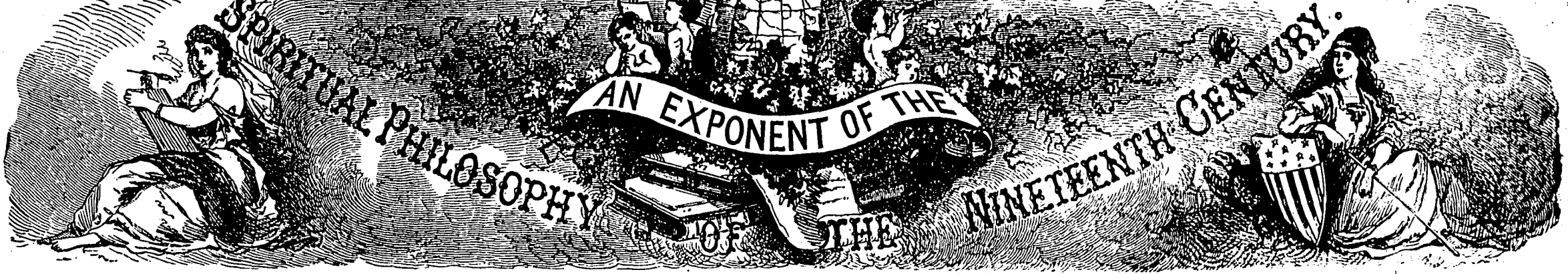


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POST MORTEM SURVIVALS.

II.
BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Some of my spiritualistic experiences have been so accented that they come to my mind readily, as if they began with an illuminated capital letter; they come when questions or doubts arise, and thus lull my thoughts and keep me plumb and steady even when the subject has a stormy look. It is quite natural for any one to ask himself at times whether these manifestations are the work of spirits or some occult working of the human mind not yet understood. Who would have believed a few years ago that the vibrations of the air caused by the spoken voice could ever be caught and broken into subsequent practical work? But such a fact has been accomplished. Would it be any more wonderful if some Edison should find other mental impossibilities frozen into endurance and perpetuity, and that we ourselves are telephones or "horns of a thousand strings," and by some combination of them we are talking to ourselves when we think we are communicating with the spirits?

To me this matter is settled beyond a peradventure: like an axiom in geometry it can never be other than what it claims to be. I do not mean that all the phenomena are axiomatic as spiritualistic in their source, but some are; and if one of the manifestations is a fact as claimed, the whole question is settled; not that the pabulum or the manifestations called Modern Spiritualism as a general thing has the image and superscription of truth, but that the simple fact that human beings who have died in the form survive, and can do so, and communicate with the living inhabitants of earth, is based on truth, not that they do very often, though I do not doubt that fact, but to accommodate the cautious I simply say it has occurred, if my testimony is good, and so is possible and actual.

I have a great many questions asked me by letter and otherwise, but I am no encyclopedia for mundane matters, or a reliable mouthpiece for the other world, but as the spirit moves me, my own spirit or other spirits, I shall respond. The strong doubt with most investigators is in the fact that most tests or communications are coincident with the knowledge of the investigator, and therefore may be simply mind-reading, and spiritual communications boomerangish, both in their Genesis and their Exodus. Well, that doubt is reasonable, and naturally so, for out of the abundance of the heart, or the knowledge we have, the mouth speaketh, when dealing with one having a familiar spirit, as well as on other occasions, and in the flow of general communications, our own knowledge bears a very large proportion to the whole, compared with that which is not ours; it need not be, but let one keep an account, and see if it is not so. It is a very difficult thing to get a communication wholly outside of ourselves; when we do it is most always accidental and unexpected. It is a very difficult thing to ask a question for a friend on a matter with which you are not familiar and get an intelligent and satisfactory answer; it does seem to require the connection with the other person as a factor in the sum. I do not know why it is so, or even the wisdom of it, and I fall back on the idea that the dynamics of Modern Spiritualism may not be very well understood, and perhaps never to be in the form, and sometimes I think wisely so for human good. We would have no childhood if at six years of age we could command the conceptions of thirty-six. I think two hundred years hence we shall be glad that we did not know everything here and now.

The question of identity is in close connection with this point. I am a great deal surer that my own personal spirit-friends are with and around me, than I am that the pretenders through mediumistic channels are; and I think everybody should be. I think all thoughtful people, in their hours of reflection, get impressions from their own spiritual environment; these impressions may seem to be their own cogitations, and they may be, but I think some day we shall open into newness of life beyond the river, and find that we have borrowed a good deal of our thunder during life that was not the effect of our own electricity. Oliver Wendell Holmes hints at the same thing under another name when he says, "But we are all more or less improvisors. We all have a double who is wiser and better than we are, and who puts thoughts into our heads and words into our mouths." A rose by any other name will smell as sweet, but this is a point for a future article, so I will go back to the thought I started with, viz., mind-reading, and some of my experiences

with an accent, that settles the point with me on the side of the spirit.

I once addressed a letter to my father, asking him three or four questions, and took it to J. V. Mansfield. It had no superscription. Mansfield took the letter in his hand, and holding it, wrote, "My dear son and namesake" repeated exactly the questions I had asked, and answered them in full, and signed the answer, "Your once earthly, but now spirit-father, John Wetherbee." My father was then living and in New York, and the "spiritual father" who wrote the letter was bogus. Mr. Mansfield's guides or controls read that sealed letter, they did not read my mind, for if they did they would, for general good, have said what I at that moment was thinking of, viz: "Your father is alive and in New York." Mr. Mansfield did not read the letter clairvoyantly, or sense the impressions in my mind; for he thought it was a very satisfactory answer, and wondered I did not think so, too; so he was honest, if the spirits were not.

On a subsequent occasion I wrote a letter to my departed friend, W. B., sealed it without any superscription, putting inside of another envelope, and mailed that to Mansfield, and in a few days got an answer from W. B., that I think came really from W. B. Having the answer in my pocket, I called on the late Mrs. Hardy and had a sitting, and it so happened, as I expected, W. B., among others, took possession of the medium, and among other things, I touched upon the subject that I had written about, and W. B. said, "I have answered that, and you have the letter now in your pocket." Now any one can see there is quite a difference in favor of identification, between the letter first written and the later one to W. B. If a spirit read the letter as before, and called himself W. B., he would have had to have taken a Sabbath-day's journey to come through Mrs. Hardy, to keep up the assumption, and seems to me it would be straining a point to think so; but even in the latter case mind-reading was possible, for the spirit, calling himself W. B. through Mrs. Hardy, could have got the knowledge of the letter in my pocket, for it was all in my mind. I write thus minutely to show that I do not take everything for granted.

I do not make any pretensions to profundity, but my mind never seems to have been successfully read. Mansfield's spirits did not do it and thus know that I was setting a trap for them in writing to a living, earthly father; and in a great many other cases mind-reading has not been a success with me, and communications have been a success sometimes, in my experience, on matters that could not have been in my mind and must have come from an outside intelligence, and may have been, and probably were, the identical spirits they claimed to be; still I am willing to admit that the human mind, in the form, may have the power of sensing invisible thought, and therefore, unless the knowledge is such as could not be gathered from circumambient minds—supposing mind to be of a radiant character—it is not reasonable to credit it to spirits; but if otherwise, in any single instance—that is, if foreign knowledge has been communicated—then it is reasonable not only to credit it to spirits, as claimed, but reasonable to give spirits the credit, even when mind-reading could have accounted for it. [With my experience I am obliged to do it or stuff myself. In this connection I will add that the letter sent to my father and replied to by a bogus namesake proves the spirit-theory satisfactory to me under the circumstances of my other experiences, and proving that spirits surround Mansfield, helping him to an honest penny and the world to a positive benefit, proves also that other spirits surround, guide and influence all other people, for mediums are only men and women like the rest of us, not specially privileged characters, but organized perhaps somewhat porous, or sensitive to impressions, or illustrating the idea by a stanza:

"The three-worn cottage, battered and decayed,
Lies in new light through clinks that time has made."

The light shone as brightly before there were any clinks or abnormal openings in that cottage, but the structure had become mediumistic, and thus the light that shines on and in all ways becomes in an exceptional sense manifest.

To prove the affirmation on this point in reference to the solution by mind-reading, I will relate an incident, one of those of which I have spoken as of an illuminated character, because it is a solvent to all such doubts as I have referred to.

I was at a social gathering at a friend's house and having a very pleasant time. Some of the party were seated around a table, with Ada Hoyt as medium, having some manifestations. They wanted me to be one of the party at that table, but I was quite interested in a conversation and hesitated, partly because I had experienced her phase sufficiently, so that there was no novelty in it; but, always willing to accommodate, I joined that party. We were, as usual, requested to write the names of three or four of our deceased friends on little pieces of paper, roll them up so as not to be read, and put them altogether in a pile in the centre of the table. There must have been twenty-five or thirty of them.

Feeling a little odd or frolicsome (from something that occurred subsequently, I think it was more influence than frolic), I wrote the names of suicides. I wrote first the name of Henry Jacobs, a cousin of mine, who cut his throat with a razor, because a young girl refused him in marriage for being a little too old a beau; then I wrote the name of a distant relative who shot himself in New Bedford from mortification; then I wrote the name of Thomas W. Hooper, who hung himself in the cellar of the Merchants' Bank for defalcation; and then the name of Patty Gray, who, when insane, hung

herself, occurred to me, and I wrote it, making four names.

Patty Gray, to me, was only a tradition. She belonged to one of the first families in this city, three-quarters of a century ago or more. Nobody in the party could possibly have known her. The Gray mansion was situated on what used to be Pemberton Hill, now the western side of Court street, which was a thoroughfare by itself, then separated from Court street by Scollay's building and its narrow extension. It was a large wooden house, nearly opposite Hanover street, torn down for commercial purposes many years ago. In an insane freak Patty Gray jumped out of the chamber window on to the pavement, breaking a leg, and, looking up at the window as if she saw some one, said, "Ah! devil, you deceived me!" Evidently she had been influenced by some malicious spirit to do the deed. This must have happened when my mother was a young child. All I knew of it was, that the old people who led me in my youthful walks often stopped and showed me the very spot she struck, and told me of the circumstances that were then in the long ago, and how she finally hung herself. The fact and the location were indelibly fixed in my mind, the more so from the fact that afterwards Dr. Shurtliff lived in the same house, and I was a frequent visitor of it, and could relate the circumstances to my companions who lived there then, and who were not as well informed in the matter as I had been by my grandmother and aunts, who had been personally familiar with the circumstances. It is necessary for me to be thus particular in relating this incident, for the better understanding of the manifestations in this connection.

When these pellets were all stirred up in the pile so no one could tell which from which, the medium would snap one of them out of the pile and say who it was for, and in doing so, one of them was for me, and I opened it and read the name of Patty Gray; the medium, however, had written the name without seeing it; then we went through the usual process to get at the facts, writing a list of six or eight diseases, including the one that terminated her life, and the raps came at "suicide," which was right; then the several kinds of suicide, poisoning, hanging, drowning, shooting, and the raps came at hanging; then the town or place where she died. So I wrote the neighboring towns thus: Roxbury, Boston, Brookline, Cambridge, Charlestown; and the raps said, "Cambridge." I said it was wrong, that she died in Boston. The medium then wrote energetically, almost breaking the pencil, "No! Cambridge!" Well, as she had been right as to death, and right to the kind of death, I hated to be obstinate, so I said I thought she died in Boston, but I may have been mistaken. She again wrote, "No, Cambridge," and I said probably the spirit may be right, though to myself I knew she was wrong, for I was as sure of her residence as I was that I had a grandmother.

Some few months after this, an aged aunt was visiting my family; she was over eighty years old, and remembering this circumstance, I said, "Caroline, do you remember Patty Gray?" "Indeed I do; I went to school with her; she hung herself." Said I, "Aunt, where did she live when she committed suicide?" "On Pemberton Hill," she replied; "you can remember the house; it was the same one that Dr. Shurtliff lived in afterwards." "Yes, I remember; I did not know but she might have died somewhere else." "Yes, she did," said my Aunt, "she hung herself in Cambridge." At that I became interested, when my Aunt, continuing, said, "After she had attempted suicide by jumping from the window, Mr. Gray was afraid she would attempt it again, as she began to be insane again, so he boarded her in a one-story house in Cambridge, and hired a companionable woman to stay with her all the time, never leaving her. But it seems Patty was sly and watched her chance, and when unobserved, hung herself on an apple tree in the garden, and when found was hanging there dead."

Now here is a clear demonstration wholly outside of mind-reading; the spirit knew the facts in the case, which I did not, though I thought I did. Now how could that be anything else than what it claimed to be? True, it is not positive proof of identity, some friend in the other world may have known that fact; some of my departed relations did, but nobody in that circle or party did, and nobody knew of such a person except myself. The manifestation was a disembodied intelligence. Is there any conceivable solution to that fact but that it was from a being out of the form, with all the chances in the world of its being Patty herself? Some may think I am stating the case pretty strongly, little more than the actual facts would bear. I am telling it exactly. If anybody knowing me and doubts it thinks I am mistaken, I can only say I am not writing for such a person. If I am stating it exactly, and I am sure that I am, then I challenge any one to explain that communication in any other way than as a survival of a human soul after the dissolution of its body.

A NEW YORK EDITOR ON VACCINATION.—"We do not permit any of our children to be vaccinated. We had rather one of them be bitten by a rattlesnake. We know how to cure the rattlesnake bites, but it is a harder thing to get the syphilitic poison of cow-pox, so called, out of the human system. Over twenty-five years ago we read in a Vienna medical journal a discourse by an eminent Austrian physician, drawing attention to the fact that cow-pox was not known till after the infection of syphilis had invaded Europe, and asserting that he had inoculated a cow with syphilitic matter, and thereby produced cow-pox. (The thing that doctors, at so much a head, insist on rubbing into the circulation of the blood of our children.)—New York Freeman's Journal, Aug. 24.

A small boy and a gun are harmless when apart, but they make a terrible combination.

Literary Department.

AVADI:

A SPIRITUAL NARRATIVE IN THE BENGALI LANGUAGE.

Rendered into English Expressly for the Banner of Light.

BY PEARY CHAND MITTRA, OF CALCUTTA.

CHAPTER I.

ANAYASHAN CHANDRA SEES SHOOTING IN THE JUNGLE—HE CONVERSES WITH THE NATIVES AND MEDITATES ON RELIGION.

Anayashan was a person of noble birth. He was young in years, not given to much disputation, generally reticent, but, when speaking, he at all times spoke concisely and with marked serenity. He was now traveling for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of mankind and enlarging his religious views. In the course of his journey he entered a dense forest filled with huge trees and every variety of vegetation. The wild flowers, thickly strewn about his way, charmed his sight with their varied colors, and as they were swayed by the wind their diversified hues seemed to unite and form one color of entrancing beauty. Wonderful to him was the sylvan scenery, adapted as it was for awaking ennobling thoughts in minds of a meditative tendency.

What silence and serenity came with the evening shadows! But silence, like fortune, is changeable. In a few moments the heavy tread of an elephant was heard, and as the massive animal came in view he beheld seated upon it two young military officers and an old clergyman. The former were out for the purpose of hunting tigers, and were intently looking through their field-glasses to discover the object of their search. From cigars in their mouths they puffed forth clouds of smoke, which soon, much to the satisfaction of their companion, vanished from sight. The old clergyman was somewhat like our Brahmins, well versed in teaching and performing religious duties. The thoughts that filled his mind at this time were in this wise: "I have never seen the shooting of a tiger, and have, therefore, come that I might see it done, talk of it to my friends at home, and give a graphic description of it in my book. But the sight of the tiger might appal me and bring me to the ground, and if I died I would die without the aid of the clergy."

The two military officers, observing signs of fear in the clergyman's face, began to exchange glances indicative of their enjoyment of the fun. The clergyman, noticing this in his companions, called forth all his power to show a heroic face. What arises in the mind is not always expressed by the lips. There are many mental surges, between the rise and fall of which the interval is very short, and what is expressed is owing to an external cause. For this reason one does not know or cannot read all the states and feelings of the mind.

The elephant moved at a slow pace, the trunk half lifted, and an occasional voice disturbed the silence of the forest. Suddenly the fierce cry of a tiger was heard at a distance, and the savages, who inhabited a part of the jungle, shouted, "It is coming! it is coming! Brothers, let us advance and destroy the beast!" Then they began to beat their drums and to arouse their enthusiasm with song:

"Brothers, let us march to kill the tiger!
Brothers, look at the wild chakra-pant!"

The savages had no elephant, no horse, no gun, no spear. They had only bows, arrows and swords; but with these they advanced courageously to the conflict. The tiger seeing them approach, began to fling its tail with great fury as if to challenge them to the combat, and fixing its eyes glaringly upon the savages, was about to spring, or leap upon them, when they darted a shower of well-aimed arrows at him, and having by this means wholly disabled the animal, they came upon it and beheaded it with their swords. Whereupon, the European shikaris, admiring the valor and bravery of the savages, penetrated into the jungle.

Anayashan observing all this from a distance, approached the savages, and they asked him who he was? He said:

"A traveler, overwhelmed with wonder at your valor."

The savages replied: "What you have seen, we do daily. The tiger in the mind is more fierce than the tiger in the jungle. Night is fast approaching. On the top of yonder mountain we live—Come, and partake of our hospitality. To-morrow morning you can depart."

The traveler thus invited, ascended to the top of the mountain, and beheld there a number of well-constructed cottages. As soon as he was seated, all the mountaineers and their wives treated him with affectionate hospitality, and placed before him wholesome fruits of various kinds, and filtered water, pure as crystal. The traveler expressed his gratitude for their kindness, and observing several families, inquired in what manner a dispute was settled when one arose. An old savage replied: "We are all engaged in agriculture, and live by our daily labor. We never quarrel with each other. We never speak anything but truth, and purity of life is the aim and purpose of us all, male and female. We are, therefore, very happy. We all worship one God, and constantly pray to be kept from greed and lust."

Anayashan was highly delighted with the conversation. He thought, though these men of

the jungle are looked upon and treated as barbarians, they are superior to those who claim to be civilized people. True civilization consists in rising above that which is sensual.

"I must now collect," said he, "what is most instructive. Reading is no doubt suggestive, but the lofty thought cannot be kept long. We get solid instruction by the study of man. Pious meditation in solitude is doubtless the best means of exalting the soul, but I would like to ascertain the purpose of existence before engaging in this spiritual exercise. I have read much, and my mind is filled with varied information. What shall be retained and what discarded, must be decided by deep thinking and the union of such thinking with the voice of the soul."

The next morning the traveler descended the mountain, and invigorated by the balmy breeze, pursued his onward journey.

CHAPTER II.

SUTTER—THOUGHTS ON THE SOUL.

What a tumult on the banks of the river! What a concourse of people! Young and old of both sexes were there, subdued by grief and in tears. Beneath the shadows of a many-branched Religio-Fides tree there was a dead body on a cot, and upon it was seated a well-developed, charming girl, clothed in silk, her forehead being decorated with vermilion and a branch of the Fides tree held in her hand. Her two children were on her lap, saying, "The grief caused by the death of our father we can not bear; what is to become of us, and where shall we go, if you, mother, be also lost to us?"

The mother, unmoved by the heart-rending expressions of her children, said:

"By the unbounded goodness of God you will get from others the affection of a father and the love of a mother. Be serene. Do not weep."

Friends and relatives used their utmost efforts to dissuade the lady from burning herself, but she gave no reply. She folded her hands and looked upward in a spirit of perfect resignation. To others, her soul appeared as if separated from her body, and had ceased to receive external impressions. When the dead body was bathed, she walked around it several times, pronouncing the name of God, and then placed herself on the funeral pyre, as peacefully as a child lays itself in its mother's arms. The fire was applied, and the dead body of her husband and her own living body were consumed by the flames. During this process her body exhibited no contortions. Unmoved, calm and serene, she held her hands folded together in humiliation and devotion to God. On her face rested a benign smile, and her eyes mirrored the state of her soul—absorption into the Deity. Until the soul was separated from the body, God and God alone was uttered by her lips.

Anayashan having witnessed this scene was aroused to think on the soul, and to soliloquize thus: "Socrates showed no fear of death when he drank the juice of hemlock. Christ, while dying, was calm and free from emulity, but the agony of crucifixion shook his faith in God as he exclaimed, 'Father! hast thou forsaken me?' Heroes cheerfully sacrifice their lives on the battlefield, showing utter contempt of death. There have been saints, who, by the power of their will, have been free from the fear of death. It is one thing to show a total disregard of death when in a state of frenzy, or under a great excitement, but quite another in a calm, thoughtful and tranquil spirit to allow one's body to be slowly consumed by fire. This is, without doubt, heroism of the highest type, but in what manner can this spirit of heroic faith be acquired?"

"There are many who are highly educated and learned in science, who deny the existence of the soul. To them, death is the extinguisher of life, and life is the regulator of all the functions of the body. 'The soul has never appeared to any one,' say they, 'and whatever they cannot see cannot be said to exist.'"

"In all the religious codes there is mention of the soul's immortality, but this is done with a view to impart a degree of hope, and to prevent mankind from going astray. It is considered that if the immortality of the soul be not believed, there will be no end to the mischief that would ensue. And yet, no one can clearly show that we have souls. Learned divines can only argue the existence of the soul historically, conjecturally and analogically. The scholar, being once told of the existence of soul, asks no questions, dares not seek further evidence, lest he be considered an atheist."

"But I must do my utmost to obtain light. If I succeed in this, I shall know God more clearly; otherwise what we now look upon as truth is, after all, credulism—the offspring of weak impressions, from which proceed so much diversity of opinion, so much contention, so much wrangling, so much sectarianism. I have read much, reflected much, but still I am quite unsettled. I have inquired of different men, and

"It was customary with women wishing to be burnt with the dead bodies of their husbands to be decorated with vermilion to distinction to which widows were not entitled, and to hold a branch of the religious *Indra* in the hand."

they have expressed to me their peculiar ideas, which, being analyzed, are vague and shadowy. "Gods will be done, I will continue my search."

CHAPTER III.

DESCRIPTION OF LALLOFOUR IN PINGALA VILLAGE, AND OF THE RELIGIOUS SITES.

In the village of Pingala Lallofour lived. He was renowned for sharp practice. He was born in the northwestern provinces. For a long time he had resided at Tondabadi, and the language he spoke was partly Hindi and partly Tondabadi. He had the ability of making himself agreeable to every one, but no one could follow him in his designs. He was clad in trousers and turban, and carried in his hands a string of beads. He was accustomed to talk largely upon all matters, and spoke of the past as a time of grandeur, and of the present as a time of great inferiority. He always interrupted speakers, and broke in upon their remarks, but they had finished what they had to say, with the impatient inquiry, "What do you know?"

Whatever the subject of conversation might be, whether on education, religion or law, he obtained his own views and alienated all others by his vehemence. His real name was Anavashan, but, in consequence of his strange manner of interrupting, on every possible occasion, he was nicknamed "Lallofour," which is a corruption of the word "Lallofour," which is a corruption of the word "Lallofour."

Whenever any difficult question was discussed the people speedily said:

"Who can solve this problem except the great Lallofour?"

He professed to be deeply versed in astrology, palmistry, astral influences, as foretold in horoscopes, counteracting the evil influences of planets, and in appeasing gods, in charms, amulets, and in exorcising spirits. He was always busy in some one of the numerous occupations he professed an acquaintance with. He had a respect for him, as did also the Musahims. In this world, which cannot be understood by the senses, he was everything, and everything was his. Gold is disregarded, and the world is sought.

Pingala village was full of sectarianism. Wherever he exists the conception of God must be of a like character. Those who believe in a creed believe in the truthfulness of its dogmas, and are prepared to die, if need be, for their maintenance. For this reason, no harmony can exist between one sect and another, and each sect is positive that truth and true religion are in its hands. In this village, however, the Brahmins and the Musahims were in constant quarrel. There was a mosque in a remote part of the village. There was also a church, for the propagation of Christianity. To the latter of these one wished to go, he went, but this only indicated the foolishness of the mind, the diversity and various phases of faith admitted to intensify sectarianism. Every sect was trying to secure followers, and strangers were continually going from one sect to another. The Christians were attacking the Brahmins and the Brahmins were attacking the Christians. They were trying to convert each other. The Brahmins, instead of attacking any sect, were merely saying:

"Alas! our ancient faith is gone. We know such would be the case. It is high time that we should die, that we may depart without being shaken in our faith and ceremonies."

The Musahims were like serpents unending; afraid of being punished for endeavoring to inculcate their faith with sword in hand, what they could do by guile they were doing.

The progressive Brahmins were lamenting that little or no progress had been made. The Brahmins were deficient in energy; they were mere automatons. What good can result from insufficient study and a limited practice? It is not proper to teach Brahminism alone from the Vedas, Upanishads, Puranas and Tantras. We must seek it also in the Bible, the Koran, Zend-Avesta, and other sacred works. The true practice does not consist in merely changing the ritualism. How can we expect improvement unless we abolish caste, countenance the marriage of widows, intermarriages, prevent early marriages, promote female education and introduce females into society? Those who say these reforms will come in due time, speak vaguely, because until we take action in these matters the evils will go on increasing. The investiture of a Brahmin with sacred thread tends only to a perpetuation of bigotry and superstition. Where, then, is the Brahminism?

Animated discussions upon these various points were constantly being held and awakening interest throughout the village. The waves of sectarian spirit were arising and surging upon all sides. Measures were being adopted by the orthodox community to punish heterodox persons by expelling them from the pale of caste, by prohibiting the barber and washerman from serving them, and by neglecting to invite them to public and private assemblies. The independent—those who were not attached to any of the contending parties—were greatly amused at the proceedings of Lallofour, and facetiously said to him, "You are the grand depository of all wisdom. Why do you not settle these differences and bring harmony out of all this confusion?"

CHAPTER IV.

ACCOUNT OF BABOO SAHIB AND JAKO BABOO, COEXISTED BABOO. THEIR IDEAS OF SOUL. THE TRAVELER ENTERS PINGALA VILLAGE.

There was a large plain on the south side of the village. In its vicinity stood a well-constructed house, facing a nice garden. A cool and pleasant breeze was constantly blowing. But few persons passed the house. Occasionally a cart moved by, rattling like an old man's expressing machine. The cattle drawing the cart could scarcely move on account of their heavy burden, but the drivers urged them along by twisting their tails, and in this way they managed to advance slowly to the end of their journey. A few marketmen with loads of vegetables on their heads and bathed in perspiration, walked along with greater speed. The *oah* bearer carrying water in jars, was seen and heard singing his song as he trudged along. In the house of which we have spoken, lived Baboo Sahib. His real name was not known. Having long fraternized with the Eurasians, he had adopted their manners. He dressed like them, talked like them, and walked like them. When alone, he placed his legs on the table, or, standing on limbs apart, indulged in reverie which he cheered with whistling. His long intercourse with the Eurasians and Europeans had engendered in his mind a strong aversion to his own countrymen, whom he contemptuously designated as Ignorant Bengalis. Baboo Sahib entertained a large number of visitors; but his most familiar friend was Jako Baboo, a man who possessed a smattering of information on general matters, and claimed to know all the sciences.

*The prohibition of the barber and washerman to the excommunicated exists to some extent even at this time.

But of the science of soul he was wholly ignorant. His superficial knowledge of things he ostentatiously paraded for mere popular applause, a custom very common with those who do not drink deep from the fountain of wisdom. Those who do not apply themselves to a study of the soul, who neglect to probe for hidden causes, glance only at the external workings of Nature, possess a very imperfect knowledge of God and the next world. They reject substantial and enduring knowledge, and content themselves with the unsubstantial. Baboo Sahib and Jako Baboo busied themselves continually in the acquisition of external and ostentatious knowledge. They had no idea of a spiritual life, but were thorough Materialists. When the subject of the immortality of the soul was mooted, they assumed an air of great wisdom, and said:

"What cannot be proved, ought not to be accepted. The soul is like a lamp: so long as there is oil and no wind, it burns and gives light, but when it does not burn, it gives no light. There are some who say they have seen the spirit of such a person. This, which they consider to be a reality, often proceeds from an hallucination of the brain. If the existence of the soul after this life cannot be proved, then there is no proof of a world beyond this. Some say the next world is in the moon. Some say it is in the Milky Way; some say it is composed of different spheres, that the soul rises higher as it progresses in love and wisdom. All this is simple nonsense. Where is the proof? Those who do not study physical sciences properly, and do not know the exact modes of ascertaining truth, are always plunging about in the dark abyss of error. The physicists ought to dissipate such error by the light of their exact knowledge. But as this is not done, alas, this village is going to the dogs."

This spoke and reiterated the self-styled wise men, Baboo and Jako.

Anavashan, in the course of his journey, arrived at the village of Pingala. It was spring, a beautiful evening in spring; in the gardens and fields were numerous trees and shrubs loaded with fruit and flowers; birds of rich plumage were flying from branch to branch, making the air melodious with their songs, and the soft silvery light of the moon, combined to render the time and place unusually lovely. The temples were brilliantly illuminated, while from their open doors and windows came the soothing perfume of dhaup and dhoona. The sacred music of the *chank chank*, drums, &c., was heard in various quarters, and occasionally the tones of a loud prayer to Shiva. Solemn thoughts were suggested by the time, place and circumstances. Anavashan walked amid these scenes in calm and deep meditation. Proceeding a few paces, he beheld a Brahmo-Samaj, where the Brahmins, full of veneration, were praying. The preacher was delivering a sermon on the immortality of the soul. The view which he took had reference to the history of the past, and he argued that man would be miserable without a belief in his own immortality. It was evident from the expressions on the faces of his auditors that his effort was not appreciated, and the half-closed eyes of some and the nodding heads of others indicated that the service was tedious.

After the service had concluded the traveler asked some of the Brahmins, "What Samaj is this?" They replied, "It is the old and old (first). Go on a short distance further and you will see the Progressive Samaj."

While passing on, as thus directed, he encountered a procession with red flags flying, and accompanied by music that pierced, as it were, the sky, and the chanting of songs that were so impassioned they maddened the hearer. The Brahmins composing it walked with eyes closed, clad in silk and barefooted. On reaching the temple they became seated, and the prelate spoke upon repentance, the spiritual character of the saints, Chaitanya, Nanak, Christ, etc. But of all these Christ was described as having possessed the highest love-principle, and other superior excellences.

CHAPTER V.

BAISTAB'S HOUSE AND HIS INSTRUCTION ON THE SUBJECT OF THE SOUL.

The house of Baistab was rather dark and dingy. There was a long hall running through it, having a room on each side, facing a yard or small field in which there was a cowshed. Baistab had risen early, and, having performed his religious devotions, was engaged in teaching his disciples. Some were reading *Namat Bhagavad*, some *Gita*, some *Kasamunjab*, some the *Vyasa* by Sankara.

Anavashan approached him and said: "Sir, I am fortunate in being brought in contact with you. Kindly give me your light on the science of soul."

Baistab replied: "Whatever I know I will state; but I consider myself as a cow with the tag of sugar on the back. Whatever I know I know from reading. I can argue and discuss, but I have no light from an internal source. Such light can be had only from the Yogis or those who have emancipated their souls from bondage. The general belief is that the soul dies with the body. This is a mistake. You know how emphatically *Gita* teaches the immortality of the soul. I will give you the teachings of *Namat Bhagavad*: Death is nothing but the separation of the subtle from the gross body. Soul is distinct from body. It is pure light, or spirit, devoid of the qualities of matter. It is a cause; the creator of the *noumenon*. It can go wherever it pleases, and wherever it goes it becomes immersed, or clothed, in matter. If one while in flesh can know the soul, he is free from the bondage of the body. Soul is immortal, free from partial views, pure, all-knowing, single, and unconnected. The phases of the moon do not represent the actual condition of the moon itself; so, when to earthly sense it may appear the soul does not exist, this appearance of non-existence is due to the state of the body, and not to an absence of soul. As long as this bodily supremacy exists our state is phenomenal, and the soul is fettered, and while thus fettered we manifest a fear of God. Grief, joy, fear, anger, greed, darkness, birth, and death do not belong to the soul."

Anavashan was grateful for this instruction, and, thanking him for having imparted it, took leave of his instructor.

CHAPTER VI.

ANAVASHAN HAS NEW THOUGHTS ON THE SOUL, AND HEARS THE VOICE OF HIS FATHER'S SPIRIT.

It is noon. The sun shines with great power. The cowherds go for their cattle grazing in the field and put them at work, plowing deep the hard soil. Soon these cattle become exhausted by their labors, and are thirsty for want of water. Yet the plowmen do not heed this, but compel them to work on. Thus, greed induces man to be cruel to the dumb creation. There is no shade of any extent in the field,

*Fragrant substances burned in the manders, etc.

though here and there is to be seen a single tree. On one side of the field a shepherd is leading a flock of sheep, and from another side, a herd of buffaloes are rushing with great speed. Clumps of decayed trees are seen at various points of this field, on the broken branches of which numerous sparrows and other small birds, in quest of flies and blades of corn, chirp their simple notes. The shepherd, to relieve his exhaustion, incident to the heat and fatigue of the day, chants songs in wild, weird tones. There was a tank on the north of the field, and on its bank a *Bokul* and a *Kodamb* tree, whose broad and shading foliage gave shelter to travelers weary of their journey. Anavashan seated himself within the shade of these trees and engaged in the following meditations:

"Many of my friends and relatives have gone to the next world. But where is that world? What state do we reach after death? No answer to this momentous inquiry comes to us from Socrates, Plato, Christ, Paul, Vyasa or Upanishad."

"Paul says, when the natural body dies we have the spiritual body. The Hindu psychologist tells us that when the gross body is gone we have the *linga-sarika*. But how are we to be assured of this? The cremation of the body I have seen, clearly proves that the soul or spirit is distinct from the body, because the suffering it endured did not trouble her. The Yogis show similar freedom from whatever the body may undergo if it be liberated it gives them no pain. Mesmerism and clairvoyance render the body insensible, and freeing the soul from the bondage of flesh, enables it to go out and to return to reveal startling truths. What Baistab said has deep meaning; the soul has wonderful powers. If the soul can be known, then we enjoy a blessed life; we know God clearly; we know what is to be our destiny in the next world, and what we should do to reach it. But this most desirable attainment is only vouchsafed to those who meditate deeply on God."

"The worship of God through the soul is the most desirable, but at the same time the most difficult. What we see, hear and do, is all shadowy and fleeting; the soul is replete with what is real and enduring. Our prayers are, therefore, coming as they do from the soul, more or less natural. The soul does not really rest on God until it ceases to be controlled by externalism. What is being done religiously in different countries may result from or produce a species of internal exercise, and in that respect prove serviceable to the worshiper. I do not deny or seek to underrate any sect. Either now or in due time it must improve. But our duty is to ascertain by what method, by what exercise, we can attain to a state best fitted for the divine worship. This can only be done by close and deep meditation on God."

"In this country Monothism prevailed from remote times. Brahmo-din Roy worked diligently to draw the attention of his countrymen to the worship of one God. His teaching was as follows: 'The worshippers should not be afraid of aught but the all pervading and spiritual God.' His instruction, as it related to the next world, is unimportant. 'If it be determined that there is no world to come, all earthly society will be at an end.' Those who have followed Brahmo-din Roy have enlightened this country by their indefatigable labors, but it does not appear from their hymns, instruction and discourses that they are appreciators of spirituality. They themselves are elevated, but, either from hope or fear, they create a diversity of bells and heavens. This is, indeed, a primary state, but God is above all human ideas and emotions; hence, unless we are above them, we cannot know God. Almighty Father! deliver me from earthly thoughts!"

While engaged in this meditation Anavashan saw a light within himself, and found good in everything. To him, virtue and vice appeared to belong more to the mind than to the soul, being purely phenomenal. Placing his hand on his eyes, he said:

"What is this delusion? Perhaps I may be better after bathing."

Shortly, he began to pray, but he was filled with natural thoughts; he could not dedicate himself to God. With great effort he could tranquilize himself for a short time, but, almost immediately, his thoughts wandered. This brought to him a feeling of disappointment, and he said: "It is impossible. *Druba*, *Prolad*, *Kapela* and *Jarabharat* could keep themselves in one unchangeable state. How can I follow them?"

While thus agitated, he heard the affectionate words of his father's spirit—

"And do not be discouraged! Your aim is uncommon. You will succeed by hard labor. Cease not to pray."

Anavashan looked around, but could see no one. Grief for his father began to flow, and remembrances of him came fast gathering in his mind. But grief, pain and joy are of short duration. Soon grief passed away, and he was restored to his former state.

"(Concluded in our next.)"

"OH, IF PEOPLE ONLY KNEW!"

FATHER COLBY—*Edmund Friend*: I send you another poem, connected with which I have had a peculiar experience. I am unable to decide whether it is a gift of inspiration or memory.

The subject of the poem was suggested to me some time ago, while watching life's masquerades on the public streets and seeing how coldly they often greeted one another in passing; but I never bestowed any further thought on it till yesterday, when it suddenly began apparently to shape itself into a poem, and glided into my mind like a dim remembrance of something I had gathered somewhere on life's journey. The matter has puzzled me not a little. At the time it came to me, I was taking a rest after several hours of severe mental labor, and was not intending to write any more that day, but the poem came unsought, and so fixed my attention that I felt impelled to rise and write it down, when portions of it seemed so familiar to me that I began to think I must have read it at some time, and was by an involuntary act of the memory recalling it, or it had been impressed formerly on my own brain in sleep, and was then being re-impressed on my waking consciousness. I have had entire poems come to me several times in that way, but on waking I could never recall a single stanza. It is possible that this is one of those *dream-poems*. I know not; but if you, or any of your readers, have ever seen anything like it I shall be pleased to be informed of the fact, and will resign all claim to its authorship, for I have not the slightest desire "to shine in borrowed plumes," be they ever so brilliant.

We know so little about the sources of our inspiration, so little of the laws controlling mental action, so little, in fact, about everything pertaining to the subtle forces of life and their wonderful operations, that it seems to me we may well and often hesitate, feeling uncertain where to place the border lines of original

thought, whether within or without the limits of one's own conscious and active creative powers. It were wiser, perhaps, to count nothing our own, seeing how everything in this world of cause and sense is related to every other thing, till there is in reality no *meum* or *thum*, and no beginning or end to thought or substance.

Since all about us, then, are lying undiscovered islands and continents of truth, why should we not rise, leave our useless bickering over the few crumbs of truth that have fallen from the Master's table into our humble baskets, and go forth with reverent hearts in search of those undiscovered lands that lie smiling and fair on the yet trackless ocean of thought?

Let us not care in what ship we sail, or who shall be the Columbus to take us to those fair, new realms, so we only get there in safety; and let us not mind in whose name a good deed or a thing of beauty finds its way into the world so it only gets there and does its work; for once there it will remain "a joy forever."

In this spirit I send you the following poem, hoping that among the many stars set in the poetic firmament it may find room, and shed some light in a dark place.

Very respectfully,

BELLE BUSH.

OH, IF PEOPLE ONLY KNEW!
Oh, if people only knew
What their neighbors truly are,
Could they see their spirits only,
And not the clothes they wear,
Then would all our joys be double;
But they don't, and there's the trouble!

Could they only learn to follow,
As they should, the "Golden Rule,"
Could they look on one another
As on children sent to school,
Where a kind and loving teacher
Smiles a welcome at the door,
And never asks the question:
"Are your parents rich or poor?"
But with an accent tender
Accepts them as they are,
And expects they'll stumble often
Ere they reach the golden stair
Where the sainted ones are waiting
Who have passed the "gates ajar,"
And where their Christ-like, lighted,
Is false as a star—
Oh, could they *thus*, how blessed,
How beautiful would be
All the lives that now seem blighted
By a cruel destiny!

Oh, if people only knew
What their neighbors' burdens are,
Could they read the secret truly
Of their sorrow and their care,
Then would their sympathy be double;
But they don't, and there's the trouble!

Could they only leave their scolding,
Their laughter and their pride,
As the earth-worm leaves its larva
When it mounts the airy tide,
And, on radiant wings disporting,
Slips harm from each flower,
Nor hanes the purest chalice
That opens to its power—
Could they learn the love that's gentle,
Compassionate and true,
That knows the rudest nature
To chasten and subdue—
Could they leave their selfish seeming,
When the heart is full of guile,
And turn the poisoned arrow
Of their malice to a smile,
Oh, could they *thus*, how peaceful
Would be the paths of life!
How changed to words of sweetness
Would be its sounds of strife!

Oh, if people only knew,
When they pass each other by,
How much of truth and beauty
Is hidden from their eyes,
In the forms they hardly notice,
Or notice but to spurn,
How would their footsteps falter,
And how their hearts would turn
From the idols that they worship
To the lowly ones of earth!
Oh, how great would be the homage
They would pay to *wealth of worth*!
And how soon their joys would double;
But they don't, and there's the trouble!

Human Pride and human Sorrow
Walk the green earth side by side.
One would think, to see them passing,
"That the Saviour had not died,"
Had not lived or toiled or sorrowed,
To teach us how to live,
How to labor for the lowly,
How to suffer and forgive,
One so cold, so stern and stately,
And the other all so weak,
With a look of patient waiting
Playing over brow and cheek.
Oh, pride! Oh, self-sorrow!
How far ye dwell apart!
And yet how near the Father
Is every human heart!

Ah! if people only knew
How their gossiping and lies
Are woven in the *angel eyes*—
They wear to angel eyes—
Could they only see the shadows
Of their hatred and their scorn,
As they flit across their pathway,
And the bitterness that's born
In the spirit of the hated,
Oh, how quickly would they turn
Every falsehood to uncover.
All their hatred to unlearn.
Then how their joys would double;
But they don't, and there's the trouble.

Oh, if people only knew
What other hearts believe;
Could they see their faith and practice,
What a curious chain they weave
Of outward prayer and praises,
Of secret doubts and fear,
How great would be their wonder,
How changed would life appear.
Oh, how far ye grow apart,
How far ye grow apart,
And how far the *light of life*!
And garden of the heart!
Each soul must have its season
For Truth to drop her seeds,
And a summer time of waiting
Ere they blossom into deeds.

The dew of heaven must water,
The sun of love must warm
The tiny seedlings sleeping
Through winter's chilling storm.
Give souls some lofty purpose,
Give hearts high dreams of hope,
Then see how soon the blossoms
Of noble deeds will open.

Let us trust the time is coming
In the *zeons* yet to be,
When men will wear the mantle
Named of angels' Charity.
For not to one is given
To say, of truth forewarned,
Who hath the whiter raiment,
The scorner or the scorned.
Let us judge each other kindly,
And let us with jealous eyes
For, to read the lesson clearly,
"There are angels in disguise."

All about our paths they wander,
Wearing of an humble guise,

Or looking at us meekly
Out of pleading human eyes;
And above the embracing heaven,
With pitying star-eyes thronged,
Is a love that's safely guiding
Both the wronger and the wronged.

Oh, if people only knew
How deep this love, and true,
How strong to lift the fallen,
And the haughty to subdue,
Oh, how their faith would double!
But they don't, and there's the trouble.

But there'll come to every mortal
A release from toll and care,
An unweaving of the spirit
And a fairer garb to wear.
We may stumble, and grow weary
Of the burdens we must bear,
But we'll reach life's shining portal,
We'll climb the golden stair,
Leading up to joys immortal,
And we'll know each other there."

Bellevue Seminary, July 21st, 1878.

Camp-Meeting in Maine.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Spiritualists' five days' Camp-Meeting at Etna, Me., commenced Wednesday, Aug. 28th. The weather was unpropitious and stormy, but by ten o'clock we repaired to the grove, where a large audience had assembled to listen to the sun-stirring thoughts there presented. The regular speakers for the meeting were Moses Hull, Mattie Sawyer, Dr. H. P. Fairfield, and Clara A. Field, all from Boston; Dr. Chase of Monroe, Mrs. Lunt of Belfast, Gibson Smith of Ayer, Mass., Father Clark of Dover, Me., Mrs. Gould of Bangor, Seward Mitchell, Dr. George DeMerritt of Dexter, Me.

At half-past two P. M. the bell rang, and all repaired to seats prepared for them. The President, Bro. Mitchell, of Waterville, read a few introductory remarks very appropriate for the occasion. He then introduced Dr. H. P. Fairfield, who rendered a very beautiful invocation, and delivered an interesting lecture on "The Signs of the Times." Moses Hull made an elaborate speech. Mattie Sawyer gave some interesting ideas. Dr. George DeMerritt was introduced to the audience. Dr. Chase of Monroe gave some of his stirring thoughts. Afternoon session closed with singing.

Evening Session.—The President in the chair. Dr. DeMerritt related his bitter trials and persecutions during his development in Spiritualism; Dr. H. P. Fairfield told of his experience in Spiritualism; Mattie Sawyer related her experience from early childhood, which was quite affecting. Closed with rendition by Bro. Fairfield. Closes with singing in some of the tents. All seemed anxious to hear from friends in spirit-life. Adjourned till 9 o'clock Thursday morning. From nine till half-past ten was devoted to special meeting.

Thursday Morning.—An address by Mrs. Lunt of Belfast, Singing. Remarks by Moses Hull, Seward Mitchell, Dr. Chase and Dr. Fairfield. The social service closed with singing.

Regular P. M. service. Lecture by Moses Hull, Text, I. Corinthians, 13th chapter, 11th verse: "When I was a child I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things." Subject, "The Second Coming of Christ; the Resurrection; also, the book called the Bible."

After returning to tents and supplying the wants of the inner man, and a few seconds' rest, we attended to the rain beginning to fall in torrents, we were obliged to take shelter in the tent of the Adventists, and proceed with our meeting. The rain still poured until quite a late hour. Adjourned until Friday A. M. Social meeting as usual.

Friday morning dawned grand and beautiful. At half-past ten Mattie Sawyer spoke on the subject, "Why this rapid progress of the movement?" She related that Spiritualism and Spiritualists were not iconoclasts, for they had no creeds, and that creeds are iconoclastic. After singing, Mr. Hull read a poem.

Saturday A. M. was devoted to social meetings, singing, and various tests were given, and recognized by friends present.

Sunday morning the weather was quite gloomy, but the campers were all life, and all seemed happy and anxious for services to commence. At half-past ten Mrs. Clara A. Field spoke briefly, but to the purpose. Dr. H. P. Fairfield followed with remarks on the subject of scripture, winning the close attention of an intelligent audience. Moses Hull gave the lecture of the closing session Sunday afternoon. After singing, "Shall we meet beyond the river?" the conference closed.

(From the Memphis (Mo.) Revelle.)

Water Lilies Brought a Mile by Spirits.

EDITOR REVELLE.—Believing that a brief account of a new phase of spiritual manifestations which occurred at J. H. Mott's on Sunday evening, August 18th, may prove interesting to many of your readers, I venture to submit the following.

Mr. Pittman, of New Orleans, having received a written message from his spirit-wife, it encouraged him to ask her if she could not fetch him a wild flower. She replied that she would try. Accordingly, on Sunday evening, the trial was successfully made. Gen. Bledsoe, the presiding spirit, expressed some doubts as to the feasibility of the feat, but was willing to conduct the trial. He directed the front door to be kept slightly ajar, the light to be extinguished, and those present to enclose the cabinet door by standing with joined hands; those at the ends of the semicircle, next the door, each to touch it with one hand. The directions were complied with, and in about two minutes some in the circle perceived the odor of flowers. A light was produced, which disclosed a large water-lily held out through the aperture. Mr. Pittman advanced and received it from the hand of his wife, and took it away with him on Monday.

This success induced Mr. Pittman to attempt, on Monday, to solicit a like favor from his friends, who expressed a willingness to make a trial, as did Gen. Bledsoe, but said it would be hard on the medium; that he would come out of the cabinet very weak, and as wet as if dragged through a creek, which proved almost literally true. The conditions were repeated, and after waiting about twice as long as in the first trial, the signal was given for a light, and Col. Eaton took his flower in triumph.

No one had thought of lilies, and it is said that they must have been brought from the swamp down South, at least a mile distant. They were both wet, and Gen. Bledsoe was accompanied by quite a number—by Mrs. Pittman and other ladies, Gov. Shannon—brother-in-law of Col. Eaton—and other white men and some negroes, the latter going into the swamp and plucking the lilies. Of course, but few will believe this, but all who were present knew it to be the truth. The party consisted of Mr. Pittman, Col. Eaton, Major Mellon and lady, of St. Louis, a gentleman from Warsaw, Ill., whose name I cannot at this moment recall, Mr. and Mrs. Loomis Mott, Mrs. J. H. Mott, and myself. No outsiders knew what we were "driving at," but had any one possessed fresh and wet lilies and wished to have carried them to the cabinet he could not have done so, as we stood close together around it with joined hands. We know there were no flowers of any kind in the cabinet when the circle was formed.

STEPHEN YOUNG.

The oldest paper in the world devoted to the Spiritual Philosophy is the *Banner of Light*, published in Boston. It is now in its forty-fourth volume, and by reason of the growing interest manifested in Modern Spiritualism, is today one of the most interesting weeklies published in the United States. Besides valuable contributions, *verbatim* reports of lectures, some of which are worthy of the profoundest philosophers—by trance speakers, accounts of mediumistic experiences, etc., it occasionally contains interesting stories that have a most refining influence on the reader, while its editorial pages are brimful of liberality and ability. Add to this that eight large, clearly-printed pages are brimful of reading, and it is one of the most valuable of family papers. Readers of the *Independent Era* will do well to refer to the advertisement of the *Banner of Light* in another place.—*The Independent Era*, Georgetown, Texas.

The greatest quiet and passivity of mind, the fewest restraints and dictatorial requirements with harmonious surroundings, are unquestionably the most favorable conditions for spirits to give reliable manifestations.—*A. Underhill*, M. D.

To cure persons of singing "Whoa, Emma," Take of sulphuric acid one part, stramonium two parts, Pars green one part, hyocyanine and belladonna. Admixture a full dose the moment the unfortunate person exhibits any symptoms. It is well to add that the disease usually commences with a low whistling.

THE STRICKEN SOUTH.

BY A. W. BOSTWICK.

Up from the land where orange boughs
Puff the air with bluffs of love;
From where the dark-leaved myrtle grove
Twines radiant wreaths for valor's brows;
From oaks whose branching margins reach
To fruitful plains and waving trees,
Where song of birds and sigh of breeze
Give gentlest answers each to each;
From cities drooping in the light
Of scorching sun; above the tide
Where white-winged ships and banners glide,
There floats a shadow dark as night.
And with it comes a voice of woe,
A sound of weeping and distress;
A cry of hopeless bitterness,
Sad echo of a mortal blow.
This shadow-form of deathly blight—
This cry of sorrow and distress—
Come not to us a hopeless prayer;
Come not a phantom to alight.
Plague-stricken hearts! we hear the wail
That from bewildered mortals slips,
That parts with us forever and
You ask our help—help shall not fail.
Estranged slinks beneath the wave,
Where death holds court with crowning crest,
And North and South, and East and West,
Give pain to pain beside the grave.
—*Atlantic Monthly*.

The Rostrum.

Spiritualism the Demonstrator of a Future State of Existence.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
At a Union Meeting of Mantua, Garrettsville and Ravenna Spiritualists, held at Atwater Grove, Mantua, Portage County, Ohio, it was unanimously voted that the morning address, delivered by E. P. Brainerd, Esq., of Ravenna, be published in the *Banner of Light* and the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*.

Whatever may be urged in support of the doctrine of total depravity, history proves that man, in all ages of the world, has intuitively inclined to a belief in a future state of existence, and is by nature a religious being. In proof of this we need only refer to the thousands of different religions that have been promulgated among men, from the earliest history to the present time. The fact that mankind have, in the different ages, adopted such a great variety of religious beliefs, only proves that hitherto the evidences of a future state of existence have not been sufficient to satisfy the human mind, and could only be accepted through a blind faith but poorly understood. Hence the necessity of more direct and positive proof to save the world from drifting into the cheerless belief of materialism.

The spirit-world, recognizing this fact and man's necessities, have sought to establish a telegraphic line by which human beings may receive messages direct from the loved ones gone before, relative to the unending hereafter, and what is the result? Instead of receiving it as new light from the invisible world, it is by the majority of mankind rejected and denounced as the work of the Devil, and why? Simply because our spirit-friends on the other shore teach us that which is not in harmony with the revealed law as defined by the creed-makers of the past.

That scientists should oppose these new revelations that conflict with old ideas is not surprising. Most important scientific truths have been developed by fearless, progressive men, far in advance of their fellows, who have been compelled to thread their way with as much caution as did the fugitive slave with his eye fixed on the north star.

In alluding to scientific truths we may stop to inquire what is this thing we call science, which commands so much deference? Simply trained and organized common sense. Swift says old sciences, like old stockings, are easily unlearned by beginning at the foot. Prof. Huxley, the greatest scientist of the Old World, says, "Before making any great progress in new scientific truths I had to forget sixteen years of book-learning."

With all our appreciation of education and educational advantages, we sometimes think a great deal of the present book-learning might be profitably neglected, if we could direct the mind of the learner to the great fundamental laws of nature. The vague theories which form the great body of speculative learning have at no time enabled the young man or the young woman to grapple with the undeniable truths having their origin in the laws of nature.

The Philologist, with all his knowledge of the dead languages, and all the treasures in the classics that gave birth to the idea that ripened into a motor, reaper or a sewing-machine, or assisted Fulton in the application of steam to the propelling of water craft; nothing that drew electricity from the clouds; that sent the electric spark over beds of coral and under the billows of the mighty deep, in the transmission of human thought, or that gave us the telephone and phonograph, which are to-day the wonder and admiration of the civilized world.

Why is it that in this age of mighty inventions and discoveries, mankind still persist in looking to the past for wonderful achievements? It is well for modern discoverers and inventors that they did not live in the days of Galileo, for if they had, like him they would have been compelled to denounce the philosophy of their success, or by themselves denounce as apostates, actually by evil spirits, by the very men who were at that time trying the foundation of learning that is to-day taught in our schools—men who knew there could be no more new planets than they had discovered, "because there were seven openings in a man's head, seven days in a week, and consequently there could be no more planets."

Is it not true that there is more to be learned of nature and nature's God in a lump of chalk, in the granite of the hillsides, in the trees of the forest, in the rippling brooklets, in the chemical analysis of the soil, in the symmetry of the snow-flake, in the brilliancy of the dewdrop, in the petals of the flowers, in the carol of the birds, in the silvery voice of youth, in the movements of the heavenly bodies, and in the architectural design and mathematical accuracy of animate and inanimate life, than in all the books and creeds that have been written by man since the beginning of the world, or the unwritten thoughts that have been handed down to us by tradition?

From these animate and inanimate bodies and objects can be drawn the greatest lessons ever afforded the human mind; lessons which, rightly understood and practiced, will be productive of peace on earth and good will among men.

Mankind, to a great extent, are creatures of education, and with many it seems easier to believe error than to put aside deep-rooted educational prejudices. Public sentiment, however, is forcing prominent theologians to discard some of the old ideas that come down to us through the dark ages. Mr. Beecher says: "In some systems of theology God is atrocious beyond all power of language." Does not the inspired Book sustain this view when after "Thus saith the Lord," it says: "Thou shalt destroy the city and sow it with salt; slaughter all, both man and woman, old and young; dash the little ones against the stones; slay the women, and put the ox, sheep and the ass to the edge of the sword." To defend such a God, the more honest way is to adopt the kind of argument used by the Rev. Dr. Kitto, of England, who, in commenting on Samson's achievement when he set fire to the fields of the Philistines, already while for the harvest, said, "We cannot say anything against this, but any other man who did it would deserve to be hanged."

It was in the name of this kind of a God that the fires of Smithfield were lighted, witches were hung in Salem, Quakers were whipped at the cart-tail in Boston. In this enlightened nineteenth century should we go back to those honest but ignorant, bigoted and deluded people, for spiritual instruction or lessons of virtue and morality?

It is held by the Christian world that all needed information relative to a future state of existence is given us through the Scriptures, and that a plan of salvation is therein set forth, a simple, that a wayfarer man, though a fool, may understand it. It is held absolutely true, how is it that the different interpretations of it, that have been given us by theologians and commentators, if printed and bound in books, would

make volumes enough to sink the Great Eastern? Mr. Beecher may well say: "The Bible is the most betwined book in the world. Coming to it through commentaries is much like looking at a landscape through garret windows over which generations of unimpaired spiders have spun their webs."

Is it asked, What has your Spiritualism to offer? Has it any vital truth? Is it not that old perverse spirit of denial which has troubled the true saints in all ages? To this we would reply, It only asserts the larger truth and denies the partial and the false, which admits of no sensible verification. Higher truths always supersede partial ones. Paul asserted universal brotherhood, and down tumbled the restrictions of the Jewish law. Luther declares that it is the right of every soul to know and judge of truth, and Papal authority gives way. George Fox asserts direct inspiration, and apostolic succession becomes a myth. Liberal Christianity asserts God's Infinite Love, and eternal hell, endless damnation, and the Devil disappear in the broader light. Spiritualism denies only by affirming higher and better evidence. It attacks error only by the statement of truth. It shatters the idol, that it may reveal the God.

There are a large class who profess to be incredulous—so much so they seem distrustful of their own senses. Yet they can believe in the miracles of every other age in order not to believe those that take place in the age in which they live. A celebrated writer has said, "Some men will believe nothing but what they can comprehend, and there are but few things that such are able to comprehend." Distrust and incredulity are the surest signs of a corrupt heart and a feeble head. Real philosophy seeks rather to solve than to deny.

Suppose your philosophy be true, what is the use? say some. With the doubts that have existed in all ages, is not the proving of immortal existence the most priceless blessing that can be conferred upon mankind? If the intelligences of the invisible world accomplish this, will they not do more than all the theological teaching of the past six thousand years?

Spiritualists may take consolation in the fact that the evidences coming to us are rapidly increasing and becoming more and more irresistible. "Mankind are being crowded nearer and nearer to the verge where they must surrender or leap." The celebrated scientist, Dr. Draper, well says, "So wide spread and so profound is this, that it can neither be treated with contempt nor with punishment. It cannot be extinguished by derision, by vituperation, or by force."

With all the accumulated evidence Christianity cherishes a blind incredulity, and the only word of welcome from their ranks is confined to the Swedenborgians and Quakers! The combined opposition of clergy and laymen will not prevent the ban being soon removed, when the world will be astonished at the number of mediums long since developed, and the amount of investigation secretly carried on in the higher circles of Orthodox society.

Compared with the past, this is indeed a progressive age, but with all our boasted knowledge how little do we know, and how little can mankind acquire still up in an earthly prison? In fact, what we now are, is half a mystery; and how few there are who study and explore the remote, the concealed, the silent regions of their own natures. They live in the external, their pleasure is mostly of the senses. They pursue a sensual existence, and find no food more rich, nourishing and spiritual, than objects of sight, hearing and taste. Possessed with immortal powers; instruments of most delicate susceptibilities; social beings, so inter-living with those about us, that, like the waves on the sea, when one rises or is depressed, all are affected; moral beings working out our destinies, meanwhile impressing good or evil on our fellows, gathering gains or thorns for both our own and others' crowns, such are we now. But all the depth of our capabilities, all the possibilities of our happiness and usefulness, all the sweep of our subtle influence, who can tell?

Prior to receiving light over the invisible telegraph, as we looked to the future we asked, What shall we be? the question rolled away far from the future into the world of mysteries, and only an echo came back!

"We may, however, take consolation in the well-demonstrated fact that all is governed by unchanging, immutable laws. It has long been conceded that the stary system of worlds which adorn the heavenly landscape, and the solid earth beneath our feet, are governed by fixed laws; and even the fickle winds which sweep our earth "like the breath of destiny," obey an irresistible law. Every movement of the glittering orbs above us, every event on the earth beneath our feet, is the result of law and proclaims the universe to be governed. The restless ocean is ever lashing its rock-ribbed sides, but its tidal waves are held in abeyance. Refreshing rains, gentle dews, and warm sunlight clothe the hills with forests, and the fields with vegetation. Slowly and surely the work goes on; no confusion exists, no mistakes occur in the world of matter; can it be that the direction of human affairs is left either to chance or special Providence, or the caprice of man?

Intellectual, moral and spiritual development and culture seem to be nature's aim in regard to man, and all is governed by a power we cannot understand, who controls and directs without consulting our wishes or being governed by our wills. A law of necessity governs these things which man did not create, neither can he resist. Fashioned by a power he cannot see, man is moving on over the sea of life to an unknown shore, and he is living in a delusion when he believes his acts are determined by his capricious volition. He may encounter unforeseen calamities, but his onward course can never be backward. It is ever onward and upward, though dark and deep attend his steps. The human race is never at rest; change is written with the pen of fate upon every earthly thing; events are forever occurring from preceding events, and ideas spring from those that have gone before, forming a chain of cause and effect, immutable as God. Whether we desire it or not, we are obliged to move. Compelled by a law of necessity we cannot resist, we must follow out the plan of the Divine Architect, who cannot be foiled in any of his designs.

It is one of the cardinal doctrines of the spiritualistic faith that the penalty is sure to follow violating law, and that the wrong-doer can in no wise escape; and the poet well says:

"From David's lips the word did roll,
"It is true and I say yet
No man can save his brother's soul,
Nor pay his brother's debt."

The evidences of spirit intercourse antedate Christianity. Pythagoras, the sage of Samos, was a great Occultist and Spiritualist 600 years B. C.

In "Plutarch's Morals," recently translated by Goodwin, there is an account of calling up the spirit of Cleonice, 500 years B. C.

Hermes was the great Egyptian seer and physician. One of his books has recently been discovered, and a facsimile of it is in the New York Astor Library. It is called the Ebers Papyrus, and dates 1552 years B. C. In this work Hermes says: "The Lord of the Universe told me how to free gods (elemental men) of all murderous diseases," and many other things, indicating his faith in communications from the other world.

Apollonius of Tyana was born about four years B. C., died A. D. 94. His life, written soon after his decease, translated in 1809 by Rev. Edward Berwick, a Vicar of Ireland, is full of evidences of the then existing inner soul-power.

Apollonius traveled over the then known world, and visited the Indian sages, became one of the most remarkable seers and wonder-workers of any age, and his history is a full vindication of the truth of the miracles of Jesus recorded in the New Testament. It is only those who seek a monopoly for Christianity who attempt to discredit Apollonius.

Josephus, book 8, chap. 2, testifies that Solomon believed in magical powers in his time, and he himself witnessed the phenomenon of demons being expelled by Eleazar.

The Neo-Platonists possessed these occult powers in the early centuries and transmitted them down to the Middle Ages. See Draper's Intellectual Development of Europe, pages 299 and 300. Wm. Howitt's History of the Supernatural, Vol. 1, page 209.

A profound and celebrated work entitled, *Tamblichus de Mysteris*, abounds in verified facts relative to spirit communications.

Merlin's "Helping Spirit," A. D. 489, is found in English Chronicles.

John Aubrey's *Miscellanies*, a work from old authors, is full of facts relative to spirit intercourse.

Isis Unveiled, a work recently published in two large quarto volumes, by Helen P. Blavatsky, the noble Rus-

sian lady, scholar and world-wide traveler, is probably the most truthful and exhaustive work on occultism extant.

The works of eminent authors and profound writers can be traced in regular chronological line from the dawn of time, furnishing indubitable evidence of man's belief in communications from the spirit-world. On account of pre-conceived religious theories, mankind seem to cherish a welcome blindness to all these facts and realities.

Many of the Hebrew sacred writings are handed down to us for our spiritual instruction. But while it is claimed by Bible students that the Jews were far in advance of their time, their records are largely secular and traditional, and with the manifest ignorance of the race, in their allusions to geography, astronomy, medicine, and other imperfect sciences of that date, to claim the Bible record is all the word of God, and to attribute all their blunders and mistakes to the all-wise Father, who is perfect in all truth, is simply blasphemous.

There is much in the Old Testament that the impartial student cannot accept as the word of God without stilling his divine attributes; but taking the Bible as a whole, with its sublime code of morals, with its history, its poetry and its evidence of spirit intercourse in the past, no Spiritualist can afford to reject it. It goes further to sustain the spiritual philosophy than any work in print, and teaches the principles of that faith more directly than any other ever adopted by mankind; in fact it teaches no other.

Many intelligent Spiritualists seem to incline to the idea that the Bible is unreliable, and that what should be declared against all religious organizations outside of the spiritual church. We do not understand our spirit-friends to teach anything of the kind; like one of old, they "come not to condemn or destroy the world, but to save it." They come to bring us direct and absolute proof of their continued identity, their manner and mode of existence, and furnish us with satisfactory evidence of our immortality beyond the grave, and teach us how to live that we may be prepared for a higher and better condition on the other shore.

Discarding the idea that man's eternal salvation is predicated on a doctrinal basis, Spiritualists can well afford to be generous and liberal, and exercise broad charity and great tolerance toward those of other religious faiths.

There may be much error among the respective religious organizations. Suppose there is; as Spiritualists we are prepared to cast the first stone? We have far greater respect for an honest, conscientious Christian who is striving, according to the best knowledge and light he has obtained, to do right for right's sake, than we have for the professed Spiritualist who will ride ten miles of a dark night, to some medium, with no higher purpose than to persuade his mother or some other spirit-friend to tell him *(confidentially)* who poisoned his dog.

It is a mistaken idea that we can build up Spiritualism by tearing down other religious systems. Very few are so unwise as to abandon the old house that has so long served them tolerably well, till a new and more attractive one, is provided. It is claimed that Spiritualists have provoked for combating other religious denominations, for the misrepresentation and persecution received at their hands?

Have not all the respective religious sects been obliged to force a recognition?

Within our own recollections pioneer Methodists have been arrested and fined for shouting in their Sunday meetings, which was held to be in violation of Sabbath sanctity.

How long is it since the now strong and popular sect known as Disciples (formerly significantly called Campbellites) were denounced by other denominations as worse than Heathen, Infidels, or Atheists?

Suppose Spiritualists are persecuted, ridiculed, and laughed at; so was Noah while building the ark; yet it is claimed that in consequence of a somewhat protracted but well-thought sermon, Noah made his programme a success, and his craft a saving institution.

The little boy thinks that the western horizon line which lies along the hill-top of his father's farm bounds the world. Older grown, he learns that cities and towns, fields and forests, rivers, lakes, and prairies—indeed a whole universe, lies behind those hill-tops. So when the soul breaks away from traditional boundary lines and gets beyond the narrow ecclesiastical horizon, instead of encountering blankness and vacuity it goes forward into a universe crowded to overflowing with Infinite Life, which above and beyond still beckons it on.

Spiritualists have no occasion to excite the antagonism of mankind by attacking their religious beliefs. Ishmael's hand would not be against every man, if every man's hand would not be against Ishmael! The task of criticizing old creeds is never an agreeable one, and profits nothing, unless we are led thereby to see more clearly our own way of duty, and embrace the cause of truth with a more reverent and loyal spirit. We should treat the thoughts of others with justice and tolerance, and see to it that our own thoughts and life are in keeping with the dictates of reason and conscience.

Many believers seem to entertain the idea that Spiritualism is broad enough and strong enough to carry in safety all reforms, whether real or imaginary, and all the *isms* that can be loaded on; consequently we are carrying much that had better be thrown overboard as not being worth the freight.

Suppose an individual should enter into an undertaking to dig down and remove one of the Allegheny Mountains; he starts in with twenty men, ten teams, and as many carts. Suppose instead of removing the earth load by load in the usual way, he insists that the entire mountain shall be loaded on to the carts on one; it does not require a philosopher to predict the result.

Should our religion, so sacred to the conscientious believer, be sapped with reforms too destitute of truth to be successful on their own merits? We once heard of a man who was elected to the Legislature, pledged to procure an appropriation for the draining of an old black swamp. With implicit confidence in his own strength, and a determination to carry out the undertaking, he managed to offer as an amendment to every bill and resolution presented during the session: "Provided an appropriation is made to drain the old black swamp." His colleagues failed to see what his amendment had to do with granting authority to lay out a turnpike, or buy a house. Are not some of the amendments offered to the spiritualistic faith equally objectionable, and do they not drive away the better class of community, and deter them from listening to the glorious truths taught by the angel-world?

What would be the result of a physician if in prescribing a known remedy he should insist that it always be accompanied with an overdose of poison?

Lowell says, "The devil loves nothing better than the intolerance of reformers, and dreads nothing so much as their charity and patience."

"No roads are so rough as those that have just been mended. So no sinners are so intolerant as those that have just turned saints," says Colton.

"Man is instinctively a religious being. We may discover tribes of men without laws, or any of the arts of civilization; but nowhere will we find them without some form of religion. Some seem to embrace religion from the same motives that they marry; not from love of the person, but because of a large dowry."

Clergymen in all the different denominations are preaching the spiritualistic doctrine without seemingly being aware of it. The Rev. Daniel March, D. D., author of standard theological works, says in his "Night Scenes of the Bible": "There are more living persons in the crowd than any human observer can count. There are more listeners in the public assembly than can be seen by the speaker's eye. There is no solitude of earth where we do not have the unseen companionship of beings that think, and feel, and work more mightily and constantly than ourselves. As these invisible, unembodied partners of our toil, and sharers of our spiritual life, have sometimes stepped forth from behind the curtain that hides the unseen world, to show us that we may have witnesses of our conduct when we think ourselves most alone, we have only to turn to the sacred record to learn that these high and mighty ones, whose home is in some far distant world, have borne an active part both in the common and in the great events of this world which we call ours. They are taken the form of men, and shown themselves to human eyes, and spoken aloud in the languages of earth. They have made their appearance on the lonely mountain top, on the storm-beaten ship at sea, in the streets of the city, on the hills, in the highways, and fields, and threshing-floors, in the night, and in broad day, in the calm and in the storm, speaking words of

peace, and smiting with the sword, bringing health and prosperity, and wasting with the pestilence, talking with men under the shadow of trees, and tents, and temple roofs, at city gates, in humble dwellings, and in the depths of the dungeon's gloom. In all these places and circumstances men have seen and heard the living inhabitants of other worlds. And these celestial visitants have come from their far distant homes to take part in the affairs of men. They have shown themselves better acquainted with human history, and better able to do our work, than we ourselves. They have defeated great armies, they have overthrown powerful cities, they have sent forth and arrested the pestilence. They have rested under the shadows of oaks at noon as if weary; they have eaten bread as if hungry; they have received hospitality at human homes at evening, as if coming in from a journey; they have guided and protected travelers on their way; they have rolled away the stone from the tomb; they have kindled the fire of the altar and stood unhurt in the midst of the flame; they have clothed themselves in garments that shone like the lightning, and they have appeared in so common a garb as to be taken for wayfarers men needing lodgings for the night. It adds immensely to the solemn interest of our daily life to know that we may have such unseen witnesses of our conduct and partners of our toil at any moment.

It gives us a higher and truer estimate of our own place in the great overmould of intelligent beings to find that we are objects of intense interest to the inhabitants of other worlds. It enlarges the range of our thoughts, and lifts our desires and aspirations above all earthly and perishable things, to know that our present habitation is only one little province of a universe of worlds, and that this mighty empire is bound together by ties of intelligence, co-operation and sympathy to its utmost extent." We have quoted at some length from this eminent theologian, thinking no better Spiritualism can be preached.

In the work from which the foregoing is quoted, the author gives graphic descriptions of spiritual manifestations that have taken place in the past quarter of a century, would make volumes enough to lead a steamship. In alluding to modern manifestations this pious Daniel March, D. D., says: "The spirits of the mighty dead have something else to do than to answer the call of conjurers and clairvoyants in any age, in any land. And if they were to come down from their high seats in bliss, they would bring better messages and wiser counsels than the seers and mediums of modern times have reported in their name."

How easy it is to "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel!"

As further evidence of the changes that the discussion of Spiritualism has produced in these days, we note the following as related by Dr. Peck, the president of the New York District at the Sing Sing Camp-meeting:

"I heard," he said, "that my brother-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Lovejoy, was dead. He was very dear to me, and I was greatly grieved. I lay down to rest, and slept, and as I slept it seemed to me that Brother Lovejoy stood beside me. 'Why, I thought you were dead,' I exclaimed. He raised himself, and with a triumphant expression answered, 'I am what you call dead, but I still live.' 'But they told me,' I said, 'that you had been buried; that your body was in the grave at Stratford.' 'My body is there,' he said, 'but my spirit is free, and I have seen the glories of that better land.' 'Oh!' I exclaimed, 'I am so glad to meet some one who has died and who has been to heaven! Do tell me about it.' Then he told me. He said as he was about to die he heard his friends around his bed say, 'Now he is unconscious,' yet he was never more conscious in his life. He knew he was dying, and trembled. Suddenly he seemed to come to a deep and dark river, and he dreaded to cross; but one appeared, glorious and lovely, who, reaching out his hand, said: 'Take my hand.' He hesitated, so pure seemed the Holy One. 'Take my hand,' he repeated, and he obeyed, and lo! he stood on the heaven side of the river and walked up to the celestial city. I asked him to tell me of his glories, and he told me of heaven. I never have tried to repeat his words—I could not; but I see the vision of the city as he described it. Oh! the glories of that land no tongue can tell. As he ceased I awoke. My dream was ended."

When we realize the progress of Spiritualism in the past twenty-five years, in spite of the formidable opposition arrayed against it, to our duty seems plain:

First, To provide protection and a home for all who enlist under the new gospel banner. We should organize so as to secure the advantages of united, well-directed effort, "for in union there is strength."

Second, Lay aside all fanciful vagaries and objections, seek harmonious relations with ourselves, and with each other, strive to live pure, upright, exemplary lives, furnishing living examples of the elevating and regenerating influence of our spiritualistic faith.

Encourage and assist each other, and do all we can to aid the higher intelligences of the invisible world, to so present the evidences of immortal life, and the heavenly truths of the better gospel, as to carry conviction to the hearts, consciences, and understanding of men and women everywhere.

When absolutely convinced of the truthfulness and reality of messages direct from the loved ones on the other shore, they will gladly receive their direction and instruction in place of old teachings that furnish but little solace in the dying hour than "that death is but a leap in the dark."

It is estimated that Spiritualists in the United States and the Old World now number over twenty millions.

The cardinal principles of their faith are rapidly modifying and giving tone to the theological teachings of the civilized world.

With this moral responsibility resting upon us that we may do humanly more good, we should come up higher, and exhort and purify of life demonstrate to the world that it is the result and practical working of a faith based on positive knowledge of immortal life. Meantime let us do all we can to place within reach of our fellows the same opportunities that have been so satisfactory and convincing to us.

Any attempt to urge men and women forward, even in the right path, beyond the measure of their light, will turn out a failure; but by conveying their understanding and reconciling their affections they will cheerfully go forward of their own accord.

With the flood of light now emanating from the spirit-world, the time is not far distant when mankind throughout the civilized world will accept the glad tidings that come over the invisible wires to add them in ascending those mountain steep to the beautiful table-lands where the most extraordinary celestial blend is one. In conclusion, we will adopt the appropriate adjournment of the great classes:

"If difficulties be the way
The magnanimity display,
And stand strong by the way,
And if fortune frown the way,
With more than a prophetic gaze,
Take half thy canvas in."

Faithful Unto Death.

The Howard nurses, the brave physicians, the humble workers, who go, unheeded by observation or fame, to undertake the often butchery and always appallingly dangerous task of waiting on and nursing yellow fever sufferers, are braver and more heroic than any of the heroes of war in history. The moral grandeur of such conduct must be one of the most potent elevating influences of the world. If men do not believe in God it is *compelling to believe in their fellow-men, which is the next best belief.* The Church claims as one of the proofs of the divinity of its founder that he laid down his life for men; the present calamity proves that the same evidence of divinity is manifested by hundreds and thousands of our fellow-beings, who will not make no claim nor even be heralded as saviors of the world. But they are inspired by the enthusiasm of humanity, which is the clearest manifestation of an indwelling, inspiring divinity.

One of the most powerful arguments for immortality ever written is a book by Frances Power Cobbe, entitled "The Hopes of the Human Race." Passing by all other arguments, she bases her plea upon the expectation of justice. Without justice there is no such thing as moral law or moral responsibility; and justice for its complete vindication requires the future life. We feel anew the force of her arguments as we contemplate the noble, unselfish, life-sacrificing work of those who go to aid the yellow fever sufferers. Scores and hundreds of them

will miserably perish, so far as this life is concerned; they will die almost unnoticed, and be thrust into, perhaps, nameless graves with no recognition for their noble lives, human love, human nobility, and the universe generally is a fraud. It is impossible; the order and compensation of the material forces of nature deny it. For these, we believe in the divine promise: "He that faith-fully unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—*St. Louis (Mo.) Evening Post*.

EXPERIMENTS IN PSYCHOMETRY.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It may interest your readers who are personally conversant with facts establishing the truth of psychometry, as well as others who have not had experimental knowledge of this phase of mental phenomena, if I should note briefly a few experiments made by myself and others in the presence of Mrs. Dr. Brittingham, 1622 Broadway, New York City.

Whether psychometry be an innate (born-in) faculty, or dependent upon spirit intervention, is a question I have not settled in my own mind; but I have had facts in the presence of psychometrists which seem to prove the company of a dictating spirit; and there are times when the power is absent and not recoverable at will.

Dr. Brittingham and wife have confined her mediumship and readings to their own family circle and the presence of a few friends without any professional intention, and they know nothing of my present purpose to offer the following items for publication.

My first evidence of Mrs. B.'s mediumship was at my own house. While our company was seated in the parlor, I went to the rear room, which was totally dark, opened a writing-desk and took out a picture of a spirit-friend, tore it carefully from its frame of paper, enclosed it in my album among fifty others, reentered the parlor, asked her to pick out the party she had been describing, and of whom she knew nothing, her description, however, being perfectly accurate. She went through the album leaf by leaf, and in a few moments settled upon the right one. Said I: "Shall I return it?" "No," she said, "you can't return it, for you tore it out of its frame." A fact of which there was no evidence on the card.

Again, at the residence of Mrs. Taylor, Forty-Third street, one evening, she resurrected a whole family of relatives of the writer, pronouncing their names, &c., correctly, about whom she, and no one present, had ever heard a word, the parties so reporting from spirit-life having been residents of Eastern Virginia, Charles City County, and departed from this life a good many years, and of whom I had not spoken or thought for at least fifteen years. No hints are required to assist her in her statements. Many good Spiritualists sometimes think they have obtained good tests when they are simply told what had been previously hinted or acknowledged by them on previous occasions.

Again, at our home, the lady of the house handed Mrs. B. a letter she had received from a friend, a total stranger to the medium, but she correctly described the man, his occupation, gave his name, &c.

I called upon the lady one Saturday evening lately, and remarking I had heard she had the power of telling where people had been traveling, requested her to tell me where I had been that afternoon. She remained quiet a few moments and then stated the character of the street and the houses I visited, what I saw that interested me most, and other little items known only to myself.

On another occasion, at the house of Mr. Phillips, 222 West Thirty-Seventh street, she was asked to hold a piece of writing and describe the influence. She correctly defined the character of the writer, and spelled his name in full. A week after I was addressed by my spirit father, through another medium, in another place, when he said he was present on this occasion, and prompted the reading and the name.

Last Tuesday evening, Prof. J. R. Buchanan, Hon. J. L. O'Sullivan, ex-U. S. Minister to Portugal, Mr. Dawbarn, medium, Mrs. Wakeman and daughter, Dr. Brittingham, his wife, and myself, met at the house of Dr. Brittingham. Prof. Buchanan, whose name is a synonym for profound research in psychometry, Spiritualism, physics and metaphysics, submitted papers to Mrs. B., the first of which inspired her with a strong desire to get up and announce herself a military commander, statesman and president. On opening the paper it was found to be an original military order written by George Washington in 1777. He next handed her the bottom half of a skull, which she declared to be the cranium of a young woman, gave her name, and stated other matter which the Professor said corroborated what he had received from other mediums from the same influence.

I asked her to hold a letter given me for the purpose before leaving home. She asked if the person who wrote the outside also wrote the inside; that she thought not. I said yes, so thinking. She went on to describe a man whose character I knew corresponded precisely with that of the writer of the superscription.

Then I handed the letter to Mr. Dawbarn, but he at once declared the writer of the letter to be a plausible cheat; that the letter was written with intention to deceive; that the man was a swindler, &c. Knowing the coarseness of Mrs. B.'s definition, and the impossibility of the application of the latter, which I so stated, we all thought Mr. D. had made a big blunder.

I next handed Mr. D. a bit of writing, concealed from which he gave a mixed but rather complimentary character. The writing I had abstracted from his table, and was written by himself. The reading was mainly correct.

Thursday evening last Dr. B. and wife called upon us. The sender of the letter above referred to as having two characters directly opposed, was present, and stated that the writer of the letter was not himself; he only wrote the superscription. He then opened the letter and read it, its contents declaring the purpose of the writer to pay the gentleman what he owed him as soon as he had done certain things. "But," said the gentleman, "he has owed me several hundred dollars for several years, and I never expect to get it. In fact he is a swindler." This was unexpectedly proven the literal correctness of Mrs. B.'s delineation of his own character from the outside writing, and the correctness of the character of the writer of the letter enclosed by Mr. D.

Mrs. B. next held a letter received that day from a friend in Va., addressed to the writer, of whom I know she knew nothing; but her description was so minutely correct that he will doubtless frame the printed copy of my notes as a curiosity. In no case is it necessary that the psychometrist should see any of the writing, or even the envelope, only to hold the paper.

Trusting your correspondents will record the facts they may have bearing upon the interesting and practical subject of psychometry, or the definition of the character and motives of writers of business and social letters, and molasses of life. I remain, Yours fraternally,

J. F. SNIDEA,
87 Leonard street, New York, Sept. 24, 1878.

TO BOOK-PURCHASERS.
The attention of the reading public is specially called to the large supply of *Spiritual, Reformatory, and Miscellaneous Works*, which have been published by the *Banner of Light* Bookstore, corner of Providence Street, Boston, Mass. We are prepared to fill orders, also, for such books, from the works of the friends of the cause, and to forward any of the publications of the general Book Trade Association, or other sources.

All books are sent by express, and are guaranteed to be of the best quality.

For further particulars, apply to the Bookstore, or to the publishers, Colby & Rich.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

In sending for the *Banner of Light*, care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications of correspondents.

Our columns are open for the expression of important free thought, but we cannot undertake to enforce the varied

views of a religious or metaphysical nature, or to

publish any article which is manifestly untrue, or

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Retrospective.

The entrance of the *BANNER OF LIGHT* upon a new volume with the present issue affords a fitting occasion for a brief retrospect of what has been accomplished by Modern Spiritualism and its adherents in America since its advent thirty years ago.

When the rampant Materialism of the age was first startled by the announcement from Hydesville, N. Y., of the alleged opening of intelligible communication with the invisible world, the writer well recollects the thrill of mingled hope and doubt, wonder and awe, which ran through the hearts of anxious thousands, who only feared the news was "too good to be true."

It is difficult at this date to fully recall and realize the mental conditions that then existed throughout the land, and indeed, the whole civilized world. The churches of various warring sects, it is true, stoutly maintained through their thousands of pulpits and numberless publications, the doctrine of a future life. But of its reality they could offer no better proof than statements contained in an ancient book, whose authority in various particulars was being seriously undermined by the advancing science and intelligence of the age. Who could feel absolutely sure that its testimony on this subject was any more to be relied on than its statements regarding the creation of the world, the age of the earth, or the movements of the heavenly bodies? Besides, the exceedingly vague, conflicting, and often absurd teachings of the pulpits respecting that future life, its conditions and circumstances, the nature of the soul, the resurrection of the body, and all cognate topics, were such as to perplex all thoughtful minds, and give rise in many to serious doubts of their being any hereafter.

The self-styled "Orthodox" sections of the Church, and those embraced by the majority of its adherents in this country and with them coincided in the particular to be named almost the entire body of Christendom in other lands, insisted upon a doctrine as to conditions in the future life such as was calculated to appeal to every sensitive mind. It taught and reiterated from week to week, through all its multitudinous channels for impressing the public mind, the fearful dogma of everlasting and hopeless torment to every soul that should enter that life "impenitent" and "unbelieving" in the tenets of the Church. "No change after death," "No repentance in the grave," "As the tree falleth, so it lieth," and other similar dismal phrases, were zealously drilled in the ears of all who could be reached, from tenderest childhood to mature age. The effect of this on all impressionable and thoughtful minds, as the writer can testify from personal experience and knowledge of others, was to throw over existence a pall of gloom, and to shroud the fair earth in shadow and sadness, which even the brightest hopes of the "believer" failed to more than partially relieve. For who had not been called upon to see the cold hand of death steal upon the form of some loved one who was "out of the ark of safety"? And this terrible dogma gave rise in many hearts to grave doubts both as to the truth of the revelation which was supposed to teach it, and as to the reality or desirability of any existence beyond the grave.

True, there was a small and unpopular sect—the Universalists, who claimed to derive from the same "revealed word" more cheerful and hopeful views of the hereafter. But they, for the most part, insisted upon such an improbable and irrational future state, an immediate and unconditional ushering of every departing soul into perfect bliss, irrespective of earthly character, that their gospel did not commend itself very generally to the popular mind. If they have revised it in later years so as to provide for a state of growth and discipline for those who need it in the other life, this has doubtless been largely owing to the influence of Spiritualism upon them—at least is identical with its teachings.

In this state of things the doubters and deniers of any future existence for man—the advocates of a cold and groveling Materialism—were growing more and more bold and confident. Science seemed to be marshaling its forces on their side. Armed with scalpel, retort and microscope, its chieftains could discover no soul in the human organism nor any place for one; neither with the latest perfected telescope could they discern among the stars a far-off land of souls.

The demand of the doubter seemed at least a reasonable one: "If men live after death, why is there not some tangible, present proof of the fact? If such proof was given in an ancient and unscientific age, why should it not be given now? Show us some sensible evidence that man survives the tomb, or excuse us for not believing." And many a devout believer, while endeavoring to silence the skeptic with the convenient text, "If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe though one rose from the dead," secretly longed in his heart that the veil might again be rent, and the silence of the tomb once more broken, for the solution of this mighty question and the satisfaction of his own yearnings.

"What heart but asks with ceaseless tone
For some sure knowledge of its own?"

Here and there, it is true, were found persons who claimed, by virtue of some extraordinary personal experience, or some attainment of spiritual exaltation, to have certain knowledge of another world and our destination thitherward; but such were generally regarded as dregs, fanatics, or monomaniacs.

The great Miller delusion of '43 had swept over the land, and kindled in thousands of devout and longing breasts the hope that at last their ascended and long-delayed Lord was about to return and take his faithful ones to himself. These were to be "caught up into the air" with songs and halleluiahs, accompanied by a cheerful chorus of groans and shrieks from the world of roasting unbelievers left behind. But the appointed time had come and gone; even two or three postponements had passed by, and all signs of the "coming" had failed. Many once active and zealous religious people, becoming heart-sick with hope deferred and sore perplexity, had retired to seclusion from society, while many more, under the force of a powerful reaction, had gone over to the ranks of the doubters; and the old-time taunt of the scoffers, "Where now is the promise of his coming?" was flung in the faces of dismayed believers with all the added force of eighteen centuries of delay.

Meanwhile, the indifferent masses, whose attention the church failed to arrest, were chiefly absorbed in a wild pursuit of material gain and sensual enjoyment, checked now and then by periods of wide-spread commercial disaster. To buy and sell, and yet gain and "enjoy life," seemed to them the chief end of man. In short, the situation is not ineptly portrayed in the following lines from a vigorous poem addressed to the writer a few years later, by one who styled

himself "a spirit-brother," through the mediumship of T. L. Harris:

"'Tis a dark and cruel era: Trade is God, and men are slaves;
Human souls, like feeding cotes, taunt the air from sensual graves;
And the numbered 'chairs, unburied, lies without the name;
And the blind world rushes madly where the great Nemesis waits."

Such is a partial sketch of the state of the popular mind in this country, with reference to the question of a future life, as the writer recalls it—and in which he himself was an active participant as a member of the Orthodox communion—when the startling announcement came from Hydesville and Rochester, "A spirit is said to have communicated!"

Could it be possible? Heaven grant that it may be so! But what does the spirit say? Is it from heaven, or the other place?—"a spirit of health, or a spirit of damnation?"—What does it tell of the glorious abode of saints, or what secrets reveal of the prison-house of despair? With what eagerness was combed every scrap of information furnished by the sneering public press, or gleaned from visitors to that locality! And when at length the meagre fact was elicited that the mysterious rapper had merely indicated that he was the perturbed shade of an unfortunate pedlar, who had been murdered for his money, and buried ten feet beneath the cellar-bottom—without a word of either heaven or hell, how paltry seemed the revelation!

But this was not to be the end of the affair. Occasional sporadic instances of alleged spirit-intervention were on record, as having occurred in all historic times, and among many peoples. These had proved, perhaps, a nine-days' or nine years' wonder in their several localities, but had passed away to be remembered, by "intelligent" people, only as curiosities of popular delusion. This Hydesville affair, however, was not of that class. Later developments have given reason to believe that it was but the initial effort of an organized and systematic undertaking, on the part of a band of intelligent, philosophic and benevolent beings dwelling on the unseen shore of life, employing the poor pedlar as a temporary agent, to establish sensible and permanent communication with the world they had left behind. And this in order to meet the yearnings of the human soul for some sure knowledge of the beyond, to dispel the gloom and terror engendered by a mistaken theology, and to help mankind more rapidly up the pathway of true progress.

A most worthy purpose, surely, considering the condition of humanity at this juncture, and one in which these beings but obeyed, no doubt, the impulse within themselves of the Universal Spirit of Good, which men call God.

In pursuance of this heaven-born purpose, the "mysterious rappings" soon began to break out elsewhere. The sending of Katy Fox to Rochester, in the hope of "putting an end to the disturbances," only caused them to appear in a new place; and so, in spite of all efforts to suppress, all ridicule, opposition and "exposures," they spread in all directions. Ere long they were announced as occurring in Boston, where the writer then resided. But the character of the communications reported as being given, not comporting with his preconceived notions of the after-life, created only doubt and perplexity, and for some time prevented any effort at personal investigation.

But space will not permit an indulgence in personal reminiscences, however instructive they now appear. Suffice it to say that the time for investigation ere long arrived, and it was entered upon under a strong sense of duty—a duty from which we felt no Christian had a right to shrink.

An amusing incident which occurred at the first "circle" for "rappings" ever attended by the writer, may be given as illustrative of the general trepidation then common at the idea of the presence of a spirit. A large company had assembled in a small room at the "South End," all filled with eager curiosity, but some contemporaneously skeptical. As may now be well understood, the "raps" given under such circumstances were few and faint, and as the audience grew impatient, soon ceased altogether. While the whole company sat intently and gravely listening for the mysterious signals, a bit of ice detached from the window-casement happened to get detached, and rattled down between the nearly the whole company sprang to their feet in fright, while several uttered shrieks of terror! What a frightful thing was a ghost, to be sure, in those days!

At length, after months of patient investigation, with earnest and prayerful reflection, the proofs became overwhelming, not only of the action of invisible beings, but that some of these were what they claimed to be, our friends from "the evergreen shore."

And what a new phase did this conviction put upon life! and death! and the great hereafter! The pall of gloom was dissipated, the veil was rent, and beyond the tomb appeared a glorious vista of eternal hope and progress for all, as each soul aspires and endeavors.

Somewhat similar, no doubt, in results at least, has been the experience of thousands, if not millions, of our fellow-countrymen. But we cannot dwell upon it here. Neither have we room to detail the progress of this grand, heaven-projected movement from those early days to the present; the obstacles and triumphs, the assaults of ignorance, bigotry and so-called "science," the extravagances, follies, fanatisms and betrayals of professed friends, the numerous "scientific explanations," "overwhelming exposures," and "total annihilations" it has received, notwithstanding all of which its march has been steadily onward and upward with the use of constantly improving means of demonstration toward the noble ends its celestial projectors have in view.

We can only say, that as we look back over the history of these thirty years, it becomes plainly apparent that a vast work has been accomplished in the direct line proposed by the supernal agents. Aside from the millions who in our own and foreign lands have been emancipated from the bondage of a dark theology and a darker materialism, and who have avowed themselves believers in Spiritualism, it is evident that the walls of the churches of all persuasions, in this country at least, have become extensively honeycombed by the new and brighter ideas. The harsher features of the old faiths are fast disappearing; the eternal, hopeless "hell" of old misconceptions is already shaken to its foundations, and will ere long be abolished from all creeds, while only those vital truths which cannot be shaken will remain.

As one result, partly of the quickening of the general mind and conscience of the people, under the powerful influx from higher realms which has attended this grand movement, and in part, also, of direct spirit-action upon the minds of leading public men in our nation (as notably the late revered President Lincoln, who no doubt was largely influenced by personal spirit-

appeals, to which he lent a willing ear, in issuing the Proclamation of Emancipation)—that great incubus upon all progress, chattel slavery, has been forever done away from our land. Other evils and wrongs of a kindred nature—as the subjugation of woman, the oppression of labor by capital, the wrongs of the Indian, etc., etc.—have been vigorously attacked, and must soon give way before the advance of Light and Right.

In this hasty summary of what has been accomplished, the writer would by no means forget that a great work still remains to be done—not that the speediness of its achievement depends largely upon Spiritualists. As they shall apprehend the breadth, depth and scope of the great movement in which they have been called to participate, and shall coöperate with the beneficent powers above for its advancement, in themselves and the world around them, so will it move forward to its grand consummation.

A. E. N.

Spiritualist Free Meetings in Boston.

As we intimated in a previous issue steps have been taken toward the inauguration of a series of FREE MEETINGS FOR SPIRITUALISTS, and inquiries as well, during the season of 1878-9 at the large hall in Parker Memorial Building Boston.

A number of Boston Spiritualists—sensing an inward prompting to establish the delivery of a course of lectures during the present fall and winter, and also feeling that, notwithstanding the other meetings already in progress in this city, the number of believers and inquirers hereabout would warrant the introduction of this series as a new agent in the great work which all are endeavoring so earnestly to advance—held a meeting on Friday afternoon, Sept. 13th, which was called to order by Geo. A. Bacon. By request Mr. John Wetherbee acted as chairman. After Mr. W. had stated in a terse manner the object of the meeting, general remarks in endorsement of his views followed, the opinions of those present soon taking form in tangible parliamentary action, it being, on motion, voted that Mr. Wetherbee serve as President and George A. Bacon Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer, as the first step toward a permanent organization. It was further voted that Mr. Wetherbee be empowered to secure the use of Parker Memorial Hall for the Sunday afternoons of the proposed term, which extended from the commencement of October to the close of March. It was additionally provided that Dr. J. M. Peebles be engaged for the Sunday afternoons of October. Several gentlemen present then proceeded to make liberal donations for the support of the course, and Mr. J. B. Hatch, Conductor of Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, was selected by the meeting, and empowered to solicit yet other subscriptions for the lecture fund.

On Friday, Sept. 30th, a second meeting was held, and a permanent organization perfected by the choice of Messrs. L. A. Bigelow, Phineas E. Gay, and Dr. Charles Main, to act in conjunction with Messrs. Wetherbee and Bacon (the officers) as an Executive Committee, to whom all business details during the continuance of the series were to be referred. At this meeting the time of Mr. Hatch as subscription agent for the course was extended to Oct. 6th.

We are authorized by the committee of arrangements to announce that for the accommodation of those who may wish to subscribe any amount in aid of the Sunday afternoon meetings to be held at Parker Memorial Hall during the coming season, a plan of the seats has been prepared, and all subscribers will be provided with tickets securing to them the same location during the season. Parties who may wish to place their names upon the list will find Mr. J. B. Hatch at the Reception Room of this office daily (Sunday excepted), from twelve until two o'clock, ready to furnish tickets and receive subscriptions.

(It would be well for Spiritualists residing at easy distances from Boston to remember that Dr. Peebles holds himself in readiness to lecture on week evenings during his stay, wherever his services may be required; which is also true of Sunday evenings, as he lectures in this course but once during the day. Keep him busy, friends, while he is in this vicinity.)

We trust that the effort which is now being set on foot may meet not only with the mental but the pecuniary approbation of those among the Spiritualists of Boston and the region round about who may read this notice, so that these free meetings may be made an honor to the cause they seek to represent, and in whose name the managers make this appeal to the favorable consideration of the public.

Mrs. Richmond's Lectures in Chicago.

The meetings of the First Society of Spiritualists in Chicago, over which Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond may be said to exercise pastoral care, were resumed on the first Sunday in September, after a five weeks' vacation. Although the day was as warm as summer, the audiences were large, and a more cordial and heartfelt greeting was never extended to a speaker or friend. "It was truly," writes a correspondent, "a piece of heaven on earth. On Sunday, Sept. 8th, the annual election was held, the following officers being chosen for the coming year: Dr. L. Bushnell, President; H. B. Tuttle, Vice President; Daniel H. Hale, Treasurer; Collins Eaton, Secretary; S. E. W. Martin, Slocum, H. B. Martin, Trustees.

The Society was never in a more flourishing condition. Every Sunday choice baskets and bouquets of flowers adorn the altar, making a rare offering of incense and beauty."

*Reprinted.

A modern hermit, who was regarded at Appenzell as a "miracle-worker," has recently died in his cavern on the Idaberg, so says the daily press. Father Alois Widmer was his name. The Appenzeller Zeitung states that "he has healed many persons," . . . "he has added counsel and comfort, and freed sufferers from physical maladies which the believing and the infidel physicians alike have confessed themselves unable to heal, both in body and soul, by the simple application of benedictions and conjurations. Even when the venerable father had no previous knowledge of his visitors, he was able to anticipate their own statement of their case, and tell them why they had sought him, exactly as if he could read their story in plain letters upon their foreheads."

This man (if the whole story be not one of the countless canards with which certain would-be wits flood the secular press at the present day) was probably the possessor and the user of mediumistic gifts, but was ignorant of their nature.

Chas. H. Foster, the superior test medium, is still at the Parker House, Boston, astonishing and confounding the skeptics, and delighting the believers in spirit communion.

Psychography.

It gives us great pleasure to place before our thousands of readers the following tribute to one of the most devoted advocates of Spiritualism in England, whose books should be in the hands of all Spiritualists. It is from the pen of a noted American Spiritualist:

"I see that Mr. W. Stainton Moses, ('M. A. Oxon,') our able and scholarly English brother Spiritualist, has found time amid his multifarious duties to write and publish a capital little volume on PSYCHOGRAPHY, or Direct Spirit-Writing, intended particularly for the enlightenment of earnest, intelligent people, who, in order to accept our facts, only require the evidence to be placed before them in a reliable and convincing form.

In accomplishing this the author has been successful as he has been in his previous efforts to elucidate and present other important truths in our philosophy. His object has been to present within convenient space a record of facts bearing on one form only of psychic phenomena, and he deals in facts only, with little comment, advancing no theories, but has left the intelligent reader to make his own deductions, frame his own theories, and account for the facts as he may.

Psychography is the most convincing of all the forms of spiritual phenomena, and the author, in this volume, has condensed in a small space a record of the most complete and successful spirit manifestations, through direct writing, that have occurred in America and Europe, and by the expenditure of a little time and attention the liberal and intelligent unbeliever will be able to inform himself of the facts and evidence establishing these truths, and I consider it the duty of every American and English Spiritualist to procure a copy of this work, and first to read it himself, and then to place it in the hands of his most intelligent non-believing friend. Much good can thus be accomplished, while at the same time an active demand for the book will encourage the gifted author in his future labors for the spread of light and truth."

Mrs. E. H. Britten in Australia.

A gentleman furnishes us the Sydney papers with a sketch of Mrs. Britten's career since her brief sojourn there, from which we copy the closing paragraph as follows:

"To sum up, all that can be learned of Mrs. Britten's past career is as strange and phenomenal as the doctrine she professes, but of her intellectual powers and her singular control over her audience as one of the ablest preachers of the new Gospel, is likely to have a large and fashionable audience to meet her in this city, she being admitted to the highest circles of society both in England and America, where she is well-known and universally respected."

[Obituary Notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously. When they exceed this number, twenty cents for each additional line is required. A line of space

Pearlys.

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arena, and whipped both; but when she attacked the mediums declaring in particular that materializing media were "franks", she passed from sight, for she attacked a power greater than both.

LOIS WATSON-BROOKER.
Riverside, Cal., Sept. 28, 1878.

The Ladies' League for the Protection of the Indians.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

At a meeting of the "Ladies' League for the Protection of the Indians," held in New York on the evening of the 10th, in the chapel of the Rev. Dr. Newman's church, Mrs. Clemence S. Loring, M. D., President, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

PRINCIPLES AND RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved. The rights of all Indian tribes to the choice of a position of the land which they desire to be settled by, is a sacred and inalienable right of God.

Resolved. It is the right of all Indian tribes to be treated as sovereign and independent nations.

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BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

NO DEATH!
The stars that gild the starry dome,
And sparkle in the azure sky,
Mark the grand staircase to our home,
Where human spirits never die!
No mortal! A glorious thought to know—
A truth revealed to the mind,
That when our forms to earth we low,
Our spirits soar to realms refined.—*Dispy.*

Isn't the *Banner* a superb specimen of elegant typography? Isn't it charmingly neat in its new attire? It sends out its love to everybody.

For many years now talked in the "Old South Church." Now the fact does the talking. It says, "Money, money, money," very distinctly; and the "Old South" isn't "saved" yet. If its venerable walls could speak they would exclaim in pathetic cadences, "To what base uses have we come at last!"

Does cream rise on the milky way?

On the 24, 25 and 26 of the present month a tornado and tidal wave did immense damage at Hayti; warehouses with their contents were swept into the sea, vessels wrecked, and buildings demolished, many men, women and children losing their lives. The distress in the country is fearful.

"By gum," say the modern school-girls.

Dean Stanley was the "lion" of Boston the present week. He is delighted with the "Yankees," and will doubtless say so when he gets home. He preached on Sunday morning last in Trinity Church, this city, to a full house.

SEASONABLE ADVICE.
Believe not each aspiring tongue,
But still believe that story wrong
Which ought not to be true.

As Rome is built on seven hills the people there must have a hill of a time getting round, says Jo. Cose.

At the dedication of the monument to Lamartine, at Macon, France, the following letter was read from Victor Hugo: "I join in the honors rendered to Lamartine. I salute the grand poet. I honor the great orator. I salute always such as France saw him—admirable in the book, superb in the tribune. I salute the great shadow."

Neither pure atheism on the one hand, nor pure theism on the other, is a satisfactory explanation of the universe. The former is a denial of the existence of the heart; the latter those of the intellect. Each lacks the will to account for the other's facts. What then? The spiritual-intellectual man takes refuge in pantheism.—*Boston Index.*

It is said women wear corsets simply corsets fashion-able.

The now rampant "torrid wave" has evidently reached the still relations press. If one may judge by the following paragraph clipped from the *Chicago Alliance*:

There is the *Star* in the West sporting with the *New Englander*, the *Post* asking the St. Louis *Christian Advocate* to tell the truth, the *Central Presbyterian* calling the editor of a rival Presbyterian paper a liar, and the *Independent* "sneering" everybody.

Brotherly love is the best of all.

Shadows are never philosophical in their utterances that's certain.

A CORNER IN "COPPER-STEEL."—A clergyman in Melbourne has found an effective means of swelling the contributions of his people. For some time there had been an increase of three-penny pieces, to the exclusion of sixpences and shillings. He determined to put a stop to the decline at once, and instead of paying the weekly offertory of three pence into the local bank he simply placed them one side (every week until some 600 of small coin had been withdrawn from circulation. Sixpences and shillings then took their place in the plate, as the result of the good man's "corner" in three-pennies.

And now, amidst the season when the laggard school-boys unite in the chorus:

"Morning bells, I dread to hear,
Thinking millions loud and dear!"

It is said that millions of people are starting to death in China; that parents are selling and killing their children to pay their own existence. Horrid!

A Hungarian town has been destroyed by a water-spout.

THE JACCA AND JERUSALEM RAILROAD.
In their papers.—Part III.

And when all the bonds are due,
How vexed and wroth will wax the State—
From Nehu's mound to the city of the dead,
And the will of the people shall be made.

From Helen to Tobias,
From Jordan's banks into the sea,
Will swell the "gorged monopoly,"
Then shall the raging shepherd map,
Oppressed by bonded strategem,
"Condemn" the "gorged monopoly" line
From Jatta to Jerusalem.

There has been a severe battle between the Austrians and Bosnians, in which the former were successful.

The U. S. troops are still killing Indians on the Plains. The last report says: "Several Indians have been killed at Sand Creek, but nobody on our side hurt." "For every Indian killed in this wanton manner—at midnight, while they slept—a hundred white men (say the spirit-Indians) will bite the dust; and that, too, in your great cities, where anarchy will be caused to prevail for a time, until the white man comes to his senses and treats the red man as his brother. The Great Spirit will soon avenge the wrongs of the red man. Mark our words well, pale chief."

The Asiatic cholera has broken out in the East Indies and Africa.

A mother was trying to break her five-year-old boy of a habit of lying, by telling him all his sins were to hell. She gave him a moving account of the terrors of the place, whereupon he exclaimed: "Why mother, I couldn't stand it!" "But you would be made to stand it," said she. "Oh, well," said the youngster, "if I could stand it I don't care."

The plague is still doing its fatal work at the South.

A Boston editor, just returned from Europe, says: "I can sum up in a word my opinion of that whole exhibition: The French department is the department of trade; the English department is the department of practical strength; the Russian, Norwegian, Swedish and Danish departments are the departments of crudity; the American department is the department of ingenuity."

Grave-robbers are coming to grief in Ohio.

No great civilization is possible to a race, nor spiritual progress to an individual, where the power of death to dissolve life is not conquered in thought and feeling.

The war-spirit in the Old World is still rampant—liable to break out anew at any moment.

The Egyptian obelisk was brought into an upright position and lowered on its pedestal on the Thames embankment on the 12th of September.

The White Mountain "zephyrs" reached Boston on Monday last.

Some punster has advanced the theory that the reason that "Ananias stood forth," was that some modern flars could stand first, second and third.

Gail Hamilton has not reported the equinoctial yet.

Rev. Mr. Talmage has of late, it is said, made a tour of inspection of the dance and gambling-houses of New York. He is reported as saying that "the trip was highly satisfactory."

Crabs should never attempt to fly. They were made simply to crawl.

In consequence of the treacherous treatment by the Spanish authorities in Cuba, many Spanish families, induced by fair promises to return to Cuba, have been obliged to return to Jamaica, as their lives were in danger.

The following is from a lady so well known as the medium through whom Dr. Benj. Rush has successfully worked for humanity for twenty-six years that no comment is necessary:

Geo. A. Stone,
Proprietor of Stone's "Condensed Air Cure,"
Rochester, N. Y.

34 MILFORD STREET, BOSTON, MASS.,
Sept. 10th, 1878.

DEAR SIR:—I shall never forget the benefit I received from the Condensed Air treatment, for it was such a speedy relief. In less than a week the pressure on my chest and sense of suffocation, caused by dropsical affection of the heart, which had been an intolerable affliction, depriving me of rest by laying down nights, for long and weary months, until life was but a load of pain and weariness, were removed.

In this condition, and by the advice of my good friend and physician, Dr. Rush, I left home for your place. The journey prostrated me so that I had to be wheeled in a sick chair to the treatment room; but the treatment took speedy effect, and being once more able to lie down and rest, my strength returned, so I could walk and help myself. In four weeks time returned home quite restored. After this experience in my quiet case, and the concurrent testimony of the sick I met at the Cure, I think the Condensed Air, rightly adapted to the condition of the patient, the greatest remedial agent yet discovered for the cure of disease.

I cheerfully give you this testimonial for the good of suffering humanity.

Yours,
Mrs. W. F. Snow.

RE: A young man advertises in the Boston Herald of a recent date for a situation as salesman or accountant, and says "He has never preached or prayed in public, neither has he been a member of a church, nor a member of a Sabbath-school, nor betrayed any confidence reposed in him; but relies for worldly success on the old-fashioned qualities of integrity, intelligence, good health and good-nature." Such a young man deserves to be employed by a person with as clean a record as he shows.—*Ex.*

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I observe in your last issue (Sept. 21st) a