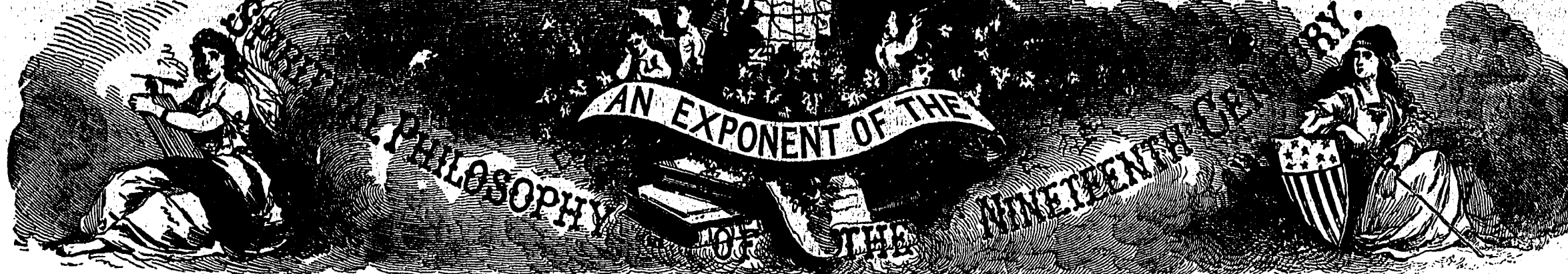


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NO. 15.

For the Banner of Light. PROGRESS.

BY STEPHEN H. BARNSDALE.

Step by step we climb the mountain,
Inch by inch the oak tree grows;
Back and forth, with tireless motion,
Grand old ocean ebbs and flows,
Making each year some small changes
In the coastline, on the rocks,
While they stand in pose defiant,
Guarding us from Neptune's shocks.
Straw by straw a nest is builded;
Brick by brick a house is made;
Day by day, with constant effort,
Scholar climbs to higher grade.
Be not downcast, brother, sister,
If you do not seem to grow;
Do your best each day each minute,
And the years will progress show.

Rochester, N. Y.

The Spiritual Rostrum.

MAGNETIC HEALING.

A Lecture by

J. CLEGG WRIGHT.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

MR CHAIRMAN AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: There is, correctly speaking, no science of medicine; but the practice of medicine began when man lived in a sod house and slept in a tree. It is more ancient than human government. It was in existence when the first religion began, and yet we have no science of medicine. Art and science have developed; but this study of medicine has remained in about the same condition it was in one thousand years ago. The nature of Life and Force are far from being understood. They are still in the theoretical stage, and will remain there for a long time—until man has developed higher knowledge of vital phenomena. Nature is stored with mystery. There is something about the coming of life and its going that can probably never be understood. The doctor is baffled and perplexed; he works by serious guesses, and fights his enemy, to a great extent, in the dark. This ought to have taught him that he was a very finite being, and that in his case, dogmatism in thought and practice could not be less than a crime.

There has been a class of minds in all ages attracted to the study of medicine. The study has drifted into different schools; and to-day these schools are in a state of war with one another. This occurs because there is no science of medicine—no definite—but only a wilderness of theory.

We have now a fairly good science of anatomy, and we have a moderately advanced science of physiology. The study of organic function has made great advances in late years; but these studies are not a part of what is correctly the study of medicine. A man may be a good physiologist and a bad practitioner. Medicine is another subject altogether. The remedies for obstructed function commence the trouble in the school. There is no quarrel about anatomy, because in that subject there is positive knowledge. Trouble begins at the point where man cannot know where he starts to work and think in the dark.

It is dreadful to think that after so many weary ages, man should have made so little progress in curing disease. Probably the influence of class studies and superstition has hindered the progress of this study more than any other cause. It was a profession, and professional interests have kept back progress.

In the present state of human knowledge on the subject of disease, the State should not give to any school the exclusive right to practice medicine. To do so would be a crime against progress. Freedom is the best helper in human advancement, under the everlasting law of necessity. The competition between the different schools for success would bring about the best and the most permanent good to the profession and the world.

I do not underestimate the effort to make medicine a science. A great deal has been done in the chemical studies involved in the practice of medicine. I would not underrate it; but feel delighted that the study has come into that stage that it is perused on the lines laid down by science.

The objection lies in this: The schools are dogmatic. They want an exclusive monopoly of the practice. The interest of the profession is put before the interest of society and individual right. Every citizen of this Commonwealth has a natural right to say of what school or non-school the doctor attending him shall belong. The State has no right here. The individual right is supreme. Religious Liberty and Medical Freedom should go together. It may be very proper for the State to establish a standard of study that a medical student shall reach; but the State has no right to take away individual liberty, and grant a monopoly to a certain set of practitioners.

The State of Massachusetts, long the solid bulwark against tyranny, has at last given up her medical freedom. She is free no more. Slowly that stern old independence is being taken away by monopolists. The danger of democracy lies in the weakness of the people, and in the ambition and craft of politicians who want to advance their personal interests, and will barter away the liberty of the people to serve a class. This has happened in this State. The people are being slowly deprived of the gem of liberty.

On the first of January next there comes into operation the medical law passed this year. As it stands it is a measurably illegal

production. But an amendment to it of a very decided nature will soon be proposed. And I want to say to those men and women employed as magnetic healers that the amendment will work to obliterate them. It will soon be illegal in this State to practice healing by magnetic force even. The late election has changed the complexion of the Senate, and the doctors will not have any difficulty now to get what they want. The halter is already fashioned for the neck of the people.

There have risen in your midst two or three schools designated by different names, amongst which are the following: Metaphysics, Christian Science, and the Mind Cure. We propose to deal with these several schools as one, under the designation of metaphysics; mind power, through the developments of psychological studies, has become the power in the curative art. In one sense I hail it as an advancement upon the past. I welcome it because it is leading men on to see the distinction between mind and matter, and the superiority of mind over matter. As the metaphysical cure is doctrinal, as well as practical, its value can be appraised by the extent of its usefulness. I presume that the founder of metaphysics intended to be a teacher as well as a healer; but as teaching is as distinct from healing as light is from darkness, mind cure may be a true science; its facts may be in harmony with nature and the constitution of man, but its theoretical speculations may be "as mad as a March hare." The theoretical has nothing in common with the practical power; they are independent subjects, and have nothing in common with one another. I will deal first with the speculations of the metaphysics, or Christian Scientist.

First it is affirmed as a positive truth that everything that is, is God. God is defined to be the absolute existence, being, substance. Nature, phenomena and form are the expressions of God. Nature to them is an appearance only: A hill, a rock, a sky, an ocean, are simply God-thoughts; all other changes in nature are changes first, in the God-thought; every derangement, interruption or disorganization of anything, is the lack of God. That the manifold changes going on in nature are the differentiations in the thought of God; that when you are sick, and have a bad headache through taking a heavy supper, you have too little of God in the convolutions of the brain; that when you have a limb giving you pain, it is due to having too little of God in that limb; in other words, according to the metaphysics of the Christian Scientists, the more of God you have, the stronger and healthier you are. To be perfectly imbued with God is to have perfect health; to be pure and morally sinless is to have a healthy body. If we turn this speculation end for end, and see how it looks then, we shall see how monstrously absurd the whole thing is. In finding dyspepsia prevalent in our constitution, the man or the woman will therefore be sinful.

That physical imperfections are due to moral delinquency is a teaching so ridiculous and opposed to everything we know, that our surprise is only equalled by our contempt that so much superstition does exist in the nineteenth century. I affirm that a bad man may be a healthy man. I know it. I need only look abroad anywhere in the world, the truth is affirmed. A good man may be an unhealthy man; I find that, too, illustrated everywhere in the world. A good man may have the weakest and frailest constitution, and a bad man may have a most powerfully vitalized constitution. Therefore a healthy constitution is not due to the presence of God, or a weak constitution to the absence of God.

The metaphysical school of cure knows all about God. God is being; everything is God. It is a kind of idealistic pantheism, transcendental moonshine popular in the last century, much dwelt upon and thought over by philosophers, but now buried—and I once thought without the possibility of a resurrection; but alas! folly often repeats itself for generations! The cure of disease by faith was a phase of superstition long ages ago. Faith in God was a finer and more abstract thought than faith as a curative physical agent. The disease of the mind was inferred from the disease of the body; because the body was sick, it was inferred the mind was sick also. In reality minds cannot be diseased, but the idea grew in the ignorance of man—he trying to comprehend the abstract and the complex in life. The archaic man, with pain in his limbs, and groping in superstition, saw what he conceived to be parallel lines showing that in the union of the body and the soul the soul must be diseased too, and therefore needed "saving." From this idea came other ideas equally foundationless. For ages ignorant speculation, all dead or dying now, produced white-robed angels and special miraculous agencies and providences to cure disease.

The system now under criticism is an ignorant sophism brought up from the nether world in this nineteenth century for an airing to live one moment, claiming to be true science, but, verily, the rag of non-sense; and we have to speak of it as the not-wanted—a used-up old superstition. This school of metaphysics, with its God, anthropomorphism or not anthropomorphism (there is some confusion here), hardly knows whether God is a thinker or not a thinker. It defines form to be being, or God; all form is God; all form is in space, and is limited in space, therefore God is limited by space. But that which is limited in space cannot be infinite; that which is infinite cannot have form; there is no infinite form. The whole is equal to the parts; personality has parts; the thinker is a personality; the whole is equal to the parts; but the parts are in space, therefore the whole is in space. But that which is in space cannot

be infinite. The thinking conscious, healing intelligent something, therefore, being in space, and having form, cannot be infinite. That which is infinite must have infinite attributes—the totality of finite attributes will not make an infinite whole. Therefore, absolute causation cannot be infinitely intelligent. There cannot be absolute intelligent personality, because there cannot be infinite attributes.

There is only room for one infinity. There is one infinity in time and space. There cannot be two infinities in time and space, therefore being is absolute, but never known apart from its modes. Morality, goodness, love, are soul-qualities, postulated of man's qualities of individual mind. Being is neither moral nor immoral. If only one man existed, there would be no necessity for a code of morals. Everything that man did would be right, but, bring another man as his companion, then you make the necessity for a code of laws to define their individual rights and relationships. Nature knows nothing of good or evil. There is neither good nor evil in nature. That is good which is pleasing to me, and that is evil which is displeasing to me; but when I am away from that which excites me, it is neither good nor evil. Good and evil are the expressions of my mental relationship to certain occurrences in nature. God (being) is neither good nor evil, but good and evil are terms of pleasure or pain, as I am acted upon for the time being. The more my intellectual faculties realize the laws of nature, the better I am acquainted with the forces of being, and exercise my faculties in harmony with these laws and forces and the greater is my pleasure; the less I observe them, and the greater is my pain. My pleasures will be my physical and moral health; my pain will be my physical and moral ill health. The body is a reality; it has a place in space, and being; the body is not only an idea, but it is a thing. It has a dimensional existence apart from the thinker. There is matter, there is spirit, there is soul. The body has parts, or organs; the parts, or organs, have special individual functions; when the functions are adequately performed by the organs, the body is in a state of health; when the organs are interrupted in the performance of their work, there is functional disarrangement and disease: To cure them is to make them discharge their adequate functions.

Disease expresses itself in two forms—organic and functional. Organic disease is an impairing or an impaired organ, injured in its tissues, causing it to be inactive, or partially so. Functional disease is the impairing of the vital action of any organ. All diseases come within these two orders. There are many ways in which disease can be treated. The philosophy of all cure is the building up of the organs to do their work unimpeded. Disease is either objectively or subjectively induced. Objectively, by over-exercise, and subjectively, by want of exercise. The one, a too rapid exhaustion of vitality; the other a lethargic use of the vitality, or an utter disregard of the organic laws. Any method of healing man will be useful and wise, which will bring forth a condition of vital equilibrium. There are many agents in nature which produce effects, either to increase or retard the expenditure of our vitality, and, as the case may be, will be useful and helpful when taken into the system, according to the condition of the case.

The finer forces of nature are the magnetic and the vital forces; they can be deranged in their action and retarded in their circulation, objectively or subjectively: Objectively, the magnetic and vital force in nature in the form of the food taken into the stomach can promote health and disease; some elements will be conducive to health and some to disease. Subjectively, the mind is a great power over the body. The different degrees in the thinking state will have different psychic effects upon the vital forces. Intense mental action, as in the case of Thomas Carlyle, will induce dyspepsia; and dyspepsia, reacting upon the psychic conditions, will induce moroseness and excitability. The bodily forces are intimately connected with the mental forces. Opium taken into the stomach will have a nervous and stimulating effect. The imagination will be excited—gorgeous and splendid forms of fancy will be created, the cause being in the elemental force of opium acting upon the different ganglia and nerve centres. Alcohol drinks act powerfully through the body upon the mind, and create sensations of pleasure, and stimulate fancy to an extraordinary extent.

Pleasure and misery depict themselves in the facial lines, and morbid consciousness depletes its power in the gloomy curves of despair. Pleasure draws up the corners of the mouth and dilates the nostrils, giving a corresponding expression to the face. The child knows when the mother is angry, and when the mother speaks in tones of tenderness and love. The child reads the language of a look and knows the meaning of a tone of voice. Cupid has a dreamy, vapory expression upon the face. Love and hate have their own peculiarities and lines in the human form. What affects the one pleasingly affects the other; and what affects the one displeasingly affects the other. So close is mind identified with brain tissues that it is difficult to separate the one from the other. In every organic constitution there is found a fine force; different men have given it different names. Some have called it the nervo-vital fluid, the life-force, aura and magnetism, but names do not alter the character of things. This thing would be all the same if it were called a b o i. This fine, subtle fluid, a b o i, is related to the body and to the mind; and when it has not free circulation the revo-

(Continued on third page.)

Literary Department.

"BERTHA LEE;"

OR,

MARRIAGE.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY HUSBAND THIS TALE IS DEDICATED.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. ANN E. PORTER,

Author of "Jora Moore," "Country Neighbors," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I WAS ready to lay aside my books, for I cared little whether I stayed or went; but as to finding any one who would interest me more than Mr. M., that was out of the question; but even I, indifferent as I felt, was a little disappointed when I saw the preacher come in. He was a man of middle age, rather short in size, thick set, with stiff hair, partly turned gray, which he wore brushed back from his forehead. His dress was plain, with little regard to fashion, and he walked up the aisle and into the pulpit with a short, quick step, and a direct, prompt manner, as if he had work to do, and was going to do it with all his might. He was not a handsome man at all, and I wondered what there was about him to render him so popular. He rose, threw off his surcoat, as it was called in those days (a close-fitting outer garment), and putting on his spectacles, read the following hymn:

"Hasten, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.
Hasten, sinner, to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest perdition you arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun."

There was no attempt at oratory, no display, and when the hymn was read he pushed his spectacles back upon his head, and giving one look at the singers, and then round upon the congregation, he opened the large Bible, and sat down.

As I said, he was not a handsome man, but he had marked features, and a face that when once seen we felt a desire to see again. His text was, "Now is the accepted time—now is the day of salvation."

It was direct, pointed, full of strong figures, with few flowers of rhetoric, but delivered in a prompt, earnest manner that riveted attention. Now and then he left his notes, and turning his spectacles to the top of his head, made a direct appeal to his hearers. So earnest and sincere was his manner that you felt, whatever his doctrine, he believed it himself. The object of the discourse was the danger of delay, and he illustrated it by figures drawn from the every-day concerns of life, and enforced his doctrine by arguments, hard, solid arguments; there was logic and method in his brain, and the hearer felt its force.

I became interested, and as my attention was attracted I became more and more troubled and perplexed. I had been for some days coming reluctantly to the conclusion that before I could have peace of mind, I must make peace with my three "disagreeables," as I had been in the habit of naming them to Addie. Now Mr. Calvin was away, and perhaps he would not return for a great while; my duty to him might be deferred—my mother, too, might wait till vacation for any demonstration of friendship. But here was Miss Crooks at my side—annoying, troublesome, fretful Miss Crooks; I must love her and do her good.

I was now going to work my passage to heaven by certain acts of penance, the first of which was harder than for Simon Stylites to stand on his pillar.

I could not sleep that night, but tossed restlessly on my pillow, full of mental suffering; it increased till my head seemed on fire, and my heart without one ray of hope, for this world or an hereafter. "Why not die now?" I said to myself; "why live when life has become a burden?" I had heard that people sometimes took opiates, and slept, never to wake again.

I actually rose from my bed, and went to a bottle of laudanum that Miss Crooks had obtained for the toothache. I looked at it by the moonlight at the window. I sat down with it in my hand, and I know not what I might have done, had not the idea occurred to me that the soul could not die; and if so, could I end my suffering by destroying the body? My reading lesson that very day had been Hamlet's Soliloquy. I can recall it now—238th page in Porter's Analysis; but I little thought, when I practiced it with so much interest in the morning, that it would have a personal application at night.

I turned to the piece and read it, and then I opened a Bible. Unfortunately it was Miss Crooks's, and opened readily to the ninth chapter of Romans, which only puzzled my poor little head the more. I shut it up, half in anger, half in despair, and walked the room, thinking that no one could suffer as I did. There was a sense of loneliness in my suffering that was most oppressive. Charlie Herbert could have no sympathy with me, for I could carry no more troubles to him. He had always made the rough places smooth, and now I

thought if I could only sit down and write him all about it, he would show me a way to peace. My trunk stood in a corner of the room, near the bed. I went there to get Charlie's likeness to look at it; but instead of opening the trunk, a sudden impulse seized me to pray; and I knelt and prayed that my Heavenly Father would bless and comfort me, for I had no other friend to whom I could look for help. After this I laid myself down, and soon fell asleep. I dreamed that I was at the old farm house with Charlie, and we were playing by the brook, near the grapevine swing. We stopped to eat a luncheon. Charlie's father had sent us some oranges, and he selected the largest and finest one—a very rare and beautiful specimen it was, too—and held it up admiringly. I supposed he was about to give it to me, because such was his custom when he had anything very choice; but he said:

"That, Bertha, is for little Mary Wood, the pretty girl that lives in that brown house over at Kent's Island. You can see the chimney of the house above that piece of woods. She has the spinal disease, and can't run and play with us, and I know she will be pleased with such an orange as that. She has a sweet, gentle face, as if pain and poverty had only made her purer and better."

Then he took out the rest of the fruit, and selecting the fairest, gave them to me. We were about eating them, when it seemed, in my dream, that Miss Crooks came along, and, looking at us with a frown, said that I must go back to school, and not play with Charlie any more—it was against the rules; and then she looked very wistfully at the oranges. Charlie gathered them all in the basket and gave them to her.

"Take them," he said, "they are nice." And she took them all, not leaving one for us, and then bade us follow her.

"Ain't she an ugly, cross old maid?" I whispered to Charlie.

"I'm very sorry for her," said Charlie. "You see she has no one to love her, though she craves sympathy like others; and she never feels well, and she is disappointed because Mr. Calvin does not return some of the interest she feels in him. Then she is plain in person, and is too poor to afford the ornaments which women love so much. Poor thing, I pity her, and if I were you I would be very kind to her."

At that he ran into a lane that led to Mary Wood's house, saying:

"I'll carry her the orange now, and then we'll be sure not to eat it. You don't mind, do you, Bertha? You know anything I have is half yours; and when I'm a man, you shall have all the oranges you want. Good-by, and be kind to poor Miss Crooks."

At that I awoke. It was broad daylight. Miss Crooks was dressing.

"Get up, Bertha, for I want to make the bed. It is strange you can't make it to suit me. I never can sleep well, unless the bed is made just so. Now watch me this morning, and see if you can learn."

I was about to reply that I thought the fault was in herself; but I checked the taunt that trembled on my lip, and said "I would try to learn."

That day I purchased a pretty brooch, and left it on her table, with a little note, asking her to forgive my rude speech; that I had spoken hastily, and under the excitement of anger.

When I came from the meditation room, she looked as if she had been weeping; and I found afterward a note addressed to me, full of gratitude for the gift, and an apology for her own severity. Perhaps, she said, she was cold and hard, for want of friends to love her in her childhood. I thought of my dream.

The next evening there was a meeting in the school-room for all who wished to attend. Dr. B. would address the young ladies. It was a dark, stormy evening, but I went with the rest.

"Young ladies," said he, "you must be as anxious for the interests of your soul as you would be if your salvation depended upon your carrying a light safely across the street this stormy night. How anxiously would you watch it, how carefully guard it, how cautious you step; and if it should be extinguished, what despair and darkness would settle upon your soul!"

There were many there who might be benefited. I believe there were—perhaps I was myself; but at the time such illustrations were, to my lacerated heart, like burning coals to raw flesh. I winced and quivered at the torture.

Another night of suffering came, with no comfort, save a few kind words from Miss Crooks, which were most grateful at the time

Day after day passed, and I found no peace. No letter came from Charles Herbert, though I looked anxiously every mail. This was "the kindest out of all," for I was sure that, and give me no information, save what reached me through my mother. Nature at last succumbed to the mental conflict, and I was carried home, ill with a fever.

CHAPTER XIX.

INTERVIEW WITH MR. CALVIN, ETC.

WAS very ill for many weeks, and I believed my father suffered more than myself when he heard me calling so piteously for Charlie. "Charlie" and "Willie"—Charlie and Willie. I was searching in vain for them all the time.

There was a mystery in Charlie's conduct that puzzled my father, and he determined to solve it. Meanwhile my mother was more gentle and kind than I had ever known her; she devoted herself to my comfort, and seldom left me alone. Thanks to her care and the skill of our faithful doctor, I rallied. He used often to say to me—"Bertha, you'll live to be an old lady yet, if I can ward off disease from your lungs; that is the old lady we must guard."

My mother's kindness made my duty to her easier; for in all my lucid moments that one idea haunted me—that I must confess to her that I had not loved her, nor treated her as I ought; I think the feeling was similar to that which the Hindu mother has when she throws her child into the Ganges; I had no more love for my mother than ever; there was a something that separated me from her; a want of confidence that no acts of hers could do away. We cannot always understand it, but there is a subtle, mysterious power, unerring as instinct in animals, that points out our foe; it is safe to follow it, and neglect of it, or a determination to conquer it, will only lead us blindfold into trouble.

I made my confession to my mother in the weakness of body and mind attendant upon convalescence. I told her that I had never loved her as a child, and that I hoped my disobedience and fretfulness would be pardoned; henceforth I would be more dutiful. She received this confession very graciously; she made no return. I was happier because I had done an act which I thought worthy the reward of a quiet conscience.

Some days after this, as I lay in bed with the curtains drawn, I heard my mother in conversation with a gentleman.

Their voices were low, but I could hear my own name mentioned frequently, and wondered who could be there. I had lain down to rest, and I remember my mother had that morning completed a very pretty pink wrapper for me, and urged me to put it on. She had combed and dressed my hair herself, and then given me some quieting drops, that I might sleep. It was from the sleep thus produced that I now woke. My mother, hearing a slight movement, drew aside the curtains, and whispered, "Mr. Calvin is here; he has felt very anxious about you, and would like to see you; but if you do not feel strong enough, my daughter, you need not see him; or, if you have any objection, he will not intrude."

Now I knew that my mother and Mr. Calvin had become warm friends, and that he had frequently called to see her, but I was not aware that he had become so familiar as he now seemed to be. Oh, how I shrank from seeing him! How every nerve felt the repulsion! But my duty—my duty! I had been rude to him; I had disliked him more, perhaps, than any other person with whom I had ever come in contact. But I must see him; and now, perhaps, was my best time—perhaps my only opportunity. I had recovered from my fever, but a troublesome cough had set in, and there were times when I felt that I could not live long. My mother had expressed the same opinion in my presence, and I was now in that quiet, passive state which often follows great mental and physical suffering. I was but a mere tool in the hands of others.

I assented to my mother's wishes, and Mr. Calvin came forward and gave me his hand. It was the first time I had allowed mine to rest in at all; now I was indifferent, and withdrew it only to point to a seat and ask him to take it. I think he was surprised at the change in me, for I was very thin and pale, and so weak I needed aid in rising from the bed. Perhaps there is nothing pleases harder, rugged natures more than to see others humble and passive in their hands. There was certainly an expression like compassion on the features of Mr. Calvin as he stood beside me; there was something more than that when I said for I had determined to do my duty at once.

"Mr. Calvin, will you pardon my former rudeness to you? I was in the wrong, and I hope henceforth never to indulge hatred or ill-will toward any human being!"

I could say no more, but burst into tears. I think my mother and Mr. Calvin were both taken by surprise; it was beyond their hopes that I should yield so readily, and of my own free will. Nothing could have been more unexpected to me; and my mother very judiciously proposed that I should be left alone to rest, after a short interview. But first, Mr. Calvin must pray with me, he said. This time his words were more tender, his voice low, and his prayer earnest for my recovery.

"Had I always misunderstood Mr. Calvin?" I asked myself. Perhaps, like Miss Crooks, he appears hard for what of tender love and childhood I must have felt. I fell asleep again. Mr. Calvin remained a week with me, and each day I saw him for a little while. My mind was weak, sympathizing with the body. His conversation was on religious subjects. Gradually, I hardly knew how, I found myself assenting to his views. It was the influence of a strong will over a mind weakened by long struggle, and perplexed and wearied by wandering amid doubt and darkness. Anywhere for rest; any refuge from this inward strife! Mr. Calvin was self-reliant, decided, believing himself right, and capable of guiding others. From my first confession to him I began to tolerate him. The feeling of repulsion wore away gradually as I became more familiar with him; till at last, I thought, Mr. Calvin may be right; I am a poor, feeble child, not capable of judging for myself; he is a scholar and a clergyman, and he ought to be a guide. I do not like his views—many of them seem to me inconsistent with the Savior's teachings; but Mr. Calvin says it is because my heart is so wicked by nature, and my eyes so blinded by error. I have done him injustice otherwise—perhaps I have been too harsh toward his religious creed. My mother was shrewd and calculating; Mr. Calvin was willing to be led by her; and thus I became a willing convert to their views, and completely subject to their will.

I gained strength slowly; but before Mr. Calvin left us I was able to ride out with my father one sunny day. The fresh air and ride invigorated me, and that very evening long letters reached me from Addie and Mamma.

The latter was full of sympathy and love, and a spirit of deep, quiet joy breathed in every line. Thus she wrote:

"Yes, dearest Bertha, I am tasting life's elixir. To love, and to be loved, to feel your own spirit mingling with a nobler and stronger, to have such perfect trust in another as I now feel in you, is my strong arm to look up and know that he will guide and sustain this little, weak, trembling heart of mine—this is joy to God, almost, for this world; and for poor little me, who and I have known only loneliness and wandering and doubt and darkness. Anywhere for rest; any refuge from this inward strife! Mr. Calvin was self-reliant, decided, believing himself right, and capable of guiding others. From my first confession to him I began to tolerate him. The feeling of repulsion wore away gradually as I became more familiar with him; till at last, I thought, Mr. Calvin may be right; I am a poor, feeble child, not capable of judging for myself; he is a scholar and a clergyman, and he ought to be a guide. I do not like his views—many of them seem to me inconsistent with the Savior's teachings; but Mr. Calvin says it is because my heart is so wicked by nature, and my eyes so blinded by error. I have done him injustice otherwise—perhaps I have been too harsh toward his religious creed. My mother was shrewd and calculating; Mr. Calvin was willing to be led by her; and thus I became a willing convert to their views, and completely subject to their will.

Addie has written you a long letter, and will give all particulars. I can only respond to her heartily love for you, and that you would come and spend the holidays. I want you with me at that time, for you alone, of all my friends, can understand my heart. God bless you, darling, and may we both love him more for thus making life so sweet to us!

I shed some tears over this, and prayed that some might never feel such disappointment as my poor heart suffered. Addie's love was in her usual familiar style:

"I do wish, dearest Bertha, that you were here, and then I should not have to use pen and paper. I do hate letter-writing, and I would never write another letter in the world, if I did not like so much to receive them from my friends. We need you so much. What do you think of the news? I know it will take you by surprise, as it did me, and every one but Mamma. When I told her of it, she said, 'You know I know all about it, this great while. Massa Jim couldn't deceive Mamma. I've seen him look at her when she was reading the Bible to me out in the garden, and I minded of old times when she used to look at my dear Missus. I knowed she was saying, 'she's jes' like her; and I knowed how she loved him before her blessed little heart dared think it herself. She'd catch a glance at him now and then with her pretty blue eyes, and look like I feel when I want to pray, and then she'd turn away so quick, if he happened to look toward her, and blush as if she had been doing wrong. Massa has been deep in love this long time, ever since he was a boy, and he's a good one, honey, she ain't no common folks—she's a high bred, I reckon Mamma knows, and she spelled it out the first time she came here, and she wouldn't marry the present if she did it! I knowed it was one of them sort that never run after the beaux, but wait to be sought. I wish my chile Addie were more like her, and not let it be said a Harper can be had jes' for the asking. I wanted Massa to be a doctor, but he look very sensible sometimes, and then so happy, he was jes' like a boy again; and then, maybe, next day, he look at my dear Missus' picture, and I see the tears come, and I knowed he'd a struggle in his heart; and poor Miss Mary, she was so afraid of it, she should fess her secret that she trembled when Massa came near. I thought about it, and I prayed about it, and one night an angel whispered: 'Mamma, don't fear, Massus ain't no fool; he's a good one, when he came from Washington, I was looking over the peaches, and tellin' Diah she mus' make a heap of peach leather, 'cause Miss Mary and you like it so well, when Massa James come along, and I thought I'd see him that my dear Missus used to love, in my arms at night, and play round me all day, was now a great man in the world, and the handsomest man in ole Virginia; and he love ole 'Mamma' jes' as well as ever—when he come, he look like I feel when I want to pray, you make peach leather for Miss Mary, too; do you remember how I used to tease for it when I was a boy?' Now I knowed he jes' wanted Mamma to say something, and I said, 'yes, Massus, and Miss Mary she like it, too; and I'll see her make a heap of a mouth open its red lips for the goodie. Jes' see here, Massa,' and I led him into the store-room where the sweetmeats were all stowed away—jars and bottles, jes' as usual, and I said, 'Massus, there was 'her writin' on 'em still. I kept it there 'cause she left it. Massa looked solemn when he see'd it, and says, 'Massa James, I've had a message from my Missus in heaven. He started, and turned back at over his face, and could jes' say, 'Well, Mamma, June?' He told me to sit right down in the chair, because I'm so old and fat, I can't stand long; and he sat down by me jes' as if he was a boy again, but he looked like a man, and he said, 'Massus, here's the Bible, and will you please turn and find the name of Jesus's mother?' He did so. 'There,' said I, 'it was that, jes' them letters, zactly. See, Massa, a long time ago I dreamed of some folks, and I said, 'it wa'n't no dream, 'cause I didn't see, but I was lying on my bed; old Pomp was asleep, La, Massa, he never lay awake and thinks; nothing wakes him but he wakes himself, and if he judgment, he should blow, I'd have to punch him in the ribs, and say: 'Come, Pomp, get ready; the blessed Lord has come.' Well, Pomp was sleeping, and the house was all still, when Jes' as sure as I'm alive, I saw my angel Missus standing in the room all dressed in white, her beautiful hair hanging down almost to her feet, and her face bright and smiling, jes' like she was when you first brought her here and told her. Here's Mamma, June, and she says, 'Massus, she has been a mother to me. And she smiled, and said, 'Mamma and I shall be good friends then.' She smiled like that now, and come nearer the bed, and I saw she had something on her arms that she held very carefully. You know, Massus, she was a little bird that had lost their mothers, and stray kids, and petting the poor little plainclothes that had nobody else to care for them, and now it was a white dove that all brought her here, and she was the wings, and that name was jes' like the name of our Lord's mother in the Bible. Read it, Massa, please, and Massa read it, but his voice trembled. He said the dove in my bosom, and said, 'Here's a poor little dove, Mamma, she was a mother to me, and she was the wings, and that name was jes' like the name of our Lord's mother in the Bible. Read it, Massa, please, and Massa read it, but his voice trembled. He said the dove in my bosom, and said, 'Here's a poor little dove, Mamma, she was a mother to me, and she was the wings, and that name was jes' like the name of our Lord's mother in the Bible. Read it, Massa, please, and Massa read it, but his voice trembled. 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Magnetic Healing.

(Continued from first page.)

lution of physical atoms is impeded—then come organic diseases, or obstructions, and a new development of life. Organic life is but an obstruction, a polarization in vital magnetism; obstruct its course in one mode of life and you have spontaneous generation.

For example: On the death of the body there is an interruption in the vital magnetic current; that interruption is organic dissolution, and dissolution is effected by the creation of new forms of organic life. Death is change; life is change. Death and life are the same thing. So the interruption in any organic, vital operation, means the creation, or spontaneous development, of new organic life. Diseases are the causes or occasion of the appearance of new life. To cure disease is the act of producing a harmonious circulation of the magnetic currents through all the organs of the body. An obstruction of these currents diverts the magnetic action, which actually is the cause of new organic life. Vital forces will express themselves, and it almost looks like spontaneous generation to see the spores of disease arise and clog the free activity of the bodily organs. But this is a great fact in nature.

If we could change the inclination of the earth's axis to the plane of its orbit, animal life which flourishes at the pole would cease, and new organic specimens of life would soon take their place. The law of organic distribution of animals is most conspicuously true as the eye rests upon the animal and vegetable kingdoms. How patent the fact that life adapts itself to the immutable law of a changeless necessity. The force of vital magnetism is demonstrated everywhere in the diversified forms of life. Heat and cold are but modes of supply and demand in solar magnetism. Heat and cold in the body are the sensations which tell of the obstructed channels through which the vital forces flow. Magnetic manipulation by a suitable person will cure most diseases if not of too long standing. There is no curative power in nature like it. The finest forces are the most powerful; magnetism is one of the finest—yet in the domain of the profound and refined soul-world there exists still finer and more etherealized forces which have a great influence upon the order of nature, and the development and distribution of organic forms. Man is the most secure and protected from danger when he imitates nature, and comprehends her methods of vital action.

The germ theory of disease has of late years received great attention, and is destined in the near future to have an important bearing upon the treatment of disease. When one comes to think of the slow progress in physiological research and the treatment of disease before the beginning of the present century, and for a long space even in it, we see how slow the medical mind has been to recognize the spirit of progress. The medical schools have displayed more conservative bigotry and arbitrary dogmatism than the theological schools during the same time, if possible. But that spirit of exclusiveness and sham is rapidly giving way under the impulse of scientific minds and methods; soon the medical revolution will be complete.

More observation is wanted, and scientific classification of real psychic facts. Magnetic healers have, in almost all cases, methods of manipulation entirely their own. A great subject—a domain of nature—here lies open for study. Not an easy one: Astronomy, with its unthinkable distances, is easy in comparison to it—the mind and its forces involve so many unknown facts and laws; but that should only be an incentive for closer study. When more is known it will be seen that those appearances which we thought were direct manifestations of Providence—or God overshadowing the soul—will be seen to be but the ordinary operations of the laws of nature. As science grows divine interferences retire from the eye of the man of science. Ignorance sees God in mystery. The educated man of science sees only the unknown works of natural law. I welcome the development of "mind cure," but it is "mind," not God—spirit, and not an "overshadowing."

I do not say, by any means, there is no God. God or no God, man and spirit only come sensationally in contact with nature. A man can only know and profit from his sensation. Science can only profit through man's sensation. There can be as yet no Christian scientists. The terms together do not mean anything. Christianity cannot be a science. The green-back science would be a force without means; a Republican scientist would be words without meaning; Democratic scientist would be words without meaning; So the Christian scientist is an abnormal thing, that does not describe anything which is true in nature. It is incongruous, inconsistent nomenclature, which has nothing in common with a scientific definition. Christianity is a term with a thousand definitions. Science always means the same thing. Christianity in the city of Rome is one thing—in Westminster Abbey another; Christianity on the boulevard of Paris one thing—in the avenues of Salt Lake City another. The churches existing in these United States show how men differ in their conception of Christianity. A conscientious man may be a Christian, but science can neither be Christian nor unchristian. Science embodies the facts and principles of nature; Christianity knows nothing of these. The healing art is a progressive one, and I do not want it to be understood that I linger in the retrospective conditions of it. The old school methods of healing I can afford to throw away. I will not hurl coarse epithets at the heads of eminent surgical operators. I think the old medical profession has done a great deal for the science of physiology and anatomy. The name of Harvey will be eternally honored in the school of physiological science; and the name of Bell will be remembered by the remotest posterity. Yet this old school is the stupidest blunder that I can find in the whole catalogue of science. It is not adventuresome enough. It relies upon the past.

I know a man is coming with his magnetism, with his mind-power—not God-power. He will break to pieces the medical gods of the world. The idea of non-science, the superstition of medicine, will have to go, and will only go as true science unfolds in the mind of man. In educating our scientific men let us not forget that self-knowledge is the greatest that the universe has the great problem still. The realm of life and the causes of the soul are to be better understood. Then those of life and disease will be easily manipulated. The world is rapidly losing its myths in every department and branch of human thought.

The stupidity of ignorance has kept back many men from investigating the finer forces

of the mind. The old belief that God made us all has kept back an answer to the onigma of life; has kept back the spirit of inquiry, and satisfied the credulity and curiosity of man. But with the growth of the scientific skeptic the demand "I want to know" is heard echoing everywhere. I want to know the mystery of the physical universe. I want to solve the mysteries of consciousness and its cause. When millions and millions of years have rolled away I may come to a point in the endless kingdoms of eternity when the existence of nature and the science of the divine shall become a question solvable and interesting to me. The divine is too sacred, too sublime a theme and a mystery for me now. Whenever I look in the realm of mind and causation I am lost in the supreme mystery of being. I do not know; there are no facts of sensation by which I can claim to know. The phenomena are too gigantic for me now. I see too much of the grandeur of the soul and the magnificence of the universe to be vain and egotistical enough to blunder and dream of existence or existences which are "ungetatable" and unthinkable.

Letter from Capt. Gould.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Professor Wm. H. Lockwood of Chicago has just closed an engagement here of three weeks, to the great satisfaction and edification of the citizens of St. Louis, many of them entire strangers to the teachings of Modern Spiritualism.

But it is so seldom we have an opportunity of securing a lecturer for our platform, who is a full fledged Spiritualist, and who at the same time supports his theories upon scientific principles, that the announcement of his name was quite a surprise to many who were more than curious to learn what, if anything, could be said upon the subject of Spiritualism from a strictly scientific standpoint.

Hence it was soon spread abroad that Professor Lockwood, who has a record in the west and northwest as a scientific lecturer of more than twenty years' practice, was here, and drawing steadily increasing audiences, which before the close of his engagement could barely be accommodated in our hall. So many regrets were expressed that the term of his engagement was so short, that it is probable he will be reengaged again soon.

The Professor lays the foundation of his arguments in the molecular character of Nature. From this position he demonstrates that the mental relationship existing between individuals, or as existing in the phenomena of Spiritualism, is of a molecular character; that all types of crystals and plasmatic life are the result of molecular accretions; that plants and all vegetable life, including the beautiful colors in flowers and upon fruits, are in full accord with the principles of molecular structure.

He claims that thought transference between mind and mind, whether in mortal or spirit life, is established and made intelligible through the principles involved in molecular theories, and that it is the key that unlocks the secrets of ancient occult mysteries.

The subject, as elucidated by the Professor, opens a new field of thought to many of increasing interest, and each lecture contributes valuable information to all who have the privilege of listening to them.

It seems that the time has come when the beautiful theories as taught by spiritual lecturers from our public platforms, predicated upon spiritual phenomena, are to be supplemented and verified by scientific facts.

To us in the West this is a new, an advance step, and one that seems to be finely appreciated, judging from the interest created here. While Professor Lockwood is not new by any means in this field of labor, we have been so much absorbed in the phenomena of Spiritualism in seeking for tests, that we have had no time nor thought for scientific investigation.

You, at the East around the "Hub," are of course in the midst of scientists, and often have an opportunity of listening to sages in their discussions of occult theories, and probably of Spiritualism from scientific standpoints.

But if you have not, allow me to suggest that if you have an opportunity to secure the services of Professor Lockwood, I feel assured your people will appreciate his teachings and be glad to endorse them.

While the Spiritual Philosophy is full of beautiful precepts new to many investigators and practical reformers, when established upon a scientific basis, of which there is no doubt it is susceptible, it will present additional arguments to skeptics and to the doubting as nothing else can.

I feel assured that the old BANNER, with its folds always spread to catch the latest zephyr from the spirit-land, will be more than ready to accept and promulgate all well-established scientific postulates referring to the Spiritual Philosophy.

When this is accomplished and recognized it will set at liberty a vast amount of valuable thought and research, which has been and has been for more than thirty years in this country, as well as in all civilized countries, endeavoring to prove what Spiritualists have long since accepted, namely: the continuity of life and the communion between spirits in the body and those that have passed to the spirit-side of life.

When this is incontrovertibly established through scientific demonstration, the millennium will begin to dawn as the millions that are now engaged in controversy, research and speculation will probably have leisure, and it is to be hoped a disposition, to devote some part of their valuable experience to the educating of those seeking for the truth and to the cause of humanity generally. E. W. GOULD.

December Magazines.

THE CENTURY.—Christmas is well celebrated by the magicians of this magazine in the presentation of a fine holiday issue. The new and artistic cover, in colors, suggests the advent of the newly-born, while illustrations, stories, sketches, poems, letters, humor, all team with talk of the day so near approaching. "The Madonna of the Donors," by Van Dyck, is a fine engraving, copied from the painting in the Louvre. Among the subjects treated are: "The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," second part; "Old Maryland Homes and Ways"; "The Italian Premier, Crispi"; "Science and Religion"; "The Labor Question" (in Kipling's "A Walking Delegate"); "The Palmetto Van Dyck"; Christmas poems, by George Parsons Lathrop and Julia Schayer; "A Neighbor's Landmark," by Sarah Orne Jewett; "An Errand Woman," by Mrs. Burton Harrison; "The American Woman in Politics," by Eleonora Kinnelout; "The Christmas Goose," by Grace Wilbur Conant; "The Penitent," by Nannie A. Cox. P. Marion Crawford contributes "Casa Braccio." There are numerous other illustrations to add interest to an unusually strong number. The Century Co., New York.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.—A strong and interesting paper is "The Relations of Photography to Art," beautifully illustrated. James L. Breese is the writer. "My Guests" is a poem by Sir Edwin Arnold. "The Tribes of Sahara," Napoleon Ney; "Margherita of Savoy," Felicia B. Clark; "Musical Instruments of the World," Isaac H. Hall; "Great Passions of History," Andrew Lang; "A Parting and a Meeting," William Dean Howells; "On Frenchman's Bay," Mrs. Burton Harrison; "Abraham Lincoln in his Relations to Women," Julien Gordon; "A Feel in the Christmas Air," James Whitcomb Riley; "An Error in the Fourth Dimension," Rudyard Kipling; "The Story of a Thousand," Albion W. Tourgée; "The Hall-Mark," Katrina Trask. In the "World of Letters" and "Progress of Science" are many pleasing papers. The Cosmopolitan Co., New York.

THE ARCHA.—Following a portrait of Prof. F. Max Müller is a paper by that distinguished gentleman, on "The Real Significance of the Parliaments of Religions." "Guy de Maupassant" is by Count L. N. Tolstoy; "David A. Wells' Downfall," by George Wilson; "The Religion of Holmes' Poems," by Willson; "The Religion of Holmes' Poems," by Willson; "The Religion of Holmes' Poems," by Willson.

mortality." It is from the pen of the editor, B. O. Flower. Heinrich Heine writes of "The Fate of Major Rogers." James G. Clark has a poem, "If Christ Should Come To-day." Henry Lathford writes of "William Penn," and "Peter the Great." "A Woman in the Camp," a Christmas sketch by Hamlin Garland. "Cloclo," by Will Allen Dromgoole, is another in the same line. "The Abolition of War," a Symposium, has two papers: "The Ethics of Peace," by Rev. H. C. Vrooman, and "The Abolition of War," by Thomas E. Will. The other departments are well cared for. The Arena Pub. Co., Boston.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.—Eugene Field has a finely illustrated poem, "Jes' 'fore Christmas," as the opening paper. "The Man Who Most Influenced Me" is the first of a series of six papers by Frances Hodgson Burnett, and is entitled "My Enemy." "A Girl of Gallies" is by Rev. S. D. McConnell. "A Frank R. Stockton begins 'As One Woman to Another.'" "Dreams of Universal Suffrage" is an effort to be funny, and is not convincing in argument, or up to the general tone of this able magazine. Lillian Nordica has a fine article on "Girls and Operatic Careers," and speaks authoritatively and profitably. "A Minister to the World," by Caroline Atwater Mason, is continued very pleasantly. William Dean Howells contributes a fine installment of "My Literary Fancies." "Holy and Hugs" is by Robert J. Burdette. "Happy Evenings for Children" will please the little folks, as will also "Making Candy at Home." Ruth Ashmore writes of "The Small Faults of Girls," and Maria Parloa of "Fête Days of the French." There is also a fine variety of recipes, etc. Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.—The fourth volume commences under most auspicious circumstances. Ida M. Tarbell continues Napoleon Bonaparte in a well-written second paper, accompanied with numerous portraits of the subject at different stages of his career. "Dikron's Dog" is by Dorothy Ludd. "A Morning With Bret Harte," by Henry J. W. Dam, has several portraits. D. L. Moody is well written of by Prof. Henry Drummond. A Conan Doyle has a story of Napoleon's era entitled "A Foreign-Office Romance." "The Christ-Child in Art" is by Archdeacon Farrar. Ella Higginson has a story, "The Taktin' in Mis' Lane." Cleveland Moffett brings out some stories from the Pinkerton Agency about the Molly Maguires. S. S. McClure, 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

THE HUMANITARIAN.—A portrait of Mrs. Josephine Butler, wife of the late Canon Butler, is used as a frontispiece preceding an interview with that lady on "The Sex Bias of the Commentators," Sarah A. Tooley making the interview. Part second on "Hereditry" will interest many readers; "The Theatre and the Music Hall" is from a paper by Rev. Canon Lester, read at the recent Church Congress; "The Chinese as Fellow-Colonists" is discussed by R. W. Egerton Eastwick, "Community Life and the Social Problem" is by Rev. James Adderley; "The Strike of a Sex" comes to a close, and does credit to the writer, George Noyes Miller. Caution Press, 20 Vesey street, New York.

"I Owe My Life To You."

That is a strong statement, yet exactly what Miss Gertrude Sickler, of Wilton, N.J., has written to Mrs. Pinkham. She says:—
"I suffered terribly with suppressed and painful menstruations. Doctors could only keep me from having fits each month by giving me morphine. This continued until I was completely prostrated.
"My father at last got me a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which at once gave me relief. It did what the doctors could not—cured me. I never have any trouble now, and have no dread of the coming month.
"I owe my life to you."

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The Discovered Country.
"Although 'The Discovered Country' is emphatically a psychological work, it is written in a style so simple in language that those who run may read. In no single instance is the high, pure tone, which is the characteristic feature of this wonderful work."—Emma Hardinge Britten, in the *Union* Review.
12mo, cloth, pp. 40. Price \$1.00.

Oceanides.
This second volume is graphically described as a "psychical novel." In this respect, no less than in its general tone, it differs from the more recently inspired "Discovered Country." The chief theme of "Oceanides" is the stern law of natural "affinity" existing between the male and female in the human mind, and the mistakes and misadventures and consequent unhappiness which result on earth from such mistakes."—Emma Hardinge Britten, in the *Union* Review.
12mo, paper, pp. 418. Price 50 cents.

Philip Carlisle: A Romance.
The hero of this thrilling romance is introduced to the reader as a bright, manly lad of twelve years of age, residing in a quiet village in America. He was rescued by a ship's crew from the sea when a babe, and had been adopted by the steward's wife. At the opening of the story, however, he is thrown upon his own resources, but, meeting a hermit who lives in a cave on a mountain outside the village, they are of great assistance to each other in many ways. The hermit, who is a musician of rare endowment, teaches the boy to play the violin, and in time the latter becomes equally skilled. The varied experiences of Philip are graphically described in the volume. The fact of spirit return and communication has been conveyed to him by the old hermit (a sensitive) in early life, and the child, who was also mediumistic, had been gradually developed until he proved a useful instrument for the spirit world. The story is not only entertaining, but it contains much that is valuable and instructive, and constitutes a book that should be read by all Spiritualists.
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Words by LIZZIE DRYDEN, Music by ANNIE A. HAYEN.
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Written for the Banner of Light.

THY LOVED ONES COME.

BY MATILDA CUSHING-SMITH.

Beloved, look! the shadows lift;
Fear not to let thy life-bark drift,
For swiftly down you sliding way,
Ere night succeedeth busy day,
Thy loved ones come.
Falter thou not nor make complaint,
Though flesh may fail and heart grow faint,
Nor long for vain, inglorious ease;
To help thee meet what fate decrees
Thy loved ones come.
When wearied with the bitter strife—
When comfortless seems earthly life—
Strong angel-helpers will be near,
And, through the densest atmosphere,
Thy loved ones come.
And, though again from thee they go
To do a work thou mayest not know,
Grieve not, for when the twilight falls,
With souls responsive to thy calls,
Thy loved ones come.
Their lives are intertwined with thine,
And ever will be, friend of mine.
And when, some day, earth's tasks are o'er,
Thou'lt find that on the other shore
Thy loved ones come.
Rockland, Me.

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SPIRIT Message Department.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Spirit Messages published from week to week under the above heading are reported verbatim by Miss Ida L. Spalding, an expert stenographer.

Questions propounded by inquirers—having practical bearing upon human life in its departments of thought or action—should be forwarded to this office by mail or left at our Counting-Room for answer. It should also be distinctly understood in this connection that the messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether of good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in the columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All expressions as much of Truth as they perceive—no more. It is our earnest wish that those on the mundane sphere of life who recognize the published messages of their spirit-friends on this page, from time to time, will verify them by personally informing us of the fact for publication. As our spirit visitors are very fond of flowers, it behooves the friends in earth-life, so disposed, to place natural flowers upon our stanchions, the reasons for which were stated in our editorial columns of a recent date. Also, we are requested to state that all letters of inquiry, or otherwise, pertaining to this Department, should be addressed to the undersigned.

HENRY W. PITMAN, Chairman.

SPIRIT-MESSAGES,

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF



MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Report of Séance held Nov. 2, 1894.

Spirit Invocation.

Angels of Light, we invite your presence this hour. Messengers of Peace who go forth to do the Father's bidding in kindly ministrations unto the children of earth, be with us and extend your helpful influences to us as we congregate here on this occasion. Lend your aid to those returning spirits who come eager and anxious to let some loved one know that death has not severed the bond of sympathy and affection which united them here, but has only served to draw them still closer together in spirit. May such harmony pervade this gathering that an elevating and spiritualizing power may go forth from this Circle-Room, quickening the hearts of those who are so immersed in the cares of material life that they give no heed to those things of a spiritual nature which so nearly concern their future well-being. May the united influence of this assembly—so large in numbers on the spirit side, but so small on the earthly side—be sent forth into the homes of those who mourn, lightening their burdens of sorrow and despair, and filling their hearts with hope and comfort.

Be with us and abide with us constantly, oh! holy angels from spheres superior, guide us in the path of right and duty as we journey here below, and when the summons to enter the higher spheres of existence shall come, then indeed shall we be well fitted to take up that life, with its greater responsibilities and opportunities for soul-unfoldment and advancement.

JOHN PIERPONT.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

John Bullene.

(Good morning, Mr. Chairman. [Good morning.] We realize fully, as we come into this Circle-Room, that all are welcome here.

For many years I have been learning little by little of spirit-communication. I have also felt at times unsatisfied with what I received, and a reaching out for more. The spirit of man, whether in the mortal form or in the world beyond, is never satisfied, but is ever desirous of obtaining more knowledge, "more proof," as our friends in mortal say, and we as immortals also ask for more proof. So you see human nature is the same on both sides of life. Well, that is perfectly right.

I have often heard it asked, "If spirits can tell one thing which they can't tell everything?" I say to you as it has been said to me, "That would be perfection." Dear mortals, be reasonable in your demands; meet your spirit-friends as you would meet them here—that is, in the same attitude of reasonable inquiry, and many of the doubts that now assail you will be removed.

It was a great comfort to me when here to realize that my friends lived, and not only lived, but were near me—I might say in the next room to me—for I sensed their presence so perfectly.

I know Emma understands much in regard to these things, but when the summons shall come to her she will exclaim, "I thought I knew a great deal of spirit-communication." So you do, so you have in the past, but you will know more in time to come.

I know whereof I speak, and I would that the whole world might know that Spiritualism is the grandest religion conceivable, for it removes doubts and fears, and establishes a knowledge in their place.

Emma is before the public (on the rostrum) and is well known in Central City, Col. I was known there also. John Bullene.

Ellen S. Raney.

[To the Chairman:] I was known in your good city and its surroundings, and I have a daughter not far from Boston, who, I am satisfied, will learn that mother has spoken a few words here to comfort her, and to aid her through the uneven journey of life.

I am so happy to know that spirits can commune in this way. Many times when on earth I heard it spoken of, and I also heard of this institution; yet I did not realize I was so near the other life. Often it has been said in my presence that such and such a spirit had reported, such and such an one had been heard from; but I doubted it greatly. I felt that if ever I was so fortunate as to gain heaven I should want to stay there, and not come back on to the earth, where there are so many trials and troubles and so much wrong-doing and unhappiness. Oh! dear friends, how little did I realize what a selfish being that would have made me. Now I find that our mission is to aid others all we can, either upon the earth-plane or in spirit; but I find that mortals need our assistance much more than immortals. Don't think we regard it as a task, for we delight to help you wherever and whenever we can.

It seemed strange when I entered the spirit-world to see people attracted to people who were no kindred of theirs, and whom they had not even known when here on the earth. I

well remember, when in the mortal, hearing folks frequently say, "Well, I am sorry for those people, but I cannot trouble myself about them—they are none of my relatives." How natural that is here; but how differently you feel when you have thrown off the garment of flesh, for then you will never stop to think, when you see another in need, who or what he is.

Yes, Mary, I am with you. Never a day has passed, and never a day shall, but what I shall try to hold my influence over you for good. When you were far away in the western country, my influence followed you even there.

My name is Ellen Raney. I was known in Boston, Dorchester, Cambridge and surrounding towns. It is some years since I passed away.

Willie W. Everett.

[To the Chairman:] Good morning. [How do you do this morning?] I'm all right, but I tell you what, when I went out I could have shot every redskin I met. I haven't one feeling against them. Like others, I used to call the Indians treacherous people. They sent me out of the body quick. I belonged to the heavy artillery stationed at Fort Robinson, Arkansas.

I want to say that I don't hold any feeling against the Indians, or any one else, now. I was of a happy nature, and I don't want any one to think "Willie" comes back with animosity toward any.

I have been very happy in spirit-life, and I have been a constant attendant, I might say, here at your circles since I was first invited to attend one by Mr. William Berry. I did not know him when in the mortal, but we form acquaintances in spirit-life, the same as you do here.

How my poor mother's heart ached for her boy when she could not learn of him, but now we are together, and we are both happy. When on earth she would often say to me, "William, do right, and when you die you will go to heaven," but she had only a faint idea of what heaven was.

I did not suffer any in passing over. I heard voices repeating, "It's too bad, too bad, that redskin sent Willie Everett over." What they meant was that I was dead, but I wasn't dead at all. I was only a boy then, you might say, and I had little thought I should live on earth so short a time.

I hope this paper goes to Riverside, Cal. I have not any close relatives, but there is one young man whom I thought would like to hear from me. His name is Lewis Spinney, and he was there a little while ago.

I would say further that I hold up both hands for the Indian to-day. People are pretty much mistaken in regard to the nature of the Indians. They call them treacherous. Let us reason together: Suppose we concede the point that they are here (which I deny), they drop that trait when they rise to a spiritual plane on the other side of life, and, as a class, they are of almost untold benefit to mediums, of whose physical welfare they take the greatest care. I do not ask any one to accept my ideas, but I speak from my own experience. I have met the Indian who sent me across, and we are the sincerest of friends. Now I have a good strong love for the Indians, but when I went away I did not.

I want to say to Lew, I am very happy, and if you hear from me, respond.

I am Willie W. Everett. I tried to come a great while ago, but I didn't succeed.

Emily Stair.

[To the Chairman:] I would not have thought when in the flesh that I should ever visit one of your spiritual meetings; but through the kindness of your good Spirit President, Rev. John Pierpont, I am permitted to speak to-day.

Dear little Ruby stands beside me, and asks to be remembered to mamma. Robert Annett is here, too, and wishes me just to give his name, for some friends of his, who will read this message, will be glad to know he has come to this place. Yes, John, Aunt Margaret wants to be remembered also. I think the others may be privileged to speak for themselves sometime.

When I was passing away I saw what a grand reunion awaited me. I realized everything going on about me on the earthly side, but I could not express it.

I am very happy to know that some of the children are beheading what their father has said to them; but, Harry, fear not; there is nothing to cause you to fear. Sometimes I notice, when anything has been said of dear little Ruby, a feeling akin to fear overshadows you, but Jimmy does not feel that way. Oh! how I wish each one of you could realize as much as Cora or Lou does of our presence.

Your father, you know, children, was considered of good reasoning powers; then if he was, he is; and what he has learned has aided him very much, and will aid him a great deal more when he passes over, as you say, but I should express it as passing into the next room or house. "Yes," Sammie says, "that is more to the point, more correct." He knows, for he has been a dweller in spirit a long time. The children who had passed on are here with me.

I send these loving words not only to you, John, but to all who may ask for me. Uncle Will, as the children say, will be glad to read the message, and Emma, too. I am pleased to speak of them, and I would speak of every one of you separately, but it takes too much time.

Cora, one time not long since, as you were sitting in your work-room, you sensed Ruby, and you felt there was some one else there also. That was mother, who came with her. I have often thought that the passing away of that dear, bright little child out of the home circle so suddenly has led you all to seek sooner for more knowledge concerning the state of those who have entered the world beyond.

John, that is correct which you get through George.

I am Emily Stair. In Buck Creek, Ind., I am remembered.

Dr. A. S. Hayward.

Good morning, Mr. Chairman. [Good morning.] I am one of the number that has gained permission to speak from this platform to-day, and I certainly appreciate the privilege. Mortals think they appreciate the blessing of inter-communication between the two worlds. Well, they do in part, but not nearly as much as do we who have left the material form.

I have met our Brother Colby. What a smile illumined his face as he reached out his hand to give me a warm hand-shake, and he said, "Brother Hayward, how glad I am to see you."

He asked me to come to his home, where his father and mother dwell, and have a good long talk. So, on about the fifth day after his transition, I went to see him, and we talked for

hours, not only of the present, but of the past, when we were both on the material plane. Our dear brother walked long here below; he fought the battle bravely, and now he has won the victory.

I wish you could have seen how eagerly the old co-workers gathered about our brother when he entered spirit-life, to greet him and welcome him home.

Let me add right here, that the old workers join hands with you workers who are left here in the grand and noble work in which you are engaged.

It requires much strength and firmness of purpose to undergo unflatteringly the trials of this life. Therefore I say let us be charitable—very charitable—toward all with whom we come in contact, and if our brothers and sisters fall by the wayside let us try to help them rise.

I know my own dear companion has labored faithfully, and the reward is here.

While in the flesh I realized a great deal that I could not well express, for, coming in contact with so many different people with different magnetisms, I found a great deal to contend with; but I felt willing to go on and fight the battle of life, which is the hardest battle ever fought.

I extend my sympathy to all who feel the burdens of life pressing heavily upon them. If they are in the wrong we leave that with the Great Whole; there is a day of reckoning, and that day is every day and every hour. Why do we need any greater judge than our own conscience? We do not; that is judge enough.

[To the Chairman:] I am much pleased to see that this good work is still to go on. We feel assured that this institution, which was established by the spirit-world, will continue, and that aid to continue it will come from those who possess a goodly store of this world's goods and who will be determined that the good old BANNER that has been unfurled to the world so long shall still wave.

I am very glad to be able to announce myself from this platform as Dr. A. S. Hayward. My friends hear from me a great deal privately, but I was attracted to this Circle-Room to-day by the presence of our lately ascended Brother Colby.

Dr. Joseph L. Newman.

I have been urged to give a few words here, not only by my kindred, but by some other friends. I have reported at these circles before, but that was a good while in the past. A word from one spirit may have more weight with one person than if spoken by another; so we are all anxious to bring all the proof we can to mortals, for there are so many doubting Thomases. We desire to aid the people of earth as much as possible, and impart light and knowledge wherever we can, whether among kindred and friends, or among strangers.

Dr. Hayward, who has just spoken, understood a great deal of the efficacy of magnetic forces, and I think I did. I belonged to the same class of practitioners that he did, and I had an office right here in this building for quite a long period. Therefore I am interested in those left upon the earth-plane who are engaged in the same grand work. Instead of taking the various nostrums of the day when ill, try magnetic treatments first, for they will not harm you. We who labored in this way on earth are still engaged in the same occupation—do not misunderstand me, and think I mean that spirits need these treatments; oh! no; but we come upon the material plane to aid mortals with the healing powers we bring from the spirit-world.

As I was passing away I realized all that was taking place. I felt that some would miss me, and it is true they did; but others come forward to take up the work we lay down, and it is well that it is so.

I am not here to give an extended message, but to add one more link to the chain of proof that we live active lives, and hold an interest still in those who remain upon the earth-plane. Like many others, when weary and tried I used to think of the spirit-world as a place of rest. We do rest in a certain sense, but we are not inactive, for certainly we have much to do.

I am pleased that the opportunity presented itself for me to speak here to-day, Mr. Chairman.

I was known as Dr. Joseph L. Newman. I have some friends in Washington, N. H., and many in Boston.

Ida Louise Merritt.

[To the Chairman:] Please, sir, may I talk just a little while? [Certainly; I am very glad to have you come.] Thank you. Gran'pa said I could come, too.

I lived in Pittsfield, Mass. Do you know me? [Tell me what your name is.] Ida Louise Merritt, an' I go to school.

When I went to the Summer-Land I was only four; but I'm six, now, an' I'm goin' to be seven sometime.

I've got a lovely white kitten, with a blue ribbon 'round its neck. [Now?] Yes, sir; an' we had a doggle called Spotty when we lived here; that was gran'pa's dog.

What lovely flowers you've got here! When you was beginnin' your meetin' a lady come an' put three vases of flowers from the Summer-Land—all white ones—on the table; one was lilacs-of-the-valley, one white pinks an' one white roses. She's Miss Emily Chase. She says I'm a sweet little girl—one of God's babies; for all little children are God's children. She's my teacher now. I had Miss Annie Thompson at first. Miss Chase has a class of children. She don't be cross any. Sometimes she says the dimple in my cheek is where the angels kissed me.

I want to say, Aunt Mary, don't cry. Tell Uncle Sumner I member how he used to play hide-an'-seek with me.

Mary Herriok.

What a pleasure it is to see the little spirit-children come forward and speak in their own sweet way. I have the care—and have had for a long time—of a dear little child, and I thank the Father for the little ones.

I know some will be pleased to read the words I speak here to-day. I shall be remembered in good old Boston, and I have friends in different places in Vermont State—Randland, for one. Many changes have been made since I had rooms not so far from here, in the city of Boston, for I excelled the medial powers of which I was possessed.

Little Clara is here, and wants papa, Uncle William, and dear grandma, too, to know she comes with me.

I did not think of speaking when I came into the Circle-Room to-day, but the kind Mr. Pierpont gave me an invitation, and thinking some one might be glad to hear from me I accepted. My children—my daughters—do not understand about my coming to them; yet I feel that this

message may perhaps lead them to try to learn a little something of the life beyond. Most assuredly I shall try to make them receive impressions from me, and I think my influence will be felt.

Joseph, I am glad to hold communion with you as I do. She who was the sweet little babe, Clara, has often controlled your hand, and the words she puts on paper are comforting. I know there are times when ways look dark, yet all mortals have much to contend with.

I wish to be remembered to that mother who is fast approaching us; for many years has she walked in mortal.

Joseph, William, your father sends his love, first to the mother, then to each one of the boys.

My name is Mary Herriok, but I was called Molly.

Mary Nickerson.

I am no stranger to what is termed spirit-communication, neither was I, when a mortal.

I knew before that that when another stroke came I must throw off the old garment of clay. When passing over, many of those who had preceded me long before came to greet me.

I know, Bangs, how sad you felt because you could not obtain one speaker you would have liked at the funeral. I realized you had to call a minister.

Susie asks to be remembered. I would like so much for Ben and Genie to know mother has returned here to this Circle-Room, and reported.

Now I will send a few words to the dear boy in New York: When the opportunity presents itself I shall return and have my conversation out in regard to politics; you will understand me, I am sure.

I have often thought, Mr. Chairman, when I have been near him, that, with the medial power that was in that home, he ought to realize more of Susie's presence, and Mother Nickerson's, too.

I am pleased to be able to speak. I have made three attempts previous to this. Once I failed altogether. I was not strong enough, and did not know as well how to control the brain as I do now, but my own dear daughter Susie, who was and is now a medium, has been a great aid to me. I know she is not forgotten by many of your people here in your city.

I would say to the dear boy, May God bless the noble and grand work that is being done through that good woman, the one you have chosen. Susie would reach out her hand to her and call her "sister." We know of the changes that have come in your home surroundings.

As my dear daughters and myself are in spirit, the question may arise in the minds of our friends, are we all together? We are together when we have the desire to be, but we are free to come and go as we please.

I know how hard it was for my dear husband when he knew the summons had come for me, yet it was a comfort to him that I was not what some people call dead; he knew well he would meet me again in those realms that know no good-bys, no strokes of paralysis, no aches and pains. I was happy when I saw my children coming for me.

Minnie, learn all you can of the other life, use the reason with which you are endowed, and at last will that grand reunion take place.

Minnie, you were so kind to me in all my wants.

Mary Nickerson, East Harwich, Cape Cod.

Charles O. Fogg.

I would like the friends to know I live, and that I am in their meetings every Sabbath. If my people—my brothers—would try to learn a little something of us who have passed on they would be much happier, and it would aid them a great deal when the time comes for them to cross the crystal river.

I never for one moment would have supposed while in the flesh that I would ever have spoken in this Circle-Room; but, through the law of attraction, I first came to listen and learn; then the desire arose in my heart to speak for myself.

I passed away in Lynn, Mass., very suddenly. I have never controlled a medium in public before, neither have I ever come in contact with any of my people to speak to them personally, although I have tried to make myself known, for it seemed terribly hard to feel I was upon the earth-plane and that no one knew it, especially my relatives.

I do not find any fault, but I feel as if these words I now utter may give them the desire to learn a little more of my present condition in spirit-life.

I am Charles O. Fogg of Lynn, Mass.

Spirit Messages.

The following messages from individual spirits have been received (according to dates) at THE BANNER CIRCLES through the mediumship of Mrs. B. F. SMITH; they will appear in due order on our sixth page.

Nov. 9.—Benjamin Silveston; Ella Collamore; Mary Louise Pollock; Elizabeth Chalmers; John Henry Weaver; Ernest Bacon; Lettie Maria Kendrick; Luther Colby.

Nov. 16.—Washington French; Alvira Roberts; Lewis Joselyn; Harry Albert Withney; Jennie Willman; Robert W. Knight; Sarah A. Potter; Sarah Pote; Jennie Will; Rosale Fletcher.

Nov. 23.—Samuel Hadden; Theodora Wray; George Ramsdell; Adeline Wright; Lizzie Holt; Henry Revett; Miss E. Ives; Charlotte Worthen.

Nov. 30.—John Hearn; Mary A. Moore; Margaret A. Norton; Olive Hill; John Bellows; Charles Elms; Ed. S. Wheelton.

Dec. 7.—Amos Walker; Fannie L. S. Harris; Annie Stout; Susan F. Ray; Susan R. Holden; Maria Howland; Dr. Jabez S. Holmes; Tom O'Reilly; Clara Wellington.

Stories from Newcastle.

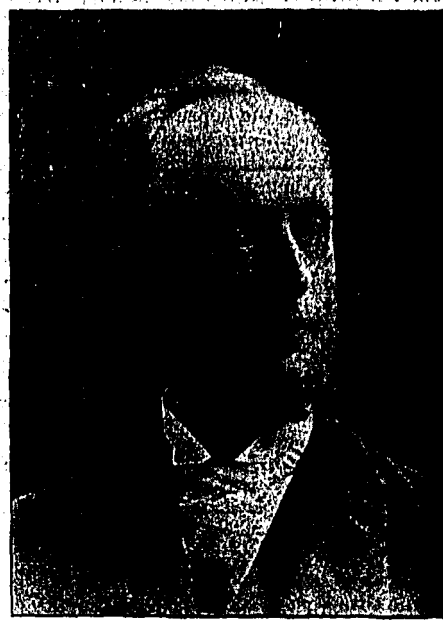
At the luncheon to friends of the Missionary Society some good stories were told. Dr. MacLaren, who said he had never been an after-dinner speaker, and "it was difficult to teach an old dog new tricks," told a story of Dr. Pfeiderer that sounds apocryphal, and is not so charitable as might be expected from Dr. MacLaren. Dr. Pfeiderer, when at Edinburgh last year, was praising the symbols of the Presbyterian Church. The first answer of the Catechism, he said, summed up the whole of his theology and his philosophy. He read it, "The chief end of man is to glorify God; and enjoy himself forever"; and he refused to admit, on the accepted version being shown him, that there was any difference between the two. Then Dr. MacLaren, of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, had a story that evoked shouts of laughter. A Yorkshire vicar's wife had much trouble in inducing an old lady to go to church. The woman pleaded that she had no bonnet fit to wear. The vicar's wife removed this difficulty, but a few Sundays later the old lady was again persistently absent. The parsoness reproached her, and was told, "I went to church while the bonnet was new, but when it began to look shabby I went to the Baptists, and when it was too bad for the Baptists I went to the Methodists, and now it is too shabby to go anywhere."—*Christian World.*

Impaired Digestion.

The patient is required to diet. In building up and maintaining good health, milk is recognized as a valuable factor, but it is important that it be absolutely pure and sterilized. Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream meets all requirements. "Entirely wholesome."

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF



W. J. COLVILLE.

QUES.—[By R. Pickup, Lowell, Mass.] A certain man was washed over a river-dam, and drowned, the body lodging among some rocks beneath a bridge some hundred yards below, where it was seen from this bridge, and rescued. The body was under water twenty-five minutes, and the man when drawn out was to all intents and purposes dead. Medical aid was procured, and after hours of ceaseless work with hot bottles, blankets and artificial respiration, the man was resuscitated. Can you tell me what had become of the spirit in the meantime?

ANS.—The certainty of man's double consciousness is scarcely open to dispute among those who have given the subject any serious thought, but not until we have devised means for completely subordinating our memory to our will, shall we be in full possession of all needed information wherewith to prove the correctness of the following interpretation of the presented mystery, though we are quite certain that our answer is in itself correct.

The human entity is ever conscious; never for an instant does the soul become oblivious to the certainty of its own being, but though consciousness is thus perennially persistent, memory is a treacherous witness until it has been thoroughly disciplined to obey the mandates of the will. In sleep we are as truly conscious as when awake, but we are as psychic beings functioning upon an interior, instead of on an exterior plane of realization; therefore, though fully conscious of all that is transpiring in the state we are then inhabiting, we realize nothing of the external scene realm in which we dwell during our waking hours.

Were we fully alive to our spiritual heritage we should reverse the terms in our language completely; what we now call waking we should then call sleeping, and vice versa. The terms objective and subjective need to be exactly reversed when we pass from a consideration of phenomenal experiences to review such experiences as pertain to the spiritual realm.

When any one is unconscious of his outer surroundings he is absent-minded, he is paying attention to what is going on elsewhere. The spiritual world is omnipresent; it pervades as well as surrounds every so-called material state, and through the doctrine of the porosity of matter, insisted upon by chemists, it is not difficult for the reasoning scientist to give his entire adhesion to the Spiritual Philosophy.

A man temporarily absent from his physical body is in the identical state in which he will find himself when he finally drops the physique. "State," rather than "place," is the proper word to use. "In what state is he?" is a more lucid question than "where is he?" as geographically there may be no change whatever in his whereabouts.

If you shut your eyes, and you are a good clairvoyant, the simple cessation of your ordinary material regard for external objects, enables and causes you to exercise your clairvoyant faculty; you see objects which exist on the psychic or astral plane, and these objects are fully as real as anything physical can possibly be, and indeed more so, because more enduring. If you once grasp the idea of the two distinct planes of consciousness and perception to which we have alluded, you will find no difficulty whatever in answering the question as to where or in what state the man was during the time he was supposed to be drowned. He was in the state in which he would have continued until he had outgrown it, had his body not been resuscitated.

When violent efforts are made to reanimate the flesh, the occupying entity seems for the time bewildered when summoned to obey so strong a call.

The experience is like that of sudden waking, because you are forcibly aroused from sleep. When we awake quietly and gradually, in a calm retreat, we generally recall our dreams, and can describe any visions we may have had; but when we are loudly called and forcibly awakened from without, our first condition is dazed, and the impression is not imprinted upon the scroll of outer memory of what we have psychically experienced. All experiences are recorded in the depths of interior memory, which is like a well; recollection is a bucket.

Q.—[By Frederick Lemoyne, Haverhill, Mass.] What is the law of the spirit concerning Protection and Free-Trade? and is there any egoistic and altruistic thought involved?

A.—The law of the spirit is that we recognize the solidarity of the human race, and act accordingly. We have no desire to introduce into this department of the BANNER OF LIGHT any remarks in the nature of partisan politics, therefore we do not attempt a fuller answer than one based on the principle of regard for universal humanity.

Kate Field of Washington delivers a very fine lecture on "America for Americans," (a rather ominous title) in which she urges that America can so protect her own industries as to set an excellent and improving example to the rest of the world. We may be sure of one thing, viz.: that no policy which would lower the quality of American workmanship would permanently help anybody. We need to all aim for the highest, and if our desires are sincere we shall soon see the way clearly to adjust outward measures to fulfill spiritual ends.

There is certainly an egoistic and also an altruistic element involved in all wise legislative enactments, the egoistic tendency being toward self-preservation and improvement, and the altruistic toward the greatest good to others than ourselves.

The two motives seem irreconcilable at first, and the practices prompted by them are at first discordant, but as evolution advances the two are seen to be one, as the halves of any

