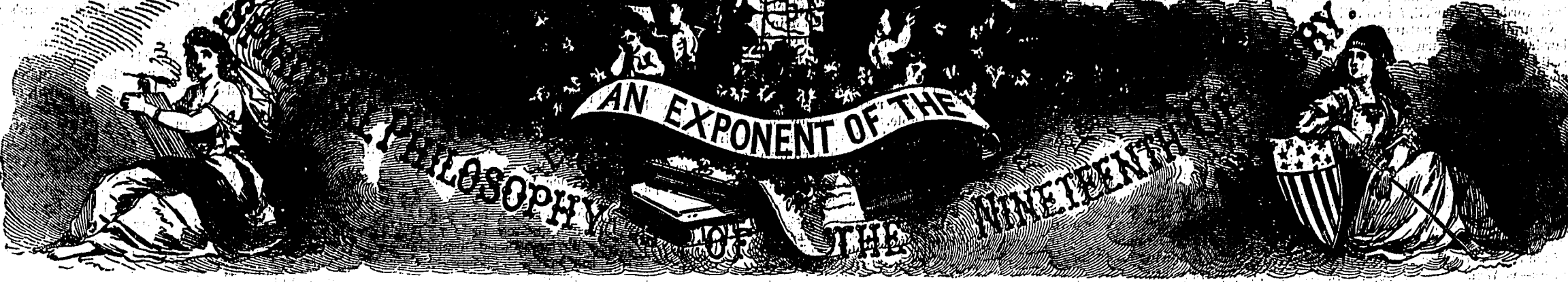


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The Spiritual Rostrum.

Relation of Spiritualism to Christianity.

Anniversary Address at Sturgis, Mich., June 20th, 1890, by
J. M. PEEBLES, M. D.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

Thirty-two years ago this sunny month of June I delivered, by invitation, a dedicatory address at the opening of this house of worship, erected and furnished by Spiritualists of Sturgis. The day was fair, the fields were green, the atmosphere was heavy with the odors of flowers, the desk (neatly trimmed) was fragrant with roses, and the auditorium was literally crowded with sincere and earnest worshippers. The very air on that memorable occasion seemed alive with enthusiasm, and the heartfelt amen rung out audibly and often from the glad worshippers in attendance. It was an hour of triumph and inspiration—a day of baptisms and angel benedictions.

There were present Judge Coffinbury, Joel Tiffany, Selden J. Finney and other distinguished exponents of the Spiritual Philosophy, the majority of whom, now clothed upon with immortality, have gone to increase that ever-attending cloud of witnesses mentioned by an ancient apostle. Some remain. Before me are the Hon. J. G. Wait, the venerable Harrison Kelly and a few others. These were men of faith, men who never shirked responsibility nor faltered in the defense of their convictions. Their presence to-day is an inspiration for the good and the true. And, bending as they now are under the weight of years, they look westward toward life's golden sunset in peace and joy. They know that death is but the masked angel of life; they know that the morning gates of immortality stand for them ajar, and that the white hands of their loved ones are kindly beckoning them over the river to the land of the fadeless forever.

This house was dedicated not to occultism, athelism or any form of agnosticism; but to the elucidation and dissemination of such uplifting principles and religious teachings as the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the demonstrated ministry of spirits, and the necessity of free thought, intellectual growth and spiritual culture. These principles, as rational as they are beautiful, will live in increasing moral splendor when this structure shall have crumbled to dust.

Since that dedication thirty and two years, with their sunshine and their shadow, have rolled backward into the abyssal past! And, watchman, what of the night? Their lessons, whether of joy or sorrow, have not been lost. Only the evil perishes. The stinging bee may have perished, but its honey sweetened some well-spread table. The faithful horse that died had lightened many a toiler's task. The uncouth caterpillar ceased to crawl, died, and rose a beautiful butterfly. Upward all things tend.

These thirty years and more, as such, are dead; and yet out of them have leaped new thoughts, new discoveries, new inventions, new methods, new sciences and new ameliorating movements for the elevation and perfection of humanity—all these, and more; out of them have sprung a thousand joys for a single sorrow, and ten thousand smiles for a single tear. Days and years, like seeds and showers:

"Go underground to dress, and come forth flowers."

Thirty years! Permit me to go back not only thirty years, but over two-thirds of a century, to 1822, the year in which I was born, away down by the Green Mountain foot-hills of Vermont. James Monroe, author of the Monroe doctrine, was at that time President. The population of the country was about nine millions, and the Union comprised seventeen States, slavery existing in all of them except Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire and Ohio. What astounding changes since! Kingdoms have become Republics, islands have risen from the ocean, and time and space by steam and electricity have been nearly annihilated.

And though to-day upon the border-land of seventy, my memory of prominent events occurring sixty years ago and more is vivid and clear as a crystal. Agriculture was then the chief source of profit. The old wooden plow with an iron point broke the soil. Labor-saving machinery was almost unknown. Our fathers raised the sheep and the flax, and our clothing was spun, woven and made by our sterling mothers. In the place of a piano was heard the hum of the spinning-wheel; and instead of a brass band of music on each recurring Fourth

of July we had the fife and the drum, with ginger-bread four cents a cake, and hard elder a cent a glass. Everybody drank—priests and people. At the ordination of the Rev. Jonathan Edwards, the great expounder of Calvinism, "John Loomis gave half a bushel of malt; Matthew Grant, two quarts of rum, and John Stoughton a sum of wine money." And in the Rev. Edwards's account-book occurs this record: "Bought of Joshua Loomis seventy-nine and one-half barrels of elder"; which in the shape of "brandy," he sold to his own parishioners the next year." (See *New England Magazine*, April, 1890.) This was a bad mixing of rum, hard cider, brandy and Calvinism. It may be added that this Rev. Edwards, as did Presbyterians generally, preached the damnation of both non-elect infants and Pagans. The first minister that I remember of hearing was Elder Lamb, a stern close-communion Calvinist Baptist. He preached in hollow, sepulchral tones the hissing gospel of hell-fire, election and reprobation, and the eternal damnation of the heathen. He was a ghostly terror to me. Sulphur in its crudest form, now used as a disinfectant, was then employed religiously and freely as a means of grace.

Many preachers sixty years ago preached the doom of the heathen, infant damnation, drank brandy, and engaged in the lottery business.

Trinity Record publishes the following extract from a letter written in 1763 by the Rev. Samuel Seabury, of Hempstead, L. I.: "The ticket No. 5,806, in the Lighthouse and Public Lottery of New York, drew in my favor, by the blessing of God, five hundred pounds of which I received four hundred and twenty-five pounds, there being a deduction of fifteen per cent., for which I now record to my posterity my thanks and praise to Almighty God, the giver of all good. Amen."

Farmers at that period thrashed their grain with flails. Candles were employed for illuminating purposes. Open wood fireplaces were used for heating and cooking; and heavy, clumsy stage-coaches for general public conveyances. Steam had not been applied to the promotion of our industries. I must have been nearly twenty years of age before the first steamer crossed the ocean. Now, George Francis Train, by steam and rail, girdles the globe in some sixty-five days.

The Erie Canal, completed in 1825, was considered at that period a rapid and luxurious mode of travel. When the first American Railroad was constructed (1826) I must have been about four years old; now, in round numbers, we have one hundred and fifty thousand miles of railways, with their circuitous branches intersecting and spanning the continent.

A summary of modern inventions, comforts, improvements and conveniences, such as stoves, hot air, steam, gas, electric lights, the telegraph, the Atlantic cable, the spectroscopic, the telephone, the photograph, the phonograph, phrenology, psychometry, with other scientific discoveries coming into practical use during the last fifty years, almost seem to me for the moment, with my vivid recollections of boyhood-times, like the fairy tales of the Arabian Nights. And yet, they are not only tangible, every-day realities, but are considered by most of the busy, thinking masses as absolute necessities.

There are lost arts. And there have been many golden ages of history, the Ptolemies in Egypt, Pericles in Athens, Augustus in Rome; but our golden age, the last half of this century, resplendent with art, science, research, discovery and religious aspiration, was a befitting time for the re-discovery and propagation of Spiritualism. I say re-discovery, for to agnostic materialists and Protestant Christians Spiritualism, demonstrating conscious communications between mortals and the over-arching invisible worlds of immortals, was literally a discovery, a new revelation.

The world moves in cycles. And this upward-tending progressive world of ours, constantly moved upon by the Divine Spirit, was now ripe and ready for the "Rochester rappings." They came—came naturally, causing excitement even to consternation in social, sectarian and scientific circles. The wonder grew, and no Samson was on hand to solve the riddle.

The Buffalo "toe-joint" doctors, who pretended to expose the marvels, died, as might be expected, from taking their own doses. Investigations and prejudicial reports, instead of putting down the spirits, only gave wings to their manifestations. They had evidently come to stay. They have staid. And they will stay manifesting in some form so long as this earth remains a race-bearing planet. These spiritual intelligences from different spheres were and are to-day God's living witnesses of the soul's future existence.

The fact of spirit intercourse in 1848 was not absolutely new, however, for every student of history knows that all ages and races had in some form witnessed and echoed these phenomena. They were considered at different periods miracles, magic, possessions, apparitions, oracles, special providences, witchcraft, demons and angels. Their persistence, surviving the decay of thrones and empires, is, according to Herbert Spencer, a proof of their reality and their value. One of our poets has said:

"If ancestry can be believed,
Descending spirits have conversed with man,
And told him secrets of the world unknown."

Well do I remember a conversation when in Canton, China, (the guest of Dr. Kerr, both physician and missionary,) upon mesmerism and Spiritualism. When I had got well warmed up in my descriptions of American spirit-man-

ifestations, he coolly exclaimed: "Why, sir, these manifestations are very old in this country. China is an empire of Spiritists;" and to prove it he took me out to temples, shrines and booths, where I witnessed spirit-writing and other forms of mediumship.

Spiritism is never to be used interchangeably with Spiritualism. For weary years I have pressed this point—in my books, essays and lectures. Spiritualism inheres in and originates from God, who is Spirit; and therefore naturally and necessarily refers to man as a spiritual being, the offspring of God. Spiritualism, then, from Spirit and Spiritual, is the direct antithesis of materialism, which posits the origin and present condition of all things in matter, plus some unknowable potencies. Like the Greek arch, materialism rises only a little above the earth to come back to it again—and so death ends all!

The terminologies of Spiritualism and Spiritism absolutely necessitate, as every scholar knows, different meanings. Chinese, Indians and Utah Mormons are Spiritists, believing in spirit communications. Most of the African tribes of the Dark Continent worship demons and believe in spirit converse—but certainly they are not intelligent Spiritualists. Correct definitions, ever indispensable to the elucidation of truth, would, if properly heeded by our writers and speakers, save a vast amount of unprofitable discussion, if not of non-fraternal feeling.

Spiritism, like anatomy and telegraphy, is a fact—simply a fact of physical and mental science; and properly and religiously studied, ought to lead up to Spiritualism. But it necessarily belongs, with such kindred subjects as mesmerism, to the category of the sciences; while Spiritualism, rooted and grounded in man's moral nature, is a fact, and infinitely more—a fact plus reason and conscience: a fact relating to moral and religious culture—a sublime fact, ultimating in consecration to the good, the beautiful and the true. Spiritualism proffers the key that unlocks the mysteries of the ages. It constituted the foundation stones of all the ancient faiths. It was the mighty uplifting force that gave to the world its inspired teachers and immortal leaders. The spiritual is the real. God is spirit.

Pythagoras, the famous Samian, taught that angels and spirits exercised a guardian care over mortals.

Socrates had his ever-attending spirit-helper to whom he listened.

The Apostles healed the sick, saw visions and witnessed the Transfiguration.

Constantine saw a flaming cross in the heavens with the ominous words: "In this sign shalt thou conquer."

Joan of Arc saw visions and conversed with risen saints.

Torquato Tasso frequently heard the voices of spiritual beings.

Antony of Egypt met angels by the wayside, and had holy visions.

St. Francis of Assisi put down demons and talked with angels.

George Fox, the Quaker, was entranced, and had the spiritual gift of healing.

The Wesleys heard spiritual sounds and mysterious noises in their home when at prayer.

Baron Swedenborg conversed with spirits and angels during twenty-seven years of his eventful life.

Savonarola, Bruno, Boemans and Roger Bacon were Spiritualists, inspired and possessed of mediumistic powers.

John Bunyan and Richard Baxter were Spiritualists. Just before Baxter's death he published his work: "The Certainty of the World of Spirits Fully Evincing by Unquestionable Histories."

Dr. Adam Clark declared his belief that there was a "spiritual world in which human spirits both good and bad lived," and that "these spirits have intercourse with this world, and become visible to mortals."

The French President, Thiers, said: "I am a Spiritualist, an impassioned one; and I am anxious, I repeat, to confound materialism in the name of science and good sense."

Señor Castelar, Professor of History in a Spanish University, is a Spiritualist. "I believe," said he, "that I commune with beloved ones lost to my sight during this my troubled earthly life."

M. Camille Flammarion, the French astronomer, is an avowed Spiritualist.

John Bright, the British statesman, said to me in his own mansion, in presence of Mr. Bailey, a poet of some note, that he had witnessed "marvelous manifestations with D. D. Home and others, that he could account for only upon the hypothesis that the agencies were spirits."

Ex-Premier Gladstone, who has investigated the spiritual phenomena, said: "I know of no rule which forbids a Christian to examine into the signs of preternatural agency in the system called Spiritualism."

While lecturing several months in London upon Spiritualism and cognate subjects, I had no more patient listeners than A. R. Wallace, the naturalist, and C. F. Varley, the electrician.

Memories of the past remind me that in other lands I sat in séances with Victor Hugo, H. R. H. the Prince of Solms, William Crookes, F. R. S., Leon Favre, Consul-General of France, and other eminent statesmen, scientists, savants—all Spiritualists! What a chain of testimonies stretching in golden links down the ages!

My thought, this hour is fully expressed in the clear-ringing language of that eminent English naturalist and scientist, Alfred Russel Wallace, F. G. S.: "My position, therefore," says he, "is that the phenomena of Spiritualism

in their entirety do not require further confirmation. They are proved quite as well as any facts are proved in other sciences."

The consensus of opinion through the enlightened world to-day admits, no doubt, the verities of Spiritualism. The battle, however, is not yet fully fought. Far from it. There is commotion and mental warfare in the very air. And the great moral and religious battle-ground in the future will be, not between Spiritualism and Christianity, but between Spiritualism and Materialism. The bitterest and most merciless opponents to-day of Spiritualism are such prejudiced scientists as Haeckel, Lancaster and Huxley. And the Psychological Research Investigators are not much better. Their pseudo-methods lead to Sadduceism, Agnosticism, and bald Materialism.

It requires no proof that a perfect circle can have but one centre; no proof that space is; no proof that God exists. Intuition feels, consciousness knows. If my physical body had an earthly father, it is just as certain that my spiritual nature had a spiritual father. That which is spiritual is spiritually discerned. The blind cannot see the sun. It is their misfortune. They require optical treatment. Saying nothing of not seeing angels and spirits, the gross, dull physical senses do not see such potent forces as cohesion, attraction, gravitation, sounds, thoughts, principles. What do the senses know about life? about vitality? Love, hope, thoughts, cannot be measured by yardsticks, nor can ideas be melted with a blow-pipe. Spiritual realities and spiritual beings are seen and sensed through clairvoyance, clairaudience, consciousness, intuition and the more refined and etherialized senses of the inner spiritual man. Does the Materialist say: "I never saw a spirit?" Quite likely. Did he ever see an atom? Did he ever see the unit of matter? "The ultimate unit of matter," says Spencer in his Principles of Psychology, "must remain absolutely unknown." And yet, while the atom, while the unit of matter, is by confession unknown, these arrogant materialists talk learnedly about "thought being a property of matter," and about "intelligence being evolved from matter and force"—evolved to flicker a few years and then die away into nothingness. Thinkers are tiring of such dogmatic babble!

If reason and logic mean anything, non-intelligence cannot produce intelligent and rational beings. The effect cannot exceed the cause. Just what is put into matter can be gotten out of it, and nothing more. Involution necessarily precedes evolution. When materialists in their reasonings put force, life, thought, consciousness into matter, they unwittingly put God into it, for God is the infinite consciousness, the absolute will, the absolute soul of the universe. And we are made in the image of God—we are birthright citizens of the city of God—and our aspiration is the measure of our destination.

It is not matter nor sea-slime nor protoplasm that constitutes the basis of life, but spirit: that is to say, spiritual or divine substance. Spirituality is the substantial reality. And man is a spirit now—a spirit living in a material body, which body bears something of the same relation to the real, conscious, invisible man, that the husk bears to the corn. Evidently man is a trinity and a unity. He is constituted of a physical body, a spiritual body and a conscious, undying soul—trine here, dual over there, and one uncompounded, indestructible divine substance in his inmost, forever.

I repeat, man is a spirit now, and spirits are but men and women divested of their mortal bodies. They have taken with them consciousness, memory, reason, sympathy, character. And they walk by our sides, often felt and yet unseen. Philosophically considered, there is but one world, and that one world embraces the yesterdays, the to-days and the innumerable to-morrows of eternity. And mediums stand midway between the visible and invisible states of existence. They are conscious and unconscious sensitives; they are mesmeric instruments most delicately tuned; they are towering palms that catch and reflect such morning sunbeams of light and love as gladden other spheres; they are the trumpeters upon the mountains; they are the message-bearers of immortal truths from gods and angels to men; and to be successful in their missions of good tidings they need the most pleasant surroundings, the most perfect conditions. Doubtless there are "frauds." Such is the case in all life's callings. Let them first be reprimanded in private, then reproved more sternly, and then punished. And the proper ones to do this are kind, generous, full-orbed men, and genuine Spiritualists, rather than pretentious, unprincipled thugs. The greatest frauds among Spiritualists are the fraud-hunters. They get out from a trance just about what they take into it, and so fools are answered according to their folly. If these fraud-hunting psychical researchers had been among the night-watching shepherds of Palestine, instead of looking up trustfully, joyfully at Bethlehem's star, and listening to the songs of the angels, they would have been ogling around some old Syrian stable, scenting out the odors of the offal—that would be their natural element!

Mediumship is innate in all human organizations, awaiting development, and demanding the most careful culture. It should be relegated to where it naturally belongs, the select sphere, the quiet family, the religious home circle. Judge Edmonds opened his séances with prayer. And mediums should be guarded and surrounded by kind, sympathetic and calm religious influences; then would there come, continually come, richer and still grander pentecostal outpourings of the spirit from the heavenly world.

Spiritualism has not only demonstrated a future life, but it has explained the philosophy and psychic methods of spirit-intercourse; it has liberalized the public mind; it has encouraged the philanthropic reforms of the age; it has given us a revised geography of the heavens, and disclosed some of the transcendent beauties awaiting us in the many-mansioned house of the Father. It does not say "good night" in the hour of death; but rather gives the glad assurance of a welcome "good morning," just across the crystal river. It does not drape the mourner's home in gloom, but lifts the curtain, permitting us to hear words of undying affection from those we love. Oh! let us rejoice, then, and be glad in these Easter years of Spiritualism, for they give life a new meaning. They put new courage, new strength new intelligence into our daily tasks.

Spiritualism, the complement of Christianity, sweetens the bitterest cup, helps bear the heaviest burden, lightens the darkest day, comforts the saddest heart, and, gathering up the kindly efforts we make in behalf of our fellow-men, transfigures them with its brightness, ennobs them with its moral grandeur, and throws around them the circling aureole of fadeless splendors. And further, by and through its holy ministries, we know that the grave is no prison-house for the soul, but that life, progressive life is ours, eternal in the heavens.

As to organization, State and national, Spiritualists have made a signal failure. They never can organize permanently. There are too many diverse opinions, too many materialistic tendencies, too many opposite teachings, and too much mulish individualism. What, then, have they done? Much every way. They have proved a future life, fought old-time errors, grappled with bigotry, dethroned superstitions, liberalized thought, inspired reforms, and diffused the life-giving, spiritualizing principles of Spiritualism through the minds of millions. The sheaves of their precious sowing are already in sight. The denominational churches are gathering them in. They have been long hungering for a better, higher grade of spiritual food. Calvinism is no longer digestible. And accordingly Spiritualism is now being preached in many church edifices under the euphonious phrase of "angel ministries."

Neither the workmen nor their works die. Demosthenes and Cicero live in their masterly orations; Apollonius lives in his travels and spiritual marvels; George Fox and Ann Lee in the truths that streamed like pearls from their lips; Judge Edmonds lives in his judicial decisions and spiritual visions; Robert Dale Owen lives in his "foot-fall" echoes along the shores of immortality; Brittan lives in his spiritual relations of man; Denton in his "Soul of Things"; Newton in his sound and substantial essays pointing to the "Better Way"; Fishbough in his sermons, visions and unpublished writings; Sargent in his proofs palpable; Mrs. Farnham in her ideal attained; Mrs. Mary F. Davis in her poems and self-sacrificing deeds and sweet saintly life: These, and many other Spiritualist workers, live not only in memory, not only in their surviving books and kindly work of good to others, but they live as conscious men and women disrobed of mortality, live in and among that ever-increasing throng of witnesses that minister to mortals.

Though many of the fathers in our Israel have passed to the higher life; though National and State organizations have perished, will Spiritualism die? No! a thousand times no! Never a truth of God died. It may assume other clothing, it may be presented in a different form and under different names, but the truth itself is imperishable.

Spiritualism, under the guidance of God and Angel Hosts, has never made such rapid strides as it is making to-day. And all the concentrated and malicious potencies of earth, and demons—all the infernal machinations of Hindu occultism, German materialism, religio-nationalism, psychical-researchism, and a score of other beggarly isms, floating like deadwood upon the great agitated ocean of thought—cannot check the onward, upward march of true Spiritualism. God is in this universe of ours, and governs it too, pessimism to the contrary notwithstanding.

Am I still pressed with the inquiry, what the general trend? what some of the leading tendencies among the present tollers in the intellectual and spiritual harvest-fields? The writing blazons upon the wall! The half-blind ought to so comprehend the signs of the times as to see the two well-marked drifts in the mental and spiritual current of this free-thought era, the one toward materialism, the other toward a broad, liberal Christianity. That once trance speaker, and always eloquent platform orator and debater, W. F. Jameson, is a confirmed materialist now, doubting a future immortal existence. Others, because of mediumistic frauds, jealousies, wranglings and malicious criminations, are standing upon the agnostic border-lands of doubt; half-ready for the dizzy leap down into the psychical-research depths of Sadduceism. Among the chilly and hopeless words spoken in the past by that sound and solid yet materialistic writer, B. F. Underwood, at the grave of Dr. Barak, Mohener, Iowa, were these:

"We are now about to commit our dead to the care of mother earth, in whose bosom he will sleep the quiet, unbroken, everlasting sleep of death. No vicissitudes of earth, no event of time can disturb our brother's rest, or wake him from his dreamless sleep; his career is finished, his conscious life ended, he belongs now to that vast realm whose monarch permits no sound, not even a whisper or a sigh, to break the silence that reigns throughout his wide domain. What though the storms of winter sweep coldly over him, or the lightnings flash, and the thunders roll above his narrow home, . . . he will feel not, he will hear not, he will heed not those conflicts and commotions; the convulsions of nature, even a world's dissolution, will, to him, be no more than the decay of a

“Yes, indeed,” said the wife, “what would they do? They would die without their aid.”—*Boston Courier.*

Banner Correspondence.

Colorado.

DENVER.—Writing over the signature "Doctor," a correspondent says: "The BANNER OF LIGHT is the standard journal of Spiritual Science in this city and State. To its columns, therefore, I commit a few points on the situation in Denver and its vicinity. First, it is not, because it is a mercenary town. We are not as generous and as far from San Francisco, as cosmopolitan as Chicago or New York, or as finely and literally as Boston; but we are the home and the hub of the pecuniary sharp. Now dollars and cents cannot measure the value of genuine spiritualistic mediumship and its manifestations, and since Blum has failed to buy St. Peter's power of healing, mere merchandizing of these gifts has been justly held in contempt. Secondly, it is a good spiritual town, because a large percentage of our population are young people, out here for adventure, and bettering their conditions for a livelihood, and they feel the need of intelligent and friendly counsel; not mere moral and hackneyed religious generalizing, or preaching of abstract principles, but personal and practical advice such as a sincere and sympathetic medium can and should give.

Such a one has lately come among us in the person of Mrs. Eliza A. Wells, who seems to possess almost every phase of striking and practical mediumship. She has held several Sunday meetings for lectures and platform tests in Euclid Hall (opposite the City Hall), crowded to the doors; and the tests reported in the daily papers as the 'Readings of an Expert Clairvoyant.'

Her private and personal readings at her rooms have been constant from morning till night, and universally reported as every respect satisfactory. Her dark séances, where the writer has received, with a host of others, most astonishing touch, sight and speech-tokens of spirit presence, identification and communication, form a bulwark of proof no skeptic here who has attended them can or does pretend to dispute or account for except in the usual way of Spiritualists.

Mrs. Wells has given three or four materializing séances at private houses, and under test conditions; that is to say, with the most thorough examination and control, and the majority verdict has been to establish assurance of the possibility, and with right psychological conditions sure certainty of full-form materialization.

Possibly Denver's magnetic conditions are superior to those of lower altitudes, certainly the average results, with Mrs. Wells and Mrs. Millard (the latter here some years ago), and Mrs. Maud Lord, have been beyond any doubt convincing to all candid minds.

Spirit Y. Wells, came preaching, from Sister Wells's cabinet, a few nights since, and accused Denver Spiritualists with being too unbelieving and contentious, and retrograding from what we were when he talked here from the platform in the earth-form ten years ago; nevertheless, while we have had our share of make-believes and would-be, and undeveloped though genuine mediums, you can put Denver down as destined to become one of the strongest fortifications for a pure and sturdy Spiritualism there is in the whole country.

California.

OAKLAND.—Mrs. F. A. Logan writes: "I hold three meetings Sunday, where the most perfect liberty is given for each and all mediums and speakers to express their highest thoughts; and for nearly two years since the commencement we have had no lack of talent. Strangers visiting San Francisco and Oakland drop into these meetings and become acquainted, and no longer feel that they are strangers in a strange land; while there they also learn of other spiritual meetings, and where good reliable mediums can be found.

The main object of our sessions is to make it possible for the inhabitants of the spirit-world to commune with mortals by aiding all to become harmonious and susceptible to divine influences; and not at the least awkward or peculiar manifestation to bid the spirit depart, but with patience wait and leave the influence undisturbed until some one recognizes the impersonation or import of the control. If there were less dictation and usurpation in the world, the millennium would dawn upon the earth through mediumship.

Our meetings aim also to aid young mediums in their unfoldment. Mrs. Pruden made her first public speech in one of our meetings, and note the work she is accomplishing now! Others are doing the same. We shall have, in addition to our Sunday meetings, a Spiritual Basket Pledge Meeting, commencing the 31st of July, to continue at least one week, and longer if the friends desire, where all speakers and mediums are welcome, and will have a good time if they come for that purpose, and bring 'a good time' with them."

July Magazines.

THE CENTURY.—A debate on "The Single Tax," by Henry George and Edward Atkinson, will attract special attention. Mr. Atkinson opens with his views of "A Single Tax upon Land"; Mr. George replies with a paper on "A Single Tax on Land Values," followed by a rejoinder by Mr. Atkinson. The first of a series of papers relating to military prisons is given, the present being a thrilling account of the life of "A Yankee in Andersonville," by Dr. T. H. Mann, illustrated with a plan of the stockade and surroundings, and views made from rare photographs. "A Provencal Pilgrimage," by Miss H. W. Preston, describes and brilliantly illustrates a little known region of the old world. Ed. Eggleston contributes facts never before printed relating to the life and services of "Nathaniel Bacon," the Patriot of 1676, illustrated from old prints. In "A Taste of Kentucky Blue Grass," John Burroughs's characteristically pleasing pen will be recognized and its reappearance heartily welcomed. Mrs. Mason gives us a new chapter of "Women of the French Salons." Joseph Jefferson continues his charming autobiography, enlivening it with amusing episodes. In fiction are given continuations of "The Anglomaniacs," by "Olivia," "The Reign of Reason," by Viola Roseboro, and "Little Venice," by Grace Litchfield. "Topics of the Time," "Open Letters," and "Bric-a-Brac" are replete with interest. New York: The Century Co. Boston: For sale by Dammell & Upham, 283 Washington street.

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.—"The Golden Age of Colonial New York" is the subject of a very interesting paper read before the New York Historical Society last May, by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, and given in this number. Several reprints of rare old gravings illustrate it. Roy Singleton contributes a brief sketch of "Sir William Blackstone and His Work," a portrait of whom, after the painting by Gainsborough, is given as the frontispiece. Andrew McFarlane Davis, of this city, supplies an account of "The Indian College at Cambridge," a small brick building upon Harvard University grounds, the students at which were professed in Latin, and from which, in 1695, one, by name Cheeshahtumuck, graduated. The site of this building is placed on the plan in Elliot's History in the southern part of the quadrangle, near Gray's Hall. An inquiry is made from an English standpoint by P. C. Standish, respecting "Burgoyne's Defeat and Surrender." "A Curious and Important Discovery in Indiana" is revealed by Ex-Lieut. Gen. Robertson; other matters are interestingly dealt with; and notes, queries, historical and social jottings, etc., close the contents. New York: 73 Broadway.

THE QUIVER.—In "A Skyward Journey" is described the ascent of Mt. Plutus. The serial story, "Worthy to be Loved," reaches its conclusion. An excellent story told in three chapters, all in this number, is "A Broken Will," by Sidney Page, and "Kitty Fairfax" is another. There is "A Dream Story," "A Parable from Nature," and much else to interest and instruct. New York: Cassell Pub. Co.

OUR LITTLE ONES.—This indispensable for the young abundantly as usual with excellent lessons in the attractive form of stories, sketches, verses and musical rhymes, of which are "Rocking-Chair Travels,"

"The Grasshopper Band," "The Nest in the Elm," (frontispiece illustration), "Her's Call," and "What Johnny Thinks." Russell Pub. Co., 30 Bromfield street, Boston.

Mrs. C. L. V. RICHMOND'S SUNDAY DISCOURSES, published every Saturday in neat pamphlet form, have reached the eighteenth number of their fifth volume. The latest received by us, that of June 28th, has for its subject, "An Abject Slave," described as being the servant of self, the cringing, crawling, time-serving man, who will not express an opinion for fear it may conflict with those in power, who will not have an individual choice unless it lie in the way of some possible external advantage, who serves self to the entire stultification of conscience. Communities not able to avail themselves of the services of Spiritualist lecturers should be in regular receipt of *The Weekly Discourse*, and individuals who have the privilege of hearing such speakers will find much in Mrs. Richmond's lectures to augment their knowledge, develop their spirituality, and confirm their faith in an overruling guidance. *The Weekly Discourse* is published at Rogers Park, Ill., and for sale by Colby & Rich.

THE THIRDSORTIST for June, just received, and to be found on the counters of Colby & Rich, contains a lengthy treatise upon "Looking Backward" and "The Socialist Movement." Near its close, referring to Mr. Bellamy's book, the writer says: "The merits of 'Looking Backward' are so patent as to require little or no indication. Its really admirable grasp of detail, and forcible presentation of an economic issue in a lucid and popular garb, stamp it as a work of signal ability and usefulness." Of the remaining contents of this number is an account of "The Oriental Library at Adyar," and articles upon "The Enthusiasm of Neophytes," "Simon Magnus," etc. A London correspondent writes that in that city "Hypnotism seems to be 'in the air'—articles in magazines, notices and accounts of experiments, leaders in the daily papers, and what not, meet one at every turn. It seems evident that it is now a recognized fact. . . . It is a sign of the times that one, at least, of the occult sciences now receives public recognition in a leading daily—*The Telegraph*—and it points a curious road to find the experiments of Mesmer, Braid and others—even the 'Fakirs of India,' and the 'Quietest Monks of the Greek Convent of Mount Athos,' referred to as verifiable history, and accepted in all good faith." Referring to an article lately appearing in the *Nineteenth Century* from the pen of Hamilton Aids, describing a meeting of learned and skeptical men of various nationalities to witness spirit phenomena, this correspondent says: "The time seems at last to have arrived when leading Reviews (devoted to grave subjects) and men of learning and reputation are willing to give, in sober earnestness, a simple statement of phenomena which, to the eternal reproach of scientific investigation, it has hitherto ignored as below its notice, and hence not worthy of its consideration."

THE GLEANER.—The number at hand (June) contains a very complete record of the various employments in which women are engaged, the examples presented furnishing incentives and encouragement to others. Among its contents are "Women on School Boards," "Women in Newspaper Work," "A Woman's Resources," "Women's Papers," and a poem by Hudson Tuttle. San Francisco, Cal., 841 Market street.

A TALE OF THE SEA!

THE MEN OF GLOUCESTER.

On the tossing sea, the heaving sea,
Shattered and cold,
The night had passed like a waking dream,
And the dawn broke cold and gray.
The rain had ceased, but the fierce wind still
Screamed through the rigging bare;
And the cold spray stung as it swept astant
Like winged lead through the air.
Over the bulwarks the great gray seas
Did heave themselves, and break;
And when they broke, 'twas pity to feel
How the soldier's heart did quake.
And ever she cried and groaned, poor wretch,
As only a vessel could,
A womanish thing! but all the rest
Were silent, master and man.
There were twelve of us; for four had gone
When the malmist thundered down.
Captain and mate, and ten men more,
All out of Gloucester town.

We thought of the town, as on we drove,
We thought of wife and child,
And sometimes it seemed their voices came
Through the tempest howling wild.
Silent we lay while death drew near
On the wings of the freezing hail.
When the captain raised his head and cried,
'Look, lads! a sail! a sail!'
And there, and plain in sight of all,
A gallant steamer hove.
A right black line 'twixt the foam below
And the whirling clouds above.
Bravely she rode the plunging seas,
And the sea and sky were blue;
And each of us felt his frozen heart
Grow, sudden, light and warm.

We looked where our signal flew aloft,
The silent cry of the sea,
And then our eyes on the steamer burned,
But never a word we said.
A stir on her deck! she had seen the flag,
A clustering at her side!
Her crew stood safe, and gazed at us;
But the space between was wide.
The space between was a boiling waste
Of gray waves, and white foam;
Of swirling hollows fathom deep
And hissing foam-wreaths light.
And if they would launch a boat methought,
What chance for a boat to live?
And where are the men in such a sea,
A life for a life to give?

The wind it keened, and keened, and keened,
Through the rigging stiff and bare;
And 'Death!' 'Death!' and ever 'Death!'
Was the word 'twas crying there.
Again a stir on the steamer's deck,
And another stir at her side;
A boat swung out, and hung aloft
Above the whirling tide.
Then 'e'en with my thoughts, our captain spoke.
'What chance for that boat to live?
What chance of saving our half-spent lives,
If these men their brave lives give?

'Now answer, men of Gloucester town!
Shall we take this gift so free?
Shall we take these lives, from men that love
Their life as well as we?'
And 'No!' we said. What would we say,
Being men of Gloucester town?
And the captain raised his ice-stiff hand,
And hailed the signal down.
Then I closed my eyes; and we all, belike,
Thought over a bit of prayer;
And thought of home, and the old gray church,
And the women kneeling there.
And still the wind it keened and keened
Through the rigging stiff and bare;
And 'Death!' 'Death!' and ever 'Death!'
Was the word 'twas crying there.

A voice! a cry! my heart leaped up,
I looked; and lo! the boat
Rode lightly o'er the crested hills,
The bravest thing afloat.
And now she tossed aloft, aloft,
And now she swooped below;
But we saw the strong arms bent to work,
And the faces all aglow.
We tried to raise a feeble cheer,
But never a voice came out;
The captain waved his stiffened hand,
And we waited silently.

Ah! not in vain that gallant crew
Their lives so freely gave;
Ah! not in vain that gallant boat
Came leaping o'er the wave.
For home, for home, across the foam,
We now are sailing free,
While the deadly blast blows from the north,
And sunlit smiles the sea.
Once more must fall the peaceful night,
Once more must rise the gray old town
That holds our hearts each one.
All honor to the noble men
Who risked their lives for ours;
Who, never flinching, set their hand
Against the tempest's powers.

And yet—happily—some honor fell
On us of Gloucester town,
Then when our captain bade his hand
And hailed the signal down.
—Laura E. Richards, in *Youth's Companion*.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure bilious and nervous ill.

Plea for Mercy.
It's a big thing to be young. And when I look at these youngsters (some rollicking Harvard students) and reflect that Jim Dunlap, the Northampton bank-robbor, has been in State prison over fourteen years, while the lads are all along from sixteen to twenty-six, I wonder what relation human law bears to Divine law. 'Are we' really made in the image of our Creator? And does he find pleasure in the infliction of pain and punishment as we men do? I can't believe it. With a splendid army record, testified to by his immediate commander and endorsed by Gen. Sherman; with three rebel bullets in his maimed and shattered body; with three consecutive councils recommending his pardon 'next year'; with a long and eloquent plea for mercy written by Gen. Sherman; with every living juror before whom he was tried asking his pardon; with Death's hand upon his shoulder; with an honorable and useful post waiting for his release, somebody is potent enough to keep poor Dunlap still in jail. Who is it? Is there any president afraid? Is there any pal shaking in his boots? Is there any detective apprehensive that disloyalty may be exposed? Who writes anonymous letters to the authorities? Who keeps Dunlap in prison? Some day the facts will come out—and so will he—and there will be a story of personal malice and official stupidity told which will amaze Massachusetts.—Howard, in Boston Globe.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA—Take no other.

Passed to Spirit-Life.
From her home, in Mareau, Saratoga Co., N. Y., June 7th, 1890, Mary W. Thomas, aged 75 years.

The lights and shadows of life had perfected a spirit beautiful in the beginning, until she felt the silver cord was loosening, and for a long time anticipated the change. The transit was rapid at last, and a severe blow to her husband and daughter—his only surviving members of her immediate family.

Here was a life replete with loving deeds, and she will be sadly missed by all who knew her. She was born and reared in the faith of the Hicksite Quakers, but for many years was a firm believer in Spiritualism, having abundant knowledge of the spirit world, and her own membership of the communion of the two spheres.

Philip Dorland, an old-time friend and Hicksite minister, spoke words of comfort to the afflicted family, and blended the simple faith of the Friends with the beautiful truths of the Spiritual Philosophy until he proved himself one of the most advanced teachers.

She was a true friend, with floral tributes and expressions of love and sympathy, attested to the high esteem in which our ardent sister and family are held.

May we remember her constant life, and thus prepare ourselves to join her on a higher plane.

From her home, 706 Pearl street, Cleveland, O., on Friday, June 20th, Mrs. Hattie E. Meach, aged 47 years.
Her complicated and almost continuous sufferings grew out of a long and painful illness, which she bravely bore down and trampled upon by a horse. So strong was she in the philosophy of Spiritualism that it enabled her to be cheerful through her pain and trials. Knowing that full recovery was impossible, she eagerly awaited the time of her going, and left recorded in a letter to her mother (who, by the way, is a church-member) her strong adherence to Spiritualism, and her belief in the philosophy of the spirit world. Her last hours were devoted to her family, and she died peacefully, surrounded by her loved ones, and her body was taken in charge by a detail from the G. A. R. and deposited in Monroe street Cemetery.

From East Granville, Vt., on the evening of June 18th, 1890, Lucius Webb, aged 74 years.

He was one of the most prominent Spiritualists in Vermont, and was President of the State Association and Vice-President and Director of the State Park Association at the time of his decease. He was a man honored and respected by all who knew him. A firm believer in the Spiritual Philosophy and an uncompromising advocate of free and liberal thought, he was ever foremost in endeavoring to promote the good of all, and the best interests of the human family. He was a kind and faithful friend to all, and many of whom will cherish him in grateful remembrance while throughout the State a very large circle of friends will long hold his memory dear.

His funeral at his home, June 20th, was very largely attended. Hon. A. E. Stanley of Leicester, Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith of Brandon and Mrs. Abbie Crockett of Duxbury, speaking sweet words of comfort to the mourning friends.

Call him not dead when he has entered the company of the ever living.

From Lebanon, N. H., May 5th, Abram A. Sturtevant, aged 70 years.

Mr. Sturtevant had been in failing health for more than five years, but kept about his business until October last. He was a man of a cheerful and sunny disposition, and a future state of existence, but when more than thirty years ago Spiritualism came to him with its overwhelming proofs, he accepted it, and ever after he was made patient, quiet and joyful by the knowledge that the six dear children and other dear friends who had passed on were waiting upon the other shore to welcome him. He had been for many years a member of the Masonic Fraternity, and was buried with his honors. He leaves a wife, a daughter and a son.

Lebanon, N. H., June 30th, 1890. L. A. STURTEVANT.

From Needham, Mass., recently, Mr. Otis Morton.
Mr. Morton was once a prominent officer in the Unitarian Church, but has been a Spiritualist for many years. He was a noble, good man, respected by all who knew him, and had business dealings with him. A wife and daughter survive him, who are cognizant of the revelations of the Spiritualistic Philosophy.

[Obituary Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously. When they exceed that number, twenty cents for each additional line will be charged. Ten words on an average make a line. No poetry admitted under the heading.]

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Miscellaneous.

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Report of Public Séance held April 8th, 1890.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh! ye bright and beautiful angels of love and peace, ye evanescents of light, bearing messages of good cheer to human hearts, ministering unto the needy and suffering, bringing consolation to the sorrowing, and joy to the afflicted. We invoke your presence at this hour; we would come under your divine ministrations, to receive of you that which will purify our spirits and sanctify our hearts. Oh! may we at this time learn of those angels and blessed ones who are Father's will. May we receive instruction and such holy benedictions of good as will indeed inspire us with new thought, new effort, and new inspiration for that which is beautiful and true. And oh! our Father God, thou Great and Supreme Spirit, whose love is over all, whose beautiful wisdom may be seen displayed on every hand, thou who art the tender parent of all good, we would at this hour come into closer communion with thee; we would gain a knowledge of thy great and all-comprehending something of thine immutable truths, which abound everywhere. We are thy children, and we seek to know of thy selfhood, of thy great supremacy, which is everywhere. Oh! may we unfold to knowledge and understanding, and may we aspire to receive more and more of thy wisdom and of thy law.

Oh! our Father, may we at this time send out from our hearts such an atmosphere of sympathy and tender feeling as will bear to the hearts of those who are in need of it, and may we draw near to our fellow beings, and may they receive from our lives something that will satisfy and be of use, while we at the same time desire to receive from our kind that which is helpful, instructive and joyous, and may we be blessing to rest upon each one of us, now and forevermore.

Robert T. Hallock.

I feel proud and privileged, Mr. Chairman, to speak to my brethren and friends from this platform; for although I was a Spiritualist, well-grounded in the knowledge of communion between the two worlds, and although I take a lively interest in the movement of Spiritualism, in the welfare and labors of our workers in the Cause, and of those old-time friends and associates who still linger upon the shores of mortal time, yet I am not as often privileged to make my presence known to you as I would like to be. There is a broad, open highway of communion between this world and the spiritual; but I do not forget, sir, that there are thousands upon thousands of human souls thronging that highway, many of them far more in need of communication, and of utilizing such channels as may be open to their return, than I am; therefore, I sometimes feel I must stand back, and not press forward, because there are needy souls who ought to have the right of way.

To-day I find myself here, as I have done many times in the past—although not communicating to mortality—to listen to what your good President has to say in reply to your queries; and he has kindly invited me to speak once again in mortal speech to those friends who may care to hear a word from me. This is not the first time I have been thus invited, but I have hesitated in declining myself of the kindness until this moment.

I bring my greeting to my friends, especially those in New York City. I would like to take the old, tried and stanch co-workers by the hand and bid them God-speed in their work; but if I may not do this to-day, I can send out to them my magnetic sympathy and my spiritual influence, which, I trust, will reach their hearts like a wave of love from an unseen shore. I am cognizant of what is taking place in our ranks.

I try to keep myself informed of the movements of Spiritualism on both sides of life, for I have no desire to grow stagnant in thought or in activity, and therefore I say to my friends: I know when you are faithful, I know when you send out a thought of encouragement and of cheer to spirits as well as mortals, in their arduous works, and I am not alone in my knowledge, for there are many old and tried friends in the spirit-world who also know to many of our old workers and pioneers in the great movement of spiritual reform and instruction have passed on to that shore where I find my abiding place. But sometimes it seems strange for one to return and look over the field of labor, so many new faces have come forward, and new minds with their own opinions, that we cannot but smile, at times, to think how different some things are to-day from what they were in the past. Where one is honest and active, sincere in the desire to do good and to spread the gospel of truth, he may find many supporters and encouragements from the spiritual side, for unseen helpers come to assist him in his thought and his work.

And I would say, Mr. Chairman, to those earnest souls who recognize a pearl of great price in the claims of Spiritualism, who acknowledge the reality of the city of communion with invisible friends, be faithful, honest, continue with your work; protect your mediums; surround the spiritual instrumentalities of the higher life with good and helpful conditions; do the best you can, and exercise your most wide-spread influence against the encroachments of aught that would defame mediumship, or in any sense injure the calling of our public workers.

I know that sometimes there will be attempts to legislate against the wide-spread work of mediumship, but I do not believe that such an injury can be wrought on our workers. It seems to me that the liberality, the earnestness, and the sense of right and justice of our American citizens will be exercised against this attempt to injure our blessed cause. It certainly will be, if our workers, our followers, those who claim to be Spiritualists, are honest and earnest in their efforts to denounce and to protect against the same.

I find, Mr. Chairman, I cannot utter all that I wish to say, partially because I am not at liberty to take your time, partly because so many thoughts crowd upon me as I contemplate the situation, and think of what has been done, what still remains to be accomplished in the name of truth and of human progress. I am most gratified to say that I am in company at times with those dearly loved friends whom I associated with in spiritualistic circles in the past. Judge Edmonds, to-day, bade me send his greeting and his love to old-time friends, and to assure them that his voice is strong, if yet silent, in behalf of humanity; that his love goes forth in warm waves of feeling toward those who are in need of enlightenment upon the spiritual questions of the age. And Dr. Gray, also, desires me to give his greeting to friends, with the assurance that he is neither dead nor sleeping, but thoroughly alive in the spiritual world, where there is work to be done of high importance, in which he desires to take a part. Robert T. Hallock.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will now attend to your questions, Mr. Chairman.

Ques.—[From one in the audience.] I have been engaged in a literary work for some time, and I am inspired. Sometimes I desire advice from my guides, but I do not get it—neither do they ever give me any external sign of their nearness on these occasions. Why is it that my guides do not manifest to me when I seek so earnestly, while other mediums behold their guides frequently, and easily receive advice and direction from them, clairvoyantly?

Ans.—In relation to such work as this, it sometimes happens that the personal guide of

the instrument, employed to do the intellectual work does not, for purposes of its own undisturbedness, close rapport with the medium as to the influence upon the atmosphere of the subject, and thus the guide may not be perceived. It may be that the spirit-world desires all the power, the nervous energy that the medium has to spare, for the literary work in contemplation, and does not think it so important for the medium to perceive the controlling intelligence as it is to direct the mind entirely upon the work in hand, for its complete accomplishment. This, of course, we cannot say is really the case with your questioner, Mr. Chairman, but it seems to us that these guides, who are undoubtedly wise and intelligent, have their own purpose in view, and that must be, we think, the direct projection of such thoughts.

It seems to us now, in this connection, that these are somewhat of a reformatory nature; as if the literary work in question was of a peculiar kind—one intended to renounce with the practical purpose, as this influence comes out to us, we behold a beautiful female spirit, clothed in white, and holding in her hand that which seems to be the image of a woman, engraved upon a metallic plate. We do not understand precisely the meaning of this symbol, only it comes to us as if some great question, involving social reform, or something of that sort, especially connected with woman, we should think, has to do with this subject. We do not often come into close rapport with the spirits of personal friends present at these Tuesday sittings, so we cannot, perhaps, define this as well as we would like to, but we do catch from the spirit present, that, in good time, she will reveal to the questioner the reason why this clairvoyant sight so strongly desired has been withheld. When the work is completed, and the external part of it is effected, when minds have been awakened to the wisdom of this mission, it seems to us that the guides will make themselves known, and perhaps seen, and that explanations will be given, such as may not now be in order.

Q.—[By J. W., Abington, Mass.] What effect is produced upon a father or mother in spirit-life who looks upon earth and sees a child of this life grown so reckless as to be deprived of the respect of the neighbors, with whom they—the parents—once mingled in mutual sympathy and regard? Can such a sight render them other than miserable?

A.—The parents who have passed to the spirit-life, leaving their offspring to struggle with the temptations of this world, and this mundane sphere, maintain an interest and a deep sympathy with these children. The love which was bestowed upon them here still continues to live, and even to increase, inasmuch as it is divested of material principles and conditions, and belongs especially to the spiritual life. If a child, left here upon the earth, falls amid temptations, and begins a career of wrong-doing, the parents on the spirit side will, of necessity, be grieved, because they desire to see their child uplifted, strengthened in thought and character, made beautiful by the accomplishment of good deeds, and becoming, not only respected, but looked up to by the community in which he moves; but if this is not accomplished, if the child continues to pursue his wrong-doing, constantly affliction will only himself but others, through the effects of his deeds, then will these spirits who love him above him be sadly affected, and will sorrow, yet not with those on earth might do, because they know that at some time a process of regeneration in the heart of that man will be effected. It may not be while he is on earth—and they, perhaps, will be the instruments who will begin this work—but sometime and somewhere the soul will come to see itself as it is and as it should be; it will realize the great oppressiveness and weight which has been brought upon it by wrong-doing, and it will then cry out in agony against this terrible condition, and try earnestly to rise above it. The parents will try to exercise an influence upon their child, and to bring about conditions that will assist him to rise out of the mire and degradation to a higher plane of life. If this cannot be accomplished here, they will not forsake the object of their compassion and their love, but will follow him to the spirit-world, and by their magnetic influence will do something to assist him out of that plane of life and unhappiness to which he has descended.

Q.—[By Free-Thinker, B. F. J.] Do you know whether or not the fixed stars are inhabited? Some spirits have been saying that the moon is now a dead planet, and that our earth will be at some time. Are such statements true, or otherwise?

A.—If we give you our opinion upon this planetary subject, it can only stand as an opinion to you; it is something you cannot verify or demonstrate in practical life. We have been told by spirits, who claim to know, that to have traveled points in space and visited various planets, that it is impossible to enumerate the number of fixed stars, as well as moving planets, that are inhabited by human beings, each planet and star having its own condition of life, varying in large degree from that of any other, and all under the divine control and ministration of a supreme intelligence. We have been told by these astronomical minds that your moon is really inhabited, but that its habitable surface is so small, known as the planet earth; that the inhabitants of this body in space are of a highly intellectual order, advanced in certain degrees of art and science, mild and peaceful, and not in any sense addicted to the indulgence of carnal appetites.

Now we give this, friends, just as we have received it from those minds who interest themselves in the study of the planets, and who we think, ought to be well informed. You may think for yourselves what it is worth to your minds; as we have said before, we have no means of demonstrating the assertions to you.

Q.—[By the same.] If the Bible is the only Word of God, as Christians claim, why did he give it to but one-third of earth's people?

A.—We presume that it would be claimed by those who presented the Bible to humanity that it was given to them because they were most fitted to receive it at the time, and because their people were most advanced in knowledge and power. You must remember that the world was little known in the days when the Hebrew nation received the word known as the Bible was given to mankind; its surface was not at all explored to any extent. What was considered the world entire in that day was, in reality, but a small portion of the globe. But we do not accept the statement that the Bible is the word of God, any more than any highly moral or intellectual work is the word of God. God, the Supreme—that is, the Spirit of all Intelligence, Wisdom and Love—we do not recognize as a person, being called Jehovah, the King of the Jews; and consequently we cannot in any sense accept the statement that the Bible, or any other book, has been brought to earth directly as the supreme and infallible word of a personal being who rules and guides the entire universe. But we do think that a portion of this supreme intelligence and goodness and worth and wisdom may be found in every highly intellectual work that has a mission to perform to humanity.

A work that, perhaps, is purely moral in its code of ethics, as we think the New Testament may be claimed to be, if it were divested of its incongruities and idiosyncratic utterances brought to it by those who did not understand the revelations from unseen worlds—a code, then, of moral ethics that looks to the elevation of humanity, and would guide man onward in his progressive unfoldment, spiritually and mentally, must contain within itself such elements of the Supreme Intelligence as will make it lasting and its influence felt; but the Word of God, as claimed by what is called the Christian Church, has never been and we think never can be given to mortals upon this or any other planet.

Q.—[By "X."] Is the theory of "Darwinism" compatible or incompatible with Spiritualism?

A.—To our mind the theory of Darwinism, so-called, or of evolution, scientifically called, is thoroughly compatible with the claims and teachings of Spiritualism.

Spiritualism teaches that progression or evolution

is constantly taking place, not only in the human mind, in the spiritual possibilities of the mind, but in the physical conditions of the human body, in the evolution of life, but also in this physical universe of yours. Spiritualism teaches that this evolution of progress is constantly going forward, bringing out a more complex form from a simpler one, and we do not see why this is not just as reasonable to believe in regard to the outside physical form of human life, and also in the form of this material universe, as it is in regard to the mental states.

We have historical records of planetary unfoldment in our spirit-life; we have also records of human development, in those worlds beyond this planet earth, and by these records we are informed that always and over has the more complex been unfolded from the simple, the more intricate from that which has been very plain at first, and that, in the processes of nature's work, even the vegetable growth of the planet has become more refined, more beautiful, even more utilitarian than it existed in the past. And so, we are told of animal life, that there has been a gradual evolution from the more gigantic, cumbersome forms of animal life, to the more complex, minute and beautiful forms. And so with man. We are informed by these records of which we speak that in human life the first form which made its appearance upon the habitable globe presented a very crude aspect indeed; that it resembled a savage brute much more closely in form and features, in stature, and in its progress over the surface of the earth, than it possibly could at the present stage of human life; but through ages upon ages of special growth and unfoldment, the higher type has been developed through lines upon lines of descendants, the more beautiful, the more erect, the more glorified—if we may use the expression—type of humanity has come, and the work is not yet accomplished. We are informed that, as the plan continues to be unfolded, it will itself the human form will continue to evolve into that which is more refined, more beautiful, and more in accordance with our present thought of what humanity ought to be.

Q.—Why are many communications obtained, even through honest mediums, subject to misrepresentation and error, though affirmed to be true?

A.—We do not think that this is a common experience with all investigators and Spiritualists. By the word common, we mean of frequent occurrence. That it has happened, perhaps, in the experience of every investigator, once or twice, may be; but when we consider the thousands upon thousands of spirit-communications that are given to the world every year, perhaps the percentage of those which are misrepresentations and errors will be very small in comparison with that great number that will prove to be correct in almost every particular. We are not now discussing the representations or statements of partially developed mediums, or of those pretenses who profess mediumship, with no justice in their claims. We mean to consider those mediums who are known, as properly adapted to the uses of the spirit-world, who are developed in the various faculties, and who are authorized by returned intelligences for the transmission of information to the world, as well as knowledge concerning the immortality of personal friends. Occasionally such mediums as belong to this class may be brought under such a line of psychological power, either from the spirit-side or from the mortal, as to express to you that which is untrue, incorrect in detail and in general.

We should have to know just what were the conditions under which the medium sat at the time, in order to explain why the particular misrepresentation was made. Perhaps the sitter goes to a medium very much exercised upon a certain subject; he may have a business venture in his mind upon which he is strongly agitated, and perhaps he is particularly desirous that the spirits whom he consults shall gratify and answer his own secret wish in regard to it. It may be that he wants his partner to succeed, and an expression from the spirit-world that will assure him that he has entered upon a productive line of work, and that all will prove exactly as he hopes. Now, such a sitter, especially if he is positively minded, even though he has no thought of doing so, may carry with him a psychological influence that will affect the sensitive as she comes under the control of external intelligences. It may be that spirits who are interested in the very business venture he has entered upon, interested perhaps not for his welfare or on his side, but for the welfare of others, or in other directions concerning this very matter, will be attracted to him as he visits the spirit-medium, and with a strong psychological power they may be able to affect the sensitive's mind so that it shall reflect to the sitter just that which he desires to receive, which after events may prove to be incorrect.

Acting upon these conditions, then, he may be able still further in this line of speculation, and he may reap a bitter experience in consequence. It is not that the spirit medium is at fault, or that she has not reflected the ideas of spirit intelligences; it is that the man has come into such an atmosphere of speculative life or mercantile pursuits on earth as to bring around him influences, material as well as spiritual, that bring, when the time opens for the medium to act, a strong temptation to his mind for selfish purposes of their own.

And then, again, a sitter may visit a medium who is not at all interested in business life, but who may have some other matter on his mind which even his own spirit-friends may desire to satisfy him on; they wish, perhaps, to give him counsel, to ease his mind of anxiety, or in some way to bring him that which shall be of blessing to him; but they may not see wisely; they may not be able to know what is around him or before him; and as they express themselves they do so, innocent of any desire to deceive, but not understandingly on the question; therefore what comes is incorrect. The one on earth must judge, must reason closely upon the subject, must question himself if he is to blame, must realize what were the surroundings of the medium at the time, and what were the intentions of the spirit who came to him. If he can satisfy himself on these points he will very soon be able to see why such misrepresentations have been made.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF Mrs. D. F. Smith.

Report of Public Séance held April 14th, 1890.

Col. Moses Hunt.

Good afternoon, Mr. Chairman and friends. Many years were rounded out to me while dwelling in the form, somewhere about eighty-eight, when you mortals would think a long life; and so it was, when you consider how small a stroke would take us yonder. How little do we realize that we hang by the thread of life, as has been said.

My purpose in coming here to-day is that some few who dwell near me while in the flesh may know that the Colonel is active and alive; and not only that, I feel pressed to speak a word from the spirit-world.

How many times have I said to you as we come here: "Learn what you can of the spirit-world in this life, that is, with the dictation of your own spirit, and we repeat it again." We are anxious that you should know something beyond the material, for it will be of benefit to you as you shall be called to pass on to the higher life. We are desirous each one to give out something of encouragement or of advice to those dwelling here.

While in mortal life I did what I could in favor of the spirit-world.

I am grateful for the opportunity of speaking from this platform. Col. Moses Hunt, of Charlestown.

Martha Kidd.

My spirit goes out toward my boy to-day, hoping I may reach him. Do not think me weak, for I feel the mother's love for the child, and I would ask, if it can be possible that I may through some medium near by him have the opportunity of conversing with him privately. There are many things I would touch upon, but I forbear in things I have been here a listener until I feel assured I could take control of the medium, and I shall still endeavor to learn all I can until I may have the privilege not only of holding communion with him, but of many others connected with me in the family. In New York there are many mediums, but I do not know that I can control even one. I shall persevere until it may be brought about through the help of the angels that I may speak upon a matter that is uppermost in my own mind. In one instance I feel that he understood I was by him; or know that I was in the surrounding; he felt assured of it, and at that time I thought, through the influence of some in the mortal, I might come in contact with him privately, but I failed so to mention the privilege will be granted me of holding communion with him, when I may touch upon some points that I hold back to-day. Martha Kidd.

George W. Miller.

I am glad to greet you, Mr. Chairman, also to greet the people here, for I feel this is a place where your souls may be fed, and you may be happier for coming. In the last two meetings I felt pretty sure I was going to speak, but I failed, and was disappointed, thinking perhaps some loved ones would be disappointed also, for they have asked me mentally, time and again, to come and send them a word of cheer and comfort from the Summer-Land.

I wish you to know, Mary, that Fred is all right. Do not be troubled, for we can see further and clearer than you in the mortal.

It is a number of years since I parted with the tenement of clay. I feel more alive to-day than I did for the last year I dwelt in the form. I am much more active, and stronger in every way. They are to have a little gathering very soon, and I know they will understand, for it has been given them through one medium that George will try to be there. I hope to make my presence felt through some others, as there will be more than one present. I can see that they intend to come together, and there will be many invisibles with them; but I will not say anything of the other, for I am enough to speak for myself. George W. Miller, Washington, D. C.

Rebecca Smith.

Through the kindness of the red men to-day I find strength enough to speak here. I suffered much in mortal life; but I am not here to tell you of that, or to tell you of the beauties of the spirit-life. I have come for this one purpose, that I may be brought in contact with some of the dear loving friends, and that I may be of some assistance to them through the influences I may leave with them, that they may gain impressions that will lead them on more and more into the light, instead of groping in darkness. I would have them learn of the visits of their loved ones. They may say: "Why do you leave your spirit-home and come to this cold world?" We have attractions here; we are drawn around you; we come that we may aid you in every possible way that power is given us to do. I have been three different times into the home when mediums have been there, thinking perhaps I might have held sweet communion with them, but I failed so to do. Some other loving friends were permitted to speak, but I do not know why I could not take control of the medium, or even give what I wished through the guide. To-day I find myself much stronger, but I give credit and thanks to the red men. God bless them! They are of much help to you, dear mortals, when you little understand of their coming, or of the power they bring. Then speak kindly of the red men. They have a mission upon earth, and they come to perform it. Do not fault with them because they come to this medium, they know their work, and will do it faithfully. Do not try to dictate to them, for they understand it better than you mortals can.

Spirits often make their way here to speak from this platform, when they would much rather meet their friends privately; but we think our coming may sometimes be the first thing to draw their attention and lead them to seek a knowledge of spirit-communion. Many of our friends have been led to speak by a printed message; then let us be thankful, spirits and mortals, for the great privileges that are granted us. Rebecca Smith, Putney, Conn.

William Emerson.

As I look into the audience I see a face that holds me closely, and I have asked permission to speak again, although I have been here once before. I bring greeting and love to you, dear wife, and the children. Would that all the clouds might roll away and that the sunshine might come. We are all eager to hear of many things we hold back from the public. Only one will understand the meaning of what I give to-day. Dear wife, the angels are working for you, therefore mortals cannot begrudge you. Trust them, and they will do their work faithfully.

How thankful I am that we are permitted to come into communication with those we leave behind. How beautiful the thought that we shall all be reunited in the veil and begin a new life together. Those who have gone before send greetings. Your own dear mother sends love, and Lizzie and Jane ask to be remembered. Would that I might speak with the boys. I am not permitted to come into communication with them privately, but I feel in God's own good time the scales will be rolled away from their eyes, that they may learn more of spirit-communion, and give their attention not to the material, but to the spiritual. Gladly will I hold my influence with them for the right, and feel assured in time things will be different—that is, in the material—from what they are to-day.

Oliver asks to be remembered also, and sends love to one who needs her love and sympathy so much. Also would I ask to be remembered to the dear friends and neighbors in Manchester, N. H. William Emerson.

Dr. Emmons.

"Blessed are they that die in the Lord." Blessed are they that know of spirit-return before leaving the mortal form. Truly, as Brother William has said, I was groping in darkness, yet, thank God, the light has come, and the darkness disappears. I will be honest, and acknowledge that, in the mortal, I was in the dark, and I could not enter into the light immediately on laying off the mantle of flesh. I had much to learn; all creeds are mixed with error, and I was led into error, and again mixed with errors. True it is, that I think for myself, dear mortals. God would not have endowed you with reason if it had not been for a purpose. Never was man made better by de-throning reason. Then use it according to the dictation of the spirit. Would that I could undo or unlearn the past. I cannot, therefore I must, through progression, go beyond it.

You may ask if I was satisfied with creeds and dogmas in the mortal, and I answer: They never fed the spirit, and they never will. They reach on for more light, for more intelligence from advanced spirits who are waiting to give it to you. I would not have been found in this hall while dwelling on earth, in what is termed a spiritual meeting, but I feel that "spiritual" is the right term to use, for spirit is all. There should not be so much of what I might call crowding one another, of each one feeling their own society is right, and all others are wrong. Be charitable, like him whose example has been left you. Be charitable, for I know the importance of it. As I have been a dweller in spirit-life for this length of time, I have learned some things which it was my privilege to have learned in mortal life. I would extend to each one, greetings, each one, I say; and Brother William sends greetings to all that he was connected with. The spirit in Franklin, Mass., will remember Dr. Emmons.

Jenness Wheeler.

I would like my friends to know, and I think the news will comfort you, that I have spoken in this hall. I have gained a great deal of knowledge by listening here—only to advanced spirits, but those who have been eager to learn, soon after passing over. I find that some learn much faster than others, the same as your children to whom you give schooling here. There are some that do not care very much about learning, and think they know it all. Now, then, if they do, we must call them ignorant spirits; and finally you will find them on both sides of life. I have not been a

dwell in the spirit-land this length of time without discovering that there is much more for me to learn.

It is grand to feel that life is continuous. This earthly life is only the commencement; it is shadowy; we have the reality on the spirit shore. We come in contact with friends and neighbors, and form acquaintances there as you do here.

Some time since, some ministers, as you would call them here, were holding a little conference. There were four of them, and they could not quite agree, any more than they could when here. Each one thought that his denomination was a little the best, or a little more in the right. Don't misunderstand me, and think that conversation was held in our spirit homes. It is only while we are attracted to earth that we talk of material things. As I listened to them, I found they held the same views they did here; if they were Orthodox or Presbyterians, they still were the same. I can't understand what it matters about sect or creed, as all are reaching on for that one heaven, as they term it. The conversation didn't last long. It was all in pleasantness; still I noticed each one held to his own doctrine—they could not seem to leave it, after quitting the mortal form.

Since passing to the spirit-life I have been attracted a great deal to my dear friends on earth, hoping in some way to make their presence known; and since conversing with a spirit who has spoken from this platform, I have felt that I would try this method and see if I could not reach them in Randolph, Vt. Jenness Wheeler.

Lucia A. Sampson.

It is pleasant to return and speak for ourselves; it is also pleasant to listen to others as they send greetings to their loved ones. I am interested in the good and glorious work that is going on in this great city, where more and more are being brought into the light, learning that spirits do return and converse with their dear friends. The Lyceums I am interested in; the "Ladies' Aid" I am interested in again. I feel that they will be prospered; the angels are helping them; there seems to be harmony arising; and may they go on and on until the work shall be more and more perfect. We that have laid off the mantle of flesh, that have been connected with them in the past, have lost none of our interest; that is, where more and more are being brought into the light, for we feel our influence may go further; then we would say to each one, we are still among you and can do our work more perfectly, bringing our influence and leaving impressions with you as to what channels it is best to work through. God speed the time when mortals may realize more of the angels' visits; when they may see and feel their loved ones as they walk beside them; when they may be lifted above the clouds of sorrow, prejudice and selfishness, and all inharmonies may be done away with. This is our prayer for those we love, and we love them all. Many who stand beside me join with me in what I have said to those who were connected with while in the mortal. When I dwell on earth I did enjoy so much communing with them, and I would say to the dear friends: Meet with them in the halls, for better your spirits may be fed; you may become better men and women and lead better lives for so doing. Lucia A. Sampson.

Sarah Morse.

There are those dear to me at a distance from here, Mr. Chairman, and I am anxious to reach them. Through the influence of some good friend, I trust my message will be spoken of, and they will receive the paper containing it. In East Clarendon, Ohio, my friends dwell.

It will bring comfort to some, and raise doubts in the minds of others, when they hear that Sarah has been here, for we are all constituted differently; some will be glad to hear, while others will be sad, and some will be in the background. It is our privilege to speak what is in our minds; if they receive it kindly, we shall be happier; if not, it makes us sad, and we must wait until, through the aid of the dear angels, they learn that their friends do visit them, and not only their friends, but many loving spirits, come to assist them through life's battles, through trials that overtake them, to help lift the burden of life from their shoulders, that they may feel that existence is not all, but there is something beyond world learning of while dwelling here. I feel assured that my coming to this place will prove for some good purpose in the future. It will help my friends to know that we do visit them. It has often been said: "If they come, why do I not know it?" We cannot answer all the questions of mortals, but we do say, if you try to put yourself in the way of learning of our visits, you will understand more of our coming to you. It does not lay wholly upon you, but partly with yourselves; if you will work with us, we promise you we will not fail you, by any means. Sarah Morse.

Elsie Stevens.

Oh! the pretty flowers! [To the Chairman:] Don't you think that white one is lovely? See the pretty leaves! You can't make them like that, can you?

I see the children going down the aisle, but they will be quiet, won't they? Did I not keep quiet when that lady was talking? Don't you forget to tell my mamma I am going to school? [To the Reporter:] My hair curls just like yours, only mine aint that color. Grandma says it will be sometime when I be a lady.

I am glad to come to this meeting. [To the Chairman:] Can I come again to-morrow? [There will be no one here to-morrow.] Then I'll come to the next meeting. Aunt you sorry when children have the throat-ache? Grandma said she wanted me, but she was so sorry when my throat was sore, that she wanted to know when you would come where my mamma lives? That is in New York. Don't you know New York, where they've got all the big houses? I was only just a little girl when I went away. I am bigger now. Don't you know where Thirty-Fourth street is? [Yes.] When you get there you turn round the corner, and you'll see what they call a swell front; you come round that—and you know what Madison Square is called—don't you go down that street, and come out another street, and it will only be a little ways, and if you see my mamma, and tell her I was here—don't you tell—I'll give you a kiss. But I'm going to see if you do, first.

We want to go to school in the Summer-Land. It is lovely; and we have more flowers than you do here. If I can get 'em through the veil I'll bring you some, as many as I can hold. Now I want to speak my name: Elsie Stevens.

Catharine Chauplin.

Years have passed since they said death came into the home and stole one away. The vacant chair was left standing; but we occupy our places at the table, we are there just the same, and we feel it is our home. How sweet to feel that we are welcome to our home. Yes, dear friends, the attraction is strong that draws us into our own surroundings, and we walk by the side of our loved ones, trying to make them sense our presence. Sometimes we are repaid for all our efforts, at other times we feel disappointed because we cannot accomplish the work we have attempted. Not many miles from where I dwell I heard there were meetings held, while I was in the form, but I did not understand the purpose of those meetings. I have learned, since passing over, that many Spiritualists meet together to commune with those who have crossed the shining river.

It is grand to feel that you can commune with your loved ones, even silently, mentally, when you are not permitted to come into conversation with them. Many times have I stood beside a loving sister, and in a soft whisper have I said: "Look up; we are with you; we will try to assist you; we will try in every way to drive away the clouds that come to you." We cannot have to pass over to do it, although we may, in a measure. When we look upon the faces of our dear friends, and see how many struggles they have, how many trials they have to contend with here, our pity, our sympathy goes out for them in every way, although they often feel that we know nothing of it. We do know, for, as we have said, if we know anything we know a great deal. We feel there is a purpose in our coming to our friends, for we all have a mission upon earth, and feel

