand Bearing lilies in my hand, Comrades! in what soldier grave Sleeps the bravest of the brave?

Is it he who sank to rest With his colors round his breast? Friendship makes his tomb a shrine; Garlands veil it: ask not mine.

One low grave, yon trees beneath, Bears up roses, weeps his wreath; Yet no heart more high and warm Ever dared the battle storm;

Never gleamed a prouder eye In the front of victory; Never foot had firmer tread On the field where hope lay dead,

Than are hid within this tomb, Where the intended grasses bloom, And no stone, with feigned distress, Mocks the sacred loneliness.

Youth and beauty, dauntless will, Dreams that life could never fill, Here lie buried; here in peace Wrongs and woes have found release.

Turning from my comrades' eyes, Kneeling where a woman lies, I strew lilies on the grave Of the bravest of the brave.

—T. W. HIGGINSON.

An English musician has made a curious study of languages, and asserts that a cow moos in a perfect fifth and octave, or tenth; a donkey brays in a perfect octave; a dog barks in a fifth or fourth, while horses neigh in a descent on a chromatic scale. Human language alone has a larger freedom in key and tone, and as it has a flexibility otherwise. Yet each person has a natural fundamental key in which he familiarly speaks. That is all very nice. The donkey may have a perfect octave, and may have good ears for music; but all the same he cannot be regarded as a good singer, and no base flatterer would dare praise the music of the bray-sing thing.—N. O. Picayune.

Since the purchase of Alaska it can be said of the United States, what has been said of England—that the sun never sets on her dominions. At sunset in Alaska the next morning's sun is an hour high in Maine.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Marlboro, Mass., May 17th, Sarah E., wife of the late Schuyler Cutler, aged 64 years.

Mrs. Cutler's illness covered a period of several months, and entailed great pain and severe suffering, which were borne with the greatest fortitude and patience. She leaves a daughter (Mrs. Anson Fisher) and two sons. She passed to the higher life from the home of Mr. Fisher, with his wife cared for her with intense devotion; and the loving kindness of her sons, Charles and George, and that of their wives, smoothed her pathway to the unseen. She was a noble woman and model mother—her maternal care extending to children's children.

The funeral service was held at the home of Mr. Fisher was conducted by Eben Cobb of Boston, at the close of which the body was removed to her own home, where the service was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Cobb. A male quartette rendered three beautiful selections. The flowers were appropriate and beautiful. The body was interred in Southbury, beside that of her husband. After brief service the form was committed to the earth, but her loved ones are sustained by the thought that she "will not leave them comfortless."

BANNER OF LIGHT:

With
Develop-
THE ELIXIR OF LIFE. From a Che
Diary. By G. M., F. T. S.
Paper. Price 25 cents.
For sale by COLBY & RICH.

Don't fail to read our New Story, commenced in this issue.

Message Department.

FREE SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

These highly interesting meetings, to which the public is cordially invited, are held at the Hall of the Banner of Light Establishment, ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS, AT 8 O'CLOCK P. M.

The Hall (which is used exclusively for these meetings) will be open at 2 o'clock; the services commencing at 8 o'clock precisely.

Mrs. M. T. SHELLHAMER-LONGLEY will occupy the platform on Tuesday afternoons for the purpose of allowing her spiritual guides to answer questions that may be propounded by inquirers on the human race, and the spiritual bearings upon human life in its various phases of thought or labor. Questions can be forwarded to this office by mail, or handed to the Chairman, who will present them to the presiding spirit for consideration.

Mrs. B. F. SMITH, the excellent test medium, will on Friday afternoons under the influence of her guides give detailed answers to questions on the human race, and the spiritual bearings upon human life in its various phases of thought or labor. Questions can be forwarded to this office by mail, or handed to the Chairman, who will present them to the presiding spirit for consideration.

It should be distinctly understood that the Messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether for good or evil, that they pass from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the readers to receive no doctrine from spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All messages of such truth as they perceive—no more.

Natural flowers for our table are gratefully appreciated by our angel visitors, therefore we solicit donations of such from the friends in earth-life who may feel that it is a pleasure to place upon the altar of Spirituality their floral offerings.

Letters of inquiry in regard to this Department must be addressed to COLBY & RICH, proprietors of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and not, in any case, to the mediums.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF

Mrs. M. T. Shellhamer-Longley.

Report of Public Séance held March 12th, 1889.

Spirit Invocation.

Ohi thou Supreme Spirit, thou Giver of every good and perfect gift, we recognize in thy benevolent bestowal upon humanity that good which shall by-and-by show its full perfection. We know that through the experiences and the discipline of life are hard to bear, and to be understood, and yet, oh our Father, we have chosen to believe that the things that are really meant as blessings, that they are bestowed upon human life to enrich and beautify it, and to call forth from its depths that which is lovely and helpful and abiding, therefore we may behold thy hand even in the darkness, and amid the tempests and storms of life; we may acknowledge thy power and thy protective care when the bitter experiences surge around us and make us sorrowful and sad, for oh our God, thou art just and full of love and tenderness. We call to thee for assistance and for strength; we reach out for something of thy love, that it may be felt in our hearts, that it may rest within our spirits like sunshine in the midst of the soul, and it stirs the seed and causes it to send forth little tendrils and rootlets, that speak of life and growth and vigor; so would we feel thy love and care stirring within, until it calls forth that which shall by-and-by blossom in beauty and in usefulness.

We ask thy blessing, that it may be felt on every hand by thy children. May they realize thy nearness, may they understand thy protecting care; and oh, our Father, who return from thy love, receive power to go forth on their errands of love, bearing tokens and tidings of great joy, messages of hope, of love and of instruction, to those who are receptive, and who desire to gain from the higher life knowledge, consolation and peace. Amen.

James Gordon.

[To Dr. Shellhamer:] How do you do, Doctor? I am glad to see you here, and the friend [Mr. Longley] who has just sung the beautiful song, for it seems to me that you are the only one of my friends who have asked why I have not come to this place and spoken to them. I have been here, but not to speak, though I tried once, two years ago, to say a few words through this child, for I wanted to give some caution and warning to my friends concerning the course they should take in regard to my personal affairs. I went away disappointed because I could not speak, but to-day I come determined to say what I can, even if it is not all that I would like to utter.

I send my love to those friends who care for it, and I wish them to know that I am satisfied with what I found on the other side.

The spirit-world is just what we make it, and our homes are such as we have built for ourselves. If, when we find them, they are not quite to our liking, or as handsome and spacious as we think they ought to be, it is in our way to work and make them better, or to improve them; but we must do it by our own efforts, and not depend on any one else to beautify and enlarge them for us.

I have met many friends in the spirit-world—some who had come to me before I passed from the body, others who had not communicated, but who were safe on the other side and were glad to give me welcome.

I do not come to speak of things as I find them in the spirit-world, because words will not do justice to that life, and my friends would not understand it. I try to tell them in as plain a way as I can, but there is not enough there to make any soul satisfied and happy that can find satisfaction and happiness anywhere.

There are some who have not developed to that extent, and so they are dissatisfied and unhappy under any circumstance or condition; but if they have that within which can appreciate and enjoy the beautiful when it is before them, then they can find much of it on the spirit-side of life.

I have always wanted to come and say a few words in this place. I intended to, and had that thought in my mind long before I passed away; it has been with me ever since; so I feel happy in being privileged to-day to speak my few words.

I bring greeting and remembrances to my good friends, and it would please me to have them feel that I am not so dead but that I can realize and understand their thoughts and their affectionate regard.

I want also to say, and I especially come for this purpose, that I am watching events as they take place. I have seen what has been done and going on. I know just where the right and the truth have prevailed, and where false things have been made to appear fair and good. I understand them, and I think I could do something to unearthen that which is concealed. My friends may say: "Why not do so?" No, not through any public medium; but I am at work, using my influence as I can, and I know that I will have some result. I will be satisfied with what the future reveals, because I believe that right will triumph. Let the ends of justice be met; let those who dare to rob the dead and despoil the living meet with the deserts which should be theirs. I believe that is right, and I also believe that every one who makes a false claim, and who bears false witness, will in time come under the light of investigation, and be shown up for just what he is.

There is no one I would like to say, but perhaps I had better not just now. In the future I may have something more to give to those who will care to receive it.

While I send my greeting generally to friends and relatives, I hold a special regard for my brothers and sisters, and want to say to one, who is active and on the watch, because she desires the truth to prevail and honor and integrity to stand against falsehood and trickery, that I am with her in every detail, and effort, and that she will feel my presence and realize my power, and hope more fully in the future than she has been able to do in the past.

James Gordon, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT—Your questions are now in hand, Mr. Chairman.

Ques.—Is not thorough education in hygiene, physiology and kindred sciences, and obedience to their laws, the only foundation upon which a permanent improvement of mankind can rest?

Ans.—A thorough education in regard to hygienic laws, physiology, the anatomical structure of man and the physical surroundings of the human race, is highly necessary for the establishment of a state of profound health and vigor among the people; but something more than this is also required, and that is a thorough knowledge of spiritual law, of the inner nature of mankind, and when this knowledge goes with that other which is upon a phys-

ical basis, we may look for the advent of a race that is physically beautiful and vigorous, also, spiritually perfect and mentally sound.

A man may have a detailed knowledge of hygienic law, he may understand every part and portion of the anatomical system, be able to tell you of all its bones and nerves, tissues and fibers, muscles and ligaments, and every thing that belongs to it; he may understand physiology, and even the structure of the material medica to a very large extent, and yet he may not be morally sound, he may be spiritually weak, and in other directions his habits may be such as to lead him astray, causing his life to be an incorrect one; with all his information and knowledge he cannot expect or hope to be sound and vigorous and healthful in physique or in mind, because there is a worm at the root, eating away the very vitals of his being, not realising in that habit, that indulgence of thought and of action, that indulgence of principle which allows him to do wrong, and to injure himself. Therefore, not only a knowledge of these external forces, conditions and structures of your lives is necessary, but the wise application of that knowledge to your daily life; one may be knowing but unwise; and he who does not apply his knowledge, in wisdom, to his own life and experience, will bring forth that which he has learned. When you become spiritually unfolded as a race, then will you seek to understand external laws, and will study those of health, and working together, the spiritual and the physical, we shall find humanity advancing rapidly, not only upon the road of health, but upon that of mental progress and ability.

Q.—[By S. W. Kelley, South Coventry, Ct.] Do not the sincerely appreciative recipients of a worker's labor help the producer by their sympathy, even though they may be entirely unknown to him in the outward life?

A.—Yes. Sympathy is an element of the human spirit, tangible and substantial; it is an outgrowth of congenial thought, and exercises an uplifting influence wherever it is bestowed. The mind that takes up a publication and finds in the author's words something to stimulate its own thought, something that expresses its own life, sends out sympathy to the creator of that work; and such sympathy, we believe, is received and felt, even though the recipient does not realize from whence the power comes. Such reception, we have no doubt, will find a stimulation of thought, though its source is unseen and unrecognized by him, that will assist in the accomplishment of still higher work, in the effort to do something more for humanity, and so the recipient is assisted as well as he who bestows; the giver is assisted and blessed, because no relay of sympathy, no line of helpful thought or affectionate regard goes out from one life to another, but what is supplied by a soul more blessed and helpful influence from above. One who thus bestows, will find himself such minds from the spirit-world as will humanitarian and tender and true, and they will bear to him those influences and that atmosphere which shall uplift and strengthen his life.

Q.—[By S. W. Kelley, South Coventry, Ct.] Is there in spirit-life any prescribed course of suffering for the purpose of soul-purification; or is discipline by such means in earth or spirit-life forced rather than the result of the will of any being or class of beings acting upon those weaker than they?

A.—We have before said that there is no arbitrary, personal power brought to bear upon the wrong-doer, compelling suffering and calling out repentance, but there is that principle implanted within the human heart which is its own accuser, which creates its own punishment. The more sensitive and susceptible a spirit becomes the more clearly will he perceive his past and understand how he has erred, and therefore the more keen will be his suffering, because he realizes then how he may have injured his fellows, how he may have retarded his own progress, and the remorse which comes is very severe; he cannot avoid it, but he must gaze upon that which has been, and indeed analyze it to its very core.

As the knowledge which results from his introspection comes to his soul he cannot but feel pained and afflicted because of it. Darkened conditions surround the wrong-doer, because in many instances he is so crude and undeveloped he does not generate any light of his own; those emanations from his life which appear as of themselves dense and crude, and they weigh him down; thus his condition to a more exalted spirit appears lamentable in the extreme. Perhaps he may not arrive to that state of compassion for himself, perhaps he may not understand why he should be an object of pity; but by-and-by, when he begins to realize his true plight, he will indeed understand that no line of punishment or discipline has been imposed by any individual or arbitrary personality; although sometimes it is necessary for wise spirits who have under their guidance others unfortunate and in need of strength and information, to outline for these beings some course of conduct or of labor that will discipline them, that will bring out experience necessary to their advancement; and perhaps such unfortunate might say to you, "We are punished, we are obliged to pass through by the trial which have us in charge." And yet these very words are light and teachers are only instrumentalities in the great work of drawing out the hidden forces and the inherent conscientiousness of those very souls that are passing under this experience and discipline.

Q.—[By L. M. H.] What is life?

A.—Who shall answer this question but the Infinite Mind? Life we see manifested through forms and objects, and believe that its power is drawn from that great animating, conscious, intelligent force which we recognize as the Supreme Mind. Life we denominate the soul, since to us it is the vital principle, acting through any and every form, and giving existence. In the human we find it vitalized by intelligent consciousness, and that soul or that vital principle moves and animates the outward form, the spiritual elements, and every part and portion of the being called man. And yet, when we have said this, we do not explain what really life may be, because none but an Infinite mind can comprehend the infinitude of life, measure it in all its details, forces, powers and works, and interpret it in its fullness. But we could not understand even if it were thus explained, because our own comprehension is so finite, so narrowed, that we could not entertain the conception of all that life really may be made to express.

Q.—Concerning so many that have crossed over, are they asleep, or have they gone on so far from one sphere to another that they do not wish to return to earth?

A.—There are many spirits who do not wish to return to earth, because they have become wearied with the cares and perplexities of their material existence, and have rejoined to themselves freed from matter, they have no desire to take up its conditions and limitations, or ever to return into contact with it. There are many more spirits who do wish to come, who are constantly seeking avenues and means of communication with their former friends, who have not as yet found such instrumentalities which are adapted to their purpose. Perhaps by-and-by they will discover that for which they seek and accomplish their wish.

Many of our many spirits who are constantly in contact with their friends of earth, exerting influences upon them, bringing them helpful conditions, and trying to make their pathway easy and straight. Some of them may be recognized, others not, but they are doing a work and fulfilling their mission here in your midst.

There are many other spirits who may properly be said to be asleep, since they are indifferent to the conditions of earth, and have no desire to be also of those of the spirit-world. They are in something like a comatose condition, inactive, almost inert. Such shall sometime be aroused into consciousness and into activity, since the law of life is one of active force; and even those who have no desire to be at work, to be alive to the interests of the age, who wish and long for oblivion, and who, because of their mispent lives, have come into the condition of which we speak, shall yet be awakened and made to respond in thought and action to the great forces of the universe.

Q.—What are the sources of light and darkness, heat and cold, happiness and misery, in the spirit-world, and what relation do these bear to one another?

A.—We cannot give this question the consideration we would like to do, as our time is limited. The source of light and darkness in the spirit-world is very much like that of the earth; that is, the light and darkness, or light and shade of the spiritual planet itself—for let us be distinctly understood we mean a spiritual planet, the equivalent of our more material orb—and we affirm that it has its luminous centre, which supplies light, and also warmth and gentle conditions to that land of which we speak. There is no darkness as dense as that which comes over the earth when the sun is withdrawn, because the light of our luminary is never so fully withdrawn from any portion of the surface of our land as is that of yours; there is always a reflection, an afterglow, so to speak, that still gives light, but not so intense as when the luminary is full upon us. Shade is cast in the very same way that shadows are cast here on the earth, and therefore we have light and shade. But there are conditions in the spirit-world which go to make up the surroundings very largely of those who dwell there. Therefore, if a human being is unhappy, miserable, discontented and restless because of any circumstances in his life, past or present, he will be very likely to find his surroundings of a darker character for several days. Shade is cast in the very same way that shadows are cast here on the earth, and therefore we have light and shade. But there are conditions in the spirit-world which go to make up the surroundings very largely of those who dwell there. Therefore, if a human being is unhappy, miserable, discontented and restless because of any circumstances in his life, past or present, he will be very likely to find his surroundings of a darker character for several days. While some one who may not be very far from him, who is happy, who rejoices, and is full of love and sympathy for his kind, looking rather to help some one else than to secure his own happiness, will find only light and beauty around him.

The conditions of the spirit-world are both objective and subjective. The objective are those which belong to the spirit-world as such, which are apart from the interior nature of its inhabitants; the subjective come from the interior conditions of those who dwell there, and may perhaps have a very strong effect upon their lives. Happiness and misery may arise, even in the spirit-world. One who is there may grow restless and unhappy, either over the conditions of some loved friend or because he himself has not secured all that he wishes to find, or is not blessed equally with some one whom he knows, or because he has not advanced in learning or in spiritual progress as rapidly as others; or he may find himself miserable from the contemplation of such conditions, and, at least for a time, not be upon the same plane as his neighbor, who is perhaps overjoyed in the recollection of some good which has been done, or because of the prosperity and happiness of some of his friends, or on account of his own advancement, or from some other cause.

Happiness, misery, pain and sorrow exist in the human mind in the spirit-world as well as in earth, if the human heart is not advanced to that point to where no such emotions. But there are many spirits who are so far advanced that they are not thus affected; even the contemplation of the sorrow and pains of others does not bring poignant sorrow to their own souls, because they know these afflictions, many times, are produced from causes which must be wrought out and overcome; they know oftentimes these afflictions are allowed in order to develop the spirit passing through them; they know also that just as the sun shines after the storm, so will peace and compensation come to the heart that has suffered; after the evils and trials which have been borne on earth a joy will come to the soul that longs for the better and higher things of life.

We will state to the friends present that those who attend the Tuesday circle are at perfect liberty to place any written question upon the table, and such will be considered if the time allows; if not, they will be taken up at succeeding sittings. We do not at these Tuesday circles consider questions that are directly personal to spirits or mortals, unless such would also convey information and helpfulness to others; but we will say to-day there is a spirit present who desires to express love and sympathy to one in the audience who is physically afflicted, and who feels a need of strength and support from the spiritual side. Ellen and other helpful friends are at work trying to prepare conditions through which the individual present will find his lot brightened and made more happy during the remainder of his years on earth. She cannot as yet give what she desires, because much has still to be done; many things are to be established, and even some individuals on earth are to be acted upon before that helpful assistance which she desires to bring can be understood and felt.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF

Mrs. B. F. Smith.

Report of Public Séance held March 15th, 1889.

(Continued from last issue.)

Horace Pierce.

I acknowledge, Mr. Chairman, that I did not understand anything of Spiritualism when passing from the old form, but what I did not learn here I have been privileged to learn in spirit-life. Oh! how beautiful it is to feel that we identify each other, we know our loved ones there. My dear wife, who had gone on so long before me, came forward to grasp my hand as I entered spirit-life.

Mary, you have earned a little; learn more of your privilege, on the right and on the left opportunities are open to you. I know you will remind me that I also had opportunities.

I acknowledge that I did not embrace all that was granted me, for, in my day, old theology had a fast hold upon the mind. I did not entertain the idea for one moment that spirits could come and control, as I find it is a truth. Do not go back to what father believed, but improve such privileges as you have. What looks reasonable to you, accept; what does not pass by, but because it does not look reasonable, do not say it is a fraud, when another's reason may aver that it is true. Mary, it is true, we are given power from the great Father-God to come and commune with you. The few words of conversation I had with you, some time back, oh! how much it helped me. I felt as if I could progress faster, and your dear angel mother also. As I spoke to you of the changes you had made, I thought they were for the best, and they were, and again you have done. You know I see things very differently from what I did in the mortal.

I suffered some in passing out. I am satisfied with my home, but they tell us it is a life of progression, and we may build our homes more beautiful. Whenever there is a channel open, do not pass it by; but learn what you can, and commune with us whenever there is an opportunity. I have often spoken with some of the old neighbors who passed on from Alston, and they are glad to hear of us; how surprised they have been to find we could so easily step back to earth, yet have no desire to stay. Our homes are beautiful, yet are we attracted away from them to earth, to loved ones here. Also I find that when the old body was exchanged for the new, the desire for earth-life was taken from us; still there are but few persons to-day, as I believe, but what when they leave the mortal, will be anxious to speak with some one during the remainder of his years on earth. You know I see things very differently from what I did in the mortal.

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felt something else crossing over. Many times I felt that our dear ones must be with us, or not a great way from us if they had entered heaven, as every mortal hopes their friends have done.

I wish to say to my dear companion, You are lonely, you are sad at times, and when sadness overwhelms your spirit I would have you look at me, for I am here, but we must be in our spirit-homes a part of the time. I know you stay now in Illinois, where I shall be remembered, for I spent a great deal of my time there; also in Nantasket, where I passed away. I have thought so many times, when I have heard others talking, how gladly would I give a few words to you as you have been sitting here listening to them. I bring my love, which is the greatest gift I can offer you. Often have I said if I could make you hear me speak I would be satisfied. Joseph Sprague.

Rosella Morse.

I have asked permission of the gentleman to give a message here to-day. I hesitated for a moment after I gained permission, then I gathered courage, thinking if I could speak a few words it would be a little proof to the loved ones that I was not so far away as they have supposed. Many times they have said: "Oh, they are dead!" Death is a cruel word; it brings sadness to the heart and gloom into the home when spoken. I do feel that they are learning something there, but much more remains for them to learn. They have often questioned, "Where are those who have gone from us?" are they far away, or is it possible they can return to us?" Not only possible, but it is true; we can come, and the power is given us by the Great Father God, from whom all power, all goodness emanates.

I am happy to be able to speak to the loved ones from here. I have been long silent, thinking perhaps of you, but I was more directly, but I find I cannot thus reach my own, and I must come myself. I am happy in my spirit home; and not only that, I find it is my work, in part, to care for others, which I am glad to do. Many times they have asked: "Where is heaven?" Dear friends, it seemingly is but a step.

I shall be remembered in Lowell, this State, also in Acton, and I wish them to know I visit them many times in their own little gatherings in Weston, also this State, where I have some friends yet dwelling.

Abbie, I have promised you many times, mentally, I would come sometime and give a message that you might have to look over by yourself.

William is here, George, and also wishes Newton to be remembered to you. We often come together in spirit-life, also in the mortal life. I did not, when dwelling in the form, think I could come back and speak as I do to-day, although I had heard these things spoken of a great while, but I cannot hear them spoken, but what there will be an impression left upon you, a little belief, or of curiosity to know something more.

There are many mortals to-day who, if they could learn privately, would, but do not like to have others know it.

Now, dear friends, the time is coming when you will look back and wish you had learned more on this side of life. I was a resident at one time of Lowell. My name is Rosella Morse.

Jennie Lakey.

Many years have I been dwelling in spirit-life, and oh! dear sisters, how many times have you tried to sense me in your homes. You have often said: "If I could only see Jennie, I would be satisfied." No, no; if you could see me, you would say: "Jennie, don't leave us again." Mary, you know God has given you these talents; you are an instrument between the two worlds. I ask you again, why not do the angels' work? I know you would be happier, you would be stronger physically, and it would bring so much more comfort into the homes.

To Lizzie also, would I say, and Thomas, why not listen to the little sounds that come to your homes? They are not made by mortals, but by those who have thrown off the mantle of mortality.

I am happy in my spirit-home. Dear old father! long have you walked in earthly life, but in a little time you will come up higher. Often I have seen you, as you have been walking, close your eyes and say in your own spirit: "How long, oh! Lord, how long before I will meet the loved ones!"

Mother is here to-day, and sends love and greetings to the children. Emma, we often visit your home, and we are glad that William has turned from the material, and is doing God's service to-day. He has felt a long time it was his work to do, and we have often said he could not do both. Now you find he is stronger physically, and he is happier. You all feel this. Eventually everything will come out right.

I wish to say to each one of the dear sisters and brothers, we are happy in our spirit homes together, and as one and another comes to join the happy band there, how beautiful is the reunion. In a little while all will come and be with us, and then no more separations.

Bennie is here also, and sends love to brother Will, especially. He needs our influences, oh! how much, and never a day passes, or an hour in the day, but some loving hand is placed upon him, and we stand and near we can touch him as we walk with him day by day.

Emily, your brother sends love also, who passed away so suddenly. You have often wondered if he was happy in his spirit home. Yes, but through progression he has much to learn in spirit-life.

It is twenty-five, twenty-eight years, or more, as you reckon mortal life, since they said Jennie was dead. Mother well remembers trying to converse with me at one time, and feeling, as many mortals do to-day, because of early loss, as if it were a dream. Oh! no, I stood there, mother, as they placed the body away. I know all that passed at the funeral. As you took my hand you said these words: "She was too beautiful to lay away out of sight." Mother, I said God knew best. At that period my darling mother learned many things which she now rejoices that she did learn before passing over. Dear friends, commune with the angels, converse with the loved ones that have gone before you. You know how much happiness you may give to them, and you also may advance in knowledge. I know, as I have learned much in the spirit-life, that it is better to gain the knowledge on this side. George, you may close your door, you may bar it, but we can come through those locks; and I often ask for the guardianship of the angels around you, as well as the others. I would like, kind sir, that this message might be sent to my father, Thomas Lakey, of Pawtucket, R. I. Jennie Lakey.

Edward Fuller.

It is sweet to feel that we find our own, that not one of us is left in a lowly and missing, and a faithful thought that after this life of trial and toil and sickness, we are to have a life of rest—not a rest from toil; for, although we labor no more with the hands materially, yet we work with the spirit continually.

I have often thought as I have visited this room what a grand institution you have established here through mortals to give us the privilege of returning and speaking. We appreciate it much more than you mortals can. State that I am not dead; neither have I any dead person since I crossed over. I should say that the dead people are on this side; I find them so active in spirit-life, all are so anxious to do what there is for them to do.

Jennie, I know you feel that what little you have learned of spirit-return has been a great help to you. Dear wife, the separation will only be for a little while, and how quick it will pass ere you come to join me. I will be there on the beautiful shore to take your hand, where we shall be no more.

As the loved ones gathered around me many greeted me whom I had known in the mortal and some were strangers to me, but all gave me welcome to the beautiful Summer-Land. Learn all you can. I would not make any change at present. Can you understand why I speak of this here, in public? I know some things come to you in trials, but let you be wiser than to say to friends in kind trials in private. I feel that I have progressed, but there is more for me to learn.

I wish to say to you again, whenever there is

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