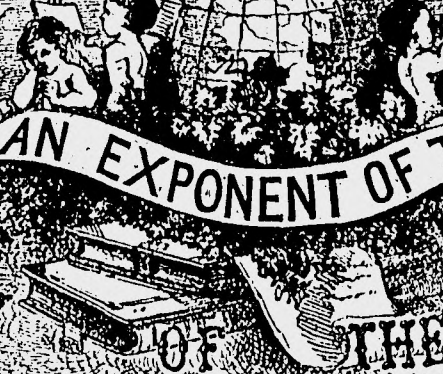
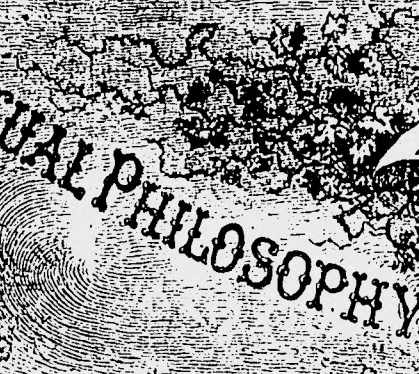


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXXIV.

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NO. 12.

Banner Contents.

First Page: "Spiritualism in the Capital," by Rev. Dr. Rankin, pastor of the First Congregational Church in Washington, recently preached a sermon on "The Transfiguration," taking his text in Luke 9th, 28-31 verses. It relates to Christ's ascent of the mountain with Peter and John and James, where they beheld Moses and Elias, who spoke to him of his death and of the death he should die at Jerusalem. The following extracts will serve to give our readers a fair idea of the Rev. Dr.'s views on spiritualism and spiritual communion.

SPIRITUALISM AT THE CAPITAL.

"This scene teaches us that glorified spirits retain their identity in the future world. They keep their names there and retain their earthly relations to Christ's Kingdom. Here were two men who had been bodily absent from this world for centuries. They are the same men as in the world. Heaven does not destroy a man's identity. Its joys are not such, its glories are not such, its progress is not of such a nature that a man parts with anything that is distinctive in him here. Does death destroy what is nobly in woman? Dr. Rankin's explanation is a noble one, saying that her death-bed, when her orphan children gathered around her, 'I expect to do more for my children in Heaven than I ever could upon earth.' Richard Baxter says: 'I had I but bodily eyes I could see more from the top of a tower or hill than any one below can do. And shall I know less of earth from heaven than I do now?' It is unlike that Christ and all the angels will be so strange to me as to give me no notice of things in this world that so nearly concern my freedom."

And we may go on to ask: Is it probable that Moses lost all knowledge of the people he had led to the Promised Land immediately upon the day when, upon that solitary mountain, he was buried without hands? And so of translated Elijah. Does not this very return to earth in such society, does not the theme of their conversation with Jesus, imply the contrary?

Retaining their identity, glorified spirits retain also those peculiarities of appearance that lead to the recognition of the individual. The disciples intuitively recognized these men whom they only knew by character. They needed no introduction to them. The truth flashed upon them at once. This was supernatural of course. But may we not expect that this will be the law of spiritual intercourse? Shall we not know even as we are known? Will not character be transparent? We are taught that we shall have spiritual bodies—bodies material, bodies still, that is to be the investiture of the spirit. Only God is a spirit without material investiture. We shall not only know those whom we have known in this world; we shall also, doubtless, have an intuitive recognition of all those whose character we have known; not only of Jesus, but Moses and Elias, and all the Hebrew line of worthies, and of later noble Christian men and women. Character will be intuitively recognized. It is only by recognition that the other world can illustrate and justify the ways of God to men.

Upon the character of this remarkable discourse—estimated remarkable under all the circumstances—the Washington Chronicle comments editorially after this fashion:

"The doctrine of Spiritualism is a pretty strong one, and staggers the faith of most men, and hitherto has been quite too much for 'evangelical' churches to swallow. Newspaper men are obliged to read the reports from all pulpits; and, in reading those from the spiritual pulpits, we hardly recollect of anything stronger founding our future state in the other world than Dr. Rankin's declaration that spirits keep their names there, and retain their earthly relations to Christ's Kingdom. Just what is meant by these relations, we hardly know; but certainly they cannot be maintained without communion and interference with earth from heaven. It is now an open question if the reverend Doctor did not admit the truth of the fundamental plank in the creed of the Spiritualists."

As regards Dr. Rankin's position that, as spirits retain their identity, so do they likewise retain those peculiarities of appearance that lead to recognition, the Chronicle adds:

"This point seems to upset the entire creed of the Congregational Church as hitherto expounded. In its admissions it is a new and violent departure, and, while it is exceedingly comforting, full of most glorious hope and promise as to spiritual existence in the great hereafter, it goes much further, and announces the all important and tremendous fact that spirits will retain in the other world those peculiarities of appearance that lead to their recognition. We fear that the more Dr. Rankin tries to prove this, the further will his drift from those old-fashioned notions—'orthodox' notions—of heaven and hell than we have been accustomed to hear. We venture the opinion that to Dr. Rankin belongs the honor of making first these broad admissions from a 'Congregational' pulpit—admissions so nearly allied to what is heard from Sunday to Sunday in the hall of the 'First Society of Progressive Spiritualists.'"

The Chronicle continues its comments, making them bear on a recent bigoted decision of the Patent Office Commissioner in reference to a new invention called "The Psychic Stand and Detector." It says:

"In his fourth point, Dr. Rankin makes a much more startling disclosure touching his religious faith. In it he declares that:

"The social relations of the heavenly world must be determined much as they are here. There must be Christ, doubtless, there will have been, served and followed him, him be nearest him there."

This creed at last presents the idea of a heaven somewhere—of a real, tangible place to live in. But Dr. Rankin is not yet out of the woods. He has members of his church in the Patent Office—members who are 'pillars of the church.' We find in a New York paper the following recent decision:

"The Patent Office has recently had occasion to consider and throw, to quote Wegg's language, a very curious problem which has been presented to it for solution. Mr. Francis F. Linhart of Cambridge, Mass., has it appears, invented an ingenious device, called the 'Psychic Stand and Detector.' This is intended, he says, 'to aid in the investigation of certain phenomena called by some people, by others spiritual, and still more by its operations, either that these phenomena are the results of trick or imposture, or that they proceed from an occult force hitherto unknown.' The 'psychic' force or force produced through the agency of departed spirits, he has applied for a patent for this contrivance, and much to his indignation, the Patent Office has informed him that it cannot be granted. The reasons given are, briefly, that the Patent Office cannot sustain patent inventions which can only foster and perpetuate delusion and imposture, unless Spiritualism be true, and the truth of Spiritualism the office is not prepared to concede."

The situation, in view of Dr. Rankin's declarations concerning the nature of this world (to the other, and in view of this recent decision of the wise men of the Patent Office that they are not prepared to 'concede' the 'truth of Spiritualism,' becomes very interesting. Simply in the interests of truth and science and religion let us have more light on this subject."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

BY H. AUGUSTA WHITING.

Since the foregoing conundrum was propounded by William Shakespeare, it has probably been quoted and commented on several millions of times; nevertheless, I propose to hazard a few thoughts thereupon, in pursuance of my plain constitutional privilege as an American citizen. Women are citizens, I believe, according to the most approved judicial decisions, though not possessed of all the privileges and immunities of such. Well, the name sounds well; and certainly, while we are magnanimously allowed, besides, to observe the laws and help pay the taxes, we ought not to crave participation in the more arduous duties of making and having the same duties so very onerous that it requires all the virtuous self-renunciation of 'Christian statesmen' to induce men to devote themselves to legislation for the good of the dear people.

Speaking of Christian statesmen reminds me to quote a passage of Scripture; and the one that occurs to me runs something like this: 'Work while it is yet day; for soon the night cometh, wherein no man can work.' My interpretation thereof, in this connection, is that it behooves us all to say our say while the opportunity is left us; for when the Young Men's Christian Association shall have carried out their beautiful scheme for evangelizing the nation, we shall doubtless be benevolently restrained from the utterance of any heterodox opinions.

These same 'Christian Young Men' appear to think that there is a good deal in a name, by the zeal with which they are pleading for the recognition of a name, or names, while disclaiming all intent of making any hostile use of so 'harmless a concession,' and seeming greatly astonished that the American people, taught by the blood-stained history of the past, should have the bad taste to decline their gentle invitation to 'Walk into my parlor.'

And, further, they try to render their nefarious scheme respectable by labeling it a reform. Shades of the great reformers of all times, how can ye brook such mockery of an honored name! The rose by any other name might smell as sweet; but I very much doubt that the proposed step backward to religious despotism had ever gained any strong foothold, if it had come under its own proper title, instead of the specious pretence of reform.

No one will, hesitate to admit the immense influence often exerted by a name upon individual life and prospects. Does much-enduring John Smith stand any chance of political preference? Could Hepzibah Jones be appreciated as a poetess, though never so richly endowed with genius? So fully recognized is this prejudice, that it is no uncommon thing for a man desirous of success in life to exchange his birthright name for a more promising cognomen.

Literary people, and book publishers especially, recognize the first-class importance of a good title; it being an admitted fact that books possessing that advantage have largely outsold works of superior merit which lacked the requisite of a taking title. Probably in the skillful use of names as an adjunct in depicting character, Charles Dickens stands without a rival in literature. Indeed, in many cases, so perfect is the fitness that the name itself might be said to be a condensed abstract of the individual of which it is the exponent. To say nothing of such plainly significant titles as 'Lord Frederick Verisopht' and 'Sir Mulberry Hawk,' who could fail to detect the inherent jollity of a 'Mark Tapley,' the pious hypocrisy of a 'Pecksniff,' the oppressive 'unpleasantness' of 'Uriah Heep,' or the miserly meanness of 'Arthur Girdle'? Could 'Mrs. Gummidge' be other than a 'lone, lorn creature,' or any but a 'meawer' wait with such enduring hopefulness for something to 'turn up'? And the same holds good throughout, from 'Pickwick' and 'Sam Weller' down to the latest creations of his pen, whether we contemplate the villainies of a 'Carker,' the vagaries of poor 'Miss Flite,' the alertness of 'Jaggers,' the ponderous pomposity of 'Mr. Pumblechook,' or the eccentricities of good 'Aunt Betsey Trotwood,' as she strives at once to keep the donkeys off the green, and to bring up little 'David' in the way he should go, by the touching reproach of 'Your sister, Betsey Trotwood—that ought to have been—never would have done so.' I will observe here that this peculiar felicity in names, so characteristic of Dickens, is justly considered by critics as one of the strongest evidences of the authenticity of the 'Continuation of Edwin Drood.'

But though on account of the variety and extent of his creations Dickens can be truly said to stand without a rival in literary nomenclature, yet it would not be difficult to point out numer-

ous instances where authors had owed much of success to a lucky name. When Samuel Clemens chanced upon the pseudonym of 'Mark Twain,' he struck a lead; and one which the 'Innocents Abroad,' combined with the rich conceit of a Second Pilgrim's Progress, developed into a gold yield both for popularity and 'filthy lucre.'

Nor is this potency of title limited to works of fiction or of humor. Works of severe and serious thought do not seem to employ so admirable a means of introduction to the public. Why should they? It was once considered necessary that so important an affair as a book should be heralded by a title ponderous and dignified as the stately phrases in which alone it was thought proper or possible to treat serious themes. But, as thought and expression have become popularized, it is not now considered any loss of dignity for an Orthodox minister to announce his coming sermons by expressive, and in some cases even sensational titles. In this matter as always, between extremes there is a golden mean of appropriateness which it is the province of intuitive good sense and refined taste to determine.

The prime requisite of a title appears to be that it should at once arrest attention and express a leading idea embodied in its consonant with the work itself. Such to my mind is the heading of the 'Banner of Light,' of which it would be hard to decide whether the name most adorns the contents, or vice versa. In the 'Banner' book list I find several good specimens, including 'Flashes of Light,' 'Bible of the Ages,' 'Spiritual Pilgrim,' and others.

But perhaps the most striking exponent of the contents of the volume it introduces, is that terrifying title which proclaims 'The Clergy a Source of Danger to the American Republic.' A title so startling that the 'Christian Union' refused to print it in its columns at any price, rightly conjecturing that so voluminous a title portended a dangerous shaking of the foundations of ecclesiastical power. I need hardly add that their tremor was not groundless, as able reviews of the work have appeared in these columns, while many have found its highest praise in the book itself. Yet it seems at least appropriate that I express my entire satisfaction therewith, inasmuch as it is known to many that the work is in part the carrying out of a line of thought adopted and advocated by my late brother, (see 'Biography of A. B. Whiting') viz., the energetic denunciation of ecclesiastical power as agitating the perpetuity of the American Republic, laying, as he termed it, the third corner-stone of despotism; and as Mr. Jamieson publicly declared (in his eloquent memorial address before the Median State Convention of Spiritualists in Dec., 1871) that to A. B. Whiting he was 'chiefly indebted for the idea of the dangers of clerical interference in State affairs.' Not only was A. B. Whiting early convinced of the existence of such danger, but he saw the need of a popular awakening to the fact with all its dread possibilities, and hence to this end devoted a large share of his energies during his later years. When he learned that his friend Jamieson had projected a work which only want of time had deterred him from undertaking, he encouraged and exhorted him to carry it into execution, furnishing such data and material as he had at command. He lived to see the first chapter completed in MSS., to which he gave unqualified approval. I am persuaded that he views with equal satisfaction the completion of the entire work, and endorses my verdict, in turn, justifies its title.

One point more, namely, the importance, especially in debate of controversy, of a strict and accurate definition of the terms employed; the names which stand as symbols of living ideas, embodied thoughts. In this connection I am constrained to declare my belief, founded upon careful observation, that, nineteenth-century of all the bitter controversies that have agitated the world, whether political, religious or social, past or present, have owed their virulence, if not their primary origin, to diverse interpretations of some perhaps in itself insignificant word or phrase. In view of this, I cannot help thinking that if we were to reverse the old preacher's advice to his student, and 'study the bible less and the dictionary more,' it would be a step in the interest of truth and progress; as it would lead toward a mutual understanding of not to mutual misunderstanding. That the latter is, in all cases, possible or even desirable, I gravely doubt. Only by 'many men of many minds' can be completed that grand unity in diversity which pervades all nature. To condemn an honest difference of opinion is, therefore, not only uncharitable, but unphilosophical.

To compare views frankly and kindly, seeking not so much to convince others as to obtain truth for ourselves, to define our terms intelligently and accurately, according to the best usages of language, and to accept the legitimate results of logical deduction, is, in my mind, a code of honor obligatory upon all who would make good their title to the honorable name of reformers.

Cure of Felons and Rusty Nail Wounds.

For the past ten years we have treated cases of felons with hot water and with unerring success. No cutting, no blistering, no anything, but immersing the finger, hand, or even the whole arm, if necessary, in water as hot as can be borne, until the pain is gone and the gore is loosened and drawn from the bone.

When rusty nails have produced wounds, the same course has been pursued. If on the hand or foot, keep it in the hot water. If elsewhere, apply hot cloths with dress of No. 6. W. EVANS.

Shaker Village, Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

Literary Department.

(Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by Colby & Rich, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.)

THE TWO COUSINS; OR, SUNSHINE AND TEMPEST.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light.
BY MRS. A. M. PORTER.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

He had held her hand as he spoke. She drew it hastily from him; her eyes flashed, and she stood erect with a haughty gesture and a scornful curl of the lip.

"By what right do you presume to dictate the course of my life? I need no master; and when I want a priestly confessor, I shall seek him elsewhere. Go your way, Major Leigh, and I will go mine. Go seek the little child-wife who loves her dead baby more than her husband, who is to her like the eagle to the dove! Seek her, I say, and find her, if you can. Perchance you can play the role of Orpheus, and win her from Pluto's dominions by the power of your music! And now I think of it, it might be as well for you to improve the morals of your friend, the Doctor, and expound to him the beauties of truth. He writes to you that your wife is better. There was once a good prophet in Israel, (you see I know my Bible,) who said, 'It is well with the child,' and thus, perhaps, your doctor would be understood when he writes you that your wife is better. Was it not better for the poor, weak brain and aching heart that earned only for a dead baby, and who believed—simple soul!—that that child of an hour was in heaven, waiting for her—was it not better for her to go to that baby, though it were only to lie down by its side to mingle her dust with it?"

She paused. Leigh took out his wife's letter, and showed it to Roney. She took it, and read it through slowly, her eyes dimming as she read. It was too true—she had escaped death; and before her own footsteps were only a gulf of dark despair.

She said not a word; but her hand trembled, the letter dropped to the floor, and she glided from the room swift as an arrow from the bow. Leigh, who had been shocked and wounded by her words, did not miss her till she was beyond reach.

He rode up the starlit road leading to the fort, full of fearful forebodings as to her future. He found John Stott waiting for him.

"Can you tell me where Miss Ruby is?" he inquired, respectfully.

"You surely do not wish to see her, Mr. Stott!"

"Not to speak with her, sir; but I do not mean to lose sight of her till I know that some one will watch and care for her."

The next morning the lady was missing; but John was on the alert, and had taken the same train. Two days afterwards, he entered his name on Mr. Wilson's book in the office, about an hour after Miss Ruby had taken possession of her former room. "John Stott, Manchester, Mass.," thinking best to talk from the place of Mrs. Leigh's residence, as his commission was from there. Mr. Wilson put on his spectacles and read the name, look them off, rubbed the glasses, adjusted them again to his eyes, and read; then looked at the round, full figure and fresh, rosy face of John.

"I may be mistaken; the name is not so uncommon, but he has the look of the family, sure. I wonder what Hepsey will say," he murmured to himself.

Now, Hepsey was never far away from her husband, and in less than five minutes she came into the office. John sat there, reading a newspaper, wondering a little that they were so long in appointing him a room.

Hepsey looked at him as she usually did at new-comers, and had thus learned much of character in her look at externals. A second and different look followed, and then she went to the register, her husband all the time watching her movements.

"John Stott! May I make bold to ask your age, sir?"

John opened his eyes rather wide, but answered: "Twenty-eight, the fifteenth day of last June."

"And your mother's name?"

"Jane Bell, from Barnet, England."

"John Stott, you are my own dear blessed sister's child! I say searched for you the world over, my child! our child, John! (yes, you were named for him—don't you know?)—come to us in our old age."

She went up to him and shook his hands, and gave him a rousing kiss on the cheek; and John Wilson did the same, omitting the kiss, and they had him in their own little back sitting-room and to supper there, and talked and laughed and dined over him, and poor John—no, happy John, but bewildered John, too, thought the million had come—which indeed had to him—for here were friends, home, and a fortune offered to him. When John went to bed he could not sleep for wonder and joy; it all came so suddenly to him! This great happiness—and then he asked himself, Would they like Miss Love, too? Yes, he was sure they would; they could not help it. And so he fell asleep, and forgot all about

Roney's Ruby, who, when she heard of what had taken place in the house, and the news of John Stott being there, and the nephew and adopted child of Mrs. Wilson, tried to go away at once. But John did his duty faithfully. He kept watch and ward over her, with the aid of Mrs. Wilson, till her brother came for the sister who had been mourning so many as dead. He took her to Europe, and consulted the best physicians, and would gladly have remained there with her. But she was restless and unwilling to stay, and finally persuaded him to bring her back to New York.

CHAPTER XIII.

Peaceful Life, Conclusion.

Many years have passed away since Leslie's narrow escape from a horrible death. I am an old lady now, and there are very few dark threads in my hair; but I wear it as it is, with caps that Leslie with good taste makes for me—soft, delicate, plain caps, that tone down a little the wrinkles of age. I remain almost all the year through, now, at my own house by the sea-side, and faithful Hepsey, solemn as of old, still lives with me. She talks a great deal about death, and takes great enjoyment in visiting the graveyard, and every Sunday evening I hear her humming away

"Hark! from the tomb."

One day she said to me in a very respectful manner, but with great sincerity and earnestness, "Miss Esther, it does seem to me that I must speak my mind to you, and I think the Spirit will give me utterance."

"Well, Betsey, speak out. You know what John Knox said about plainness of speech," John Knox was her favorite of all the reformers.

"Well, ma'am, it does seem to me that, for a lady of your age, you think very little about dying. You are just as interested in all that goes on in the world as if you were only thirty instead of seventy years old, and do believe you like young gals, better than old folks; and you were as particular about your gray silk being fitted nicely and made well as if you were twenty. I never hear you talk about death, judgment, and eternity. Oh, Miss Esther, do you think you are preparing for them if you never say nothing about 'em?"

"Well, Betsey, I try to live right, and pray every day that God will show me that day some way of making others better and happier."

"Oh, ma'am, as to that, it seems to me that you never neglect anybody that is sick or suffering or wicked. I can't say a word against you there. Everybody in town seems to me, is the better for your being in it; that, Miss Esther, we must all die."

"I am glad of it, Betsey. What a dreadful thing it would be to live and not know where I tried and change and sorrow and sin! Oh, Betsey, death is not the graveyard, and the skeleton and the terror you make it. It is life that tries our courage, and calls for faith and patience and wisdom. Death is ordained by him who made us, and when it comes we shall be glad that God has given us such a friend. Let him come; he will be as welcome as a father who finds his child lost in a dark wood and comes to lead him home. Come here, Betsey."

And then she led me to a little room, and opened a drawer. Within it lay underclothes of pure white flannel; there were stockings, also, and a plain lace cap in a box; and there was a black silk dress.

"There, Betsey, if I die before you, are all the preparations for my burial," and, opening another drawer, I showed her what, in which one-half of my little property was left to her for her life.

"I never saw Betsey struck dumb before. She stood staring at the open drawers and at me for at least a minute, and then the tears started. I had not seen them on her cheeks for many a long year before. 'You must forgive me, Miss Esther. Only think! and here you were ready for his coming, and I thought all the time you believed you should never die.'"

"I never mean to die, Betsey—at least I hope the good Lord will let me leave this body (as we all must, somehow, live or ever so long)—leave this old house, get a new one, and give me a pure, glorious spiritual body, and as I live—so will be my life in another existence. Death, Betsey, is no evil. Oh! doctors send half the people out of the world under the influence of brandy. Sometimes for days together they keep them up under this stimulus, and many a saint who all his life a pure spirit, dies in a drunken stupor kept away from me, and let me leave the world sober, and not in ecstasy or despair."

This talk was good for Betsey, and though she could not alter the solemn look of her face—which had grown upon her ever since she joined

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Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the Banner of Light was sent by the spirit of the person whose name appears in the instrumentality of the message.

MRS. J. H. CONANT.

While in an abnormal condition called the trance, these messages indicate that spirit-entities with the characteristics of the earth-life to that beyond, whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive, no more.

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Free Circles are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 10 M. Bowdoin Place, (second story), every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon. The hall will be open at two o'clock, services commencing at three o'clock, at which time the doors will be closed, neither admittance nor exit until the close of the service. If, in case of necessity, any one desires to leave the room during the service, the fact must be signified to the Chairman, and permission will be granted to retire after the expiration of five minutes. But it is to be hoped that visitors will remain throughout the session, as every Spiritualist knows that disturbing influences produce inharmonious, and thus our spirit friends particularly enjoy upon us to avoid, if possible. As these circles are free, we have no doubt visitors will readily conform to our rules.

The questions answered at these circles are often pronounced by individuals among the audience. These read to the controlling influence by the chairman, are sent in by correspondents.

Donations of flowers for our Circle-Room solicited.

Mrs. Conant receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock, P. M. She gives no private sittings.

Sealed letters.—Visitors at our Free Circles have the privilege of placing sealed letters on the table for brief answer by the spirits.

Questions.—One or two proper questions, addressed to the spirit, may be asked by the person sitting at the table. Questions should not be placed before the writer upon our circle table expecting lengthy replies, otherwise they will be disappointed.

Lewis B. Wilson, Chairman.

Invocation.

Oh thou God all beautiful, may the fires of inspiration burn upon the altar where we shall minister, so brightly that the darkness of error shall take its flight and be known no more. May the mountains tell the valleys, and the valleys the mountains, that the Sacred Truth is born on earth, that the darkness of the night of error has passed away, that the morning of the beautiful truth has dawned, and thy sons and thy daughters are rejoicing in the light thereof. May every publican, the shoring of Time, become a power with which the shining angels shall tell unto the sorrowing ones of earth that the plan of salvation is within themselves, and that the kingdom of heaven is close round about them. And thou God, may we hear thy saying unto us at all times, in all places, that we have done well, that thou art satisfied with us. Amen.

Nov. 4.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—Do spirits who, when on earth, have lived very cruel and wicked lives, ever remain in hell for hundreds of years, or for a very long period of time?

Ans.—Evil is a condition that the spirit outlives by the exercise of its own will, or its own powers toward good. Sometimes the will is very weak after death as before, and it takes a very long time to rouse it into activity and strength. It may be centuries, it may be thousands of centuries that such an evil spirit may be laboring toward good, and be in what is, relatively speaking, a hell; one of the hells that one of your spiritual teachers of a past age—one Swedenborg—tells you about.

Q.—[Addressed to Allan Kardec.] Trusting Elie Bieler for the translation of your French, in which you say, "To exercise one's self on the weakness of the flesh is only a subterfuge to escape responsibility. Flesh is weak because the spirit is weak; this solves the question, and leaves to the spirit the entire responsibility of his actions," please tell us why the spirit is weak, and if every spirit is responsible for not possessing the strength of Allan Kardec.

A.—The spirit is weak, but it is, elementarily, of the body. There are some bodies who starve their spirits, rendering the powers of the spirit very weak. Very incompetent to answer the full demands of the soul. Spirit and matter are ever one and inseparable; this difference is in degree only. The spiritual form is the natural form of the spirit-form, because it is the legitimate, natural result growing out of the functional life of the physical body. It is difficult to say whether or no the spirit is responsible for the weakness of the body physical. It certainly is, to some extent, but that it is in the absolute, your speaker does not believe. The spirit, under proper conditions, has great control over matter—matter physical—the lower grades of matter. It has come up out of them, has been schooled in them, educated by them, strengthened by them. Spirit has been properly called the ultimate of matter, and, being such, it has great control over matter; but that it is absolutely responsible for all that matter does, I do not believe.

Q.—Why are not all spirits strong enough to fashion for themselves perfect physical bodies?

A.—That is a strange question, promising a condition that never did exist, and never can; which is this: that the spirit has the right and the power, and that it does fashion the physical body—which is not the case. The physical body is fashioned by the two elements, the positive and the negative, becoming conjoined; and when the sun of the Almighty God rests upon the union of these principles in Nature, then the soul, the living soul, is born into the physical body, and it goes on, through all eternity, an individualized power. The spirit is the result of the action of the elements that compose the body physical; therefore, without the body physical, there could be no body spiritual. Now, you must not confound the terms "spirit" and "soul." They are distinctly separate—just as much so as sunlight is separate from the earth upon which it falls. The earth receives its warmth, vitalizing rays, and yields up of its richness, so it is with regard to the conjunction of these two powers that make up the physical body—the positive and the negative forces that are conjoined at conception—and then the God beautiful breathes upon that union, and lo! a soul is born into physical life. The soul, the spirit and the physical body are separately distinct, and yet the spirit is an outgrowth of the physical

body, just as the spirit-world proper peoples the spiritual spaces, and is beyond the reach of your mortal senses—is distinctly separate from its earth, and yet belonging to it, an outgrowth of it.

Q.—If each individual is responsible for his own spiritual weakness and animal bondage, then who and what is responsible for the remaining imperfection of our earth, and perhaps the universe of matter?

A.—There is a certain responsibility that attaches itself to the intelligence of every individual in human life. That responsibility is measured by the power of the individual to overcome evil with the good he has in himself. It is measured, I say, by the power he has. At the great God, has denied him the power, there is no responsibility. Is the idiot responsible for his actions? By no means. Is the dog responsible because he bites you and you suffer? No. Neither is any one of you responsible, except so far as you have power within yourselves, given you by the great God above you, to overcome evil with good. What can you do? The power above you demands that you should do, and no more; that is my belief. I have not seen cause to change it since I dwell in the spirit-life. I think I never shall find cause to change it.

Q.—If individual or infinite spirit possesses sufficient power to control matter, why so much weakness, and consequent suffering?

A.—Spirit and matter are one and inseparable. That is a lesson which your children must learn before you go very far in this great alphabet of life: spirit and matter are one. Now, having learned that, you will learn that spirit has not all power over matter beneath itself. The soul, in its passage through matter, has the power, but the spirit has only as much power as matter itself gives it.

Gen. Canby.

The return of a spirit after death proves beyond dispute the immortality of the soul—for which proof you should be infinitely thankful; for this short, little, uneven and uncertain life is hardly enough for the soul to swing itself round in, and become accustomed to its power. Hardly enough is this life, with all its numerous advantages, to give the soul one single day's proper education with regard to itself. If this, indeed, were the all of life, we should be poor, very poor; for we make so many mistakes that need rectifying, that it certainly is necessary that we should have broader advantages than this life affords to rectify these mistakes in. The soul has need to live in a clearer light, to know how to live correctly. Now, I made some very great mistakes when I was in this life, for which I am abundantly sorry, and am ready, as every honest soul should be, to do whatever may be necessary for me to do to outlive, to go beyond those errors. I know that, in order to raise myself out of mental darkness, I must give up of what I received, as fast as I receive it; that is the way to get more. So I am here to-day to tell my friends of the mistakes I made in this life.

I made a grand mistake with reference to a religious faith. I made another mistake with reference to the administration of the government. I made another mistake with reference to military and civil law, and I made another in failing to do my duty, as I intuitively saw it, toward those who were in a measure intrusted to my care. I refer to the words of the psalmist—the Indians. I knew better than I did; but I was willing to float upon the tide of popular military opinion, and let it go at that. I did wrong, and I am today suffering for that wrong, and I am glad of it—I am glad of it for, were it otherwise, I should feel there was too much wrong in me. I hope I shall suffer until I have become, in all senses, willing to live aright, willing to do right.

It troubles me to know that some of my friends are indulging in very hard thoughts, and seeking to indulge in very hard deeds toward those they term my murderers. Friends, you do not hurt them, but you do me; for every one of them that you drag down, you hang a millstone about my neck; but for every one that you educate and bring under the influence of moral and civil law, you take off the millstone and give me a chance to rise. Do it, then, if you are my friends; if you are not, pursue the course you are now pursuing. I shall wait your decision. I am, sir, Gen. Canby.

Hannah Wallingford.

I died in New Haven, Conn., nine years ago to-day. My name was Hannah Wallingford. I was born in England. I came to this country, when quite young, with my father—Thomas Wallingford. Some of my nieces and nephews are busy themselves about trying to get a property which they fancy is theirs in England. Now, they'd better abandon that case; it never will amount to anything. The oldest son of John Wallingford is the legitimate heir, and there's no getting back of it. They think he is not the heir because he has lost his mind; but that makes no difference. He's the heir, and the Crown protects him, and they'd better stay at home, and save their money, and not make fools of themselves! So good-day, sir.

Nov. 4.

Science conducted by Jean Paul Richter.

Invocation.

Oh, thou, whose honors the stars of creation's early morning did sing their hymn of praise, we, thy stars of lesser magnitude in the mental heavens, do sing to thee our hymns of praise for all thy benefits, and we ask thee that we may be as faithful to our centre as these morning stars are to theirs. May we revolve in harmony, in order and law, in whatever sphere we may find ourselves, and whether in the daylight of wisdom or the darkness of ignorance, may we still be true to our great centre—thyself. Amen.

Nov. 6.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—At this Public Circle, a few weeks ago, the following question was asked: "What was the cause of the Dark Day?" The answer was: "A total eclipse of the sun, of course." The Dark Day referred to was the 19th of May, 1780, probably. Now, it is well known that no such astronomical event as an eclipse of the sun was chronicle by any astronomer for that day. May 19th, 1780. Will the controlling spirit please throw a little more light upon this "Dark Day?"

Ans.—In order to clearly and truthfully answer this question I shall be under the necessity of setting aside certain established theories with reference to solar eclipses. Astronomical science has determined that no solar eclipse can occur except as the dark body of the moon passes between the earth and the sun. Now this is a mistake, as we shall presently endeavor to show

you. It is an admitted fact in astronomical science, that there are millions of worlds lying beyond the reach of the telescope. Now if this is a correct supposition, and we affirm that it is, it is self-evident that if these worlds lie beyond the reach of the telescope, they are beyond the grasp of human science; the scientific mind of earth knows little about them. But if they exist, they exist as powers, as forces, equally as potent, if not more so, than any that lie within the reach of the telescope. Because you cannot see a thing, you should not determine that it does not exist, that it has not a specific power or influence over you, or in this or that direction. Occasionally one of these worlds, that lie beyond the reach of the telescope, makes its appearance at some point in the heavens, and is discovered by some astronomer. Sometimes these worlds appear and disappear, and then they are classed as variable stars, movable stars, lost stars; when they disappear the astronomer says they are lost. What fallacy! Now it is with one of these stars or worlds that we have to deal somewhat, in answering the question with reference to the "Dark Day"; but we shall not attempt to give but a fragment of the history of that world—just enough to show our position, and to answer the question as we understand it. At the beginning of the Christian era a star appeared gliding the plains of Judea—a new star—one that the "wise men" were not acquainted with; and religious history tells us that such an occurrence had been predicted. It had been foretold that it would appear at the birth of the child Jesus. Well, at all events, it did appear, and it proved to be a variable star, although certain scientific minds have determined it to be a comet; certain others, luminous nebula. Indeed, there have been a variety of theories concerning this "Star of Bethlehem"; this noted star, all of which are incorrect. It was a star, a world, a planet, if you please, like our own. This star continued to shine for about eighteen months, and then it suddenly disappeared, and reappeared again thirty years after, about the time of the crucifixion of the man Jesus. At the time of its second appearance, it passed between the earth and the sun, producing an eclipse. At this second appearance, religious history has it that it disappeared with the return of the solar rays. In 1572, this same star appears again in Cassiopeia, its appearance occasioned great astronomical wonder, and no little disturbance in the religious world. Many determined that it was to herald the destruction of the universe, and there were many vague, erroneous theories with regard to it. It continued to shine with varied brightness in the constellation of Cassiopeia for about eighteen months, and then disappeared—astronomical science has it—without moving from its place. But the truth is quite the opposite. It did move; it retreated beyond the reach of the telescope, as it had done before, as it probably will do again. Astronomical science has it that it appeared no more. Now I tell you that this same star appeared again in 1780, and passed directly between the earth and the sun, producing an eclipse. The esoteric clouds that were attendant upon it, as a legitimate result of the introduction of a new force into the earth's atmosphere, tended to render the eclipse more perfect, and had a specific influence in rendering the night following the eclipse exceptionally dark. This star will appear again in Cassiopeia in thirty years from the present time. That is a calculation founded upon facts which rest upon the science of the worlds seen and unseen. This is our answer with reference to what occasioned the dark day. If we have failed in making any point clear, we should be happy to have our attention called again to it, and we will endeavor to make it more clear.

Q.—Has the soul an absolute individuality?

A.—Relatively speaking, yes; but in the absolute, no; and for this reason: The soul may be compared to a ray of light. This ray is reflected from the great central soul—God. It is never separate from God. As a single ray it has a distinct individuality, but in the absolute, it has none.

Q.—Why is it that a father who has promised a dearly-belonged son that he would return in spirit and communicate at the Banner Circle, does not come?

A.—Spirits inhabiting bodies physical, here on earth, see through a glass darkly, with reference to spiritual things. They make promises vaguely, without having one single grasp of knowledge concerning the laws governing in spirit-life. They think they shall know just what to do, and be able to do just what they please; but on making themselves acquainted with the laws of spirit life, they find that in every direction these laws meet them face to face, and they are obliged, not only to render absolute obedience to the law, but they are obliged to be thoroughly and harmoniously negative to it. A spirit making such a promise, on entering the spirit-world very often finds that the positive conditions occurring at the time such a promise was made, become the most potent barrier of all toward shutting him or her out from fulfilling the promise. Now, this may seem very strange. It may seem to you that the more earnest and positive a spirit is, with regard to what it desires to do, the more certain it is of doing that thing; but it is not so, and particularly with reference to this spirit return. A spirit promising, has in its mind a certain idea of what it will do, and how it will come back, of how it will overcome matter, and how it will satisfy its friends, and all these ideas are but so many stumbling-blocks in the way of its return. The little child can do better, far better. It has no idea of what it will do, but simply stumbles into the truth, and comes out all right, far better than those minds who, it would seem, know the most about these things and could do the most. "Except ye become as little children," says Christ, "ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." The kingdom of heaven is simply a condition of satisfaction, a state of being satisfied with one's surroundings and one's self—that is heaven. Now, Jesus knew the law; he knew that these same little children who promised no conditions, but took the law as they found it, and rendered obedience to it, and were guided, governed and sustained by it, would enter the kingdom of heaven first. "I tell you," he says, "publicans and harlots will enter the kingdom of heaven before you," and why? Because they haven't any idea of heaven, any fixed notions of what they demand for heaven. They meet the law, render obedience, and speedily enter into heaven, whereas the best meets the law and says, "Oh, I cannot come under any such restraints as these. I must have a heaven such as my Bible tells me about, or none at all." Now, the Spiritualist is equally as bigoted as his Orthodox brother. He has his ideas of what he believes to be heaven, of a state of existence in the other life, of how he

believes spirits can return, of what they do and can do. All of these ideas are generally pretty well mixed up with error, and because they are, they are to be outlived, and that is the reason why so many spirits who have promised to return ministering to the needs of friends who remain here, do not return.

Q.—Why is it that spirits in sending their messages do not give the street and number of the house in which they died, or in which the person lives to whom the message is sent?

A.—This is often done, very often done, as can be proved by perusing back numbers of the Banner of Light, but it is not always done, for the reason that it is not always possible to express arbitrary ideas upon the sensorium of the medium in use. Now, these things, such as names, dates, events, are arbitrary ideas, and before they can be expressed through the dips of any medium, they must be first impressed upon the sensorium, or sensitive plate of the brain. I say it is not always possible to do this. I will now give you some of the reasons that make it impossible. Sometimes the state of nervous excitement existing with the medium in use, renders it impossible, sometimes a too extreme negative state renders it impossible, sometimes an extreme positive state renders it impossible, sometimes the disturbed action of thought on the part of the audience renders it impossible, sometimes the condition of the atmosphere that the medium in use requires renders it impossible. I might go on, *ad infinitum*, with reasons why these things are not always done by the spirits; but returning spirits are getting more and more accustomed to the use of mediums, more and more accustomed to the use of the law governing in spirit-return, are growing wiser and wiser, and by-and-by it is possible that some way will be devised by which to overcome these present existing obstacles.

Little Shoshone.

Me Little Shoshone. Me kill white man, white man kill me; white man shoot my squaw; me shoot white man; me get no pay for my squaw. The Great Father ask me to pay him for shooting white man, so me no pay him, he kill me. Me want to know if the Great Spirit tell the Great Father at Washington to do that. Me want to know where his Great Spirit live. Me think he live in the smoke—he can't see. He live in the smoke—he can't see—ha! Injun do wrong, he must pay; white man do wrong, he must get pay for doing wrong—ha! Too much meat one side, too much bone t' other. The Great Father want to know if Shoshone satisfied. No! no! he show him his vengeance from the upper hunting-ground of the Great Spirit—ha! Me no care for die, but me want to die right; me want to die like a chief, not die here he made a gesture to signify death by hanging, accompanied by a grunt of scorn. Me said what me wish; me go.

Nov. 6.

Margaret Mahan.

My name was Margaret Mahan. I died in Boston, on Albany street, the second day of November, 1873. I had a consumption and a badness all over me for pretty high two years, and I was very glad to get the rest of God that I got when I got out of the body. I have a sister Mary, a brother James, another brother, Dennis, and another, Matthew. I want them to know how well it is with me, and I want them to give what little I left for the benefit of destitute Catholic orphans. I know they will get along very well without it; they don't need it at all, and I want it to go that way; I shall feel much happier if it does. I ought to have attended to it when I was here, but I didn't do it, and maybe it will do just as well now. I was thirty-one years old. I came to this country about nine years ago. Good-day, sir.

Nov. 6.

Martha Davis.

I run away. My body is not buried yet. I've been sort of keeping water over it, but I wanted to come here so bad—as quick as I could! I thought I'd get away from it. I used to think, when I was here, that if I was fortunate enough to get out of the old body, I should get to go back again. I had served an apprenticeship of eighty-eight years here, but I see so much of this thing going on between this world and the other, that I kind of wanted to see what I could do—wanted to let my folks know I was alive, and get a sort of a telegram through to 'em as soon as I could.

Now this 'ere world ain't anything like what I supposed it was. Why, it's just as natural as anything can be; there's flowers and trees and water and land and houses and people. Why, I never see anything like it; 'taint nothing like what I've been taught to believe. I do want my folks to get out of the old notions and learn things as they are, and that's what brings me here to-day. I can do better when I can let that body alone. My name is Martha Davis. I died in Allston street, Boston.

Nov. 6.

Hans Schneider.

When I was in this life I think much about what the other life was to be, and I say in mein mind, if I gets along very well there, and finds any way back, I comes back. I been gone some thing now better than two year and one-half year. I gets along very well. I finds things to my comfort here in this life. I been in this country altogether seven years, maybe a little better than seven years. I seen something of this before. I come; I seen it in my own country; I hears about it; I learn something, and I learn more when I takes here. When I been one year, before I dies, I takes a frau to myself, and I finds she's one of these people what can talk with the dead, and she say, "Hans, you come back. You get along well in the other life—you come back and tells me about it—tells me what I do." Well, it's like as the Professor say, much easier to talk about and to think about than to do. I not know as I know what she better do. I sometimes think I say to her when I come back, not to stay in this country any more. I sometimes see her unhappy, you know; then I think that; but when she gets the sunshine about her again I thinks t' other way. I not know what is good to advise. I say, "Do as you like," makes your own way—that's it—makes your own way, and if I can help you I will." I like much what you say about me to mein friend Peter. I like that much; that's the way to talk. Say so to somebody else; makes them think about what is to come; that's the way to do. My name was Hans Schneider. I lived in New York when I was in this country; I lived in Dresden, in German land.

Nov. 6.

Science conducted by Professor Olmstead.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, Nov. 18. Eliza Thomas, of Boston; Jennie (niece), of Cambridge; Sallie Bennett, of Boston; Tuesday, Nov. 19. Benjamin Ward, of Chelmsford; Abraham, of Chelmsford; L. A. Fanny, of Chelmsford; Wednesday, Nov. 20. Margaret Vance, of New York; Thursday, Nov. 21. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Friday, Nov. 22. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Saturday, Nov. 23. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Sunday, Nov. 24. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Monday, Nov. 25. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Tuesday, Nov. 26. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Wednesday, Nov. 27. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Thursday, Nov. 28. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Friday, Nov. 29. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Saturday, Nov. 30. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Sunday, Dec. 1. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Monday, Dec. 2. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Tuesday, Dec. 3. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Wednesday, Dec. 4. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Thursday, Dec. 5. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Friday, Dec. 6. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Saturday, Dec. 7. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Sunday, Dec. 8. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Monday, Dec. 9. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Tuesday, Dec. 10. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Wednesday, Dec. 11. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Thursday, Dec. 12. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Friday, Dec. 13. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Saturday, Dec. 14. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Sunday, Dec. 15. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Monday, Dec. 16. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Tuesday, Dec. 17. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Wednesday, Dec. 18. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Thursday, Dec. 19. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Friday, Dec. 20. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Saturday, Dec. 21. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Sunday, Dec. 22. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Monday, Dec. 23. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Tuesday, Dec. 24. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Wednesday, Dec. 25. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Thursday, Dec. 26. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Friday, Dec. 27. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Saturday, Dec. 28. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Sunday, Dec. 29. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Monday, Dec. 30. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York; Tuesday, Dec. 31. Thomas C. O'Day, of New York.

NEW YORK ITEMS.

BY E. D. BARRITT, D. M.

The audience that assemble at Robinson Hall to hear our spiritual lecturers are excellent on Sunday evenings—that is, excellent for New York, but would be quite small compared with your superlative gatherings at Music Hall in Boston. Three or four weeks ago I met Gerald Massey at the book establishment of A. J. Davis & Co. He had then delivered his lecture on the "Shakers," at the Christian Association building, where the audience was not as large as it should have been, and he was looking rather sober. I told him that his triumph in this country was to be in Boston. New York is the emporium of fashion, and of course there is a great concentration of wealth and even literary power here, but "Mrs. Grundy" makes cowards of the great mass of the people who have not souls large enough to rise above the love of mere popularity and display. I told him that Boston was the headquarters of progressive thought for the country. Since then I have had to see that he has been meeting with fine success, even here as well as elsewhere, and that he is to lecture in your Music Hall, during Sunday afternoons of January, where I am sure my prediction will be fulfilled.

We had overflowing audiences to hear the admirable lectures of Mr. Peebles through November, and were sorry to part with him. He made quite a hit by getting a delegation of the Shakers from Albany and Watervliet to come here and take charge of our meetings on Sunday forenoon and evening, on Nov. 23. Elder Frederick Evans, a number of Shakers, of both sexes, were on hand with their kindly countenances and spiritual songs, to add to the occasion. In the evening the hall was crowded, at twenty-five cents a head, to hear the masterly lecture of Elder Evans. He brings the Orthodox world all up standing, shows why they have failed to reform society, and is quite as daring as we Spiritualists are. He says that Spiritualism is a science which is yet to overthrow the existing superstitions and false religions of the world, but Shakerism is a religion to which the new universe and the new earth will finally come. I prophesy that Elder Evans will yet see and believe, either in this world or the next, that true religion is to live in harmony with all science and all truth, both physical and spiritual, and that material and spiritual things can no more be separated than negative and positive. He understands this now far better than the Orthodox world, but his vision, I think, should be a little clearer on the subject. I prophesy, also, that he will yet see that monogamic marriage is the holiest of all social conditions, and the character of the celestial life as well as the terrestrial condition of things. Nevertheless, I wish the Shakers, Godspeed, excellent people as I am sure they are. The whole world must yet come to the communistic or cooperative system of things, before we can have harmony in society, but not to the sexual feature of Shakerism, otherwise mankind would all soon be in heaven, and the earth would be a desert with nobody left to till it. That would be a new earth, sure enough.

We had a fine audience to greet Mr. Lyman C. Howe on Sunday. He is to lecture for the first time in December. He is thinner than usual, but is full as ever of glowing and noble thoughts. A gentleman in Chicago was converted to Spiritualism by hearing him speak, for he said, no man, unaided, could thus answer profound questions on the spur of the moment, and then weave them into poetry in regular order as fast as he could speak. So I think. He speaks in partial trance.

A science of magnetic manipulation, as applied to the cure of the different diseases, has been given me by the wisest powers; and I have used it by practice. I am about to publish a handsome fifty-cent volume, and I hope to accomplish great good and save great suffering and multitudes of big doctor-bills by teaching the use of the subtlest and mightiest healing power in the world.

How ignorant the great world is! Horace Greeley died because his brain was overworked, and he couldn't get sleep. His physician gave him bromide of potassium, which he said was the best thing he knew of. A poison for that fine brain! Just think of it! An ordinary person, with some hot and cold water for his feet, and knowing how to manipulate his spine, &c., I am sure could have induced sleep, and a trained magnetist, better still. How few know when to use hot and when cold water; when to rub up and when down; when the right hand is best, and when the left; when to apply the magnetic, and when the electric element; when to use stimulating, and when low diet; or why they should manipulate differently in one disease from another! Even our ordinary physicians are almost entirely ignorant of these subtle forces, which are as much more effective than drugs as lightning is more powerful than a stone. So the people moan and die.

Three-fourths of the people are killed by medicines and prescriptions," says Dr. Titus, Counsellor of the Court at Dresden.

437 4th avenue, New York City.

[The above letter was intended for last week's Banner, but it did not reach us in season for that issue. J.-E.]

The Banner Public Free Circles.

The Banner "Circle" and "Message Department" are inseparable. Subscribers and readers of the Banner of Light, I feel, should donate punctually such sums as they are able to, in aid of this expensive department of your paper. The good done by the Message Department is not as fully appreciated as it should be by many Spiritualists. It could be placed on an independent financial foundation. Our spirit friends certainly have done in the past and are still doing their part of the work, and we mortals should do ours.

Saint Ansgar, Iowa.

S. BATES.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Boston, Nov. 17, Mrs. Sarah Barron, aged 73 years. She has left her earthly career for a home in the spirit-world, where she will be free from sickness and suffering. From her home of happiness in the new life, she will often return to her earth-friends with words of comfort and consolation.

From Peppercell, Mass., Nov. 11, John Warner, aged 83 years. Suddenly he was called from this to the spirit-world by a stroke of paralysis. "Uncle John," as he was familiarly called by his nieces, had been ailing some time. He was in the war of 18-2, and even then was a medium and believer in spirit-communication. He will be missed from his family in this life, but he will be with them in the spirit-life, and his friends left behind, for he will visit them in spirit.

From Bath, Me., Nov. 21, Susie Bell, daughter of S. M. and M. C. J. Doimett, aged 4 years 3 months and 22 days.

[Notice sent us for insertion in this department with the charge of the rate of twenty cents per line for every line exceeding twenty. Notice not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously. No poetry printed under the above heading.]

