

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 2.

Literary Department.

WHITHER?

Of the Darkness Into the Light.

A man without some sort of religion, in at best a poor shadow of the truth, with no link between him and the world of reality, is in a state of spiritual darkness. He is a man without a light, a man without a guide, a man without a home. He is a man who is lost in the darkness of ignorance and sin, and who is in need of a light to guide him to the path of truth and life.

CHAPTER V.

In a few days Mr. Maynard called at Dr. Leslie's. Mabel had gone out to ride. When she returned, Dr. Leslie told her that her father had called, and inquired for her.

"Is he then a minister?" asked Mabel. "I half expected it when I heard him talk."

"Yes. You will probably see him when you go to church, as he is their pastor, though he has been called in the city only a short time. He has friends here whom he is visiting, and is to preach here next Sabbath, so you will have an opportunity of hearing him."

"I shall not go to hear him."

Mabel could not account for the strange influence Mr. Maynard had unconsciously imparted to her, and she resolved she would not hear him preach. She felt that she would be able to overcome her strange feeling, and that she would be able to see him as a man, and not as a minister.

Dr. Leslie's Sabbath came, and with beautiful smiles, and soft murmuring tones, for the forests and groves blossomed at the coming of the Spring King, and the breeze whispered among their leaves tales of love, to which they softly nodded in reply. But a deeper meaning was in those low-breathed tones, and as Mabel, in the quiet of a morning walk, listened to them, she remembered to her grief, and that deep, unutterable longing for immortality which she felt.

A light came to her, and she felt that she was no longer in the darkness, but that she was in the light. She felt that she was no longer a stranger, but that she was a daughter of God. She felt that she was no longer alone, but that she was surrounded by the love of God and of her fellow-men.

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attention, awoken thought, and arouse the better feelings of the heart. There were no dry dogmas set forth, no denunciations thrown out; there were no self-seeking cautions out to ascertain if the way were clear for any new idea. Regardless of consequences, fearing not man, but God, the preacher declared boldly what he believed to be truth.

Mabel was more silent on her return home, and her friends wisely thought it better not to trouble her with conversation. However, she took up a book Mrs. Leslie had been reading in the morning, which proved to be a volume of sermons.

"Did you ever read that?" asked Nellie.

"No indeed! I should die of sober mood before I finished it. I did once survive a reading, or rather, scampering through Baxter's Call, because my parents had me read it; but the moment the title was reached it was sent in a hurry to the furthest corner of the room, where it lay till mother espied it the next day. Then the next book in the course of reading, according to Mr. Phillips's prescription for my poor, lost soul, was Baxter's Saint's Rest. I waded through about one half of that, when I begged mother to excuse me from reading the remainder. I told her it was not at all adapted to me, as I was no saint, and had no idea of ever being one. She sighed such a sigh, and told me to do as I pleased. I always feel badly after I have hurt mother's feelings by making such speeches, but I can't be sentimental, for I don't believe a word of it."

"You would like these sermons, however, I am sure; they are very unlike Baxter's writings. His were very good in their day, but are not so well adapted to the minds of the present age. These sermons are not sectarian, they are purely practical, and consequently are adapted to all minds."

"Well, I have no taste for either theory or practice, and all I have is out of stupid old hymns is. I let them alone entirely. So please don't give me another invitation to take such a bitter dose, as you love me, Nellie!" and the young creature—so beautiful by the eye of mortals, and so dark to the gaze of angels—smiling gaily, and uttering these trifling words to hide the deep, deep wretchedness of her soul, damped lightly out of the room.

At first Mabel was again resolved not to go to church in the afternoon, but an influence that she could not resist impelled her to go. She paid close attention to all that she heard, and the preacher could not fail to notice the extreme paleness that now, and then overspread her countenance, the compressed lips, and the troubled, inquiring expression, which told that a struggle had commenced in her soul—a struggle which he earnestly hoped would terminate in her conversion to Christianity. And he was faithful in the discharge of his duty; and when, closing his manuscript, he looked up, and saw Mabel's face, he felt that he had done his duty.

It was near the close of a cold winter day. He sat alone in the gathering shadows of the twilight, gazing abstractedly into the grate; and as the little blue flames tangled themselves among the coals, she thought how much like this fire was her own life—striving to impart to others a bright warmth of happiness, while she carried in her heart the memory of the loved departed, which were itself into her every thought and feeling, and gave new strength to every good purpose and holy aim.

Then she arose, and walked slowly to and fro through the twilight and the shadows, thinking of Arthur, till at last she exclaimed in her earnestness: "Oh Arthur, will you not come to me?"

She stopped, her eyes fixed, her whole frame trembling with emotion, for in the part of the room where the shadows lay thickest, she saw, enveloped in a soft, beautiful light, her own Arthur! A strange calm, a holy peace filled her soul as she stood gazing upon him, fearing to move or speak lest the vision should vanish.

He looked as he had looked in health, and his face was eloquent with love and happiness. A moment—she heard his voice:

"Fear not, though the night cometh! I am with thee, Ida, beloved!" and the vision was gone.

Ida remained for some moments motionless, overcome by what she had seen and heard. At last the words, "Oh Arthur! thank God you have come!" broke from her lips, and a gasp of tears relieved her. Then she knelt in prayer to the Loving Father who had vouchsafed to her this rich blessing. She did not once doubt the reality of the vision. She knew that Arthur's promise was fulfilled; she had seen him; and heard his voice, and she thanked God for it.

Then, while grateful for the vision, knowing that Arthur had indeed come to her, as even then present, while her soul reached out to grasp, if it might, the new revelation from heaven; even then she prayed that she might not be led astray by the intensity of her feelings. She prayed to be guided in the way of truth, and to be shielded from error, that she might not take to her heart a delusion, a lie, that neither might she cast from her the messengers of God's truth, and His love.

From this time Ida read with increasing interest whatever pertained to the subject of the Spiritual Philosophy, from the first received, however, that she would receive nothing as truth that did not harmonize with the teachings of Christ. The Bible, which had always been her daily companion, now became more than ever her study and her delight; and she felt, as never before, that the Spirit of God was in all around her, that we, walking even now in the eternal mansions,

are but veiled spirits, and when we drop the mantle of flesh, shall look around us, and wonder that we have been so blind to its glorious reality.

And now, reader, that we have taken a momentary glimpse of Ida's life, and see how like a little child she is being led along her "hidden path," and see, too, that her spiritual vision began to discern, as did Jacob of old, the ascending and descending messengers of God's love, we will leave her and return to Mabel.

We find her a few weeks later in a distant city, where she had gone to spend a short time in her uncle's family, before she would return to her quiet home. The evening had set in calm and clear, and cold. Mabel was alone. The family had all gone out to a select party, and Mabel had excused herself from going, on plea of a headache. She felt restless, unhappy. She tried to read, but the books she would have read could not amuse her. At last she went to the piano in the back parlor, and played all her new pieces.

Then, as she often did when alone, she passed her hands over the keys according to her own fancy, and wrought out in sweet sounds, the melodies floating in her own soul. She loved to make the piano or the harp express her feelings as no words could; and as she now woke from the instrument, wild, and touching strains, she knew not that playing, loving once in Heaven were listening to those heart-cries, and were waiting to bless her. She had not noticed either the entrance of one who was standing leaning against one of the open folding-doors—Mr. Maynard—who was listening to the music with an earnest, compassionate expression on his fine countenance.

We must excuse to you, reader, the intrusion of our clerical friend on this wise. The servant had ushered him into the parlor, and Mr. Maynard hearing the music thought he would not interrupt it; so he remained standing, thoughtfully listening.

There was a peculiar sadness and a wildness of grief in the composition, which touched his feelings, and he could imagine how fitly it expressed the sad, restless wanderings of a soul that had no religious faith. Hither and thither, still restless, unquiet despairing. Now and then there broke from the keys a cry as from the shades of darkest despair; then, rushing impetuously into intricate strains, and wild, unmetrical keys, he could well realize the waywardness and the proud willfulness with which such a soul would strive ever to stand away from the truth, to repel all comfort, and to boast in its own tiny strength. Another wild, despairing strain, a low, uncertain melody, and Mabel paused. She leaned forward and hid her face in her hands.

Just as Mr. Maynard was about to go forward and speak to her, she raised her head, and in a momentary gleam of joy, she saw him. He was a man of noble features, and his eyes were full of sympathy and understanding. He seemed almost as though he paused to listen, and then clearer, sweeter, the notes danced to her light touch, and the air was filled with music grand in its conception, and beautiful in its expression. The wild, despairing wail had vanished, and instead thereof, bright, soul-stirring melodies floated upon the air, and seemed to exult in very joyousness. It seemed as, though on those notes of thrilling harmony the spirit floated even to the gates of Paradise; there lingered awhile, borne on those pulsing waves of sweet sounds, and catching a deeper inspiration from that nearness to the Beautiful Land—then softly the music died away.

Mr. Maynard had listened to some of our best musical performers, he was himself an amateur in music, yet never had he heard strains so soul-inspiring, so heavenly; and as Mabel again paused, with her hands lying idly upon the keys, he went forward, and laying his hand lightly upon hers, asked, in a low, impressive tone:

"Whence comes this music that lives in your heart?" She looked up with a surprised, troubled glance, then hid her face in her hands. Tears came stealing through her fingers, and fell fast and silently. Several moments passed in silence, and at last Mr. Maynard spoke.

"Will you not believe in God, who is your Father? Such music as I have just listened to must be heavenly-born, must be eternal. These melodies were echoes which have dropped into your soul from some high angel's harp, to tell you of God, of Christ, to open to you the gates of immortality, and reveal to you its reality, its beauty, and its bliss. To lead you by its heavenly power to the faith which cometh by Christ."

He paused, and at last she exclaimed:

"Oh, if I only could believe!"

"You can believe, my young friend, and you will, unless you cast aside the holy influences that would draw you up higher, into the serene atmosphere of Christian faith. Let us sit down and talk of these things."

Then in a simple, earnest manner, the servant of God propounded to the young, inquiring mind the truths of the Gospel. He spoke of God's love to man, of Christ, who came to bring salvation to sinners, of the great beyond, and its veiled mystery, dimly shown forth in the word of God, dimly to us, because we too often catch only the outer form of the Gospel, the letter, while its spirit, in all its reality and power to bless, is unrescued, often completely hidden by our own earthliness and sin. And as he talked, those dark, silent depths of Mabel's spiritual being were reached, they began to move, recognizing that strong magnetic influence which draws the soul upward toward God.

They knelt in prayer, and when they arose, Mabel, with the simplicity of a grateful child, thanked him, saying that it had done her good. She had more questions to ask, and they continued their conversation.

They were soon interrupted by a servant, who brought in a note for Mabel. At Mr. Maynard's request that she would not delay reading it, she opened it and read the following:

"WILLOWVALE, March 2, 1863.

Mabel Dear—I have been in my humble way reading of the country, to ascertain your whereabouts; in other words, have been indulging my Yankee propensity to ask questions, verbally, and by letter, to find out where you were hiding yourself, and you are such a veritable bomb, that I have only just learned

that you are buried alive amid the din and excitement of city life.

Well, after this long prelude, you are doubtless expecting something wonderful, but if so, I must speedily give your expectations a gentle descent, till they alight upon a very commonplace affair, viz., a wedding, to take place in our delectable village four weeks from to-day; and to tell you, moreover, that I am authorized to give you an invitation thereto, both bride and bridegroom desiring your presence. You will specially receive a note from the former, requesting you to be present on that important occasion. So you must make your arrangements to spend a few weeks with me, till the catastrophe shall come off, and the two adventurers be safely launched upon the sea of matrimony.

The happy pair are none others than your old friends, Howard Meredith, and little sunny-hearted Lizzie Bentley. Our worthy village gossips, of course, feel in duty bound to discuss the matter at length, and are quite unanimous in their amazement at the match, on account of the disparity in their respective ages and characters; but I, for one, think it an excellent match, and that if Miss Lizzie Bentley feels inclined to give up the ghost, and become a Mrs., she could not do better than she has done. I expect the next wedding I attend will be your own. I remember some of your city admirers of old.

Come next week, be sure, and try once more to elude your quondam friend

KATE.

Mabel did not read it all. As she glanced at the name of Howard Meredith, she grew very white, and would have fallen, had not Mr. Maynard prevented. He placed her on a sofa, and seeing some water on a table near by, he bathed her forehead. It was some moments before she revived, and as she lay there unconscious, so pale, yet so beautiful, Mr. Maynard could no longer deny the fact that he loved her. From the first he had felt more strongly attracted toward her than he ever had toward any other woman, and had felt that, widely separated as they were by difference of theological opinions, there was, nevertheless, a sacred tie binding their souls in one.

At last Mabel opened her eyes, and her look of surprise was quickly followed by one of intense agony. Yet she strove to rise, saying:

"How foolish I was. I believe I am not quite well this evening." The smile accompanying this she meant should be a gay one, but it was the mere ghost of a smile, most touching to behold.

"Do not try to rise yet, Miss Mervyn, till you recover more fully."

"Yet her strong will would not allow her longer to yield to the weakness, and she sat up. She spoke on indifferent subjects, and seemed desirous to avoid allusion to what had just occurred.

Mr. Maynard soon took his leave, saying as he bade her "good evening."

"Remember, my dear Miss Mervyn, that you have a Father in Heaven, and whether he sends you joy or sorrow, through it look up unto him, and he will teach you that all is well, and will give you that peace which passeth all understanding. You will study his Word, my young friend, and seek him in prayer?"

"Yes. Thank you!" and Mabel, again alone, bade him to her chamber.

She reread the note. It seemed like a terrible dream. What could it mean? Only a few months before, Howard Meredith had parted from her with tender caresses, and with words of love on his lips, and now—could he be so false? It was true she had only received one short letter from him since they parted, yet he had written that he was intending to travel during the winter in the Southern States, and that as he should be constantly roving, it would be impossible for him to correspond during the coming few months, although she might occasionally receive a letter from him. If any doubt of his fidelity had at any time entered her mind, she had speedily dismissed it, believing him when he wrote that, although silent, she would not be forgotten.

Her friend, Kate Lowe, with whom she had only occasionally corresponded, was, she knew, ignorant of the engagement existing between Howard Meredith and herself, as were also Lizzie Bentley and her other friends in Willowvale. But she could not understand the cold cruelty with which Mr. Meredith had consented to her own invitation to the wedding.

The truth was, Lizzie, who had always admired and loved Mabel, was very anxious she should be present, and Mr. Meredith dared not permit in refusing to comply with her wishes, lest suspicions should be aroused which might involve him in trouble. He did not once suppose Mabel would accept the invitation; and even his cold heart would have shrunk from this act of cruelty if he could have avoided it without bringing to light their engagement, and thus losing the prize so soon to be his. For it was not Lizzie Bentley, good and beautiful though she was, whom the proud man loved; it was her fortune which had only lately come into her possession. To secure this he hesitated not to ignore his manhood, forfeit all honor, and perhaps change the bright, glad life of another into a dark and dreary waste, while whispering hollow words of deceit into another young, trusting heart. Not before he could perpetrate that cowardly, selfish act, he cast off his manhood, and became a wretched piece of living mechanism devoid of a name.

The shock was too sudden. Mabel was almost overwhelmed. Yet she thought even then of the delicate regard for her feelings shown by Mr. Maynard in not summoning the servants at the time she fainted. For no one need know now that she had received bad news, and she could better bear it so.

"I will go to Willowvale," she resolved, "and will attend this wedding; and no one, not even Howard Meredith himself, shall suspect a single pang in my heart. I will be gay and lively. I will congratulate Lizzie. She shall not be false, hollow words, either. She shall have my best wishes. But oh, poor Lizzie! perhaps, perhaps even you are the one to be pitted more than I. Oh Howard, how have I loved you! Must this be? I cannot, cannot have it so!" and she rapidly paced the room.

The minutes grew into hours, and passed by unheeded by Mabel. Up and down her room with hurried step she walked, only now and then pausing to press her hands to her burning forehead. At last, hearing the sound of voices in the hall below, she hastily retired; and when her cousin Amy not long

after entered the room, she believed her to be asleep. An hour passed, and when Amy, with a light, careless step, was that asleep, Mabel arose, and again gently paced the floor. There was one of those impulsive natures, very demonstrative, whether in joy or sorrow. She had not learned the lesson of self-control. Those solemn words, "Be still, and know that I am God," had never come to her soul with all their awful grandeur, ay, and with their tender love and needed strength. She knew nothing of all this, and now that the tempest broke above her head, she had no shelter to which to flee, no arm on which to lean, and she found that her own boasted strength was sought but weakness. At last she returned to her couch, and as the bells sounded the hour of five, she fell asleep.

It was late when she awoke, and Amy was not there. "Oh," she exclaimed in the bitterness of her soul, "why could I not have slept forever? Why must I wake to this dread agony? What is life but a dark, horrible mockery? Oh, that I had never lived!" She was startled when she caught a glimpse of her beggar features in the mirror. She looked many years older than on the evening previous, and her face was ghastly in its pallor.

"I can bear this great sorrow, anything, everything," she murmured bitterly. "I am equal to anything life can bring me!" and a bitter, bitter smile stole over her face.

Her friends feared she was seriously ill when she descended to the breakfast-room, but she had never seemed in a gay mood. She ate nothing, but drank a cup of strong coffee, and made many inquiries in regard to their entertainment the previous evening.

The hours passed as they always do, however cheerfully laden, but their hollow footsteps sounded drearily in Mabel's heart.

A few days later, and Mabel lay tossing in the delirium of brain fever. Her parents were sent for, and watched over her with stricken, anxious hearts, but she daily grew worse.

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

Written for the Banner of Light.

A NARRATIVE

OF THE

EXPERIENCE OF A SPIRIT

IN THE

INNER LIFE.

BY HENRY T. CHILD, M. D.

634 Essex Street, Philadelphia.

CHAPTER II.

"The Light of Inner Darkness." Where there is Waiting and Seeking of Truth.

I felt in a drunken swoon, mortally wounded, and as the life-blood flowed, I felt the half-conscious stupor passing away, and then came a blank, unconscious period, the duration of which I knew not; after this a faint, shadowy consciousness returned, and I perceived that I was wrapped in a mantle of stygian darkness—a deep, dull, colorless,athomless abyss of oblivion was all around me, and the only sensation I had, was that of sinking down, down, down! and as I rose myself with an intense effort, the result was another and more fearful swoop downward, downward, downward into that which waste me aathomless, bottomless pit of perdition! Oh! the agony which wrung my soul to its very depths, as thus, for a period, which seemed to me to be ages upon ages, I felt, fell, fell! The darkness grew even more black, and the stillness of that dread, dark silence, oh how deep; how unutterably awful was it. The greens and agonies of a fellow-being would have been music to my ears in the deep, dark, sultry, overwhelming silence of that voiceless, colorless abyss. I sought over and over for some light, some sound; but no light, not a voice, not an echo, not a sound of any kind came from the dark, abysmal depth around me, for all three long and weary ages of torment and remorse.

I grew, not weaker, not stronger; but I felt, oh—give me annihilation rather than this unending, unutterable woe. Language is totally inadequate to describe the emotions which reigned in wild confusion within me; all the old passions that had so long been untroubled, tossed and heaved like a tempestuous ocean within me, and found no means of gratification or indulgence, except to feed and grow continually upon themselves. Thus filled with the most hideous and horrible remorse, the foulest pictures of hell were weak and feeble compared with that which I was now realizing, and there seemed no way out of this—it was aathomless and apparently endless, and I cannot now look back to these scenes without a shudder.

Among the feelings that memory recalls most vividly is the sense of utter loneliness, the want of companionship, of some one to whom I could relate my feelings, and unburden myself; but there was no one there—no sound, no light, no touch, no taste, no smell—simple consciousness of unutterable woe is all that I can recall. Thus through the stygian pool, deep and dark, and damming, I passed, not heard, not felt, nor saw one glimmering ray of hope to lift the terrible weight from my soul.

Oh! mortal traveling heavenward, may your footsteps never lead you to grope through that dark and groveling abyss, and if my warning voice can save one human being from falling into that terrible condition it shall be lifted in thunder tones from lead to land. And now let every one who reads this narrative endeavor to go beyond the feeble words in which I have attempted to describe other scenes, and if possible, fancy the reality of such a condition.

But awful and appalling as were these long and to me weary ages of anguish and remorse there came a brighter day. I am told by those who have been my good guides, and kind instructors, that my condition of entire unconsciousness at death lasted twenty-four days, and that the period in which I was suffering with only a simple consciousness of existence and suffering, was about sixteen years, and during all that time I was carefully and tenderly watched over by kind guardian angels, although I was utterly and entirely unconscious of this.

I am also told that the sense of sinking was also

ban bread an' a cheese as big as the great hill o' Ben Nevis, an' may our childer's childer be lords and lairds to the latest generation."

forward your post-office address.

Correspondence in Brief.

Mr. Editor—I am not a professed Spiritualist, but am, I trust, a lover of the Truth and Right, and no sectarian. Through the kindness of a friend, the last number of your paper has just been handed me for perusal. The first article that attracted my notice, were a poem, "Out on the Sea," which is a gem of the purest water; it has the "ring of the pure coin," as has also the other article in prose, viz., a "Letter to S. P. Leland, and his Brother." It breathes the very spirit of Heaven—of our Divine Father—of Him who wept over Jerusalem, prayed for his enemies, and forgave his murderers. When such a spirit is manifested and such sentiments are advanced by all who profess your faith, "Spiritualism" will be advanced from the opprobrium that has rested upon it, and will stand forth to the world "fair as the sun, clear as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners." (See Solomon's Song, (Bible) 6th chap. 10th verse.) "And if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." These are the words of Jesus, who "spoke as never man spoke," and it is not true that in an elevated, high-toned character, there is an attractive influence, leading us to honor and approve his possessors?

I know not—probably never shall know—these two Brothers Leland. But a sense of justice to the cause of Humanity leads me to write them respecting the author of that letter! Hard indeed must be the heart that can resist such a holy and blessed influence and appeal, as that purely Christian and fraternal letter breathes. "A spring of love gushed from my heart, and I blessed her unaware,"—"that dear old mother" to whom her noble son so touchingly alludes. Speed the "good time coming," when, as foretold by the Prophet Jeremiah, 31st chap. 34th verse—"They shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, know the Lord, for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord."

Kind gentlemen editors, you will pardon this trespass on your time on the part of
Yours respectfully, A FRIEND.
March 21st, 1893.

DEAR FRIENDS—Having been a constant reader of your paper for some time, I feel as though it becomes me, too, to say a few words to help sustain the Message Department. Within the folds of the BANNER I find that which speaks peace to the soul. For years I have been a seeker after truth, and never have I found it so beautifully portrayed as in the columns of the BANNER. Enclosed please find the money to renew my subscription. I willingly pay the advance price, and would, were it twice as much. May you still receive help from the angels to assist you in your glorious work.

Yours for the truth, JULIA.
Manchester, Ill., March 21st, 1893.

Mr. Editor—Having noticed a communication given February 10th, and published in the BANNER of March 21st, purporting to come from the spirit of Charles H. Balem, of Company B, 6th Mass. Volunteers, and having a little curiosity to test the truth of this statement, we, the undersigned, have to-day visited the camp of the 6th, which is less than a mile from ours, and were told by the Orderly Sergeant of said Company that a member of the company bearing that name died at the hospital on the 6th of January last, in this place—that he was delirious for some time previous to his death.

D. A. BRIDGES, Co. K, 12th N. Y. S. V.,
JOHN GUILLES,
MORRIS PHILLIPS, Co. B,
Suffolk, Va., March 23d, 1893.

Mr. Editor—I see by this week's BANNER that a correspondent asks for my defense in regard to the alleged charge made against my membership. In the few following lines I give it, and my meaning ought to be understood by both Spiritualists and Skeptics:

TO THE PUBLIC.
The charge of deception recently made against my membership arose from the fact that one or two persons who were skeptics claimed they could produce the same phenomena, unaided by spirit power, that I claim are produced by my presence as spirit power. I was detected in anything like deception, but simply that they could produce the same. I claim that what is produced by pretended exposure of the phenomena is only an imitation, and a very poor one at that; and a pretended imitation is not a genuine, by any means. On this plain statement the whole issue depends, and I stand independently, that those who have attempted to expose my manifestations by tricks of their own, only made a show of their own ignorance, for the genuine manifestations and the imitation bear about the same resemblance to each other that a negro does to a white man. This is my position and my defense, in a few words: let it speak for what it is worth.

Yours, H. MELVILLE FAY.
Norwich, Conn., March 25, 1893.

DEAR BROTHERS—Don't disturb the free circles. Those Messages from the spirit world are a volume in themselves of the phenomena of the history of our future life. They bring us face to face with the Great Unknown and Unknown. We cannot dispense with that department. No, no. How would our poor soldiers, who lay down their bodies on the field of battle, ever return to tell their tale of hardships and wrongs by the swiftness of their exit? Oh, let us give them one free bridge, over which they may come home, on a long, long journey, without money or price—free to the good to tell their joys; free to the bad to make confession and get instruction; and to the children, too, (Oh bless their little hearts!) they can come and console their parents, and tell of their condition in spirit life. Yes, the angels are returning to earth, bringing messages of love to us poor mortals.

L. ARMSTRONG.
Baltimore, Cal., Feb. 23d, 1893.

The Spirit Photograph Controversy.

Under this heading, there appeared an article in the BANNER of the 21st of March, in which my name is used in a manner which would indicate that I am, or have been, a party to such controversy. Justice to myself and others requires that I should place upon record my protest against any such position being accorded to me.

The statement has been made public that Mr. Mumler photographed a "spirit" for me, and that I afterwards found the "original" on Harrison Avenue, in this city. In the form of an elderly lady, who at once recognized the picture of my (grandfather?) "spirit" as her own photograph which had been taken at Mrs. Stuart's and Mumler's rooms in May last, also that the same "form" was "developed" in the background of Mrs. Blossom's picture; this lady has been not yet seen the photograph of Mrs. Fenby, nor my own. The "devil" appears to have been wrongly placed—his dealings are more with the cautious than with the honest.

My duty in the affair is discharged when I place in the hands of the editor and publishers of the BANNER or LYON'S copies of these pictures, to be placed in a position where they can be inspected by those who are interested to examine them. This I now do, and have only to add that I trust there will ultimately develop a higher phase of "Spiritualism" than has been exhibited to my experience in this last filiation of "spirit photographs." W. E. POLLOCK.
Boston, March 25, 1893.

MR. BOYLE TO MR. MUMLER.

Mr. Editor—Knowing as I do your earnestness, and that of many others equally as truth-loving as yourself in the belief of genuine "spirit photographs," I wish to distinctly understand that I am not at war with the pure article, should it ever make its appearance, but that I am at war against wrong, while at the same time no one would rejoice with a deeper thankfulness than myself to see proved beyond peradventure, that the dead live on and can return so palpably to earth, as to avoid their shades upon his science.

We have been given by the Creative Cause, normal senses by which to apprehend facts, and a mental centre whereby to review those facts when they are

gathered. Now when a fact presents itself, which this court of inquiry is unable to account for, is it not then time enough to pronounce it beyond the jurisdiction of the court? And is it not the "spirit photographs," submit to this judgment of reason, and not try to hide itself under the verbiage of its defenders? Assuming as it does to be real, why then stand boldly forward in the defense of spirit of truth, and challenge the skeptic to the ordeal of analysis? For if an invisible presence really comes into the field of the camera, not all the combined arts of cunning skepticism can detect a trick upon the part of the operator, because it places it utterly beyond the normal plain, and therefore beyond the power of the detective, and if there be no trick played, why does Mr. Mumler parry all attempts at investigation? For by his own showing, my presence is not so repugnant to the celestial as he would have us believe, for after giving this as the reason why he rejects my proposition, he says, "If I will go alone and submit to the rules of Mrs. Stuart's rooms, as a sitter, he will allow me to investigate as much as I please. That is to say in substance, that if I will allow him to blind me and stand foot, and bandage my eyes, that will then be at liberty to use my hands, feet and eyes to the most unlimited extent; besides, if with all these disadvantages I really did surprise the ghost in the act, then of course I would say I did, and Mr. Mumler would say I did not; and as one man's word is as good as another, why then those who may be interested would simply take sides according to their feelings, some believing me, some believing Mr. Mumler, so it would be only a loss of time. "I will spare thy life," (says the gent.) "on one condition; that thou wilt bring me water from the fountain, while thou art bound to the tree." What unmeaning rogues these "spirits" are, even so, now I will take the conditions which Mr. Mumler asks me to submit to, and trick him to the same extent that he will trick me, and more too, notwithstanding his pretensions to supermundane chemistry. This I say, because the first picture has yet to be produced by Mr. Mumler which does not bear the most palpable evidence of the simplest mundane photographic manipulation; but if Mr. Mumler will find by appointment a spirit who will appear unmistakably behind a piece of scenery, such as the back of an ornamental chair which I will place, I will at once acknowledge that the phenomenon is beyond my comprehension, and unexplainable by the most advanced science known to me. And now Mr. Mumler, is it possible that in the realm of space, there cannot be found one friendly spirit to do this act?

I cannot stoop to reply to the feeble schedule of personalities and comparisons which Mr. Mumler has directed against myself, a sad production, indeed, coming from a man claiming to be a medium, and no more than human power. But perhaps it may be worth mentioning that, during the investigations of Mr. Latham and Mr. Pollock, those gentlemen came to my place and inquired if different sized "spirits" heads could be made from the same negative, as Mr. Mumler had just said that he could not, and therefore that the two "spirits" heads, so recently appearing in Mrs. Fenby's, could not have been made from the negative of that lady in the possession of Mrs. Stuart. I at once set up my instruments and showed them that the man who would make such misrepresentations must either be profoundly ignorant of the photography of photography, or else a deliberate liar. As to the photograph which has a larger head than I have, what a powerful argument! Mr. Mumler forgot to tell the whole story, as that same photographer wished to bring to bear upon the "invisibles" the testing qualities of a four tubed camera; but it seems that the "spirits" became so disgusted with him for his want of reality, that they refused to once permit him to have anything more to do with him or his four-barreled trick exposure, simply because it is an utter impossibility, without previous preparation, to produce a "spirit" in the proper place on each of the four pictures, which would result unless they really had been an invisible presence in the field of the camera at the time of the exposure of the plate. And if there had been, it would have been just as easy to make four or forty pictures with "spirits" on, as to make one. But as this wonderful "medium" well knew that the "spirits" did not circulate in that region, consequently the four-power camera, like your honest servant, was "hoodwinked" by Mr. Mumler—his pardon—the "spirits."

I have also in my possession copies of the booklet of Mrs. Blossom's mother, as well as copies of the picture of Mrs. Blossom and her supposed spirit mother, which I will submit for examination to any one curious in the matter. And it is interesting to note that each of the other in their misty unaccountableness, and both wearing caps, as ladies of that age generally do; but as to the features, as far as it is possible to see through the dimness and with all deference to Mrs. Blossom and her friends, why, they resemble each other about as much as the man in the most resembles old Dan Tucker. But if there were a collection of all the pictures made at Mrs. Stuart's, celestial and terrestrial, there would be some funny revelations; many "spirits" would be found to resemble mortals altogether too much, and many to appear too often; and if truth only would rise again, as the distinguished "medium" pathetically observed, then "spirit photographing," as Mr. Mumler, sleeps the sleep that knows no waking.

For the vampire is dead; after robbing his ill, though the dragged credulity hang round it still. You see, sir, that inspiration (such as it is) may be extracted even from contact with mortal turpitude.

And now, sir, in closing my last communication, "spirit photographing" is not a matter of time nor desire to pursue the soulless, heartless, humbuggery, tomb-robbing ghoul any further, but must leave it as I found it, crouching in all its degrading deformity by the grave side, feeding on the memories of the dead, permit me through your paper to thank Mr. A. J. Day and yourself for your liberal and free treatment in which you have given the use of your columns to so relentless a skeptic as I am, and if by doing so you have cast your bread upon the waters, I hope it will return, even if it be after many days.

Yours doc., C. B. BOYLE.
Boston, March 24th, 1893.

FLAX MANUFACTORY.—A bill passed both branches of the Maine Legislature incorporating the Maine Mills, a new manufacturing company at Lewiston, with a capital of two millions. The charter authorizes the company to manufacture cotton and flax. Boston capitalists are mostly interested in this new enterprise. It is understood that the company will erect mills this spring.

A clergyman went to Edinburgh lately from a place at a short distance, and was sleeping there, when he dreamt of seeing off of his children in the midst of a fire. He awoke, and instantly returned home, and when he came within sight of his house he found it on fire. He arrived in time to rescue one of his children, who had been left in a dangerous situation.

"In giving Freedom to the Slave, we insure Freedom to the Free, honorable alike in what we give and what we receive. We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last best hope of earth. Other means may succeed; this could not fail. The way is plain, peaceful, generous, just. A way which if followed, the world will forever applaud, and God must forever bless."—President Lincoln's Message.

Obituary Notices.

On the 10th of February, at her and our home in Grand Rapids, Mich., Mrs. Sarah Ives, wife of R. H. Ives, aged 45 years.

Uprooted like a tree from the household, and carrying with her the bud that shall blossom into another immortal soul with her in the realm of glory. Our beloved sister was long a medium, through whom her darling daughter, who went before her, and other spirits have given her husband, myself, and many others these messages from the better land. She has now gone, and gladdened the heart of the waiting daughter; but saddened the hearts of husband and son, who must wait a little longer. Among the earliest, truest and most devoted Spiritualists at Grand Rapids, brother and sister Ives have for ten years kept an open house, with outstretched hands and warm hearts to welcome speakers or mediums, as many of us can bear testimony, for we have been fed and rested and cheered and encouraged there. I know the angels have bade her welcome to the bright home above, and I feel sure she will in due time reach me with a message, as she did her husband before her body was laid in the grave.

March 17, 1893. WARREN CHASE.

Went home to dwell with the angels, from Lynn, March 8, Eddie, son of Austin and Mary E. Gray. Too pure a bud for the cold materialism of earth. It was transplanted to bloom in a more congenial clime.

Sleep out, my precious little one. Thy happy spirit is free. Bright angels greet thy happy soul. While Christ was calling thee. N. A.
Died in this city, March 24th, Joseph Yeager, Reg., aged 77 years.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Thursday, April 2d, is the day appointed by the Governor of this Commonwealth for the people to fast, to be humble, and to pray "that God would comfort the sorrowing, strengthen the weak, encourage all who filter in the work of Duty, soften the griefs and bereavements of War, make clear the dim vision of all our unbelief and purify our Nation; that He would give Victory to our arms. Peace to our country, and Liberty to all the people." All these things are good to talk about; but if we do not really feel and practice what we preach, fasting and prayer will avail nothing. We have had too much preaching, too high salaries have been paid to preachers, and the result is, the people have grown selfish, and consequently evil.

We inadvertently omitted to acknowledge the receipt of \$5 in aid of our freebies, from "A Reader of the BANNER," which came to hand on the 4th of February.

Rev. D. J. Mandell makes a curious statement in an essay on our second page, in regard to "Spirit-Pictures developed" in a Wash-Tub.

Mrs. M. L. Kendall of Davenport, Iowa, writes to the Herald of Progress as follows:—"Mrs. Cora L. V. Crow has been here and lectured two evenings to crowded houses; and, judging from the frequent applause during the lectures, gave general satisfaction. Both lectures were very interesting, and must result in much good."

The friends of Human Progress in Troy, N. Y., have made permanent arrangements for regular meetings in the future, we understand.

We shall be obliged hereafter, to confine our gratuitous list of lectures to only those having appointments to speak. All who wish their addresses continued, will please notify us to that effect immediately. Such notices will be placed under a separate heading, to be paid for as advertisements at the low rate of 25 cents per line for three months.

Read the essay on our sixth page on the "Causes and Effects of Female Prostitution," also the article entitled "The British Government and the Alabama," given by the guides of our circle.

What is a newspaper? It is a transcript of thoughts and a record of what is passing in the world. But it is not, as most books are, the transcript of the thoughts of a single mind. It is an exhibition of the thoughts of many minds. It is the collected wisdom of the world, in some instances, perhaps, spoiled with a little of the nonsense and folly of the same minds. It is a bouquet of beautiful flowers, composed of all the varieties in nature. It is a basket of precious jewels of every hue, size and shape. It is a sweet repast, a board spread before the hungry, comprising the choicest meats and richest desserts that earth can afford—a feast of fat things—a perfect picnic of every dainty that the mind can desire. Who would be without a newspaper?—who would be without the BANNER OF LIGHT? None, we venture to say, except the old fogies who are a hundred years behind the age.

"Striving" news have been "expected" from the seat of war every day for months, according to the bulletin boards of the daily newspapers—yet there has not been much of a stir all the while.

"Fanny."—The man who wears the shoe can tell where it pinches. That which derives its only value from "fanny" is not very valuable.

Love is the central diamond among the bevy of jewels in the breastplate of Truth. The other graces shine like the precious stones of Nature, with their own peculiar lustre and various hues, but the diamond is white, uniting all the others.

Mr. PARDEE delivered an eloquent lecture last Sunday forenoon at Lyceum Hall. His subject was the Gospels of Progress and Providence.

The poor man's purse maybe empty, but he has as much gold in the sunset and as much silver in the moon as anybody.

Stand like a beaten anvil. It is a part of a great champion to be stricken and conquer.—St. Ignace.

The muscles which close the hand are more powerful than those which open it.

Pennsylvania last season exported coal to the value of thirty-four million dollars. Of coal and coal oil she produces more value than California does of gold.

The Rev. Sumner Ellis, who is now applying the pulpit of Rev. E. H. Chapin, in New York, has accepted the call extended to him by the Warren street and Concord street Universalist Societies of this city, to become a colleague with Rev. T. B. Thayer.

SUPPORT THEMSELVES.—From a report of the Secretary of the Treasury, it appears that the expenses for the sustenance of the slaves in the Sea Island cotton district of South Carolina up to June last, was \$325,705, and that \$720,984 have been realized, leaving a balance on hand of \$395,279.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

(SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, LYCEUM HALL, TUESDAY 8 P. M.)
Topic: "The Spirit World."—Mediums are held every Sunday by the Society of Spiritualists at 125 Washington Street, Boston. Lecturers engaged:—Miss Lizzie Dolan, April 5 and 12; Mrs. Augusta A. Quirry, April 19 and 26; Fred L. H. Willis, June 3 and 10.

Conventions:—The Spiritualists of Charleston hold meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening. Meetings will be held Sunday, April 5 and 12, 19 and 26; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, June 3 and 10; Miss Emma Houston, June 17 and 24; Miss Lizzie Dolan, July 1, 8, 15, 22 and 29; Miss Martha L. Beckwith, Aug. 5, 12, 19, 26, 30 and 31; Mrs. Laura DeForest Gordon, Sept. 5, 12, 19, 26, 30 and 31.

FOURTH—Meetings in the Town Hall, first and third Sundays of April.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of Lowell hold meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening. Meetings will be held Sunday, April 5 and 12, 19 and 26; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, June 3 and 10; Miss Emma Houston, June 17 and 24; Miss Lizzie Dolan, July 1, 8, 15, 22 and 29; Miss Martha L. Beckwith, Aug. 5, 12, 19, 26, 30 and 31; Mrs. Laura DeForest Gordon, Sept. 5, 12, 19, 26, 30 and 31.

CONCORD.—The Spiritualists of Concord hold meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening. Meetings will be held Sunday, April 5 and 12, 19 and 26; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, June 3 and 10; Miss Emma Houston, June 17 and 24; Miss Lizzie Dolan, July 1, 8, 15, 22 and 29; Miss Martha L. Beckwith, Aug. 5, 12, 19, 26, 30 and 31; Mrs. Laura DeForest Gordon, Sept. 5, 12, 19, 26, 30 and 31.

QUINCY.—Meetings every Sunday, at Johnson's Hall, Services in afternoon at 3 o'clock, and in the evening 8 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Adm. Balin, April 5 and 12; Mrs. H. Hayward, April 19 and 26; Miss Lizzie Dolan, April 19 and 26; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, June 3 and 10; Miss Emma Houston, June 17 and 24; Miss Lizzie Dolan, July 1, 8, 15, 22 and 29; Miss Martha L. Beckwith, Aug. 5, 12, 19, 26, 30 and 31; Mrs. Laura DeForest Gordon, Sept. 5, 12, 19, 26, 30 and 31.

PORTLAND.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Mechanics' Hall, corner of Congress and Canal streets. Sunday school and conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 8 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Dr. A. H. Child, April 5 and 12; Ralph Waldo Emerson, April 19 and 26; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, June 3 and 10; Miss Emma Houston, June 17 and 24; Miss Lizzie Dolan, July 1, 8, 15, 22 and 29; Miss Martha L. Beckwith, Aug. 5, 12, 19, 26, 30 and 31; Mrs. Laura DeForest Gordon, Sept. 5, 12, 19, 26, 30 and 31.

ROCHESTER.—The Spiritualists of Rochester hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, and a Conference every Thursday evening, in Pioneer Chapel, a house owned exclusively by them, and capable of seating six hundred persons. Speakers engaged:—Miss Emma Houston, every Sabbath till May 10.

PROVIDENCE.—Speakers engaged:—Mrs. M. B. Townsend, during April; Miss Emma Houston in May.

NEW YORK.—Dorchester Hall. Meetings every Sunday morning and evening, at 10 and 7 o'clock. Andrew Jackson Davis will occupy the desk for the present.

ASTROLOGY AND MEDICINE.

DR. LISTER, 30 Lowell Street, can be consulted in person or by mail. Fee (Astrological) 50 cents; or, if desired, by mail, at 10 cents for 50 cents in U. S. currency. A written Nativiti, three years to come, \$1. All through life, ladies, \$2; gentlemen, \$3. All confidential. Medicine sent by express with full directions. Sat. Feb. 27.

To Advertisers.

As our subscription list embraces thousands of merchants, bankers, farmers, etc., and as the BANNER circulates in every loyal State, the British Provinces, and in Europe, it is decidedly the very best medium extant through which advertisers can reach customers. Our charges are not one-tenth part as high as the New York weekly press, although the advantages derived from advertising are the same, which is a desideratum not to be overlooked. Send in your advertisements, gentlemen.

Answering Sealed Letters.

We have made arrangements with a competent medium to answer Sealed Letters. The terms are One Dollar for each letter so answered, including three red postage stamps. Whenever the conditions are such that a spirit addressed cannot respond, the money and letter sent to us will be returned within two or three weeks after its receipt. We cannot guarantee that every letter will be answered entirely satisfactory, as sometimes spirits addressed hold imperfect control of the medium, and do as well as they can under the circumstances. To prevent misapprehension—as some suppose Mrs. Conant to be the medium for answering the sealed letters sent to us for that purpose—it is proper to state that another lady medium answers them. Address "BANNER OF LIGHT," 158 Washington Street, Boston.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a capital medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are ten cents per line for the first and eighth cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in Advance.

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FOR SALE, half or whole States Rights in a valuable invention for making money with small means. For particulars, address SAMUEL DAVIS, Wilmington, Del., enclosing two red stamps.

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A RARE opportunity for all waiting FAMES in the large New England settlement of HAMMONTON, N. H. climate. Soil rich and fertile, and in the Union 20 miles southeast of Portsmouth, N. H. \$15 to \$20 per acre. Terms easy. For full information address or apply to E. J. BYRNES, Hammonston, New Jersey. 4m March 26.

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A LIMITED number of copies of "True Civilization" as an Immortal Souvenir and a Last Great Opportunity for "BOXES FOR MAKING" will be loaned within the city, without charge, to those who cannot afford to purchase. Apply to J. WARREN, 15 Bowdoin's building, Tremont Row, Publisher. Mar. 21

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March 14.

UNION SOCIABLES
AT LYCEUM HALL.

THE SECOND COURSE OF UNION SOCIABLES will commence at Lyceum Hall, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, November 6th, and continue every Wednesday evening through the season.

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