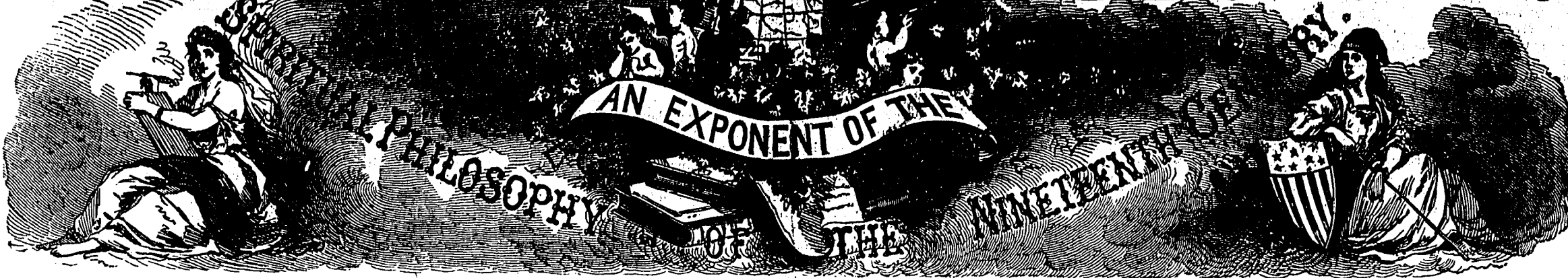


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE.—Original Essay: The Church of the Spirit—The Psychic Circle. Literary Department: Nameless.

SECOND PAGE.—Banner Correspondence: Letters from Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, New York, and Michigan. Poetry: The Old Maid.

THIRD PAGE.—Pearls. On the Ocean Wave. New Publications, etc.

FOURTH PAGE.—Do You Hear Voices? In Re the Case of the Medium Reid. The Habitual Criminals Act. News Journal. News Notes and Pliny Points, etc.

FIFTH PAGE.—Meetings in Boston. Clerical and Journalistic Blottery. New Advertisements, etc.

SIXTH PAGE.—Message Department: Questions Answered through the Mediumship of Mrs. M. T. Shelburne-Loney; Spirit Messages given through the Mediumship of Mrs. B. F. Smith.

SEVENTH PAGE.—Spirit Messages. Mediums in Boston. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

EIGHTH PAGE.—An Open Letter. Cleveland (O.) Notes. Mrs. Helen Stuart Rodding's Spiritualist Meetings in New York and Elsewhere, etc.

## Original Essay.

### THE CHURCH OF THE SPIRIT—THE PSYCHIC CIRCLE.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

From the dawn of the great movement known as Modern Spiritualism there has been a constant effort on the part of conservative believers to gather the spiritual elements into the form and under the name of a church. They seemed to think that there would be more popular favor under another name; that the asphodel, if given a common title, would bear transplanting into the ecclesiastical gardens, and there delight with its perfumes of paradise. "The Cause is in danger," has been the constant cry of these guardians of the movement. The irresponsible cranks were controlling it, fraud was rampant, and a strong central organization was absolutely necessary to weed out the tares and gather the wheat. In other words, to draw a sharp line of distinction between the sheep and the goats in Spiritualism, just as that unenviable distinction has cursed the past in blessing the church-member and damning the honest unbeliever.

If a great church could be organized that would not only control its members, but even dictate to the spirit-world by permitting or forbidding mediumistic manifestations, then there would be an opportunity afforded for leadership, honors and emoluments!

Forgetting the wonderfully true aphorism that you cannot put new wine in old bottles, these organizers repeatedly attempted to put the new wine of Spiritualism into the old goat-skin bottles which came down from the times of the apostles, and some even from that of Moses! They wanted forms, ceremonies, meetings of fellowship, and a statement of belief on which all could agree.

Many organizations have been ushered into ephemeral existence promising much and fulfilling nothing. Each has had its use in exploiting the folly of self-aggrandizing leadership in a movement that scorns a leader—and died. They have rested on resolutions, and with resolutions faded away. They have had no fixed aim or purpose—have been utilized by no common belief or object. The American Association, the most ambitious scheme of its kind, and one which manifested most strength, reposed on a preposterous college scheme, and miserably failed. The would-be leaders were signally ignorant of the genius of Spiritualism, or its demands.

What if you name your "council" a "convention," your articles of faith "resolutions," your church a "society," you do but change the names while the old form remains. But it is said our "resolutions" are not binding, our "society" is free, and we cannot pass a vote of "censure" or "dismissal."

True, and the admission shows the folly of all efforts in this direction. We have come to a transitional age; the old forms are not wanted, but we play that they are. Representative conventions are held by delegates, who represent societies holding themselves entirely irresponsible for the actions of their delegates. The latter may strut and vociferate their brief day in conventions; concoct "resolutions," making believe their's is an Atlas-labor; they are without delegated power, and the result would be ludicrous if not so infinitely pitiable. Unless societies give their delegates power to act for them, and bind themselves to abide by the vote of their delegate, such conventions are farces; ropes of sand without cohesion or force. And yet such power is the very last any spiritual society has ever delegated!

In consequence "delegate conventions" are only mass meetings in which individuality is rampant, and organized effort worse than failure.

Admitting this condition as unavoidable, there have been many plans whereby an order desirable to certain parties might be evoked out of what appeared a chaos of conflicting elements. Not understanding the laws of its tides and currents, its winds and waves, it was regarded as essential to govern by human devices the infinite sea of spiritual life.

It is now said, after the failure of all other schemes, that Spiritualists must organize on a religious basis. First, let us know what is meant by religion before we are again enticed into the black nightmare of creeds. So far as religion is concerned no one need join a society to become truly religious.

Spiritualism does not admit the pleasing illusions of faith. It can gain nothing by proselytism. It holds belief in immortality, in common with the churches, and that is about all that it does hold in common with them. Its province is the demonstration of science,

not religion as expressed in the church, and in that aspect is essentially for and of individual culture.

An organization on a church basis would not give tone and direction to Spiritualism, but would simply gather into its ranks those who have not escaped the bias of early religious training, and hence are longing for the flesh-pots and soothing days of faith.

"Ah, no," it is said, "we do not want an organization like a real church; we do not want a creed, but we want concentration of effort, and the prestige of a name."

True; and how shall this be done? "Why the name Church carries with it a good deal of popularity, and we'll make it distinctive by affixing spirit, so we will have the euphonious name of Church of the Spirit!"

And will your Church of the Spirit believe in "Jesus Christ, and acknowledge him as the Saviour of mankind?" Certainly not. Will it take the Bible as authority? Why, no! Will it have a creed? None at all. Then by what authority do you call it a church? Webster defines a church as a distinctive Christian body, and in no case allows the word to be used except as applied to the followers of Christ and Jehovah. Its derivation shows the earliest meaning to have been "pertaining to our Lord Jesus Christ." It is correct to say the Mormon Church, for that church accepts the Bible and Christ; but it is not correct to say the Moslem Church, the Church of Islam, or of Buddha. Equally incorrect would it be to say Church of the Spirit, unless Christianity was accepted as the basis. No one for a moment is deceived by the high-sounding title. Those who have fortunately escaped from church-membership are not attracted by the name of church, and the true Spiritualist is too far in advance to wish to have the name he loves weakened by a distinctive prefix.

Who will organize this Church of the Spirit? Who will be its leader, its chief high priest and pope? Is it to be constructed on the old church lines, with synods and conferences, bishops and a spiritual dictator? That is what "Church" means, if it means anything at all.

Organize such a church if you please; build its walls never so high; arrange for "orderly Spiritualism," a mediumship under control of the authorities that be, and everything toned to the nice requirements of aesthetic taste and "kid-glove respectability," so that the crowd will follow, and pride be flattered, and the leaders strut like drum-majors on the rostrum, and then too late you will find the spirit of Spiritualism has escaped—gone out again into the world, free as the air, and unmarred by the chains with which you would bind it!

The true Spiritualist has already learned this lesson—that he is not responsible for the beliefs or actions of any other individual or body of individuals. If Spiritualism can be stained by the wash of "resolutions"—lame substitutes for creeds; if it cannot stand self-reliant and alone; if it must lean on the staff of received opinion, its highlands must be cold and cheerless. Its great work is for the individual. It is of no church, of no clique or faction of politics, but is the vital force of all true advancement. Its glorious history proves that its progress is not dependent on associations; its unity of purpose gives assurance that it has not been misguided. The force beneath the conflicting waves of the surface, which, like the grand oceanic tidal current, gives direction, has been and is the will of the spirit-world. With such a force, if in their comprehensive wisdom it were considered best that disintegration cease and organization commence, no mortal power could stay the movement.

Sad indeed would be the day when Spiritualism cast aside its snowy garments and put on the worn wolf-skin creeds of the past. We now have the conflict of individualities; we should then have the deplorable antagonism of sects. There is nothing inconsistent in sectarians fighting for their creeds, and forcing believers to accept them at the point of the sword or the turn of the thumb-screw, for this is the only argument of unreasoning faith; but a fighting Spiritualist or Harmonical Philosopher is out of keeping with the sublime philosophy of life, Spiritualism.

And are we never to organize? Are our societies at best to be only lecture committees?

When we get the old prejudices out of our minds we shall organize, and it will come in the same unconscious, unobserved and beautiful manner that the germ planted in the soil by the warmth of the spring-sun grows into the luxuriant plant, arrayed in the glory of bloom and fruitage. We must cease to think that our new spiritual temple must be built of the rubbish we find on the shore, from the old hulls that have gone to pieces in the flood of knowledge poured on our times, or that the architecture must copy the old temples.

All religious systems come from without, from a foreign source, and demand blind belief and submission. Their source, as each claims, is God, and the sacred books of each are his authoritative word to man.

The doctrine of Spiritualism is the reverse. Man, not God, is the divine center; and not what comes to him, but what is wrought out of him, counts in his spiritual progress. One system is of external influence, the other of internal growth, or true spiritual evolution; an extension of the great law as applied to the physical world of life, into the realm of spirit. Hence it is impossible, were it desirable, to retain old names and phraseology, and thereby make the new conform to the old.

But this subject we cannot pursue further in this connection, for having stated what cannot be, we ought in justice to state what form of organization or association is consonant with the new Science of Life.

The Chautauqua Circle roughly expresses the ideal of the best association for spiritual growth and work. It cannot be at once adopted, but must be slowly wrought out in modified form by the necessities of those engaged.

How shall we begin?

At home! How many Spiritualists bemoan their fate, by which they are left isolated and alone in towns and neighborhoods where there are none to sympathize with them! They cannot secure lecturers, they cannot hold public meetings. No, but numbers are of no avail. Where two or three are gathered together there may be a spiritual feast. The most isolated family has some few sympathetic friends and acquaintances. On one evening of the week, preferably Sunday, these may be invited for a social hour. Six or eight at first will be found as many as are advisable. A little time given to conversation leads to the host disclosing the object of the gathering, which is for the study and investigation of that vast realm almost unknown, on the borders of the physical world, and its relations thereto. From some work on the subject, or some paper, a half hour is given to reading, and then a half hour or more to discussion. Singing and music may be enjoyed at the beginning and close, and are especially valuable as productive of harmony. For the next meeting a subject may be selected, and each member requested to gather all the information he can during the week, and present it to the circle. At times the literary exercises should yield to the séance, for where would spirit-friends more willingly come than to a circle of earth-friends thus sympathetically engaged?

This is the beginning, and from it almost incalculable possibilities arise. Should any member become disagreeable he may be quietly dropped, and when others are found possessing desirable qualities they may be invited, until the little circle grows to an eager class. The members now adopt a regular course of study, such as they consider best, and enter into investigation of manifestations of spirit-power occurring in their midst. They appoint one member to gather the points of interest from the spiritual journals and present them at each meeting. They contribute a small fund to procure such papers, magazines and books. A very little sum from each will give them all their work demands.

What is the result?

We will suppose there are ten thousand such circles beginning work, and that each is attended by eight persons, then eighty thousand people attend, probably twice as many as now attend all the lectures in this country on any given day. And aside from this, while those who attend the lectures, however eloquent, go away pleased only with the hour, the workers go from the circles improved and strengthened. It has cost them nothing but the time given.

Here is the foundation of spiritual work, and when the circle has taken a shape, and its members become conscious of its worth, they may find it desirable to come in communication with other circles. In a town there may be a hundred or more, and these can join in any work that may come to hand—as a lecture, a Lyceum and charities. It is difficult, if not impossible, to prophesy what might be desirable or demanded, and this must be left to the requirements of growth. In other words, it is not well to predicate a system for a living movement to grow by. Must follow its own laws and necessities.

The unitizing power of all these circles will be the papers they take in common, in which should be published the best thoughts of the various circles. The spiritual press is the great living power of the movement, and were it strengthened by such circles, its influence would be incalculably increased.

Each circle is a lyceum within itself, if it have only three members, and in towns their union can readily form public lyceums, meeting Sunday mornings, without on any consideration interfering with the primary meeting.

Still further: the circles of a district, county or state might, through their press, select some one to act as librarian, and have a circulating library, with the slight expense of postage from one circle to another. They would soon feel the necessity of a course of study, and by means of the advisement of committees such course might be adopted with examinations, and granting of certificates and diplomas. The difference between this circle and the Chautauqua would be that while the latter gives a great deal of time to ancient history and languages, the former would take up only living subjects.

The detail of this work enlarges with every moment's thought, and its infinite possibilities will arise in the minds of all who give it attention.

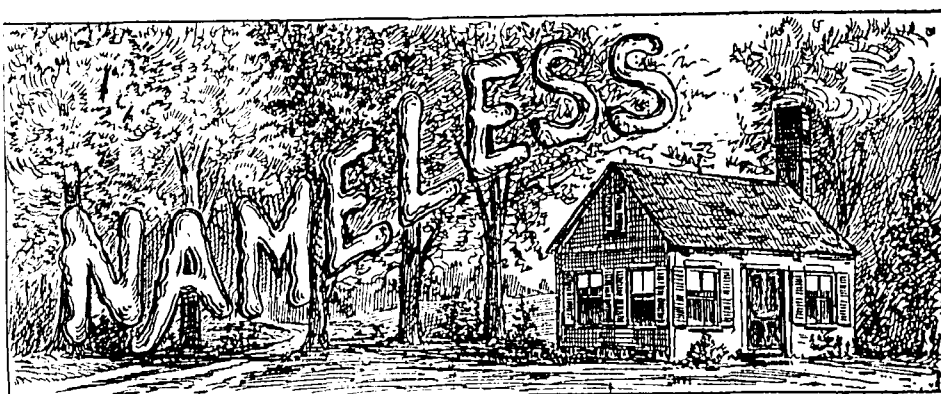
In conclusion it may be asked, What shall we christen this intellectual and spiritual movement? Of all other names spiritual were best had not its meaning become equivalent to the séance. Another name is therefore suggested until a better is found, THE PSYCHIC CIRCLE.

Berlin Heights, O.

A ministerial club in San Francisco recently gave it a banquet, and in connection with each course on the menu an appropriate passage from the Bible was printed. For instance, with the soup there appeared this verse: "Set on the great pot, and seethe the potage for the sons of the prophets." This made a very interesting feature, although perhaps its taste was a little questionable. But the brethren were afraid to carry the idea out to its logical possibilities, for they had no wine, and were therefore unable to quote St. Paul's advice to Timothy: "Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities."—*Ex.*

The sooner the licensing power is taken from colleges, and the "diploma standard" abolished, the better it will be, alike for the community, the colleges and the reputable physicians.—*Cor. New York World.*

## Literary Department.



Written Especially for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. M. T. LONGLEY.

### CHAPTER XXI.

"She is One Saint!"

The early summer ripened into fervid heat and gorgeous glare, but while in the dusky greenery of country woods and lanes the hot sun was tempered by fragrant breezes and by cooling shadows, in Spring-Valley there was no such alleviation of the heat and dust and discomfort of the fetid atmosphere. During that long, hot season, while Tom Preston was pursuing his quest in the far West, seeking for information that would right what he believed to be a great wrong, the woman for whose sake he journeyed and planned dwelt in that little study apartment, just under the heated roof of the lodging-house, in the most begrimed and uncomfortable quarter of the city of Menton.

The pleasant intercourse that had opened between "Helper" and her neighbors on the same floor continued, and our heroine soon found what a world of good she could do the lonely women who toiled so hard for their daily bread. Her very presence seemed to inspire their hearts with new courage and cheer; while the words of consolation and even of assured conviction which she seemed made to speak to them of the nearness of their beloved dead, brought comfort and peace untold to their overburdened breasts. Sometimes a vision of loveliness would open before her sight, in the light of which she would behold the tender faces of those dear ones who had gone before, and from these ministering spirits she would gain words of love and hope for those poor women in the upper rooms of Blinker House. Several times she had caught sight of little roguish Jean, with his gray and white dove clasped to his breast, and with the sight a message had come to the lonely old laundress, telling of the light and peace and the happy home-coming that awaited her soul in heaven.

"Ah!" she cried one evening, as the tears rolled down her withered cheeks, "he is my own Jean; he has one dove like that, Ma'mo-selle, in France; he plays with it; he sleeps with it sometime in his breast when he tired an' sick. Ah! when my Jean die, the dove mourn an' cry, an' then it soon die, too!"

Sometimes a vision of Henry Corwin standing by his wife or little child, with love and compassion in his face—his whole attitude one of desire to help and strengthen his loved ones—would be shown our seer, and at the moment her lips would be inspired with noble words that gave to the widow the patience and the cheer she most required.

After a few weeks "Helper" began to feel the power going out from her to others in the house; sometimes it would be the kind old landlady who claimed her sympathy, and for whom a word would come from the great Beyond; and again it would be some hard-working or forlorn girl tenant in the house, for whom the ministrations were intended, and "Helper" never failed to encounter these, and speak that which was pressing upon her at the time. Many of those she met did not understand the full import of her mission to them, nor did they—like the women at the top of the house—realize the presence of unseen watchers; but they felt that the strange lady was unselfish and good, that she wished to brighten their lot and to bring some sunshine into their lives. They sensed the pure, uplifting and cheering influence of her spirit, and became happier in her presence. Indeed, it seemed as if something of her own atmosphere went with them and mingled with their own, bringing higher thoughts and more beautiful aspirations to their hearts. Besides, although she was so beautiful and refined, she was not arrogant or proud. She was in a measure—though far above them—yet like unto themselves; she had come to live in their midst, to endure the same foul air and discomforting heat, to partake of the same rude fare, and to dwell in the same surroundings as made up their home-life, and so they admired and respected her, and even responded to her gentle efforts to please and to benefit their lives—these poor working-girls; for was she not one like them who had to toil for her daily bread?

Yes, it was true, "Helper" had come to this; she had seen the last dollar of her slender store melt away, and simple as were her personal wants, she knew that she must add to her purse if she would maintain her hold on physical life; and happy as she would have been to pass on to the blessed home above, she felt her work was not yet finished on earth. Like the widow's cruse of oil and store of meal, her

scanty supply of food lasted very long, but there came a time when its measure was nearly emptied. "I must find work," she thought, "and like these poor people toil for my bread; it will be only right for me to have the discipline that others have to undergo."

She consulted her neighbors. Madam Hartine shook her head, and said one so delicate and *spirituelle* should not toil like the common herd; but there must be no question, necessity was the law, and Mrs. Corwin offered to share her own ill-paid work with the stranger, whom all in the house had now come to call "Miss Felice," if nothing more remunerative could be found.

The days were stifling in their heat, and darkness brought but little relief to the inhabitants of Spring-Valley. Our heroine toiled early and late, setting the most dainty stitches into the coarse garments that she sewed, and keeping up a cheerful, helpful spirit that brought always a refreshing strength to those she met. Often Mrs. Corwin and Ellie would visit the dainty white room across the entry, where their friend stitched and stitched away, for here it was a little cooler and more sweet and tranquilizing than any other spot in that vicinity. There was always a fresh, clean scent about the apartment and its inmate, so rarely to be found among the very, very poor; and it was a pleasure for any one to step within that little room. While the two women sewed upon their rude work, the little one would curl up on a chair and watch "Miss Felice" with eager eyes, as one looks upon a beautiful picture, or stretching herself upon one of the soft rugs on the floor, fall into a sweet and refreshing sleep. Her mother said that Ellie minded the heat and discomforts of the summer weather less in that room than elsewhere, and that she felt it a privilege to bring her there. She would not allow her child to play in the streets with the uncouth and ignorant ones who shouted there, and she marvelled that in spite of her confinement in the stuffy house, Ellie maintained her health and beauty, and roundness of face and form.

"She has never been so well before," said Mrs. Corwin one day, glancing down at her darling, who lay asleep at her feet; "never so contented and easy. I believe it is all owing to your coming, Miss Felice. You are our good angel. We were a rebellious and unhappy lot before you entered this house. Now we are much more quiet, and—well, if not more satisfied, at least more patient and resigned."

"It makes me happy to hear you say I have assisted you in any way," Mrs. Corwin. But I do not feel that I deserve any credit. My inner perceptions are somewhat keener than are those of some people, and they give me such knowledge of a broader life than this of earth that I cannot help trying to have others reap a benefit from what I receive. There is that also in my organism, I think, that enables our watchful angels to get a little nearer their friends in my presence, and I have no doubt they exercise a protecting and soothing influence upon Ellie which she feels, and which keeps her mind and body in such harmony that the child cannot become diseased."

"Well, I am very grateful, I am sure, to all the powers that bless me in this way, and I feel it a great privilege to have met and known you, dear Miss Felice. I, for one, was lonely and sad and rebellious before you came. I sometimes thought God very hard and cruel to me in taking my husband away. I used to read my Bible; sometimes it brought me comfort, but oftener its words seemed like a mockery to me. I think there were times when I would have killed myself to get out of this life, only for my little girl. I could not leave her here alone, and I dared not kill her too!"

"But you do not feel so any more, dear friend," said her companion softly, laying down her sewing, and placing a tender hand upon the widow's arm: "You realize now that God is good, and love is true, and heaven is just beyond; and that the trials here will only ripen and prepare your spirit to surmount all things, and reach the goal at last where your dear companion will be your own still."

"No, I do not feel as I did, any more; it has passed away; I have a great peace that lies like a soft light mantle over me—it has soothed away the smart and burn, and I can afford to wait. Life is changed for me, and it is because of your coming. I have no more and no better to eat than I had before; I have to work just as hard; the days are as hot, and more so; but there is something inside that helps me to bear all these things and to rise above them."



"Why," she went on, as if communing with herself, "everybody around us feels so much better. Madam says her work at the laundry does not seem as hard nor the days so long as before; she thinks of little Jean, and his happy watching over her life; and she looks forward to the evening when she can glance into this pretty room, perhaps, and get a word from you. Mrs. Blinker is not as lonely and anxious as she used to be; the whole house is brightened since the new lodger came, she said to me the other day. The girls we meet on the stairs and in the halls have been helped by your words, and by a sight of you; they have fixed up their little rooms better; they don't talk so loud nor so rude; they like to meet you, and they feel as though something new had come into their lives. I am sorry you have to live in this place, but it was a blessed day for all the rest of us when you came."

Madam Hartine echoed the sentiment of Mrs. Corwin more than once: "Ma'moselle Felice is one saint!" she would say, with an impressive gesture. "She is like one who has been to heaven; like one who could not 'joy the glories there for the pain and sorrow here, so the saint come back an' live with the poor, the sorrowing, an' take their burdens till they be better. That's like Ma'moselle; some day she go, an' leave a trail of brightness when she gone. Oh! yes, she is one saint!"

But the days sped on, and "Helper" found herself coming under the material conditions that affected others. Her mind had been so superior to the body, her spiritual faculties had been so far in the ascendency, that she had been able to rise above physical discomfort and inconvenience and pain; but during this season of experience she began to have these sensations in her own organism. The heat affected her; the hard and constant work brought a restless and pained disturbance; she could not sleep at night, and the morning found her exhausted and unrefreshed. Her poor food, too, did not nourish the system; and there were times when she turned away from her simple meal with distaste and aversion. The water was vile unless boiled and iced, but it was not always possible for her to have it so, and she found herself longing for the sweet, fresh, luscious fruits, and clear, refreshing fluids of other days. In spite of the bodily sufferings that she felt, "Helper" continued with her unremitting toil. She realized that while a part of her sensations arose from the life she was forced to lead, yet that the greater portion came by the conditions of other lives that were near to her. She knew that when Mrs. Corwin felt faint and hungry and worn, that when the internal system of the little widow revolved at its coarse fare, she—"Helper"—absorbed the condition, and took upon herself the same feeling. She would at such times sense a loss of the power or magnetic force of her own life, and knew that she had exchanged it for this other depressing, craving, unhealthy magnetism; but the self-sacrificing woman only rejoiced that while she was thus afflicted, the one who had suffered was only benefited and refreshed by the new magnetism she had received, and which invigorated the weary frame of the little widow like a draught of some rare old wine. So, when the old laundress, weak and tired after a long day's toil, came to her room at evening, "Helper" would feel the strength going out of her, and would behold the sunken eyes of madam brighten, and her stooping frame become more erect, and she would know that she had given what the world could not take away—strength and new life to a wasted and weary friend.

But perhaps the greatest trial that had come to our heroine was the necessity she felt of taking her work to and from the great warehouse that gave it out to be made. She would not of course allow Mrs. Corwin to bring her bundles, though the widow was anxious to do so. "No, I must do this for myself," she said. "Others have to do the work; you must look back and forth with your burdens, why should not I?" and so through the dust and heat she passed, winning stares of admiration, of curiosity, or of respect, as it happened, from those she met, bearing her heavy packages without complaint.

One of the partners in the concern for which she labored had observed the beautiful, statue-like form, and perfect though colorless face—lighted up by those shining, glorious eyes—of the new work-woman, and he had many times felt the hot blood stir in his veins as he gazed upon her matchless grace. He was a sordid, narrow-minded man, with no soul above the petty bartering in which he engaged: One whose business it was to chaffer and question the "hands" who brought him their work; to find fault with it if he could, that he might refuse to pay them the pittance that had been so dearly earned. This man had never questioned "Helper's" labor; he only marveled at the exquisite workmanship she put into it, and had come to furnishing her with finer material than the coarse fabric she had at first worked upon—for he reasoned that such fine sewing as hers should be employed on better goods, that the firm might ask a higher price for the garments, and thus reap the benefit of its employé's skill, though she was paid no larger wage than she at first received.

For three months "Helper" had toiled to and fro, and had hardly noticed the man of whom we write; he was a coarse-grained creature of full habits and passionate appetites, whose atmosphere could no more mingle with hers than oil could mix with turbid water, and therefore she had seen but had not really known him. But at last the man, taking advantage of her apparent poverty and loneliness, sought an opportunity to whisper words in her ear that were intended to tempt and degrade that lofty soul; words that in her purity and innocence she did not at first understand; words of coarse admiration and pretended love; words that as their full import fell upon her understanding, awakened a holy and righteous indignation in her breast.

#### CHAPTER XXII.

##### "Temptations Everywhere."

Drawing herself to her full height, her blue eyes flashing as with divine fire, this wonderful woman gazed at the man before her, and said in low, rich tones of rebuke:

"Sir, since when has it been your right to insult the unprotected, and to seek to enslave those who are free? You have the wealth and the worldly means, no doubt, to pursue your prey, and to indulge your tastes, regardless of human rights, of womanly innocence, or of manly honor; but you have not the sanction of any earthly or divine approval in this course. Can you not understand that the humblest girl in your employ should be held sacred in your eyes? How dare you seek to pollute any one of God's creatures with your base, alluring promises and temptations? I wonder that you

can sleep at night; that fear, like a terrible pall, does not close down upon your guilty conscience, lest an offended God should strike you dumb for what you whisper to his innocent children! I do not upbraid you for what you have said to me, but because you may have polluted other ears with like regard. I forgive you, and I wish you good-night."

She turned away, leaving her bundle of work beside him. He could not call her back; it was as if he had been struck dumb by the stinging accusation and judgment of her words, but more than all by the strange light that had gleamed from her eyes, and which seemed to envelop her entire form. The man stared after her until she disappeared, and then he gathered his goods together, muttering to himself: "She is a high-stepper; I don't ever want to face those eyes again."

"I can never go there any more," said "Helper" to Mrs. Corwin that night; "something very unpleasant has happened. I did not know I could feel so keenly, but it is more because the circumstance has shown me something of the temptations and wickedness that are thrown in the very pathway of poor, unprotected women, than from any harm that has come to me. No, I can never work for that house any more."

And it was just as well, for the next morning word came that there was no more work in the establishment for its former workwoman, "Miss Helper."

After this, our friend had quite a hard time; she had no money at hand, and, though her neighbors did not know it, there were times when she retired faint and exhausted for lack of food, and had it not been for the spiritual sustenance brought to her by her unseen guides she must have wasted away entirely in these trying hours. Just when the situation seemed most severe, Amy French, one of the quietest and most ladylike girls in the house, told Mrs. Blinker that her employer, Madam Rankin, the fashionable dressmaker, was in need of more seamstresses than she now had, and the good landlady mentioned the fact to her lodger on the upper floor. "Miss Felice," as Amy called "Helper," immediately applied through the sewing girl for the place, sending a specimen of her needlework as a recommendation of her ability. She was employed, and as the cooler months of autumn began to appear, our heroine found herself fairly engaged in her daily tasks at the large modiste establishment, in a more fashionable quarter of the great city than that in which she lived. Here she was more remuneratively paid for her work than at the former rates, but still the amount was far below the real value of her services. "I must be content," she said; "others have to bear this injustice. I have asked that I might pass through the same discipline as my fellow-beings, and this is a part of the experience. To be underpaid, underfed, crushed and crowded, tempted and abused, is the lot of thousands of human souls. God and the angels pity them; they have not the light which guides me to keep them up; how do they manage to pass along from year to year, avoiding the snares and pitfalls, and walking through the darkened places?"

The fall ended, and winter snow and ice had come. "Helper" still continued at her work, and her sweet, spiritual influence in the establishment had a refining effect upon its employees. Under her direction the noon hour was principally devoted to a discussion of various topics that were calculated to instruct and elevate the mind. She had a few books that were of this character, and these she circulated among her shopmates. A library in the neighborhood, for a few cents, loaned works of literature and of art, which this bright and lovable woman tempted the girls to patronize. Those who wanted advice in their little personal affairs came to her, and it seemed as if the right word in just the right place was always ready to fall from her gentle lips.

In the neighborhood of Spring-Valley, too, her influence and her presence were always an example. She would not desert her friends at Mrs. Blinker's, and although there was much that was distasteful to her in the vicinity, yet our friend remained there still, walking to and fro at morning and night, through the piercing cold, dispensing the warmth and radiance of her word and smile to all she met. During some of the evenings, and on many of the Sundays of the long cold winter, "Miss Felice" had collected around her some of the more decent people of the locality, and had spoken to them as she had been inspired, or such words as the moment seemed to bring; always giving the helpful stimulus that was needed to brighten the rough and care-worn lives; often doing this through some little anecdote or story, and never sermonizing, or seeming to preach at them of their faults and failures in the world. The lodger had induced Mrs. Blinker to let her have the use of her parlor, a long, narrow, very plainly furnished room, promising to keep it tidy herself, but this the good landlady would not allow, "for," said she, "you have helped me to live, Miss, to take comfort as I go along, and I will do this much for you in your blessed work."

"Helper" had commenced by getting the girls in the house together of an evening and making them better acquainted with each other in this social way. She had then gathered in some of the children of the street on Sunday afternoons, and had amused them with tender little stories, while Mrs. Corwin sang to them the simple little airs she had known when a girl. Later, our friend had invited some of the neighbors outside the house to her little meetings, and they came, bashful and with hesitation, their clothing made as fresh and smart as possible, and their hands and faces showing they had received extra attention. These men and women were awkward and half inclined to retreat, but they were made welcome, and the hour they spent at Blinker's was so interesting, as they listened to the stories and the words of peace and good cheer from the "white lady's" lips, and tried to hum—some of them—in an undertone the tunes that Mrs. Corwin sang, that they quite resolved (these poor hard-working people, into whose lives but little brightness had come) that they should go again if asked, for it was ever so much better than dozing at home, or even than being at the beer-shop down the street. They were invited again and many times, so that at last it became quite a settled thing that Sunday afternoons and one or two evenings a week should be devoted to the service of their poor neighbors in this way by "Helper" and the little widow Corwin. From these meetings, and from the influence which their directors shed upon those who attended them, the character and even the appearance of the neighborhood began to improve. Indeed the whole of that district called Spring-Valley seemed to gain a new aspect, for there was more of tidiness, more of quietness, more of so-

berly and real observance of law and order, and less of turbulence, discord and slovenliness in the homes and lives of the inhabitants of that quarter than ever before.

A little heaven leaveneth the whole lump, and the kindly, genuine interest shown by the gentle lady in their welfare won the hearts of the people, and induced them to make efforts for their advancement, such as they had not been accustomed to. There was not one man, however rough and unrefined, who would lift his hat respectfully when the lady passed; not one fretful and uncultivated woman but spoke more softly and with the desire to learn how to do better, in her presence. She came like a blessing among these poor people, and wherever she moved a halo of light seemed to reflect from her being upon those whose mental darkness or moral weakness most needed to be removed by that uplifting and strength-giving illumination.

At the establishment where "Helper" was employed, Madam Rankin received her patrons, some of whom were counted as members of the very first families in the city—grand ladies, who spared no expense, but whose purses were long enough to allow them any extravagance; and at this place the seamstress often saw a gown or a mantle finished, the cost of which would provide a poor family with food for at least a year. One of the regular customers of the modiste was Mrs. Percy, a large, handsome woman, whose taste in matters of dress was exquisite, and whose general style was considered distinguished by Madam and her associates. Mrs. Percy came often to the establishment, always in her carriage, and usually accompanied by some younger woman, some relative, or some particular friend, she would explain, who desired the modiste's opinion upon the garments they wished to order at her hands.

It was said that Mrs. Percy was the widow of a very wealthy man, who had made his money in the South, and had died there; and that the residence she occupied was a substantial stone front, luxuriously fitted up, as the home of a person of taste and means would be likely to be.

At her various visits during the winter, Mrs. Percy had taken occasion to enter—on some pretext or other—the work-room of Madam, and she had more than once especially fixed her regard upon our heroine. On one occasion, early in March, the visitor found that the mantle for which she had come, a beautiful silken garment for herself, had not been quite finished, and that it would not be ready for her until toward night.

"Very well, Madam," the lady said, "you will send it to me, with the bill. I particularly wish it to-night. You must not disappoint me. And, by-the-way, let the girl who is at work upon it bring it to me—the one with the white, white face and golden hair. She is a perfect beauty, and I can see by her work that she has exquisite taste. I would like to talk with her."

"You shall have the garment to-night, but I do not know as 'Miss Helper' will care to do that errand," replied Madam Rankin with hesitation; "it will take her out of her way, as your home is far from hers, and it will be quite dark."

"Oh! if she is late and timid, or tired, I will send her home in my carriage," interrupted the visitor; "I am quite anxious to have the girl come to me; I am sure you will wish to please me in this, Madam."

The modiste felt that she could not afford to displease this woman, who patronized her house so liberally, and she hastened to say: "You are more than kind, and I dare say 'Miss Helper' will accommodate you. I have never asked her to do an errand, but she never refuses me anything I do ask. I do not think she will require your horses; she can ride a part of the way in the street cars. Yes, I will see that your request is granted."

And it was; at six o'clock that evening "Helper" rang the bell at Mrs. Percy's door, and was ushered into a dainty reception-room, where every appointment betokened wealth and luxury, and refined taste. In a few moments the lady of the house appeared, and after a few words in relation to the object of the call, began to speak delicately of her visitor and of the position in which she was employed.

Her manner was kindness itself, and our friend had no wish to resent it, or the words of inquiry that accompanied it, for they seemed full of the spirit of interest and benevolence. "You must have been accustomed to better things; I see that you are a lady of education and culture; how is it that you are obliged to labor in company with those below you in attainment and knowledge?"

"Necessity knows no distinction, Madam; it compels me to labor for my daily bread, and I obey."

"But it is not congenial to you, my dear; pardon me, but I have been so attracted to you that my interest will reveal itself. I do not mean to be rude."

"Your apology is not necessary. No; the work is not altogether congenial, and yet there is much about it that I like. I admire dainty fabrics and delicate stuffs; and it pleases me to set my needle in them, and bring them into useful shape."

"But do you not sometimes long to wear the garment you fashion, instead of sewing upon it for some one else, perhaps not as beautiful as you?"

"No, Madam; the thought has never come to me. I am quite content with what is mine."

"But, my dear girl, with your beauty and grace of figure and face, you might shine in the world, if you had an appropriate setting—for instance, something like this," and Mrs. Percy waved her hand around the pretty apartment in which they sat.

"Yes," smiled "Helper," without a gleam of envy in her matchless eyes, "it is very lovely, but its like is not for me. I am in quite another sphere than this."

"But yours may be as beautiful. I take such an interest in you, dear Miss 'Helper.' I am irresistibly attracted to you. How would you like to come and live with me. You should wear jewels and laces, and such garments as would show off your marvelous beauty. You should want for nothing, and life would show you many favors."

"I thank you; your kindness is indeed unexcelled, but it is impossible. I have no desire for society, nor has it any charms for me. Believe me, Madam, your goodness is appreciated, but I cannot take advantage of it. I could never consent to become a burden upon any one; I must give an equivalent for what I receive."

"But you would give an equivalent. You would be sought and admired, and you would draw to my home those who would more than pay richly for the privilege of receiving your friendship. You—"

While her hostess had been speaking, "Helper" caught sight of a little shapely hand, thrust through the silken curtains that draped the doorway. It was that of a mere child, a girl not more than seventeen. The visitor recognized the face, for its owner had once or twice accompanied Mrs. Percy to the establishment where she was employed; but now the face was full of appeal, and the little hand was shaken in a distressful way, as in warning or exhortation. Like a flash it now burst upon our heroine what this meant; the significance of the words of her hostess, and of her interest in a mere stranger dawned upon her. She arose, and with dignity quietly interrupted the lady's remarks.

"Your considerations are no inducement, Madam. If all the wealth and grandeur and homage of the world were laid before me as my reward, I could not accept your offer. I trust that you are guileless in placing temptation in the path of a poor working-woman. I trust that no innocent life has been darkened by your allurements. May High Heaven deal with us all as we deal with our fellow-creatures! There is no fate so dark and dreadful and bitter as that which overtakes the soul that willfully drags another down the abyss of shame. There is no dream so sweet as that which comes to the breast that knows it wrongs no one. Madam, we are told in Bible lore of one who was taken to the top of a high mountain and shown all the kingdoms of the earth—these were offered him if he would but follow the tempter and serve him well. Let us not be like the evil one who would betray, but rather like the holy man, and be strong in every hour of temptation to say: 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' I have far to go. You will allow me to wish you good-night."

The rebuke was a well-merited one, and the woman who received it listened with burning cheeks, allowing her visitor to depart without a word.

"Helper," stepping out into the deepening gloom of night, shuddered as she realized what manner of woman this one she had left was. "Temptations everywhere," she murmured; "the world is filled with sorrow, sin and wrong. God pity the helpless and the forlorn!"

At that moment she was touched on the arm, and glancing down she saw the same fair child that had peered upon her through the silken curtains in the infamous dwelling that she had just left, wet and sad and full of entreaty: "Oh, lady! I heard your words; you are good and strong in spirit, and can help me. I am ignorant and weak. Do not cast me off. I threw my wraps on and hurried after you; I could not help it. You seemed like a new breath of life to me. Help me: I have been in that house a year; they pet and favor me, and make much of me, but I hate them all. Oh! take me with you; I will do anything, only help me to be good and pure once more!" It was the cry of a despairing, a famished spirit. "Helper's" face was full of compassion, as she said in a voice of infinite tenderness: "My poor child, you shall go with me; I will help you what I can. Come to my home!"

[To be continued.]

## Banner Correspondence.

### Massachusetts.

BOSTON.—"A. S. H." writes: "It is amusing to listen to the remarks of some of the sectarian ministers in relation to Spiritualism and Spiritualists when they are talking to their flocks."

On April 8th the citizens of Dorchester District turned out to assist in dedicating a new Methodist church—as far as their presence was concerned; after the services were ended, a collation was given, and then came general remarks from the visiting ministers—when Rev. Mr. Brodbeck (of Boston proper) went out of his way to drag Spiritualism and Spiritualists before the audience in a criticism of the movement.

Spiritualists, according to Mr. B., are not united, and have only one church of their own—referring no doubt to the Temple on the Back Bay. His chief difficulty with the Spiritualists seemed more to be their not having churches, and their neglect to raise money for such buildings. How does this statement agree with the facts as they exist? Not only is there a Spiritual Temple on the Back Bay, but also exists at Onset Bay, which cost some ten thousand dollars, and is a more expensive building than the Methodists have at Martha's Vineyard, an old camping-ground of their denomination. In New York, also, in Connecticut and other States in the Union, the Spiritualists own buildings where they hold meetings. There are among the Spiritualists many men of wealth, who could easily erect churches should they decide to, but they do not; they are in a pool and stone, however artistically arranged in public buildings, are essential to the true strength of a cause—since a multitudinous array of church edifices fails to bring about any united condition among the great body of individual Christians. At many points in this country Spiritualists hire the largest halls to be had, wherein their services occur.

Spiritualists know that there are more churches in this country now than are filled or well-supported; and that the tendency in this direction of credal castle-building is on the wane; while it is a fact that in many country towns the members of different sectarian denominations are taxed beyond their ability to pay, to keep up the church of their own denomination, whereas, if such angular sectaries would unite in small places, and allow the non-essentials of human need—in the way of specific doctrines—to lie dormant, there could be far more good accomplished in practically helping the poor and needy. I really believe that the popular system of theology would be better served by its votaries if the number of churches were reduced, and one minister preached in a full house, where now three or four men weekly drag out a struggling existence—ecclesiastically speaking—in as many houses, with as many different labels.

It is a fact patent to every observer whose mental vision is clear, and is not deflected from its true angle by any clerical strabismus, that the modern churches are thoroughly honeycombed by the inroads of the Spiritual Philosophy, whose revelations, gained by them in secret, have made the brethren glad with a great joy; what is there, then, out of the line of probability in the idea that mayhap in coming time the temples reared for credal purposes will pass into the hands of an unfranchised multitude who have gradually become converted to the New Philosophy? go that the tears of the above-named Reverend gentleman over the remissness of Spiritualists in providing themselves with churches shall prove to have been shed in vain!

The principles of life in this and the next stage of being are fixed, and in accordance with natural law; hence declared belief or unbelief as applied to them has no effect upon accomplished action; Spiritualism, therefore, is in harmony with nature, while the churches fall to comprehend the law, and must surely fall behind, unless progress is now stayed (as it has been before in the world's past history) by the mailed hand of politico-ecclesiastical power.

The founder of Methodism, John Wesley, was unquestionably a medium, and had spiritual manifestations in his presence, together with his disciples, and admitted the fact; but the Methodists of to-day—as a denomination—

frown on all attempts to demonstrate immortality, preferring arbitrary faith in the past, to the equitable knowledge afforded at the present day.

To the minds of several present on this occasion, as stated afterward to the writer, the remarks on Spiritualism by Mr. B. were in bad taste, and out of touch with the spirit of the occasion during which they were expressed."

### Pennsylvania.

CORRY.—Mr. G. F. Lewis quotes the *New York Sun* as saying a few months since that the Rev. Dr. Storrs felt called upon to explain in *The Independent* why, as a member of the committee having charge of the matter, he favored the appointment of a young man as a missionary of the American Board who had doubts as to the indiscriminate damnation of the heathen, and did so to considerable length, but with great caution and deliberation. He plainly sees that the firm conviction of Christians that the heathen would be damned otherwise, has from the first been the stimulating force in missionary enterprise. It has induced millions of pious men and women to deny themselves luxuries and even necessities in order that they might contribute money toward paying the expenses of the attempt to save at least some of those enlightened from the fires of hell. If, therefore, that conviction is weakened or destroyed, what is to become of the American Board? To what motives shall it appeal for pecuniary support? Why should men assume to dabble with a task which God in his own time will perform with infinite wisdom? As Dr. Storrs says, why should a man go out as a missionary if he believes that the heathen, provided he does not go to them, will in the future have vast opportunities for repentance unto life, which may now be sacrificed by listening to him? Upon which our correspondent remarks: "As people become more intelligent they realize that God's mercy and goodness endure forever; that there is no reason to suppose they change at death; that while thousands at our doors in every city need Christianizing and lifting up, it is much more Christ-like to help them than support an army of invaders upon the religious tenets of those called 'heathen,' and whose future welfare is amply provided for."

### Rhode Island.

NEWPORT.—John C. Peckham writes: "I read with much satisfaction Mr. Kiddle's remarks in a recent number of THE BANNER, and they were so much in harmony with my own views I feel like standing up and shouting Amen. It cannot fail to be seen by every honest observer that what gives the Bible its value is the Spiritualism that is in it, and that its Spiritualism is identical with this of our own time. It is, in fact, a wonder that the two harmonize so perfectly, considering that we live in an age far in advance of the age of the Old Testament. Perhaps but two years ago, being one hundred years since persons were put to death for being witches. See in Allen Putnam's book how unfair their trial was. Mediums to-day stand just about as fair a chance for a trial. I am surprised that some of our leading Spiritualists see things in the light they do, and ask for a law specially applicable to mediums, as though deception practiced by a spirit-medium was a greater crime than deception practiced by any other person, and so much greater that no law exists to reach the case."

### New York.

TROY.—W. H. Vosburgh writes that in 1850, when the Fox Sisters visited Troy, the opposition and persecution were so great against them that at first they were denied quarters everywhere. Finally, says Mr. V., "through the influence of lawyer Hayner, who had held a private sitting with them, they secured a suite of rooms at the Troy House, and advertised two sittings a day. Mr. Hayner met them as entire strangers, and on his first visit he received a message from a son who had passed away many years previous. This appealed to his mind as so positively true and remarkable, that he wrote the matter up, and in a day or two following his article appeared in the *Morning Telegraph*. Scores of others also received kind greetings from their departed friends through the sisters. Mr. Hayner, though ostracized by his neighbors and friends, was a man of decision and firmness, and boldly defended the truth. He threw open his fine suite of parlors to the sisters, inviting in all that could be accommodated."

### Michigan.

GRAND RAPIDS.—F. D. Vale, Sec'y, writes: "The following resolutions were unanimously passed by our Society upon the retirement of Mr. Moulton from its Presidency. Pressure of law and patent business, and numerous calls in the lecture field, compelled him to resign."

Whereas, The resignation and retirement of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Hon. L. V. Moulton, from the office of President of the Religious Philosophical Society, presents a suitable opportunity for expressing our appreciation of his services to the Society, and for recording our regret at the loss of his services; and that the thanks of this Society are due to him for the able and impartial manner in which he has performed the duties of his office; and that he has sincerely regretted his retirement from the position which he has so long held. Resolved, That he carries with him, on leaving the position which he has filled so satisfactorily, the regard and good wishes of all. And that in all the ranks of workers in the interests of the Cause we espouse, none have been more zealous and faithful than he. Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the minutes of the Secretary and copies be transmitted to the spiritualistic journals for publication.

### THE OLD BAND.

It's mighty good to git back to the old town shore, Considerin' I've been away twenty year and more. Since I moved then to Kansas, of course I see change, A-comin' back, and notice things that's new to me and strange; Especially at evenin' when yer new band fellers meet, In fact uniforms and all, and play out on the street. What's come of old Bill Lindsey and the Sax-horn fellers—say?

I want to hear the old band play. What's come of Eastman and Nat Snow? And where's War Barnet at? And Kate and Woney Meek; Bill Hart; Sam Richa'son and that. Alr brother of Kern played the drum as twicet as big as Jim? And old Hil Kerns, the carpenter—say, what's become of him? I make no doubt yer new band now's a competent band, And plays their music more by note than what they play by hand, And stylsher and grander tunes; but somehow—any way,

I want to hear the old band play. Slich tunes as "John Brown's Body" and "Sweet Alice," don't you know; And "The Campels Is a-Comin'," and "John Anderson, My Jo." And a dozen others of 'em—"Number Nine" and "Number Eleven." Was favorites that fairly made a feller dream o' heaven. And when the boys 'ud sarranade, I've laid so still in bed, I've even heard the locus' blossoms droppin' on the shed. When Lily Dale or "Hazel Dell" had sobbed and died away.

I want to hear the old band play. The new band, maybe, beat it, but the old band's what I said—It allus 'peared to kind o' chord with somepin' in my head; And whilse I'm no muscicianer, when my blame eyes is lost Nigh drowned out, and mem'ry squares her jaws, and sort o' says She won't ner never will forgit, I want ter Jes' turn in And take and light right out o' here and git back west agin. And stay there, when I girt there, where I never haf to say

I want to hear the old band play.

—James Whitcomb Riley, in *The Century*.

The official returns from England and Wales prove that compulsory vaccination has not stamped out smallpox. The following are the figures: In the first fifteen years after compulsory vaccination there died of smallpox 64,700. The next fifteen years, ending in 1884, 60,437. In London alone the number of deaths from smallpox for ten years preceding 1880 was 7,150, and for ten years preceding 1880 the number was 15,681, more than doubled.

"My wife cured me of a very severe colic in five minutes with Johnson's Anodyne Liniment."



Pearls.

And quoted odes, and jewels five words long,  
That, on the stretched forefinger of all time,  
Sparkle forever!

Oh! empty world that round us lies,  
Dead shell of soul and thought forsaken,  
Brought to but eyes like Mercury's  
In thee what songs should waken.

—[Lowell.]

"He who laughs can commit no deadly sin," said  
the wise and sweet-hearted woman who was the  
mother of Goethe.

Spring, Spring, eloquent Spring,  
Thine is a voice all hearts must love.  
Plenty and joy are the tidings you bring,  
As an earnest below of the glory above.

—[Eliza Cook.]

Time is like a fashionable host, that slightly shakes  
his parting guest by the hand; and with his arms out-  
stretched, as he would fly, grasps in the corner. Wel-  
come ever smiles, and Farewell goes out sighing.—  
Shakespeare.

For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill  
And break the shore, and evermore  
Make and break, and work their will;  
Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll  
Round us, each with different powers,  
And other forms of life than ours,  
What know we greater than the soul?

—[Tennyson.]

Nothing really succeeds which is not based on rea-  
lity; sham, in a large sense, is never successful; in  
the life of the individual, as in the more compre-  
hensive life of the State, pretension is nothing and power  
is everything.—[Whipple.]

THE MISSION OF SORROW.

Do not cheat thy heart and tell her,  
"Grief will pass away,  
Hope for fairer times in future,  
And forget to day."  
Tell her, if you will, that sorrow  
Need not come in vain;  
Tell her that the lesson taught her  
Far outweighs the pain.  
Hither bid her go forth bravely,  
And the stranger greet;  
Not as foe, with spear and buckler,  
But as dear friends meet;  
Bid her with a strong calm hold her  
By her dusky wings—  
Listening for the murmured blessing  
Sorrow always brings.

—[Proctor.]

When we look down from a great height all uneven-  
nesses in the surface below seem to be lost, all appear  
smooth. The little boat rides in the still sea; there is  
no perceptible movement save that by which it ever  
draws near to the haven whither it is going, although  
to those within the boat it may be there is a continual  
rolling motion, as wave after wave is passed over.  
So will it doubtless be when from a far higher eleva-  
tion we look down on the troubled waves of life that  
we have passed through.

ON THE OCEAN WAVE,  
TO VERA CRUZ AND MEXICO.

BY HENRY LACROIX.

II.

THE SPIRITUAL CAUSE IN MEXICO.  
I first met, in Mexico City, the leading spirit of  
the cause—General Refugio Gonzalez, prop-  
rietor, founder and editor of the *Ilustracion Es-  
pirita*, monthly organ, which is ably con-  
ducted. The General is an old veteran, super-  
annuated, who saw hard days at the time of  
Santa Anna, and who, for over thirty years,  
has fought other battles, under the dear banner  
which we uphold. It is pleasing to meet  
such a man, "whole-souled," cheerful, and  
alert on every question which the spirits have  
been giving us to propound. Every adept looks  
up to him for advice and encouragement, and  
many sick ones have been benefited by his  
magnetic hands. He fills, in fact, the rôle  
that Judge Edmonds did in New York City.  
Every day, in his house, are to be met parties  
who come to borrow a book, or to be posted on  
this or that. As most Mexicans are more fa-  
miliar with French than English, the Spiritu-  
alists here are particularly acquainted with Kar-  
dec's works. They accept the doctrine of re-  
incarnation—as do all peoples of the Latin race  
who are gifted with much perceptiveness. That  
predominant faculty in them distin-  
guishes them from others, as individuals differ  
one from another, thereby fitting them as  
medium-pioneers for works on a large scale.  
Nature does not work blindly, as every one  
can perceive who reflects, and she organizes  
beforehand everything to suit a wise end.  
All's well that ends well? and where is that  
which does not end so? Or, as we might say  
with departed Dr. Child, of Boston: "What-  
ever is, is right!"

After interviewing General Gonzalez, I met  
another son of Mars, but who is in active ser-  
vice, Sostenes Rocha, General of Division, who  
radically fights many Mexican ills in his daily  
paper, *El Combate*, and besides upholds our  
Cause, without fear of any one or anything.  
His mediumship has led him onward, through  
many difficult paths, and, as a writer on mili-  
tary tactics, etc., he is widely known.

A few days after my arrival at Mexico I put  
in several leading papers an advertisement,  
calling all those who felt an interest in our  
doctrines to come and see me at Hotel Humboldt.  
Many ladies and gentlemen called, and  
in a good number of cases I was enabled to  
give tests that pleased and benefited much the  
receivers, besides posting every one on the ad-  
vancing state of the Cause in the United States,  
and the triumphs which the practical phenom-  
ena have achieved in every quarter of the  
world. Individually and by groups inquirers  
came to me, and in some instances queer inci-  
dents happened to give zest to the meetings.  
In one case, three or four gentlemen came  
together, and instantly I was impelled to  
point out one of them as a very fit subject to  
become a good physical medium! They all en-  
lightened on that particular point or subject.  
That was enough, they said, to establish my  
genuine mediumship of clairvoyance, etc.

As I had been instructed—from on high—to  
go to Mexico to stimulate our fraternity there  
and organize circles, by finding out mediums  
for that end, I therefore went to work in that  
direction. I found circles, here and there, ex-  
isting rather than thriving—some with a little  
activity at irregular times, others only in a  
latent state. At Mrs. Laureana Wright-Klein-  
hans's house (of American origin), where I was  
warmly welcomed, I organized a physical (dark)  
circle, with the embryo-medium spoken of be-  
fore, so as to develop him and others beside.  
Mrs. Kleinhans's daughter is a medium, and  
she herself is an active and able contributor  
to several city papers and reviews, principally  
on spiritualistic subjects. At the very first  
circle held in this hospitable house, we had  
several manifestations of a pleasing and en-

couraging order—notwithstanding that one of  
the members, I felt, was an obstacle in the  
way. At the second séance I was made to see  
(before we sat), beside the party in question,  
a spirit-priest, who was a relative of his, and  
inclined to do all in his own and borrowed  
power to stop the manifestations. The said  
gentleman recognized the said spirit as his  
uncle! Well, the upshot of this was that this  
séance failed completely, which led me to re-  
quest the first to abstain in future from com-  
ing to the circle, to lose his time and interfere  
with the welfare of others. Immediately after  
that I saw beside another man a spirit cost-  
umed as a bishop, who told me that he did not  
wish to put the light under the bushel, as the  
other priest!—far from it, and then he went  
on to say several things concerning his me-  
dium, quite satisfactory to the latter, adding  
besides that a century ago he had been bishop  
in Mexico City and was known under the  
name of Ignatius, and that by looking into the  
city records the fact could be ascertained.

Among the many visitors who called on me  
was a Mexican named San Lazare, who is  
zealously engaged in pushing spiritual things  
ahead. He owns a good-sized hall which he  
gives free for circles, and which he directs, be-  
sides, almost every night. An entranced me-  
dium (female) is often used by unfortunate  
spirits to tell their tales of misery and ask for  
enlightenment, sympathy and—prayers! a sort  
of worded sympathy, which suits those on the  
other side who are not advanced in knowledge  
or still grope in the maze of theologic thrall-  
dom. Besides, it is a habit with the Mexican  
Spiritualists, as with many others throughout  
the world—who have been trained by divines!—  
to attach much importance to verbal, rhythmic  
like prayers. Here, in this large circle,  
mainly composed of Indian men and women, I  
found conditions far ahead of those to be met  
elsewhere. I saw the controlling spirit of this  
group, who spoke to me and led me to get be-  
hind the scene, or understand the situation.  
This spirit, venerated by all Mexicans as the  
Liberator of their country, was named Miguel  
Idalgo y Gallaga. He was a priest, who  
fought clerical and other malign influences  
that wished to keep the country down in  
slavery, which mighty endeavors on his part  
led him to the death of a martyr. He was  
shot! (MIL.) When I went to that circle I  
knew nothing of this spirit being the control-  
ling influence, but after seeing him I pointed  
out his picture hung up in the hall as the  
identical one. This impressed the audience  
most favorably.

Among the numerous persons assembled here  
to hear me, I easily saw those who had medi-  
umistic powers and set them apart, telling  
them the phases they were adapted for, and  
how to proceed to develop their gifts. My  
lively attention was afterward fixed on a big  
portly Indian, to whom I noticed were attached  
three spirits—two males—one on each side of  
him, and the third—a female—at his rear,  
which gave me to understand that this party  
would make a powerful materializing medium.  
I was delighted with the positive vision, which  
could lead to such good results if conditions  
were attended to! I had found a pearl!  
A valuable one, I knew, and forthwith I revealed  
its excellency to all. These people were de-  
lighted to learn that they could get material-  
ization at last, and they willingly consented to  
the conditions which I proposed or laid down  
to attain the end. They were prepared to sit  
regularly for a whole year, if necessary, to de-  
velop that medium. My instructions, illus-  
trated with many facts in my experience, were  
eagerly listened to, and I saw well that I was  
not sowing on barren ground. I noticed par-  
ticularly, a most favorable condition indeed,  
that the Mexican Indians when divested of the  
mortal coil were no more influenced by clerical  
control and positively ignored it.

As a proof that I had seen well, at the very  
first sitting of this newly organized material-  
izing circle in perfect darkness profuse phos-  
phoric lights were seen at the foot of the cur-  
tain of the improvised cabinet.  
This circle will no doubt be a successful one,  
as the members are bent on persevering. I  
taught them to sing at séances or have instru-  
mental music, which was not practiced before.  
I found a Mexican spirit-photographer at  
Mexico named Carrera, who obtains very fair  
pictures. I instructed him to work without the  
camera, sitters and light—only the holder.  
The result was the same. It is to be hoped  
that this medium will continue to proceed in  
that way, as it is a much more satisfactory way  
for investigators. Let others also profit by  
that lesson, which I published many years ago  
in THE BANNER.

Mrs. Wright-Kleinhaus has promised to trans-  
late and publish my late French work, "My  
Experiences with Spirits," into Spanish, which  
will serve to distribute more knowledge, of a  
practical kind, in Mexico, concerning the con-  
stitution or status of the spirit-world, of its in-  
habitants and of our intercourse with them.  
Another, a zealous adept, Dr. Gomez, with  
whom I have spent many pleasant hours, will  
translate a former small work of mine of  
seventy pages, (French) on "Man and His  
Fall," which was dictated to me by spirit-  
voices, and include it with the other work. It  
is a fundamental treatise, metaphysical-like in  
condensation, but very comprehensive, and  
which I consider my best work.

New Publications.

THIS WITH BOTTOMS AND THIS WITHOUT.  
Their Relative Advantage. Being a Hambling  
Letter from a Cooper's Apprentice to a Swe-  
denborgian Clergyman. 12mo, cloth, pp. 345.  
One of the objects of this book is said by the author  
to be to give illustrations of a system whereby the ex-  
pressions of Christian dogmas may be looked at from  
a standpoint which is, as it were, within them, and  
in that way seem to be in conformity with what is held  
to be scientific fact. The main effort is to defend  
Swedenborg's writings from the charge of being  
visionary and idealistic, this "Cooper's Apprentice"  
claiming that even among the disciples of Sweden-  
borg "the most puerile and ridiculous conceptions of  
his fundamental doctrines prevail."

"BLACK BEAUTY" is the name of a book of 260  
pages that is being read and widely circulated by the  
friends of animals, who are enthusiastic in its praise.  
It is written by an Englishwoman, Anna Sewall, as  
the autobiography of a horse, in which he tells of  
kind masters and cruel ones, of happiness and misery,  
and makes remarks that evince reasoning powers of  
a high order. Ninety thousand copies have been  
sold in England, and the prospect is that at least  
treble that number will be called for in this country,  
the American Humane Society, of which Geo. T. An-  
gell is the efficient President, having printed the first  
edition of twenty thousand, which is sold at the mar-  
velously low price of twelve cents a copy, eight cents  
additional when sent by mail. A wealthy lady of  
this city (Mrs. Wm. Appleton) recently donated one  
copy each to sixteen hundred Boston drivers, an ex-  
ample that the wealthy in other cities would do well  
to follow. Address Geo. T. Angell, 10 Milk street,  
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A correspondent of *The Better Way*, writing  
from Atlanta, Ga., says that a party of seven  
recently met at a private house in that city for  
the purpose of witnessing demonstrations of  
spirit presence and power. After describing  
several phenomena, the writer, Mrs. Maud  
Jones, says:

"Mrs. Judge Ivy, the materializing medium, being  
present, soon passed under control, when a number of  
beautiful illuminated forms materialized, and walked  
around the room, shook hands with most of the circle  
present, and dematerialized in plain sight of all.  
There was no cabinet used; none being in the room,  
and the room at the time became so luminous that all  
present could be seen. A large, powerful control be-  
longing to the gentleman in whose home the séance  
was held, manifested his presence, but gave no name,  
and a lovely spirit, called 'Silver Star,' belonging to  
his wife's band, came in raiment white and luminous,  
placed her hand upon her medium's hand, and dis-  
appeared."

HARD ON THE DOCTORS.—There are two sto-  
ries that are told at the Savage Club: Doctor  
is sent for to attend sick woman; on his arrival  
finds woman dead. "Why was I not sum-  
moned sooner?" doctor asks, angrily. "We did  
think of it," explains the bereaved husband,  
"but we concluded that it would be cheaper to  
let 'er die a natural death."  
On another occasion doctor arrives too late.  
Husband explains: "You see, doctor," says  
husband, "when she complained of feeling bad,  
I gave her the pill you prescribed for me a year  
ago, but which I did not take. It's awful, I  
know, but just think what would 'ave happened  
if I'd 'ave taken it!"—London Letter.

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Coburn, of our State, speakers, have signified their inten-  
tion to be with us.

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wonderful test medium, J. Frank Baxter, of Chelsea, Mass.,  
to be with us Saturday afternoon and Sunday. This is to be  
the first appearance of our State, and a portrait of Mr.  
Baxter's first appearance at one of our Vermont Con-  
ventions, so let us question him that we in this little State are  
alive on the vital questions of the future of the human race,  
large that we shall be crowded out of Liberty Hall and be  
obliged to meet in the grove Saturday afternoon and Sun-  
day.

We also expect the materializing mediums William Eddy  
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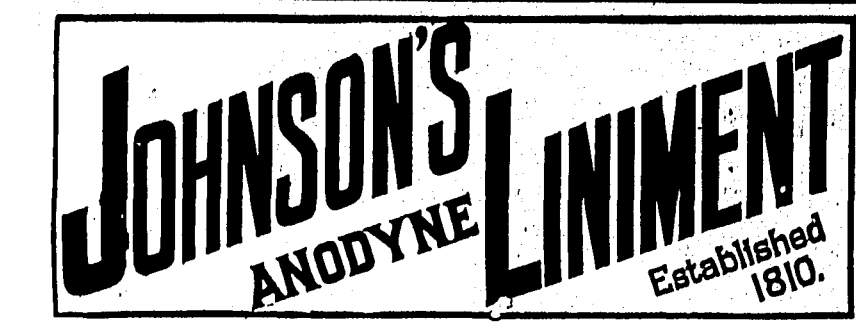
Passed to Spirit-Life,  
From Fayette, Ia., May 6th, Hiram Marvin, aged 83 years.  
Mrs. Marvin was convinced of the fact of spirit return  
eleven years ago by attending circles at the residence of the  
writer—afterward spending much time and means in the in-  
vestigation of the Spiritual Philosophy in all its different  
phases. He passed over with a full knowledge of a life be-  
yond.

He leaves a widow and son to mourn his loss on the mortal  
plane. His wife, Mrs. Mary E. Hutton, of Chittenden, Vt.,  
his fellow-men, and a highly respected citizen in the com-  
munity in which he lived.  
JOHN HUTTONSON.

From East St. Louis, Ill., Wednesday, May 7th, Mrs. Chris-  
tian Gomez, wife of B. D. Gomez, Esq., aged 78 years.  
This lady was one of the pioneer Spiritualists of this sec-  
tion, and her home was ever a refuge for the spiritual work-  
ers. Services were held at the house by Mrs. A. D. Webster, aged 87  
years and 6 months.

She was the daughter of Mrs. Dr. C. S. Scott, of Chicago,  
and was one of our best mediums.  
Mrs. J. O.

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**American Hall**, 724 Washington street.—Echo Spiritualists' Meetings **Sundays** at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M.; also **Thursdays** at 3 P. M. Dr. W. H. Cobb, Conductor.

**Twilight Hall**, 750 Washington street.—**Sundays**, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Eben Cobb, Conductor.

**Engle Hall**, 610 Washington street.—**Sundays** at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. also **Wednesdays** at 3 P. M. W. Matthews, Conductor.

**First Spiritual Ladies' Aid Society**, 1031 Washington street.—Business meetings **Fridays**, 4 P. M.; **Supper** 8 P. M.; **Public meeting** 7 P. M.; **Test Circle** and **Spiritualist's** after 10 P. M. Mrs. A. B. Briggs, President; Mrs. F. B. Woodbury, Secretary; 23 Bromley Park, Boston Highlands.

**Old Fellows Building**, Tremont street, Room 2.—The Social Union, formerly the Boston Spiritualist Society, the discussion of Psychic Phenomena **Fridays** evenings. L. L. Whitlock, Chairman.

**Cambridgeport**.—Meetings are held every **Sunday** evening at Old Fellows Hall, 58 Main street, by the Cambridge Spiritualist Society. H. D. Simons, Secretary.

**Berkley Hall Spiritual Meetings**.—Last Sunday Mrs. Lillie spoke to large audiences. Col. Wm. D. Crockett presided. Mr. Lillie sang and played. Mrs. Lillie opened with an invocation. A poem was suggested from a bouquet of lilies, presented to her and she was about to speak the poem was line and well received. In a consideration of "Spiritualism and Life," her guides traced all forms of spirit from the crude conditions in a manner depending upon surroundings, illustrating the subject in an interesting and instructive way. They spoke of the conditions of the spirit-world as being similar to those of earth-life, composed of all forms of life and identity, individuals differing in growth and development. The following question was propounded: "Will the time arrive when forms will materialize in the light, and not as now in darkened rooms and cabinets?" Her guides declared that the time had already arrived for such a manifestation. The phenomenon existed in biblical days, or else the history of those days is untrue. She cited the migration of Moses and Elias as recorded in the New Testament, and claimed if such phenomena occurred in past ages they could likewise occur in this age.

While such manifestations occur it will be admitted that simulations of them also occur. No punishment can be too severe for those who deceive. Masters of such vast import to mortals. Each individual should judge for himself as to what is true and what false—support the one and discontinue the other. And do what he can to banish the other. In reply to the question, "What becomes of animal life when it passes from this sphere?" it was said: "The life still exists the same as does the spirit of man after the change called death: it is in a different essence, or quality of life, but exists just as the spirit of man."

The following question was propounded and answered, as appended: "Was W. E. Reid convicted for his methods connected with Spiritualism, or was Spiritualism on trial in his case?" If the latter, what constituted right has the trial been fair? In answer, whether Spiritualism is true or false? If the former, what need is there for new enactments to punish so-called fraud?"

The speaker said that in one sense Spiritualism was not on trial in Mr. Reid's case, because, in her sense it was, as that case was closely associated with the subject. Her guides considered the expressions of the Judge that are now going the rounds of the press—in reply to a request that Mr. Reid's mediumship should be tested before the public—were prejudicial to the part of that Judge, and that in the opinion of the court there were no genuine spirit manifestations extant, giving the impression that Spiritualism itself was on trial, instead of Mr. Reid.

Mr. Reid had had a fair trial, and it is proven that he had infringed upon the laws of the country, that was one thing; but if the case was decided solely in consequence of the prejudice of the Judge, with no proof against Mr. Reid, except that he claimed to produce spirit manifestations, that was another thing. She said that she was not prejudiced against Mr. Reid, and that she was not prejudiced against Spiritualism, and that she was not prejudiced against the public to understand that Spiritualism in all its manifestations was fraud, and Mr. Reid was only guilty of practicing mediumship.

The services closed with a poem.

**Evening**.—After the usual preliminary exercises questions were raised by the audience, and in reply to one concerning clairvoyance it was said to be an inheritance; natural in its operation, with no fixed rule governing its exercise in all who possess it.

Another question concerned Mrs. Lillie's mediumship. What sense is there in asking the General Court for a law (which has been said) that will compel all persons who prescribe herb tea to give their pedigree from birth, and have it hung up in the house, under a penalty of one thousand dollars for not doing this?"

In response the speaker referred to the gifts exhibited by and through the instrumentality of Jesus, which were in his time much condemned by a class corresponding to the "regular" mediums of the present. It was not obliged to give a certificate—while exercising his power of healing—concerning his pedigree; his gifts, and the cures wrought through them, were considered an all sufficient certificate. So in like manner in our day, mediums are not obliged to give a certificate to be regarded as the true basis of the worth of a practitioner. Diplomas and certificates without cures were of no advantage to the community. Those on the contrary—who made cures by their inherent and personal gifts, and who were not obliged to give a pedigree from birth, and have it hung up in the house, under a penalty of one thousand dollars for not doing this?"

She closed with an earnest appeal for the preservation of individual freedom of action and belief, whether in the medical or the religious departments of life.

At the close of the service it was stated that next Sunday being the last of the season, Mrs. Lillie's guides would speak in the morning upon "The Present and Future of Modern Spiritualism." In certificate upon "The Different Phases and Manifestations of Spiritualism and their Uses."

Large, intelligent and very attentive audiences were present morning and evening, and it is anticipated that the largest of the season will be held on the next Sunday. Among those present in the morning was Mrs. Byrnes, who was on her way to lecture in Salem.

**First Spiritual Temple**, corner Essex and Newbury streets.—Last Sunday afternoon a large and apparently deeply interested audience listened to Mrs. H. A. Lillie, who, entranced, spoke upon "Some conditions of Spirits in certain of the 'Spiritual Life' and also upon various subjects and questions, which, to the number of nine, had been laid upon the desk, these replies being interwoven into the body of the discourse.

She said, in substance, that "the states of the ex-communicated are infinitely varied, owing to the numberless degrees of development which human beings have attained on this and other planets. Spiritual power makes conditions in spirit-life, and this power is generated by the apprehension of right, and the externalization of the apprehension."

In other words, whatever is done from motives which man has learned to call himself—which means that he does not gratify self at the expense of others—creates, curries, and controls the consequences of light and beauty which construct places, so to speak, of rest and tranquility; whereas motives which are sinister, treacherous, murderous, grasping, vile, downward, correspondingly liberate from the region of rest, and there is a sense of bondage, similar to that experienced by the bodily man whose freedom is restrained by chains and walls.

"The Catholic purgatory" is not a theological dream, but a spiritual fact, as the darkness of 'hades' and the 'light' of 'heaven'; but these are states of growth, not literal places of confinement. Groups of restless and perturbed spiritual beings through the world's haunts of vice and crime, while angelic messengers wait outside the material church to catch the first cry of the spirit unfettered with its folly, and to reveal to it means of escape from its situation.

Oh! the vast fields of labor presented everywhere to the eye of the spirit, as it wanders over the scenes of interior life, and beholds the beings dwelling there, and how infinitely tender becomes the emotion of the beholder, as he realizes what is involved in spiritual progress! Nowhere a halt in the eternal march of cause and effect, as condensation of the material plane over the scene of being elicits the weary pilgrim in the way of life. Independence, dependence, interdependence are present evermore, and nowhere can we cast off the responsibility of acquiring knowledge and unfolding conditions.

If these views are not acceptable to-day, lay them aside till another time, remembering that change is the law, and always there is the possibility of an extension of spiritual vision.

You ask how, and I answer, in myriads of ways; primarily by revealing the conditions of beings in the spiritual realm, and thus changing—as it already has done—the whole outlook and expression of what is known as the religious, the scientific, the political, the commercial, the entirely new scheme for the government of conduct, and the development of the individual, and so ultimately to mold the social forms into untried and manifestations, which shall measurably, but not eternally, benefit and beneficent conditions which exist in

the interior realm. You are making ready, and these truths are coming as fast as you are able to hear them.

Next Sunday afternoon a portion of the discourse will be devoted to the subject of "Marriage." Questions will be answered, as usual. School for children at 11 A. M.

"Temple Industrial Union" and "Psychic Research Society" meet on alternate Tuesday evenings at 7:30. Social Wednesday evening at 7:30. Friday afternoon lecture to women, followed by psychometry.

At the First Spiritual Temple, last Wednesday evening, May 14th, Mrs. Augusta Cooper Bristol, of Chelsea, N. H., gave an entertaining and instructive and eloquent lecture upon "The Social Work of M. (Godin, of France)." She dwelt upon the life of his boyhood, the dream of his youth and the work of his manhood, showing how he wrought out his scheme of an industrial republic, the first "Temple of Life and Labor," which the voice had told him he would found. No mere synopsis can convey the beautiful truths which Mrs. Bristol so earnestly expressed on this occasion.

**American Hall**, 724 Washington street.—The Echo Spiritualists' morning services last Sunday consisted of a forebode address upon "Flowers by the Wayside," by the control of Dr. Hale. Interesting remarks were made by Dr. P. C. Drisko, the service closing with a test séance by Dr. Hale, many tests being given.

**Afternoon**.—Invocation by the Chairman; remarks by Mrs. Dr. C. B. Leavelle, Henry H. Warner, Mrs. A. Wilkins and Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock; tests and communications through the organisms of Dr. Dr. Hall, Mrs. Wilkins, Mrs. Chandler Bailey, Mr. McKenzie and Mrs. Whitlock.

**Evening**.—Dr. Hale discoursed upon "The Trinity" in a forcible manner. Mrs. J. E. Wilson followed with tests. Dr. Hale closed the exercises with a test séance, remarkable in detail, giving names, locations, etc. Excellent music interspersed the services of the day.

Last Thursday, at 3 P. M., a very interesting meeting was enjoyed. Mrs. Dr. Nellie F. Thomas-Burke, of Plymouth, Mass., Dr. F. Brown, Miss Nettie M. Holt, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, Dr. Thomas and Mrs. A. Wilkins made remarks, and the service was given.

Usual services next Thursday at 3, also next Sunday, the closing day of the season: at 10:30, usual services; at 2:30, Mediums' Memorial Service; all mediums who have aspired upon our platform the past season are especially requested to present by this service. If possible, at 7:30 a Memorial Concert by the Children's Lyceum, under the direction of Mrs. Margie Folsom Butler, including recitations, solos and duets and the Lyceum Quartette, interspersed with remarks by various workers. All are invited.

N. B.—The services of the Echo Spiritualists' Society will be resumed Sunday, Oct. 5th, 1890, in this place. M. M. Holt, Sec'y.

**Engle Hall**, 610 Washington street.—The Sunday morning services were held as a memorial to our late brother Putnam Pease, who was for many years employed as janitor, and passed away suddenly May 5th, 1890, at the age of 72 years, formerly ground Mr. Matthews, followed by singing by Miss Folsom, and an invocation by David Brown, who also made appropriate remarks, closing with a poem entitled, "Rest Thou in Peace." Addresses were made by Mrs. M. W. Leslie, Mrs. H. H. Warner, and Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock made remarks, during which she said she clairvoyantly beheld the spirit of the deceased, accompanied by other spirits. Mrs. Case then gave a song, finely rendered. Brief addresses were then made by Prof. Hudson, Mr. Riddell, Mr. Blackden, Mr. Whitlock, Mr. Matthews, Mrs. Chapman and Dr. Eames, closing with a song by Miss Folsom.

**Afternoon**.—Singing by Miss Folsom; remarks and tests by Mr. McKenzie; duet by Mrs. Wentworth and Mr. Wiggin; Mrs. P. L. King, under her control, introduced a song, "Justice," remarks and tests by Mr. Touthamer, Miss Jennie Rhodes, Mr. H. H. Warner, and the Chairman, Mr. Matthews.

**Evening**.—Music by Miss Folsom. Addresses by Mr. Blackden and Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock followed by psychometric tests by Mrs. Wentworth and Mrs. Wiggin; Mrs. P. L. King, under her control, introduced a song, "Justice," remarks and tests by Mr. Touthamer, Miss Jennie Rhodes, Mr. H. H. Warner, and the Chairman, Mr. Matthews.

**Wednesday afternoon**, May 14th.—Remarks and tests by Mrs. Brown, Fuller, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Chandler Bailey, and others.

Meetings are held in this hall every Wednesday at 3 o'clock; Sunday at 10:30, 2:30 and 7:30. F. W. Matthews, Conductor.

**First Spiritual Ladies' Aid Society** Parlor, 1031 Washington street.—Regular business meeting Friday, May 10th, was called to order at the usual hour by the President, Mrs. Barnes. A communication was read from Miss Jennie Leys by Mrs. B. B. Barnes, S. D. Francis, formerly ground, recently connected with Boston Lyceum, elected to membership, she being proposed by another earnest laborer in the spiritual vineyard, Mrs. Danforth.

At the evening meeting was contributed by Miss Bailey and Miss Wakefield; address, Dr. A. H. Richardson; psychometric readings and recognized tests by Mrs. Conant, Mrs. Shackley and Mrs. Kate R. Stiles. Mrs. A. L. Woodbury, Sec'y.

23 Bromley Park, Boston Highlands.

[Read announcement of the Memorial Services to be held by this Society, page five.—Ed.]

**Twilight Hall**, 750 Washington street.—The services on Sunday last were of a very interesting character, many speakers and mediums taking part, doing good work for the advancement of our glorious Cause: Mr. Eben Cobb, Mr. Frank T. Ripley, Mr. H. H. Warner, Miss Peabody, Mrs. F. W. Odiorne, Mrs. M. A. Chandler, Mrs. Hattie C. Mason, Mrs. A. Forrester, Mrs. J. E. King, by Nichols, Mrs. M. Perkins, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Dr. Woodman, Mrs. M. A. Brown, Mrs. H. Young, Mrs. Kelley, Mr. Page and Father Locke. Would time and space permit I would like to give in detail the many grand and inspiring and convincing proofs that angels were hovering near to greet their friends, and lift the heavy burdens by cheering words, and give absolute knowledge that there is no death.

Next Sunday evening, Eben Cobb will reply to the article in the *Boston Herald*, of late date, "Mediumistic Sample Rooms."

**Mrs. Jennie W. Holmes**.

The well-known physical medium, in its destitute and needy circumstances. All sums sent to our care will be duly acknowledged in these columns and forwarded at once to Mrs. Holmes. Received and forwarded to date the following sums:

Previously acknowledged \$27.00  
Previously acknowledged \$27.00  
Mrs. Moses Lincoln 1.00  
\$28.00

**Special Notice.**

The First Spiritual Ladies' Aid Society of Boston will hold its annual Memorial Services at its Parlor, 1031 Washington street, Sunday, May 25th, at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M.

At the afternoon service Mr. and Mrs. Lillie, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, Mrs. Alice Waterhouse, Mrs. J. K. D. Conant and others will participate.

**Evening**.—Rev. E. B. Fairchild, Dr. H. B. Storer, Mrs. Loring, Mrs. Shackley, Mrs. Odiorne, Dr. Richardson, Mrs. Kate R. Stiles, Mrs. M. J. Willis.

Miss Lucette Webster and Miss May Burgess, clairvoyants, will contribute selections to both services. Music will be under the direction of Miss Amanda Bailey, Miss Wakefield and Mr. J. T. Lillie.

All are invited to attend these services.

Supper will be served in Lyceum Hall after afternoon service.

Mrs. A. E. BLINN, Pres.

Mrs. A. L. WOODBURY, Sec'y.

**Cassadaga Lake Free Association.**

The Annual Picnic and Sunday Assembly of this Society will take place at Lily Dale, Chautauque Co., N. Y., June 6th, 7th and 8th, 1890. Speakers: Willard J. Hall, of Buffalo, N. Y.; Jennie B. Hagan, of South Framingham, Mass. The Northwestern Orchestra, of Meadville, Pa., will furnish music Saturday and Sunday, and for the dancing on Saturday evening.

Send name on a postal for August Camp Circulars.

A. GASTON, President, Meadville, Pa.  
A. E. GASTON, Secretary, Meadville, Pa.

**Onset Bay Grove Association.**

The usual "opening day" at this popular seaside resort will take place June 14th. Tickets from Boston \$1.75; good to Onset only on Saturday, the 14th, and can be used to return on the 15th, 16th and 17th.

Be sure to call for excursion tickets to Onset, and do not leave for the car at any other station. Good speaking on Sunday, the 16th.

PER ORDER MANAGEMENT.

**Boston Spiritual Temple Society.**

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Boston Spiritual Temple Society will be held in the Old Fellows Building, on Wednesday, June 4th, at 8 o'clock P. M., for the election of officers and such other business as may legally come before it. O. L. ROCKWOOD, Sec'y.

## Clerical and Journalistic Bigotry.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

A certain Rev. Sprecher, having the title of D. D., who holds up the banner of religious fossilism and sectarian bigotry in Cleveland, O., has recently been trying to get a little cheap notoriety by delivering lectures against Spiritualism, albeit what little smattering he has acquired of the real facts of the subject is smothered by his intense prejudice against it. Hence he is no more fit to lecture on the subject than his worthy compeer, the Rev. Jasper (colored), is competent to discourse on the truths of astronomy.

But the intensity of this religious teacher's animosity to any spiritual truth which he did not imbibe with his mother's milk, seems to be totally eclipsed by that of the Cleveland Journalist who controls the columns of the *News and Herald*, of that city, this having been the chosen channel for the aforesaid clergyman's lucubrations. Let the following statement of facts bear witness:

Copies of the *News and Herald*, containing these untruthful representations of Spiritualism, having been forwarded to me as President of the American Spiritualist Alliance and Chairman of the Secular Press Bureau, in order that a suitable reply might be made, to correct as far as possible the audacious and almost unparalleled misstatements contained in these pulpit utterances, the undersigned prepared a brief, courteous, and temperate reply to the same, which I forwarded to the aforesaid editor more than a month ago, sending with it the necessary postage stamps for the return of my MS. should it be rejected; but, though I have written two letters to this very courteous editorial gentleman, requesting either a copy of the published article or a return of my MS., no response has been vouchsafed to me, it being the apparent policy of this exponent of one-sided journalism that a Spiritualist has no rights which he feels bound to respect. A newspaper conducted on the principle that only one side of important questions is to be presented—and that the side which passes uncensored through the ponderous intellectual enginery of this editorial mind—must be exceedingly valuable. It is to be hoped that its subscribers fully appreciate its usefulness and reliability, and also the propriety of applying to such a sheet the name *News and Herald*. Spiritualism embodies truths of which the world is now especially in need, despite the fact that its fair fame has been blackened by many deceivers and pretenders. These, however, are no better exponents of what genuine Spiritualism is than the Rev. Sprecher is of true Christianity, or the aforesaid editor is of American Journalism, characterized as it usually has been by fairness, liberality and courtesy.

Why is it, Mr. Editor, that such pe-ple, so sure of their own systems of truth as they pretend to be, are so strenuous in permitting only their own statements to be heard or read? Is it not obvious that they are not so certain that what they urge is, after all, the unanswerable truth; and that they feel that should their hearers or readers have the opportunity of knowing what can be said *pro contra* they would discover the fallacy, weakness, or dishonesty of their one-sided presentations? At any rate, does not their conduct often fully justify this inference? HENRY KIDOLE.

New York, May 13th, 1890.

On our eighth page, under the title of "AN OPEN LETTER," will be found Prof. Kidole's reply to the Rev. Dr. Sprecher to which reference is made above.—Ed.]

**Cleveland, O.**—Mr. J. Frank Baxter still continues his work for Spiritualism in Cleveland, greeted by good audiences, and well and favorably reported by the daily press of the city. The *Plain Dealer* and the *News and Herald* on Monday morning, 12th inst., devoted each one and one-quarter columns to his lecture and exercises of the Sunday evening previous. The *Cleveland Leader*, in opening the way to Mr. Baxter's service, said:

"Memorial Hall was filled last evening by an audience which assembled to hear the eloquent J. Frank Baxter, of Boston, Mass., who lectured under the auspices of 'The Society for the Advancement of Scientific Spiritualism.' Mr. R. C. Cleaton, the Vice-President, called the meeting to order and announced that the Society at its annual meeting the week before had elected the following trustees for the ensuing year: 1. W. Pope, 2. A. Black, 3. A. Jewett, 4. S. Powell and 5. Richard L. Odiorne, of whom Mr. Pope, who is also the efficient Conductor of the Cleveland Children's Progressive Lyceum, had been selected President. In a few appropriate words he introduced Mr. Pope, who, after a brief address in turn as President, introduced Mr. Baxter, who will red his subject to be 'Spiritualism as a Destroyer and a Builder.'"

Following this was a long and correct synoptical report of the lecture, as well as a general account of the service of Mr. Baxter's which succeeded, especially praising the spirits who were described and who communicated.

Mr. Baxter has been many times to Cleveland, and is well known, and because of the free and full reporting of the press, favorably known to the general public. Of late, through an attack upon him by the Rev. Dr. Sprecher of that city, and its defense through the open replies of Mr. Thomas Lee, together with press articles, and the challenge to the Rev. Dr. Irwin Russell, of Berlin, to debate the question, the interest in the subject is revived, particularly in the phenomena.

The return of Dr. Slade and the Bangs Sisters is anxiously anticipated, even by some of the Rev. Dr. Sprecher's own adherents.

At Memorial Hall many members of various denominations felt their way, and since Mr. Baxter's first evening several have sought interviews with him. Mr. Baxter will continue in Cleveland during the week ending May 25th, and will red his subject to be 'Spiritualism as a Destroyer and a Builder.'"

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## Lyceum Appeal.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, believing our duty to the rising generation demands that we should put forth active and earnest endeavors to instruct the children in matters pertaining to reform and progress, and realizing the importance of implanting and cultivating in their nature the principles of charity, justice and humanity, hereby agree to pay, as an annual subscription, the sums set against our respective names, for the purpose of organizing and sustaining a Children's Lyceum, to be called **The Boston Spiritual Lyceum**, connected with and conducted under the auspices of The Boston Spiritual Temple Society, that meets in Berkeley Hall. We earnestly appeal to all who feel interested in the movement to join with us, and render substantial aid in prosecuting the work to a successful issue. Persons feeling thus disposed will please furnish their names and address, together with the amount of the amount that their liberality prompts them to pledge as their annual subscription, to

Mrs. Wm. S. BUTLER, 38 Tremont street, Boston, March 31st, 1890.

The names of the donors and the amounts received will be published in the BANNER OF LIGHT as follows:

Mr. Wm. S. Butler	\$25.00	Mrs. Wm. S. Butler	\$25.00
J. M. Odiorne	20.00	M. H. Johnson	2.00
S. H. Davis	5.00	Chilman	1.50
R. Holmes	5.00	Mrs. Jordan	1.00
Mrs. R. F. Kemp	5.00	J. B. Neveance	2.00
M. A. Davis	2.00	J. A. Gaudin	1.00
L. F. Barrows	1.00	E. C. Kelley	1.00
H. Tower	5.00	Dr. Moulton	2.00
M. A. Davis	2.00	H. P. Penny	2.00
R. Holmes	2.00	H. P. Penny	2.00
Mr. O. E. Packard	5.00	W. P. Davis	1.00
E. B. Edwars	5.00	A. Blumond	1.00
Mrs. C. L. Hall	5.00	E. L. Starbird	1.00
W. S. Butler	5.00	E. H. Wenger	1.00
Luther C. Francis	5.00	Miss Jessie Judkins	1.00
John B. Rich	5.00	Mrs. M. M. Butler	5.00
John W. W. De	1.00	Mrs. M. M. Butler	











