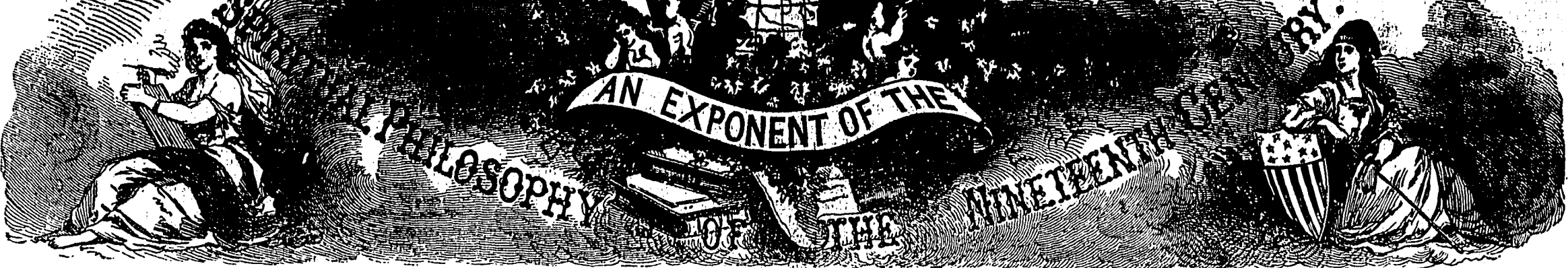


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## THINGS WORTH RECORDING.

ADIN BALLOU.

BY OBSERVER (MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS).

*A Plank on a Bridge; "Exposition of Views"; Manly Letter—"It is my Good Fortune never to have Changed Backward from Greater Light to Less"; "The Full Beams of the Morning Sun will ere Long Shine Forth"; Directions for Investigators; Words of Counsel that fit the Present Time.*

It has been asserted in some previous notes that the name of a good and distinguished man gave solidity and power to a new movement, and seemed to "Observer" like a plank on a bridge: If by any change or accident the plank was removed, the yawning chasm below became a terror, the whole superstructure seemed tumbling in pieces, and future progress seemed impossible.

One of the first books upon spiritual phenomena sought and obtained by "Observer" bore the title: "Spirit Manifestations." The title-page is as follows:

"An Exposition of Views Respecting the Principal Facts, Causes and Peculiarities Involved in Spirit Manifestations; Together with Interesting Phenomenal Statements and Communications. By Adin Ballou."

If a spirit or an angel hath spoken to him, let us not fight against God.—Acts xiii. 9.  
Are they not all ministering spirits?—Heb. i. 14.  
Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they be of God.—1 John iv. 1.  
Boston: Bela Marsh, Publisher, 25 Cornhill. 1862."

It was indeed inspiring to read the strong, clear statements; to feel that a genuine, open-hearted man had the courage to avow his convictions. But alas for one who thinks the way of progress depends on any man! Dr. S. C. Colby stated in a public lecture that Adin Ballou had "gone back" on his facts; that he had renounced his convictions, and was "coming round right," and this is the reply "Observer" received to the question if this was the case:

MILFORD (HOPEDALE), MASS., May 13th, 1883.

Dear Friend: Your interesting letter of the 10th instant reached me last evening, and I hasten to relieve your anxieties respecting my present position. I stand precisely where I presented myself in my published work on Spirit Manifestations. I am more and more confirmed in the persuasion that I took the true ground on every important point set forth in that work. I have never taken any other ground; and Dr. S. C. Colby had no reliable authority whatever for his statements. While there are many phenomena of a spiritual or psychological nature transpiring all over the country in connection with mediums for these manifestations which I do not understand, cannot account for, and which I doubt being caused by departed spirits, yet there is a high and clear class of phenomena which I can no more doubt to have their cause in the presence and agency of departed spirits than I can doubt the existence of a God. So I thought, and so I wrote in my book. So I think and so I speak still, and I am sorry a public lecturer should presume to state anything to the contrary. As to my "coming round right," if I am not right, I shall be glad to become so. Should I be convinced that I have mistaken error for truth on this or any other subject, I pray that I may have honesty and humility enough to acknowledge it as publicly as I have committed my error. But though my enemies have sometimes reproached me with being a visionary and a chattering, it is my good fortune never to have changed backward from greater light to less, and never to have been obliged to recant newly-discovered and deliberately-declared truths of any serious importance. I think, therefore, it is highly improbable that I shall have any occasion to go backward, or make any great recantations of judgment respecting this subject. I thank you for your letter, both on account of the opportunity it gives me to contradict a false report, and on account of its good contents. I shall take the liberty to publish it in my paper, *The Practical Christian*, with some comments. . . .  
Your friend and brother, ADIN BALLOU.

This letter needs no comments. It has the ring of the genuine metal. No subtleties, no hiding under the screen of *psychic force*, *mind-reading* or *magnetism*, but a simple declaration of principles—an attestation of facts.

"Observer" recalls a meeting with one of Mr. Ballou's parishioners, in which the high esteem in which he was held was expressed. He was a man so thoroughly in earnest, so calmly secure in his faith, that his word was considered authority. Therefore we have reason to be proud of his written and spoken words, and although thirty-seven years have passed since this letter was written, it has yet its vital and present power.

In the old cabinet, in a yellow envelope, with marks of time upon it, lay another letter from the same hand, some extracts from which will do all good who may read. It was written in the same year:

"This interesting series is contributed to the BANNER OF LIGHT exclusively by one of the earliest and ablest writers on spiritualism and its history; and constitutes, as it proceeds, a biographical sketch—drawn from the memory and notes of the author—of a man and woman publicly known in the opening days of the Cause, the surpassing value of which to present (as well as future) Spiritualists cannot well be overestimated.—Ed. B. of L."

"In regard to the skepticism, opposition, and seemingly willful blindness of thousands in high places and low places, the history of human progress through all the past should have prepared us to expect it. Pharisees, Sadducees, Stoics, Epicureans, Libertines, Sensualists, and brutal beings of the baser sort, will naturally act themselves out alike in all ages of the world, when truth shines in upon their darkness, and the axe of reform is laid at the root of the trees. On the other hand, every epoch of progress has its elect, its chosen ones, its little flock, its martyrs, its prophets, apostles and welcoming receivers. Among these are many in humble positions, and always some high, noble and glorious minds. And what tests of the heart, the intellect, and the moral character these epochs are! How many seemingly intelligent, candid, amiable, holy and excellent persons traveling the beaten path of their times, have been revealed in unexpected phases of character when the test of new truths, new applications of principles and searching reforms came home to them! How great an attainment it is to be as a little child; to be truthful, to love righteousness above all things, to be willing to be of no reputation for the kingdom of heaven's sake; to be free and morally courageous in the face of ignorance, prejudice, scorn, persecution and contempt!

But such are the elect of all ages; the Saviours, prophets, apostles and martyrs of the race; the salt of the earth, and the light of the world, without whom moral darkness and putrefaction would reign over human nature. But through these first fruits of progress the great lump of humanity is gradually leavened. These spirit manifestations have called out men's interiors strangely. I have frequently been disappointed in the revelations made. People who I presumed would hail and welcome them joyously, have turned up the nose of disgust and contempt at them; and others from whom I looked for indifference or determined hostility, are warm-hearted believers. So it goes, and we must make the best of these singular lessons.

As to undeveloped, *atlas* evil spirits, in the proper sense of terms, they are the same, and the term evil cannot be eschewed. You say you would be glad to ignore the existence of such spirits. So should I, if it would do any good. But realities are realities, whether we will or not, whether agreeable or disagreeable. If our better feelings of good-will and pity could be separated from the knowledge of truths undeniable, we might be glad to ignore much of the evil which darkens our rudimental sphere—the sins and miseries of this life. But Love and Wisdom, in their holy marriage, teach us to know the worst, as well as the best; to consider how the evil may be overcome with the good; to work diligently for the grand consummation, though it require ages, and to be sure that the victory shall be won by the divine over the bestial, even the infernal.

We must expect this long while yet to encounter difficulties, perplexities, and inexplicable phenomena of nameless variety in spiritual development. I would gladly see through the glass, not darkly, but as it were "face to face." But as I cannot, I will be thankful, patient and hopeful in my slow march upward. There is more to come. There is progress. The full beams of the morning sun will ere long shine forth. Earth and heaven will come into harmonious communication when all the elements have been elaborated. Let us bear and do our respective parts, with a confident assurance that the most glorious prophecies of the past will all be fulfilled in the unfolding future. May the loves and ministrations of the celestial world be with you and all the children of the true Israel.

Your friend and brother,  
ADIN BALLOU.

How true is it that words of wisdom and truth do not become obsolete. Their grace is perennial. As "Observer" recalls the condition of the mind that instigated this correspondence, it seems to belong to a childish state. But not so seem the words of this good man. They are words of counsel that fit the present time. They come from a heart in sympathy with humanity, and from an intellect that combined judgment with earnest aspiration.

In his published book may be found directions for investigators. "Observer," in considering them, wonders if they will be of interest to investigators at the present time. Venturing on the doubt, we give them room:

- 1st. Be not ashamed, nor afraid, nor unwilling to embrace truth, come whence or how it may.
- 2d. Respect your own senses and judgment enough to trust them decently.
- 3d. Procure all the credible testimony you can, in print and otherwise, concerning spirit manifestations, ancient and modern; weigh it deliberately at home, and be in no haste to examine cases until you can have good opportunities; then improve them.
- 4th. Hold sittings with no medium whom you believe morally capable of deception or trick. *Confess or refrain.*
- 5th. Have few persons present, and none but candid, sensible and well-behaved ones.
- 6th. Be serious, deliberate, frank and unaffected; propose what tests you please, but abstain from all petting, flattery, pertness, and over-urgency. Be content with such developments as come freely, and set everything down for what it is worth. You may desire much, and get little. Remember, you are not required to give credit for more than you receive, nor to take chaff for wheat.
- 7th. Take care not to overtax the nervous energy of the medium by long sittings, nor undue excitement.
- 8th. Take notes of all important phenomena and incidents.
- 9th. Accept or reject, or hold in doubt what purports to come from departed spirits, for what would be sufficient reasons if it came from spirits in the flesh. This must be the standing rule.
- 10th. Treat all persons concerned, whether departed or undeveloped, as enjoined in the Golden Rule; and if there be evil, overcome it with good. Be uniformly just, considerate and kind.

"Observer" feels it a great loss that so few notes have been taken of the words of those who came in the earlier days of these manifestations, and gave advice, counsel and representations of the new life. Therefore it will not seem amiss to extract a few from the notes of sittings which Mr. Ballou and family held, at which they received from their son Augustus many affectionate words, proving continued love:

"Do not think much of my last illness; it was the gate to glory. Think of this beautiful land where we shall all be reunited. You will be elevated to purer communion with perfected spirits by what seems to you a terrible blow.

There will certainly be unmistakable communications from this beautiful world in a short time. Death will lose its terror. We shall indeed be separated, but I wish you to feel that I shall be so much more happy, and am exerting an influence over you more powerful for good than I have done, or ever might have done, had I remained on the earth. . . . I have heard and know that there is reason to expect great and astounding manifestations from us within two or three years. . . .

When I survey the glories of the spirit-home, and contrast them with the minor beauties of the earth I once inhabited, my soul thrills with joy unutterable. I am amazed while with you that you can ever shed a tear at my change. And if to me the transition is so delightful, when my path was so cloudless on earth, what must it be to the children of affliction! Ah! the joy that I have witnessed when some, whose way through life was ever gloomy, first beheld the wondrous glories of our world! You must taste it, feel it, to understand it. . . . Blissful thought, all darkness turned to light! I am enraptured, nor can I express my joy.

I see in my mind's eye trials and sorrows innumerable for earth's inhabitants; but beyond it all is the prospect of a brighter day, when among all the blessings not the least shall be communion with the spirits of the pure and good. Some of you will see that day. Do you ask how I can foretell this? I know how the inhabitants of other earths have progressed, and the order is the same in all. It will be gradual, and some years will pass before a great change. You have already had prophecies to this effect. Heed them. Be patient, watch and wait. Another century cannot commence before this great change will be wrought. I may not tell you more. I say again, be patient; watch and hope. . . .

Do you wish the society of pure spirits? Make yourselves pure and holy in thought and conversation. Listen to the breathings of the Divine Spirit, nor fail to heed its warnings. Your experience has taught you that your happiest moments are those spent in communion with the Divine. Why, then, seek for happiness in any other way? The cares of the busy world weary and perplex your minds, and from them you gladly turn to the joys supreme which you find in forgetfulness of them all, and in communion with the Infinite.

It is interesting to know that one of the controls of Mrs. Richmond is Augustus Ballou. In his first communications he showed himself filled with a desire for higher life and power to aid and instruct others. How truly has he fulfilled his desire. Through many years Mrs. Richmond has called before her listeners of the earnest, thoughtful stamp, and her words have been instruction and hope to many thousands. Thus does an earnest purpose refuse to recognize spheres or times, but becomes a power to a generation.

It is believed by many that all the social movements of the present day are inspired, and that they tend to the better day when Christian life and Christian profession shall correspond. If this be so, then we may well believe that Mr. Ballou was an inspired man. In the "Brook Farm Community" there was an effort to express Fourierism, which did not base its principles on a purely Christian basis, but on a truly moral and intellectual one. Mr. Ballou wished to express at Hopedale the Christian faith and aspirations as he recognized them in the life and teachings of Jesus.

The effort was to establish a community, a Christian and fraternal order of society, in which all would be for each and each for all in the promotion of the general welfare and happiness in every department of life—thus answering by deeds as well as by prayers the aspiration: "Thy kingdom come."

Both efforts of those noble men, Rev. George Ripley at Brook Farm, and Rev. Adin Ballou at Hopedale, failed on a financial basis. But they were a success as an idea; for at this very time the best minds of the country are agitating the very questions that inspired these noble-hearted men to action.

In Mr. Ballou's account of the breaking up of the Community at Hopedale he says that he expected too much and too soon; that he was too much in haste to wait for necessary preparations, and overrated the fitness of himself and associates for such an enterprise.

He often said of himself that he was "young for liberty," and at the age of 37 he was just as much interested in every stirring movement that tended to reform as when he first "struck for freedom." He was in no sense a visionary, an impractical dreamer; he was simply in advance of the time. It is about fifty years since the Hopedale Community was projected, and Mr. Ballou was its central power. He worked for an ideal which is yet to be recognized as a possibility. Christian Socialism at Hopedale was not of this world as its competitive and selfish traffickings, its wars and contentions, and was peaceful even to non-resistance of evil with evil. The spirit and principle of Mr. Ballou was that evil must be overcome with good. To feel the inspiring power which urged this good man to humanitarian schemes, and gave him hope and courage in the midst of seeming failure, belongs to us as Spiritualists.

It was not in "Observer's" good fortune to meet this grand man, Adin Ballou, face to face, and therefore no other facts concerning his faith can be given. He is a noble illustration of what a good and trusted man can do for the advancement of truth. So many of our clergymen go around, the rock without the living springs of truth might flow, without one blow to smite it; others partake of the waters, but say not whence they come that others may drink and be refreshed.

Let us take thankfully the prophetic words quoted above, and in faith and patience wait.

It is stated by a ship captain—whether a jolly romanticist or not "doth not yet appear"—that the Alaskan natives clearly prove that they are quite ready to accept civilization and its blessings: As an instance in demonstration whereof, he alleges that "the thrifty Alaskan now sends down the coast, to San Francisco to get made the articles that the impulsive summer visitor does on, and buys at native prices," as the production of aboriginal handiwork!

## Literary Department.

# CRIME AND RETRIBUTION.

A STORY OF BOTH HEMISPHERES.

Written for the Banner of Light,

BY CORA WILBURN.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### Reverence.

The summons had gone forth, and unto the decree of heaven the now willing and submissive heart had bent. As her remaining strength declined, as the world faded from the eyes on which the glories of the far beyond were opening in celestial gleams, Rose, dwelling in the peace that envelopes the dying Christian, grew wonderfully calm and still. With the prophetic sight of the spirit often vouchsafed to the closing hours of life, she felt that all-overruling Goodness would fashion all things right. But ere she attained this perfect serenity of soul she had had a long interview with her husband, in which she pleaded with all the earnestness of a loving heart for the child she was about to leave on earth.

Whether it was the solemn impressiveness of her speech, or that better thoughts were gaining the ascendancy, Philip appeared moved and softened. Perhaps some lingering reminiscence of the love he had won to cast so cruelly aside, of the blooming and innocent girl he had lured from her father's arms, came over him then, and, despite his strong will, moistened his eyes and clouded his brow with the shadows of remorse and pity. The "fine pure spot" in his world-enrusted heart was love for his child; though even that was obscured by the phantoms of his pride and unholy ambition. On her dying day the long-neglected wife did not appeal to him in vain.

"She shall never know how bitterly she has been deceived. I will not embitter her last moments with the knowledge of my danger; of the promised sacrifice of the child she has loved as her own. And if human effort can avail, so help me God!"—it was the first time for long years that he had invoked that sacred name—"I will save her from the clutches of Elvino; he is too doubly-dyed a villain to match with such purity as hers. Once I would not have scrupled even for this, for we should live in wealth; I should be surrounded by the luxuries that have become the necessities of life to me. But a change that I cannot define is upon me. My child shall not become the victim of that hardened wretch. Desperate as the chance is, I will venture all—ruin or die—as fate ordains it."

All this passed through his mind, but to Rose he said:

"Fear not; I give you my promise, Felicia, shall not be forced into this repellant union. And, Rose," he added stammeringly, "though I am not apt to play the weakling, yet I would—wife—I would ask your forgiveness."

"It is freely, fully bestowed," said Rose, speaking rapidly, yet with an intense feeling. "In this hour all the past of sorrow and trouble is forgotten; it is to me as if it never were; you are again the husband of my youth, to whom I pledged the holy, life-long vows. All is forgotten—neglect and indifference—only the beautiful memories of love remain. Be faithful to your promise, Philip; save your child from the doom she shrinks from. If she ever again meets Percy Macdonald, give your blessing to their union. I know he loved her, and there was something strange in his abrupt departure. I will not blame you, Philip, for the time for reproaches is past; but my prayer is still and forever, be kind, be true to Felicia—be to her a father—replace me in her sorrowful, bereaved young heart."

She spoke much more; warned him against the pursuance of his mysterious and evil course of life; implored him by all that was most sacred to the heart of man and acceptable to the eyes of God, to walk henceforth in the straight paths of honesty and rectitude.

At any other time he would have met such words with taunting sarcasms and stinging irony; but an unseen and mighty power was at work, stirring his long quiescent soul into a sense of wrong and sinfulness, awakening the long-slumbering remorse, and shouting in thunder tones of accusation at his ear:

"Repent! Repent! ere it be too late!"

What Rose during her life could never bring to pass she achieved when death came nigh. She touched the hard heart and aroused the soul of one who had scoffed at all holiness and trampled under foot the laws of God and man. Blessed was the mission of the broken-hearted Rose! At her request, when she had recovered from the exhausting exertion consequent upon the long-protracted interview, Philip called in his daughter, and with a thoughtful mien and a careful step he passed from the sick-room.

It was a week from the day of Percy's departure, and the monster Arabano, convinced that it would be impossible to hold a wedding in the house where death was waiting, had growled forth an ill-natured respite, "until the old woman was dead and buried"; but he still insisted on the fulfillment of the contract, and threatened Philip with the utmost vengeance if he swerved from it in the least. During that week the young Felicia had tasted of the bitterness of life. He whom she held so loftily enshrined in the innermost sanc-

tury of her affections had left her, as it seemed, so coldly, without a parting word of love or hope; without a promise of return. It was her first disappointment, and heavily it weighed upon her erst elastic spirits. In those few days her cheeks had lost their rosy freshness; her diamond-bright eyes were dimmed with many tears; the curtain of a sad thoughtfulness was thrown around the candid brow; and now the mother she idolized was about to leave her! She thought of living alone with her stern father, and she shuddered with fear; she thought of Arabano, who had called at the gate but had not entered the house; and as his image rose before her she dreamt of the long sleep beneath the ocean waves. In her brave, love-consecrated heart, she registered the vow to choose death rather than a hateful life with him. She entered the chamber of Rose with a bursting heart and tear-filled, swollen eyes. She could not command her voice to address the beloved one who was passing rapidly away.

"Come here, my child; give me your hand; let me feel your kiss once more. Dear Felicia! do not grieve too much for me. This worn-out frame will be exchanged for the glory and youth of the spirit; this aching breast, that the love of earth has never satisfied, will rest in the everlasting peace of God! From the heavens I will watch over my beloved child!"

"Oh! mother! mother! take me with you, for I, too, would be at rest. Do not leave me here alone—forsaken—desolate! God of the bereaved, have pity! take me in my mother's arms—up—up, beyond the reach of sorrow and despair!"

The young girl clasped her hands as she uttered the impassioned prayer of her grief, and her face was pallid as that of the departing.

There is a beautiful as well as a solemn aspect in death. He is not a king of terrors to the "pure in heart"; neither is he an appalling spectre to the penitent and the reconciled with God. As a calm-browed, ministering angel he comes to these, a messenger of the Father's will, leading them from the accomplished mission of earth upward to the celestial plains.

The face of Rose was glorified and serene; the dark valley for her was passed and the heavenly shores were nigh. Her pale and wasted cheeks flushed with the enthusiasm of love that was even then angelic in its bestowal; her blue eyes were illumined with the brilliancy of her soul; the smooth brown hair, that sorrow far more than time had silvered, strayed over the pillow, curling playfully still, as in her happy youthful days. Though her breathing was labored, she seemed to undergo no pain, and she spoke in a clear and silvery voice that seemed imbued with some strange, unearthly significance, it fell so thrillingly impressive upon the ear.

"Come nearer, my beloved child," she said; and, as Felicia bent over her, and she caught the quick-falling rain of her tears upon her face and bosom, the mother said, sweetly reproving:

"This is not right, my darling! Oh! this is not the spirit with which our Father wills that we should offer unto him. Felicia, daughter! you have been the angel of my weary pilgrimage! Think you that our Father keeps not the record of your dutiful life? Think you there is no compensation for the sufferings of those who love him and keep his commandments?"

"There will be no happiness for me when you are gone. Who then will teach and guide me? Who will save me from wretchedness and woe? Oh! let me die! let me not live to be alone on earth!"

And she threw herself upon her knees, and the fervent petition of her soul that hour was for the boon of death.

"My child, you will live to recall this hour with regret; you will learn that the chastening hand is ever outstretched in love; that sorrow and discipline are the teaching angels from on high. In the future, Felicia, you will be blest and happy, and then will you recognize the salutary uses of all trial." There was a prophetic tone in what she said.

The young girl, weeping bitterly, exclaimed between her sobs:

"There is no happiness on earth for me! I am to be sacrificed to my father's sordid ambition. But, mother, and she threw back the tangled masses of golden hair that veiled her eyes, "I will seek eternal repose in the waters of the sea, and my spirit shall follow you above."

"Hush! hush! my dearest! such thoughts are sinful," said the mother, taking her small, white, trembling hand. "Not so, my child. That dread alternative will never be. I have your father's binding promise that you shall never wed with Arabano." Felicia—not that danger is past. And, my beloved child! listen to what I tell you and receive the last good I can ever bestow. My blessed, my obedient child! you have heard that the vision of the dying often lifts the veil from the hidden future? I see your life before me now. Felicia,



give not way to frowning and blinded grief, for my sake. Some day—not far distant—you will meet again—with Percy—and the mystery of the past will be explained. You will be happy—united—and other joys, undreamt of, which I dare not reveal to you—will be your portion. Trust in the Saviour's love. Resign yourself unto the will—of him—"

She was much exhausted by the continued effort of speaking. Felicia, bending over her, silently arranged the pillows and kissed the white brow, over which the mystic gray shadows were stealing. She pondered deeply on her mother's words, and a ray of blessed consolation, even amid the overwhelming terror, stole to her tortured heart.

"Felicia," Rose whispered softly. She bent down her head.

"Call in the servants," she said.

She called them all, and they came from their several avocations and grouped themselves around the room, weeping and sighing and praying loudly to the saints.

Felicia imposed silence upon them by her gestures; but the gentle mistress, smiling faintly, said in somewhat strengthened tones: "Leave them to the demonstrations of their honest hearts, dear child, and come hither and support me while I say farewell to them."

Supported on the bosom of her daughter she bade them approach her, one by one. She addressed a few kind words to each, bade them fulfill their duties and be happy. To two swarthy maidens and an old man she said:

"I have won a boon from your master. Anita and Barbara, and you, Anselmo—you are free! When you leave me go and thank him." They cast themselves on their knees before her and implored the choicest blessings of the Eternal upon her. They prayed for her restoration to health for a long and fortunate life.

Rose heard them with a heavenly smile, with the dew drops of compassion in her eyes. When they arose to go, she said:

"Pray that the good Father may receive me in his Paradise, and your good wishes I accept for her, my child. Love her as you have done me. God bless you, one and all!"

They retired, sobbing, yet restraining all violent outbreaks of their grief; but when they reached their own quarters, such a loud, wild wail arose! It would have moved the hardest heart to pity.

"If they are so bereaved, oh! Father in heaven, what am I?" cried Felicia, as she again knelt by the bedside and held her mother's hand, and saw the mysterious shadows flit athwart the fading countenance.

"All will be well!" she murmured reverently, and her blue eyes were upraised in communion with the unseen.

Felicia gazed upon her with the agonized look that she gave to those who pass from our mortal sight forever.

"My darling," she said, turning her yet clear gaze upon her, "I have been a disobedient child, and my years of punishment were many and my trials were severe. I feel that I am pardoned now; my heavenly Parent and the earthly father, whose strength I bent, whose head I whitened by my sin—both have forgiven me. Felicia, you have been good, oh!—more than good to me. Your reward awaits you. Have faith, trust, patience—all will be well. And now, my beloved, call your father."

Felicia hastened to call an attendant to remain with her until she returned.

"It is not necessary, dearest," said Rose; "each of the women has offered to remain and watch with me, but I need them not. I want only you. Now call your father. Hasten, my child."

With winged footsteps she sped through hall and corridor till she found him, plunged in deep thought, beside a picture representing the devoted wife in her first youthful charms. He started as Felicia touched him lightly on the shoulder.

She was pallid as any arisen ghost. The terrible shadow of a great sorrow had obscured the lustre of her eye and stolen all the freshness of first youth. The golden hair floated over neck and shoulders in disorder; the blue veins' tracery shone forth on brow and hand; her white garments hung loosely around her, and the kerchief about her neck was saturated with the briny flood of her tears. For a moment the father looked upon her silently; then, with a tone of tenderness unheard for years, he cried: "Felicia!" and opened wide his arms.

She sunk upon his bosom, wound her loving clasp around him, and sobbed and wept in the abandonment of her soul.

"She calls you—she bade me hasten," Felicia whispered.

"Felicia, my daughter," he said, and kissed the tear-stained cheeks, "fear me no longer. I will be a father—I will atone for all, my child."

She seized his hand and pressed it to her throbbing heart. Half supporting her, they reached the chamber of Rose. Philip started back in alarm; the unmistakable seal of death was upon her face. She stretched forth one feeble hand, and he took it speechlessly and carried it to his lips.

"You will remember all you promised?" Again he started at the sound of her voice, so musically yet so thrillingly imbued with change.

"I will, so help me God!" he cried.

"And you will not cast away my warning? You will beware of Joaquin? He is your enemy; he will betray you—injure you if he can."

"I will dismiss him from my service, Rose; be at ease upon that point. The rascal is now away."

"Will you pray with me, my husband? This once. Grant me my last request. You refused yesterday, when the minister was here; do not refuse me now."

He yielded not ungracefully. With her cold hand clasped in his, his daughter by his side, he prayed with her as he had never prayed since he had knelt by his mother's knee in sinless boyhood. Tears of deep feeling, of a penitential upwelling, moistened his lashes; the bold and wicked adventurer was taking the first initiatory steps in good.

"Farewell, my beloved Philip—husband of my heart, farewell. Remember—repent—beware! Felicia, I bless you! Father, into thy hands—forgive. Yes, yes, sweet angels—fare—"

The sentence was never finished here. The spirit of the wronged and loving woman had sped to its immortal home. And at the foot of her bed the faithful hound lay stretched in death. Only ye who have felt the pangs of bereavement, who have dwelt in the desert realm of heart-loneliness, ye alone can sympathize with the mourner by the desolate hearthstone. Ye who have slaved and suffered and atoned, ye can judge of the depth of remorse and horror by which the guilty husband was visited.

"There are two to torment me now," he cried, when, breaking from his daughter's arms, he gained the solitude of his own room. She and Teresa! Oh! I have wronged her—both—most vilely! But it is now too late—too late!"

Rose never knew that the holy name of wife had been to her a mockery. She was spared the final pang of shame; and fearing still further to cloud Felicia's life path with a revelation of her parentage, she died and kept the secret of her birth.

[To be continued.]

#### For the Banner of Light. HYMN OF A SPIRIT.

A young man, just after completing his collegiate and professional studies, was called away from earth. Soon after his demise he came to the writer (in spirit) and made substantially the statements embodied in the following lines:

Through the broad and shining portal  
I have passed from mortal sight.  
On, where beatific scenes immortal  
Thrill the soul with pure delight.

Like an infant's quiet sleeping  
Was the closing earthly scene:  
Loving ones around were weeping,  
Yet my soul was all serene.

For I heard sweet spirit-voices,  
Saw their faces beam with love;  
Heard their choraled-toned rejoicings,  
As they welcomed me above.

Hopes of earth I fondly cherished,  
Prospects fair to win life's prize,  
By this sudden change have vanished,  
Like the mists of morning skies!

And instead, around and o'er me  
Fields of nobler duty lie;  
Life's great work is still before me,  
Lasting as eternity.

All my powers on earth unfolded,  
By love's gentle guardian care;  
All my best affections molded,  
Tenderly by toil and prayer:

Now will find their highest pleasure  
In their higher service here,  
And become a richer treasure  
Fitted for this holier sphere!

Yet I'll leave these glories oft,  
Yearning for the hearts bereft,  
Drawing near, their griefs to soften,  
Speaking "Peace," Love's precious gift.

Glorious truth! Sweet soul communion  
Death but quickens, not destroys;  
More intense is now our union,  
More intense will be its joys.

All is well! A Father leads us  
Through these unsought ways in love;  
We will go where'er he needs us,  
Here, or in the worlds above.

Wayland, Mass. J. S. DRAPER.

#### Cleveland (O.) Notes.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I am pleased to report a growing interest in spiritual matters in this city since the reopening of the Children's Lyceum and the resumption of Sunday evening lectures in Memorial Hall.

Mrs. E. L. Watson. No more fitting person could have been chosen for the opening of the lecture course than this talented, energetic and amiable woman of Sunny Lane, Cal. While many of the friends who welcomed Mrs. Watson to Cleveland fifteen years ago have passed beyond into the invisible, many were still here to greet her after her long absence, which, added to those who have come into the ranks of Spiritualism, made a host eager to pay homage to one of the most brilliant and graceful exponents of our glorious Philosophy. The only drawback to our pleasure from Mrs. W.'s recent visit here was her delicate state of health (through overfilling her engagement, she was compelled to cancel all others and hasten to the more genial climate of her Western home).

Edgar W. Emerson, the well-known public test medium, who was announced to succeed Mrs. Watson, through a misunderstanding failed to appear, but the threatened break in our lecture course was happily bridged over by the distinguished inspirational speaker, late of Baltimore, Md., Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, who is highly appreciated by the most advanced thinkers in our ranks, and who, we think, has no superior as an exponent of the universal principles and the esoteric significance of Modern Spiritualism; she fairly electrified her first audience, and before a Cleveland audience. Any society that is ripe for a permanent speaker could not do better than secure the services of Mrs. Hyzer.

Sarah E. DeWitt met the popular demand for phenomena, and to maintain a proper equilibrium between it and the philosophy, the services of this long and favorably known medium of Chicago were secured for the last three Sundays of this month. On her first appearance, the general public, Mr. DeWitt's debt in this city, every seat in the hall was filled, and the utmost attention was paid to her after the graceful introduction to the large audience by our Mr. Pope. From her lecture on "Spirit and Spirit Forces," which was a most clear and logical presentation of independent slate-writing, in full view of the audience, she held their undivided attention; and while not convincing, as usual, to all the skeptics present, she certainly left a very favorable impression upon their minds.

Our Speakers for December are Hudson and Emma Tuttle, A. B. French, and in all probability A. B. Richmond of Greenville, Pa. Through the latter we expect to reach the ears of the general public, Mr. DeWitt being well known here by "Buckeye" judges and lawyers as one of the brilliant legal lights of the "Keystone" State. In fact we look for a complete revival (using the word in its best sense) from the spiritualistic speakers of December. The poetic genius of Mrs. Tuttle, the scientific elaboration of Mr. Tuttle, the rich inspirational eloquence of Mr. French, and the logical arguments of our legal friend, Mr. Richmond, are well calculated to extend the public interest in our philosophy, that is becoming more popular in Cleveland every year.

Our Twenty-Fifth Anniversary. About the middle of next January the Children's Progressive Lyceum of this city will complete its twenty-fifth year of its existence. The only Lyceum in the country so far, that has had a continuous existence for a quarter of a century. (Please correct us, friends, if this claim is untrue.) Cleveland's first Lyceum, and the first to propose to light up the city on that occasion with electric arc (angel) lights produced by spiritualistic dynamos that will eclipse even the brilliant successes of Edison, and add a lustre to the Cause that even our most prejudiced Orthodox friends will be unable or care to extinguish.

J. Frank Baxter.—Unfortunately, this gifted medium will be with us during January, and in conjunction with several other distinguished speakers will add a zest to our forthcoming Lyceum celebration. Detailed programme of exercises and names of participants will be given later.

Fraternally yours, THOMAS LEES.

#### Quick Work.

Twenty minutes for refreshments. More than a minute consumed in getting to the lunch counter, and at least three minutes more gone before you get what you want. That's a modern taste for you! If you get a busy man anything now-a-days you've got to keep on the jump with him and give him the essential points without any fluffs and frills. So you will understand why you are invited to skip from one to another of the following points.

Drs. Starkey & Palen's Compound Oxygen Treatment has restored thousands of invalids to health. Thousands gratefully admit it. You may know who have been cured where all these restored men and women live, and what were the diseases removed, if you will ask Drs. Starkey & Palen for their 200-page book, which will be sent entirely free of charge to any address. For over 20 years the Compound Oxygen Treatment has been doing good work, and there is every good reason why it should be good and lasting in its results. In the first place, Drs. Starkey & Palen are skillful physicians—in the second place, they are experienced and competent in the use of the Compound Oxygen Treatment is blood-food. It is instantly and easily available. Circulation appropriates it, and every hungry need has its aliment. Nature responds; you take heart again, and best of all, you get what you want the names and addresses of those who have already been cured by the use of the Compound Oxygen Treatment, you may have them by return mail if you send your address to Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1225 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa., or 120 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

IS THIS CIVILIZATION?—When the Indians and their friends protested against the act of Congress to open the Indian Territory to white men, in violation of solemn treaties, the answer given by Congressmen, as well as by boomers, that the interests of civilization demanded it. If the history of the Territory of Oklahoma since the whites were admitted is a history of civilization, it is a history of barbarism. The True Civilization, Washington, D. C.

## The Spiritual Ventriloquist.

### Woman's Work in Human Elevation.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

Sunday, Nov. 23d, W. J. COLVILLE addressed an overflowing audience at Corinthian Hall, 1224 Arch street, Philadelphia, on "Woman's Work in Human Elevation." He commenced by contrasting the work of men and women in a wholly impartial but discriminating manner, showing that as fatherhood and motherhood are alike indispensable, so in the social and industrial order those works which usually fall naturally to the lot of women are fully as important as those which fall to the lot of men.

Whenever, he said, man's work is more highly esteemed than woman's, proof is given that the prevailing mentality grovels instead of soars, as one has only to listen to the would-be arguments of those who seek to hinder woman's emancipation to learn that all objections to her legally recognized equality with man are based on the alleged fact of her physical weakness, and lack of adaptation to the pursuits of the pioneer and warrior.

The bodily weakness of the female sex has been greatly exaggerated, and her inability to equal her brothers in intellectual pursuits is proved at Vassar, the Harvard Annex, and in many other centres of female education, to be nothing but a groundless phantasm. That woman has a sphere which can never be man's, while man has equally a sphere which can never be woman's, is clearly pointed out by nature; but this fact by no means sustains the fallacy that the one sphere is inferior to the other. Many women are not wanted; but true womanliness is in no way retarded by acknowledged equality. Among the many excellent suggestions for the future contained in "Looking Backward," none is more worthy of profound and serious study than that pertaining to the thoroughly independent status of woman in the coming commonwealth.

Financial dependence is a great blot on the progress of woman's moral elevation, and woman's rise means the rise of all the children to whom she shall give birth. Female industries of every type are evidences of progress, and the more self-sustaining women are previous to their marriage, the less likely are they to marry mistakenly, or to yield to tyranny in wedlock. Idle women can never advance the race, and such women as desire a luxurious home without working, sell themselves to their husbands, and cannot expect to be treated as other than domestic ornaments. Those women who clamor loudly for Women's Rights are not always the greatest helpers of the cause of female elevation, as they are often irate in their speeches, and their boastfulness is unbecoming. Woman can never be the antagonist of man and win her way to fame and glory; higher female education is giving woman her rightful place in society, which she can never gain simply by legislative agitation.

The ecclesiastical objections to woman's freedom from unjust masculine control are all medieval, and had their origin in places where morality was at a disgracefully low ebb. The sharpest words in the Pauline epistles evidently had reference to scandals in the early church, occasioned by the licentiousness of the times. But such objections are by no means confined to ecclesiastics. Mrs. Humphrey had no sooner written her radical and "Robert Elsmere" than she also took active part in an attack on woman's suffrage. The women in her books are mentally very weak. If she has never met finer minds in the female sex than she has delineated, her views of woman cannot be other than petty. Marie Corelli's women are a great deal better, but even she hardly expresses in fullness the most advanced thought concerning woman, though her "Zara," in the "Romance of Two Worlds," is a fine creation, beside which "Catherine Elsmere" et al. appear very inferior.

There is a tendency in many quarters to speak of Madame Roland, Rocamier and others as not thoroughly pure women, while George Sand and George Elliot are not in all things by any means ideal. Jeanne d'Arc was a singularly illumined seeress, Mme. Guyon a profound mystic, Grace Darling an extraordinary heroine. Shakespeare's women are, many of them, good, but rarely really great, and the modern stage presents few ideal or noble women. Ouida can portray exquisitely pure women and abominably corrupt ones, but she, in common with the bulk of novelists, does not show the female character in its strongest light. Women in the gospels are spiritually ideal; they are braver and more faithful than men. One of the strongest arguments in favor of the inspiration of the Evangelists is, that they are a fine creation, beside which "Catherine Elsmere" et al. appear very inferior. What we so perfectly. Whatever Jesus is irreproachable in his relation to woman; he is always her friend and supporter; and what is more beautiful in literature than the narration of his appearance, after his crucifixion, to the women who were last at the cross and first at the tomb?

After all that may be said of woman as an individual, the special services women renders to the race is moral and intuitive. "Far subtler and more penetrating than man, her influence makes for righteousness in a thousand hidden ways. As the mother and nurse of the race, woman has the opportunity to influence both the born and the unborn as man cannot; and as all the strongest forces in nature are interior and invisible, so it is her secret say that is most potent and clear. When her voice is heard speaking clearly but softly in the interest of all reform, her benign influence can secure the world's salvation."

#### Life.

Sunday afternoon, Nov. 23d, the subject of the discourse through the mediumship of Mrs. H. S. LAKE at the First Spiritual Temple, corner Exeter and Newbury streets, Boston, was "Life." The thoughts regarding which were so interwoven with numerous questions which had been laid upon the desk, that all appeared naturally to be united together. The following abstract comprises some of the ideas advanced:

Life is the tireless energy constantly evolving forms. The same force which organizes the rock and unfolds the flower, animates the brain of man—the differentiation consists in degree of conscious contact with environment; in the mineral there are no avenues to the etheric, in the plant, the sunlight and air as the flower does. Why the difference between these forms? Because this tireless energy called life has been at work upon the elements thrown out by the mineral world, and has evolved a higher and more complex organism.

If this is true of the plant, it is also true of the animal and of man. As fast as this energy liberates finer elements does it also react them in more complex organisms. The spiritual man is operating under the same law, and hence his ability to consciously come in contact with a larger environment develops more extensive outlook and added powers.

The thought is the man, or, in other words, man is organized thought; let the thought be abstracted, and the body falls to pieces. I cannot describe the process by which this is done unless I were to liken it to the change of water into steam. This something moving in, and as it were, gazing out of all forms, is life, it may be called the supreme and eternal expression, if you wish. We approach no "God" but this. But as you are involved in the Infinite Whole, all you can know of it is what you absorb, just as the roots of the flower absorb moisture, and the leaves and buds drink in the sunlight. We know no better way for improving the coarse life of man than to perfect that of the simple individual; the proper understanding of equity is the key to this end.

Sin is perverted thought; life—that is, the tireless energy—flows into lower rather than higher forms, and the consciousness of man is thus narrowed to the darkened spheres of material sense. To escape this condition open

the windows of the soul, and let the sunlight of Truth in. Nothing in the last analysis can really mar mediocrity, inasmuch as mediocrity is only the channel of yourself (and you are advancing along lines of law) open to influx from other realms and other intelligences.

The life—not the mere material relationships and environments—furnishes the quality of mediocrity; and life is only the re-creating of forms—forms of thought.

Poverty and misery are caused by the quality of the collective life of the people. If the industrial thought is correct there need not be poverty, and only such misery as is attendant upon a misapprehension of other truths. The thought of man is changing as to ownership in material things, and the life is correspondingly changing.

There are those here who will live, in the form, to see barriers between nations broken down, and the thought of brotherhood truly represented in the life of the people!

#### Letter from the South.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It will be two years ago next January since we—myself and wife—bade farewell to our New England friends and started on our journey of about thirteen hundred miles to make our home among Southern Spiritualists; our object being to assist in planting Spiritualism in a part of the country where the thick smoke of old theology hangs the heaviest.

Here we have found earnest, cultured and work; and we trust that, aided by our spiritual guides, we have been able to do something toward the spread of those truths embodied in our philosophy. We are certain of one thing, that is, that we have labored conscientiously and earnestly at all times. During our first winter here we lectured every Sunday at Chattanooga, and our audiences were composed largely of men and women who were seeking after a knowledge of immortality.

The meetings on the camp-ground have been largely attended by members of different religious denominations, showing conclusively that the old-time theology does not satisfy the growing demands of the present century; the many letters of inquiry that we have received from individuals residing in different parts of the South are proof positive that the people are awakening from the long sleep induced by the soporific properties of Calvinistic beliefs. The meetings were not confined to a few isolated sections, but were felt all through the South, and occasionally we hear of new mediums being developed in answer to the call for more light from the people.

Largely the work in the South is confined to the home circle, or private investigation with some of our well-known mediums. A devout religious feeling seems to pervade this entire movement, and the neophyte having found this fountain of eternal youth is at once filled with the missionary spirit. Not seeking the honors of the world—the vain pomp and glory that soon bursts like a bubble—he moves among the people dropping a thought here, and sowing a seed in the form of a kindly act there; and thus he slowly but surely leads to the light that is of heaven. In private the great work of leaving is being accomplished; in public very little at present is being done for the cause of Spiritualism.

In meeting with the colored race we have found that they largely believe that spirits are continually about them; but being densely ignorant this very belief drags them down to misconceptions of the truth. Only a very few have any conception of the philosophy of Spiritualism, or can have, in their present state of mental development.

In our Northern papers we read a great deal with regard to the color question and the unsolved problems connected with it; and many times we also read that the Southern race is not ready to do this race justice. Undoubtedly there may be a great deal of truth in this statement; but this we do positively know, that the majority of refined and cultured gentlemen whom it has been our great privilege to meet are more charitable and just toward this race than many whom we have known who have come from Northern homes to live among them.

The average negro is kind-hearted, inclined to do "pretty near right," and generally lazy; but education changes him, and in our cities he has achieved nearly all the virtues, and we fear, not all the virtues of civilization. The future will alone solve the race problem, and tell what will become of these poor children of sunny Africa.

These long autumn evenings are largely spent in reading our many papers and books. What a glorious time to store the mind with useful knowledge! We have just finished that most valuable book written by Dr. Benjamin Rush, through that gifted worker, Mrs. Cora L. Richmond, entitled "PSYCHOPATHY." We would advise all who are desirous of learning the true principles of natural spiritual healing to read that volume.

Another new book that deserves more than a passing notice is the latest work of that voluminous writer, Hudson Tuttle. It is entitled "The Religion of Man and the Ethics of Science." It is a book that will give us a new and more comprehensive view of the past forms of religion as that of pain, while the new, the religion of man, is that of joy. His opening chapters in style are fully equal to anything ever written by Ingersoll. They certainly are as crisp, sparkling, clear, logical and practical as anything to be found in the pages of the so-called greatest of freethinkers; and besides they give more satisfaction, because you are not left at all when the old slips from under you, since the skillful author has been all the time building up the new while he has been destroying the old: There rises—like a phoenix all plumed for flight—from the ashes of the old, the spiritual, in all its transcendent glory; you feel as though you had found something as substantial as the universe, a something that will outlive all forms and ceremonies, and that will live with you when all man-made roads are forgotten. One great charm of this writer is to be found in his lucid statements of new truths. You never rise from the perusal of his works wishing that he had made this point or that plainer, for in this direction he leaves nothing to be wished for. His "Religion of Man" is so noble, so just, so replete with common sense, that one feels ashamed to think that even a slight vestige of the old, effete theology ever darkened the most obscure corner of his mind. In "The Ethics of Science" will be found the long-wished-for statement of the moral philosophy of a true and enlightened Spiritualism. When the Christian asks what one has to offer in place of the old, the one questioned may point with a just pride to this book.

We shall return to the dearest spot on earth to us, old New England, about the first of January, and we shall be glad to see our work among spiritual scenes and faces. We can assure you that we shall be most happy to meet all the old-time friends again, and once more stand on the platform in the locations where we have so often ministered to the spiritual wants of the people. Our time, even now, is largely taken until next September; yet we can accept a few more engagements within reasonable distance of Worcester, Mass., where we intend to make our home. For dates, terms, etc., we may be addressed for the present at Lookout Mountain, Tenn.

Wishing THE BANNER, its editor and all its workers every success, for the present we would bid our friends good-bye.

GEORGE A. FULLER, M. D.

Lookout Mountain, Tenn., Nov. 23d, 1890.

#### A Great Point Gained.

The good, it says, that nauseous medicines difficult of assimilation by the stomach do, is scarcely appreciable, and the good, it says, that the chemical blending of the sterling pulmonary Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, is that the objectionable flavor of the oil in some preparations is completely got rid of in the mixture. It is a well known fact, that the physicians avouching the remedial excellence of the article in Consumption, Bronchitis, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Anemia, or poverty of the blood and the wasting diseases, of childhood, that they almost invariably spare. For dates, terms, etc., we may be addressed for the present at Lookout Mountain, Tenn.

#### All Watches Compared.

A few days ago I was standing by an American gentleman, when I expressed a wish to know which point was the north. He at once pulled out his watch, looked at it and pointed to the north. I asked him whether he had a compass attached to his watch. "All watches," he replied, "are compasses." Then he explained to me how this was. Point the hour hand to the sun, and the south is exactly half way between the hour and the figure XII on the watch. For instance, suppose that it is four o'clock. Point the hand indicating four to the sun, and II on the watch is exactly south. Suppose that it is eight o'clock, point the hand indicating eight to the sun, and the figure X on the watch is due south. My American friend was quite surprised that I did not know this. Thinking that very possibly I was ignorant of a thing that every one else knew, and happening to meet Mr. Stanley, I asked that eminent traveler whether he was aware of this simple mode of discovering the points of the compass. He said that he had never heard of it. I presume, therefore, that the world is in the same state of ignorance. Amalfi is proud of having been the home of the inventor of the compass. I do not know what town boasts of my American friend as a citizen.—London Truth.

AUTOCRATIC DOCTORS.—The doctor is autocrat in Carlsbad. What he says must go. If you fare ill he says it is because you are not obeying his orders. If you fare well he says, "I knew it would be so." When he assures you that you are making weight you must take it for granted that if the scales tell you differently the scales lie. At any rate, you may depend upon it that the doctor will not suffer you to leave Carlsbad until your weight has been reduced in half. Then he will send you to Switzerland. That's where the Alps are. They are very high, but they are not so high as things are in Carlsbad.—Eugene Field, in Chicago News.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

#### TO INVESTIGATORS.

Works of Spiritualistic Reference and Study for Investigators and Students.

It has been suggested to us by one of a party of investigators that we publish a list of such books on MODERN SPIRITUALISM—beginning with those calculated to meet the wants of the new beginner in this research, and leading up to more profound and philosophical works—as will prove instructive to the student and investigator of our Cause. We accordingly append below a list of some of the spiritualistic publications that will answer this demand, all of which are for sale at this office:

Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions from the People. By A. J. Davis. All persons should read this book, as it will develop thought on the part of the reader. Price \$1.50, postage 10 cents.

Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse. By A. J. Davis. Concerning Spirit Circles, Guardianship of Spirits, etc., etc. \$1.25, postage 10 cents.

Real Life in Spirit-Land. Being life-experiences, scenes, incidents and conditions illustrative of spirit-life and the principles of the Spiritual Philosophy. Of practical value to any who are anxious to study the theories of Spiritualists and mediums, etc. 75 cents, postage 12 cents.

Apocalypse of Spiritualism. A biographical monograph of J. J. Morse, with an abstract report of a Lecture, entitled "Homes in the Hereafter." Paper, 15 cents.

Astonishing Facts from the Spirit-World, witnessed at the house of Dr. J. A. Gridley, Southampton, Mass., by a circle of friends, embracing the extremes of Good and Evil. Cloth, \$1.00, postage 10 cents.

Clock Struck One, and Christian Spiritualism. Revised and corrected. Being a Synopsis of the Investigations of Spirit Interference by an Episcopal Bishop, three Ministers, five Doctors, and others, at Memphis, Tenn., in 1855. Price, \$1.00.

Discussion between Mr. E. V. Wilson, Spiritualist, and Eld. T. M. Harris, Christian. Paper, 10 cents, postage 2 cents.

Is Spiritualism True? Lecture by William Denton. 10 cents.

Gift of Spiritualism. Being a course of five lectures delivered in Washington, D. C. By Warren Chase. 50 cents.

Witchcraft of New England Explained by Modern Spiritualism. By Allen Putnam. \$1.00, postage 10 cents.

Spiritualism Defined and Defended. By J. M. Peck. 15 cents.

Eight Liberal Lectures. By A. B. French. This work contains one hundred and forty pages, with portrait of the author. 50 cents.

Is Materialism True? and Eleven Other Lectures. By Mrs. Cora L. Richmond. 50 cents.

Life and Labor in the Spirit-World: Being a Description of Localities, Employments, Surroundings and Conditions in the Spirit-World. By members of the Spirit Band of Mrs. M. T. Shelhamer-Longley, medium of the Banner of Light Free Press Circle. Cloth, \$1.00, postage 10 cents.

Light on the Hidden Way, with an Introduction by Rev. James Freeman Clarke. Cloth, \$1.00.

Mediumship; Its Laws and Conditions. Power, 75 cents.

Mediumship; A Course of Seven Lectures by Prof. J. B. Loveland. \$1.00.

Mediumistic Experiences of John Brown. \$1.00.







## BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

Colby & Rich, Publishers and Booksellers, 9 Bowditch Street, Boston, Mass., keep for sale a complete assortment of Spiritual, Progressive, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Books, at Wholesale and Retail.

Terms Cash—Orders for Books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by all or at least half cash. When the money forwarded is not sufficient to fill the order, the balance must be paid O. O. D. Orders for Books, to be sent by Mail, must be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. We would remind our patrons that they can remit us the fractional part of a dollar in postage stamps—One and two preferred. All business operations looking to the sale of Books on commission respectfully declined. Any Book published in England or America (not out of print) will be sent by mail or express.

Subscriptions to the BANNER OF LIGHT and orders for our publications may be sent through the Purchasing Department of the American Express Co., at any place where that Company has an agency. Agents will give a money order receipt for the amount sent, and will forward to the money order, attached to an order to have the paper sent for any stated time, free of charge, except the usual fee for issuing the order, which is 5 cents for any sum under \$5.00. This is the safest method to remit orders.

In quoting from THE BANNER care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open for the expression of independent free thought, but we do not endorse the varied shades of opinion to which our correspondents give utterance. No notice will be taken of any letter or communication which does not come authenticated by the name and address of the writer.

Newspapers sent to this office containing matter for publication, should be marked by a line drawn around the article or articles.

## Banner of Light.

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Before the coming light of Truth, Creeds tremble, Ignorance dies, Error decays, and Humanity rises to its proper sphere of knowledge.—*Spirit John Pierpont.*

## "The Baptist Conference and Spiritualism."

Hudson Tuttle, Esq., of Berlin Heights, O., forwards us a trenchant paper titled as above—that we shall print next week—in which he treats of the latest assault on the New Dispensation by pulpit and press—the minister making it being the Rev. Frank Rector of Fitchburg, Mass., and the paper printing it *The Watchman* (Baptist) of Boston.

## The Indian Excitement.

Maj.-Gen. Schofield continues to regard the current excitement among the Indians as a fanatical craze, and he says the outcome of it is still uncertain, in the same sense that a similar excitement among many more civilized people would be. He had no serious apprehensions that the Indians would begin hostilities, although he was quite ready to attribute their unwillingness to any other emotion than that of fear.

An officer fresh from the Indian country at the National Capital, whose experience in Indian campaigns entitles his opinion on the matter to consideration, asserts that the present excitement was originally caused by the missionaries, by whose teachings the Indians have been wrought up to a high state of emotional excitement, bordering on frenzy. He has a favorable opinion of many of the missionaries, who have rendered physical aid as well as given spiritual instruction to the tribes; but he cites instances where he thinks the religious influences are too strong, and where, as in the present case, the effects are threatening to the public peace. In correspondence sent to the Department, Sitting Bull's discontent is reported to have been caused by a lady who is prominent in her labors with the Indians. To her indirectly, it is alleged, can be traced all the existing disquietude on the frontier. The popular verdict, therefore, cannot fail to be—"too much missionary."

An ex-lieutenant of the United States army who was in the frontier service for seven years, and has carefully studied the character of the Indians, says that the key to the whole matter is this: the Indians should be given a chance to work for a living, instead of being fed after a fashion, clothed occasionally, and kept in idleness all the time. This is the period of the year when they get their annuities. This, too, is the period when they dance. When all other means of excitement fail them, they naturally fall back on religious excitement.

Now, says this ex-army officer, if the Indians only had an opportunity to work and earn wages like white men, they would soon cease to be alternate objects of fear and charity. The government should establish industries for the benefit of the Indians; should offer free lands and bounties to manufacturers who will undertake to provide work for the Indians. The bad lands of Dakota are not well suited to farming purposes. Even white men, who have farmed all their lives, find it difficult to earn enough to support themselves in certain parts of Dakota. If pure air was all they needed, they would get fat. Successful farming cannot be done without the right kind of soil, added to a certain talent for farming, both of which the Indians lack. In a cigar or pipe factory they would work for almost nothing. In any sort of active work the young Indians are quick and anxious to learn. What they need is work which will encourage them by placing before them an immediate return for their labor.

He added that one fault with the present system is that men are sent out to teach farming, not because they know anything about farming, but as a reward for political work. Under many unfavorable conditions, the Indians plant seed year after year in such ground as they happen to have, and year after year they find themselves disappointed by poor crops, or none at all. Consequently they conclude that the Great Spirit does not want them to raise crops, and that a farmer is no good anyway. This is only human nature; and it is not to be forgotten that in dealing with the Indians we are dealing with human nature.

We think that in carefully combining the statements contained in both the above explanations, the hidden cause of the present excitement among the Indians can be more in-

telligently understood. Certainly there must be a cause and a motive for this apparently sudden disquietude, and it cannot be so far to seek as many people are inclined to imagine. The cause once discovered, there should be no time lost in finding and applying the remedy.

## Will It Be Done?

At last Postmaster-General Wanamaker has been called to account. The offense charged against him is permitting Sunday mail service. The Sabbath Association of Western Pennsylvania brings the charge, though in the way of discussing and criticizing his acts rather than making it openly. It seems that at its recent session at Pittsburgh a resolution was being considered which provided for the discipline of church-members who are in any way connected with Sunday newspapers, as well as those who insert their business advertisements in Sunday publications. While the subject contained in the resolution was before the meeting, Rev. Dr. George of Beaver Falls attacked the pious Postmaster-General in this wise:

"We all know that the Sunday newspaper is a great evil, and that its publishers and those who sell it, as well as those who advertise in it, are in many cases prominently identified with church work. Such persons should be subjected to the most rigid church discipline. But let us not overlook an evil which, to my mind, is far more gigantic than the Sunday newspaper. I refer to the United States Mail Service, which is carried on openly on the Sabbath. At the head of this service is a man who has long been identified with church work as the teacher of a Bible class, and who is looked upon as a conscientious and consistent Christian; yet this man, an elder or deacon in a Presbyterian church, lends his official endorsement to a most flagrant violation of the laws of God and man. Let the Church begin by subjecting this man to discipline. Let the members of his church or his pastor go to him, and tell him he will either have to withdraw from the Church whose sacramental vows he is clearly breaking, or issue a proclamation putting a stop to work in the Government Mail Service on the Sabbath. Mr. Wanamaker knows he is not acting consistently; as a Presbyterian elder, he cannot help knowing it."

There certainly can be no question that the pious Postmaster-General has caught his fingers in his own door, and is fairly "hoist with his own petard." Now let us see his church put "the discipline" upon him! Above all, let us see the church demand of him that he shall either put an instantaneous stop to all further work in the Sunday mail service, or get out from among the brethren who cannot appreciate his peculiar position. All they ask of him is that he shall be consistent. That, in their eyes, is the equivalent of being holy and good. Therefore he must respond to their very loud call on him by issuing his official proclamation, by resigning his office of Postmaster-General, or by leaving the church by an involuntary process. Which of these three things will he do? Will he, in fact, do either one of them? Nay, more: will the church, of which he is so devoted and esteemed a member, itself dare to make a demand on him to be consistent in the matter, and thus set him the example of consistency he chiefly needs? We have no idea it will do any such thing.

## Disease and Death in Food.

Proclamation is publicly made of the alarming fact that extreme danger to the general health exists in the ordinary food supply of the people. An article on this most important subject from Dr. Behrend in the *Nineteenth Century* furnishes ample proofs, certified to by scientific men, that tuberculosis prevails as a disease in animals as in men, and that the real cause of the spread of the disease in the human family is the conveyance of the bacillus from animals to men either in the beef or the milk consumed by them as their daily food. The remedy discovered by Dr. Koch, which has deservedly made his name famous, can be claimed only to have destroyed the power of the bacillus without removing it. Nor, indeed, has his remedy been widely enough applied as yet to warrant the belief that it actually cures the whole matter.

It is an alarming fact that scientists are continually making discoveries of tuberculous matter as a generator of disease, showing very conclusively that even a close and careful inspection of market foods is an insufficient protection against the transfer of the disease from animals to men. And as for the sale of tuberculous milk, it is pronounced next to an impossibility to secure its prevention. Consumers of meat and milk would ordinarily be unable to detect the existence of the bacillus in either. And as for taking our daily food rations from the hands only of physicians, every one can instantly see that that is out of the question. In consequence, large quantities of both kinds of food supply are constantly being sold without detection.

A Boston daily editorially admits that a tremendous incentive exists on the part of the owners of diseased cattle, both cows and oxen, to force both upon the market without mentioning the fact of disease, and that unless inspection is unusually vigilant, none of these diseased foods will be condemned. The ordinary process of cooking fails to remove the bacillus either from meat or milk, nor is it destroyed, either, by the act of digestion. The natural consequence is that it enters into the blood and tissue, where it is transmuted into a permanent disease-germ. A vigorous constitution may be accounted able to withstand it, but a weakened system is invariably forced to succumb. The European pathologists have long been studying, under the microscope, the action of the microbe when it is localized in the lymph, or blood-streams, and in ascertaining that the bacillus is usually a disease spreading through the whole system, although at first it is but a local manifestation.

It is held by Dr. Maylard, who was a student with Dr. Koch at Berlin, that the bacilli make their way into the lymphatic glands without any indication of their presence, and that the virus may be circulating through the healthy organs and tissues of a carcass, though invisible even under the microscope. As a surgeon to a hospital for children, he made the discovery that forty per cent. of the patients on the surgical side were tuberculous, and that on the medical side the ratio was still greater. Dr. Behrend urges that, inasmuch as Dr. Koch has clearly established the fact of very appreciable dangers in connection with the consumption of meat derived from tuberculous cattle, it is impossible to speak with sufficient emphasis of the dangers to which people at large are exposed from this source. In some parts of continental Europe the efforts are said to be well ordered for the extermination of tuberculous cattle, and all honest people are personally interested in any efficient movement for the sale of their flesh.

There is really but one way in which the disease can be effectually eradicated, and that is by the destruction of the animals that have

contracted it, and the condemnation of their flesh as food. The State is of course expected to bear the burden, which would simply be ruinous to individuals. And we ought to lose no time in taking the most thorough and energetic measures in this country to meet the common danger. We certainly have as much reason to exercise all possible precaution in preserving life and health as the European people have. Each one of our State legislatures ought instantly to take action to prevent the sale of tuberculous milk, and to compel the destruction of tuberculous cattle. Nor shall we live under any assurance of even comparative safety on the subject until each State does act, and act thoroughly, in the manner indicated.

Milk should undergo a thorough inspection, and cattle should be everywhere closely examined. The markets should be scrutinized with a sleepless care. Until at least this shall be done, there will be no legal remedy for the extermination of a disease at once so insidious and dangerous. The point is to arrest and check it in its beginning, without waiting to fight it after it has gained headway and power. The thing to be done is to protect the children of the next generation. The Jewish people teach us a lesson in this matter which we should be quick to learn from them.

## The Revolution in Religion.

The past fifty years have been a whole age in itself in respect to the changes which have been wrought in theological opinions. As the *London Spectator* observes respecting it, the poets have been the real theologians, and theology has melted down into a sort of poetry. The boundaries between the natural and the supernatural have been broken down, and the natural has pervaded the supernatural as much as the contrary. In *The Spectator's* opinion, the higher literature of the time has become more and more agnostic, citing the noblest characters sketched by George Eliot by way of illustration. Even in Carlyle, it thinks that the contempt for those great historical beliefs which alone, in our age, have been possible to true theistic piety, has been at least as conspicuous as the trust in God itself. It declares that the theological confidence of all the Protestant Christian churches has been greatly shaken since an Archbishop of the English Church smiled complacently upon it, and Edward Irving endeavored to revive the belief in miracles in the Scottish Church. Even Orthodox theology seeks to concentrate attention on Christ's human side, and to divert it from his divine side.

Such books as the "Essays and Reviews" have been far more successful in practice than even in theory, in undermining all faith in the dogmatic side of Christian teaching. It is the scientific teaching of the present day, says *The Spectator*, which has unhinged belief in the Christian dogma. The men of science are too incompetent to deal with the problems of philosophy, while the philosophic theologians are too little able to enter into the attitude of men of science, to bring the prevalent controversy to anything like a tangible issue. To us, says *The Spectator*, nothing seems more certain than that the great theological problem of the next age will be the drawing of the frontier line between human and superhuman agency.

This is a strong statement of the great living fact of our passing age, made even by entrenched conservatism and timorous apprehension. While it does not enter upon details, it nevertheless states the one momentous fact of the time most completely. It admits that theology is getting the overhauling it has so long challenged and deserved; that the intellectual background of so-called orthodoxy fails to satisfy the claims of its creed; that life is the only essential thing, to which belief must be made to conform and correspond; and that the absorbing controversy of the coming time will be over the authority of revelation. But it admits far more than all this in its candid statement—candid, though enforced—that the great theological problem of the next age will be the drawing of the frontier line between human and superhuman agency. That is the engrossing topic of religious thought and speculation today. After all is said, it comes round finally to that. The inter-relation of the two worlds, the seen and the unseen, is the theme uppermost in all minds, whether a word is said openly about it or not.

Let the small-souled spouters in the pulpits and the petty scribblers of the press pause for a moment, and seriously consider, if that be possible to them, this calm and carefully-calculated admission in respect to the great religious issue of the immediate future—namely, that it is to be but the drawing of the line between what is recognized as human and what is superhuman; that the absorbing thought of the approaching age is to be the determination of the question, on the evidence actually furnished, of how far superhuman agencies have been and are perpetually concerned in the weaving of human destiny; in short, that Spiritualism, so steadily flouted by them, and its believers so consistently the recipients of their irreverent and ribald abuse, is to be the great fact in any real religion of the future, to lift up human hearts from the dark depths of past doubt and fear, to open the way for the perfect emancipation of the human spirit, and to end for all time the vain and vague speculation whether life is worth living. It is this same despised Spiritualism that, by the highest admission, is about to become the religion of man, and the light and salvation of the world.

## Now, If Ever.

If a man seriously proposes to himself to do anything which he hopes will benefit his fellows, he must do it in his lifetime and with his own hand, or he will never do it at all. If he leaves it for others to do for him, it is no longer he that does it but somebody else, he neither directing nor enjoying the act. This certainly ought to be plain to any one. The very familiar argument to a rich person that he will get his enjoyment out of it while he is here, is perhaps tinged with more or less of selfish considerations, but that may after all be something that cannot be helped. Admitting, however, that he will be fully cognizant of all that is done after his decease, it may pertinently be asked if he is so sure of realizing his blessing when he has got beyond the personal reach of its selfish influence as while he still remains a sympathizing actor among its beneficiaries.

Rev. Mr. Talmage aimed a recent characteristic discourse on this subject at the heads of rich people in the churches, and his very just and pertinent observations may be directed with even a greater force to the rich people who are reckoned among Spiritualists. It is matter of notoriety that there are numbers of professed Spiritualists who are lavishly en-

dowed with material wealth, having enough and to spare for the advancement of good and worthy objects, and more especially for helping on the cause which they so much profess to love, who, with a few noble exceptions, are loth, when solicited, to contribute toward its advancement with money.

Now these good friends of Spiritualism make a mistake in so doing, and one that neither they nor their intended beneficiaries can ever rectify. There is really but one right and effective way for them to act, and that is to display their generosity to the cause they love while they still have the exclusive handling of their own property. And they will not fail to eventually thank us for proffering them this sensible and sound advice. Christ informed us of our duty in such matters in his familiar parable of the talents: he who puts his few talents out to immediate service does far better than he who hides them away, hoarding and guarding them for conspiring relations and sharper lawyers who interestedly urge them on. Now is the accepted time for doing a contemplated good or generous action. It loses a great part of its grace by postponement. The giver and his gift have then sundered their relations. It is as if he left what he could no longer keep, for others to dispose of as they would like rather than he. The present giver is much wiser than the future promiser.

## Two Great Disciples of Non-Resistance.

In connection with the appreciative sketch of the late Rev. Adin Ballou, from the pen of our talented contributor, Mrs. Love M. Willis, printed on the first page of this issue of THE BANNER, reference can appropriately be made to the opening paper of this month's *Arena*, in which are given the opinions of Count Tolstoy and Mr. Ballou regarding the doctrine of Non-Resistance as viewed from a Christian standpoint. The compiler of these views, Rev. Lewis G. Wilson, was in June, 1889, impressed by the similarity of the teachings and opinions of the great Russian novelist to those of Mr. Ballou, and determined to send to the former a photograph of Mr. Ballou, together with some of his published writings, and a letter explaining why he did so, believing, as he says, "that Tolstoy, in his lonely attitude before the world, would receive encouragement and strength were he to know that almost upon the other side of the globe there dwelt a man who could fully sympathize with him, and had for many years been identified, in the main, with the great truths for which he stood."

The supposition of Mr. Wilson proved to have been correct, for in July of that year he received from Count Tolstoy a lengthy letter in acknowledgment of his favors, in which the distinguished Russian says: "I have seldom experienced so much gratification as I had in reading Mr. Ballou's treatise and tracts. I cannot agree with those who say that Mr. Ballou will lead down to posterity among the immortals. I think that because he has been one of the first two apostles of the 'New Time' he will be in the future acknowledged as one of the chief benefactors of humanity. In his long and unassuming, unassuming career, Mr. Ballou has experienced moments of depression in thinking that his efforts have been vain, he has only partaken of the fate of his and our master."

This expression of his appreciation of Mr. Ballou's works, which can with equal justice be applied to those of all men and women who devote their service to the enlightenment of the world—is creditable to both Mr. Ballou and Count Tolstoy. Subsequently Mr. Ballou wrote to the Count, and further correspondence between them followed, all of which Mr. Wilson gives in the article referred to, closing with this paragraph:

"The foregoing correspondence was his [Mr. Ballou's] last utterance upon a subject to which he had given more than half a century of earnest thought and labor, and for which he had suffered a vast deal of persecution and misrepresentation. 'Your tidings,' wrote the daughter of Count Tolstoy, upon hearing of Mr. Ballou's death, 'are very sad, and my father is deeply grieved.'"

## Another Veteran Gone Home.

Our old friend in the editorial field, Mr. GEORGE J. L. COLBY, of Newburyport, Mass., passed to spirit-life last Sunday at the age of seventy-one years and ten months, leaving three sons and five daughters. He was a talented man—wrote better English than any editor we met of except William J. Snelling, who for a long time was editor of *The Herald* under the administration of Samuel K. Head. [By the way, see a message on our sixth page from Spirit Samuel Knox Head.] Mr. Colby (our namesake) often conversed with us upon the subject of *Modern Spiritualism*, saying that it was a very consoling religion, as it obliterated from the minds of its believers the fear of death. "But," said he, "I am inclined to the Swedenborgian faith, yet I have no doubt that the Spiritual Philosophy is a continuation of the same idea."

In 1839 Mr. Colby began his principal life-career as a newspaper man, and after engaging in business for short periods in Lowell and Amesbury, Mass., and Concord, N. H., he returned to Newburyport, and connected himself with *The Union*. When this was merged with *The Herald* in 1854 he continued as principal editorial writer until 1869. From 1872 to 1885 he published a weekly paper in Newburyport entitled the *Merrimac Journal and Weekly Visitor*. Later he contributed to several of the Newburyport papers. He was in the Salem Custom House with Nathaniel Hawthorne, and afterward naval officer at Newburyport, and, during the administration of Andrew Johnson, was postmaster of that city; while for the past half-a-dozen years Mr. Colby has been a member of the Newburyport Board of Assessors, having previously served two terms as County Commissioner.

*The Reconstructor*, of Summerland, Cal., comes to us for Nov. 22d, with the valedictory of Mr. J. S. Loveland, its editor until that date, and the salutatory of his successor, Albert Morton, Esq., whose name is well known to the readers of THE BANNER and to Spiritualists generally. In the course of the article in which Mr. Morton takes up the pen editorial, he says: "We have no inclination to defile the columns of *The Reconstructor* with scavenge work and scandal. I have no hereditary or acquired bias in favor of religious dogmas or illusory metaphysical speculations."

"I shall strive earnestly—with the help of the good spirits who have assisted me in my former labors for the presentation of common-sense Spiritualism—to present original and selected matter pertaining to the science, philosophy and religion of the twentieth century, in a style to interest and instruct the readers."

We wish Bro. Morton every success in his efforts to carry *The Reconstructor* forward to new victories.

"THE LYCEUM BANNER" is the name of a new sixteen-page monthly, edited and published by J. J. Morse, assisted by Florence Morse, designed for con. ductors, leaders, and members of the Children's Progressive Lyceum. The first number, issued in November, contains the opening chapters of "The Garden of the Heart," a story for Lyceum members, by Alfred Kitson, who also contributes "Lyceum Notes," showing the present status of the movement in England for the spiritual education of the young. An interesting variety fills the remaining pages, and in subsequent numbers a history of the Children's Lyceums in Great Britain is to be given. The publication is edited with good judgment, and promises to be one of great usefulness. Its office is at 80 Needham Road, Kensington, Liverpool, Eng.

Miss JENNIE LEYS spoke to large and interested audiences in Philadelphia during October, and on Nov. 2d—so we are informed by a correspondent; she lectured in Portland, Me., Nov. 23d and 24th. She will speak during December in Lynn, Mass.; January in Springfield; February in Cleveland, O.; March in Worcester, Mass.; April in Washington, D. C.; May in Brockton and Haverhill, Mass. She would like to make engagements for June and the summer. Her health, we are glad to be able to say, is improving, and she expects to faithfully fulfill her public duties during the season. Societies desiring her services for the season of '91 and '92 can address her at West Medford, Mass., Box 13. She should be kept busy employed, friends, in the good Cause.

## DECEASE OF B. P. SHILLABER.

## The Gentle-Spirited Humorist Finds Relief from Pain, and Enters into the Joys of the Spirit-Land; Brief Sketch of his Life-Work and Obsequies.

BENJAMIN FENHALLOW SHILLABER—known throughout most English-speaking communities by his pen-name of "Mrs. Partington"—passed to the higher life at his residence, No. 121 Williams street, Chelsea, Mass., at 5:45 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 25th, of diabetes and heart failure.

His decease was calm and peaceful—seeming to those about his bedside to be but a falling asleep.

He was genial, kind-hearted, cheerful, and of pleasing manners, and no word of censure was ever said against him. To know him was to respect and esteem him.

He was born in Portsmouth, N. H., on July 12th, 1814, and had entered upon his seventy-seventh year. He was a son of William and Sally (Cutts) Sawyer Shillaber. He was educated in the public schools, such as they were in those days. At the age of sixteen he was an apprentice on the *New Hampshire Palladium*, published in Dover, and two years later he went back to Portsmouth, and worked as a compositor on the *Christian Herald*.

When the *Portsmouth Courier* was established by Mr. John Caldwell, Mr. Shillaber worked with us on that paper as a fellow apprentice in 1831-'32. Leaving Portsmouth he worked as a book-printer in Boston from 1833 to 1836, and the two succeeding years he was on the *Royal Gazette*, Demerara, British Guiana, having gone to the tropics for his health. He returned to Boston in 1838, and again went to work as a book compositor.

In 1840 Mr. Shillaber entered the office of the Boston Post—where we had been employed since 1836. Here for seven years he quietly set type.

His first venture on the sea of literature as an author was made in the form of a poem which appeared in *The Post*; and the "Mrs. Partington" papers succeeded, which achieved him a national reputation. He also, during his long career, contributed poems for several public occasions, among them being the introduction of water into Boston, and the dedication of the Franklin statue. He originated the sayings of "old Roger," and wrote many sonnets under the name of "Wideswath," treating of a variety of topics.

In 1850 Mr. Shillaber left *The Post* and edited the *Carpenter*. In 1853 he returned to *The Post*, and subsequently became one of the editors of the *Saturday Evening Gazette*, contributing to that paper at the outset the following lines of farewell to *The Post*:

FAREWELL, BY WIDESWATH.  
Farewell to thee, my Post! 'Tis a long time  
Since thou and I thought of each other together—  
Since first I launched my little bark of rhyme,  
To sport along cheered by the summer weather.  
We have been friends—we are still our friends—old Post;  
The tie is all unbroken, though we sever.  
And even now my heart regards thee most,  
Just when we separate, perhaps forever!  
Aunt Fanny! and should my fortune prove  
A fatal chapter in a dismal story,  
May some kind hand, imbued with olden love,  
Carve on the Post some brief epitaphic motto—  
Some little tribute to the spirit fled,  
But just remember—I'm not yet dead.

Mr. Shillaber remained on the *Saturday Evening Gazette* ten years, after which time he lived practically in retirement at his home in Chelsea, devoting his days to miscellaneous writing and newspaper correspondence. He brought out eight books during his life, all of which were successful, viz.: "Rhymes With Reason and Wit," "Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington," "Mrs. Partington's Knitting Work," "Partingtonian Patchwork," "Lines in Pleasant Places," "The Partington and His Friends," "Cruises with Captain Bob," and "The Double-Runner Club."

Mr. Shillaber was a member of the School Board of Chelsea nine years. He was connected since 1843 with the order of Odd Fellows, the Franklin Typographical Society since 1847 and the Masonic fraternity since 1857. He was also an honorary member of the Dartmouth Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

He was married in Boston Aug. 15th, 1838, to Ann Tappan, daughter of Maximilian John de Rochechont and Sarah Ann Moses. His beloved wife passed on in 1866, but his (youngest) daughter Carrie has been a homemaker and faithful help to him for years. The other two married daughters, Mrs. Dillingham and Mrs. Clements, and his only son, William B. Shillaber, have been assiduous in their kindness to their father in his old age and infirmity.

Mr. Shillaber was through a part of his earth-life handicapped by sickness and disease—his chief enemy being rheumatism of the most aggravated type, he having latterly been obliged to have recourse to crutches. This necessarily brought much repression and disappointment to him—notably obliging him to quit the lecture platform, upon which work he entered in 1857, but which he was obliged to abandon, after a two years' trial, on account of his ill health. In his quaint way of saying it he was born poor, and expected to die poor, and must wear his life out in trying to keep his life in; notwithstanding his repeated and long-continued suffering, he was ever one of the most amiable and lovable of men—frank and confiding in his nature, with no taint of malice or envy. A contemporary has truly said of him:

"There was no sting in any of his jokes. His wit always played about his subject without wounding. He had a refined taste, and was particularly attracted to poetical composition. Here he aspired to be more than the humorist, but the strong vein of human sympathy which was in his nature was most of all in this kind of his work. He was a genuine man of the people in his thoughts and feelings. His heart had the warmest spot in it of all for the brethren of the printer's craft, in which he was bred, and in connection with which nearly all his life outside his own doors was passed."

The daily papers of this city, in their notices of his demise, make mention of his having been a Universalist in belief; we would add that Mr. Shillaber was not only a Universalist—believing in the final salvation of the whole human race—but a confirmed Spiritualist, who believed in the fact of direct spirit-communication with the entire family of man, the savage as well as the civilized. This fact we know from frequent conversations with him upon the subject at various times.

The public obsequies took place at the First Universalist Church in Chelsea on the afternoon of Friday, Nov. 28th, and were attended by a large number of relatives, friends and business and literary associates. Palestine Commandery, Knights Templar, Shiknash Royal Arch Chapter, Robert Lash Lodge, F. and A. M., the Odd Fellows Veteran Association, Siloam Lodge, I. O. O. F. (of Boston), and the Franklin Typographical Society (of Boston) were largely represented; the escort being by the Masonic orders.

At the church the delegations were given seats in the centre, friends and others filling the remainder of the space on floor and gallery. The broadcloth-covered casket was placed in front of the pulpit, and around were many beautiful floral tributes from the family, the secret societies and others. Included in these offerings were a cross and crown, a crescent, an open book, a pillow and several smaller places.

The services were very simple, and consisted of Scripture reading and prayer by the pastor of the church, Rev. George B. Stocking, an address by Prof. Charles L. Leonard of Tufts College, a former pastor of Mr. Shillaber, and singing by a quartet.

The interment was at Woodlawn Cemetery, the Masons and Odd Fellows conducting the service. Before the public exercises at the church, private services were held by Rev. Geo. B. Stocking at the late residence of our esteemed friend, at which we attended, taking a last view of the peaceful face as it appeared from the open casket, as one looks at another broken link in the chain that binds to youthful days and memories. At such times how beautiful the assurance which Spiritualism gives that there are really no hindered ties; that the friends who pass on can return with messages of love to those who yet remain, and that we are all final heirs to a grand and abiding reunion on the evergreen hills of Eternal Youth!

## Interior Flavors.

Ladies, bear in mind that it only takes a few drops, either to give your cooking that delicate finish which is the housewife's delight, or to completely spoil it. You run no risk in using Baker's Flavoring Extracts.



## A SPECIAL OFFER.

We offer a series of CASH PRIZES to the four persons who send us the largest number of new yearly or six months' subscribers to the BANNER OF LIGHT before the 1st of June, 1891. The prizes will be rated as follows:

FIFTY DOLLARS to the person sending us the largest amount of money for new yearly and six months' subscriptions; TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the next; FIFTEEN DOLLARS for the next, and TEN DOLLARS for the next.

Here is an excellent opportunity for Platform Speakers and Mediums to call attention to the oldest and best spiritual paper in the world—a journal of eight pages, that for \$2.50 per year, or \$1.25 for six months, presents weekly a large amount of matter of the greatest importance to the spiritualistic public. The work of the platform, the press, and the séance-room, and the productions of scientific and literary minds in our ranks, are found in THE BANNER from week to week, so that the news of the spiritualistic world may be readily condensed from our columns.

Persons who contemplate competing for the above-named cash prizes will please inform us of the fact, and we will forward them printed blank forms to be filled out when forwarding the subscriptions secured. Specimen copies of THE BANNER will be furnished gratuitously whenever desired.

## "Twenty-one Years a Medium."

Under this heading we published in our last issue the report of a lecture delivered before the Liverpool (Eng.) Psychological Society, Oct. 20th, 1890, by J. J. Morse, to which we call the especial attention of American Spiritualists, and all others who take an interest in the cause of Modern Spiritualism, as it relates to his grand work in the United States as well as in England. It portrays in a graphic manner the vicissitudes he was obliged to pass through after becoming an unconscious trance medium, owing principally, of course, to the bigoted antagonism of the outside world; how he stood up manfully in behalf of the Cause, sustained by his spirit-guides, etc., etc. Mr. Morse also refers to the noble work accomplished in both countries by Mrs. EMMA HARDING-BRITTEN, another excellent medium, every word of which THE BANNER fully endorses; and he also alludes favorably to other public mediums who have done a noble work in behalf of our Cause.

A correspondent writing Nov. 13th from Geneva, Switzerland, in the course of a letter ordering certain published works, congratulates THE BANNER upon the care and intelligence displayed in its columns in the work of diffusing the truths of Spiritualism, and sends fraternal wishes for the increasing success of its efforts.

IN AID OF THE LYCEUM.—An entertainment for the benefit of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Boston, under the auspices of Mrs. W. S. Butler, and others, will be given in Berkeley Hall, Thursday evening, Dec. 4th, consisting of music, recitations, etc. A nice time may be expected.

We shall publish in the next issue of THE BANNER a review of Mr. Hudson Tuttle's latest work: "RELIGION OF MAN AND ETHICS OF SCIENCE," which has just been issued from the press of M. L. Holbrook & Co., of New York. It is for sale at this office; price \$1.50 per copy.

Read what Dr. C. F. Ware has to say—on our third page—concerning the Medical Crusade in Maine.—We are also in receipt of a letter from Dr. W. J. Rouse, of Bath, Me., from which, with his permission, we shall make extracts next week.

Mr. Z. Shedd of Denver, Colorado, who is an active member of the Spiritualist Society in that city, over which Mrs. Ada Foye is at present settled, is in Boston for a short time. We received a pleasant call from him last week.

We are glad to know that Bro. Van Horn will keep THE BANNER for sale at Arcadium Hall, 57 West 25th street, New York, on Sundays. Spiritual societies everywhere ought to follow suit in this respect.

Read what several prominent Spiritualists have to say on our seventh page regarding Dr. J. M. Peebles' new edition of his book: "Immortality, and Our Employments Hereafter."

## Verification.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In THE BANNER OF NOV. 8th I notice the message of DWIGHT A. GRAVES of Northampton, Mass. I was acquainted with a man in that city bearing this name, having transacted some business with himself and his former partner—S. R. Cooley. The latter gentleman lives on the same street where Mr. Graves resided, and I saw him to-day, when, in answer to my inquiries, he informed me that Mr. Graves passed away on the 24th of July, at the age of thirty-nine years.

He had a son by the name of Orson, whose death occurred several weeks before Mr. Graves'. The father was strongly attached to the son. Mr. Graves' sickness was at first something like nervous exhaustion (caused, no doubt, by anxiety through sympathy with and constant care for his son during his sickness), which terminated in a shock that affected his brain.

The readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT will of course use their best judgment as to whether or what was given through the vocal organs of our respected and much beloved brother—Mrs. M. T. Shelhamer Longley—did or did not emanate from the mind of the person of whom I have written. I am inclined to think it did.

South Hadley, Mass., Nov. 10th, 1890.

W. J. COLVILLE's friends in Boston and vicinity are informed that arrangements are now completed for the delivery of a Christmas course of lessons on the theory and practice of Spiritual Science at Mrs. F. J. Miller's rooms, Hotel Copely, 18 Huntington Avenue, commencing Monday, Dec. 22d, at 2:30 P. M.; and for a course of popular evening lectures in Berkeley Hall on "Oriental and Christian Theosophy," commencing Dec. 22d, at 7:30 P. M. On Christmas and New Year's evenings there will be old-time entertainments and musical services, with appropriate lectures on Christmas and New Year's days at 10:30 A. M., in the large Berkeley Hall.

FOR DERANGEMENT OF THE LIVER USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE. Dr. O. Y. CILLEY, Boston, Mass., says: "I have used it extensively, and with the most remarkable success. I give it in dyspepsia and in all cases where there is derangement of the liver and kidneys. With my patients it has agreed wonderfully."

## NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

As the Banner of Light represents the Spiritualists of the United States, it behooves its friends everywhere to report progress in their respective localities each week for publication in its columns.

THE LATEST THING IN THINGS—A monkey trust—organized at Newark, N. J., by Italians, "to bring to America for sale in the different cities and museums monkeys from Africa and the Azores."

The goosebore and the muskrat are at variance. The markings on the former foreshadow a long, cold winter; the latter, building its nest high, indicates that the winter will be an open one, with much rain. You pay your money to the coal dealer and take your choice. This is a free country.—Ez.

THE COMING "ABSENTEE" EMPIRE.—Twenty million acres of the land of the United States are held by foreigners "homing" in Europe.—It is said!

Bro. Hatch's Thanksgiving turkey, plum pudding and pumpkin pie were thankfully received and joyfully appropriated.

Bloodshed is feared over the fisheries on the west coast of Newfoundland in the spring.

"A great many people owe their lives to that doctor," said Kickington. "Is he an able physician?" "It is not exactly that I referred to. He is never in his office when you want him."—Washington Post.

The inhabitants of Tien Tsin, China, rendered destitute by floods, threaten, it is reported, to massacre the Europeans.

"It has been discovered that the use of pillows conduces to wrinkles," says the Boston Globe. Is that the reason THE GLOBE, which is usually fair in regard to Spiritualism, gets wrinkled occasionally by laying on bigoted religious pillows? We are ashamed to see it follow in the track of the Boston Herald in this respect.

Oh! but you say I take away immortality. I do not. If we are immortal it is a fact in nature, and we are not indebted to priests for it, nor to Bibles for it, and it cannot be destroyed by unbelief. As long as we love we will hope to live, and when the one dies that we love, we will say, Oh! that we could meet again.—Ingersoll.

Here it is, December—December, too, in Massachusetts—and not at this writing (Dec. 2d) a bit of snow has reached Boston. The question arises, Have our seasons changed? Does winter set in later in consequence? Who knows? Or is this climatic change to be attributed to artificial heat caused by the immense consumption of coal? Our "scientific" editor (a private special department) would like to know. Perhaps bright, mediumistic Hudson Tuttle of Berlin Heights, Ohio, can solve the mystery.

"An Indian war, explain it any way you please, can only be had by the most ardent ignorance and stupidity at Washington."—So says THE REPUBLICAN Record, of Boston.

Attention is directed to the prospectus of the BANNER OF LIGHT, which may be found printed elsewhere in this paper. THE BANNER is the oldest and best paper published in the world devoted to Spiritualism, and kindred subjects. Its subscription price has recently been reduced from \$3.00 to \$2.50 per year. Those who would have positive knowledge added to reverential faith of another or continuous life beyond the grave, should take and read THE BANNER, and observe the soundness of its teachings.—Experiment News, Norwalk, Ct.

The N. Y. Press says, in reply to some "smart Aleck" who has been sending impertinent questions to the editor: "We do not know who 'J. J. Cox' is, and we do not care. We know all we want to know about him when we discover that he is one of those too usual persons who think they know something about everything and everything about something, that something being how to run a newspaper."

The "Gossip" column of the Sunday newspapers is the most tedious imaginability.

The great question of the day is: Did the newly-adopted Australian ballot damage the Republican party at the late State elections, or was it the tariff question? Who knows?

## [LIFE'S NEW OPPORTUNITY.]

Oh! lift your natures up! Embrace our aims; work out your freedom. Girls, Knowledge is now no more a fountain sealed.—Tennyson's Princess.

Mrs. K. C. McDANIEL writes from Anderson, Tex.: "THE BANNER is a treasure in our house. That you may live long to bless mankind is my wish."

Society is continually inhaling and exhaling, giving and taking, helping and being helped; and its health and growth depend upon the frequency and constant operation of both these functions. Neither can they be relegated to different classes of people, some doing all the giving and others all the receiving. To starve one side of the nature injures the whole; and, unless both are in constant and happy exercise, the individual is mentally and morally stunted.—indeed it will never be known how much more generous giving there would be in the world if there were more cordiality and gratefulness shown in accepting.—Great Thoughts.

ROYALTY'S FATE.—While the late Emperor of Brazil was attending the scientific lectures and meetings at Paris the furniture in his former palace of Bon Vista was being sold at auction.

Eugene Field is the possessor of the axe with which Mr. Gladstone felled several trees during his late visit to Hawarden. He received it through the intercession of Prof. Oscar Browning, of King's College, Cambridge. Gladstone forwarded it to him with a bit of Latin verse. A literal translation into English would be: "Across the ocean goes this axe, a symbol not of war, but of peace; may it hew down the brush of discord, and stand forever as a sign of peace between brothers." Then Mr. Field sent Mr. Gladstone this bit of verse:

"Where virtues wax  
Shall go this axe,  
A sign of peace,  
And not of bellum.  
Should wrong arise  
As tempus fieri  
Why Gladstone fell  
Is bound to tell 'em."

A courting match generally ends in a tie. That's why there are so many divorces.

When one comes to know how expensive war is, one feels bound to keep the peace until the other fellow kicks too hard. One of the big guns costs \$250,000 to begin with, and every time it is fired, away goes a thousand dollars clean, cold cash.—Detroit Free Press.

The river Shannon in Ireland recently overflowed its banks, submerging the town of Athlone and hundreds of acres of farm-lands, causing heavy losses of cattle and crops.

As a soporific nothing equals a glass of milk taken just before retiring.

There have been twenty-two Presidents of the United States, and all but four of them have been lawyers.

The violation of treaties and locking the Indians up in reservations to further the ends of land-grabbers have made the copper-colored Americans so inflammable that the Indian "Messiah," so far from being the cause of their belligerence, is simply the match that touches it off.—Ez.

A facetious exchange avers that, according to the new outline of the Brooklyn Ethical Association, a "metagnostik" is "one who has encountered something beyond his knowledge."

## [THOUGHTS FOR "THE WATCHMAN."]

"There's the good Baptist ox; he's hard shod to the bone; Close communion in diet—he eats all alone! Shakes his head when it's raining and closes his eyes; He has to be sprinkled though it come from the skies!"

Why, he won't cross a bridge unless dragged by the team. He'll go nowhere, I sware, but 'down into' the stream! Said the lumberman of Calaveras. —F. E. Brooks.

The English crown is made up of diamonds, rubies, sapphires, pearls and emeralds, set in silver and gold bands; it weighs thirty-nine ounces and five pennyweights, Troy; in it there are three thousand four hundred and fifty-two diamonds, two hundred and seventy-three pearls, nine rubies, seventeen sapphires and eleven emeralds.

## Movements of Platform Lecturers.

(Notices under this heading must reach this office by Monday's mail to insure insertion the same week.)

Dr. J. R. Nickless and Mrs. Edith E. Nickless have taken rooms for the winter at the Windsor House, Oakland, Cal., where they can be addressed.

W. F. Peck's engagements are as follows: December, at Willimantic, Conn.; January, at Providence, R. I.; February, at Newburyport, Mass.; March, at Willimantic, Conn.; April, at Fitchburg, Mass.; May, at Fitchburg, Mass.; June, at Fitchburg, Mass.

Dr. George Dutton has returned to Boston, and has rooms at the Hoffman House, suite 8—entrance, 128 Berkeley street.

Moses and Mattie E. Hull have just closed a very successful two months' engagement in Portland, Ore., and are about to leave for a tour of the Pacific Coast. They propose starting for Chicago in the latter part of February or early in March, and will probably make several stops on the road. Those wishing their services enroute should address them during December at the Henry House, Oakland, Cal. Mr. Hull speaks in Indianapolis during April and May, and at Grand Rapids, Mich., during June.

Edgar W. Emerson has the following engagements for December, 1890: Dec. 7th and 14th, Newburyport, Mass.; Dec. 12th, West Winsted, Conn.; 21st and 28th, Fitchburg, Mass.

B. H. Kneeshaw, inspirational speaker and test medium, late of Montreal, Can., is now located at 79 White street, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. He speaks for the First Society of Spiritualists in that city during the month of December, his last being his fourth engagement. He will also speak at New York City, and at Grand Rapids, Mich., during June.

Mrs. Marietta F. Cross will lecture or attend funerals. Address her at Bradford, Mass.

Dr. G. G. W. Van Horn has returned from Chicago, Ill., and is now located in New York City for the season. He will also speak at New York City, and at Grand Rapids, Mich., during June.

Mr. J. J. Colville's work in Philadelphia has been extremely successful. He addressed another large audience at Corinthian Hall, 1524 Arch street, Nov. 30th, at 10:30 A. M., and speaks there again Dec. 7th and 14th at the same hour; also on Dec. 12th and 19th, at 8th and 9th, and 12th and 13th. His services have been secured by the Spiritualist Society of Worcester, Mass., for Sundays, Dec. 21st and 28th, and Jan. 4th. He is the most industrious speaker on the spiritual platform.

Frank T. Ripley of Boston has just closed a two months' engagement for the First Association of Spiritualists of Indianapolis, Ind. "Large audiences of the best people," writes a correspondent, "have been the result." Mr. Ripley would like engagements for December, February and March in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Indiana and Missouri. He can be addressed for two weeks at 513 Northwest street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Mrs. Carrie Downer Stone (formerly Miss Carrie Downer) can be addressed for engagements at her home in San Jose, Cal.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter will lecture next Sunday, Dec. 7th, in Salem, Mass., and on Monday, Dec. 8th, in New Bedford on Sunday, Dec. 14th, and in Norwich, Ct., on Sundays, Dec. 21st and 28th. He has week-evenings open for engagements. Address him 181 Walnut street, Chelsea, Mass.

Mrs. H. S. Lake speaks each Sunday of December in Washington, D. C., and during her engagement there, No. 110 C street, S. E., that city.

Bishop A. Beals has closed his engagement at Detroit, Mich., and is now speaking in Indianapolis, Ind., where he can be addressed at No. 99 Hoyt street.

## In Aid of Mr. Lapham.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In response to the kind notice in your paper of Nov. 22d, written by Mr. Sylvanus Lyon, in behalf of Mr. Pendleton Lapham, the true and noble medium, who has unselfishly spent the greater part of his life in the cause of Spiritualism, I have received the following sums:

Andrew Jackson Davis, \$5.00; Alfred E. Giles, \$2.00; E. N. K., of Brooklyn, N. Y., \$2.00; W. E. Hurst, Brooklyn, N. Y., \$2.00; Iowa lady, 10 cents. Total, \$11.10. Thanks, friends.

Mrs. EMILY B. RUGGLES, No. 492 State street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Nov. 26th, 1890. [Mrs. Ruggles desires that we state the name of Mr. Lapham's father, who have been "Solon Lapham."—instead of "Solon Robinson," previously written by a New York correspondent to THE BANNER.—Ed.]

Philadelphia, Pa.—A correspondent writes: "There are many good mediums here for private sittings, amongst whom may be mentioned Mrs. Faust, Mrs. Ledy, Miss Watson, Mrs. Bunz, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Kates, Mrs. Ambrosia, Mr. Wallace and others. Several mediums hold regular circles in private life there is the usual widespread interest that falls to enter into publicity. This city comprises a good field of labor, and needs some concentrated effort to place the Cause on a better public footing."

Brookline, Mass.—Sunday, Nov. 30th, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Tving lectured before a large audience—many being obliged to go away for want of room. Mrs. Tving was enthusiastically received, and held the attention of her audience firmly throughout. We feel many are awakening to this great truth, and soon we expect to be obliged to seek new quarters to accommodate those who come to hear.

Mrs. E. F. BICKNELL, Cor. Sec'y.

Portland, Me.—E. Merrill informs us that Dr. H. A. Lamb recently gave an interesting lecture before the Spiritual Temple in Mystic Hall, Congress street, his subject being the "History of Human Progress." "The Doctor," he says, "is an eloquent and able speaker, and handled his subject in a scientific manner."

Portland, Me.—A correspondent, whose entire letter will be given next week, writes that Miss Jennie Leys occupied the platform of the First Spiritual Society last Sunday, and the Sunday previous, lecturing largely and ably by her lectures and a narration of her experiences.

Oakland, Cal.—Mrs. Edith E. R. Nickless will lecture in Oakland, Cal., California Hall, Clay and Eleventh streets, every Friday evening. On Friday evening in the same hall will hold a test meeting. In Masonic Hall, Alameda, Cal., every Tuesday evening, lecture and tests.

## Materializing a Rumor.

Rumors have been abroad for some time of a wonderful bargain in a new Oak Chamber Set to be brought out by FAIRBANK'S Furniture Co., on Canal street. This Chamber Set is now on exhibition at their warehouses. It is a beautiful pattern in quartered oak, with 10th century finish. No greater bargain in an Oak Chamber Set has ever been offered in the city.

## Subscribers' Notice.

The date of the expiration of every subscription to the BANNER OF LIGHT is plainly marked on each address. Subscribers who wish their paper continued will avoid inconvenience by registering before the expiration of their subscription, as we stop every paper after that date. It is the earnest desire of the publishers to give the BANNER OF LIGHT the extensive circulation to which its merits entitle it, and hence they look with cordiality to the friends of the paper throughout the world to assist them in their important work.

## ADVERTISING RATES.

25 cents per Agate Line. 10 percent discount. 3 months 10 percent discount. 6 months 20 percent discount. 12 months 30 percent discount. 200 lines to be used in one year. 10 percent discount. 500 lines to be used in one year. 25 percent discount. 1,000 lines to be used in one year. 40 percent discount. 2,000 lines to be used in one year. 60 percent discount. 50 percent extra for special position. Special Notices forty cents per line, Minimum, each insertion. Business Cards thirty cents per line, Agate, each insertion. Notices in the editorial columns, large type, headed matter, fifty cents per line. Notices in the editorial columns, small type, double columns, width of column 2-7-10 inches.

Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our office before 12 M. on Saturday, a week in advance of the date whereon they are to appear.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT cannot well undertake to vouch for the honesty of its many advertisers. Advertisements which appear fair and honorable upon their face are accepted, and are not removed on account of improper persons using our advertising columns, they are at once interdicted. We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they detect any fraud or dishonesty, and the advertiser they have proved to be dishonest or unworthy of confidence.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

Three Hours More.—Every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, from 8 A. M. to 2 P. M., A. J. DAVIS, Physician, in his office, 63 Warren Avenue, Boston. No new patients treated by mail.

Dr. F. E. H. Willis may be addressed at 46 Avenue B, York Park, Rochester, N. Y. Oct. 4.

J. J. Morse, 10 Stanley street, Fairfield, Liverpool, will act as agent in England for the BANNER OF LIGHT and the publications of Colby & Rich.

James Burns, 15 Southampton Row, London, Eng., will act as agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT and keep for sale the publications of Colby & Rich.

To Foreign Subscribers the subscription price of the BANNER OF LIGHT is \$3.00 per year, or \$1.50 per six months, to any foreign country embraced in the Universal Postal Union. To countries outside of the Union the price will be \$3.50 per year, or \$1.75 for six months.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## THE AUTOHARP.

An instrument that should occupy a place in every home where development of mediumship is sought or sciences are held. Its tone is sweet and silvery, and difficult music can be exquisitely played with very little practice. Lessons given to each purchaser, also book of instructions. A beautiful Holiday Gift. Price \$4.50, Express paid. Sold by GEO. T. ALBRO, 55 Rutland street, Boston.

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Bookellers and Postmasters usually receive Subscriptions. Subscriptions sent direct to the Publishers should be accompanied by Post-office Money Order or Draft. When no time is specified, Subscriptions will begin with the current number.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

## HOW OLD IS MY BABY?

If you will send us the name and address of any baby born in 1885 or 1886 and a postage stamp, we will mail that child a sample copy of "Our Little Ones and the Nurseries," the most beautiful magazine in the world for little people. Address RUSSELL PUBLISHING CO., 36 BROMFIELD ST., BOSTON.

## Dr. E. A. Blackden,

224 TREMONT ST., Room 23, Boston, Magnetic Healing, Inspirational Lecturing, Writing and Translating Medium. Diagnosis or Messages by mail or at sitting, \$1.00. Dec. 6.

## Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Towne,

MAGNETIC, Mind and Massage Treatments, also Reiki. M. dies furnished. Now located at Hotel Aldrich, 98 Berkeley street, Boston. Hours 10 to 7. Dec. 6.

## Mrs. E. Jackson,

LECTURER and Test Medium, is open for engagements. For dates, etc., address P. O. Box 48, Acushnet, Mass. Dec. 6.

## Louis F. Jones,

SPIRIT PORTRAITS in Crayon. 17 East Canton street, Boston. Dec. 6.

## YOU CAN HAVE

MANY a case of sickness if you will use Dr. Kress's Liver Powder. Price 25c, postpaid. KRESS MED. CO., P. O. Box 253, Evansville, Ind. Dec. 6.

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## W. A. MANSFIELD, Slate-Writer,

282 Columbus Avenue, Boston. Hours 2 to 5 P. M. Dec. 6.

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Will treat patients at his office or at their homes, as to diseases. Specialties: Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lung, Liver and Kidney complaints, Dyspepsia, etc. Nervous Disorders. Roots and barks, with full directions for preparing, sufficient to make six bottles of medicine for any of the above diseases or to purify the blood, sent to any address on receipt of \$2.00. Healing by Massage treatment. Office hours 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. These wishing consultation by letter must state age, sex, and leading symptoms.

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CELESTINE.—Cures Palpitation, Nervous Headache, Nervous Dyspepsia, Insomnia, Dependancy, and all female weaknesses. A very pleasant, harmless and wonderfully effic



Before us are two spirits, one of whom was present at our last message circle, seeking to manifest, but unable to do so. Two appear today. The first is an elderly gentleman, whom we should judge when in his prime on earth was of strong physique, and full of energy and vital life. He desired to manifest last week, and has again been trying to reach the medium, but is not quite able to do so. We are very happy to speak for him.

His companion is also a male, younger, rather large in stature, with prominent features, a spirit who is closely attracted to the first. We get in this connection: "Tell the friends in New Bedford, and my family, that old Capt. Walker is well, and full of power on the spirit-side." This is from the first spirit whom we mentioned. "Tell them that though the body







