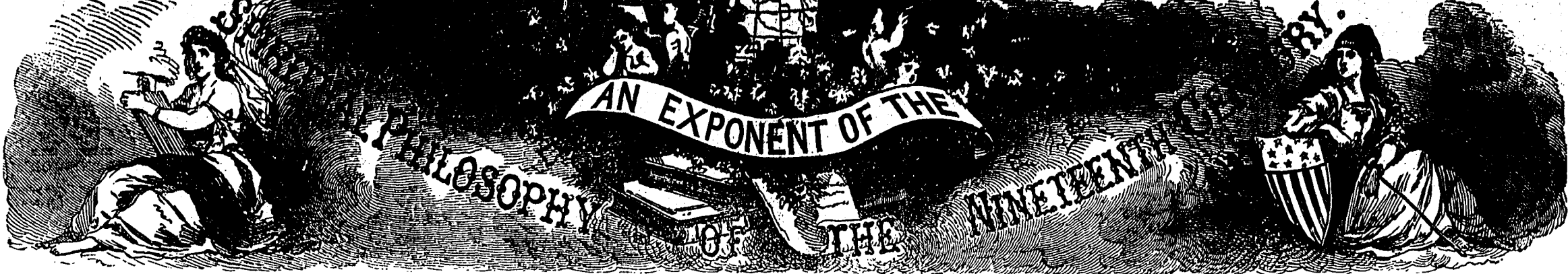


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THINGS WORTH RECORDING.

[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 tribute—drawn from the memory and notes of the author—to men and women 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.]

LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

Iconoclasm Spiritualized: Visit to this Noble Seeker After Truth: Converse regarding the Modern Phenomena; Her Attitude toward Spiritualism; Conclusive Extracts from her Works, etc.

In pursuing our course through the labyrinthian way of progressive ideas, some minds become to us like shining lights among darkened corners, or like marks through dubious courses. It is, perhaps, a constructive mind that helps most in theologic problems. The iconoclast does the harsh work—tears down our cherished strongholds, and leaves us to cling as best we can to ideals. Happy are we if at that time some clear head and willing heart takes us by the hand and leads us to a spot where clear vision reveals a new outlook, a stronghold indeed for faith and aspiration.

Such a mind Lydia Maria Child proved to be to "Observer." In her three-volumed work, "Progress of Religious Ideas," she made facts stand for fancies. She accomplished for "Observer" what she declared in her preface she desired to accomplish. She showed that theology is not religion. In simple style, suited to the popular mind, she concisely and clearly, with reverential spirit, placed Christianity on a level with other religions, as far as its evidence is concerned. She says:

"My own mind has long been desirous to ascertain the plain, unvarnished truth on all these subjects; and having sought it out, I felt prompted to impart it to those who were in a similar state. Those who wish to obtain candid information, without caring whether it does or does not sustain any favorite theory of their own, may perhaps thank me for saving them the trouble of searching through large and learned volumes for scattered items of information, and if they complain of want of profundity, they may perchance be willing to accept simplicity and clearness in exchange for depth."

It was with great gladness of heart that "Observer" accepted an invitation to make a morning call on Mrs. Child, without formal introduction. How plainly the simple room, just off Washington street, comes up to our vision. Devoid of ornament, it had good air and the full May sunshine. Wendell Phillips said of her, in his remarks at her funeral: "The princely giver kept till death the cheap, plain fashion of dress which early narrow means had enforced." "Observer" was not fully prepared for this severe style, and so what usually passes away without notice or comment, made a lasting impression. A common brown and white print, made in a style long obsolete, but now affected by the little form of youth, so simple and quaint that the figure seemed small; a round shoulder-cape of the same material; gray hair in soft, fluffy curls on each side of the ample brow; eyes so full of hearty cheer that one felt welcome; a mouth of gentle firmness—this was the presentation to perhaps the most remarkable woman of her times; a woman who had won fame, honor, a place in the world, and who placed all on the altar of an unpopular cause, and gladly beheld the sacrifice.

"Observer" is looking on a photographic likeness of Mrs. Child, taken by request, with a dress revealing her classic neck and shoulders, that has an air and bearing so different from that of our memory that one would hardly pronounce them as one. In the photograph there is an air of queenly beauty. The strong lines of the face reveal her grand selfhood. One would know that she could look on the wreck of worlds and still trust in the infinite power of good.

But as she stood welcoming "Observer" with a smile of hearty greeting, she was the true, loving and earnest woman. In trying to express to her the deep sense of gratitude that was felt for her fearless and thoughtful writings, "Observer" evidently touched an answering chord of recognition, for she said: "I am so glad to hear you say it. My heart was in the work. In the 'Progress of Religious Ideas' I tried to express the respectful sympathy I cherished for all religious faith. It is noble to believe—but one must be responsible for faith. To yield to popular prejudice is despicable."

"Observer" felt that before such a clear soul there, need be only light, and so quite early in the conversation declared belief in spiritual phenomena. "That interests me greatly," she said. "I will tell you what has happened to

me. A friend of mine can write with planchette, and I have had some remarkable experiences with her. How can I doubt there is some subtle power that science does not yet recognize which makes a positive, definite union of the spiritual and material world quite natural? I do not believe in the miraculous in any age of the world; but there are laws I do not comprehend, and through them that occurs which may seem mysterious." And here she gave a lengthy account of a séance with this friend, and added, "Now does it not seem natural and beautiful that the one I loved and who cared for me was actually present?"

As much of the conversation of that morning has lost its individuality and is merged in the one impression of a large-hearted, noble woman, interested in every moral reform and every gleam of spiritual light and truth, it seems better to give extracts from her letters, and thus prove by her own words her attitude toward Spiritualism:

"If the problem of our existence is not solved elsewhere, how cruel must be the Being that placed us here! Meanwhile, nothing surprises me more than that men should judge so harshly of each other for believing or not believing, since it is a thing obviously beyond our control. The man educated at Seville cannot see spiritual things in the same light that they are seen by the man educated in Boston. At fifty years of age it is out of our power to believe many things that we believed at twenty. Our states have changed by slow degrees as the delicate blossom changes to the dry seed-vessel. We may weep for the lost blossom, but it avails not. But thanks to the heavenly Father, in the dry seed-vessel lies the embryo of future flowers!"

To another friend she says:

"Since I saw you I have often thought of the fear you seem to have of Spiritualism. You appear to regard it as something uncanny. I cannot feel so about it. I believe that the union of our spiritual nature with our material is governed by laws which we do not understand, and which lie beyond the region of any tests we are as yet able to apply. I don't think the devil has anything more to do with Spiritualism than he has with comets. I rather think I don't believe in the devil. I certainly never think of him in connection with any mysteries that interest me. Now there is electricity! That is an everlasting puzzle to me. I am always asking questions about it, and never get any of them answered. I have a vague idea that it is the spiritual body of the universe. I have a great many questions laid up to ask Plato when I see him. He has been at the high school so long he must know a great deal. My soul goes about perceiving all departments of the universe, 'wanting to know,' and the only answer I get is: 'Go about your business.' So I go about it."

After Mr. Garrison's death she writes:

"If Mr. Garrison was mistaken in his strong belief that individual, conscious existence continued elsewhere, he will never know of his mistake; but I think he was not mistaken. I suppose you noticed that Whittier recognized his spirit as still active in defending the right. If his spirit was there, how happy he must have been."

"I think there is sufficient evidence of another state of existence, and of the possibility of communication. I agree with Victor Hugo, who says: 'To elude a phenomenon, to turn our backs upon it, laughing, is to make bankruptcy of truth.' The phenomenon of the ancient tripod, and of the modern table-turning, has a claim to be observed like all other phenomena. Root out the worthless weeds of error, but harvest the facts. When was chaff made a pretext for refusing the wheat?"

These extracts seem meagre as proof of a spiritual faith, but "Observer" recalls the animation of Mrs. Child's conversation as she related the interesting incidents that gave her at least a firm hope that the revelations she had received were real communications from one she loved. These communications proved a tender, continued, watchful care, sweet to her, and needed. For with hosts of noble friends she felt alone after her beloved husband's death, and welcomed the least sign of a continued bond of sympathy. It was this earnest manner that impressed "Observer's" mind; this genuine interest in all that could be shown to her as proof of an ever-present, loving personality, and although in her writings there may be little to indicate the trend of her mind on these subjects, yet with time and opportunity she would have grasped at the facts, and made them indicate a philosophy already her own. For she was devoid of fear when principle was at stake.

She disliked mystery, and contended against superstition, and she loved justice. To decide for truth was her aim in all controversy. She says:

"To write with the unbiased justice at which I aimed, I was obliged to trample under my feet the theological underbrush, which always tangles and obstructs the path when the soul strives to be guided only by the mild, bright star of religious sentiment. It is never pleasant to walk directly through and over the opinions of the age in which one lives. For myself I have firm faith that plain statements of truth can never eventually prove injurious on any subject."

In recalling this little glimpse into a rich mine of truth and understanding, "Observer" is oppressed with the thought of a lost opportunity. Why were not those clear statements and concise declarations recorded? Why were not questions put and answers obtained concerning the solving of some of the problems of life? There is but one way to retrieve such loss: To seek for inspirations from so pure and noble a mind, and to feel a renewal of courage from the strong force of a character so simple and so grand.

We close this brief and imperfect sketch of a grand woman with the following beautiful extracts from her charming romance, "Philotheta":

THE VISION OF PARALUS.

"It could not be a dream. I was in the temple of the most ancient god. The roof was of heaven's pure gold, which seemed to have a light within. It like the splendor of the sun. All around the temple were gardens in full bloom. I heard soft, murmuring sounds, like the cooing of doves, and I saw the immortal

Oreades and the Nalades pouring water from golden urns. Anaxagoras stood beside me, and he said, we were living in the age of innocence, when mortals could gaze on divine beings unveiled and yet preserve their reason. They spoke another language than the Greeks, but we had no need to learn it; we seemed to breathe it in the air. The Oreades had music written on scrolls in all the colors of the rainbow. When I asked the meaning of this they showed me a triangle. At the top was crimson, at the right hand blue, and at the left hand yellow. And they said, 'Know ye not that all life is threefold?' It was a dark saying, but I then thought I faintly comprehended what Pythagoras has written concerning the mysterious signification of One and Three. Many other things I saw and heard, but was forbidden to relate. The gate of the temple was an arch, supported by two figures with heavy drapery, eyes closed and arms folded. They told me these were Sleep and Death. Over the gate was written in large letters, 'The Entrance of Mortals.' Beyond it I saw you standing with outstretched arms, as if you sought to come to me, but could not. The air was filled with voices, that sung:

Come, join thy kindred spirit, come!
Hail to the mystic two in one!
When Sleep hath passed thy dreams remain—
What he hath brought, Death brings again.
Come hither, kindred spirit, come!
Hail to the mystic two in one!

I tried to meet you, but as I passed through the gate a cold air blew upon me, and all beyond was in the glimmering darkness of twilight. I would have returned, but the gate had closed, and I heard behind me the sound of harps and of voices singing:

Come hither, kindred spirits, come!
Hail to the mystic two in one!

Philotheta lifted her hand, and her face beamed with joy. She had earnestly desired some promise of their future union, and now she felt the prayer was answered.

THE DEATH OF PARALUS.

He held Philotheta's hand continually, and often spoke to her in words of consolation. Immediately after an acute spasm of pain had subsided he asked to be turned upon his right side, that he might see her face more distinctly. As she leaned over him he smiled faintly and imprinted a kiss upon her lips. He remained tranquil, with his eyes fixed upon hers, and a voice within impelled her to sing:

Come hither, kindred spirits, come!
Hail to the mystic two in one!

He looked upward with a radiant expression, and feebly pressed her hand. Not long after his eyelids closed, and sleep seemed to cover his features with her heavy veil.

Suddenly his countenance shone with a strange and impressive beauty. The soul had departed. . . . Philotheta, though deeply bowed down in spirit, was composed, for she heard angelic voices singing:

When Sleep hath passed thy dreams remain—
What he hath brought, Death brings again.

THE DEATH OF PHILOTHETA.

"Nay, replied Eudora, my heart is sad, but not for the perished glow of the flowers.

Philotheta understood the import of her words, and, pressing her hand affectionately, said: 'Your love has been as balm to my lonely heart; and let that remembrance comfort you when I go hence. Listen in stillness to the whispered warnings of your attendant spirit, and he will never leave you. I am weary, and would fain repose upon your affectionate bosom.'

Eudora gently placed her head as she desired, and, carefully supporting the precious burden, she began to sing in low and soothing tones. . . . All at once the room was filled with soft, clear light. Eudora turned her head quickly to discover whence it came, but could perceive no apparent cause for the sudden radiance. With an undefined feeling of awe she looked in the countenance of her friend. It was motionless as marble; but never had she seen anything so beautiful and so unearthly.

As she gazed, doubting whether this could indeed be death, there was a sound of music in the air—distinct, yet blended, like the warbling of birds in the spring-time.

It was the tune Paralus had learned from celestial harps; and even after the last note floated away, Eudora seemed to hear the well remembered words:

Come hither, kindred spirit, come!
Hail to the mystic two in one!

OBSERVER.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE ROSE.

BY WM. H. RANDALL.

Oh! lovely rose, of all the flow'rs most fair,
Waiting thy perfume on the changeful air!
No other is so beautiful as thee,
No blooms in such a sweet variety.

Who first conceived thee, the most perfect thought
Born of the heavens and in the earth outwrought?
Who made thy beauteous colors manifold?
And decked thee in such garb through matter's mold?

And planned thy stalk, and root, and leaf so well,
Thy stamen, pistil, and seed-bearing cell?
Thy proud corolla, rearing up its head
Supreme among the flow'rs with sunshine fed?
Thou seem'st to me the pure, supernal thought
Of loving souls ethereal, who have sought
Long since that other brighter, fairer shore,
Where we perchance may meet—have met before,
And whose exceeding love takes form, and sends
In these sweet tokens gifts to earthly friends,
Who all unconscious and imprisoned lie,
Doubting the love that dwells beyond the sky!

We may not guess the secrets that lie hid
From us below; but when from garments rid
That veil, and clog, and check the inner sense,
We, rising from this cloudy matter dense,
Take up that truer, purer life sublime
Once lived and lost—forgotten for a time—
We then shall find each perfect thing appears
To be Heaven's thought, evolved through countless years.

Bloom on! thou charming, matchless flow'r, bloom on!
Breathe out thy life the perfumed air upon!
Thou seem'st to bring some type to this dull earth
Of that fair paradise whence thou hast birth.
Bloom on! and if so be is wafted back
Thy life in essence on ethereal track,
And drifting to that glorious home from whence
Thou cam'st, may, waited on thy wings, go hence
The love of all who have enjoyed thee here;
And sweetly blooming in that brighter sphere,
May ours give thee an added beauty there,
A perfect rose in Heaven, divinely fair.

Medford, Mass.

If any one say that he has seen a just man in want of bread, I answer that it was in some place where there was no other just man.—St. Clements.

Literary Department.

CRIME AND RETRIBUTION.

A STORY OF BOTH HEMISPHERES.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER IV.

The Stolen Child.

We have gone back to the events occurring previous to the visit of the perjured Philip to the discarded Teresa. We now return to that unfortunate wife and mother, who, but for her infant's sake, clings to the life that has become a heavy burden. The husband of her love has thrown her aside; he would tear her child from the protecting arms that have vowed never to relinquish their living hold. A stranger in a foreign land, whither can she turn? whose aid implore?

Forsaken of the earth, she turns toward the pitying ear of God, and invokes the protection of the guarding angels for herself and child. And the petition is heard and answered, though not as the bleeding mother heart desires. He who disposes of all human ill toward the ultimate and overruling good, ordained that the child of Teresa's love should be the angel of another's sorrowing heart; that through her agency much good should be done, and great and threatening evils be averted. Into the keeping of the little Felicia was given the execution of a divine mission, that by the "pure in heart" alone could be fulfilled.

After the stormy interview with her husband, when she recovered from the deadly swoon, Teresa cast her eyes around her in despair. Whither should she flee for safety? where conceal herself and child? Oh! if she could but find her mother, the cold and haughty woman he portrayed, would she not pity and shelter her? Would not Teresa's sorrowful story of trusting love and suffering melt even her proud heart?

"Oh! that I could find her, could look upon her face but once!" she sobbed.

The impulse was upon her to escape with Felicia at once, to wander far away from the wretched hamlet, to search throughout the land for his mother's abode. Alas! she knew not that he had wedded her under an assumed name; that she might vainly seek for Philip Artoun, and never find his home. She knew not that a long day's ride would bring her to his mother's feet. But if she fled would not his vigilant footsteps pursue her—his spies find out her resting-place? Nurtured in the lap of ease and fortune, could she bear the fatigues of foot-travel, when her exhausted means prevented her from securing the usual conveyance? She could only pray to heaven, and await the issue of her fate.

When Philip left her, he returned not to Linden Cottage, but remained in the vicinity, plotting dark designs with the swarthy Joaquin, his fellow villain. They dared not resort to violence in order to obtain the child, for fear of alarming the neighborhood; therefore they resorted to stratagem. The intriguing Joaquin, disguising himself so as to defy detection, prowled around the tumble-down old cottage, and while the servant girl was absent on an errand for her mistress, he stole into the house, and passing through the deserted chambers, came to the scantily-furnished room occupied by the wife of his master; and, watching his opportunity, he drugged the lady's lemonade, well aware from her habits that she never permitted the child to taste that favorite beverage of her native Spain. Then he awaited the fruition of his plan. The girl was intercepted on her way home, by a well-concocted story of the sudden illness of a sister. Leaving her marketing by the way, she ran to that sister's house, a distance of two miles. Meanwhile the nefarious plan was executed fully. The sad Teresa, yielding to the potent influence of the narcotic, slept, not the refreshing, healthful slumber of exhausted nature, but the deep lethargic sleep of utter insensibility. Her child lay clasped in her arms; but when the smiling desperado unwound those clinging hands, she neither moved nor unclosed the heavy lids. The child stirred in her dreamless sleep, but she was quickly enveloped in the folds of a mantle, screened thus from the air of night, for the first stars were glimmering. She uttered not a cry, but slept on, the sweet, unconscious sleep of infancy. Slowly as he had come, the ruffian retraced his way.

Ah, poor Teresa! Bereaved and stricken heart! Vain were the bolted doors and the maternal solitude; thou wert childless and bereft! Oh! sleep on! sleep on! my pen recalls from the harrowing task of recording thy awakening, poor widowed mourner, mother bereaved of all that earth holds dear!

To the close carriage, waiting at the distant turnpike gate, Joaquin bore the sleeping child, and there delivered it into the arms of the cruel father. To have seen him as he showered kisses on her innocent face, as he folded the tender form to his heart, and drew the folds of his cloak around her, you would have deemed him a fond father, a man of compassionate soul.

On, on, the carriage rolled, till many miles lay between the mother and the child. To the care of the French maid, at the seaside home, the little one was entrusted, with many an in-

junction and a warning word. Mam'selle Florie, as she called herself, was kind, though frivolous. She undertook the charge of the orphan (so Philip presented her), murmuring, "Pauvre petite! pauvre petite fille!" (poor little thing, poor little girl.)

Philip returned to his mother, to the caresses of his young wife, while Joaquin was entrusted with the surveillance of the wronged Teresa.

The deepest feelings of the human heart ever baffle description, and elude the author's and the artist's study; we can portray the grief and the joy that we can comprehend, but that which lies beneath in the fathomless depths of soul, is revealed alone to the Omniscient eye.

The despair of Teresa was terrible to witness; her loud shrieks rang through the solitary house, and reached the startled inmates of the mill and the surrounding hovels. Men, women and children rushed together in alarm, and when they beheld the frenzied mien, the wandering eye, the livid face of the wretched mother, they wept aloud, and wrung their hands for sympathy.

"My child! my child!" cried incessantly the hapless woman, in a voice that curdled the blood of those who listened. Then she shrieked in the foreign tongue none there could understand.

"Robber! plunderer of the mother's heart! sacrilegious fiend! once my husband! give me back my babe! Take the life that has grown hateful to you—trample on me, kill me, if you will—but oh! my life's destroyer, let me once more look upon my child!"

She tore her long flowing raven hair, and violently smote the breast that bore so dread a burden of woe. To God and man she appealed for redress of her unheard-of wrongs. She knelt before the peasant mother, and in her broken English, implored her, for the love she cherished for the infant at her breast, to aid her in the restoration of her child. She kissed the toil-worn hands of the daily laborer, and by the sacred mother-name invoked his assistance.

The worthy people, understanding only that her child was lost, set out in the search. But it was all in vain; no traces of the little one were found. Even when the somewhat more intelligent servant-girl declared that the lady believed the child had been abducted by its father, they only shook their heads. The foreign lady was to them a mystery; and all that they could do was to pity her in her deep affliction.

For three days Teresa bore up against the final despair; but when the search was given up as useless, when the men shook their heads despondently, the women bent over her with streaming eyes, and the good minister bade her look above for consolation, then the long tried tension of her heart and brain gave way. She burst from the arms that held her, fled from the faded roof that had sheltered her so long, and with thrilling screams and wildly outstretched arms, rushed out to find her child!

With flying tresses, fever-flushed cheeks, unaturally brilliant eye, she fled a maniac, with a burning brain, a broken heart.

Over her head she had thrown the Spanish mantilla of her happier days. The diamond cross was hidden in her bosom, as was also a miniature suspended from a silken cord. Her black silk dress hung in loose tatters around her form, for in the first access of madness she had rent her only decent garment. The once fortunate and envied Teresa wandered forth a beggared outcast, deprived of the clear light of intellect.

She fled as if pursued by thronging demons; as if endowed with the fleetness of the wind. She eluded all approach, and hid within the thickest hedges when she deemed the followers were on her track. She passed through the densest woods, and climbed the steepest and most rugged hills. She wandered on for days over the bleakest moors and the roughest roads, sometimes sleeping in a wayside inn, at others in the shelter of an outhouse. Her wild manner, her disordered apparel, her foreign tongue, inspired fear as well as pity; nevertheless, the night's lodging and the morsel of food were never denied her. Kind country people gave her a seat in their wagons, and ferry-men rowed her across the stream. All listened compassionately to her incoherent story in a broken language; they learnt that she was in search of a lost child; often shaking their heads they would say:

"Ah, well! Poor thing, she is crazy, and maybe she imagines it all."

Thus is the reality, that so often is stranger than fiction, doubted by the wisdom of the world.

By circuitous routes, led on by a mysterious Providence, Teresa came in sight of "Linden Cottage," and something in its home aspect invited her weary feet to enter, her stricken heart to repose beneath its roof.

A farmer's wife had given her a woollen shawl to guard against the chilling autumnal wind. She looked upon the gay plaid, and sighed heavily.

"Thus," she said in mournful accents, "thus

any and bright was once the coloring of my future life. I called the roses and they faded; nothing now remains to poor Teresa but the thorn! The sunshine has changed to night! The happy dream is over! He is false and perjured, and my child, my child is lost! Oh! my little angel! my babe, my love, lost love!"

She drew the shawl still closer around her shoulders, tied the fluttering ends of the mantilla beneath her chin, and pursued her weary way.

Rose was sitting by her mother's side that pleasant autumn morning, but her bright, blue eyes swam in a mist of tears. She had confided to the lady the story of her courtship and clandestine marriage; of her disobedience toward the indulgent father she had vainly sought to reconcile.

Mrs. Almay was sorely perplexed. Ought she to warn this young and guileless being—to bring the first sting of suspicion to her happy breast? Could she utter the warning words against the husband she idolized, and that husband her only son? She covered her face with her hands, and sat awhile absorbed in painful thought.

"You are angry with me, mamma?" said Rose, in a low, trembling voice.

"Angry with you, dear child? No, not angry, but grieved: only grieved, my Rose. The sin of disobedience is great; its consequences are fearful, my child. Nay, do not turn so pale; there is yet time for atonement. You say you have written repeatedly, and that your father has not replied. The mails are uncertain, Rose; he may never have received your letters. Write again; write to-day—this very hour—and I will add a few lines to your father. From what you tell me of him, he cannot be unforgiving. There is a mistake somewhere. Write, my child, and believe me, you will soon receive the assurances of his love."

"You are indeed a mother!" Rose is an angel of encouragement! cried Rose, kissing the wan cheek of the gentle lady, and she hastened to procure writing materials, and to engage in the pleasant task.

"If you please, ma'am," said Margary, courtly at the door; "there's a poor, woe-begone creature wants to see you. It's none of our weekly 'sippers, ma'am (she meant recipients); it's a new face the poor thing has, with great beads of black eyes, and black hair streaming down her back, like a pendant from a mast's head, as master Philip tells about. Her face is as white as a marmar, ma'am. Dear me! there's young Mrs. Almay with tears in her summer blue eyes, as my Allen says. I did not mean to make you feel unpleasant, ma'am; indeed I didn't." Poor Margary looked as if she had committed some awful deed.

"I will go to see her," said Mrs. Almay, rising.

"Let me go with you, mother," said the young wife.

"If I may venture to expostulate, ma'am, and young Mrs. Almay, I think it would be better for the young lady to remain here; for she's a pitiful object, all ragged-tattered, and blowsy, frowzy as a colt's mane. She looks wild-like, and I fear she's a ma ni ac; crazy as a March hare, ma'am; and she talks a kind of gibberish there's no sense nor sound in. Mrs. Almay will see her first, and then, if she thinks the poor beggar is n't too horrible a sight, I'll call you, ma'am. Please excuse my circumspicion—that's it. I do n't mean any disrespect."

"I am sure you do not, Margary. So I will go on with my writing, while mamma goes down stairs." And with a bewitching smile, for which Margary declared to Allen "she could have squeezed her all into a jelly, if she dared take the liberty, she looked so lovely and angelical," Rose returned to her letter.

On entering the room devoted to the reception of her poor, Mrs. Almay saw standing before her a ragged and travel-stained woman, with disheveled hair, wild eyes, and sunken cheeks. That she was mad was clearly evident; that she was wretchedly poor, her condition betokened, as, also, that she had traveled far; for the shoes were torn from off her feet—a few soiled remnants alone remaining. The kind lady was moved to tears.

"Where do you come from?" she asked, in her softest music-tones.

"A sweet, tender voice—a mother's voice," murmured the maniac. "What you say, señora?" she replied, in her broken way.

"You are a foreigner, I see," said Mrs. Almay, leading her gently to a seat by the fire. "Poor child of misfortune!" she continued, scanning the care-worn face that yet bore traces of exceeding loveliness. "Where do you come from? I never saw you before in this neighborhood."

"I come, kind lady, over land—far away—over water—mountain. I not can speak your English—I lost my child!" she cried, in piercing accents. "My little child—my Felicia—my child! my child!"

"Poor bereaved heart!" sighed the sympathizing mother. "Be comforted. Your child is with God!"

"No, no!" wildly remonstrated Teresa. "She not die—she live! One bad man—he my—my—I cannot speak your English. He—my child—far away," and she made signs that her child had been taken from her arms.

"Poor mother! Who could have been so cruel?" said the lady, gently stroking the stranger's hand.

Teresa seemed to comprehend her question. She cried, pointing to the wedding ring upon her finger:

"He, he—Felicia—papa!"

"Impossible! Man could not be so cruel!" she exclaimed.

Teresa told her incoherent tale; from which, however, Mrs. Almay could gather no connecting link. She summoned Margary to lead the tired wanderer to her bathing-room; to furnish her with clean, fresh garments, and to arrange a bed for her comfort. A strange attraction drew her toward the wretched outcast. She indulged the faint hope of restoring her to health and reason. With her own hands she prepared a meal, and sat by her while she ravenously ate.

Teresa, smiling gratefully, took the brilliant cross from her bosom, and handed it to the lady, saying:

"My modder—my modder in the sky!" and she pointed to heaven. Drawing from her neck a miniature suspended from a silken string, she placed it in her hand. "My papa in the sky!" she said.

Mrs. Almay looked in amazement upon the blazing diamonds, and the aristocratic features of the portrait. On the back of the medallion were engraved the words:

"Teresa de Almayda, Cadiz."

"Would that I could sift the mystery, and aid this unfortunate woman. She belongs to a better station, that is evident. Who can she

be? Is there any truth in the story she relates of her stolen child; or is it only the aberration of a wandering mind?" mused the deeply interested mistress of the house, as she left her in the care of Margary.

Rose finished her letter, and Mrs. Almay added a few lines of entreaty and motherly interest. She sent Allen with it to the post-office, and the lightened heart of the daughter followed it with many a blessing.

[To be continued.]

Free Thought.

THE "LIGHT OF ASIA," AND ITS INFLUENCE UPON CHRISTIANITY.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Among the factors of European civilization is one seldom recognized by the student of mental forces, viz.: the influx of the religious element from Assyria and India in the centuries between the conquests of Alexander the Great and the beginning of the Christian era.

Few are aware of the potency of ideas transmitted through religious channels, but one principle seems to permeate all religious systems. There is always some strong central idea that is available for a priesthood to impress upon the plastic minds of undeveloped races which serves as a basis for the superstructure to rest upon.

The teacher whose impress upon the religious elements in the ancient world was most lasting was not Moses nor Abraham, but no less a person than Siddhartha Sakayamuni, or Gautama the Buddha, who lived in India about six hundred years before the Christian era, and whose devotees outnumber every other class of religionists on the globe.

Stripped of the verbiage with which priestly superstition has invested his doctrines, we find that Gautama taught a natural evolution of the spirit of man to the condition of eternal rest and bliss. Oriental interpretation of this idea has given us the impression that Gautama's Nirvana meant practical annihilation of consciousness, and the absorption of the individual by the supreme mentality of the universe. This view is radically wrong, as Gautama did not teach that Nirvana was to cease to be, nor was it to live only; but it was to live free from the law of reincarnation, or life upon the planet forevermore. Gautama seems to have been imbued with a knowledge or belief in immortality; but that belief as taught by the Brahminism of his age was cursed with the false interpretation of a crafty priesthood.

Original Brahminism recognized the immortal nature of the spirit, and some of the laws of its development; but like the early Christian fathers, who substituted the doctrine of a physical resurrection for the spiritual life after the mortal was ended, the Brahmin priesthood had taught a system of absurd dogmas concerning the return to earth to be reincarnated in all the varied forms in which life was manifested to expiate their sins while upon earth.

From this superstition the theocracy of India evolved the present religious system of India, although Buddhism had an unconscious influence in modifying some of its more repulsive features, and compelling respect for its humane and moral precepts.

The Brahmins, however, never acknowledged the Buddhahood of Gautama, for his system struck a death-blow to caste, the corner-stone of their religious edifice.

It is somewhat difficult to interpret Oriental tropes and metaphor by the strict definitions of Occidental thought; but once understanding the process of mental evolution to be essentially the same in all nations, we can approximately translate one religious expression to the correlative form in another language.

The Indian dogma of the incarnations of Vishnu as Buddhas who come upon earth at long intervals, is paralleled by the Christian dogma of the incarnation of Jehovah as Jesus. There is only one word in the Greek that corresponds with the Hindu Boodhi, and that word, strange as it may sound to unfamiliar ears, is Christ, or the Anointed One.

When the followers of Gautama came to the West preaching the gospel of peace and the law of Karma, they might have paused aghast at the spiritual darkness of the great Roman Empire with its bloody worship of war, and its licentious ideas of religion. The two great principles of primitive Buddhism, viz.: purity of nature and life, and devotion to peace, must have jarred strangely upon the conscience of the savage and barbarous hordes of Rome. They would have an influence, but hardly could they be expected to preserve their primitive simplicity of thought and expression. Buddhism would be taught as Christianity in all its essential details; and curious as it may seem to us, Christianity, shorn of its priestly trimmings, is as near primitive Buddhism as it is possible for two systems originating in different quarters of the globe to be.

To the student of ethics the influx of Buddhism is the key of Christianity in the first three centuries of the Christian era. That Jesus lived and taught the same doctrines as Gautama may be a subject of doubt for many generations. That Gautama lived and taught the doctrines of Jesus five centuries before the latter was born can never be seriously questioned, although the tales of his divine incarnation belong to the mythical stage of all religions. The only difference is that the ignorant devotees of both believe each to have been divinely begotten, and superior in nature to the rest of humanity.

When one penetrates the inner circles of Oriental mysteries he finds himself in a strange sphere of religious doctrines. Metempsychosis, reincarnation of the spirit, mystic dreams of life and its intimate relations with the spiritual world, crowd upon one's consciousness with bewildering effect. Here are peoples who are the antipodes of our bustling western world in more senses than the physical. In mind they are unlike us, for they discard the senses as channels of positive knowledge. All that we hold essential as proof of existence the thoughtful Oriental says is illusion. The earthly life is nothing; the spiritual existence is everything. Earthly glory is a snare, and desire for earthly distinction a proof of ignorance and spiritual weakness.

This is the spirit of the primitive doctrines of Christianity. It was also the explicit dogma of Gautama, with the priority of expression in his favor.

There is one feature of modern Christianity that shows a wide departure from the primitive doctrines of the church, and is in direct opposition to Buddhism. Perhaps I should say that it is seen only in the evangelizing wing of Christianity. It is the idea that the Christian religion has a monopoly of spiritual knowl-

edge, and a patent upon the life eternal. This doctrine has been persistently taught as truth since the ignorant exponents of it centuries ago opposed the placing of a statue of Jesus in the Pantheon. It exerts a powerful influence upon all sects who worship Jesus as a god, and is a striking proof of the law of heredity in the sphere of mental evolution.

Modern Buddhism still worships Gautama as a god, but Gautama gave no warrant for this in his teachings. So averse was he to the recognition of the gods in human affairs that he warned his disciples against them, or trusting in them. It may be that this doctrine had something to do toward preparing the mind of the West to discard the polytheistic worship of the old Roman Empire; but if so, it was by substitution of Jesus as the embodiment of the old ideas of the Gods, and transferring the worship to him, as the last of the series.

Comparing the influence that emanated from India through Gautama with any other system, it is seen to be more potent than that of any other teacher ever given. It is so striking in its similarity of ideas with those of the Christian world as to suggest the thought that Gautama is the original author of Christianity, and that India, rather than Judea, was its true birthplace. Certainly there is much cause for the deduction, and a necessity for reconstituting creeds and dogmas by the Christian world.

B.

Grant Relics in the National Museum.

[We transfer to our columns the graphic description of the relics of the late civil war, which was written by Mary Logan Tucker for the August, 1890, *Home Magazine*.]

As Gen. Grant offered his sword to redeem the nation's honor, and keep intact its flag, so the nation's honor and its flag are kept intact by the sword and the flag which he offered to the nation. They became, through Mr. Wm. H. Vanderbilt, the property of the government upon the death of Gen. Grant. Through the kindness of Mr. Hawley, of the National Museum, who received them on the part of the government from Mrs. Grant, and arranged them, I was enabled to examine each article at my leisure, and to hold each in my hand, and to feel the sword and the flag which he offered to the nation. Some of the articles being as yet without a perfect description, owing to the lack of information, which will probably be supplied in the future.

The articles are arranged in three glass cases upon shelves covered with wine-colored plush, beneath which run electric wires; an electric point is under each article, and the wires connect with the locks of each case, so that if a visitor should cut the glass case he could not touch an article without a deafening alarm at once sounding. To this is added the ever-present eye of a watchman, who, never for a moment, leaves the vicinity of the cases.

The first case contains the caskets in which were tendered the manuscripts or parchments, extending the freedom of cities of the British Isles, the centre one being that of the City of London, the second of the City of New York, and the third of the City of Washington. The casket of the City of London is made of gold, and is ornamented with the arms of the City of London, and the arms of the City of New York, and the arms of the City of Washington. The casket of the City of New York is made of silver, and is ornamented with the arms of the City of New York, and the arms of the City of Washington. The casket of the City of Washington is made of silver, and is ornamented with the arms of the City of Washington, and the arms of the City of New York.

The second case contains the sword which was presented to Gen. Grant by the citizens of Pueblo, Mexico, and is an unusual piece of their beautiful onyx, having in its delicate shades of pink and green. There are also cloisonné vases, presented by the Viceroy of China; large bronze vases, given by the citizens of Yokohama, Japan, and a bust of Gen. Grant in uniform. Here also, we find the most interesting of all the relics, namely, the general's war saddle, in which he rode in all the battles and campaigns in which he took part from 1862 to 1865. It is of the Grimsley pattern, with wooden tree covered with quilted pig-skin; the stirrups of wood, hooded with black harness halter; and in every strap and buckle it shows the marks left by the storms of weather and shell. Gen. Grant gave it in 1865 to Gen. Grant in uniform. 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BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

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In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and communications (essays) or otherwise of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of impersonal free thought, but we decline to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which no responsibility is given. No notice is taken of anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve manuscripts not used. When newspapers are forwarded containing matter for our notice, the sender will please send a favor by drawing a pencil or ink line around the article.

When the post-office address of THE BANNER is to be changed, our patrons should give two weeks' previous notice, and not omit to state in full their present as well as future address.

Notices of Spiritualist Meetings, to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Monday of each week, as THE BANNER goes to press every Tuesday.

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

A Generous 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 science-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.

In view of the size of our type—which enables us to give in each issue a large and varied table of contents—the BANNER OF LIGHT is the cheapest and most valuable Spiritualist paper published.

Friends everywhere, we call upon you to enter the list of competition for the cash prizes offered, thus not only securing a sum of money for yourselves, but also aiding us in largely adding to our subscription list during the coming year.

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.

Spirit and Matter.

Bishop Berkeley, called an Idealist, was only a Platonist in the truest sense. He not only held that the idea was the parent of the actual, but that the *esse* produced the *existere*, but that there was nothing real but the ideal, the outward and visible being only the reflection of the inward and spiritual, cognizable but to the sense. Both the external world and the senses through which alone it is known to us are provided for the teaching, the discipline, and the development of the spirit, which is first placed amid such primitive surroundings that through actual knowledge it may obtain its experience and work its sure way upward into the region of aspiration, and through aspiration into the unchanging realm of love.

Science assumes to set all this aside, and professes to show a better way. It claims to be superior to soul by alleging that we know nothing of soul. It parades effects and declares that we are not to look for the primal cause, because it is out of our power to formulate it even if we were satisfied that we had found it. It instructs us in effects that lead to still other effects; but persistently denies that we can find the way to any cause back of their first discovery, which they accept for the foundation of all things. Science is impotent to explain the causative secret, which we call the mystery of formation; the most it does is to teach the methods of formation in the varied departments of being, exhibit their mutual relations, explain the fact of their existence in time and space, but never anything of their origin or remote causation.

So far, therefore, as actual discovery goes, Science has done nothing, and can do nothing. And this for the sufficient reason that it sets out with the naked assumption that matter is

all and spirit is nothing. And matter is thus assumed to be all because Science can compass it with its theories, measure it with its methods, and investigate it with its instruments. Because spirit is to be approached for the study of its laws in a wholly different way, Science willfully and blindly denies that there is any such thing as spirit of which we can have cognizance. Thus does Science seek arbitrarily to limit thought by confining it to the visible and external, and restricting its surveys to objects known only to the sense.

With Science the physical environment is all there is; whereas a higher and truer science would recognize the fact that what is known to sense must be symbolic of what the thought—that is, the spirit—seeks to know as the cause of the sense as well as of the thing sensed, or perceived. Because of our environment only we are told that that environment is the primal cause; whereas we cannot certainly know that some other condition of the spirit than this environment would have been just as possible for the first cause to impose. Science steps with its first report. It finds effects, leading to other effects, and calls them discoveries. When it begins to speculate and theorize it has no more basis than any other system of theorizing in the premises. If matter be, as science asserts, the basis of all existence, then it may as well be asked, what is the secret of life, if indeed it has any, and if it be worth living.

The time has at length come for the Spiritualist to answer the Materialist, to answer him effectually, since the Spiritualist is supposed to estimate scientific research rightly, while insisting with still greater emphasis on what has become positively known by spiritual unfoldment. But in order to do this, he should be properly schooled in the methods of science to begin with, and above all should be able to give a full exposition of both spiritual truths and spiritual laws.

The trouble with the existing creeds is that they have no truly reliable spiritual basis, so that as soon as science advances with its confident and aggressive front, and presents its theories with such force of reason, the spiritual forces of the wholly human theological thought appear to be put to flight, which is the very time when they ought to stand up and assert themselves with superior power. And they certainly would do so if this theological thought rested on any real knowledge of spiritual truths and laws.

The plain fact is here: at the point at which scientific investigation stops, confessing its inability to go further, spirit takes up the matter and proceeds to answer the baffling question, which only spirit can answer, and answers it both at its beginning and its end. It demonstrates that that which precedes the cause, and is beyond the effect, must be superior to both cause and effect as each is discerned by the materialist. Thus spirit shows and explains that whatever realm lies antecedent to the beginning of atomic life, or the primal life which is the basis of all material organization—whatever realm lies beyond the last possible expression of effects, that realm must necessarily include both, be the one in which both are found; and is therefore the cosmic source of being, and can furthermore be traced only through the nature and the sources that relate entirely to itself.

The truly spiritual mind will not refuse to concede freely to science the whole of its great relative value and importance. It will accept the standards of material science as true in the senses, in the midst of human life, in time, and in all that relates to material things. And there is the end of it. In respect to what is called substance, science may know much; but in the realm of causation, which is above and beyond substance, it knows and professes to know nothing. Its province is the lower one, and its error is in maintaining that it is all there is.

Thus matter is but the reflex of spirit, as Bishop Berkeley held. The upper and outer realm of causation holds the spirit of life, the breath of divinity, the power and force of all existence. What is expressed, therefore, is not life. No matter whence its source, it is not creative, primordial, has in itself no source of absolute beginning. But the thought of man, considered separate from his organic structure, independent entirely of his organism and its sensations—that thought or spirit which declares itself superior to its environment, which measures the environment, which scorns its surroundings, and completely inverts them, that is creative; spirit is perception, which matter declares to be false, but spirit knows to be true.

What matter cannot comprehend for the reason that it has no comprehension, is nevertheless a part of the possessions of the spirit, and consequently is not based on scientific investigation, but upon what science has failed to declare. As the spirit intelligences themselves have stated it, the spiritual realm of the universe intervenes, supplements, surrounds, encompasses, enfolds, and has *a priori* as well as *a posteriori* existence of every form of matter, known and unknown. And thus it is demonstrated by Berkeley, as it is still believed by many, that matter has no absolute existence; but that which is infinitely immaterial, infinitely spiritual, may by reflex action produce the relative state in the universe which we call matter. Matter cannot produce a spiritual power which denies the right of matter to control it.

Animal Life in the Spirit-World.

Among the recent Questions and Answers in the Message Department of THE BANNER the reader will not have failed to notice particularly the answer to the question whether excommunicated animal intelligence is that animal intelligence associated with humanity for the purpose of becoming organized human beings. The Spirit Intelligence begins with considering the intelligence of animal life as it manifests itself on earth. It has various grades and diverse forms of expression. Some are very crude in appearance and gross in their habits and expression. In the spirit-world proper, excommunicated animal intelligence is that which has once manifested itself through bodies of animal flesh on earth. These are distinct from those intelligences of the other world that once inhabited bodies on earth in human guise.

The question put, therefore, is whether every form of animal life is preserved in the other world which exists on earth, or has existed here in past times. The answer is a decided negative. The explanation is as follows: The earlier, ruder, and grosser forms of animal life came into existence as a necessary result of the planet's organic condition; the various germs, atoms, and elements belonging to the planet were vitalized by intelligent life, which gave them the power to maintain an existence and take a place here in the planetary life, and

under the operation of natural, that is divine, law combined so far as to take certain shapes, and these shapes again, being vitalized more strongly by this intelligent animation, displayed signs of conscious life, and by the process of development came forth upon the earth in cumbersome forms of animal life.

They ranged from the reptile up to the ponderous, gigantic beast of the forest. They were placed here to absorb certain poisonous elements belonging to the planet, which the crudest manifestation of human existence could not inhale without injury. Then the purpose and design of their creation having become exhausted, these forms were resolved back into the natural elements, which were taken up by the soil and atmosphere and reconverted into new forms, finer modes of expression, more advanced conditions of animal life. The intelligence which acted upon and moved these forms of animal life which have become extinct has been taken up by finer forms after them, for grander purposes of unfoldment and growth.

And so the process of evolution and development constantly goes on, the finer being wrought out from the cruder and coarser, and the complex being the outcome of the simple and single.

Thus we go on until we enter the department of spirit. Intelligent minds there in human guise report that they do find forms of animal existence there. They tell us that there is life, and consciousness, and intelligence for the animal hereafter as well as upon this planet. They say that the finer forms of that animal existence have an abiding place in the spirit-world. The master who comes back tells us that he has found his dog which he loved so well, and whose loss he mourned so much. Another comes and reports that his favorite horse is company for him in the spirit-world. Still another returns and tells us that the little bird she loved, and that sang so beautifully in the morning, is with her now in the spiritual kingdom, where all is light and beauty and peace.

Now follows the inquiry, Will this intelligence, which animates those more refined forms of animal life in the spirit-world, ever develop to such a degree as to assume the human form, and manifest itself by expressing thought in speech? It is a question, perhaps, involving more of curiosity than anything else. But the spirit intelligences do not hesitate to make answer. They say that as the finer is ever the outgrowth or evolution of the cruder and coarser, the so-called death of some intelligent, beautiful animal on earth leaves the intelligent principle which animated that form still in existence, with projective power sufficient to bear it to the spiritual world, where it attracts to itself those elements and atomic conditions which surround it with a new body. This body is still of the animal shape, but more refined and beautiful than any known to earth.

Such animal forms may exist in the spirit-world, and in connection with those human spirits toward whom they are drawn, for an indefinite period. Then having outgrown their present appearance and covering, what is called death will ensue. The intelligent principle will separate itself from the spiritual body and ascend beyond it, the latter being resolved into the atmosphere and taken up to be converted into new forms. The intelligent principle passes on to another world in the spiritual universe, and becomes like a human being in a comatose state on earth. While in that condition it is acted upon by wise intelligences, to be invested with new power when it again arouses itself. And then it can be drawn into certain lines of attraction, following certain laws of the universe, until it is brought in contact with the atmosphere of human life, from which, after a period, it may come into a condition to enter human existence and gain its experience. That period may occupy hundreds or even thousands of our years, but wise spirits, that are making a study of these laws and conditions, assert such to be a positive fact in the wide universe of mind and matter.

Compulsory Vaccination of Emigrants.

Some months since THE BANNER alluded to the compulsory vaccination of emigrants on shipboard as a pre-requisite to their landing in the United States as unjust and unequal for Mr. William Tebb, well known to the public as a leader in the anti-compulsory vaccination movement in England, who is now in this country, has written at considerable length to several English papers upon this question as being a proceeding not tolerated in any European State. As a matter coming under his own observation he mentions that the steamship *Augusta Victoria*, of the Hamburg American Line, (upon which Mr. Tebb took passage at Southampton) had over 1100 passengers, of whom 670 were emigrants occupying the steerage. The saloon and second-class passengers were in no way interfered with; but the unfortunate third-class passengers were subjected to inquisition and examination.

A considerable number, we are told, remonstrated, and refused on one pretext or another to allow themselves to be operated on, but would be forced to submit at a later day, and no fewer than 430 were obliged, under pressure, the day after leaving Hamburg, to submit to the disgusting rite, with the alternative of a month or six weeks' quarantine at Blackwell's Island, or of being lodged in jail and vaccinated by force. "This," says Mr. Tebb, "is the right of asylum in a free country for refugees from oppression with a vengeance, which would have shocked the signatories of the Declaration of Independence, and caused them to blush with shame. The surgeon, with a look of satisfaction, told me that he had vaccinated the entire contingent of 430 (young, middle-aged and old, strong and weak, sickly and healthy) in about five hours; the same dose of animal virus being administered to each of his unhappy patients. Some of them afterward complained bitterly of the injuries they had received, but remonstrances were in vain."

A law that enforces such indignities upon the individual and abuses of the human system should be repealed, not only on the ground of humanity, but for the reason that there is no demand for its existence on the score of protection, for instead of protecting it endangers the health of the people among whom these emigrants may subsequently mingle. A large proportion of them are comparatively healthy; but this law compels them to be otherwise by impregnating their blood with germs of disease, and that one of the foulest with which mankind are afflicted. Thus burdened they go to their various destinations, liable to become victims themselves of long protracted sickness, and to spread the contagion in the communities in which they settle.

A Fatal Self-Esteem.

A writer in *Scribner's Monthly* descends briefly on a subject that is of general interest, since it is beginning to attract general observation. It is that of the overweening self-consciousness, in most cases the self-importance, of the younger class of contributors to our current literature, who seem to think that all wisdom and knowledge, as well as all literary skill of performance, came in with themselves, and will of course go out with them. It may verily be true, says our timely and reflective critic, that the present generation of younger writers is destined to great achievement. He sincerely hopes it may be so, and on the whole he is willing to believe it. But, he puts the question, was there ever a generation that made such an ado over its own attitude and deportment about its work? Or that had in some respects so large an alloy of the artificial in its frame of mind? He ridicules the squaring of the elbows over the discussion of technique, the "short-story-form," the "cycle" of novels, the machinery of dedications, prologues and epilogues, and "the whole disproportion of the cackle to the size of the be-cackled eggs, of however excellent quality the latter may be."

This very just satirical criticism is of wide application. The tendency held up to ridicule is to be noted in other departments of life than that of strict literature. In the literature of Spiritualism it sticks out in a most offensive way. The assumed leaders and prophets of this greatest of modern movements rise up in this and that quarter to assert themselves with even more than the inspiration of absolute authority. One is forced to wonder, reading their vastly wide proclamations and listening to their matchless pretense of philosophy, a philosophy which, like eternity, has neither beginning nor end, whether Spiritualism did not really await their coming in order to make its own appearance simultaneous, and if the live coal from off the altar on their lips does not threaten a conflagration.

The self-sufficient, self-magnifying and thoroughly conceited ones in this particular are fit and proper subjects for the disciplinary judgment of plain and sensible Spiritualists everywhere. They first clamor for organization, in order that they may rule it. Next they disparage and despise the phenomena, offering a vain philosophy of their own instead. Then they naturally decry and denounce mediums, for the very good reason that they are in their way and constantly bring all their high-sounding theories to naught. They are dissatisfied with everything as it is going. They alternately swell with self-conceit and sputter with harmless rage. The very laws of the universe, as far and fast as they can be discovered, are only good enough for them to set aside with a lofty contempt. If the world itself were to be made over again, they would not care to live in it unless they could have the making of it.

Not in any such spirit, nor with any such assistance, has humanity been able to advance to the stage it has. The great teachers have throughout the ages chosen an humble position, and been wholly satisfied to do their work. They set no examples of ambition and self-seeking. They did not climb to the highest seats, but left it to others to bid them go up higher. They conceived no theories which fed and enlarged their conceit, but were content and happy to serve where they could most effectively help on the great cause of human progress and development. As for scorning other agencies that were working for the same ends which they outwardly professed, no such disloyal thought ever crossed their consciousness. And so, too, he who to-day claims to be the least only, is often found to be the greatest.

They Claim Everything.

Prof. Payton Spence speculates in a published article on the possible effects of hypnotism on modern civilization, and its possibilities for crime and its agencies for good. He expects that its sphere of usefulness will widen and deepen. He even ventures to indulge in the vision of the hypnotism of the future as the elixir of life and the fountain of perpetual youth. Greater wonders, says he, are already the outcome of electricity. But, he pertinently inquires, is it not a little strange that the medical profession, which until quite recently presented the stolid face of the Sphinx to the persistent demands which mesmerism so long made up on it for recognition, should now at the eleventh hour step in and claim it as its own, and demand, as some of them have done, that none but doctors should be allowed to use it; as though, he observes, doctors were immaculate and never took advantage of the weaknesses of humanity.

As a moral agency in the correction of evil habits and the suppression of vicious tendencies, he regards the little that has already been done by hypnotism as the "dawn of a new era, in which the drunkard and the opium-eater shall be released from their bondage, and the victim of passion shall be set free, the tempest in the maniac's mind shall be calmed, and hypnotism, finding its way into our prisons and penitentiaries, with hands filled with benedictions, shall lay them upon the wicked, the vicious, and the depraved, and bid them go and sin no more."

It is really instructive to note the progress made in the general thought and mind on this subject of hypnotism, which is only a new name that has been put on the head of mesmerism and the mesmeric trance. On a sudden we find the doctors very generally employing it as an agency, and a very potent one, in effecting relief and cures, and they do not hesitate now to discuss it very freely at their meetings. The world does verily move. It is spoken of by many of them as "double consciousness," or a consciousness independent of the personality of the subject. But if they were to investigate Spiritualism for the single purpose of discovering truth, they would find that the medium under control is not hypnotized by any mortal being, but manifests the power of mind operating outside of the physical life. This is a fact too long attested to excite the least wonder in its statement: Which fully demonstrates that material life and incarnate mind fall wholly of any explanation of the spiritual phenomena that are constantly witnessed.

We are in receipt of a letter from Mr. H. S. Olcott, from the Theosophical headquarters in India, tendering his friendly regards and congratulations upon the unflagging activity of THE BANNER in its department of reformatory work; also, photographs of the manager of the *Theosophical Monthly* and the entrance of Adyar Library, with several individuals connected with that institution; for which Mr. Olcott has our thanks and the assurance that his kind wishes for our success are duly reciprocated by us for his own prosperity.

The Harvest Moon Celebration

At Onset, Mass., was never more happily observed than it was the present year. The Temple, at which the exercises were held, had been charmingly decorated by busy fingers, and presented a fairy scene to those who gathered within its walls. The apical platform displayed a forest scene with its background of tall evergreens. In the centre arose a tall pyramid of the products of nature; vegetables of every form and size revealed the bounties of the soil; the varying colors of these treasures added beauty to the place, while the whole was surmounted by an eagle with extended wings. Wigwams of wild flowers and brilliant autumn leaves had been erected upon either side of the stage. Vines, blossoms and rich fruitage festooned tables, piano and other furnishings. Innumerable bouquets, trailing vines, the products of garden, wood and field, completely covered the front of the platform, while a large stand upon the floor was laden with like adornments, among which might be seen a number of beautiful little gourds, each one bearing the name of some popular Indian control of mediums present, which had been grown upon them—such as "Elsie," "Eagle," "Lotela," and others. These gourds were raised by Col. Wm. D. Crockett, especially for this occasion. A beautiful marriage bell, beneath which the nuptial ceremony was performed for a happy pair by Colonel Crockett on Saturday, of mosses and flowers, hung suspended over the stage; a ladder of sweet flowers, typifying the ladder of progress, stood upon one side, a lovely harp symbolical of music and song, an anchor, crowns, and other floral emblems, fashioned by skillful and loving hands, gave added beauty to the scene, and these, together with the flower wreathed portraits of many old workers in the Spiritual Cause, the festoons of gaily-colored streamers and lanterns on the walls, made up a picture that could not easily be surpassed.

On the afternoon of Sept. 27th, at the Mediums' Meeting in the Temple, Mrs. M. T. Longley, after making a few remarks upon the life-work of the late Dr. I. P. Greenleaf, in the Spiritual Cause, and especially at Onset—calling attention to the fact that it was due to his suggestion and to his labors that the annual Harvest Moon Festival has been established there—read the following Poem, written expressly for the occasion by Mrs. Longley:

TO DR. I. P. GREENLEAF.

Founder of the Yearly Harvest Moon Celebration at Onset.

Oh! who shall tune the harp of song
In praise to one who stood
Exalted 'mid that noble throng,
Whose sense of Brotherhood
Makes all hearts kin, binds worlds in one,
Turns woe and strife to peace;
Whose well-fought conflicts, grandly won,
Gave boundless souls release.

Oh! he was fearless to the end,
With unshrinking pen and tongue,
Against the wrongs life has to mend—
Unwritten or unsung.
His soul was brave to grapple with
With Error's subtle power;
And every blow was made to tell
For truth's triumphant hour.

The red man's faithful, honest friend,
He loved the Indian band
That came from hunting grounds beyond
To this fair Onset land.
He saw their council fires aglow;
He heard their mystic tread,
And knew that to the earth below
They came—whom men call "dead."

Brave soldier in the cause of Right,
Those watch-fires never sleep—
Thy mortal friends in loving light
Thy precious memory keep.
Ascended to the courts above
Thy soul in gladness rings
The harvest song of heavenly lore,
That through the ages rings.

Dear spirit—loyal, firm and true,
Undaunted by the foe—
With freedom's holiest mount in view,
Thy purpose grand, we know,
Is still to scale the loftiest height
The human soul can climb,
Where Truth's refugent, glorious light
Sends forth its rays sublime.

We meet thee gladly, bid thee hail,
Oh! brother, friend indeed;
And may thy precepts long avail
Our willing souls to lead.
And when our journeying is done
Upon this earthly shore,
Our souls shall meet thee, one by one,
Where partings come no more.

Besides the address and poem by Mrs. Longley, the speakers during the interesting celebration were President Crockett, Dr. H. B. Storer, Dr. A. H. Richardson, N. S. Greenleaf, Mrs. Loring, Mrs. Magge F. Butler, H. H. Warner, Julius Carroll, and others. A report of the general proceedings and remarks of the various speakers will be given next week—laid over this week owing to the crowded state of our columns.

Those who question the verity of the astral forms which appear at materializing séances because of their similarity to the human, and hence allege that they are not what they claim to be, but confederates employed to deceive the public, will do well to consider the following statement by WILLIAM OXLEY of England, author of "Egypt and the Land of the Pharaohs" and other works: "I have witnessed on several occasions a stream of vapor apparently issue from the medium's right side, and gradually form itself into a veritable female human figure, as solid and tangible as my own, with exquisitely beautiful features, crowned and jeweled, with a robe and waist-sash of remarkable texture." We have had a similar experience, and are therefore able to verify the above statement.

The Indiana Association of Spiritualists will hold its annual meeting at Indianapolis, commencing Oct. 9th and continuing four days. Mrs. Luther, Mr. E. W. Emerson and other well-known speakers and mediums will participate in the general exercises. For further information write to L. M. Blackledge, M. D., President of the Association, Pennville, Ind., J. E. Crossfield, Secretary, Muncie, Ind., Dr. J. W. Westerfield, Anderson, Ind., James Best, Winchester, Mr. R. W. Bowen, Pennville, Trustees; or to D. A. Ralston, 123 North Delaware street, Indianapolis, manager of "The Mediums' Home Society" of that city.

Mrs. B. F. Smith, the excellent test medium, who has been of late on a visit West, where she met with a serious accident, has returned to her home at Crescent Beach, Revere, still ill. In a note just received from her she desires THE BANNER to state that she will be unable to do any platform work the present season, but will try to keep up with her private sittings as usual on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays of each week. We sincerely hope she may be speedily restored to health.

Fred G. Tuttle, chief clerk in our counting-room, called for London, Eng., on the steamer *Cephalonia*, the 20th ult., where he will enjoy a short respite from active duties in THE BANNER Establishment. We hope our friends in the British Metropolis will take good care of him while there.

Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Towne, located at "The Aldrich," 98 Berkeley street, are, we are informed, meeting with a remarkable degree of success in their treatment of the sick by magnetic, mental and massage methods.

See Mrs. Cushman's card in another column.

The World's Fair Managers

May not have done anything in the way of actually picking out a site or starting up the big show, but they are drawing big salaries at an interesting rate. This gives an idea of how they have started off: Gage, President, \$4,000; Bryan, Vice-President, \$12,000; Butterworth, Secretary, \$10,000; Seoberger, Treasurer, \$5,000; Palmer, National President, \$12,000; Davis, Director-General, \$15,000; Dickinson, Secretary, \$10,000; total, \$70,000.

Our Circle-Room.

A report of the reopening of our Circle-Room for the season, under the auspices of a powerful Band of Spirits, together with questions answered by the controlling intelligence, and individual spirit messages given, will be found on our sixth page. We call especial attention to the explanatory remarks of Spirit President JOHN PIERPONT.

In a letter in the Boston Herald from D. B. Pitts of Auburndale, Mass., under the heading "Garrison was not the first: Benjamin Lundy published the earliest anti-slavery paper," the writer says:

"Mr. Garrison has had his full share of honor in these later days, and I would not say one word to detract from his well earned fame; but let us not, while honoring him, do injustice to one, at least who was in the thick of the fight before Garrison had thought of putting on his armor. The one to whom I refer was Benjamin Lundy, who published a paper of the character of *The Liberator* some years, if I mistake not, before Garrison conceived the idea of publishing his paper. It was generally understood in those early days that Garrison in the office of Lundy, as errand boy or compositor, received his first anti-slavery lessons, and that, in fact, Benjamin Lundy was his schoolmaster. Let us not, then, while giving honor to Garrison, fail to give a share at least to Benjamin Lundy, his schoolmaster."

Now if this statement is true that Mr. Garrison was an errand-boy or compositor in the office of Mr. Lundy, why did *The Herald's* correspondent omit giving the title of Mr. L.'s paper and where it was printed?

We had a very pleasant interview last week with Mr. FRANCIS W. PERCIVAL of London, Eng. He is a firm Spiritualist, having had great experience with mediums in the old country. A note of introduction from our personal friend, W. Stainton Moses, editor of *Light*, speaks in the highest terms of this gentleman. He is desirous of obtaining more knowledge in regard to the phenomena of Spiritualism, in which he takes a deep interest. He will leave this city for New York the present week, where we have no doubt our friends will render him every facility in their power regarding the information he desires.

Our Public Circle-Room was last Tuesday enriched with beauty and fragrance by contributions of exquisite flowers from the gardens of Mrs. R. S. Lillie of Melrose, and Mrs. A. S. Bee of Harwich, Mass., for which we tender our sincere thanks to the donors, and we know our spirit friends do also.

We have a few copies left of *THE BANNER* containing Mrs. M. T. Longley's grand serial, entitled "Nameless," which we will send, complete—contained in fifteen numbers of *THE BANNER*—on receipt of fifty cents.

Through the politeness of a friend we are in receipt of a cabinet photograph of Miss Cora Denny, the musical medium, of Dayton, O.

We tender thanks to Mr. W. R. Colby for a beautiful bouquet of flowers for our Circle-Room table last week.

English Items.

A Sheffield (Eng.) correspondent of *Light* reports remarkable manifestations witnessed by him at a séance on the 10th of last month, the medium a boy only fifteen years of age, the most wonderful feature of his development being, says the writer, that the spirits change their subject into almost any shape or form, and that without a cabinet. This process goes on before one's eyes. The body of the medium will grow in size and weight, his white skin will sometimes be converted into black, and his whole organization assume a negro type.

On Mrs. Emma Harding's recent visit to London a reception was given her in Athenaeum Hall Sept. 26th. On the next evening she lectured in the same hall on "Spiritualism; the Reform, Science and Religion of the Age."

Rev. J. P. Hoppes, of London, announces that he will commence in January the publication of a new three-penny monthly. Its title is to be "The Coming Day," and its purpose to advocate "the religion of humanity, a religion that is a practical week-day reality, not a Sunday dream."

THE CHICAGO EXHIBIT.—Mr. Ed. N. Price of Elk City, Kan., writes in favor of the project for the exhibition of spiritual literature, etc., at the forthcoming Exposition in Chicago, which has been recommended in *THE BANNER* of late by correspondents, and otherwise. If we understand him correctly, he would like the proposed exhibit to be made as not being in the interests of a new religion, but as the results and achievements of a science or philosophy having a nature peculiar to itself; so as to approach the general public on its mental side, rather than to dash against its blind prejudices of the theologian character. The literary world, he thinks, would then take up the subject as one of the motor wheels of these progressive times, and look upon the exhibit as that of "the mental and spirit forces that have crystallized in modern invention and civilization." He offers to subscribe \$50 toward raising \$50,000 to promote the cause of the proposed Spiritualist Exhibit in '92.

SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY INCORPORATED.—The North Scituate First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society has just been incorporated. It has for its object intellectual and moral progress, and the advancement of Modern Spiritualism, and social improvement. Mandans C. Morris is President of the organization, and Georgietta F. Turner Treasurer.

Mrs. Jennie K. D. Conant recently held four public meetings in Bangor, Me., and gave many private sittings with very satisfactory results, says a correspondent whose letter will appear in our columns next week.

There is no better or more reliable place in Boston to buy boys' and children's clothing than Spitz Bros. & Mork, as they make a specialty of boys' clothing.

An Undesirable Endowment.

A delicate constitution is a most undesirable endowment. Yet it is preferable to certain hereditary taints accompanied by a robust physique. A constitution inherently weak may be fortified by judicious tonic medication. It is a more difficult matter to eradicate a scrofulous or consumptive habit. There is, nevertheless, a medicine which has proved itself in countless professionally recorded instances adequate to the triple task. Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, will rehabilitate strength stolen by disease, invigorate the naturally feeble, and expel the scrofulous or consumptive virus from the system. It affords relief to the rheumatic, remedies the anæmia or debility from which many labor, cures weakness of the back and lumbar abscesses, and checks marasmus and rickets, and diseases that enfeeble and attenuate the childish frame. Its successful career as a remedy for Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, and other pulmonary troubles is familiar, not only to the public, but to the medical profession.

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win.
To doubt would be dishonry.
To falter would be sin.—G. S. Faber.

Much interest is felt throughout the country in the woman's congress, to be held Oct. 16th, 17th, 18th, in Toronto, Ont., by invitation of the mayor and council of that city.

The National Lecture Bureau, Rev. C. Henry Mead, President, judging from its high-class references, commendations and general purposes, is worthy of our readers' attention and patronage. In furnishing first-class talent at greatly reduced prices, it becomes a practical elevating agency in our civilization. The Lecture Platform is growing in favor and effectiveness, and all can learn something to advantage by addressing Rev. C. L. Haskell, Manager, LeRoy, N. Y.

The first newspaper ever issued in the world was published in Venice, in 1531, eighty-one years after Faust invented printing. It was called *The Gazette*. The first newspaper printed in England was *The English Mercury*, published July 28th, 1588, in London by Christopher Barker.

The third newspaper to make its appearance in Boston was the *New England Courant*, first published Monday, Aug. 17th, 1721, by James Franklin. It contained very little news, and very few advertisements. Its columns were chiefly filled with essays, in which men in office, the clergy, and the prevailing religious opinions of the day were attacked. These were furnished by a society of gentlemen who were called by some "Free Thinkers," and by others the "Hell Fire Club." *The Courant* had a troublous existence of about six years, it is said, the latter portion of the time being published in the name of Benjamin Franklin, brother of James.

It is possible that women would not be so afraid of mice in the neighborhood of their skirts if they did not wear such pretty silk stockings.—N. H. Republican.

The territory covered by the African slave trade at the present time is twice as large as all the States in this Union, and it is considered a moderate estimate that the number of victims received each year at the different markets is eighty thousand!

The last man who went into a cataleptic fit was quickly resuscitated by the caterwauling under his windows.

Mrs. J. J. Whitney, the well-known and very successful medium, has purchased a first class boarding-house, the "Van Ness," 1812 Market street, San Francisco, Cal., and solicits the patronage of the public. Spiritualists, especially, will find it a harmonious abiding place.

First Tourist—"Has this seat been taken?" Second Ditto—"Don't look like it. It's nailed down, anyhow."

What could the woman have meant who, when the doctor told her that her husband was dying, and she had better send for a minister, asked: "Will one be enough, doctor, or would you advise a consultation?"

THE BANNER OF LIGHT has entered its sixty eighth volume and its thirty-fourth year of existence as a Spiritualist journal. Our best wishes for its future prosperity and continued existence.—The Better Way.

The married daughter of Gen. Barrundia has arrived in the city of Oaxaca to see her mother and family before leaving for the United States, where she goes with a large number of documents concerning her father's murder to lay them before President Harrison.

"Young men believe in nothing now-a-days," said Mrs. Prudham, with a deep sigh. "Why, there's my nephew, Tom, who was brought up as a Christian, and now he's an acrobat."

Inspiration is a perpetual fact. Prophets and apostles are not monopolists of the Father. He inspires men to-day as much as heretofore. In nature, also, God speaks forever. Are not these flowers new works of God? Are not the fountains under feet hundreds of miles thick, old words of God, spoken millions of years before Moses?—Theodore Parker.

A learned man has said that the hardest words to pronounce in the English language are: "I made a mistake." When Frederick the Great wrote to the Senate: "I have just lost a battle, and it's my own fault," Goldsmith said: "His confession shows more greatness than his victories."

A. S. Hayward, magnetic physician, has resumed his office practice at parlors 156 West Brookline street (second door from Tremont), Boston.

The preparations for the Mechanics' Fair are occupying the attention of many hundreds of workmen and prospective exhibitors, and the scene within the great building is just now very animated.

Hattie C. Stafford will commence holding séances Sunday, Oct. 6th. See advertisement in another column.

If governments derive their powers not from the people but from God, as the National Reformers assert, how comes it that the people can and do reform governments? How is it that they can and do take from governments powers which they formerly held?—American Sentinel.

As a man came to the station just as the train was steaming out, a friend on the platform of a car called out: "You didn't run fast enough." "Oh, yes, I did, but I didn't start soon enough," was the reply.

Count de Salville, who is exploring in the Arctic circle, writes that he is enjoying himself, and that he expects to winter there again. He has carefully explored several portions of the McKenzie river country, hitherto indefinitely mapped.

Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?
Hous'd to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt prove.
—Charles W. Fitzgerald.

"Why did n't you stop?" said the fat passenger, as he clambered on to the car. "Ye did n't signal," replied the driver. "I stood on the corner." "Well, I'm no mind-reader," said the driver.

Minds of ordinary calibre ordinarily condemn everything that is beyond their range.—Duo de Rochefoucauld.

"Well, darling, what was the text?" "I'm not quite sure, papa, but it sounded like 'Many are cold, but few are frozen.'"

"I am so troubled about my husband," said Mrs. Badman, seeking sympathy from the pastor's wife. "He goes from bad to worse; he is an infidel and an atheist, and now he says he is an agnostic, and does n't know anything, and doesn't believe anything, and does n't think anything." "My dear sister," replied the pastor's wife, "you don't know what trouble is. My husband thinks he knows how to cook!"—Bob Burdette.

The colored pressman in a newspaper office at Houston, Ga., claims to be well-posted on Bible subjects. One of its precepts he renders as follows: "If your brother smote you on one side of the jaw, turn the other side to be smoted; and the third blow is yours."

Strangers visiting San Francisco should not fail to call on Fred Evans, the wonderfully gifted independent scribe writer, 42½ Haight street. Many a noble goes from his presence with grander and broader ideas of life.—Golden Gate.

Mrs. Fairchild, the well known materializing medium, is in the city of Cincinnati, says the *Better Way*, getting ready to hold circles for the physical manifestations.

The *Weekly Globe*, issued every Saturday morning, has donated a new dress of a type that is proving evidence of its good taste and prosperity. May it live a thousand years, and longer if it wants to.

FOLLOWERS OF THE HUMBLE NAZARENE.—Dr. W. M. Taylor, of New York, receives \$10,000 a year, the largest salary paid to any Congregational minister; three in Brooklyn, viz., Drs. Lyman Abbott, Storrs and Behrens, receive \$10,000 each; Dr. Gunn, of Chicago, has a salary of \$8,000, and Dr. Gregg, of Boston, has \$7,000.

[PROFESSIONAL].—Parson Blivet—"Brother Rich and I will please take up the collection." *Deadwood Dick*—(the converted road agent, reaching for his hip pocket)—"Throw up yer hands, gentles! Er—hold on—I mean, be liberal, brethren, for the good cause!"

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

(Notices under this heading must reach this office by Monday's mail to insure insertion the same week.—We trust, in view of our readiness at all times to acquit the public of their whereabouts, that platform speakers and mediums will do us the favor to call the attention of their audiences to *THE BANNER* and its claims for patronage on the part of the Spiritualist public.)

Miss Nettie M. Holt, who has been in ill-health the past summer, is now able to fill engagements with societies desiring her services as a platform test and lecturing medium. She spoke in Plymouth, Mass., Sept. 21st. Societies desiring her services can address her at 46 Russell street, Charlestown District, Boston, Mass.

Dr. H. V. Merrill will be in Hartford, Conn., one week—from Oct. 11th to 20th. Would like to make engagements to give platform tests in Connecticut towns until the second week in November. Address Western Avenue, Augusta, Maine.

W. J. Colville left Boston for Hartford, Conn., Oct. 2d, where he will lecture between this date and Oct. 10th. On Sundays, Oct. 6th and 12th, he is engaged by the Spiritualist Society of Norwich, Conn.; he returns to New York to commence work at 574 5th Avenue, Sunday, Oct. 20th, at 3 and 7:30 P. M.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter speaks Thursday and Friday evenings, Oct. 2d and 3d, in Attleboro', and on the next Sundays, Oct. 6th and 12th, and Friday evening, Oct. 10th, in Portland, Me.

Dr. F. H. Roscoe of Providence, R. I., will open the meetings for the First Society of Spiritualists in Haverhill, Mass., in Red Men's Hall, Sunday, Oct. 6th, 1890.

A letter in the Cincinnati *Better Way* recently from Moses Hull states that Miss Emma J. Nickerson "is determined to leave the field of active spiritualistic work for a time." Now a letter from Alfred Weldon of Chicago says she has taken up her permanent residence there, and will lecture in Kimball Hall, Oct. 6th, at 3 P. M.

A. W. S. Rothenberg was at Sioux City, Ia., Sept. 26th, en route for St. Paul, Minneapolis and Chicago to Arkansas. He can be addressed until Oct. 25th at Chicago, Ill. He reports that Spiritualism is largely on the increase in all places he has visited.

W. F. Peck's engagements for the season are as follows: Oct. 19th and 26th at Somersville, Conn.; November at Springfield, Mass.; December at William, Conn. Address 2137 Ober Place, Philadelphia, Pa.

Edgar W. Emerson, one of our best platform speakers, will be in Cincinnati, O., the present month, and in Cleveland the last days in November.

Harman at Liberty.

The prison door has opened to release Mr. Harman. He is once more in the bosom of his family. Let the friends of free press rejoice. Many will have heard this good news ere *The Health Monthly* for October reaches them. On the 30th of August Mr. Harman was permitted to leave his cell on an order from Judge Caldwell of the United States Circuit Court, authorizing a stay of execution of sentence until a further hearing can be had before his court, to be held in Topeka in November. We can imagine that hundreds of thousands of hands would be extended to Mr. Harman in congratulation from every part of the United States if the hand and arm could follow the sympathy and the imagination of his numerous friends.—The N. Y. Health Monthly.

Onset.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
I have been requested to send you for publication the following communication:

"The True Commonwealth Club" of Onset held its first annual meeting on the 26th of September. The chief business was the election of officers for the ensuing year. D. N. Ford was chosen President, (C. W. New, and Mr. E. B. Fitch, Jr., Vice-Presidents; J. H. Young, Recording Secretary; C. H. Stuart, Corresponding Secretary; Kies Doane, Treasurer, and Miss E. F. Lewis, Librarian.

After the business was over Dr. T. A. Bland of Washington, editor of *The True Commonwealth*, addressed the Club on the progress of the reform for which the club stands. He reports the organization of the True Commonwealth Club in Washington, D. C., on the 20th of Sept., with Mr. G. Kemble, D. D., President, and Mr. E. B. Fitch, Jr., Vice-President, in Massachusetts, as Secretary. Remarks followed by George Hosmer, H. H. Warner, Dr. Cora Bland, D. N. Ford, and others. The club now numbers forty members.

To my friends in Boston I wish to say that when I left for the Summer Camp Meetings I was authorized by the "powers that be" as officers of the Boston Spiritual Temple Society, holding meetings at Berkeley Hall, to secure the services of Mrs. E. L. Watson, of Santa Clara, Cal., to speak before them at such time as I could best arrange with her. When I met the lady at Cassadaga I found that the first two days of Oct. 1st and 2nd, which I had arranged to give to the far East, and I want to say to all I am very certain they will not want to miss one of those discourses. Although Mrs. Watson has labored on the Pacific coast for the past ten years most of the time, still she is one of our Eastern workers, known to the true Spiritualists in the earlier days, as we often hear them affectionately speak of her now as "Libbie Lowe," now Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe-Watson, one whose inspirations are of the highest order, executed by none, always instructive, filled with beautiful illustrations, given in language rhythmic and poetical. None should miss this rare opportunity. The third Sunday of October I expect to greet the friends at Berkeley Hall. Fraternally,

R. S. LILLIE.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE A BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD, for lecturers, teachers, students, clergymen, lawyers, and brain-workers generally.

To Correspondents.

No attention is paid to anonymous communications. Name and address of writer in all cases indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to preserve or return correspondence.

J. E. S. SAVANNAH, GA.—Your inquiry to hand. In reply would say that we have no volition in the matter you speak of. As a converted spirit who desire to manifest—in whatsoever locality their earth-lives were passed—are always cordially welcomed at the Banner Circles.

M. B. A. CALVERT, TEX.—We do not think the spirit referred to is your brother.

The First Society of Spiritualists at Saratoga, N. Y., resumed services last Sunday in the Court of Appeals room, Town Hall, with Mrs. Clara A. Field-Conant as speaker, morning and evening.

The Dummy Car running from Onset station, discontinued Sept. 29th for the season of 1890.

Reading Lamps.

We have now on exhibition an extensive variety of the best Foreign and Domestic Lamps, with the safest and best burners and founts, for reading and general light. Better for the eyes than gas and more satisfactory. As the evenings lengthen a proper light for reading is a desideratum. If your old lamp is worn out or improved upon, there is no economy in tolerating it.

All grades of mountings, from the low cost to the most expensive designs.

Extension Piano Lamps, Banquet Lamps, Oxidized Reading Lamps; also Onyx Pedestal Reading Lamps.

The exhibit will be found on the entresol floor, one flight up. Take elevator.

In the Dinner-Set Annex will be found the largest, most valuable and comprehensive display ever shown by us, including all grades from the low cost to the richest specimens.

INSPECTION INVITED.

Jones, McDuffee & Stratton,

(SEVEN FLOORS)

CHINA, GLASS AND LAMPS,

120 FRANKLIN STREET, BOSTON.



PARALYZED!

How often do we hear of persons being suddenly stricken with paralysis? But such persons, although apparently stricken suddenly, had in all cases been warned for months by premonitory symptoms, which, if they had heeded and cured by the proper remedy, would have prevented the fatal result. Paralysis is often curable, but it can always be prevented if taken in time.

Among the first symptoms will be noticed a nervousness or restlessness, with weak and tired feeling in the limbs and general sense of exhaustion; any unwonted exertion will be followed by great fatigue, and the weakness will be very marked. These symptoms will often be accompanied by bad feeling in the head, and the person often wakes each morning more tired and languid than on retiring. As the disease progresses there will be a coldness and bad circulation in the feet and limbs, followed, after a time, by a slight numbness or tingling, at first hardly noticeable, but gradually becoming more and more marked. Among the first symptoms, also, are a weakness, tired feeling or trembling of the limbs, with an exhausted sensation.

A Marvelous Cure of Paralysis.

This certifies that I was stricken with paralysis of the left side in 1886, and have since that time been under the treatment of many physicians and tried various remedies. I could not, in all the years that have passed since stricken, lift my left foot from the floor. I commenced taking Dr. Greene's Nerveura, and am now able to walk without a cane, having good use of my foot and side, so long useless. Dr. Greene's Nerveura has cured me of my terrible trouble.

ALEXANDER HORN,

Marine Asylum, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of December, A. D. 1887.

J. S. PHILLIPS, Notary Public.

Another Remarkable Cure.

I had a stroke of paralysis. The suffering I endured was unbearable. My speech was impaired, my mouth drawn to one side, and the pains in my head were maddening. I used Dr. Greene's Nerveura, and before I had used a bottle I felt a marked improvement, and now I feel myself again. It gives me great pleasure to recommend all troubled with nervous complaints, or any similar affliction to me, to use this really wonderful medicine, Dr. Greene's Nerveura.

PAULINE ROE,

806 7th Ave., NEW YORK CITY.

Proofs like these are an almost certain guarantee that all similarly affected can be cured by this wonderful remedy. Do not hesitate for a moment when perfect restoration to health is within reach. By no means neglect the first symptoms, for they surely lead to prostration and paralysis. Save yourself from the terrible disease while there is time. If you are suffering from any nervous disease, like nervousness, nervous debility, mental depression, neuralgia, nervous or sick headache, heart disease, dyspepsia, indigestion, loss of appetite, constipation, or weakness and debility, by all means use this wonderful remedy and prevent a serious or fatal issue. Dr. Greene's Nerveura is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless, and is for sale at druggists' for \$1 per bottle.

Dr. Greene, of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., its discoverer, is the famous specialist in the cure of nervous and chronic diseases. The doctor has devoted special attention to the treatment of all forms of chronic diseases through letter correspondence, and will give by mail his opinion and advice in any case free of charge. The perfection of this system renders a complete cure almost assured, as his success in treatment by correspondence is wonderful and unequalled. Send for symptom blank to fill out, or write him about your case.

Meetings in Brooklyn.

The Progressive Spiritualists hold their weekly Conference at Everett Hall, corner Bridge and Willoughby streets, Brooklyn, every Saturday evening, at 8 o'clock. Good speakers and mediums always present. Seats free. All cordially invited. Samuel Bogart, President.

Spiritual Union, Fraternity Rooms, corner Bedford Avenue and South Second street. Meetings Sunday evening at 7½ o'clock. Good speakers and mediums always present. For particulars, apply to the Ladies' Aid. Mrs. M. Evans, President.

Conservatory Hall, Bedford Avenue, corner of Fulton Street—Sundays 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. W. J. Rand, Secretary.

Writing PLANCHETTES for sale by Colby & Rich. Price 60 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.

25 cents per Agate Line.
DISCOUNTS.
3 months 10 per cent.
6 months 20 " "
12 months 40 " "

200 lines to be used in one year 10 per cent.
500 " " " " " " 25 " "
1,000 " " " " " " 40 " "

Special Notices forty cents per line, Minalo, each insertion.
Business Cards thirty cents per line, Agate, each insertion.

Notices in the editorial columns, large type, headed matter, fifty cents per line.

No extra charge for cuts or double columns. Width of column 9-10 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 undertake to vouch for the honesty of its many advertisers. Advertisements which appear in our columns are not responsible for the actions of those who use them. It is made known that dishonest or improper persons are using our advertising columns, and are at once interdicted. We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover in our columns advertisements of parties whom 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 admitted by mail.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y.

J. J. Morse, 16 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 \$3.50 per year, or \$1.75 per six months, to any foreign country embraced in the Universal Postal Union. To countries outside of the Union the price will be \$4.00 per year, or \$2.00 for six months.

DR. STANSBURY'S Spirit Remedies.

Prepared under Control of an Anointed Band.

ELIXIR OF LIFE TONIC AND NERVEINE.

A most wonderful invigorator. The first dose will convert you into a new man. It is a most powerful tonic and nerveine. Try it. \$1.00 per bottle; six bottles \$5.00.

BLOOD, KIDNEY AND RHEUMATIC REMEDY.

Purely vegetable specific for the cure of Rheumatism, Gout, Heart Disease, Kidney and Urinary Complaints, Blood Disorders, and all Malarial, Neuralgic and Rheumatic Pains. The greatest Blood Purifier yet discovered. \$1.00 per bottle; six bottles \$5.00.

COLEMAN'S—Cure of Paralysis, Nervous Headache, Nervous Dyspepsia, Insomnia, Dependancy, and all female weaknesses. A very pleasant, harmless and wonderfully efficacious remedy. \$1.00 per bottle.

COLMAN'S CATARRHIC CURE.—Gives immediate relief in Catarrh, Asthma, Influenza, Colds in the Head, etc. Has cured some of the worst cases on record. By mail, 50 cents.

THROAT AND LUNG HEALER will cure any Cold or Cough, if taken in time. Greatest value in Consumption. \$1.00 per bottle.

DYSPEPSIA TABLETS.—50 cents per box. For a clear view of the disease in full, send lock of hair and face.

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