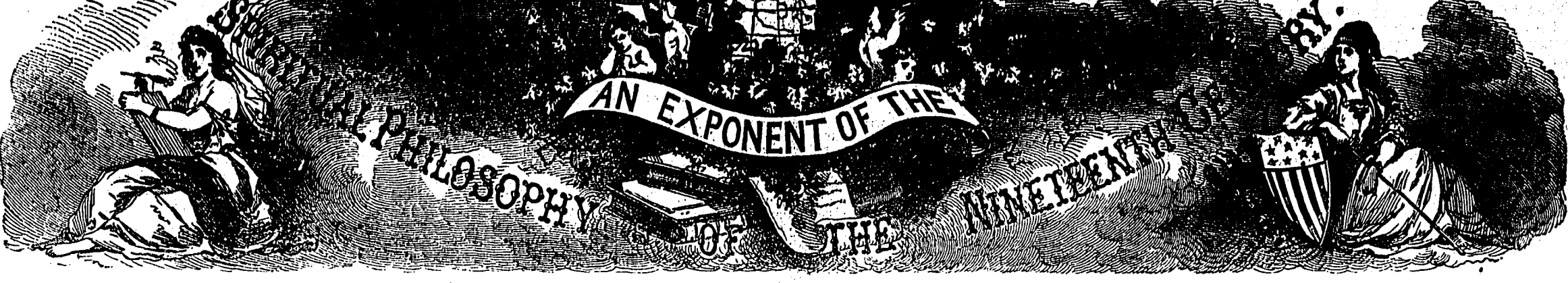


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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE.—*The Spiritual Rostrum*: "Watchman, What of the Night?" Literary Department: Crime and Retribution.
SECOND PAGE.—*Free Thought*: Henry Ward Beecher's Symmetry with the Shakers; Allopathic Testimony; Poetry: My Guardian Angel. Terrestrial Magnetism. Timely Quotations.
THIRD PAGE.—October Magazines. *Banner Correspondence*: Letters from New York, Illinois, Massachusetts, Maine, and Connecticut. *Vide Ripples*: An Ancient Cyclops; Doctors' Names; "Within the Veil," etc.
FOURTH PAGE.—A Special Offer. Ecclesiastical vs. Civil Authority. Which Shall Rule? Who are Cranks? Reception to Mr. and Mrs. Percival, of London, Eng. A Spiritualistic Funeral. Benjamin Lundy and William Lloyd Garrison, etc.
FIFTH PAGE.—The Onset Bay Harvest Moon Festival. Newby Notes and Pithy Points. Movements of Platform Lecturers. New Advertisements, etc.
SIXTH PAGE.—*Message Department*: Questions Answered and Individual Spirit Messages given through the Mediumship of Mrs. M. T. Shelhamer-Longley.
SEVENTH PAGE.—Verifications of Spirit Messages. Mediums in Boston. Miscellaneous Advertisements.
EIGHTH PAGE.—Meetings in Boston. Meetings in New York. J. Frank Baxter in Portland, Me., etc.

The Spiritual Rostrum.

"Watchman, What of the Night?"

A Lecture delivered by
MRS. ELLA WILSON-MARCHANT,
At the Celebration of the Forty-Second Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, in Sumnerland, Cal., March 31st, 1890.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

In olden times, and especially in Bible lands, cities were walled in to protect them from their warlike neighbors. Upon those walls watch-towers were built, and in those towers watchmen placed to keep a look-out upon the surrounding country, in order that warning might be given did any sudden danger threaten the city. Those watchmen were interrogated at intervals with regard to the outlook; and hence come the words of our subject: "Watchman, what of the Night?"

There never was a time since our planetary world came into being but that the angels in the watch-towers of the Infinite have noted its progress and development; and they have reported, from time to time, to the interested ones of the angel-spheres, that progress and that development. From the time of which the Infinite Mother, through the inspired poet James G. Clark, is represented as saying:

"I loved you, oh! earth, in those cycles profound
When darkness unbroken encircled you round,
And the fruit of creation, the race of mankind,
Was only a dream in the Infinite Mind;
I nursed you, oh! earth, ere your oceans were born,
Or your mountains rejoiced in the gladness of morn,
And all that appeared of your form and your face
Was a bare, lurid ball in the vast wilds of space.
When your bosom was shaken and rent with alarms,
I calmed and caressed you to sleep in my arms;
I sung o'er your pillow the song of the spheres,
Till the hum of its melody softened your fears,
And the hot flames of passion burned low in your breast."

As you lay on my heart like a maiden at rest;
When fevered, I cooled you with mist and with shower,
And kissed you with cloudlet, and rainbow, and flower,
Till you woke in the heavens arrayed like a queen,
In garments of purple, of gold and of green,
From fabrics of glory my fingers had spun
For the mother of nations, and bride of the sun.
"There was love in your face, and your bosom rose fair;

And the scent of your lilies made fragrant the air,
And your blush in the glance of your lover was rare
As you yawned in the light of his warm yellow hair,
Or lay in the haze of his tropical noons,
Or slept 'neath the gaze of the passionless moons;
And I stretched out my arms from the awful unknown,
Whose channels are swept by my rivers alone,
And held you secure to your young mother-days,
And sung to you offspring their lullaby lays,
While races and nations came forth from your breast,
Lived, struggled and died, and returned to their rest."

From the beginning of that time of which the Infinite Mother speaks, in these beautiful lines of the poet, until the present moment, have the angel hosts, with an ever-increasing number, watched over and assisted the development of this world of ours.

I believe in special planetary angels, those to whom, in the order of the universe, are given the charge of the unfolding of a planet, and who watch over that planet until it has performed its mission in the worlds of space, or in its own solar system. And they watch and report progress from the time

"When darkness unbroken enshrouds it round," until it begins to gather up the mineral elements, "from atom to aggregation, to evolve the future crystal-bearing, plant-producing, animal-supporting, soul-individualizing world." Then on, until the first form of vegetable life appears as a parasitic plant, consisting of but a single cell, without root, leaf or blossom; until valleys are covered with verdure, and forests lift their green tops skyward, waving their fernlike banners in victory over disintegrating rock on every hand. And again on until the next round is reached on the ladder of development, and the first form of animal life appears, which is but a pulsing gelatinous sack, without brain or nerves; and so on until land and water are covered and filled with living organisms. Another round, and rational man appears upon the scene. And then the planetary angels are ready to report that the culminating point, in one sense, has been reached—the last gradation in matter, and where the next step is spirit, Deity—in fact, where Deity has already been enshrined in this "fruit of creation," the race of mankind.

Thenceforth the province of these planetary angels, together with and assisted by all the spirits of the human race—ascended and unascended—who are worthy and capable of as-

sisting in the grand work, is to labor for the development, the elevation and spiritualization of this race of beings for whom the world and all that pertains to it were brought into existence.

Age after age must pass away in the accomplishment of this divine purpose, cycle after cycle leave the wash of its wave-marks upon the promontories of time. From headland to headland, time and again, from one angel-watcher to another, will be heard the inquiry: "Watchman, what of the night? What indications of progress can you report for this race of our guardian care?"

Nations rise and fall. Races spring up and disappear. Now the lights of science and learning gild the hilltops and send their flickering rays out over the darker valleys; then ignorance, cruelty and superstition prevail, and the light is muffled in darkness. Now a new world is seen above the ocean waves, having been either gradually or suddenly uplifted by the unseen forces; then an Atlantis, with all its progress, its arts and civilization, disappears forever beneath the moaning sea. Yet on and on, and ever on, the world pursues its destined way toward an inevitable goal, ever guided and watched over by the ever-increasing hosts of its evolving spirit spheres.

Minds who have been capable of grasping this subject claim that the movement of our earth, or rather its race-development, is accomplished by cycles of time, each cycle being marked by its own peculiar developments, and characterized by its own peculiarly-marked Messiahs or teachers, whose province it has been to hold up the torch of a higher civilization, and throw its rays athwart the darkness of the unknown future. Such teachers have always been a long way in advance of their times, and hence have generally been subject to misconception, persecution, and, very often, martyrdom. But their lives and characters, their teachings and their soul-spheres have ever remained in earth's atmosphere until their mission has been, or shall be, fully accomplished.

According to Professor Whipple (of California), who is good authority upon this subject, "The ancients were familiar with at least five different periods which they called cycles: First, The cycle which results from the precession of the equinoxes, which is equal to 25,827 years; Second, The celestial cycle, which is just one-half the precessional cycle, or 12,913 years, the time required for the precessional points to move through one-half the circle of the Zodiac; Third, The cycle of the Cardinal Points—the time required for the equinoxes to run through one-quarter the circle of the Zodiac—a period of 6457 years; Fourth, The cycle of the Zodiac, or time required for the equinoxes to move through one sign of the Zodiac, 2152 years; Fifth, The cycle of the Nares, depending upon the motions of the moon, a period approximating 600 years. In one great cycle or precessional year there are included two celestial cycles, four cardinal cycles, twelve cycles of the Zodiac (sometimes called Messianic cycles), and thirty-six Nareonic cycles. Now, if we multiply the celestial cycle (12,913) by 360 (the number of degrees in the circle of the Zodiac) we have a period of 4,648,680 years, or 360 celestial cycles embraced in the period in which the solar system completes its circuit round Aleyone in the Pleiades. The time, then, which would be required for the solar system to traverse one of the arcs in this great orbit (which orbit we are supposing should be divided into 360 degrees), would be 12,913 years, a period coincident with the diagonal unit-measures in the Great Pyramid, and a period, moreover, which we have reason to believe is fraught with the most important revolutions to which our globe is subject. . . . The cycle of the Nares represents the recurring periods in which great teachers and warriors appear. About six hundred years before Christ Buddha, Confucius and Solon appeared. Six hundred years after Christ Mohammed came, and six hundred years later Jengis Khan swept over Central and Northern Asia. The Messianic cycle is more important than that of the Nares; the Cardinal cycle is more important than the Messianic; the Celestial cycle brings still greater changes; but at the end of the great precessional year the profoundest changes occur, affecting not only human society, but also climate and the relations of sea and land upon the earth. The precessional year begins its date when the vernal equinox is coincident with the star Aleyone in the Pleiades. The vernal equinox is now fifty-seven degrees west of Aleyone, or 4000 years. . . . The earth is now traversing the inter-stellar zone of 'ethe', in the dawn of Kosmos, or universal era, when the 'Father's Kingdom' is to be established in the world."

We are nearing the end of the great precessional year. Out of more than four and one-half millions of years necessary for one revolution of our system around its central sun we are now only four thousand years from the completion of that revolution, when we are told that "the profoundest changes occur, affecting not only human society but also climate and the relations of sea and land upon the earth." From the end of this great epoch we are distant less time than is required for the equinoxes to run through one-quarter the circle of the Zodiac. In other words, we are now, as we are told from spiritualistic sources, upon the "dawning brink of the Soul Cycle of the Earth-planet—when the soul of man shall predominate over all his lower being, and also over the world of matter around him; when our race shall become spiritualized, and lifted up out of the muck and mire of sensuality and selfishness."

Accordingly, we are told from the spirit-spheres that a grand, a special and a concentrat-

ed effort is now being made throughout the higher spheres for this purpose. At their last Spiritual Congress, to which have been invited numerous delegates from other and more advanced worlds, we are told, they decided that now is the propitious time in our world's history and development to make this grand special and concentrated effort upon the inhabitants of the earth; and hence we are further told that a mighty wave of spirit-power is now being sent earthward from the higher spirit spheres, traversing in its journey all the lower spheres of the spirit realms. Myriads of the inhabitants of these lower spheres, who do not understand the cause of the commotion created by these mighty magnetic waves, are thrown into consternation, and they affect sympathetically those on a similar plane in the earth-life. A tempest of spirit forces has been set in motion, and we see the effects in the strange and unprecedented atmospheric disturbances, as well as in the great upheavals that are affecting human society from center to circumference. Cyclones and blizzards are revolutionizing the atmospheric conditions, and probably preparing the way for purer conditions of life when poisonous exhalations shall no longer vitiate the elements and make venomous serpents, stinging insects and noxious weeds a necessity. Earthquakes are liberating the gases from the pent-up fires of the interior, and aiding to prepare the way for the time when "nothing shall hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith the Lord." Sea and land are changing places, and the Eastern coast of our Western world is being gradually submerged beneath the waves of the stormy Atlantic. The world is staggering and reeling under the velocity of the accelerated speed of universal progress, and all its companion worlds of the Solar System are in sympathetic accord, and their influences are thrown upon it, as they join in a delirious dance to the "music of the spheres," while leading up to their central source of light and life and power.

Thrones are tottering to their fall. Nations are being born in a day—as witness the new republic of Brazil. People and rulers are already looking and planning for the time when "war shall be no more." Social conditions are being equilibrated. Wrongs are clamoring to be righted as they never have clamored before; and their clamor is being heard and heeded. The spirit of prophecy has seized upon thousands and thousands of our race, and there is a kind of general, though, in many cases, a vague expectation in the minds of all classes and sects of some impending change coming to the world. According to the crudeness or unfoldment of the instrument will be the nature of the reflection or refraction of the prophetic light that is now streaming down from the spheres; and accordingly there are and will be many who will be termed "fanatics," "cranks" and "visionaries," because of the jumbled mixture of the true and the false which they give to the world as prophecy. Such are they who are predicting the second coming of Christ, that the world is going to be destroyed, that the millennium is at hand, etc.

The stained glass of the creeds and religious sects of the world also give coloring to their perception of the great change that is coming to humanity. There seems to be a kind of general expectation throughout the religious world similar to that which we are told preceded the birth of Jesus. The Orthodox Jew looks with reawakened hope for Israel's Messiah, and many are turning their eyes and steps toward Jerusalem, believing that it is to be restored and become the center of all the earth. The Persian stands in expectancy of the last Imam, or Wise One; the Buddhist is looking for the fifth and last Buddha; Brahmins believe they see the tokens of the coming of another Avatar, more glorious than all preceding incarnations; while the Christian world is being permeated, leavened and liberalized by the influence and teachings of Spiritualism.

The spirit-world has not only been preparing all this, but preparing for it; and they have been making ready their instruments for the work, and wherever they find a chosen and prepared instrument, that instrument is used as a magnet to attract and hold the spirit forces—as a center from which to radiate the light of the New Spiritual Dispensation to all within their radius. And from magnetic center to magnetic center the light is being caught and reflected forward and onward, until soon the entire earth shall be engirdled thereby; and its glorious rays, leaping and flashing from hill-top to hill-top, illuminate the valleys between, until none but the willfully blind need say, "I see it not." The Messianic teachers of the long ago, and also those of more recent times, are now sending their influences into the earth's atmosphere, and using their mediums for the accomplishment of this work. The adepts of Oriental occultism, who, through all the ages of the past, by lives of devotion and severity, gained wonderful mastery over matter, are also at work to show, by signs and wonders, the all-conquering power of spirit. And all the wise and powerful, especially the mediumists, who have gone over to the "great majority," are busily seeking to develop and influence the mediums on the earth-plane for the carrying out of this one great work of the spirit-world in connection with our planet.

Nor is this all. Wise and powerful spirits from many other planetary worlds (so we are told) are working in conjunction with our own planetary angels and ascended hosts of wise and benevolent spirits to usher in this New Dispensation of spirit unfoldment—the Soul Cycle of the earth.

(Continued on third page.)

Literary Department.

CRIME AND RETRIBUTION.

A STORY OF BOTH HEMISPHERES.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER V.

The Discovery and Escape.

Philip returning from a short absence, was met by his loving little wife and the beaming smile of his mother. He was gay, chatty and brilliant. Never had he appeared to better advantage; never was the love of his own devoted ones so fully lavished upon him.

"I have had a strange visitor to-day, my son," said Mrs. Almay. "One of those strange real-life mysteries that sometimes cross our path. Only think, Philip, a woman, yet young, with remnants of great beauty in her haggard face; but, oh! such wild, wild eyes! The light of her intellect is extinguished. Some great sorrow must have struck her heart and deadened her brain."

"I am so anxious to see her; but mamma says I may not just yet," said Rose.

"In a few days I trust she will be sufficiently restored for you to see her, my child. I did not think it would be best to-day. Why should my Rose become familiarized with misery? I would guard her even from the aspect of another's pain," said the good mother tenderly. "You are so kind—so thoughtful!" said the grateful Rose, kissing her hand.

"You are indeed a mother to my Rose," said Philip. "But this poor mad woman! who is she? What account does she give of herself?"

They were sitting in the twilight, and the ruddy gleam of the fire played over the radiant countenance of Rose and flickered over the handsome face of her husband. Mrs. Almay sat in the shadow. She replied to her son's question:

"She speaks our language imperfectly; she is a foreigner, and, I believe, once belonged to a high station of society. On a medal that she showed me was engraved the name of Teresa de Alcaide. She—"

A cry burst from the lips of Philip. He started wildly from his seat.

"What is the matter, love? Oh! Philip, what is it?" Rose cried in alarm, rushing toward him.

"Nothing—nothing!" he calmly replied. "A sudden twinge of most excruciating pain—a neuralgic affection I am subject to."

His mother saw the deadly pallor of his face, the quivering lip, the clenched hand. A wild and horrible suspicion entered her soul.

"Is it all over? are you better, dear? Is the shocking pain in your head?" asked the unsuspecting wife, passing her snowy hand over his brow.

"Yes, it is in my left temple," he said, holding tightly to her other hand.

She bent over him pitiingly, kissing his cheek, and striving to chase away the pain by the magnetism of her touch.

"Sit down, Rose," he said at length. "I am better—almost well, now, and willing to hear the conclusion of my mother's romantic story. What else of the mad woman?"

"She has lost a child!" said Mrs. Almay, with emphasis; "and, from what I can glean of her broken English, she accuses her husband of the abduction of the little girl, two years old, she tells me."

"Perhaps the ravings of a disordered mind," said Philip.

"Probably," agreed Rose; "for what human heart could be so cruel as to deprive a mother of her child? The vengeance of heaven would overtake so unnatural a monster—unfailing retribution would forever follow on his path." She spoke with kindling warmth and energy.

"Peace, Rose! be silent on that subject—I cannot bear to hear you speak so," Philip cried, so wildly that her heart fluttered in alarm.

Mrs. Almay felt her suspicions strengthened. "And this mad woman is yet beneath your roof?" he continued, in an excited tone. "Are you not afraid that the ravings of this maniac—perhaps a sudden, violent outbreak of her frenzy—may injure Rose or hurt yourself? This is very much unlike your usual prudence, mother. I insist that this woman be removed."

Rose trembled. She had never seen him angry—never before had he thus addressed his mother in her presence.

"You would not have me cast forth a poor, benighted, houseless wanderer? You would not have your mother cruel and uncharitable, Philip?"

She spoke gently and low, as was ever her wont. He uttered an oath—the first that had ever fallen from his lips within the hearing of his wife. She put her little hands to her ears, and cried, as she burst into loud weeping:

"The pain in his head has unsettled him—he is delirious—he knows not what he says. I never heard him swear before."

The hour of his self-control was gone. The ungovernable fury of his temper swayed him, and he spoke so harshly to his mother that the heart-strings of Rose quivered with the first agony of disenchantment. He even pushed her away when she approached him with soothing words and ministering kindness; he bade

her leave the room. Sobbing as if her heart would break, Rose obeyed this first stern and cold command. Truly her punishment was just begun.

"Now, madam," cried the ungrateful son, confronting his mother with a threatening mien, "will you tell me what you mean by bringing this beggar, this outcast—this woman, here?"

"Will you tell me, my son," gently, yet authoritatively, demanded the mother, "why that circumstance so strongly affects you, Philip? As your mother, long silent and long suffering, I ask you, who is this woman—what is your connection with her?"

"One that I would not have carried to the ears of Rose," he insolently replied.

"I am answered," said the mother, sadly. "And yet she pointed to the wedding ring upon her finger. But the child, Philip—have you taken it from her arms?"

"That is one of her crazy fancies, I presume. I know nothing of the child—I never knew she had one."

"On your honor, Philip? Swear to me that you are innocent of this great outrage on humanity."

"The devil take your old woman's notions! I'll neither swear nor pray for you! Can you not take my word? And listen, mother—if you value Rose's love and my forbearance, let that mad wench be removed at once. I will not remain under one roof with her—remember that. Either she is removed, or Rose and I leave to-morrow."

"You fear her, Philip!"

"Not another word, or I shall forget myself. Zounds! madam, am I to be thus served after an absence of three years? Refuse to do my bidding, and, as I live, you'll never see my face again! You have found something to love and pet in Rose. I'll remove her from your sight forever. Will you send away that foreign jade?"

"I will, but not because you threaten me. Philip, I have outgrown much of my sinful weakness. I see the full enormity of the course I pursued with you. In your every dereliction from duty I trace my handiwork. Those whom you have ruined will arise to curse me as well as you. I will remove this poor girl from my house; but she shall be cared for—not by the wages of her sin, but from my own scanty means. This you cannot prevent. And that I send her hence at all is for Rose's sake, not yours, my son. Nay," she continued, as she saw his uplifted arm and infuriated countenance, "you will not again repeat the disgraceful outrage of your youth—not from respect to my white hairs and sorrow-stricken heart, but for the love of Rose—the love I deem the one redeeming trait of your wasted life. You will not bring more sorrow to her gentle breast than you have brought there to-night, will you, my son?"

And the tearful hazel eyes looked pleadingly into his face.

When Rose had left the room Allen had brought in the lights. The tea was waiting, but they heeded not the twice-repeated summons at the door.

"Cease your palavering—your endless preaching!" cried Philip, "and do not think, so late in life, you can set yourself up in opposition to my will. As for Rose, I love her, and it is her gentleness, her meek and yielding spirit, that binds me to her. Let her say one dissenting word, or weary me with menace or reproach, and I tell you, my wife though she be, I would leave her to her fate. And hark ye, mother, if I hear that one word about that Spanish—I (I will not name her) is told to Rose—if you hint but one word of my alliance with her, mother—"

The intended menace was not conveyed in words. Mrs. Almay shuddered, and put her trembling hands before her eyes.

"Oh! Philip," she sobbed, "you, over whose golden future I rejoiced when you were yet a little babe; you, who have lain upon this breast in innocence and peace, can you thus cast aside all the holy feelings of humanity? My son, your father was a Christian and a worthy man. I, your weak, indulgent mother; I, who daily weep over my mistaken fondness, I yet instilled the principles of love and forgiveness within your soul. Is all forgotten? all the sacred memories of home, of your mother's love and prayers, is it all darkened, swept away by worldliness and wrong? Oh! Philip, you stand upon the verge of a new, a happier life. Will you not be good, be faithful? Turn to your God, to your mother, who every day implores our Lord's assistance in your behalf. Turn from the crooked path; go hand-in-hand with the angel to whom destiny has linked your lot. For your sake she has abandoned home and father; will you not for hers resign the temptations and allurements of the world? Remain with me; let Rose be indeed my daughter, and we shall be blessed."

"Send that mad woman away, and we will see," he coldly replied.

"She shall go to-morrow," assured his moth-

er; and turning on his heel, whether moved by her entreaties his stoical face revealed not, he passed out into the open air.

The evening meal was a silent one. Rose came down with swollen eyes, and Philip was taciturn and moody.

The next day the poor Teresa, who was ill in body as well as disordered mentally, was sent to the kind charge of Dr. Merton, Mrs. Almay's own physician, who was a friend and brother to all the poor in the neighborhood. She was sent in the light wagon, with Margary and Allen, to the doctor's house, with a note explaining her condition. The worthy man took the charge kindly, and bade Margary tell her lady that she would be well taken care of. His gentle wife repeated the assurance, and when her faithful servants returned with the message, the heart of Mrs. Almay was at rest concerning the unfortunate whom her son had so cruelly betrayed.

But Philip was ill at ease. He dreaded the recovery of Teresa; for, on the fourth day after her removal, Dr. Merton called to see Mrs. Almay, and, in the presence of her son, stated his belief that her reason would return with the abatement of the fever that then preyed upon her.

"I am ready to guarantee her recovery of mind provided the fever does not turn unfavorably," he said.

Philip trembled interiorly with guilty apprehension. As long as her intellect was obscured he had nothing to fear; but once restored to mental sanity she could prove the assertion of her marriage, and he would stand convicted as a bigamist! Farewell then to his schemes of ambition, to the love of Rose; for he knew her too well to suppose that she would live with him one hour in unholy bonds. His only safety lay in flight, and that immediately, for who could tell what one day, one hour, even, might bring forth? He cursed himself for having confessed to any knowledge of Teresa; but the fact of her presence in the house had taken him so completely by surprise that he had no time for reflection. His mother, too, suspected him; therefore had he concocted the story that branded an innocent life with shame.

"There is no time to be lost," he cried vehemently, as he passed from his mother's room to the chamber of Rose.

The fair young wife was sitting by the window, immersed in troubled thought; for the sudden change in her husband's manner struck her with dismay. He had grown harsh, irritable, fault-finding, gloomy. Not able to penetrate the cause, Rose, accustomed all her life to the ministrations of the most considerate love, fell, all at once, from the pinnacle of happiness into an unmeasured depth of despair. When her husband entered she started, for his brow was even more than usually contracted; his entire aspect was threatening. She drew back in alarm. Then, her overpowering affection gaining the victory, she arose and moved toward him, saying in her winning tones:

"What is the matter, Philip, dear?"

"We leave to-morrow," he replied abruptly; "to-morrow at noon. Do you hear, Rose?"

"Leave here to-morrow!" she repeated, clasping her small white hands. "Oh! Philip, why in such haste? I have just begun to know mother, and to love this still, humble life!"

She stopped her utterance, for there was a fire in his eye, a pallor on his face that appalled her. He muttered between his teeth:

"I want to leave before she knows more."

Aloud he said:

"Rose, it is a wife's duty to yield obedience. I did not bring you here for a life-long stay—only for a short visit. I am glad you like my mother, but business of importance calls me away. And hark ye, wife! before long we shall set sail from England, and you shall see the tropic shores you admire the description of. But now no remonstrances; I am in the habit of commanding implicit submission from all who live with me. Do you hear, Rose? from all!"

But Rose had heard only that part of his speech which alluded to their departure from her native shores. Tears sprang to her eyes; a vague and terrible foreboding seized her heart. With palping cheeks she placed one hand upon her husband's arm, and said in low, choked, faltering accents:

"You will not leave England? Not yet, Philip? We will return to our cottage by the sea; but you will not take me?"

"Stop, Rose," he interrupted, with an anger-flashing eye. "Remember your promise—your own words—'I will go with you to the utmost confines of the earth.' Have you forgotten so soon? Is this your promised affection, your wifely obedience? Madam, is this the love you vowed at the altar? But mark me; I am not the man to be thwarted by a woman's whims. If not with your own consent, then without it; for, by heavens! you go shall!"

"Oh! Father in Heaven!" cried Rose, sobbing piteously, and velling her eyes from the angry and distorted countenance before her.

"What have I said or done that you should speak so cruelly? Oh! Philip, Philip! you are changed within a few days; you are no longer like the good, kind, loving husband who brought me here. Oh!" and she knelt before him, "give me back your love! be as you have been to me, and I will do all, all that you bid me."

He smiled triumphantly as he raised her to his arms.

"Be ever the gentle, yielding, considerate Rose I wooed, and you shall find me the same Philip. But mind this"—his voice was again harsh and cold—"learn to control your feelings; not a word of reproach or remonstrance. Before my mother appear cheerful as before; let her not surmise that there is a single cloud between us. You shall not regret leaving this uncongenial land, for far across the sea you shall live like a princess."

Again the same cold shuddering passed over her frame. She suppressed the reply that arose to her lips, and simply said, in a sadly touching manner:

"I will do all you wish."

"Then you are again my own dear Rose," he said, and kissed her forehead. "Now let us go down to mother."

In a hurried, abrupt, business-like way, he told his mother of their intended departure the next day, as affairs of importance demanded his immediate presence.

Mrs. Almay turned deadly pale at the sudden announcement, for her sorrowfully disappointed heart had twined itself around the gentle daughter. She knew too well that it was useless to remonstrate with her son, and she read that in his eye which forbade all further inquiry. She did venture to solicit the company of Rose, but Philip said decidedly that he needed his wife's society.

"We may return soon and we may not; all will depend on circumstances," he said; "but you shall hear from us often."

Before entering the room he had forbidden Rose to say one word to his mother concerning the departure from England. Against her will, almost without her knowledge, she found herself involved in a web of deception and secrecy. The punishment of her sin had begun. She felt it within her soul.

As carefully as he had guarded her from looking on the maniac Teresa did he now watch her, lest, left alone with his mother, she might be led by her feelings into any indiscreet revelations or confidences.

Mrs. Almay, comprehending his motive, linked it with the rest of his conduct, and connected all with the sudden appearance of the Spanish girl, as she deemed her. The mother's bosom was oppressed, and her sad eye sought the tear-filled orbs of Rose.

Margary, in confidential confab with her Allen, expressed it as her opinion "That there was n't much good left in Master Philip; he'd been among those plaguey furriners too long; he was all outlandish; and as for that servant-man of his, with the heathenish name—Jo-kin—she could n't bear the sight of his whiskered face; he was a regular monstrosity! looked more like—an *austrich* than a Christian, and he was all-in-all to Master Philip. Mrs. Almay, the blessed darling! the young one, was an angel—what the mistress called a cheer-ab; but, oh! Lord," said the good woman, "I fear she's born to see a peck of trouble with that scapegrace of a young master. And he aint so young, neither—thirty, come last Michaelmas; but he's given to galivanting round, and taramanting over hill and dale and sailing over the seas, and all such rover-like doings. How can she be even happy with him?"

"Leave all to the Lord, Margary, woman," said the resigned old man. "He'll guide the party lily blossom through the wilderness of this world. Never fear, she'll be taken care of by His blessed angels!"

"The pretty dear!" sighed the kind creature. "I've got so used to combing and curling her beautiful brown hair; how I shall miss it! and her singing voice; that sounds like—like—I can't find the 'parson, Allen.'"

"Like the summer wind when it kisses the roses and violets; or like a wind-harp with the sweet south breeze a-playin' over it, as the old poet says."

"Yes, that's it—an *eo-lo-hian*; that's what the lady calls it. Such hair! chestnut brown—"

"With apples of gold," interrupted Allen.

"Eyes blue as—"

"July skies," he added.

"That's it, Allen; and such milk-white hands, and little bits of fingers, that never did a stroke of hard work in all their days! Such a sweet, sweet smile—"

"Sunshine on a rose-bank," said Allen, glowing with complacency at his own felicitous comparisons.

"Such lovely round cheeks," continued Margary.

"Apple blossoms," said her husband.

"Teeth like the pearls she wears round her neck. Figure like—like—"

"Straight as a young poplar, graceful as a willow," said the old gardener.

"That's it, Allen; and to think of her going away to-morrow, and we may never see her again! never see the beautiful, shiny, silky things that rustle in the door, telling us young Mrs. Almay is there. I can't get the name of those outlandish silks—mory—mory-antie; that's it, I think. May she ever keep the splendor, and, what's better, the love of all that look upon her!"

"Amen! the Lord watch over and keep her forever!" reverently prayed the good Allen. And surely the prayer of such is heard.

Not one moment was Rose left alone with her mother-in-law; but when the moment of leave-taking came she forgot all the injunctions of her husband; she threw aside all her practiced self-control, and with a wild burst of sorrow she clung to the mother's bosom, crying with a thrilling voice:

"Bless me! my mother, bless me! love me—say you love me, once, *once more*!"

Mrs. Almay, her slight frame quivering with emotion, blessed her fervently.

"Come, Rose, this is childish weakness," remonstrated Philip. Then, in his gay, off-hand manner, said:

"One would think it was a farewell to life! Adieu, mother." He took her hand and kissed it.

"It is, for me, for life—forever!" cried Rose with prophetic earnestness. "I shall never see your face again, mamma, *neer, neer* in this world!"

Philip knelt his brows and turned aside.

"Be comforted, my child. The heavenly Father is merciful and just; we may meet again on earth, perhaps sooner than you think," said Mrs. Almay, kissing her fondly.

"One moment, Philip, only one moment more," she pleaded, as he was urging her away. She left her mother's encircling arms, and going up to Margary she imprinted a loving kiss upon the wrinkled cheek. The action was so sudden, so unexpected in its tender gracefulness, Margary knelt down, kissed the young lady's hand, and, covering her face with her apron, burst into a fit of crying.

"Good, faithful heart," said Rose, "pray for me when I am far away."

She went up to old Allen and took his toll-marked hand.

"You, too, good friend," she said, smiling through the rain of her tears, "pray for me. God hears the asking of the humble."

She returned to her mother, cast her clinging arms around her neck once more, and kissed the lips and cheeks and brow of that beloved one. Then, velling her mournful face with her handkerchief, she gave her hand to her husband and entered the awaiting carriage.

She had not asked her mother-in-law to pray for her; she knew that not a petition would be uttered by those loving lips in which her name would be omitted.

And so through the November gloom, amid denuded woods and over the thick carpeting of fallen leaves, the carriage sped on swiftly while the tears of Rose fell fast.

Mrs. Almay returned to her chamber and remained there during the day. When she came down to tea her face was more than usually pallid; her eyes were dim, as with long-continued weeping; her voice trembled with emotion whenever she addressed her faithful servants. The mother's heart was doubly wrung with grief.

[To be continued.]

If the Baby Is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Free Thought.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S SYMPATHY WITH THE SHAKERS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

To understand the light in which the Shakers viewed Henry Ward Beecher, it is necessary to know somewhat of their very peculiar theological beliefs. Therein it will be seen that, whereas Beecher was heretical to Church and State orthodoxy, he was orthodox to Shakerism.

The writer, in company with Elder Richard Bushnell, visited Beecher in Lenox, Mass., some fifty years ago; and Beecher several times visited Mount Lebanon. There were on these occasions freely interchanged, and theological points discussed. While Beecher was a believer in Christ's first appearing, the Shakers believe in the first and second appearing of Christ. The Shakers claim that the Bible is not the word of God, but an imperfect record thereof; that the God of the Jews was not the very Christ; that Christ is a spirit from the seventh or Christ-heaven; the heaven of heaven. From that spirit-sphere he inspires his angels to prophets and prophetesses in all races and nations, on all the earth in God's unlimited universe of inhabited globes. They believe that man's probation extends into eternity; that the physical body knows no resurrection—"dust to dust"; that God is a dual being—a heavenly Father and a heavenly Mother; that celibacy, community of goods, and non-resistance or peace, are elements of pure, unadulterated Christianity. There are many phases of Christianity, from rebel Chinese Christianity up to Shakerism; in all of them there is some truth, some good, and some salvation. These are some of the elements of the Shaker theological beliefs which Beecher "looked into."

How many of these doctrines Beecher incorporated in his sermons, is an interesting inquiry; but we know that, under the inspiration of the "Christ-angels," he preached many a good orthodox Shaker sermon. He preached salvation of body as being included in the salvation of the soul, and he recognized Jesus—a perfect Jew—as the highest type of physical beauty that our race ever produced. As did his father before him, he preached and practiced health as a gospel virtue, believing that, in obedience to physical law, the Lord our God will yet take away all sickness from the midst of his people. Beecher was a John the Baptist to Christ's Second Appearing, Shakerism.

Like Theodore Parker, Beecher assimilated more with the Shakers than with any other religious body of people. He taught abstract truth as the people were prepared, saying that "a preacher who should preach all the truth would be like a bull in a china shop." Shakers attended his church, and read his sermons in their assemblies perhaps more than those of any other preacher. None but a cordial, friendly personal relation existed between Henry Ward Beecher and the Shakers, who regarded him as a large-hearted and humanitarian, a generous, liberal-minded theologian; a prophet of good things to come to the whole human race—a John the Baptist, not to some individuals, but to a dispensation.

In the following particulars I understood Beecher to more or less perfectly agree with the Shaker theology:

In the Motherhood, as well as Fatherhood, of the Deity.

That the saints will inherit the earth as an inalienable right.

That land-monopoly is the basis of chattel and wage slavery.

That salvation of body is included in salvation of soul.

That the physical resurrection is a physical impossibility.

That man's probation is eternal, and that he creates his own heavens and hells.

That other Messiahs or Messiahs, than Jesus have been inspired by Christ-angels.

That the Bible is an imperfect record of the Word of God.

Upon these points of Shaker theology I believe Beecher and the Shakers were at agreement.

H. W. Beecher inaugurated a theological war that has spread throughout all church organizations in America and England. He ordered the "battle," but he summed up the young men of the provinces "to do the fighting. The battle having been fought and the victory won, Beecher was no longer needed. But he has left a whole army of Beecher veterans, who are far more to be dreaded by Orthodox Church and State Christendom than his leader was ever to be dreaded.

The new generation of Beechers will greatly enlarge the boundaries of rational Revelation; and, by Sabbath, by Sabbath, will send people will go to hear new truths from the young Beechers, that will end in abolishing wages-slavery. As Beecher loved congregational singing, so will his spirit rejoice in the congregational preaching yet to be established in the Brooklyn Beecher church. To me he was like the saints and prophets of previous dispensations, of whom an apostle said, "These all died in faith, not having received the promises."

"God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect."

Henry Ward Beecher is not yet ascended into the seventh heaven; he is not yet glorified. His work is not finished; "being dead, he yet speaketh" and worketh. But he will stand in his lot, with Moses and Elias, and with David, who hath not ascended into the heavens; and with the "Sabbath" under the altar, who are waiting for Christ to make his Second Appearing to those who are and shall be "looking for him, without sin, unto salvation."

F. W. EVANS.

Mt. Lebanon, Col. Co., N. Y.

ALLOPATHIC TESTIMONY.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I clipped from a recent issue of the *New York Tribune* the following paragraph. It is of sufficient significance, I think, to warrant its reprint, inasmuch as it is the testimony of an allopathic physician who sharply condemns the treatment of quinine rubbing of the spine as a cure of quinine fever. It tells most pointedly against the policy of monopolistic medical legislation now accomplished in some States, and attempted in others. But to the testimony:

SCRATCHING THE BACK IN INTERMITTENT FEVER.—In a communication to a Vienna medical journal, Dr. Feyskovy furnishes an interesting account of observations made by him on the treatment of intermittent fever by means of friction of the back along the patient's spine. Many years ago, as appears from this account, there occurred while he was in the service of the army a case of intermittent fever that the stock of quinine was rapidly becoming exhausted, and in order that the patients might not be entirely without sort of treatment, it was ordered that they should be rubbed twice a day along the spine with simple ointment. The result was in the highest degree satisfactory, for, the day succeeding the giving of the order, no appearance of the usual attack was to be seen. Accordingly, since that time, Dr. Feyskovy has freely employed the same kind of treatment, and commonly with most gratifying success; indeed, he states that three-fourths of his cases have done very well without any quinine at all.

There are two facts stated here which bear weight, and both together, are a rifle shot which hits the "bull's eye." First: Owing to a scarcity of quinine rubbing of the spine was resorted to, which so eclipsed the quinine treatment that the doctor continued the practice, enabling him to have a practical demonstration of efficacy and superiority. Hence, the second fact: that two-thirds of the doctor's patients have done very well without a particle of quinine—the period of trial covering a number of years.

So much for the abandonment of drug medication in the case of intermittents; and all through the category of disease, there are multitudes of facts which go to prove that a like result is possible. Yet the Old School are seeking to tether the people to their deadly practice by penal but monopolistic statutes. The battle will be fought over again this winter in Rhode Island, for the Rhode Island Medical Society has already sounded the slogan. Let the people be ready to meet the monopoly as soon as they appear, in the General Assembly.

WILLIAM POSTER, JR.,

50 Battery street, Providence.

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

BY JAMES H. WIGGIN.

In boyhood's bright and sunny hours,
When life seemed full of opening flowers,
A sister's love I knew;
A fairy form of girlish grace,
With golden curls and smiling face,
She was a sister true.
But she passed on,
Left me alone.

She was my playmate, kind and true,
A brother's love I never knew,
Or other sister's love;
Yet the sad parting hour must come
When she must leave our happy home
To seek her home above.
And she is gone,
Left me alone.

And is that dear one really gone
From those dear friends she loved to own?
We ask, Oh! where art thou?
What is that voice within that tells
She lives, and ever near thee dwells,
Is even near thee now?
I'm not gone,
I'm not alone.

Oh! in the silence of the night,
When dreams beguile the weary sight,
A presence lingers near;
Whispers: "Thy sister's spirit blest
Is here to watch and guard thy rest,
Sleep on, and never fear,
The pale moon shone;
The voice was gone.

In the dark storm on ocean's wave,
When naught of human power can save,
And hearts are chill with fear,
From the dark mist, and speaking thence
A voice, "Oh! trust in Providence,
My brother, I am here."
When lightning shone
I stood alone.

When in the stranger's land I roam,
Far from my friends and native home,
Still doth her presence cheer;
Rids every fear of evil fly,
With her, my guardian angel, nigh,
For there is naught to fear,
Though journeying on,
Still not alone.

When sickness lays me on my bed,
And wildly throbs my aching head,
Whose presence comfort brings?
Who comes to hear each accent weak,
And stirs the breeze to fan my cheek
With balm like angels' wings?
She is not gone,
I'm not alone.

In the still church, at evening hour
Oft have I felt that spirit power
In shadows o'er me thrown;
In silence doth it then caress me,
In darkness doth it ever bless me,
And I am not alone.
My spirit one
And I alone.

Thus have I felt her presence near,
Which seems to whisper, "I am here
Though flesh and heart shall fall";
With naught to break that spirit thrall,
Save the pale moonbeam on the wall,
And she, within the veil,
But when light shone
The voice was gone.

'T is ever thus in grief and sadness,
'T is ever thus in joy and gladness,
Still doth the feeling come,
To chide perhaps, or to caress,
To change my ill, my good to bless,
And tell I'm not alone.
With her, my own,
I'm not alone.

Is it her form I almost see?
Whence are these thoughts that come to me

In silent hours profound?
My guardian angel, art thou there?
Does thy blest spirit wing the air
To kindly guard me round?
Thou art not gone,
I'm not alone.

And when the years lead me along
To join the innumerable throng,
To see her face once more—
By the bright light of loving eyes
To find the gates of Paradise,
And loved ones gone before;
My faithful one,
And joy my own.

"The Guardian Angel was written by Martha Lovering Wiggin. She died in Lowell, April 23, 1887, aged seven years. Buried (through four feet of snow) April 28th, in Wadley's Falls, N. H. This poem, written about 1880, now first published."

Terrestrial Magnetism.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Will you kindly insert the accompanying article in the *BANNER OF LIGHT*? I shall be glad to have you do so for two reasons: One is, that I believe the suggestions made in the article may do good to some who are feeling their way to communicating with the spirit-world; the other is, I earnestly desire that my many friends in New England shall know I have become fully a Spiritualist, and that I hope to work for our Cause both *now and hereafter*. Besides my personal friends, it will interest many to learn that the eldest daughter of Adoniram Judson, the founder of the American Foreign Missionary enterprise, who went a missionary to the Burmese Empire in 1811, and who passed to spirit-life in 1860, has become a Spiritualist.

I am well known in Plymouth, Mass., where I taught eight years, and at Bradford Academy, where I taught three years. Eleven years ago I came to Minneapolis and started a seminary for young ladies; it has been a success. Last May I sold it, so as to be able to work unhampered in our Cause. I became a Spiritualist about two and a half years ago. My father was Adoniram Judson, and my mother was Mrs. Sarah Boardman Judson, his second wife. I was born in Burmah in 1835, and my father brought me to this country in 1845. My mother passed away on the passage, and her earthly remains were buried in St. Helena. I mention these facts because many persons think it cannot be that his daughter is a Spiritualist, and that there must be some mistake. I was baptized into the Baptist church in 1852. I have found no rest in the church. Life and immortality have now become an inestimable boon to me.

Yours in earnest love for the Cause,

ABBY A. JUDSON.

Minneapolis, Minn., Sept. 6th, 1890.

When the magnetic currents of the body are not in harmony with the earth-currents, the result is a diseased physical or mental condition. To keep well, and to improve the health if diseased, it is well to practice the directions that are based on the following facts:

The earth is a great magnet. As the north pole is positive and the south pole is negative, currents are ever passing from north to south and back again. To get into harmony, we make ourselves negative, and place ourselves in a receptive attitude in the path of the currents as they return. To become negative we turn to the left; and to become positive we turn to the right.

Living as we do on the earth, it is our duty to keep in harmony with its currents. By so doing, we not only gain in physical well-being, but we also become more accessible to good spirit influences. In order to become more healthful physically, and more open to pure influences from those out of the body, we wish to make our personal self the center of a magnetic sphere, into which no congenial influ-

ence can penetrate. So centered, we can radiate physical, mental and spiritual good on all around; and what we give out to others is constantly supplied, through the harmonious forces of nature, by our friends who are in spirit. This condition can be easily attained by following these directions every morning and every evening, and as many more times a day as may be convenient:

1. UNWRAP.—Face north and then turn round to the left a few times, eyes open, hands open, palms down, making motions with the arms, as if you were reaching up and out for something and drawing it toward you. Revolving to the left throws off the currents.

2. RECEIVE THE CURRENTS.—On facing the south, make yourself into a horse-shoe magnet, heels together, resting on the balls of the feet, eyes closed, head a little bowed, hands stretched to the south, palms down, fingers a little apart. Then shut your hands and turn round to the right, to the north.

3. ASK FOR GOOD INFLUENCES.—With eyes open and hands raised, turn round slowly to the right, feeling and saying the following: "In the name of Infinite Good, in which I live and move and have my being, I beseech all good, pure, true and loving influences to come to me at this time."

4. WRAP UP.—Turn round to the right a few times, eyes open, making exactly the same motions with the arms as in No. 1, the only difference being that you now turn to the right.

5. LOCK UP.—Pass the positive or warmer hand over the negative or cooler hand, without touching, two or three times, and then reverse the process.

6. LET THE MIND LEAD.—In all this, be sure that the mind leads in the process, and let the body harmoniously follow the mind and express its desires.

It may be added to the above that one should always sleep with the head to the north.

The writer received these directions from Dr. H. W. Abbott, who was instructed by an exalted spiritual intelligence. She has practiced them for more than two years, and her chronic sleeplessness of more than twenty-three years is entirely cured. A lady of fifty, who was becoming excessively stout, lost about twenty-five pounds' weight, while emaciated persons gain. Some have become clairvoyant, clairaudient or inspired by the same means. The nervous system becomes harmonious and tranquilized, and mediumship becomes normal. In short, following these directions persistently develops the physical, mental and spiritual powers to the best advantage.

ABBY A. JUDSON.

Timely Quotations.

From the Morning Lecture on "Poverty and Riches," delivered by A. J. Davis in New York City twenty-four years ago, we make the accompanying extracts, which are extremely apt for the present time:

"Autocracy is the perfect and entire emancipation of the individual. The autocrat is a self-centered governor. Every person wants to be a self-regulated and rich autocrat. America, in political organization, is not yet up to this conception; and the church is even a greater stumbling block than the political combinations." "You shall, thus far, and no farther. You shall not become independent of restrictions; you shall obey the law of these religious organizations." Order implies organization, and organization necessitates discipline, and the authority of discipline must not be questioned. How can you induce bigots of this stripe to investigate a new truth? You even shrink from asking them to look at your positive facts.

"Autocracy is the rich and comfortable democracy of the human mind. This view of riches is creeping into and through all parts of the human imagination. Money brings anxiety, pride and power; and these bring admiration for a time. Mammon is more worshiped to-day than are the Father and Mother of the everlasting universe. Mammon is not worshiped with genuine spiritual veneration; yet he is followed and obeyed as is no other leader in the round world. He dictates all measures to the ministers of both Church and State. He is in the path of every nation. Golden lammers have arisen over the firmament of the American people, and it seems as though great authorities are to be subverted and large capitalists crushed in the twinkling of an eye. It is a great trial that the world is passing through. During the years of these national travails and trials new ideas of progress will take root deeply, will grow up vast and mighty, and will spread out their thickly-woven branches through and over all the institutions of both Church and State. Legislators in the capitol, and ministers in the pulpits, and men who are masters of the press, and those who stand upon the rostrum, will rise up as so many redeemed angels of light, and there will be a unity of thought and a unity of purpose more complete and spontaneous than was ever before known."

"As men do not love disease, so they do not love poverty. Health is richly attractive; even so are riches. No man can say that he hates just and wholesome wealth. He may hate the misapplication of riches. He hates acquisitiveness, penuriousness and miserly covetousness. He hates

(Continued from first page.)

Thus the mighty leaven will work until all classes shall be melted and fused in love's crucible, completely abolishing all dividing lines of sects and creeds.

But before this time can come woman must receive her rightful place and recognition all over the world, for woman represents the love-principle, and in this great spiritualizing and regenerating work love must be paramount.

Not only must woman receive her rightful place in this great work, but the masses—yes, all classes—must be disenthralled and elevated to that plane where they can take due cognizance of their spiritual natures, and have opportunity for the development of those natures. And to this end a mighty conflict is being waged, nor can we expect it to cease until the end is gained.

In the pursuance of all this, we may expect that more startling phenomena, more wonderful spiritualistic manifestations may be looked for than our world has ever known before in the same length of time. The angel-world has organized its forces, and they are steadily at work. Many crude conditions and much of darkness have they to contend with, even in the lower spheres of the spirit-world—much to retard, distort and baffle their purposes. But greater are they that are for us than all they that can be against us, and the victory is sure. All the wise and the good of the earth who have passed on before, compared with whom those still on the earth are but a handful, together with planetary angels and a host of helpers from other worlds, are engaged in the conflict, and surely, even though slowly, the mists and the darkness must give way, the obstacles vanish, and the Beautiful Dawning Day be ushered in upon the earth. Working with these spirit hosts are all the spiritually enlightened of earth; and, my friends, what greater privilege can we desire than to be permitted to live on the earth at this momentous time, and be allowed to labor in a movement so glorious that in the ages and cycles and eons of the great incomprehensible future we shall, with myriads upon myriads, rejoice over the renovation and glorification of the world of our birth, and to realize that in such a supreme work we bore a hand, and contributed our portion?

"Shout! for the morning breaks,
Rosy and clear and bright;
A glory touches the sleeping lakes,
The valleys are bathed in light;
The great world stirs at last,
Putting its hands away
Out of the shadowy ages past
Cometh a golden day!

Echo it, rivers and hills!
Herald it, steeples and spires!
Kindle anew on a thousand hills
Liberty's beacon fires!

A long and dread eclipse
Has held the world in thrall,
And pressed upon feeble and fainting lips
The wornwood and the gall;
But out of the depths a voice
Is saying, "Let there be light!"
Oh! waiting souls, behold! rejoice!
The mountains are capped with white.

Echo it, rivers and hills!
Herald it, steeples and spires!
Kindle anew on a thousand hills
Liberty's beacon fires!

They broke the arms of the weak,
And strengthened the hands that were strong,
Exalted the proud, and humbled the meek,
And deluged the land with wrong;
But lo! in the coming age,
The Beautiful Dawning Day,
Shall deeds of love and mercy engage—
Haste to prepare the way!

Echo it, rivers and hills!
Herald it, steeples and spires!
Kindle anew on a thousand hills
Liberty's beacon fires!"

October Magazines.

THE CENTURY has for its frontispiece a portrait of Joseph Jefferson, the closing part of whose interesting autobiography accompanies it. In these last pages Mr. Jefferson gives his reflections upon the art of which he is an acknowledged master, replete with suggestions of much value to those of his profession. Prof. Darwin of England contributes an article upon "Meteorites and the History of Stellar Systems," illustrated by a photograph of a nebula in which a system like our own solar system seems to be forming. A new series of war-prison sketches opens with one entitled "A Hard Road to Travel Out of Dixie," by Lieut. W. H. Shelton. "Prehistoric Cave-Dwellings" is a profusely illustrated paper on Pueblo structures in New Mexico and Arizona, of great interest. Dr. Eggleston pleasantly describes "Out of the Ways in High Savoy," fully illustrated. Miss Cove writes upon "Women in American Literature." New chapters are given of "Letters from Japan," and "Women of the French Salons," and the closing ones of "Olivette." An excellent sketch of "How Jerry Bought Malvin," is contributed by a new Southern writer, and one of "Dark New England Days" is told by Sarah Orne Jewett. "Topics of the Time," "Open Letters," and "Brie-a-brac" are varied and entertaining. New York: The Century Co. For sale by Danrell & Upham, 283 Washington street, Boston.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—An attractive table of contents opens with new chapters of Mrs. Deland's entertaining serial story, "Sidney," followed by several papers contributed by W. D. McCracken descriptive of "Altford and the Landseggemeinde," Altford being the locality of the somewhat mythical and altogether famous William Tell, and the Landseggemeinde an open-air legislative assembly, the oldest purely democratic institution in the world. An elaborate paper by E. P. Evans upon "Henrik Ibsen: His Life Abroad and Later Dramas," will inform many whose interest in the Norwegian dramatist has been created by the presentation of "A Doll's House" on the American stage. Dr. Holmes continues his chatty and charming "Over the Teacups." Bradford Torrey relates interesting facts about "Robin Roosts"; John Fluke writes of "Benedict Arnold's Treason." The remaining contents are "Myths and Folk-Lore of Ireland," "A Wandering Scholar of the Sixteenth Century," "An Artist's Idol," "Influence of Sea Power upon History," and several poems. In "The Contributors' Club" selections from a letter of John Boyle O'Reilly show the correctness of the estimate placed upon his character by his eulogists. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ST. NICHOLAS.—"Through a Detective Camera," is the title of a very readable sketch by Mr. Black, the illustrations showing street scenes with a remarkable degree of accuracy. "Betty's By-and-By" is a genuine juvenile story; a good lesson for those inclined to procrastination. "The Gwynne's Little Donkey," by Kate W. Michaels, is a pleasing story with a slyly worked in moral. J. O. Davidson contributes a bright story of "How a Single Shot Won a Fight." Palmer Cox gives his usual hilarious report of the doings of "The Brownies," this time on a canal. The frontispiece this month is a portrait of "The Boy-King, Edward VI.," of whom Eleanor C. Lewis gives an interesting account. This number is one of superior merit, and will meet with general acceptance. New York: The Century Co. Boston: Danrell & Upham, 283 Washington street.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.—The present issue has the cotton industry for its principal feature, an article giving in much detail a history of its rise and growth in New England being by George Rich, very fully illustrated. The opening paper is by Rev. Massena Goodrich, descriptive of "Pawtucket and

the Slater Centennial," illustrated with many engravings, including the frontispiece, a view of the old Slater Mill at Pawtucket. Helen M. North gives facts concerning "An Old Puritan Poet," Rev. Michael Wigglesworth, who will be remembered as the author of the terribly Calvinistic poem "The Day of Doom." Rev. E. E. Hale presents "A New Study of Anne Hutchinson." Finely illustrated articles treat of "Where England Legislates," and "The Massachusetts Agricultural College." "John Henry Newman as a Writer" is critically discussed by J. F. Genery, Ph. D., and Herbert Walsh gives his views respecting "The Indian Question, Past and Present." Other articles in prose, and several excellent poems, constitute the remaining contents. The rapid advance of this periodical in popular regard will not be wondered at by those who have made themselves familiar with its contents from month to month. Boston: 88 Federal street.

Neuralgia is obstinate. Johnson's Anodyne Liniment has cured many very severe cases.

Banner Correspondence.

New York.

TROY.—W. H. Vosburgh, magnetic physician, writes: "I see in THE BANNER of Sept. 20th a letter from A. S. Hayward on 'The Medical Law of New York.' While I regret as sincerely as any one that such a law is on our statute books at this late day and age, I know it to be imperative, and a dead letter, especially so far as affecting the Magnetic and Massage Physicians are concerned. In the last two sessions of the Legislature, you see, this would bring the matter before the proper tribunal at once, and the validity of the instrument be tested. I do not believe that a jury of intelligent men could be empaneled in New York State to-day that would deliberate ten minutes on the question. I am successfully healing the sick, and without hesitancy go wherever called; if I were arrested it would be the best card I ever had in the business. The people are well aware that in thousands of instances everywhere the idealized physician fails to reach the ill of humanity, therefore public feeling is becoming more and more aroused upon the question of infringements on their liberties in deciding who they shall employ when sick.

If the law referred to be valid, and is a menace to the magnetic physician, I cannot understand why they do not go for some of us. With in four months I have treated and saved three patients here who were pronounced beyond the reach of medical skill. I am not the least frightened, and propose to go right on with my work. The day has dawned with evidences of a change for the improvement and education of the race, physically and spiritually, therefore statutes enacted affecting or jeopardizing the rights of the people will speedily become null and void."

Illinois.

COBDEN.—Hon. Warren Chase writes, Sept. 20th: "Almost every week THE BANNER brings me the name of one or more of my old and early pioneer co-laborers in the cause of spirit intercourse who have passed to the higher life, thus warning me that my time must soon come, for which I am fully prepared. A brief notice by 'A. B. S.' announces the departure of my esteemed octogenarian friend, Dr. H. S. Brown, of Milwaukee, Wis. Nearly forty years ago his house was my home when lecturing on Spiritualism in the face of the bitter prejudice of the churches and vulgar rabble of the streets, and when it was difficult to find places to stop and rest. Dr. Brown and Dr. J. T. Greaves, who recently passed on from Riverside, Cal., were among the first open defenders of our Cause in Milwaukee. Two years ago, when I met Dr. Brown at Clinton Park Camp-Meeting, of which he was a liberal supporter, his health was better than mine; but he has preceded me to the place where I expect to meet him—not in the Catholic purgatory, to be prayed out by masses, nor in Calvin's crematory, where the heat never consumes; but where we can both continue to work for our fellow-men."

Another friend I highly esteemed has gone, aged 90, Mr. A. H. Wood, of Lunenburg, Mass., on whose pears and grapes I have often feasted when lecturing there, and whose conversation was ever a richer feast, for he was a man of extensive reading, and fifty years in advance of his Orthodox neighbors—a quiet and liberal thinker, universally respected by those who knew him, however much they may have differed from him in opinions. Who next?"

Massachusetts.

CUMMINGTON.—Mrs. J. M. R. Kingman writes under date of Oct. 3d as follows: "A way up here among the Hampshire hills, in the small town of Cummington, a few earnest souls resolved last May to make an effort to place before the people here some spiritualistic and liberal thought by holding a series of Sunday meetings. So far the effort has met with success, and although our means have been limited, we have been so fortunate as to have had Mrs. Lillie, Mrs. Banks, Mrs. Brigham, J. W. Chadwick, J. F. Baxter, with others, to address us, and last but not least, A. E. Tisdale, the blind trance speaker, who, besides giving us a powerful lecture full of advanced thought in the afternoon, in the evening related his thrilling experience—than which I think a more sad one I never heard. Mr. Tisdale, with his unassuming manners, won many hearts here; and many of us who are blessed with eyesight might well envy him his happy, cheerful disposition, and pray that we might be led to say and feel with him that 'mental blindness is far worse than physical.' We shall heartily welcome Mr. Tisdale again the 4th of next June, as he is engaged by us for that date."

Maine.

BANGOR.—"Investigator" writes, Sept. 27th: "Mrs. Jennie K. Donant of Scotland, the trance, test and business psychometrist, has been for a few weeks in this city. She has held four public meetings in City Hall, with large audiences at all of them. She met with a hearty welcome from several old camp-meeting friends, and made many new ones, as well as many converts to Spiritualism. Her private sittings have been very successful, every person leaving perfectly satisfied with Mrs. Donant's powers as a psychometrist. We are sorry she was obliged to leave Bangor so soon, as scores of anxious ones were denied sittings, which she was unable to grant, being obliged to leave to fill engagements in Massachusetts and elsewhere. It is the earnest desire of all her friends here that she make Bangor a visit in the near future, and that she prolong her stay indefinitely."

Mrs. Donant has reason to feel highly gratified at the warm reception given her by the citizens of Bangor on this her first visit, as her patrons were many of them from the wealthiest families, some coming for the second sitting."

Connecticut.

NEW HAVEN.—E. P. Goodsell writes: "A religion that seeks to establish itself upon faith alone is of no value. It labors to destroy positive facts, the basis of all truths, even the sublime truth of immortality. Truth makes the soul free. Errors stamped 'religious' enslave mankind; but the truth which is destined to deliver and lift the people from the yoke of bondage to the mental destroyer of their peace and happiness."

Tide-Ripples.

An Ancient Cyclone.

The recent destructive cyclone in Lawrence, Mass., with the exception of the loss of life involved was small in comparison with the one which occurred away back in 1773, on the 14th of August, in Amesbury, Mass.

Rev. Samuel Webster, then minister of the Rocky Hill church, published a lengthy account of the same, and it will be found in the early history of Essex County, says the Amesbury Daily:

The tornado commenced at Haverhill, where great damage was done, and then passed down the Merrimac river, rolling up the waves in such manner as if it would swallow up the terrified inhabitants along the Point shore. The waves dashed into the street, and were the most violent ever known in this vicinity. It lasted not more than three minutes, and in that time it damaged or entirely prostrated about two hundred buildings. Two vessels on the stocks at the ferry were removed twenty feet, one of which was ninety tons. Captain Smith was killed. It swept along about a quarter of a mile in width and a mile and a half in length near the river. The damage at the ferry was David Blaisdell's blacksmith shop blown down, Ephraim Blaisdell's house wrecked, Levi Bartlett's house unroofed, Stephen Blaisdell's house unroofed, Theophilus Foot's new house blown down, Widow Bartlett's barn unroofed, and thirty other dwellings and barns on the ferry side of the river.

Along the Point shore, the effects of the storm were also experienced in the unroofing and destruction of dwellings to an equal extent, although no lives were lost there. The tornado passed down the river and struck a forest of maple trees on the land where the late Salisbury poor-farm is located, and laid low hundreds of maples and oak trees. A tornado which destroyed two hundred buildings at that early time, equals anything in destructive force related of Western cyclones, or of the more recent one in Lawrence. Its course was mainly down the river, and one can imagine the fright of the people as they beheld the great wave rolling before it in its course. There are several old dwellings on the shore which tell the marks of violence of this storm. The house occupied by William Morrill, we are told, was partially unroofed, and the splicing of the boards was dated out as due to the work of the storm of upwards of a century ago.

Doctors' Names.

Something might be said in favor of the primitive practice of naming men after they were grown up instead of while they were babies. Under the present system it often happens that a man's name is curiously out of keeping with his character or pursuits. The literary editor of THE DOCTORS has lately been examining a new directory of physicians, and seems to have been greatly impressed by the singularity and inappropriateness of some of the names contained in it.

He thinks, for example, that Dr. Coffin might sound unpleasantly suggestive to a nervous patient, though less so, perhaps, than another name that follows it—Dr. Death. A third person might object to Dr. Sexton, also, and if one were very sick it would certainly seem ominous if Dr. Death, Dr. Coffin and Dr. Sexton were to hold a consultation at his bedside.

Other names almost as bad as the foregoing are Dr. Butcher and Dr. Slaughter, though they occur several times each in the directory. There are two Dr. Cranks, and one Dr. Craze.

Some of the names may be called inappropriately appropriate, such as Aiken, Carver, Cutter, Hash, Diet, Hurt, Mangle, Pellet, Pill, Rose, Tomb and T. Tohakee. Dr. Ague and Dr. Shivers might very well be partners, and if a third name were wanted they could hardly do better than to call in Dr. Sweat. —The Fox Lake (Wis.) Representative.

"Within the Veil."

Mr. Conway closes his life of Hawthorne with a letter of Sophia Hawthorne to an intimate friend, dated a night or two after the burial of her husband. In the letter occur these lines: "I stand hushed into an ineffable peace, which I cannot measure or understand. I feel that his joy is such that the heart of man cannot conceive, and shall I not thus rejoice, who loved him so far beyond myself? If I did not at once share his beatitude, should I be one with him now in essential essence? There can be no death or loss for me, forevermore. I stand so far within the veil that the light of God's countenance can never be hidden from me for one moment of the eternal day, now nor then. God gave me the rose of time, the blossom of the ages to call my own for twenty-five years of human life. God has satisfied wholly my insatiable heart with a perfect love that transcends my dreams. It seems to me that now again there is no death. 'Dark hours?' I think there is nothing dark for me henceforth. I have only to do with the present, and the present is light and rest. Has not the everlasting 'Morning spread' over me her rich surprise? I have no more to seek but that I may be able to comfort all who mourn, as I am comforted."

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure sick-headache.

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From their summer home at Onset, Mass., Mattie F., wife of Dr. W. Eldridge of Worcester, writes: "My husband, Dr. Eldridge, has been an invalid several months, suffering from a complication of physical derangements. She was a good, noble woman, and has been a Spiritualist upward of twenty-five years. She possessed strong mediumistic qualities, and frequently exercised them for the benefit of others as a free will offering to their desire to learn of the life hereafter, and of the truths of Spiritualism, in the philosophy of which she and her husband had the utmost confidence as being in strict harmony with the laws of Nature. Her husband and one daughter remain this side of the veil, sustained and comforted by the assurance that those whom they loved are still present to love and help them."

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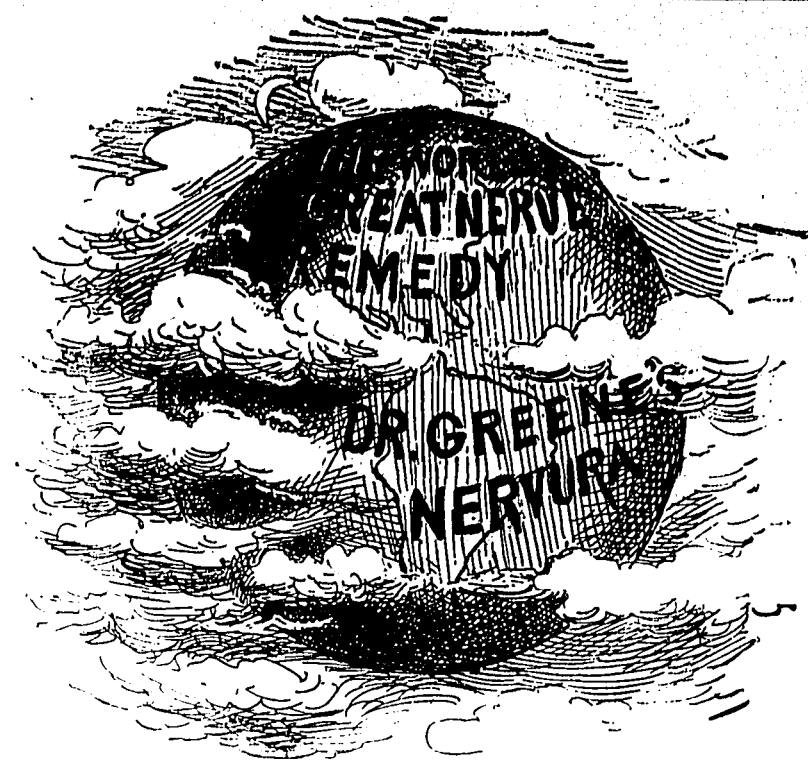
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No notice is taken of anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve manuscripts not used. When newspapers are forwarded containing matter for our attention, the sender will confer 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 send us notice previous notice, and not wait to state in full their present as well as future address.

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Banner of Light.

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Ecclesiastical vs. Civil Authority,
Which Shall Rule?

A timely and a searching lecture is that of the veteran, Parker Pillsbury, with the above title, the sub-title being added by ourselves. We have in this country, he says, a great national association with many State auxiliaries—a self-constituted board of health, whose purpose it is to vaccinate the United States Constitution with its religion by inserting the names of its God and Bible as a sort of kine-pox to prevent the spread of free thought, scientific inquiry and investigation. Man has reached to what he calls republicanism in government and Christianity in religion. If he were permitted he would call a halt to all further growth and unfolding in his marvelous blindness, satisfied that he has reached the perfection of all possibilities in matter, mind, spirit, individually and in his institutions of state, school and church.

And, indeed, church and priesthood are constantly calling that halt, and making their benighted disciples believe their order has been obeyed. The evangelical church claims that it is yet to rule in the earth by right divine. That is why, in this country, it is seeking to put its God and Christ—the trinitarian God and Christ—into the federal constitution, virtually casting man out and keeping woman out forever. That is why the Bible, already canonized, must be compelled into the public schools until every teacher would be expelled who refuses to teach it. That is why Sunday legislation is demanded, and of late has been enforced with such zeal. In 1873 Senator Edmunds of Vermont introduced a change in the Constitution of the United States so favorable to the God-in-the-Constitu-

tion Society, that at its very next meeting it exultantly adopted a resolution declaring that his amendment affords an opportunity to their association to press its claims, and will secure such amendments to the Constitution as will settle forever its Christian character.

Saints, remarks Mr. Pillsbury, seem to presume that sinners have no rights which the redeemed are bound to respect. Many clergymen take for granted that nobody has any rights which they are bound to respect. And between church and clergy, the whole world is doomed to be converted to their creeds and catechisms, or conquered and destroyed like the Canaanites of old. It is time that both church and clergy learned new lessons. Their power and prerogative have lasted too long. For a quarter of a century church or religious property has about doubled every ten years. President Grant drew attention to the threatening fact in his annual message to Congress in 1875. He then said: "The contemplation of so vast a property as here alluded to without taxation may lead to sequestration without constitutional authority and through blood. I would suggest the taxation of all property equally."

The estimate of President Grant was that by the year 1900 this property will reach a sum exceeding \$3,000,000,000. Double that for the year 1910, and we have \$6,000,000,000, or more than twice the cost of the war for the Union. Nor do even these stupendous figures reveal all the exemptions and immunities which the church enjoys at the nation's expense. The whole of this vast amount must be levied on the tax-paying people, regardless of religious belief, and the disfranchised women taxed equally with the rest.

The association whose object is to make the Constitution itself an established religion in all that the words can be made to mean, goes by the name of "The National Reform Association." In 1872 it included one hundred ministers, ninety-eight of them being doctors of divinity, twenty-six honorable, fifteen doctors of laws, and six or seven were judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, and one of the judges was for several years President of the Association. The number and character were about the same in 1888. The preamble to the Constitution, as amended, would read thus: "We, the people of the United States, recognizing Almighty God as the source of all power and authority in civil government, our Lord Jesus Christ as the ruler of nations, and the Bible as the standard to decide all moral issues in political life, in order to form a Christian government, and in order to form a more perfect union," etc., etc.

The God and Christ worshiped by these self-styled National reformers, and whose names they would incorporate into the federal constitution, Mr. Pillsbury pronounces the triune Divinity of John Calvin, and the Congregational, Presbyterian, Baptist and other evangelical churches of Christendom, both Catholic and Protestant. They would therefore disfranchise all Jews, Unitarians, Universalists, and all others of every name who could not or would not subscribe to their faith, just as did the early Puritans, whom they even cite in their own constitution as "Christian men, with Christian ends in view, and who gave a distinctly Christian character to the institutions they established." These will not be meaningless words when they are placed in the Constitution, if ever. Take the assertion of Dr. Cummings of the Wesleyan University, who said: "Some infidels, trusting to the negative character of the Federal constitution, have set up a claim to right of protection in their belief. But I emphatically deny any such right. No man has any right to be an infidel, nor an infidel any right to protection in the expression of his sentiments. And should he attempt to propagate any ideas tending to subvert society, he should be crushed as a viper." There we have it in its true colors. That is the religion that calls itself Christian.

For almost sixteen centuries, said Mr. Pillsbury, Protestant Christianity has run a race with Moses, and with Mahomet for twelve centuries, with very little moral or numerical advantage over either. Drunkenness, slavery and war have ravaged the human race everywhere in spite of them, only in this, that on drunkenness the influence of Mahomet has been most wholesome of all, and is unto this day. They are fearfully mistaken who suppose it to be idle to fear that our government can be perverted into such theocratical despotism as our Christian conspirators intend. Already God, Christ and the Bible are practically there. Prayers are in our legislative assemblies and courts. Days of fasting, prayer and thanksgiving are appointed by the President and Governors of States. Chaplains are appointed for the army and navy, and for prisons and asylums. The Bible is already in many of the public schools. The oath is an appeal to God, and sworn sometimes on the Bible, if not always. Sunday is protected by legislation, and all our dates are from the Year of our Lord. So much contraband religion is tolerated and supported.

Who are Cranks?

Sift the matter thoroughly, and it will come out every time that the one who is so glibly denounced as only a "crank" or as being "cranky," is the one whose conceptions are more enlarged and clear, and whose perceptions are more acute and penetrating than those of the ordinary people who fancy they are describing him when they are better describing the incapacity of their own judgment. It is Emerson who, in one of his well-known essays, advises another not to commit the mistake of thinking he was really sizing up his superior, when he was only chalking out his own diminutive outlines on the other's infinitely larger background.

This, like a good many other things, goes by prejudice rather than intelligence and appreciative capacity. It must be finally acknowledged that all the really great men who live are, as a rule, set down by their ordinary and wholly inferior judges, as cranks. A good many of them have even suffered death for no other reason than that they were too good for the age they lived in and sought to benefit. In the cases of some, their very families and friends have openly forsaken and discarded them, casting them out of their recognition with every expression of detestation. For no other or better reason conceivable than that these fortunate unfortunates were of an order of mind or morals far out of the reach of the conception of their self-exalted relations and friends.

It is one of the saddest facts to be contemplated in human history, but it is none the less true for all that, that many of those who have freely made the largest sacrifices for the cause of humanity have had to suffer and endure the greatest privations and hardships, have been

most grievously beset with life's misfortunes, have been the victims of the greed and fraud of their inferiors who were really unworthy of anything like companionship with them, and whose highest ideas were wholly low and poor in comparison. It is indeed an unwelcome, as it is a condemning fact, that the best men the world has known have died unhonored and unloved, and that a later generation only was capable, by the decay of prejudice, of appreciating them rightly, and as they deserved.

To be a reformer, openly and candidly, clearly and courageously, is to be compelled to endure the jeers and jibes of the blind and unthinking multitude, and to be derided and despised by the very ones for whose sake the reformer's labors are given and his life is spent. This surely is no holiday calling. It demands a spirit that is full of a willingness to sacrifice itself for the good of others. It calls for a courage and endurance such as marked the careers of a Caesar and a Christ. How great is the uncounted number of those who have gone down before the continued assaults of malice and hatred, visited upon them simply because they were intellectually or morally the superiors of those in whose uncongenial and unworthy midst their lot happened to be cast—men and women who were entirely worthy of better treatment and a better fate, gone to their graves heavy-hearted, gladly forgotten by the begrudging tormentors they left behind. It is certainly no credit to our average human nature that it is willing to be so stupidly, so ungratefully blind, that it should so love to hug its brutal prejudices and think them comforts and rewards.

Nevertheless, there is a better and brighter time coming, albeit it may not be here all at once. The world of humanity never could hope or expect to make much progress toward development and perfection, if this were to remain an unchanging condition of its existence. It is out of the densest ignorance that we come forth into the clearer light. As men open their minds' eyes wider and enlarge the horizon of their thought, they will inevitably come to see and understand the true relations which these born benefactors of the world sustain toward them. They cannot but entertain larger, truer, and more grateful conceptions of them and of the work to which they are called. Then the age will take on a new aspect, and the whole of life a new meaning. Then will have dawned the new and long-desired era of mutual good-will and resulting good works—the era of the world's regeneration and happiness.

The Statistics of Spiritualism.

Frequent inquiries are made to ascertain the number of Spiritualists, but unsuccessfully. In a discourse delivered by Mrs. Richmond in Chicago a few years since it was stated that the late Archbishop Hughes remarked that though he could easily estimate the power of the Protestant churches it was impossible for him to measure the numerical strength of Spiritualism: "The reason why," he said, "is because the Spiritualists are numberless; we do not know where they are not; we find them in every place; they are in all denominations; they are in all places of life; they are in all occupations and professions; they have no chosen schools, nor churches, nor priests, nor shrines, nor synagogues; but they are the power of the nineteenth century." More than thirty years ago a bishop remarked at a Catholic Convention in Baltimore, that the adherents of Modern Spiritualism in this country alone numbered eleven millions. If such was the fact then, what must their number be to-day?

The Franklin Fund.

Benjamin Franklin was a poor boy. He was a printer's apprentice. When he grew to manhood and accumulated property, he felt like doing something for the benefit of apprentices in all kinds of trades, and left a fund for that purpose, the interest to be appropriated in aiding those who called for such aid. But the apprentice system changed in after years, and the Franklin apprentice fund did not "pan out" according to the donor's ideas. Now, after all these years, the interest of the five thousand dollars has accumulated to a large amount. Being no benefit to "apprentices," why should not the trustees petition the Legislature to turn over the funds in their custody to the FRANKLIN TYPOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY of this city, which is an institution established to aid invalid and destitute Boston printers?

Mrs. E. L. Watson in Boston.

The reception of Mrs. E. L. Watson, of California, by the Spiritualists of Boston at Berkeley Hall last Sunday, was all that could be desired, and must have been very gratifying to the distinguished inspirational speaker and her spirit-guides. A report of proceedings will be found in another column. Mrs. Watson will speak in the same hall next Sunday, morning and evening.

We call especial attention to the magnificent address of Mrs. ELLA WILSON-MARCHANT, which we publish upon the first page of to-day's BANNER. It should be perused not only by every Spiritualist in the land, as it embodies a high inspiration, but by non-Spiritualists as well. We have had the manuscript on hand for some time, sent to us on the earnest solicitation of our old Boston friend, Mr. Albert Morton, now of San Francisco; but we were advised by our spirit-friends to hold it back until this time, when its teachings and facts, they said, would be more fully appreciated by the general reader, as great public events are at this very moment transpiring all over the world bearing directly upon the subject-matter given through the inspiration of Mrs. Marchant in March last. This lady should be employed by the Spiritualist Societies all over the United States. Address her, care of Mr. Albert Morton, 210 Stockton street, San Francisco.

Judge Loren J. Lewis, of the Supreme Court, Buffalo, N. Y., has rendered a decision in a case wherein a mother and father contended for the custody of a minor child, in which he finds that the mother, who is a Christian Scientist, let another child die for want of proper treatment other than silent prayer, while the child suffered eight hours with spasms. He says that but for the fact of the mother's profession he would give her the child; but regards her as an improper custodian of a child liable to be sick and to suffer for want of proper care and treatment.

We have an essay in type from our esteemed correspondent, Mr. HUDSON TUTTLE, of Berlin Heights, Ohio, entitled "Mind-Reading and Mediumship," which will appear in next week's BANNER.

Reception to Mr. and Mrs. Percival
of London, Eng.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. S. Butler of this city gave a reception to Mr. and Mrs. Francis W. Percival of London, England, at the parlors of Mrs. Pope and Mrs. Clapp, Columbus Avenue, on Thursday evening, Oct. 2d. Mr. Percival holds a high position in the Educational Department of the British Government. He is a Spiritualist of long standing, and was a member of a private circle of investigators held at the residence of Dr. Spear, consisting of W. Stainton Moses ("M. A. Oxon"), the present editor of *London Light*, and other distinguished gentlemen. He has seen much of the phenomena of Spiritualism, and is very desirous of further experience of the same nature during his visit to this country.

The reception tendered Mr. Percival and his wife, as above mentioned, was of an informal nature, and on account of their brief stay in our city the time was very limited for informing the large number who would have been much gratified to avail themselves of the opportunity to meet them. Many of those who received invitations to attend were prevented from doing so on account of prior engagements, including the editor of THE BANNER, as well as Mrs. Longley, Col. Crockett, and others, who sent letters of regret. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, fifty or more representative Spiritualists were present, and the exercises throughout were of much interest.

Mr. Eben Cobble, Conductor of the Twilight Hall meetings, presided over the exercises, introducing those present with appropriate remarks, referring to his own pedigree in England, and extended a warm and sympathetic welcome from the Spiritualists of Boston to the brother and sister from old England. Mrs. R. S. Little followed in the same line of hearty welcome. Contrasting the views of the church with those of Spiritualism, she said that while the former took down upon the vacant forms of their ascended friends as being their dead friends, the latter look up whither they have gone, and declare they are still living—that there is no break in the continuity of life; there are no dead.

Prof. J. R. Buchanan was the next speaker. He was listened to with the closest attention, and was followed by Madam C. M. Piccoli, a distinguished operatic singer, and well known in European countries for her ability as such. Her singing on this occasion created the utmost degree of enthusiasm, and words seemed wanting with which to express the admiration of her auditors at her artistic performance.

Thomas Dowling, Dr. A. H. Richardson and others made remarks appropriate to the occasion. Lucette Webster and Miss Clara Clark gave readings and recitations, and Miss Maud Banks rendered a piano solo; Mrs. R. S. Little sang, Mrs. Clapp accompanying her on the piano; after which Mrs. L. delivered a poem entitled "Our Foreign Visitors and Their Welcome," to which Mr. Percival responded for himself and wife with much feeling, and expressed himself delighted with the cordial reception given him by the Spiritualists of Boston. He alluded to the unpopularity of Spiritualism in his own country, and the disfavor with which it was there regarded by the Church, the press, and by society.

Thomas Dowling followed Mr. Percival, and gave in a few general remarks the present status of Spiritualism in this country. He said that it had here passed the period it was now passing through in England. Society, the press, and even the churches, are beginning to recognize its value, and to treat it in at least a respectful manner.

The reception was one that gave great pleasure to all, and especially to the lady and gentleman in whose honor it was given.

A Spiritualistic Funeral.

From the Soldiers' Home, Chelsea, Mass., Sept. 30th, Hiram Brown passed to higher spheres of action. He had been but a few weeks at the Home, but had not been a well man for many years. He was a pronounced Spiritualist, an honest, upright man in all of his dealings. His wife and daughter, two sisters and two brothers, survive him.

Funeral services took place at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. Ames, Somerville, Mass., where his invalid wife (who is a medium) resides. At his wife's request, Mrs. R. S. Little officiated. Mr. Brown being a constant attendant of the Berkeley Hall meetings, Mrs. Little, or her spirit-guides, never had a better opportunity to illustrate the law and philosophy of Spiritualism than on this occasion.

As the body of the departed lay in the casket, dressed in a G. A. R. uniform, one could hardly realize but that he was yet its occupant reposing in quiet, peaceful slumber. Upon the casket were placed appropriate symbols and flowers, several tokens of love and affection from relatives, friends, and the G. A. R. Post of which he was a member. The services commenced with the appropriate song, "Over There," finely rendered by Mr. and Mrs. Little; after which Mrs. Little was inspired to utter a comprehensive invocation. She then, standing at the foot of the casket, illustrated the mission of so-called death, remarking that the change that had come to this man was birth to higher conditions of life.

If the spirit-guides had known him through his entire earthly pilgrimage, they could not have better portrayed his life and character than on this occasion. They alluded to the country's call for defenders, to which he promptly responded.

Most of those present were strangers to the speaker, also to the philosophy of Spiritualism, and few if any failed to be deeply impressed with the remarks of Mrs. Little's guides.

The services closed with a beautiful poem, describing the departed one's entrance into his new home, and the greetings of his spirit friends, portraying Spiritualism in its practical and highest aspects.

It was a subject of remark by many who, on this occasion, listened for the first time to spiritualistic services at a funeral, how much more consistent and rational they were than the usual lugubrious words and illy concealed sad forebodings that have hitherto marked such occasions conducted by the disciples of the old theologies.

Mrs. Little's guides took the ground that the law of compensation held good, and sooner or later all would get their reward for good deeds done, if not obtained on the earth-sphere, surely in the spirit-world—the home of all individualized souls.

Welcome offerings of beautiful flowers adorned our Free Circle-Room on Friday, Oct. 3d, and Tuesday the 7th, from Mrs. Carrie Morrill and Mrs. Sue M. Churchill of Peabody, N. H., and one fine collection addressed, "For Lotella," from Mrs. Carrie F. Loring of East Braintree, Mass., all of whom will please accept thanks for their kindly remembrance.

William A. Mansfield, the independent state-writing medium, has returned to Boston for the winter, and will devote from 2 to 5 each day, except Sunday, to the exercise of his mediumistic gifts. He is located at Hotel Albemarle, 282 Columbus Avenue.

We had a pleasant call from Mrs. Thomas Gales-Forster and Mrs. Townsend-Wood last week—two veteran Spiritualists and excellent ladies. May their shadow never be less.

The counsel for Frank C. Algerton, of Boston, who has been held in confinement at Springfield, Mass., for eight months for alleged conspiracy against Amaliah Mayo, a wealthy resident of that city, by which he obtained two thousand dollars, pleaded *nolo contendere* in the Superior Court there Oct. 2d, and was sentenced by Judge Barker to two years at hard labor in the Hampden County House of Correction.

The new and revised edition of Dr. J. M. Peebles' interesting and instructive work, "IMMORTALITY, AND OUR EMPLOYMENTS HEREAFTER," is now ready for purchasers. See advertisement.

An interesting letter from our foreign correspondent, Mr. HENRY LAONOIX, just received from Paris, France, will appear in the next issue of THE BANNER.

Benjamin Lundy and William Lloyd Garrison.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I notice in THE BANNER a paragraph from a communication in the *Boston Herald* in relation to Benjamin Lundy and William Lloyd Garrison, in which the writer so entirely forgets the history of the times as to make a great mistake in regard to these two pioneers in the anti-slavery field. Mr. Garrison was never an errand boy in the office of Lundy. He had edited several papers before becoming acquainted with Lundy at all. He learned his trade at the office of the *Newburyport Herald*. When he closed his apprenticeship a new paper was started in that town, of which he became the editor, but it proved to be too far above or beyond the people's ideas, and soon failed. He next edited the first paper in the world that advocated total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. For this paper he adopted the following motto: "Moderate drinking is the downhill road to drunkenness." This was in the year 1827.

In 1828 he became editor of the *Journal of the Times*, which he established to advocate the election of John Quincy Adams, at Bennington, Vt. His advocacy of peace, temperance and abolition displeased many of his readers, and he did not remain long at the head of that paper after the election of Mr. Adams. Here the paper of Lundy, *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, came under his notice, and fanned his innate hatred of slavery.

He wrote and printed a petition for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, which was the first of its kind, and made quite a flutter in Congress. Mr. Lundy's paper was dated at Baltimore, but was printed wherever the zealous editor found it convenient. He carried his head-lines and rules with him. Thus was the good Quaker ever busy spreading the light on the slavery question. He traveled on foot, carrying a heavy pack on his back. He had seen Garrison's paper from Bennington, and determined to see him. For this purpose he reached Boston by stage, and thence on foot to Bennington, in cold winter weather, to see the young abolitionist. This meeting may be looked upon as the beginning of that mighty movement which ended in the abolition of the great curse of the nation. Garrison agreed to go to Baltimore, and went; and was soon so strong in his advocacy of liberty as to frighten Lundy, who was never in favor of anything but gradual emancipation. Garrison was soon imprisoned for libel by a slave-driver, and was released by Mr. Tappan, of New York, paying the fine. The above are the facts in regard to Lundy and Garrison.

E. W. CAPRON.

Chapin Home, New York City.

Mr. W. J. Colville's work in Boston for the immediate present was brought to a most successful termination on Wednesday evening, Oct. 1st. On the previous evening, Sept. 30th, he addressed a very large audience in Twilight Hall, 789 Washington street, on "Nationalism, and its Influence on Human Character." A competent stenographer has reported the address in full, and it will be published next week or the week following. A great deal of literature was sold, and several new members were added to the Second Nationalist Club of this city, which meets there every Monday evening. At the close of the lecture questions were answered and remarks offered by Mr. Austin and others. At Berkeley Parlors, on Wednesday evening, the crowd was too large for the space, but everybody seemed to enjoy the exercises exceedingly, and they were unusually interesting. Vocal and instrumental music by Miss Zelda Browne and Mr. Colville; recitation by Mrs. Fowle-Adams; addresses by Miss Lydia Bell and Mrs. Miller; a lecture and poem by Mr. Colville, and brief remarks by several friends, occupied the time till nearly 10 o'clock, when about one hundred persons were served with palatable refreshments provided by a committee of ladies.

Miss H. M. Young has faithfully ministered at the door during the entire season of work. Many friends are bestirring themselves to make arrangements to bring Mr. Colville back to Boston for another term of usefulness very shortly. He lectured in Hartford, Conn., to excellent audiences, Thursday and Friday, Oct. 2d and 3d, and in G. A. R. Hall, Norwich, Conn., Sunday, Oct. 5th; he speaks there again next Sunday, Oct. 12th, at 1:30 and 7:30 P. M. He will deliver six lessons in Spiritual Science in Hartford, Oct. 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th, at 62 Capitol Avenue, where letters should be addressed this week. He resumes his work in New York, Sunday, Oct. 19th, at 574 Fifth Avenue, at 3 and 7:30 P. M.

The Spiritualists of Norwich, Conn., are exerting themselves energetically to make the lecture course of 1890-91 a great success. J. C. Kimball will lecture Sundays, Oct. 19th and 26th, and other excellent speakers have been engaged to follow. The Society is quite strong, considering the limited size of the town, and the officers are very earnest workers.

A correspondent sends us a fly handbill from Vineland, N. J., in which a man calling himself "Rev. J. T. Crumrine of Boston" has been lecturing there recently against Spiritualism. We have never heard of a "reverend" by that name as a resident of this city. There are lots of like ilk floating about the country endeavoring to pick up a penny by imposing upon the public in this way.

Hon. Sidney Dean addressed the Spiritualists of Worcester acceptably last Sunday afternoon and evening. Mr. A. E. Tisdale will occupy the platform the remaining Sundays of October, Mr. Dean those of November. The favor of a correspondent in reference to the lecture of last Sunday, received too late for this week's issue, will appear in our next.

The Spiritualistic Meetings in Boston last Sunday—the opening day of the season—were all well attended by our best citizens, going to show that a deeper interest than ever permeates the public mind here in regard to the Spiritual Philosophy. It is the same in other localities.

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.

What they Seek.

Probably five hundred women in this city to-day are desirous of securing a rich window drapery at nominal cost. To all such we commend a careful examination of the new Italian drapery, now extensively advertised by Paine's Furniture Company, and to be seen at their warehouses on Canal street.

They cost only \$15 a window, with laces complete. It is one of the most charming and dainty effects which can be found in this city at the price.

Message Department.

SPIRITUAL MEETINGS

Are held at the Hall of the Banner of Light Establishment on Tuesdays and Fridays of each week at 8 o'clock P. M. FREE TO THE PUBLIC.

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

J. A. SHELLHAMER, Chairman.

On Tuesday Afternoon the spiritual guides of Mrs. M. T. LONGLEY will occupy the platform for the purpose of answering questions propounded by inquirers, having practical bearing upon human life in its departments of thought or labor. Questions forwarded to this office by mail, or handed to the Chairman, will be presented to the presiding spirit for consideration. The Questions and Answers will be published each week under the above heading.

On Friday Afternoon Mrs. LONGLEY, under the influence of her guides, will give answers relative to communications with her loved ones of earth an opportunity to do so.

It should be distinctly understood that the Messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether they be good or bad. The Messages are given from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine purely from the Messages, but to express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

It is our earnest desire that those who recognize the Messages of their spirit-friends will verify them by informing us of the fact for publication.

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

Letters of inquiry relative to this Department must be addressed to COLBY & RICE, proprietors of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and not, in any case, to the medium.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED, THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF Mrs. M. T. SHELLHAMER-Longley.

Report of Public Séance held Sept. 16th, 1890.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh! thou Sacred Spirit—oh! thou tender soul of all love and peace, thou Infinite Parent, whose watch and ward are over all—we, thy children, draw near unto thee in the secret depths of our spiritual lives, seeking for light and knowledge and understanding of mortal existence. We turn to thee with souls receptive to the teachings of thy ministering angels, those who are commissioned to return to mortal life bearing the balm of healing for wounded hearts; those who can come with strength and information for benighted minds; those who go forth from place to place filled with the spirit of good-will and helpfulness unto their kind. Oh! may we ever be receptive to the blessings we may find on every hand, for the sunshine and the shower, for we know that these are of good and for useful ends.

We return thanks for the bright, choice blossoms that we find here today, placed in our hands to greet our sight. Every blossom is like a precious gem to the returning spirit, for it speaks of tenderness and good-will.

We thank thee, oh! our Father and our Mother-God, that such flowers can bloom on earth to brighten the pathway of thine immortal souls, and we thank thee also for the sympathy and friendliness of human hearts, that are prompted to place such here in order that we may rejoice at the presence of the angels of heaven. May we all receive a blessing at this time, spirits and mortals alike, by the expert enunciations and associations of this sacred hour. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

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

Q.—[From the audience.] Can the spirit guide inform the public why it is that some mediums when entranced by spirits eat food without any real results or effect? If the spirit food is eaten by the medium while not entranced by spirits, it would cause distress and sickness?

A.—This is an easy matter to understand by those who are familiar with the laws of spirit control and of spiritual magnetism, as applied to mortals. Not a spirit enters within the atmosphere of a medium but what he in some way affects the magnetic forces of that medium. It may be that a spirit may come within the atmosphere of a medium for the purpose of purpose of medium, and not being unfamiliar with it, and with the way to control, and at the same time excessively anxious to reach the earth-life, he may not consider the welfare or the health of the earthly instrument, and may, by his very approach and his operation upon the sensitive, exhaust her vital powers, therefore she will be depleted of magnetic force by this control. Let another spirit approach the same medium who understands somewhat the laws of psychological control, and who is familiar with the organism that he approaches, and he does not in any way exhaust the vitality of his medium, but on the contrary stimulates it by the application of his spiritual magnetic force to that degree as to perhaps re-vitalize the instrument while she is under his ministrations. Such a spirit, familiar with his medium, may be enabled, if he so desires, to partake of food that he himself has enjoyed in contact with the physical body, but while the medium who employs does not like, and perhaps that same food may disagree with her system when taken while not under the control of the spirit, but at the moment the spirit supplies his medium with new magnetic forces which assist the food taken into her system to assimilate with it, and to become properly digested, and that may be the entire secret of the whole affair.

It is a well known fact by the friends of this medium that the little Indian girl, Lotela, is very fond of a certain kind of fruit, which the medium herself dislikes very much. While under the influence of Lotela the medium may sometimes partake of a large quantity of that fruit, and it assimilates with her system and digestive forces, which would not possibly be the case were she in her normal condition.

Q.—[From the audience.] In the light of reincarnation is not a person who is stoned against, or wronged by another, a greater offender than the one who wrongs him, owing to psychic emanations?

A.—That is a metaphysical subject which it is difficult to grapple with for the understanding of mankind. He who is sinned against may possibly be an offender, but that does not by any means militate against the law of punishment, or the penalty which the offender must inevitably pay for the offense committed.

We must take into consideration, in passing judgment upon any wrong-doer, all the circumstances and environments, as well as the spiritual emanations that are connected with the case. Externally speaking, it is impossible for a mortal to take all these various conditions into consideration, because none but the one interested can possibly understand them, and many times he does not himself realize what have been the conditions pressing upon him. Spirits look upon this subject, many times, in a different light from what mortals do, because they may be able to see certain causes and circumstances not known to mortals.

One may, perhaps, commit a grievous wrong against a fellow creature. The one sinned against suffers severely, and yet there may have been something in the life, the actions or the environments of the offender which may have produced this very result through the action of the offended, and therefore these subtle laws and conditions, not being understood externally, may perhaps be largely to make up the case, in the practical light of our present existence it stands one in hand to study his own nature closely, to seek to understand his own conditions spiritually, mentally and physically, and to realize that as he commits a sin against himself so he commits a sin against humanity also; that as he wrongs another, so does he feel a most vital wrong himself. Let him study the law of justice and the golden

rule, which accord to all others the same rights and privileges which one would claim for himself. If he will make this his standard, there will be no little danger of his committing a wrong against any one, his own soul, or that of a neighbor.

Q.—[From the audience.] "Any attempt to talk with our departed friends after the manner of spiritualistic mediums will be most certain to bring us under the power of spirits who personate our friends, only to weaken our faith in the eternal word of God, and then work our speedy ruin." Will not Mr. Pierpont refute this false statement?

A.—This is an assertion strongly made by a person, we should judge, who understood but little of the spiritualistic philosophy. The affirmation is that by coming under the control of departed spirits one is made receptive to the influence of evil intelligences, which will, of necessity, work a ruin in this life of his. This we deny. One who becomes mediumistic responds to the control and approach of spirit intelligences, does not, of necessity, come under the dominion of evil-minded spirits. Indeed, we know of many, many sensitive individuals on earth, pure minded and honorable in their dealings, who are responsive to the dictations or the counsels of spiritual visitants, and who have never been subjected to a vile influence or power from beyond this vale of earth. Therefore, friends, with strong courage, and the determined belief instrumental in serving humanity under the instruction and influence of wise and good spirits, and if he is honest in this desire and profession he need not fear the approach or the power of undeveloped influences; he will attract to himself the high and good, who will delight to instruct and to guard him. These spirits will do their best with the media powers that are his to unfold them for useful ends; they will certainly endeavor to utilize his gifts so as to reach humanity in beneficent ways, and if his heart is in this work, if he desires the association of pure angels, certainly the undeveloped, the crude and vile, so to speak, that have departed the earthly form, will not be attracted to him, unless it be for instructive purposes.

It sometimes happens that undeveloped spirits—and they are all human, remember, they are all worthy of salvation from error and wrong-doing—may be brought to his atmosphere by wise attendants for the purpose of receiving instruction or of gaining some magnetic force from his media powers which will be of assistance to them in reaching the light. We never yet knew a pure-minded medium who earnestly and honestly, in the depths of her soul, desired to be protected from selfish or from evil influences, who was ever long made the prey of any such powers, because the desire sends out a strong magnetic force which is like a shield to the instrument against those encroaching powers, and which is also like a chain of light going out to higher souls and linking the petitioner to those bright ones beyond.

Q.—[From the audience.] Dear Spirit Pierpont: Some spiritualistic teachers affirm the physical evolution of human beings from lower forms of animal life to be an established truth. A lady medium of this city, who strongly insists that reincarnation is a fact, and that the soul is progressively developed through spiritual evolution through reincarnation, until it has arrived to the condition of a "just spirit made perfect." Is physical evolution, as above stated, an "established truth" or speculative hypothesis? and are you prepared to state definite knowledge—solid fact—in reference to the truth or untruth of "spiritual evolution" as held by the medium mentioned?

A.—What may be the solid fact, so-called, to a spirit who has observed and studied the operation of certain laws in the universe, as connected with and applied to human life, may not be a fact at all in the experience of a mortal, and may not be capable of demonstration to the understanding of mortals so as to become a fact in their experience.

The medium spoken of by your correspondent does not differ, in the statements made, from those which have been given by returning spirits through a great many other mediums upon earth. Evolution we accept as an established law. We know that the universe displays the evolution of spiritual life through its own laws, as well as the evolution of material forms of life through the laws of this physical universe, but it may not be possible for us to bring these ideas with convincing force to mortals; they must think and study for themselves, and reason upon facts as they appear before them in human experience, and build up their own theories.

We think the time is coming on earth when science, through her own discoveries and researches, will be able to demonstrate very clearly the truth of the Development Theory. We believe the time is coming when traces of the cross between animal and human life will be discovered, which will supply the "missing link" between the animal and the human kingdom. It may not be in this generation; we do not think it will; but to our mind the time will come when this will be made plain, when our common schools will teach the theory of evolution, but a science, clearly discernible to the unfolding mind as to be accepted as an established fact.

Spiritually speaking, man is a creature of evolution, unfolding in power, increasing in mental activity, growing constantly as he gains in knowledge, from the crude, more simple state to the more complex condition. We have seen intelligences in the higher life who, when on earth, were considered very feeble and informed indeed; the infinite might not have been desired by some of you; advanced and progressive in your ideas, you might scorn the thought of gaining counsel from such minds; but passing under new conditions, and coming under the operation of higher laws, these same crude, unformed minds have gained an impetus that has stimulated their powers, quickened their perceptions, and enlarged their knowledge. Now, could they appear among you you would not accept them as creatures of the past; you would not believe they were the minds that were on earth known by certain names, but would perhaps say: "Oh! this is an imposture." But not so. In one sense these minds are different, very different from what they were on earth; you might say they are creatures of a new embodiment, and so they are: they are creatures of evolution, for they have unfolded from one state to a higher, and are capable of infinite development through the ages of expansive growth that are opening before them.

Q.—[From E. H. II., Warwick, Mass.] Will you please define the uses of suffering, if it has any? Is it the inevitable result of natural law, or caused by overruling intelligences as steps of progression, that come attuning to the spiritual and the vicious?

A.—We believe that suffering has its uses in teaching the spirit, in strengthening the character, in stimulating human endurance, and in drawing out the mental nature of mankind. We do not believe that the human race would ever stand where it does to-day had it not been for suffering, severe and long. If man in his earliest ages had not suffered from the encroachments of the elements, he would never have sought protection from them; he would not have needed to; but if he had not needed to wrap skins around him, and to erect a dwelling which would protect him from the inclement weather, his powers of mechanical skill and usefulness would never have been stimulated to exercise themselves. As man learned that he could provide for his wants in certain ways, his mind became enlarged to entertain new thoughts; his powers increased; he began to study over his own immediate wants and necessities, and to try to provide for them; and so his education came into play, and mechanical skill and labor under the direction of judgment, produced such results that to-day we have a world built up of marvelous structures and beautiful schemes of civilization. So, friends, suffering, want and privation have been the means of drawing out in the human breast those very elements of power that make man to-day what he is in genius, in activity, and in intellect.

You might ask: Has suffering been the

only force that has vitalized mankind in this direction? And the reply: By no means! but it has been a very potent force in accomplishing this work.

Individually, suffering is of good; in many instances it refines and purifies the character or the spiritual nature, and brings strength to that character which will enable it to stand before the world and perhaps meet its storms and frowns with undaunted spirit. Adversity is a very good teacher, and without it man's expansion would be very limited. As the human race gains in knowledge, and understands of its own inherent forces, as well as of its relations to its kind; as men realize that they are all brothers, and that when one suffers all must in some way feel the effect, then will there be a cessation of much that is now painful, and that brings misery to the world, because human selfishness will begin to subside, and human love and a sense of justice will gain ascendancy. When these things come, men will seek not only to have his own life happy and blessed, but to bless his neighbors and associates, and therefore there will be less of the infliction of suffering than there is to-day. When man studies his physical system, learns how to live in accordance with natural law, there will be less pain in the mortal organism, and by-and-by, when you become spiritualized beings while still engaged in mortal forms, you may be able to stand the heat of heaven, which is the highest of happiness and I think I have seen earth, where there shall be neither sighing nor dying, nor any more pain, for the former things or conditions of life will have passed away.

Q.—May not the earnest, aspiring, harmonious wish of the soulful individual be considered as effective a prayer as a petition, verbal or unspoken, to some intelligence?

A.—It is not necessary to utter a verbal petition to any intelligence, in order to offer prayer or to gain a spiritualizing response for the soul's good and welfare. An unexpressed desire that is uplifting in character will of itself create a condition through which the petitioner may come in rapport with high, spiritualizing influences, and thus will draw to the petitioner such protection and even inspiration as are of the loveliest character.

It is not necessary to address a petition to Almighty God, in order to open the soul to the reception of high intelligences or ministrations. You may, in the depths of your heart, earnestly desire protection from influence from the pure and holy of immortal life; you may send out a silent aspiration to be made more worthy of the assistance and of the attendance of high souls; you may earnestly long, in secret, for the gifts of the spirit to be unfolded within you, through which grace and sweetness of soul-life may flow out to the world, and all these will be a most beautiful prayer which, at the same time, and in some way, must be responded to before they can be answered. As we continue to go forth, there will come an influence of peace, a mighty spiritualizing power, searching into and around your lives, giving you mental strength, filling your entire beings with an exaltation that is of itself purifying and helpful, and you may know by this that the angels are encamping around you, and that the Highest and Divine Source of All Life and Intelligence knows your need, and responds to it.

Q.—What relation does a fixed concentration of will and thought, in aspiration and desire, to some condition or possession, have to the consummation of that object, independently of material efforts in the same direction? Can thought become a power that will create new earth-conditions through underlying spiritual laws that transcend material ones?

A.—Thought belongs to the spirit. Thought is a part of the intellect. Without the spirit man cannot think, for mind and spirit are as one. The physical body may be parted from the spirit, or the spirit may be withdrawn from the physical body, and the form left cold and still before you, and yet the body will question, but it cannot respond; and it is a self-evident fact to all observation that no mental activity is in operation within that silent temple of clay; that, therefore, thought belongs to the spirit; it is a part of the mental nature of mankind; it is a power in itself. Will-force is thought, properly directed by the intelligent consciousness. Will-force would be of no use whatever were the application of thought. It is true that man cannot create within himself, creating constantly through the very activity of his nature, mental and spiritual, a magnetic atmosphere or aura, which of itself may become a vehicle of transportation for the operation of this law. Thought may be directed in a certain line, and so projected forward in connection with this atmospheric aura, called magnetism, as to reach its point and perform a certain work, and in this case, we may say that the will-force of the operator is in direct contact with the subject to do his special work. These are potent forces, and when understandingly allied may be very potential in affecting special results.

A positive mind, even on earth, might apply itself to a certain question day by day, unremitting in its attention, and it will certainly send forth this will-power upon the subject considered, and after a while, undoubtedly, when our common schools will teach the theory of evolution, but a science, clearly discernible to the unfolding mind as to be accepted as an established fact.

It is not always possible for a positive mind on earth, or in spirit, to be directed toward some other intelligence, to draw that subject to his side, yet it is sometimes possible, and many times accomplished. A very positive individual on earth may direct his thought forward a spirit in the other life to such an extent as to draw the spirit to him, as to hold the spirit in close contact with his own atmosphere, perhaps to the detriment of the intelligence thus drawn to him, or perhaps for his benefit, according to the case. It is sometimes possible, through the direction of this will-force or potential thought, for a spirit to so apply his mind to a mortal as to draw the thoughts of that mortal constantly toward him in spirit—without, however, in any way, a positive mind in spirit-life who has come in close rapport with a mortal, to so direct his will-power, and to so impregnate the magnetic atmosphere of the mortal with his own atmosphere, as to sever the connection of the mortal with this earth, and to draw his spirit to the other life; so you see will-power, or the concentration of thought, is indeed a most potent weapon in the hands of one who understands its application for good or for evil results.

Q.—Have all spiritually-minded persons, who believe in exalted intelligences, guides who influence and assist them in all that will subserve their best interests and true advancement?

A.—Guides are attracted to mortals through the law of association, or of attraction. A guide, so-called, or a spiritual attendant, may be a very good, wise and exalted intelligence, or he may be a very indifferent sort of a person. You may have an associate on earth who is not, perhaps, exceedingly well informed upon general matters; he may perhaps be one who would not be a very safe guide to you in making certain movements, or taking certain steps, but you may desire such advice as will assist you, and so you seek the association or counsel of some individual who will be more advanced in understanding, and in the power of guidance, in that special direction. So, if you attract to yourself a spirit attendant who is not the highest, but is pure in thought and deed, and have come to understand the law of life that you may feel it is best for you to have the protection and guidance of more wise and exalted souls, you will send out a silent petition for the companionship of such, and you will do more than that: you will try to make your daily life so pure, and so filled with earnest endeavor to do right and to be useful, that you will make yourself fit associate for the highest spirits, and thus you will attract them to you, and the guidance thus drawn will be of a higher quality, while the protecting power will be more strong and sure. Therefore, you see that it is possible for one on earth to be attended by spirits who will not be able to advise him for the best good of himself and his kind, and yet if he really desires to be of use and to do good, he may, in time, attract to himself the higher and more intelligent, by his own aspirations and desires.

SPIRIT MESSAGES, THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF Mrs. M. T. SHELLHAMER-Longley.

Report of Public Séance held Sept. 12th, 1890.

[Continued from last week.]

James L. Russell.

I hardly dare to hope that I should be permitted to speak at your meeting to-day. I come, because I am interested in this work, and because there are the magnetic forces in your circle-room of mediumistic souls from my own city that give me power, in a measure, to come. I strongly desire to reach my wife and my friends with a word of love and greeting from your Banner platform. And yet this Spiritualism was comparatively nothing to me when on earth. To-day it is a part of my life, for I have found its teachings, and I have been led, step by step, to understand life as I never did comprehend it here. I have been taught something of my own immortal nature, which I disregarded on this side of life. My friends might have told you, perhaps, that I was a very good sort of a fellow, that is, when I agreed with them, and perhaps if I disagreed with them, they might speak in another way; but they would not give me credit, I think, for any particular spirituality when here. Yet I had warm friends, and I think I have known them. I know there are hearts warm and true that are beating in friendly remembrance of me even as I was in the rough when on earth, and I know they are glad when they can get a word from me, or from some other friend in the spirit-world—that is, some of those friends are glad, others know nothing about it, and would not believe if they were told, but I have a good feeling for them all.

I am not exactly on the police force, either as a high officer or as one of the lower grade, but a sort of watchman on the spiritual side, to see how things are going on, and to do what I can to shape them according to the right.

I wish to tell my dear wife, Elizabeth, I have gained more light and knowledge through her connection with Spiritualism, and her good work, than I ever could have got in any other way. Perhaps she knows this. Perhaps I have not told her before, but it does me good to say it again. I want her to know it, and others to know that I appreciate her unselfishness, and that it has done more to lift me up in a spiritual way than anything I know of. The more good she does the brighter her spirit shines, the more beautiful her pathway opens to the other life, and every bit of that light and beauty reflects on me. Not that I am one to sit down and let a woman do all the work and take the credit for it. Not a bit of it; but the same, there comes out to me a sweetness from my companion's life that is very beneficial.

I don't know as I succeed in manifesting myself as I ought to do, but then I am just as I am, and I do the best I can with the instrument I have here. I want to send my very kindest greeting to Jacob and his companion, and to all who are so kindly in their thoughts of me, and then all I know what is going on, and I feel good over it.

While I would not prevent my wife from doing good in any way, I would caution her a little to look more closely in certain lines where she is putting out largely and see if it would not be just as well to let certain people rely more upon their own efforts. When I see selfishness cropping out, and a sort of disposition to sponge, I don't like it.

James L. Russell of Cincinnati.

Joseph B. Hall.

I think I have seen you before, Mr. Chairman; but whether I have or not I am going to shake hands with you. I feel happy to be here on Brother Colby's platform, and first of all I am going to give him my love, and tell him I will stand by him as far as I can just as long as he holds out, and when he gets to the other side I will help him across. I think he would like to hear from his old friend, though I did not come to give him a special send-off. I tried to come once before through the medium, but did not succeed, so the little Indian girl Lotela said a few words for me. To-day I want to speak for myself, and perhaps for somebody else.

I am a Spiritualist, full-fledged—a pretty old one, and, sir, a tough one, too—that is, the fighting of the world did not move me a bit; the more people who didn't understand anything about the Cause and about the manifestations kicked against it the more I felt the power to stand up in its behalf. And now I feel just the same.

I have been exactly editing a paper, getting out my sheet for public consideration, but I am interested in the dissemination of news over the country, here and in the spirit-world, and in sending forth a form of truth in all quarters. That is my work, and I am feeling in very good spirits over it.

Then, you see, I have met my loved ones who went before me—the dear ones who came with their blessed messages, their love tokens, their teachings, and all the vicissitudes of their presence, and I have been able to receive. I did see a good many during my sojourn here, especially during the last ten years of it, and I appreciated and was grateful for them all.

And now I should not wonder, Mr. Chairman, if there were some people in this room that knew me when I was here. I am glad they are here, because I am very happy to meet with any old friend.

I know that my companion was very sad and depressed after the departure from the body. I know she longed for a comforting word, and I came very close to her.

I don't forget those who were true and faithful and loving and good all the years of their life, and that made me a better man by their association, and I want her to feel that through the depths of her soul. I think she has done so, and the thought has made me feel better also.

My little Kitty came, and helped me to get back to earth-life very quick; Frank came with strong power, and as I saw the bright faces clustering around me in the spirit-world, I felt it was good to be there, and good to be alive, and that I must go to work to help somebody else to know that it is possible to be alive after the physical body decays.

I send my greeting to my friends in all directions. I have them in various places, and I would like the people in the old Aroostook region to know that I have a kind feeling for them, that I am full of mental vitality and energy, ready to come back to them, if they will open the way. Some of them will say: "I don't care anything about the Banner of Light establishment; of course they will make it all up down there."

Well, now, those very same friends may go to look upon the way for me or some one else to come in their own region, and we'll see what we can do there to make Spiritualism a power.

One active brain has ceased to work at Presque Isle not long since, one of the well-known residents of that place, who made his energy understood, I think, through his long life of usefulness. He has been called to the other world; I have seen him, and have told him about these open ways to earth-life, how he can take advantage of them, and requested him to come and make himself known, but he doesn't seem to feel the power. Perhaps he will sometime, but I just want to say for him, and for all others who go out of the body, that they are circumstanced just according to their desires, and that they find ways and means of unfolding their powers, of stimulating their energies, and making themselves useful men and women.

Dudley, of whom I speak, I know would be glad to send back word to his friends that he has landed safe on the other shore.

Joseph B. Hall, of Presque Isle, Me.

Mrs. O. J. Wilcox.

[To the Chairman:] How do you do? I didn't know I was coming to meeting. They just said to me: "There's a place in Boston where they take a word from the spirit side and send it out, so that the world may know there is really no death." I was an old lady, sir, a very old lady. I saw more than four score years while in the body, but I think they will say I kept along pretty well; and though it was time for me to go out when the summons came, yet I don't know as I left anything or anybody

feeling that I had lived too long, I hope not; and I don't feel that they did. I lost my husband a good many years before I went away, but I don't lose him after all, because, so I see, I found him on the other side. He has been with me all this time, Philo has; and it did me so much good when I lost all thought of this mortal side to see him, and he looked so familiar, only just brighter and stronger, and sort of comelier than he did when he was the last few years of his life.

Well, sir, I don't come to make a long speech, but just to tell my friends that I am happy, and that I have found a good world, in having found that spirits have good common sense and know how to make use of a good thing when they find it; and that is, especially, this way of coming back. Now, I am glad to make use of it. Spiritualism is true; that's a fact, or I wouldn't be here; and Spiritualists ain't all fools, either.

I would like to come, sir, if I could, to my friends where I belonged. I don't quite like this talking right out before everybody, so I shan't say anything about private matters but that I would want any one to hear. I'll just say that I am very glad that I've got through with the earthly side, and I am ready to go on and on, just as far as I can, with the heavenly. My husband's family and relatives have been well-known in Springfield, Mass., and I think somebody will be surprised to find the old lady has come back. She has not been out a year, either. I lived at the corner of Main and Wilcox streets, you may know where Wilcox street is. That was my husband's family name. Mrs. O. J. Wilcox.

Joshua Botts.

I reckon we crowd in pretty fast, but I did just make up my mind to come to-day. You see, I've been here, Mr. Chairman, round these parts, off and on, looking up a chance to get in, a good many times, and I just said to myself, "Joshua, there's no reason why you can't get in to-day." So I couldn't be shut out this time. I reckoned that wouldn't go away. I've been away a good many years. It's over a quarter of a century, and perhaps I'd better not try to tell exactly how long, because if I should make a mistake somebody would be up and after me and say this was all nonsense. But I tell you it is between twenty-five and thirty years.

I came into this world a long time ago, and it was in Boone County, Ky. You don't call that very far off in their days, sir, it was a little way off from the East, and the idea of getting to Boston would have been astonishing to some of the folks in our parts. I didn't live there all my life, but I knew enough about the place and the country to have a fondness for it, sir. I've been down to old Kaintuck since I have been out of the body, quite a number of times, and, bless you! what changes have taken place. Why! there's Burlington, that in these days is such a big place! and now, some little one of the way corners of Boone County are larger, if you'll believe me, than Burlington was then, so you see the world is growing, and I'm glad of it.

I went off to Illinois, and I had strange experiences. Some of them were rough and tumble, but I got through till the end came. I had a proper good wife; she was all the help to me that a woman could be. And the children! Oh! we had fine children, if I do say it, and we were all in the body, sir, we were all across the border, and I went; but I wasn't cut off, and so I knew, in a way, something of the changes that came to those left here on the earthly side.

I suppose down there in Hancock County places have changed, too; St. Mary's is growing, and all the rest of them. I have seen places in the spirit-world growing, too, filling up and broadening out, so you've not got the whole of that sort of thing of progress on this side.

[To the Chairman:] You are a stranger, but you are my friend. I want to say to anybody that cares to hear from me—and perhaps some of the boys and girls will—I am glad to give them greeting. Mother is happy, oh! so happy to think she has ascended to the higher life; she is proud of it. She thinks it is the highest and grandest gift that could be given to her, to be freed from the body, and to be taken into the spirit-world, and my wife is as proud when she saw Joshy? Well, I reckon she wouldn't have me tell that, you know, right out, only it sort o' makes me feel good to speak of it.

Our people are here and there, none of them in this part of the country, I take it, but in different places, and they may be glad to hear from us. Mother, she wanted so much for me to say how thankful she was to Belle for all the care and love and how good she was in bringing good influences to help her along in life, and to give her love to Ben. And oh! so many things! If she can ever speak for herself she'll have so much to say you'll have to give her the whole afternoon. Anyway, sir, we're both very thankful. I don't expect I shall ever come round these parts again to give a message, because I'd feel mean to take up somebody's place that had n't got in; but I'll want to give her word for word about what she has said on this line I'll give them a good start.

Mary Ann Newmarch.

Only a few words, Mr. Chairman, to my friends in Boston, and my sister Jane, if she can know that I come back. I don't know as she will, but so many times have I seen her suffering, through the frail body that she wears, and I know how anxious she has felt lest that insidious disease should be sapping her vitals. I want to give her a little message of love and good cheer. She has had a hard time to get along in the world, but she has been blessed with a cheerful disposition, only sometimes when pain and weariness have come over her, she has felt as if it would be better if she could lay down and die.

I have been around this medium a good deal during the last three months, because I heard that she was used in this way. I don't know whether she sensed my presence or not, but I never saw her or heard of her only in the spiritual world. I thought if I could get round I might learn how to come to your circle.

Now, sir, if you will please say to Jane we are with her, her dear friends, father and mother, and sisters, who passed out of earth years ago, and that we are anxious to help her, and to ease her burdens, I think it will give her comfort. I want her to know I don't think she need worry so much about what the doctor said. They didn't know much as they thought they did. She was not so badly off in her physical as they have feared. I think if she will keep up a good heart, and be a little careful about exposure, and pay more attention to her diet, she will find herself growing stronger by-and-by, and be able to take more comfort in life.

We know how she has cared for that little wretch that came in her way, and when she comes to the spirit-world she will find her reward for that, and for other blessed deeds.

My sister lives in Boston. Mary Ann Newmarch.

Anita.

[To the Chairman:] I want to come, chief, as I promised a squaw here. I want to send love back to my medium. My medium lives in the far West. Want to say Anita come and not got so good hold of this medium as do my medium. Tell Fanny medium, Anita send love; go on to keep promise. Spits promise squaw medium and brave should be a cheer should have something good, by-and-by, and to open the way to go out and see places, and get more experience.

[To one in the audience:] How do, Ella squaw? Said 'em come. You tell 'em, won't you? Bring Ella squaw heaps of love from the hunting-grounds. You do my medium heap good by your influence, and help her when she feel down. You know me love you. Good moon.

Katie A. Kinsey.

Pardon me, Mr. Chairman, if I say a few words, but Mr. Pierpont has kindly permitted me, and I am so accustomed, or have been through the years past, to the control of this medium, I know I can be expeditious and do her no harm.

