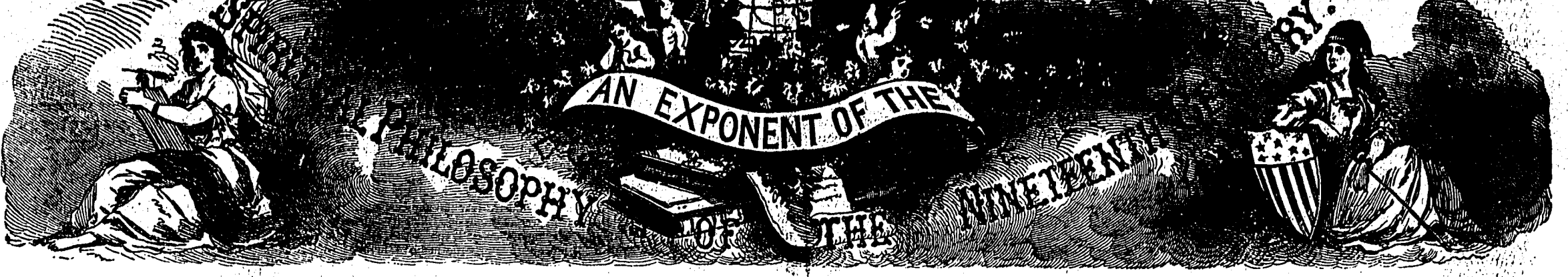


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"Resurrexit."

ADDRESS

Delivered at the Obsequies of Prof. Henry Kiddle, in New York City, Monday, Sept. 28th, 1891, by
PROF. DAVID B. SCOTT.

(Reported specially for the Banner of Light.)

I have been requested by the family to make a few remarks beside the body of our deceased friend, HENRY KIDDLE. I do so under a sense of the honor that has been done me; I hope to show, before I am through, that I am not insensible of that honor. I am not a friend of eulogies at funeral services. My own feeling for myself and those who belong to me is a simple prayer, the reading of the appropriate Scripture and then the end. That would be truly suitable for common men and common women, but there are exceptions to all rules, and the exception always arises when it is no common man or no common woman whose funeral services we come to honor. Mr. Kiddle was no common man; he was a man of great intellect; he was large-minded. He occupied a great and useful place as an educator; he filled his position successfully, honorably and nobly; and the lesson out of such a life is one that must come to us when we come to lay him away.

The question for me to answer this morning is, What was the lesson of his life? I wish to touch only on that side of his character which belongs to his public and private life as a Teacher, as a Superintendent of Schools and as an Educator. I limit myself to that side, knowing very little of the later years of his life, and of the other side of his character, which is probably better known to some of you than it is to me.

What I have to say will be entirely of my own knowledge, and it will be actual positive truth as far as I can make. I shall repeat nothing that I have heard and I shall state only what I know, knowing as we all do that knowing is always infinitely better than believing.

We all started at the same time, some older, some younger. I was and am his senior by two years. But his life was like a blanket covering that of all of us; some have joined the silent majority, others have remained in or out of the schools. I think there is some appropriateness in giving my own views on the character of this remarkable man.

The first thing that strikes me to speak of is the breadth of his intellect. I have heard it said, in speaking of him, that in certain ways he seemed to be narrow. I do not think so, and know it was not so. He had one of those minds which, turned in any direction, would have made him remarkable. Said Joseph McKean, the Superintendent who preceded him: "Scott, if Kiddle had turned his attention to mathematics, he would have been one of the greatest mathematicians of the schools." I may speak of a worthy man who used to assist in the same school, as Vice-Principal, and to whom the kindness shown by Mr. Henry Kiddle remains fixed in the hearts of the members of his family who survive, and will continue there until they are gone. Mr. Kiddle would have been a great classical scholar had he so chosen; he would have been great in any line, if he had but chosen to devote his entire attention to that particular line. It was very easy to notice among us young men, the robustness of his mind. I use that word carefully; he was as robust as an oak, and there was no weakness about his entire intellect that I could detect. It was shown in his intrepid moral courage. He had the great virtue of moral courage, the courage of his convictions. When Henry Kiddle was assured of anything you might as easily have torn up the roots of an oak as to have turned him away from his convictions. Another thing I noticed was the clearness of his judgment. He had one of the clearest intellects that I have ever touched; he had the faculty of insight; he had the faculty which sees a thing and grasps it. I remember one particular occasion when I was greatly troubled, and he was standing near. It comes back to me now as though it were yesterday. I mentioned to him what the difficulties were. "Well, is that all; why there is the point," and he struck it right in the bull's eye. There was no doubt about it, and I yielded, just as a weak man will yield to his superior. His clearness of judgment was so marked that I think I may repeat the words of my dead friend, so near whose re-

mains I now stand. It was no vanity that prompted them. It was after that terrible trial, when his days looked dark, his friends were few, and his best friends, even, seemed to have deserted him, we were walking together, and he said to me, "Scott, when I look back and think of the men whom I have touched in the Board of Education, I take pride in knowing that men who came in prejudiced against me, turned out to be my best friends." How could they do otherwise, when a man is intrepid, when he touches men with a clear vision, and when his judgment is assured? How could men do otherwise than to respect that man who claimed and won a right to hold that respect?

I speak next of that which always impressed me, and that was his power of work. He had the greatest power of work of any man that I ever met. He could get through with more intellectual labor than any man I ever knew, and always of any of the young men who started with him. He was the noblest Roman of them all. I never saw a man who would get through so much. He would examine all day in the schools and at the close of a wearisome day (that must have been wearisome to him) he would go down to his office and attend to matters of the Board of Education, settle troublesome affairs and discharge other duties; and this he would continue day after day, week after week, month after month, absolutely without rest. And he did it all so easily. He was lubricated, if I may use that word, amidst his labors, and that which would have killed a common man enabled him to do better still. He was a wonderful man. May I say something in this half-familiar way which I know will not be wholly displeasing? We sat together in the years gone by, and I said to him, "Kiddle" (excuse the way I use his name, but I always was accustomed to it), I said to him, "Kiddle, why don't you become a lawyer? you are wasting your days here, it seems to me, and a great deal of this is enormous drudgery." This was in the very early part of his superintendency. He looked at me quietly, and when he spoke he paid me one of the highest compliments of my life. "I think I would like to go into the law if you would come in as my partner." I said to him, "Kiddle, you would kill me with work in a very short time; if not in three months then surely in six months. If, perchance, the partnership lasted a year, then there would have to be a divorce." But, as you know, he never went into the law, and he gave his best services to the cause of education. As an instance of this power of work, I will tell you something that he did as a very young man, and not as a superintendent. He did not have, as you know, a college education, but we all know how large his education became! He was determined to become a master of Latin. He took lessons of old Mr. Belden, whose place he afterward held. He was my father-in-law, and therefore, these are all facts. The old gentleman said: "He was the most terrible fellow to study that I ever had for a pupil. I would give him three or four hundred lines, and he would come back the next day with eight or nine hundred prepared, and I had to beg off." I think that a large part of this tremendous work was due to his systematizing power. He never did anything twice. This was a saving of time for him. That which men like myself palter over two or three times to get right and don't get right after all, he did at once. He was the most rapid and vigorous writer of English that I ever saw, and I never knew him to change or alter the construction of a sentence even when he was pressed for time. When he wrote it there, it stayed there. It was so in all his public speeches I had the pleasure of hearing. He was not given to flights of rhetoric. Even as a young man I could not perceive it in him; he was great and solid rather than otherwise; but his speeches were all well turned.

I now come to speak of him along certain lines in which I might be supposed to know more of him. As a teacher I am careful to eulogize him. I never was one of his pupils, and cannot say what his processes were in presenting a subject in the classroom, but from what I know of his methods I judge he would be an admirable instructor. I come to one point of his character of which I can speak, and I can do it with a great deal of pleasure, because I have often said it before. One of his principal duties as Superintendent was examining classes. As an examiner, I never saw his equal, and I never shall. I know nothing of the great Arnold of Rugby; I know nothing of Professor Dwight of Columbia, who they tell me was such a great examiner, but I have heard Henry Kiddle in my own school and elsewhere, and he was the most wonderful examiner I have ever heard. His patience, his power of getting out of the pupil just what he wanted, the way in which he presented the question, and not changing the same, so as to avoid confusing the child's mind—all this surprised me and won my admiration. In those days we were not so friendly as later on; but never, when he got through, could I thank him enough for the patience, kindness, and wonderful skill with which he made those classes do their very best. I am now going to touch a few points of the other side of his character, not strictly professional, but before doing so, I must speak upon a matter that was of pronounced interest to him and to me. When I first knew him, he did not profess to believe in Christianity. I think he and I were often at swords' points on that subject. There was no cleaner or purer young man than he; he was clean-minded; and by clean-minded I mean more than I care to say right here. Curiously enough, later on in his life, he saw the truth as I no longer seemed to see it. I grew darker, and he grew

lighter; he grew sweet and tender, but not even more pure. As a friend, which is one of the other aspects of his character, let all those speak whom he has befriended. I know what he could be as a friend. There are those in this room to whom he has been a friend, and when Henry Kiddle befriended a man, he did all he could for him. He held him to his heart, and when he held him there nothing could interfere, if he had made up his mind that he was to be a friend. I would feel that I had not done my work if I did not refer to what might be called his Gethsemane, when the days were dark and his friends few; the trial of his faith in his convictions. If ever a man was a martyr, then Henry Kiddle was a martyr and a witness to the truth of his convictions. He left and lost his place in the Board of Education; that great place which he had filled so grandly. There may come and go other superintendents, and I know not what may happen in future times, but when he left that place, no grander soul had ever performed its duties, and I knew them all, every one from Stone down.

Of that eventful period to him I will say nothing but words of kindness now. Should I say other, I would almost be afraid that the spirit of my friend would arise from this casket and rebuke me. I felt that as probably few other men in the city felt it. I never shall forget the feeling that swept over this city amongst educators, and principally those of the Board, at the approach of that period of trial. I learned a terrible lesson then of what good men could be when they had a duty to perform. I remember going out one Sunday morning before the trial was to take place and meeting one of those members of the Board who were opposed to him as he was leaving his church. With him I walked up Broadway. I pleaded with him as for a brother that his case should be considered with tenderness and mercy; that his character should be considered, for if that were not considered then nothing were worth considering. I pleaded and pleaded, but in vain, for brushing me aside, he said, "I would crucify my own brother, if he were in his place." He was a good man! That was the way I was met, and I gave up the case as hopeless. I saw that it was written and could not be swept out of sight; but the thing is all gone now, and probably history will never repeat itself. I want to say this about my friend on that particular occasion: His character shone then like a star, and it was beautiful. Of course there were things that were terribly hard to bear, and he bore them with a sweetness and beauty that to-day I look back upon as a lesson of delight. Some time after this I met him and wanted to introduce the subject, and I never shall forget the look that came upon his face—the kindly look that came upon his face, as he said, "Scott, I am getting through with all that; it is past, it is past," and there was a simple quiet light in his eyes that I think came from heaven. I never meddled with it again; it taught me a lesson. You who have the same faith as he have a delightful faith—you who believe that he is here—and I sometimes greatly wish that I could have it. How my dear friend did wish that I could have it! How he implored me to get it; and perhaps I have tried to get it and have failed. I envy you who have it. Should he be here to-day, let him hear what I say, and should he hear me, he can understand my feelings better than any words I can speak.

Memorial Service.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

A service in memory of PROF. HENRY KIDDLE was held by the Society of Spiritual Research in New York City, Sunday evening, Oct. 4th. Eloquent eulogistic addresses were made by J. William Fletcher, Dr. Augusta Fletcher, and others. Letters of regret for enforced absence from Judge A. H. Dailey and E. H. Benn were read, also the following tribute by Mrs. Milton Rathbun:

When a great man dies, the world bows in sorrow; men pause to mourn the departure of the gifted brother who has been to them at once an inspiration, a helper, and a guide. This brother, who has been called to inherit life eternal, was a lover of humanity ready and anxious at all times for the uplifting and betterment of the human race; how sincerely his tangible presence missed, how much his return longed for, and how literally the memory of his deeds, his words and his manner fills the thoughts of all his friends, from the dearest relative to the slight acquaintance, or the most insignificant among his admirers.

We would speak of him as one who lately stood in our midst a leader, also a teacher, combining in his character so many praiseworthy attributes—carrying such a weight of wisdom, such accomplishment in learning, such an amount of dignity and sound sense in judgment—which judgment was for the right, and in the right: such a pleasing personality as to win the respectful admiration of all, and the love of many. Shrinking from publicity, even from just praise, yet ever springing to the foreground in defense of assailed truth, dealing such blows as those less qualified could not deal—the enemies who would by stealth undermine or openly attack the foundations of truth. It is a well-known fact that he grew strong through suffering; that those who had professed the greatest friendship for and confidence in him were unable to stand the test which resulted in his martyrdom; that they turned against him when he most needed their sustaining loyalty, which was found "wanting" when they were "weighed in the balance."

Those hours of darkness must have been bitter and hard to bear, yet he stood firm as the giant oak amid the tempest—patient, and even kind toward his enemies. We can fancy that in his heart he cried out in the words and the same spirit as our "elder brother," when madly persecuted and crucified: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

One fact is apparent: that from that day until this, he has commanded and continued to hold the respect which he gained from all classes and conditions of humanity. Strongly individualized, with rare qualifications and attainments, he was eminently fitted to work profitably in the broad field of usefulness, covering so many departments of life that we wonder, in attempting to count and classify the sheaves, how one gleaner could have garnered so great a number. In private life, particularly in the home-circle, his life was beautiful indeed. Whatever may have been his losses, trials, discouragements in the outside world, he must have felt the sunshine of contentment as he basked in the loyalty and love so freely bestowed by his family at his fireside. So many times have we been glad for him, when we have noted the devotion of his noble wife and children, striving with anxious tenderness to shield him from or throw off the depressing influences to which, by his highly sensitive organism, he was susceptible. Capable, by virtue of his naturally refined and trained nature, of the keenest enjoyment, he was, by the same virtues, subject to depths of suffering unknown to those less refined and less developed. As he wore his honors meekly, so did he bear his sorrows and trials bravely and unselfishly.

His charity was large and ever ready. No one was condemned without a hearing, and to the accused he gave the benefit of the doubt. In the world of mediumship he was beloved, and many mediums must be weeping to-day because their able champion and defender will no more kindly greet them in mortal form. Spiritualism has, to earthly sense, lost one of its greatest lights—one of its ablest, if not its ablest, defender. Educational literature has been deprived of a right hand of great strength. Scientific research has lost a co-worker and prompter from which it could ill afford to part.

In the chains of friendship and love, a strong link has dropped out, leaving us sad, yea deeply sorrowing, for 'tis but human nature to mourn so great a loss. We can, however, find consolation in attempting to picture what his gain must be; what a joyful entrance to that grand inheritance he must have found; how unspeakably happy he must be in the fulfillment of the law of recompense. Then, the glad reunions! Ah! can we mourn or veil our eyes in sadness when these thoughts take form and fill the soul with wonder, hope, yea, even joy itself? Let us emulate his example, following in his footsteps as closely as possible; for if we strive to imitate our arisen brother, we shall do well. May his mantle fall in some portion upon us, and may we never lose sight of the fact that we must work while it is day, forgetting the wearying physical conditions in the pleasures of useful opportunities well improved.

The message in the life of our brother is an exhortation to diligence in a career of usefulness. May we be wise in heeding this message. When we shall grasp his hand on the further shore of time, if we can say truly: "Your message was to me an inspiration which has filled my days with deeds of goodness," then shall we rejoice with exceeding great joy; we shall wear the victor's crown, and be able to put the earth under our feet, ready for our onward march from sphere to sphere in the realms of spirit-life, according to the law of everlasting progression!

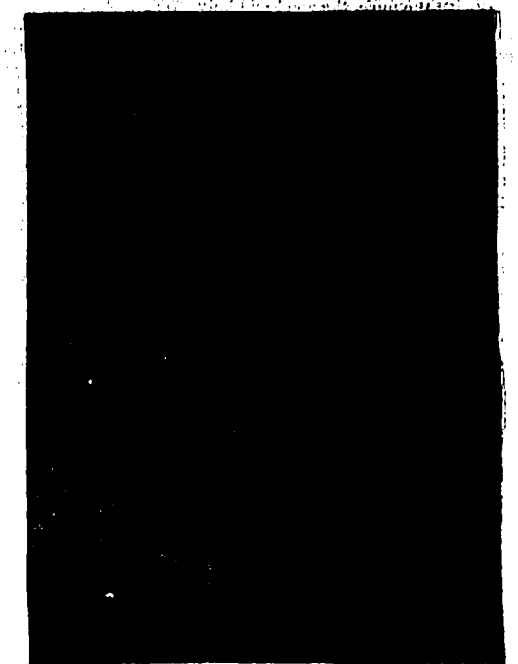
An Appreciative Summary.

From a two-page sketch of the experiences of Prof. Kiddle—contained in that worthy volume "Cassadaga," and published while he was yet in the mortal—we extract the following, as the views not only of its editors and compilers, but of thousands of Spiritualists everywhere:

Twenty years ago Prof. Kiddle was chief superintendent of schools for the city of New York, and was re-elected to that position four times. He retired from it, against the advice of his friends, and, though not a candidate, and amid a whirlwind of opposition from orthodox people, because of his publication of a book entitled "Spiritual Communications," his fame was such that three votes more would have re-elected him in 1879. For ten years Prof. Kiddle had been rated among the first citizens of the American metropolis. As much as any other man may be called the father of the system of schools now operative in New York City. A scholar, author and writer of national repute, a tireless worker among the teachers of the city, who to-day describe their relations to him and his to them with an affectionate regard that is worth a lifetime to win. To lose this position was no small matter. It had cost him forty years of tireless work. It had brought him fame honestly earned; and before him stretched a peaceful decline into advanced life, where, amid flowers and friends and loving memories, he could peacefully await the call to green fields beyond.

Did he sacrifice all this and these willfully? Why not? A man of half his ability and experience might have seen the result. His friend, Judge Edmonds, had only recently laid down similar riches and cheerfully, lovingly accepted his cross. He must have known in advance what he would meet—what he has met.

Prof. Kiddle's sixty-six years of earth-life have been full of active service in behalf of his fellowmen. He has endeavored to discharge



PROF. HENRY KIDDLE.

his every duty with conscientious fidelity, and has repaid trust with trust. Since his retirement from the office of superintendent of schools he has had to endure several painful afflictions, in the transition of members of his household, and in the partial loss of his sight. In these trials he has never murmured nor complained, and has been upheld by his knowledge of the life beyond and its compensations. His contributions to spiritual literature, beside the book referred to, have been varied and valuable. His earnestness, his cultivated intellect and ever present moral dignity have rendered him a formidable and much respected controversialist; and both as speaker and writer he has earned for himself a wide-spread repute.

(From School, New York City.)

Henry Kiddle.

In the death of Henry Kiddle, formerly Superintendent of Schools, many tender personal memories are recalled to the minds of a large number of the teachers in New York, and of thousands of pupils and men and women whose lives have come in contact with his in half a century of school work. Mr. Kiddle has probably left a stronger individual impression on the public school system than any officer who has ever directed it. He was a natural executive, bold, aggressive and intrepid. When convinced that his course was for the benefit of the schools, nothing swerved him from it. Coming into office when political influence in its worst sense pervaded the administration of school affairs, he never hesitated to grapple with it, he never parleyed with it, and to his determination it is due that the public school administration since his time has been freer from political interference than that in any other great city in this country. This was Mr. Kiddle's great and chief service to the city, and it was executed conscientiously. His name has left an affectionate remembrance with all who knew him, that is deepened by the few last sad years of his life.

THE INNER LIFE.

We know there is a life within the life. Of each who, toiling, treads the conquered way; Ever a fiercer strife behind the strife we see. That each is—even to wage from day to day. We find ourselves contending with a world. In which ambition rules and pride holds sway; We drink and scoff, like others, are possessed With zeal to grasp the baubles as we may. So we are judged to be alike as base As he who sells for pottage all he hath— Who yields not only love and joy and truth, But yields for this his soul's immortal worth. Be thou serene before the heartless judge, Brave heart that hath with unseen valor fought; Strive not to hold against the world a grudge, And sell the sunshine of thy life for naught. The world can never know thee as thou art, Much less with truth can judge thee as it ought; But if thou hast with courage done thy part, For thee there's nothing further to be sought. 'T is well for us to toil and strive to win All that our health and comfort may require; But let the angel still within us reign, That he may aid the world to something higher.

Then let the inner life be full and free— Let mind rule with the centre of the might, Let heart and soul with aspiration turn Toward all that's great in nature, grand in light. Then be the world in judgment true or false, The heart, secure in consciousness of worth, Can find within its battlements of truth The greatest pleasure possible to earth.

—Phrenological Journal.

What Americans Enjoy.

While there are many things which "rite" the average American citizen, concerning the administration of the government, the multiplication of "trusts" on every hand, and the general tendency to uplift the "dollar" and depress the "man," still we as a people are possessed of many things which we use daily, as freely as the air, but which we fail to appreciate—even hardly noticing that they exist. As a sort of "scale-of-miles" wherewith to measure our advance in civil rights with that of some other lands, the following special dispatch to the daily press can be profitably perused. What a sweeping compend of reform for Venezuela—but almost everything in which we Americans have possessed for years, save that the "death penalty" still continues with us, and the utterly unwarrantable interference of so-called "detectives" with the commonest private rights of our citizens is cheerfully perennial!

PANAMA, Oct. 2d.—Advices from Caracas say that the Congress has passed a bill depriving the President of the veto abolishing the death penalty; guaranteeing the inviolability of private letters; preventing domiciliary visits, except to prevent the commission of crime; making free any slave who steps on Venezuelan soil; guaranteeing free speech, a free press, religious liberty, and the right of public assembly; abolishing passports, and guaranteeing the right to petition and appeal. The government will provide for all primary instruction in schools, as well as instruction in art and trades.

INSPIRATION.

It comes like the sigh of the forest,
When the wind softly stirs the leaves,
Filling our hearts with gladness,
Leading our minds with shuffles.
As we lie in our lone night watches,
On couches of straw or down,
The angel spirits around us throng,
And sweetly their voices sound,
Telling the old, sweet story,
That is chanted at every birth:
The eternal ceaseless melody
Of "peace, good-will to earth!"
Thoughts that so often strike us
With imports so grand and high
Are brushed aside impatiently
Because our self-made sky
Is studded with stars material
And suns and moons unreal,
Whilst our senses cherish the baubles gay
Which blind our souls with steel.
Let us shatter those false ambitions,
Engendered by storm and strife,
And seek in Nature's Temple
The magnets of daily life
Amid the forest's grandeur,
Or on hill-tops' silent peak;
Where gentle brooks and ferns and flowers,
In varied voices speak
Of the pure, the good and holy,
That echoes from grass-green sods
The inspiration that creates all:
The voice of "All-loving God."

W. ST. L. S.

Secular Bureau.

[From the Worcester (Mass.) Daily Spy.]

OTHER SIDE OF THE CASE.

REVIEW OF REV. DR. McCULLAGH ON SPIRITUALISM.

SCIENCE SHOULD DECIDE WHERE THEOLOGICALS DISAGREE. THE TESTIMONY OF REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE.

Rev. T. Ernest Allen of Providence, Secretary of the American Psychological Society, has prepared for *The Spy* an article on Modern Spiritualism, which will be read with interest by all who desire to know the attitude of science in this matter. The investigation of the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism is the precise purpose for which the Society was formed. Already it has contributed interesting papers to this study. The President of the Society is Rev. Minot J. Savage of Boston. Among other influential members are Rev. E. A. Horton of Boston; Rev. R. Ueber Newton (Episcopalian) of New York; Prof. A. B. Dolbear, of telephone fame; Mrs. Mary A. Livermore; Rabbi Solomon Schneider of Boston; Gen. W. W. Blackmar; Editor B. O. Flower of *The Arena*, of Boston; Rev. Frank O. Hall of Fitchburg, and Rev. Edward B. Payne of Leominster.

Comment on the honest, scientific purpose of the organization is superfluous after quoting these names. Mr. Allen says his purpose is "not to defend Spiritualism *per se*, but to clear the ground for the only kind of work that can settle the matter." He writes as follows:

Editor of *The Spy*: A copy of your paper for Sept. 15th has reached me, and I hasten to reply to some of the allegations and arguments contained in the report of the sermon preached by Rev. Archibald McCullagh, D.D., upon the previous evening. As I interpret the words of the reverend gentleman, he considers the following to be the strongest argument, and one amply sufficient, against any attempt to communicate with spirits, and, therefore, against Spiritualism, which is a more or less organic system based upon such communion:

1. The Bible is the "infallible work of God."
2. "What it condemns as wicked and wrong" is "wicked and wrong."
3. The Bible condemns "holding intercourse or attempting to hold intercourse with the departed."
4. Therefore Spiritualism is an "offspring of hell," and a device of Satan.

It is probable that any other arguments made in the sermon might be more or less completely met by calling Dr. McCullagh's attention to the fact that the use of a telegraph line does not depend upon the materiality of the operator, since he may transmit pious or blasphemous language, but upon his knowledge of and obedience to the laws which control the working of the system, whence, similarly, we can easily conceive that, if there be laws which render it possible for these-called dead to communicate with the living, it may well be the case that saints as well as sinners can produce effects. The preacher's argument strikes deeper. He warns us, not against the wicked telegrapher, but against the whole race. If there be any lines joining the two shores, we must tear them down, smash the batteries, and break up the receiving instruments; the whole business must be stamped out, root and branch.

Doubtless the argument which I have epitomized stands in the minds of thousands of professed Christians all over our country, a breakwater against which the waves of Spiritualism dash without making an impression. But can this breakwater continue to stand? If the argument be valid it ought to stand, and it will; but if, on the other hand, it be fallacious, it ought to fall, and it will fall.

Let us examine our first premise: "The Bible is the 'infallible work of God.'" Is this true or false? I glance in the faces of many readers of *The Spy* as they catch their breath and say, "Surely he is not going to say that this statement is false?" Yes, that is precisely what I do say; what I am compelled to say. If this premise be true the conclusion may follow, but if it be false the conclusion cannot follow. Let us Christian compare I. John v: 6-8, in the King James version with the same passage in the revised version, and he will find that what has been esteemed a very important text, the so-called "heavenly witnesses" is wanting in the latter! Why did the revisers, most of them Orthodox scholars, omit it?

Because the words of this text are not found in the great majority of Greek manuscripts nor in over fifty of the oldest manuscripts of the Latin version, or Vulgate. What becomes, then, of the oft-repeated assertion that the Bible has been miraculously preserved to us in its original purity? Scholarship, it is true, has discovered but few changes in the text which alter the meaning of passages to any great extent, but that there have been no changes is an unwarranted assumption, not in harmony with the facts. Read the genealogies of Jesus, Matt. i: 1-17, and Luke iii: 23-38, and you will find that Luke enumerates fifteen more ancestors from the time of Abraham than does Matthew.

The air-line distance from Worcester to Providence can be forty miles and one hundred miles at one and the same time! And yet, the doctor assures us, "The Bible nowhere teaches that which is unreasonable."

Let us cite another case. According to Matthew xxv: 44, and Mark xvi: 21, the robbers crucified with Jesus both reproached him, while Luke xxiii: 39-43 records that one of the malefactors "railed on Jesus, but that the other related and said, 'this man hath done nothing amiss.' Those who wish to pursue this question further will find other contradictions and much matter helpful to the understanding of the Scriptures in Rev. J. T. Sunderland's little book, "What is in the Bible?" (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

Why, in view of such inconsistencies, do ministers persist in telling their congregations that the Bible is infallible? Not only are there contradictions, but the Bible cannot be reconciled, and it is demonstrable that, from the nature of the case, a fallible being can not be the recipient of an infallible revelation. The dogma of infallibility is everywhere reared as a barricade against human progress. In the fight between Genesis and geology, was not the world told by the preachers that the fossils of fishes were placed high up in mountains by the devil, to mislead men? Did not geology triumph in the end? Did not a new generation of preachers discover that there never had really been any

disagreement between Genesis and science? Did not the evolution philosophy been steadily driving Genesis back from its stronghold? This combat is carried on, not because the preachers love the truth, but because they place creed and dogma above truth. It may be that ministers have been somewhat influenced to assume this attitude because they thought it expedient, because they wished the people to reverence the Bible, and feared that the admission that any flaws existed in it would weaken its effect. But, "honesty is the best policy." It is wiser to make a clean breast of it, to ask in reverence and obedience for a teaching because it is true and can lead humanity to purity, righteousness and the establishment of the kingdom of heaven upon earth, not simply because it is in the Bible.

The false dogma of infallibility has led to the use of the Bible in the interest of evil and darkness also. This was notably the case in the great anti-slavery agitation. The abolitionists were constantly having the Bible quoted at them. The Hebrews kept slaves, therefore slavery was a divine institution. It is very easy to see now, when every one has been converted to the anti-slavery position, that this was a perverted use of the Scriptures, but how is it when we come to some great unsettled question, like Modern Spiritualism? The dogma of infallibility is trotted out as cheerily to prevent an investigation of the subject, as though it had never tried to throttle the liberties of our black brethren. Truth is too vital and too precious to longer permit this "lie, albeit conscientiously and profoundly believed" to stop the way. And yet I am going now, not to show that Spiritualism is all or even partially true, but to insist that the Bible shall not be thrown at the heads of people who wish to investigate the subject with a view to finding whatever of truth there may be in this movement.

Setting aside the philosophy which Spiritualists allege to be based upon phenomena, the two most fundamental and important questions involved are:

First, Are there laws in operation through which man can communicate with an extra-mundane intelligence?
Second, Does a candid study of all the facts warrant and compel the induction that our friends continue to live after so-called death, and that they are indispensable factors in the production of the communications received?

These are scientific and not moral questions, and it is as futile to oppose the Bible to the search for truth in this direction, as it has proved in the case of geology, and as it is proving in that of evolution. The American Psychological Society has been expressly organized for the purpose of instituting an investigation of the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism in accordance with the scientific method.

After stating that he has read published statements, etc., bearing upon the subject, but that he has never attended a séance, Dr. McCullagh says: "You may ask, Am I not disqualified from speaking on the subject? I answer: It is no more necessary to know more, than it is to attend a mosque to discover the truth and errors in Mahomedanism."

Turning from this for a time, let us read a portion of an interview with Rev. Minot J. Savage, President of the American Psychological Society, published in the Boston Globe of Feb. 11th:

"I have been quietly investigating psychic phenomena for the past fifteen years. My motive? In the first place, it has not been curiosity. I have observed the fact that thousands of people are being deluded by Spiritualism. If it is a delusion, and you make the 'if' a good-sized one—and I have had no end of people come to me for advice. I made up my mind that it was a part of my equipment as a minister to know something about it. I felt that I ought to be able to give inquiries something more than a prejudice. I had been convinced that it was either the most important truth or the saddest delusion of the modern world. I have rigidly followed the scientific method in all my investigations, first trying to see if my facts were true, and then, if true, what those facts ought to be, then trying to find out what they meant. The present status of the matter I believe to be just about here:

"Hypnotism, which was for a long time ridiculed and rejected, is now accepted by everybody, and is even being used in the practice of medicine by old-style physicians. While a great many persons who claim to be clairvoyants are not, yet that clairvoyance is a genuine power is established beyond reasonable question. In the next place, telepathy, or mind-reading, or the impression made on one mind by another at a distance, is established as a reality. But, of course, neither of these establishes Spiritualism.

"In regard to Spiritualism, there are two points I would like to make: I have been told things which the medium did not know, but which I did know, so many times that the novelty has worn off. I have always said in such cases, wonderful as they are, that they did not go far enough to demonstrate the central claim of Spiritualism. The second point I would like to make—and here is what staggers me—is this: I have been told things which neither the medium nor myself knew, or could by any possibility have known. If there is any other theory than the spiritualistic one to explain facts of this sort, I don't know what it is. I can't explain certain experiences of this sort except on the theory that I am dealing with some invisible intelligences. I am not prepared as yet to say that there is no other possible explanation. I hold that as the only tenable theory I am acquainted with."

In answer to the question of the Worcester divine: "Am I not disqualified from speaking on the subject?" I say, you are. For, first inspired by the false doctrine of Bible infallibility, you sweep away at one blow the possibly true and false, good and bad, in Spiritualism, whereas, without that vitiating prepossession you would see that here, as in all realms of human experience, it is necessary to discriminate between these opposites. Second, the average orthodox minister is well aware of the solvent effect of a belief in Spiritualism upon creeds, that it is very rarely that both can maintain their hold upon a mind, and so his partisan ire is raised against it, and as a rule he fails to handle the subject in a judicial manner. Third, the doctor's method is wrong. Spiritualism can not be judged from any one book, far less from the sporadic statements which appear in the secular press. One who wants the truth must plunge farther beneath the surface of the stream of spiritualistic literature than Dr. McCullagh, judging from his sermon, has done. And, at the present juncture, since these phenomena, if not all illusory, constitute the subject-matter of a possible science, it is also necessary that he should study the subject at first hand with mediums, public or private.

How does our would-be guide know that in sweeping away Spiritualism in such a disdainful manner as "the clapping of hell," he need not at the same time be turning his back upon a possible offspring of heaven? Nay, more, since he seems to concede that the Spiritualists have some genuine phenomena, is it not now incumbent upon him, the Bible infallibility prop having given away, to unfold to us the philosophical principles upon which he relies in drawing the conclusion that the wires of communion connecting with hell do a lively business, while those connecting with the realms of light are almost permanently abandoned or were torn down when the vision of the Apocalypse closed? "It may be," says the Doctor, "that the spirits of the sainted dead come back, but only when sent by God." How does he know that, if they come back, it is "only when sent by God?" How can he know that such a return is as infrequent as his words seem to imply? It is to try to answer some of many questions that arise, that the American Psychological Society has been formed, and its methods will be different from those followed by the gentlemen whose thought I am reviewing.

In conclusion let me repeat that I do consider him disqualified from speaking on the subject.

T. ERNEST ALLEN.
Unitarian Clergyman and Secretary American Psychological Society.
Providence, R. I., Sept. 22d, 1891.

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Historical.

Interesting Reminiscences of the Early Days of Spiritualism.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Most readers of the spiritual journals are familiar with the name of J. G. Jackson. He is a writer of great scientific ability and a sharp critic. He has made astronomy a specialty, and has a private observatory, for he is satisfied only by personal observation. He is better known than his wife, who is equally gifted, and is a type of the self-sustained and honest Quaker race to which she belongs. Both were born into that church, and were shining lights until they became attracted to Spiritualism, which they were almost at its commencement. In fact, they could see little difference between the phenomena and those entertained by their church.

In 1832 they were arraigned before a church meeting, under the fearful charge, as stated in the accusation, that they had attended an association called "spiritual knockers." . . . "They admit music at their assemblies, and profess to hold communion with departed spirits, and have, for a long time, almost neglected the attendance in our meetings."

It may be inferred that the accused did not remain silent under this accusation. They were moved by "the spirit," and so strongly that they overthrew their adversaries, not like Samson of old, by pulling down the pillars of their temple, but by adding to their solidity. They answered in a pamphlet, which now—after almost forty years—furnishes a glimpse of the ordeal Spiritualists were subjected to in that early period, and interesting as showing the path which led honest minds to the haven of Spiritualism. The pamphlet is the production of Mr. Jackson, bearing the impress of his logical and argumentative thought.

It first gives the facts by which himself and Mrs. J. were convinced that they communicated with their spirit-friends. In 1851 a small portion of the inhabitants of Hooksett (N.H.), at a social consultation, agreed to form a circle meeting at the houses of the members. They did this without the least idea that the meeting was of a religious character, having the sole purpose of conducting a scientific investigation, and determined to solve the mystery for themselves. In the course of a few months what were "considered as spiritual influences" were manifested. Mrs. Jackson accidentally sat with the circle, and became, contrary to her expectations, influenced by the invisible power. This influence remained almost constantly with her, and was accompanied "by much peace and satisfaction of mind, and a frequent assurance that all would be right in the end." She, however, resisted the importunity of her friends to sit in the circle, saying it "was her place to remain quiet at home."

After a few weeks' preparation, when entirely alone, her hand was automatically made to spell, by pointing to the letters of the alphabet on a card: "Have faith in God, my child. Thy mother." On the evening of the same day, in the presence of other members of the family, a stronger influence gave the message by the same means: "My dear grandchild, love the truth, so as to live in glory here with us. Thy Grandfather Parker." From that time on she at times received communications from her departed friends.

The caution with which the investigation was conducted is best seen by the following extract:

"Notwithstanding having been thus favored, as we incline to esteem it, yet, such has been our caution in the investigation of these things, that, although at times conviction seemed irresistible, yet at other times contradictions and inconsistencies became apparent, and, as in all earthly things, the good and true seem so mixed with the false and unreal, that we still occupy the ground of inquirers, unwilling as yet to declare to the world that we are fully satisfied as to the nature of what we experience."

Having disposed of all other charges as idle, and too puerile to seriously combat, Mr. Jackson carries the war into the enemy's camp by asserting that: "Admitting that we do profess, or that we do advocate the doctrine, it is no transgression of the discipline of Friends; it is not inconsistent with their faith; has been believed in and performed by members of the highest standing, and may moreover be considered as adopted by the Society."

"In proof [he continues] that conspicuous members of the Society have held communion with departed spirits, or believe in spiritual manifestations, we proceed to cite the following relations:

First, an extract from the testimony of Mary Pennington, concerning her deceased husband, Isaac Pennington (one of the greatest writers which this Society has ever produced), dated the 27th of 2d month, 1880, and prefixed to a volume of his writings published the same year:

"Ah! me, he is gone! he that none exceeded in kindness, in tenderness, in love inexpressible to the relation as a wife. . . . Nay, further, such was the kindness the Lord showed to me in that hour, that my spirit ascended with him in that very moment that his spirit left his body, and I saw him safe in his own mansion, and rejoiced with him, and was at that instant gladder of it than ever I was of enjoying him in the body. And from this sight my spirit returned again to perform my duty to his outward tabernacle, to the answer of a good conscience."

This testimony to do with the spirit of the greatest loser of all who had a share in his life.

MARY PENNINGTON.
This quaint but interesting relation is given, it will be perceived, by a contemporary of Fox, and Penn, and others of the founders of the Society, and is valuable as showing that it was not at least inconsistent with early Quakerism to profess the possibility of a spirit's being enabled, temporarily, to depart from the earthly frame and enter for a time into the spirit-world. It is an excellent illustration of one mode of the modern manifestations, and the facts of the relation must either be denied or admitted as evidence of the spirit of a living person communing with one that had finally departed, and entered his prepared mansion. . . .

To show that it is not altogether 'unquakerish' to believe in the outward manifestation of spiritual power and presence, which is another mode of the 'modern mysteries,' we quote briefly from an account published by Wm. Howitt, of a haunted house at Willington, near New Castle, England, belonging to one Joseph Proctor, who is spoken of as a substantial member of the Society of Friends.

The hauntings are represented to consist, at times, of loud noises, or heavy blows, as of a pavior's hammer, on other occasions of persons walking over the house, coming out a plainly to be perceived bodily form, sometimes of a solid wall, and again reentering. The disturbances mostly occur at night, but occasionally in open day.

Thus speaks Joseph Proctor, in correspondence with a certain Dr. Drury, who had visited the place for the vain purpose of being enabled to explain away all the mysteries. It is well for some of the moderns who make the same fruitless efforts, that they do not, like Dr. Drury, have to be carried from the spot "in an agony of fear and terror."

"Respected Friend, B. 27th mo. 8, 1840.
I did not receive time of the 6th till yesterday morning. I am glad thou art getting well over the effects of thy unlooked-for visitation. I hold in respect thy bold and manly assertion of the truth, in the face of that ridicule and ignorant conceit with

which that which is called the supernatural, in the present age, is so easily assailed.
I shall be glad to receive thy detail, in which it will be needful to be very particular in showing that thou couldst not be asleep, or attacked by nightmare, or mistake a reflection of the candle, or some such ludicrous supposition.

I remain, respectfully, thy friend,
JOSEPH PROCTOR.
"P. 8.—I have about thirty witnesses to various things which cannot be satisfactorily accounted for on any other principle than that of spiritual agency."
We think the rebuke contained in this letter will apply to the conceited ignorant and conceited wise of the present year, as well as to those of the year 1840; and will only add, that as far as we have been able to learn, Joseph Proctor was not persecuted by his fellow-members of the Quakers for endeavoring to ascertain some natural explanation of the perplexing circumstances, or for avowing 'his entire conviction after an experience of fifteen years that no such elucidation was possible.'

As a third illustration, and one especially applicable to the present discussion, since it is an example of spiritual impression made upon the mind, and that being more particularly the mode of manifestation to which our attention was directed, we extract the following relation from *The Friend*, published in Philadelphia in 1848, as contained in a compilation by a conspicuous member of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, of various interesting historical sketches, headed 'Thomas Scattergood and his Times.'

"On the afternoon of the 12th day of the sixth month, 1814, whilst at home at Burlington, Sarah Dillwyn observed her husband sitting with such a peculiar and awful expression of countenance, as to create an alarm in her affectionate heart. She immediately approached him, and in the kind carelessness of love inquired what was the matter. In answering her question, he said he was very sorry she had disturbed him, for he had at that time been visited by Jacob Lindley's spirit! That day Jacob Lindley, in usual health, had attended his own meeting at New-Garden, in Chester County—more than fifty miles from Burlington. In the meeting he was engaged in a living, powerful testimony, wherein he intimated his conviction that there were those present who would not see the light of another day; and added, 'Perhaps it may be myself!' As he returned to his home from a visit that afternoon, by a sudden jolt he was thrown out of his chair into the road, and fell upon his head. Being a heavy man his neck was dislocated, and his spirit was thereby suddenly released from the shackles of mortality. This anecdote, which seems to demonstrate the reality of spiritual intercourse, is somewhat akin to those related in our last number."

Now we could scarce ask better ground upon which to build our proof that spiritual communion has not been deemed inconsistent even with modern Quakerism than is here presented, or a better fact to prove the reality and illustrate the nature of the subject. It is one of those facts which, when well established, is worth a thousand failures. "I am sorry thou hast disturbed me, for I have just been visited by Jacob Lindley's spirit," is the expression rendered in the first person. George Dillwyn's meaning is plain: he does not say, and he did not mean, that he had a sense miraculously given him that Jacob Lindley was dead, as some endeavor to explain it, but, simply, according to the words, 'I have just been visited.' There are no alternatives, but either to admit that the disembodied spirit of Jacob Lindley impressed the mind of George Dillwyn, or to deny the fact altogether, and to say it was a mere accidental coincidence, and assert that G. D. was deceived, was crazy, was hysterical, monomaniac, or one of the hundred epithets that are now used upon similar occasions.

It is also worthy of remark that the spiritual visitation was accompanied by the same abnormal condition and semi-trance-like state—the same peculiar expression of countenance that are observed at the present day, liable also to outward interruption as is now well understood. The expression, 'I am sorry thou hast disturbed me,' is full of meaning. To the discerning mind, it shows that this impression upon the mind of G. D. was not miraculously produced by an Almighty Power, in the contravention of established law, but resulted from finite agency, operating under favorable conditions, and susceptible of being disturbed by finite causes. Here is a simple re-statement of the circumstance in another form: Jacob Lindley's spirit, suddenly freed from its mortal clogs, suddenly born into more perfect life, turned to the friends it had left, and finding one of them in a proper inward condition of mind, he formed a union with his spirit, entered into rapport with him, and had it not been for the too early interruption, we know not how long might have been the communion.

It will be observed in the extract last considered that allusion is made to relations in a previous number of *The Friend* of a somewhat similar character, a brief reference to a portion of which may not conflict with our present purpose. One is concerning the same George Dillwyn having stated in a public meeting his interior perception that a certain woman friend, by name Susanna Horn, had arrived safely in England, her native land, which circumstance may be safely set down as an example of the exercise of the 'clairvoyant faculty,' or, in other words, a seeing by that spiritual sense, through its appropriate medium of sight, which we will all fully exercise and understand when our spirits burst their 'cerements,' and need no longer to use the bodily organs of perception.

Another relates how a certain minister, by name Martha Routh, was enabled to perceive, when absent from home, of the death by drowning of a near member of her family, and unto whom the voice was, 'Be not over much troubled; he is taken from the evil to come, and is entered into rest and peace.' We agree with the compiler in this instance also, which is evidently 'somewhat akin to Jacob Lindley's visit,' and further demonstrative of 'the reality of spiritual intercourse; the comforting assurance alluded to being no doubt a genuine impression from an exalted spiritual intelligence.

We are aware of the cry that is raised, that these were holy men and holy women, unto whom such things were miraculously revealed by the Omnipotent Mind; that it is not for the common herd to be thus favored. We are aware, also, of the use that, through ignorance, is made of such occurrences by leading members of Friends' Society, first to ensnare their own minds, and then the minds of their younger members, by an undefined and superstitious dread, that tends to stifle free thought and free investigation. Would that our weak voice might incite them to study more closely the constitution of their external and internal natures, as revealed in the records of the past and in the unfoldings of the present; soon would they find confirmed the truth that 'God is no respecter of persons,' and that he does not lightly, for personal favor to frail beings like us, interfere with his established laws. Whoever duly examines with a calm and unbiased mind the many accounts of occurrences similar to those herein related, found amongst all societies and in every age of the world, will discover that these faculties of 'interior sight' and susceptibility to spiritual impression are not confined alone to those considered as the extra-righteous of the earth, and entitled to especial favor; but are developed more in accordance with certain peculiarities of bodily and mental constitution."

The defense concludes with the following eloquent and thoughtful passage:

"Regarding the subject, then, as the result of laws inherent in the constitution of the world, discovered and developed as the minds of men are prepared to be benefited by them, we think there may be perceived in their unfoldings, when fully realized, the banishing from earth of many dark and gloomy superstitions; the reconciling of many 'truths hard to be understood; the confirming of the skeptical in a rational faith in the soul's immortality; the uniting of mankind in more perfect harmony, and the hastening of the day when 'the sword shall be beaten into the plowshare, and the spear into the pruning hook; and man knowing more perfectly his own nature and his own destiny,' will be enabled the better to fulfill it in accordance with the laws of his being, to his own great gain, and to the glorifying of his Maker."

We stand accountable, therefore, in our original position of free, scientific investigators of natural truths; accountable unto God and ourselves for the just use of the faculties which he has given; accountable unto our fellow-men so far that we are bound to share with them whatever of truth we may glean from the great harvest-field. And here allow

us to add in conclusion, to all who may chance to read these pages, especially to the younger members of our society, pursue, we entreat you, the same free course; look not alone to the withered stubble-field of ages past, whence fruit, mete for the day of its growth, hath long since been garnered; but cultivate assiduously, also, the green corn of the present, neglecting not the ears that are ripe and ready for the gathering.

Truth's unbroken field is also before you; put your hands to the plow; look not back, but, with a steady eye to the untended furrow, press forward with faith and hope, and ye will in due time reap an abundant harvest."

A BIT OF HISTORY.

Oct. 1861—Oct. 1891.

BY W. N. EATONS.

At half past ten o'clock on the morning of the 9th of Oct. 1861, the great bell in the cathedral of Barcelona was tolling, and the crowd that had collected on the Esplanada was waiting expectantly the consummation of the act which had brought them to this place. On that day the ecclesiastical authorities were to perform, with all the pomp and ceremony of the church, the solemn *auto-da-fé*. The spot chosen for the deed which was to be done was that in which criminals convicted of capital offenses suffered at the hands of the public executioner the penalty of their crimes.

The archbishop of Barcelona had already cursed, with bell, book and candle, the adherents of the new and dangerous heresy of Spiritualism; and now, to set the seal of the church's condemnation more plainly upon this damnable error, as it was called, he had ordered that the books relating to the subject should be burned in this place of infamy, by the public hangman. So it came about that on that October morning the multitude had gathered to see the sentence executed upon three hundred copies of the writings of Allan Kardec.

The great bell tolled the signal, around the funeral pile the priestly dignitaries stood with banners flying and crucifix uplifted, and in the midst of anathema maranatha, the torch was applied; the last act of the Spanish Inquisition was done.

But He who sitteth in the heavens maketh the wrath and folly of men to praise Him. He turneth all their counsels to naught. In this moment, neither, did He forsake His own. As the curling flames from the burning books leaped upward toward the heavens their light shone all over Spain, and awoke to new life in every part of the kingdom minds that had long lain dormant under the chilling influence of priestcraft and ecclesiastical tyranny. The demand for the condemned books enormously increased. Societies were formed for the determination of the phenomena and the study of the philosophy of Spiritualism; and, lastly—here is food for the thinker—just twenty-seven years after the *auto-da-fé*, which was to put an end to this heresy, and on the very spot where the hated volumes had been burned, there was held the first International Congress of Spiritualists. Can the guiding hand of the Spirit of Truth be seen in any result if not in this? Could retribution be more pointed?

Thirty years have passed since that day. From the ashes of that conflagration sprung a phoenix which has since covered, in her triumphant flight, the four quarters of the globe. Over whatever place her wings have been spread, comfort has come to the mourning, strength to the weak, assured convictions to the doubting. Under the fostering care of the invisibles and by the heroic and noble cooperation of those mortals upon whom the light of Truth has shined, the small one has become great, and the official lists of adhesions at the Second International Congress of Spiritualists held in Paris in September, 1889, indicate that there were delegates from societies in all parts of the world, representing more than 15,000,000 avowed Spiritualists.

The fires at Barcelona in 1861 made the Congress of Barcelona in 1888 possible. They warmed the chilly hearts to vigorous life, and the progress of this inspiring doctrine has since been steady and triumphant. Neither the sneers of the press, the frowns of the law nor the curses of the church have stayed its march, and to-day, Spiritualism, recognized or unrecognized, is mightily working upon the minds and hearts of men, bringing them to nobler conceptions of God and creation; juster ideas of man and his relations to his Maker and to his fellows, and more rational and inspiring views of life both here and hereafter.

Boston, Mass., Oct. 10th, 1891.

New Publications.

THE LITTLE MILLERS. By Effie W. Merriman, Editor of *The Housekeeper*. 16mo, cloth, pp. 245. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Those who have read "Pards" and "A Queer Family," cannot fail to have been charmed by their originality as stories of child-life, and no one will read this new volume from the same writer with less pleasure and satisfaction. Its peculiarity is that the street urchins, who form the *dramatis personæ*, tell their own story in their own words, which are unique; the characters are natural, and their talk lifelike. Young folks, especially, will be attracted by these features. So unobtrusively is the lesson of bravery and self-denial taught that one is conscious at the moment only of being amused.

STAND BY THE UNION. By Oliver Optic. 12mo, cloth, pp. 367. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The fourth of the author's popular series, "The Blue and the Gray," based on Civil War events, and in which truth and fiction are interwoven with skill and taste. Most of the characters of the previous volumes are introduced in this, though in fields so different in action that they augment the reader's interest in what is said and done, and in the adventures they experience. The long term of popularity the author has enjoyed will have many years added to it by this fascinating story.

THE STORY OF INCA ROCCA, and Other Short Poems. By Chauncy Thomas, author of "The Crystal Button." 16mo, cloth, pp. 118. Boston: Dammell & Upham.

Lord Rocca, from whom the leading poem takes its name, was, according to Montessorio, first of the Incas of Peru, and ruled about fifty years. The story is one of considerable interest; it possesses much historic value, and as a poem is meritorious.

A Valuable Gift.

Probably no physician of our day has gained such a reputation for curing cases of lingering or long standing diseases through treatment by mail as the great Specialist in nervous and chronic diseases, Dr. Greene, of 84 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., discoverer of the well known remedy, Dr. Greene's Nervura. He uses in his practice only harmless vegetable remedies, and has given special attention to treatment of patients at a distance through letter correspondence. Consultation in this manner or personally, is entirely free of charge. Any sufferer from whatever kind of disease has the privilege of writing him a description of his or her case, and he will return a carefully considered answer fully explaining your disease and giving you a perfect understanding of all its symptoms, free of charge.

His success is something wonderful in restoring the sick to health, and his practice is without doubt the largest in this country. Send for his symptom blank and write him, sufferer, for his advice in your case. This will cost you nothing, and may lead to your cure.

From the appearance of Col. Crockett and his companion on this occasion, one would judge that they bid fair to remain on this side the silvery veil for many years to come, and it is the wish of their numerous friends that this may indeed prove to be the case.

