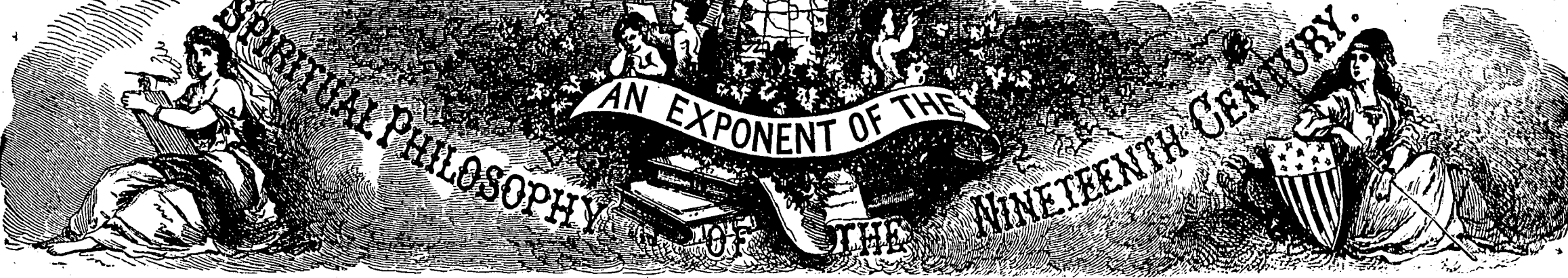


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Children's Department.

PAPA IS COMING HOME.

Five little noses against the pane,
Five pairs of eyes peering down the lane,
Trying to see through the mist and the rain,
If papa is coming home.
The clock on the mantel has just struck four,
Which tells they've to wait one half hour more
Before the train glides in its rapid flight,
Will bring their papa home.
Five little faces clean and sweet,
Dimpled fingers and dancing feet,
Well-brushed jackets and aprons neat,
For papa is coming home.
Over the track with its lights so bright,
The long train glides in its rapid flight,
And five little children are happy to-night,
For papa has come home.
The whistle sounds, the gate's awning,
Footsteps clatter and voices ring,
Red lips are kissed and white arms cling,
For papa has come home.

TALES OF THE EVERLASTING MOTHER.

Written down through the Mediumship of
ADELEA, BARONESS VON VAY,
Of Bonobitz (in Styria), Austria, and translated spec-
tially for the Banner of Light.

PREFACE.

I am the Everlasting Mother, therefore I have experienced, seen, and heard a great deal. In spite of my everlastingness, I am not old, gray, ugly or wrinkled; neither am I young, beautiful nor bright. My pace is regular, neither too quick nor too slow. It is true that many reproach me as indolent; others again call me hasty, but all this never moves me out of my lawful pace. I follow my Master, and I am, as his servant, bound by law which I can never break, for I and the law are one.

I have no personal free-will: in me lie cause and effect, beginning and end. Many praise me and call me sweet and good! Others, on the contrary, blame me, and call me wicked and cruel! All, all that happens to thee, happens in me and through me; lives in and through me! Yes, I am no thing, that can be either laid hold of, seen, caught, held fast, or driven—I am thou—and I walk according to the measure of my Master's law. I have felt with thee, seen and heard all that has happened, happens, and will happen to thee. I am the Everlasting Mother—now joyful, now sad, now quick, now slow, now young, now old, just as the one or the other things. Since I know everything, I am likewise talkative. I love to turn over the leaves of the past, to speak with thee of the present, and to show thee something of the future. Everything that exists speaks to me. I have the same sympathy for all—I love and I do not love. For me all has life, thou, thy cow, thy dog, the table, nature, the stream, the air, the flowers, spirits—all things that are—they talk to me! I know the sympathizing, speaking soul of all things, and to-day, in the midst of my everlastingness, I am disposed to be talkative. Knowest thou me, oh man? Knowest thou the Time which forever was, and forever will be? Time, the servant of God, who is one with his Law of Nature.

FROM HEAVEN TO EARTH.

Let us say that thou art with me as a spiritualized, ethereal being. We are in the universe. Ah! Thou poor child! How dizzy thou art! Truly thou knowest not what has come to thee! Thou art as if blinded! Light and splendor such as thou hast never seen—music such as thou hast never heard—surround thee. Around thee bright forms are moving like light and odoriferous clouds—an unweary floating and waving—a streaming and outpouring of life is over all. Thou art as if in a dream! I must show thee a point, weak being, in which thy glance can find intelligence. Come, I call thee, and in the arms of one of those forms of light, thou floatest near, unconscious, weak and dreamy, attended by sweet melodies and surrounded by the breath of love. A grain of sand in the universe! A dot among spheres! From Heaven to Earth! Poor child! Had I a heart I would grieve for thee; had I speech I would call thee back; had I arms I would twine them around thee and hold thee fast in the Land of Light. But thou followest, as I, too, the law of the Master, against whom none can strive, and become a human being.

TALE OF A FINGER.

I am the finger of a right hand; I am slender and white, and wear a little silver hat on my head. I am descended from a beautiful, smooth, white hand, where the blue veins cross each other like little brooks. I am the tallest of my family, and have the most to do. The whole day, with my hat on my head, I must stick a steel needle with a long thread into all sorts of hard

and soft stuffs. I am descended, said I, from a beautiful white hand; now this hand belongs to a round, full arm, which loses itself in a beautiful shoulder, on which a magnificent throat, and a head beautiful as an angel's, are fixed. Out of this head shine two dark eyes, mild, earnest and sweet. They speak, and express better than the mouth what the heart of this being feels. Long hair, so dark that the paleness of the complexion and the blue veins on forehead and cheeks stand out more clearly, flows down over the shoulders. To this dear, beautiful being I belong. I am the middle finger of the right hand, with which she so assiduously works and sews. She generally sits at the window. Without all is white and frozen—icy cold. She sews continually the whole day, and seems to hurry, for I never take off my silver hat. We sew all kinds of children's clothes, little shirts, jackets and caps. Often she smiles and rejoices; then again she sighs and weeps, and lays me on her beating heart, whose pulsation I, as well as my four sisters, who have told me so, can plainly feel. Sometimes she wipes a tear from her dark dreamy eyes, and folds us all in prayer.

When she has finished one piece of her work she is glad, and goes into another room which is filled with a dense vapor called tobacco-smoke; there, going up to a man who sits at a table writing, she lays me and my sisters on his shoulder. She looks at him tenderly, and shows him the completed work. He returns her a look full of love, and presses her hand. I know well the dark shadow that rests on my friend—that is, the middle finger of the right hand of this man; and when I asked him why he was so black, he said: "Do you know nothing, then, of the trouble and vexation I have? The whole of the day, and often too through the night, I must hold a pen; it is dipped into black ink, and guided over the paper; and there sits the poor man and writes, and writes, until I am quite black. I have become, though, on that account, very learned, and wear willingly the dark stain which clothes me as a great order." I was silent, but allowed my silver hat to be more firmly pressed by the brother thumb, and looked out into the world with self-consciousness. So we parted, he to write, and I to sew.

One day my mistress appeared to suffer greatly. I felt it even in my extreme tip, and drew myself convulsively together. My poor besotted friend indeed came, and held me in a warm embrace, but that did not appease my pain. The loud cry of a child suddenly brought me to myself, and then I must wipe away the tears out of the eyes of my sweet mistress, caress the cheeks of the dark, earnest man, and finally softly embrace the little child.

I was full of excitement and anxiety that my mistress would die. What, then, would become of me? As this thought passed through me a priest's voice sounded at the bedside of the pale wife. Tremblingly I was folded in prayer. The priest spoke: "In pain wast thou born, poor, weak child; grow up to be the joy of thy parents; now receive the holy baptism." And over the head of the tiny creature, that had also two middle fingers, he poured water, so that it cried out loudly. The parents kissed each other. The dark man was pale and earnest; he held me, and the hand of the trembling wife, who breathed with difficulty, ever more firmly. I felt how she became more and more tranquil. Is she not colder and paler? My God! I do not know myself! A great weakness comes over me. I can no more think.

A beautiful, melodious voice sounds through the room:
I, the Everlasting Mother, know thee, thou little being in the cradle! Why hast thou left the abode of light, and come from heaven to earth? Thy return to life here is the death of thy mother—her return to life in the kingdom of light. See, while she caresses thee she becomes colder and colder; her hands relax their grasp; now they are folded. And I am thou, and I see how the strong man weeps, and cannot save. Yes, the joy of thy appearance, oh little child, has already laid the greatest heaviness on him who with bended head stands there before the tranquility, the inexorable death of death. The child cries, he turns toward it; for him remain the sorrows of life; for her the peace of death!

So spoke the voice; I still heard it as I became stiffer and stiffer, colder and colder. Ah! what will become of me!

[To be continued.]

LET THE LIGHT COME IN!

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Though busily engaged in the great financial reform, yeelpet the greenback industrial movement, I have not forgotten the spiritual cause nor the inspirations whence come the mental strength to endure this battle, which, to my mind at least, paves the way to multifarious prosperities awaiting us all in the near future. In my tramps over the West in the interests of the Champion, I occasionally greet the smiling face of the Banner of Light.

Nothing pleases me more than to notice that you have not and do not join in the denunciatory cry against our media, but are still endeavoring to defend these sensitive natures against the shafts of suspicion, and to lead them out of beclouding magnetisms into the sunlight of inner vision, that the truth which the angels thus bring to us may be at last solidly planted in the affections of mankind.

During these long years of spiritual trial we have certainly learned the simple law of successful mediumship—that an appeal to one's honor, a candid inquiry, a moral fortifying around the delicate batteries of communication, ourselves in order, best opens the way with the gone before. We shall never, never right our dissonant conditions by so-called "scientific

tests." Science is always positive, doubting, critical, suspicious, stern, and unrelenting. It is not the discoverer but the analyzer and classifier of revelations. New truths generally come to the world through the intuitions of the unschooled and unprejudiced. The angels and spirits, from very necessity, are obliged to select negatives wherewith to voice the science which eventually will rejoice humanity. After the phenomenal, science steps in with its crucibles, removes the glitter of superstition attached, and presents the live, new truth utilized in improved laws and institutions. From oft-repeated experiment we have learned that when we make our circles wholly scientific we defeat the undertaking. Spirituality of life is a distinct plane of its own; it is the emotional, the intuitional, the inspirational. Science may shed its light here, but it must not dictate the "lively oracles of faith." We are in spiritual order when our worshipping affections are set in the light of reason. The heart builds the intellect, and at the shrine of the heart all great intellects bow in reverence. The olden saying is always applicable: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." The key of science is faith. The stillness of trust, the love of truth, opens the portal to discovery. What we need, then, as Spiritualists, is a mediunistic religion that patiently waits for communications; that listens to learn; that is calm to think; that lets angel minds impart instruction; that professes our own mental powers as forces to be acted on to make us physical embodiments of spiritual life; that brings to bear here all the knowledge which science can hence evolve utilized into improved civilizations.

Darkened in our mental vision by the shadows of adversity, taxed with cares which exclude attention to spiritual realities, we cannot always help our doubts and anxieties; but it is not wise to cherish them—not wise to apply tests which but darken the clouds. Let the light come in. We all are weepers. The dear ones go before us. We cannot afford to leave them with flowers that grow upon their graves, with birds that sing a requiem there, with grasses and dew and melodious rain. Poetical as such association is, it is a materialism that far from satisfies us. The beautiful of these also fades, and what have we left if we do not permit an angel to return without questioning the scientific propriety of such a visit? Happy are we if we survey death as we do the dissolving views of life, as we look upon the places where we played in the days of youth—the old schoolhouse, the home of our nativity, far off, the scenes of all our past experience. They are things that were; we have lived through them all; we have passed from them and still live, and are entering upon new events and associations. The coverings that protected us, the houses we dwell in, the conflicts we engaged in, the battles we have fought, all are left behind, and where are we now? Still living! We have gone through a thousand births, if indeed we may reckon experiences such, and have had an equal number of deaths; and yet we live! Even the nights of unconscious sleep have not destroyed us. The sleep is but a form of death. Let us hope that the darker night of real death shall verge into morning.

Welcome, then, the testimony of those who have gone before and returned; welcome the sweet impression in our still hours that they are here; welcome the proof that they are living in a world of real friendships and affections; welcome the spiritual evidences that we shall meet where the crystal of death shall melt into the bloom of a heavenly life.

Yours fraternally, J. O. BARRETT.

Fond du Lac, Wis.

Written for the Banner of Light.

AUTUMN.

BY M. THERESA BIELHAMER.

Rich, gorgeous hues spread lavishly abroad—Crimson and purple, green and burnished gold; The year grows beautiful in growing old; Thanks to its maker kind, our Father God! The reapers gladly reap the harvest home; For sweet fruition to their fields has come; And Nature dons her choicest, brightest dress To greet the autumn with its bonhomie; The world seems ripening for a higher life Than any it has ever known before. When sin and sorrow, suffering and strife, Shall vanish, and be known on earth no more. Its prophesy some day must be fulfilled, For so our Father has divinely willed.

BOSTON IN YR OLDEN TIME sometimes comes up vividly. After hearing the curious phonograph talk at the Old South, turn to the case in the loan collection which contains the original parchment of the territory of Boston from the Indians. This, of course, is of genuine antiquity, and near it, within a few days, have been placed more curious old deeds. One is that of Mary Lake to the selectmen of Boston, of a cellar, or rooms under the stair at the east end of the town-house in said Boston. In the year 1677, in the reign of King Charles the Second over England. "Near this deed there is an indenture made December 3d, 1694, 'in the sixth year of the reign of William and Mary, between John Ever and others, selectmen of the town of Boston, and Joshua Child of Muddy River in sd Boston, husbandman.' . . . 'that he shall for the term of twenty years repair and maintain the roads to Roxbury, that is to say a way of forty foot wide from the extent of every five Rod, and also to place two or more horse-blocks at convenient distance between the fortifications and Roxbury Gate.' . . . 'Through the whole term of years the above said footways are to be cast up and maintained so high that passengers may go dry on foot at the top of high water in an ordinary spring tide.'

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 VII.

PATE CHAVINE'S ARRIVAL AT BHABANI BABOO'S HOME AT BHADRAPURA, AND HER ACCOUNT.

The yennam of Bhabani Baboo is lovely. His wife, daughter and daughters-in-law are full of noble thoughts, and active in whatever is holy and calculated to exalt human nature. After breakfast they were all seated together, when suddenly a young girl, clothed in rags and of sorrowful countenance, appeared before them. The lady of the house inquired of her who she was and what had brought her there. She replied that she wanted time to relate her whole story. Whereupon the lady, observing her bright, intelligent face, caused her to be seated comfortably beside her; and the girl, encouraged by her hospitable reception, related her story as follows:

"Mother, I am the daughter of a Brahman who possessed great property. He taught ethics and religion. At the age of fifteen I was married to an excellent young man. Although he was rich, I placed higher value on his noble character than on his wealth, and I gave him all the love and affection I was capable of bestowing. He always told me he was deeply sensible of my love for him, but, in order to intensify our love, we must devote our souls to God. 'For,' said he, 'the relationship of the husband with the wife is purely earthly and perishable, but to make it spiritual the two must be spiritually united. Without this spiritual union marriage is no marriage, for the object of true marriage is for the elevation and purification of our souls, and not for the gratification of the carnal desires, which is applicable only to the brute creation.'"

"This instruction deepened my love for my husband, and I looked upon him as my spiritual guide. I was sometimes overpowered by my love and reverence for him, and prostrated myself at his feet, unable to check my flowing tears. He often, at such times, took me by the arm, and, with eyes raised devotionally and hands folded, would say: 'May the love and reverence you are expressing be the means of developing your soul and bringing you to a higher life.'"

"There are many husbands who love their wives from selfish motives. The Hindu Shastras enjoin that wives, although ill-treated, should never slight their husbands, but unselfishly live for their happiness. Although the wife is not led to love by pursuing this course, and although unselfishness, however practiced, is conducive to the elevation of the soul, my husband never for a moment loved me for his own happiness, or for a gratification of his love of supremacy. Overwhelmed by his spiritual nature, I desired only to reciprocate views on spiritual advancement with him, and follow him so far as I could. My father and mother, and the father and mother of my husband, all died. Dissensions among kinsmen arose. My husband could not hold the property that by right was his own, for he found that unless forgery, perjury and venality were resorted to, he could not cope with his antagonists. He therefore gave up all his property in despair."

"Poverty is the best test of the integrity of the soul. Occasionally he was melancholy, but generally he was full of equanimity. He left the old homestead, and rented a small hut. I had a son and a daughter whom I could not rear as I would for lack of means to do so. The locality in which we lived was thronged with beggars, and it was difficult to get anything by a resort to asking alms. But, God be thanked! our wants were sometimes marvelously supplied. When we had not a *corrie* in hand, food was suddenly brought to the hut by some unknown friend. Who can fathom the mysteries of Providence?"

"I noticed a change in my husband. Formerly he used to pray, filled with a spirit of reverence. Now, he looked closely at his own soul, and said: 'Ah, I am yet far from being a true worshipper.' He was absent one evening. The hut caught fire. My son and daughter, who were sleeping within it, perished in the flames that destroyed our home and its contents. I had gone out to an adjoining tank, and on my return I beheld the calamity that had befallen us. Overwhelmed with grief, I fell down. I had to perform, unaided, the funeral ceremony of my two children, who had been my hope and solace amid all our misfortune. I searched for my husband, but failed to find him, and was told that, having been informed of the destruction of his home, and wife, and children, he had left the country, fully resigned to his affliction."

"I have from that time continued my search, and have made diligent inquiry for him in many places, but without success. I became despairing, and thought, my life not worth retaining. In my desperation I concluded that, if I could not have my husband, I would consign myself to fire, or plunge into water, and so, as I thought, my misery. I soon, however, passed out of this deplorable state, and have since been traveling, and have learned that we can preserve our purity and integrity by the exercise of a strong will, a determination that, whatever may happen, we will cleave to the right. All I know is my God and my husband. I find no happiness

in aught else. Although young, and of high extraction, and traveling alone, with, seemingly no responsibility for others, my condition is far from desirable. My mind is continually restless, and whatever I do is done from a want of tranquillity. I am worn and weary in my long search. I am tired, and have come for rest."

"The lady of the house having heard this narrative, burst into tears, and said:

"Dear daughter, you have shed lustre on your sex. May God grant your prayer. But be tranquil. You know the nature and disposition of your husband. Make inquiry in those places where he would be most inclined to resort. I think he must be engaged in some devotional work."

"Mother," said the girl, "my husband's name is Anayashan Chandra, and my name is Pate Chavine."

"The mention of the name caused the young ladies who were present to exchange glances, and brought sweet smiles of approval to their pleasing faces."

"Dear daughter," said the lady, "your name is expressive of your nature. Stay for a few days with us, for the pure spirituality that controls you will be elevating to ourselves."

"Mother, you speak from the promptings of your own kind feelings. I am an unfortunate beggar, overcome by grief, and know not where to go or what to do."

"But the excessive restlessness to which you have been subject will pass away, and repose and tranquillity will ensue," remarked the lady. "Put all your thoughts on God and you will find rest."

CHAPTER VIII.

A COMPANY OF BRAHMAN MEET AT JAKO BABOO'S HOUSE—CONVERSATION WITH HIS WIFE ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

There was a feast being held at the house of Jako Baboo, and the sound of hilarity was loud and boisterous. It was given in celebration of a ceremony observed by Jako's wife, who was fasting, with the intention of taking her meal after the Brahmans were fed. By some chance, Baboo Sahib happened along, and seeing the Brahmans feasting and enjoying his friend's bounty, cried out: "Ignorant Bengalis! Ignorant Bengalis!" and passed hastily into the drawing-room. Jako Baboo, whose pride and conceit were exhibited on every possible occasion, and in everything—in learning, pedigree, wealth and standing in society—said to Baboo Sahib:

"Friend, what you see is mere mockery. I have no faith in ceremonies, but for the preservation of our respectability and to maintain our position in good society, I am constrained to spend my money in this way."

"It may be so," said Baboo, "but such a course is contrary to all your convictions. The Europeans do not believe thus. If you would bring your wife to your way of thinking, you must cease to indulge her in the observance of such vain ceremonies."

"I have done my best," replied Jako, "to convince my wife of the vanity, and hence uselessness, of such a course, but she will not be persuaded to relinquish it. Will you kindly oblige me by using your influence to bring her to see the better way?"

Baboo Sahib consented, and Sarala, the wife of Jako Baboo, was sent for. Upon entering the room Jako, addressing her, said, "My friend wishes to speak to you; will you listen?" To which remark Sarala responded, "I am not so highly educated as Baboo, therefore for any instruction he may give I shall be truly grateful."

Baboo Sahib.—Why do you perform these ceremonies? They are not of any value, neither do they benefit yourself or others. Look at the English women. They do not do these things."

Sarala.—The English women are of Christian persuasion and act according to their faith. We do as we have been taught. These ceremonies and rites, these fastings and religious observances, are processes of purification calculated to elevate our souls and prepare us for entering the world to come. The theory may be imperfect, but the practice leads us into a condition of greater spirituality. The constant meditation on God and the world to which he designs us to go, removes the veil from our spiritual vision. We believe in a life to come, and act accordingly. You have no faith in God or in another and higher life, hence you set no value on these things. To look upon these bodies as all we possess, and to consider that when they die that is the end of us, is mere materialism, and makes us no better than a clod. We seek and love those exercises that tend to emancipate the soul from the thrall of earthly bondage. Our aim is to realize, while on earth, that there is a heaven, and the ceremonies and observances which you condemn are, to us, a method by which we in some measure obtain that realization. It is immaterial what the form of exercise is, provided the purpose is the same, and if others differ from us in the form I do not object."

"From what I know of my sex they are thorough."

"Husband-loving."

oughly spiritual. As a proof of this, see how they sacrifice their lives to their faith, burning their bodies with those of their dead husbands, or leading an austere life during their widowhood. Spiritualism is not, however, confined to any nation or country, but it comes to all people, at all times, and in all places, if the proper means are adopted, and those consist in close meditation on God and spiritual things, deep inward exercises of soul that lead to purification. It is a mistake to think that Hindu women are deluded, and ignorant of the principles of a true spiritual life, or that they live in idle seclusion. They are free to go where they like. In ancient times they appeared in *Sukhas* (public meetings) and in theatres, and often went on shooting excursions. Whether at home or abroad, and in whatever they do, they are religious and never without the thought of God. I have received a great deal of instruction from my husband on natural philosophy, which I have thought upon in connection with Divine Providence. I now pray that you may both receive a goodly portion of divine grace."

CHAPTER IX.

ANAYASHAN, SOLITARY, RECOLLECTS HIS WIFE, THE SPIRIT OF HIS FATHER APPEARS TO HIM, AND HE HEARS A SPIRIT VOICE.

"I am yet discomposed, restless, uneasy. The little tranquility I possessed has left me. The pure words of my father's spirit filled my heart with love and veneration for his memory. If the voice I heard was, in reality, his voice, then to me is the immortality of the soul incontestably established. The recollection of my father naturally suggests the recollection of my wife and children. It is, indeed, difficult to rise above grief while in the flesh."

He tried to compose and console himself, but found that his thoughts did not rise above the world of sense, for he shot tears like raindrops, more especially when a remembrance of the excellences of his dear wife came rushing into his mind. At length, completely exhausted and helpless, he reclined on the trunk of a fallen tree. He was without food. The sun was rapidly sinking, and as it did so its brilliant rays spanned the heavens with golden belts, the whole sky appearing as a canopy of more than earthly splendor and magnificence.

As hope when most sanguine meets with the greatest disappointment, so a period of exhaustion is followed by the greatest degree of rest.

He became drowsy, and had just closed his eyes, when he was aroused by a strange, yet powerful, magnetic force, and beheld the serene countenance of his father, surrounded by a halo of fine, spiritual light. The eyes, beaming with love, gazed with affection on him, and as grief became displaced by a passing fear at the unexpected vision, the spirit face vanished from his sight.

Anayashan endeavored to compose his mind. "What I have seen is wonderful. But may not that which appeared to my sight have been caused by an over-worked and excited brain? If, indeed, I beheld the spirit of my father, then I must see the spirit of my wife, as she is never absent from my thoughts."

While thus musing he heard a voice, "She is alive," at which he was again startled, and, closing his eyes, he began to think intensely of God. After meditation and prayer his mind reverted to his wife.

"If she be alive, where can she be? I was credibly informed that she was burned with the children. Whatever is God's will must be fulfilled."

CHAPTER X.

CONVERSATION ON THE SOUL. It was a delightful evening. Lalobokur was walking, as was his custom, meditatively in the field. A number of boys following began to pester him with sneers and jokes.

Some said, "We hear you can call spirits. Can you?" Others, "Look at the palms of our hands, and tell us how long we are to live." Others, "We are in a quarrel with So-and-so; can you bring about a reconciliation by charms?"

Vexed at such questions, and by their laughter and jeers, Lalobokur turned back to beat the boys. But they were far more active than he, and soon betook themselves to a safe distance.

Not far from where this occurred, Baboo Sahib and Jako Baboo were walking, intently conversing on every form and mode of abstract science. Seeing Anayashan, they approached, and addressing him, said, "Are you a Soulist, and can you invoke spirits? Is a Soulist superior to a Mussulman, Christian and Brahman? If the soul exists, can it not be shown?"

Anayashan replied in a quiet way, "I believe in the soul. He who would fully satisfy himself of its existence must experience its separation from the body. Unless one feels the individuality of the soul, and senses the fact of its capability of being independent of the body, he cannot in any positive degree realize its existence."

Jako Baboo, "You then profess to be yourself, a soul. That's an insane idea. Pray tell me, have you had your brain examined by a doctor?"

Baboo Sahib, "Ignorant Bengalis! Ignorant Bengalis! I find that my countrymen addlet themselves to everything marvelous and pay no attention to anything exact. Science is the rule by which to prove all things. That which does not harmonize with the laws of exact science cannot be true. (Turning to and addressing Anayashan.) Do you believe in God? What sect do you belong to?"

Anayashan, "Till we know what the soul is we cannot know what God is."

CHAPTER XI.

THE THOUGHTS AND JOURNEY OF PATE CHAVINE, AND HER CLAIRVOYANT STATE.

The powers of the human soul are wonderful. The more they are developed the greater is our elevation. Pate Chavine, feeling the pangs of separation from her husband, was traveling that she might possibly find him, or, by change of location, allay in some degree her great sorrow. Although she was young, and the beauty of her finely developed and graceful form and the rosy hue of her complexion were remarkable, yet the beauty of her soul, so conspicuous in her countenance, impressed every one with a conviction of her angelic nature.

It was a dark night. The hum of bees was incessant. The birds, lodged on the trees, were impatiently shaking their wings; jackals were howling, and plowmen, with *hookas* in hand, were moving on, singing to relieve the tedium of their journey. The tide of pedestrians was ebbing fast. The darkness rapidly increased.

Pate Chavine, "remote, unfriendly, melancholy, slow," remained undaunted. She realized that the strength of the soul is the strength of God. She relinquished all that was external and fixed her mind intently on her inward, spiritual life. She sat on the side of a

rade, dilapidated hut, and there her deep and intense contemplation of God caused her to become clairvoyant.

She felt to be filled with internal light. She saw where her husband was, what he was doing, and what would be his ultimate spiritual gain. She had no hunger, no thirst, no desire to sleep. Stillness, peace, tranquility dwelt supremely within her, and she became sensible why her husband had been so devoted to Spiritualism.

"I now know," said she to herself, "where to go, where and when I will meet him. My present duty is to remain in a certain place and elevate myself, that I may become the true wife of such a husband. Our relationship is not of the body but of the soul."

CHAPTER XII.

ANAYASHAN'S SPIRITUAL EXERCISES—A DISCUSSION BETWEEN A CHRISTIAN AND A BRAHMAN.

Anayashan was again near the tank, engaged in the exercises of the soul. The place was solitary, but he felt that the exercise was not being properly made. He was aiming at equanimity, but the soul became phenomenal. Till the soul can control the brain there is no end of variability, either from external or internal causes. Meditation on God is, no doubt, the best means of soul-culture, but while meditating the will-force should be employed for the exhaustion of the brain-life, and the evolution of the soul-principle, which increases as the brain-life loses its hold. While Anayashan was considering the method of soul development, there came a Christian, a Conservative Brahman and a Progressive Brahman.

Christian. What the Brahmins are doing is but a transcript of what we are doing. Their *Sonaj* is like our church, their *Brahma-dharma* is an imitation of our Bible. Formerly, they declared that the Vedas were revealed. This claim has been given up, and they have substituted the *Brahma-dharma*, compiled from the *Upanishads*, *Puranas* and *Tantras*. But the *Brahma-dharma* cannot be ranked with the Bible, which is a revelation from God—while the former is only a human compilation.

Progressive Brahman. We are preparing an elaborate *Brahma-dharma*. We are following the lead of our own inspirations.

Christian. This is very good, but how are you to be saved? You admit there is a heaven and a hell, rewards and punishments, and that the soul is immortal. How can you have salvation until you believe in Christ? For the good of mankind he died, a bleeding victim. His love is boundless. He is the Son of God.

Progressive Brahman. We think highly of Christ. We have special prayers on Christmas and Good Friday.

Christian. I am delighted to hear this. May Christ save you.

Conservative Brahman. We think of and pray to God, and act and live according to the light we have. Our whole strength dwells in our prayer.

CHAPTER XIII.

POPULAR EDUCATION—A CONVERSATION BETWEEN BABOO SAHIB AND JAKO BABOO.

Baboo Sahib. I hear the missionaries are making great ado about popular education. If the lower classes become educated, we shall have no one to serve us.

Jako Baboo. Owing to the progress of Brahmanism, the converts to Christianity are reduced to almost none at all, and respectable Hindus have become wide-awake. The missionaries are, therefore, laboring more especially with the lower orders, who, being ignorant, are easily entrapped.

Baboo Sahib. Never mind. Is it proper to educate the lower orders?

Jako Baboo. In consequence of the increased cultivation of the soil, we cannot get servants, and wages have risen. If you educate the lower orders, they will get conceited. If the country is to be enlightened, the higher and middling classes must be educated first. From those it will descend to the lower. The education of the lower orders of people does not prevail in England, although it does in Prussia.

Baboo Sahib. I once entertained the same opinion, but intercourse with intelligent Europeans has modified it. I confess that in this matter we are too much influenced by selfishness. There can be no doubt that education will ameliorate the condition of those classes, and must, therefore, conduce to the welfare of the whole country. A general diffusion of knowledge cannot but lead to good results. In Europe, wherever intelligence prevails good predominates. It is not true that because a person happens to be poor he should, therefore, be considered a slave. Men belonging to lower orders may rise to eminence by the force of intellect. Preeminence is attained by talent, and not by birth or station.

CHAPTER XIV.

PATE CHAVINE'S JOURNEY.

Pate Chavine became tranquil after the light she received. She left the place early in the morning, and at noon came to a garden where she bathed and prayed. Not a single person could be seen there. It was full of flowers of varied hues and trees loaded with luscious fruits.

The next day she reached a Brahman's house, where *Durga Puja* was being celebrated. Early in the morning the Brahman ladies had arisen and prepared and cooked great quantities of eatables for the poor, the blind, the lame and disabled. They were now offering flowers mixed with sandal, in a devotional spirit. Pate Chavine, who had not been brought up as an idolatress, was delighted at the benevolence and devotion of the Brahman ladies. From thence she went to the cottage of an *Acharya*, or faun* (clairvoyant). He was seated on a carpet, and was revealing, according to horoscopes, the astral influences to which persons who had consulted him would be subject, and to others imparting information relative to the objects of their visits. Pate Chavine approached him, when he, addressing her, said, "Please take the name of a flower or river." She did so, and the faun, looking at her, instantly said:

"Mother, you are an illustrious and exemplary lady. Your most interior thought is of your husband, and you shall see him."

Taking leave of him, Pate Chavine next arrived at the house of a Brahman, where she experienced genuine hospitality. The Brahman, finding her highly exalted, began to open her mind. She said, "My husband is not attached to me, and for that reason I am very unhappy."

Pate Chavine replied to her: "The connecting tie between a wife and husband is divine worship. When the two souls are united in the conception of God, the union is firmly established. The spiritual basis is stronger than adamant, and the closer the union the more intense

*In Bengal we have clairvoyants under this name, who foretell future events and give directions for the recovery of stolen property.

is the spiritual love. Without such union, conjugal love is ephemeral and not lasting. Draw your husband into the worship of God with yourself, and that will unite you more strongly than anything earthly."

CHAPTER XV.

ANAYASHAN LISTENS TO DIFFERENT PRAYERS, THINKS ON THE SOUL, AND HEARS THE VOICE OF HIS SPIRIT-FATHER.

On Sunday the church was opened. The clergyman, attired in priestly robes, entered the pulpit and commenced the reading of the Bible. He then delivered a sermon, and prayed that the Christian religion might spread from one end of India to the other. The sermon no doubt produced a healthy influence upon the congregation.

The next day there was a service at the Brahmo *Sonaj*. The *Jahangir* prayed that the flag of Brahmanism might wave throughout India.

On the day following there was a service at the Progressive Brahmo *Sonaj*, at which prayers were made, implying that the doctrines inculcated might be diffused everywhere and become the faith of all people.

Anayashan was led to think on all he had heard, and to reflect that every sect has a creed according to its belief, and naturally prays for its extension. But which creed shall prosper?

"I feel," said he, "that I am disturbed by streams of divine thoughts, and that my inner vision is not serene. My mind is occupied with recollections of my wife. Although she is admirable and excellent in every respect, yet I desire to live a purely spiritual life."

In the midst of these reflections he again beheld the smiling and hallowed face of his father, and heard his voice saying: "Arise is on the top of the Ramna Mountain. Go to him and acquire substantial knowledge."

A moment after the spiritual face disappeared. Anayashan, overpowered by grief at its sudden departure, fell down and prayed that he might see the face of his father again. But in vain. It came not, and he lay prostrate and motionless, thinking of his father and his wife.

CHAPTER XVI.

DEATH OF JAKO BABOO'S ELDEST SON—CHANGE IN HIS VIEWS—INSTRUCTIONS OF ANAYASHAN—OTHER EVENTS.

Jako Baboo's house was filled with gloom. His eldest son was dying. The body had become quite cold. The pulse had no perceptible beat, and there was no indication of life remaining. Sarala was endeavoring to console herself by thoughts of God, but observing that the life of her son was fast ebbing away, she became overwhelmed with grief. In a few moments the eyes of the young man became fixed, and the spirit had departed.

The mother repeatedly kissed the motionless features, and the father became sadly disconsolate.

The next morning, when Baboo Sahib came, Jako said to him, "Last night I passed the hours tossing restlessly upon my bed. As morning approached I fell into a light doze, during which my son appeared to me and said: 'Father, since leaving my body I am happy.' Was that not wonderful?"

Baboo Sahib reflected for a moment, and then replied: "That was either a dream or a delirium of the brain. Unless I have better proof I cannot accept what you say as having any value. I am aware that in every country Spiritualism is attracting general attention, and that many are becoming convinced that it is true; but I look upon it as all hush or imposition."

Jako Baboo. Although I am an Atheist, the mere thought of God in an hour like this alleviates my grief. How do you account for that?

Baboo Sahib. That I can easily account for. One impression or idea is removable by another.

Jako Baboo. But is not the thought of God consoling?

Baboo Sahib. That I do not know. Ask the Soulist.

Saying this, he departed. Although Anayashan was held in contempt by Jako, he did not hesitate to call upon him, and to do what he could to soothe his troubled mind. Grief places us in a state in which the person subjected to it requires delicate and thoughtful treatment. Anayashan gradually impressed his weeping friend of the truth of the immortality of the soul, and its development through the process of pain—that is, grief, disappointment and affliction. It is customary for friends to call once or twice on those who suffer bereavement, but there are few who pour oil over the wounded heart with no other motive than the love of doing good.

Anayashan was regular in his visits to Jako Baboo, whose materialistic proclivities began to diminish, and the bright example of his consoling friend aroused him to spirituality.

At one time as he was passing home he met Baboo Sahib, who asked, "Well, is our friend Jako a Soulist? For my part I never receive anything on trust. It is not proper that we should weep like women. If we give way to grief we are in a fair way to lose our senses."

One morning Baboo Sahib was sitting at his ease reading a newspaper, when a Dawk peon delivered him a letter, the perusal of which caused him to burst into tears. It announced the death of his brother at Lahore. "Oh, dear brother," exclaimed he, "I shall never see you again!"

Affliction is the best schoolmaster. Nothing else shakes us so much. Nothing else acts so powerfully on our sensuous nature. Under its awakening influence Baboo Sahib began to read works on Spiritualism, and he and Jako Baboo often met. They were both under a cloud; both afflicted by the visitation of death. Their predominant thought was, "Is soul immortal? Is it possible to communicate with the spirits of our departed friends? If it be so, then death has no sting; it is the means of passing to a higher life."

Shortly after, Jako Baboo died. Baboo Sahib having an affection for his wife, proposed to marry her, but his offer was indignantly rejected, for the lady abhorred the idea of the marriage of widows. Baboo took his rejection sadly to heart, and ere long he, also, passed to the unseen. Lalobokur, who was a plausible man, but unclean within, was imprisoned for some fraud committed by him.

CHAPTER XVII.

ANAYASHAN LEARNS YOGE FROM YOGIS, AND MEETS HIS WIFE.

Anayashan left Pingala, and after traveling in many places, arrived at the banks of the Godavery. He there saw a huge religious *feus*, beneath whose shade were seated a number of Yogis, covered with ashes, their long tresses hanging about their shoulders, and their eyes closed, intently engaged in different exercises of the Yoge, inhaling the air, retaining their breath for a long time, and thus gaining mastery over the natural life.

When the Yoge was over, they observed the

stranger, and were favorably impressed with his appearance and manner. They had gradually learned how to conduct their exercises in different ways. The Yogis did not value what was external, but applied their studies to whatever tended to emancipate the soul. This, and this alone, formed the subject of their conversation, meditation and religious exercises.

One day they inquired of Anayashan whether he knew of an extraordinary Bengali who had been with them some time, but who was then living with some pious ladies in an *asram* (asylum). He replied that he did not know her, and said to them:

"There are many souls thirsting for God, and if the lady you speak of possesses an unusual thirst she must be indeed an extraordinary person."

Thinking he would have to go to Ramna Mountain, Anayashan took leave of the Yogis, who placed their fingers, with long nails, on his head, and showered a multitude of blessings upon him, while he knelt down and made deep obeisances. After two days he came in sight of an *asram*, and the blue summit of a mountain at no great distance. While passing by he thought it would be desirable for him to visit this asylum, as some holy women lived therein. He therefore entered it, and beheld a number of Hindustani, Marhatta, Surashtra and Magadha ladies, dressed in their usual costume, engaged in meditation. In the midst of them was a Bengali lady, clad in a red sari, wearing bangles on her hand, intent on Samadhi. Though reduced by fasting, her soul-force was plainly visible in her countenance. Her tresses were uncombed, and the end of her *sari*, or *nuchal*, was twined around her neck as a mark of devotion. Her face was charming; a sweet smile playing over it expressive of the godliness within. All the Yogines around her left the room after the conclusion of the meditation.

Anayashan, sitting before her, began to look at her more closely. The sun was setting. Its variegated rays, coming through the window, fell on the lady's face and caused it to appear entrancingly beautiful; but this external charm was surpassed by the unfading and eternal splendor of the soul.

"Who can the lady be?" questioned Anayashan of himself. "Young and charming as a champa flower—the very picture of beauty, but totally devoid of all that is earthly."

At the expiration of an hour the lady opened her eyes. She beheld before her a man of tranquil appearance, having long hair and a ragged beard, seated in an easy posture and gazing at her. The eyes express what is within. The lady and the man were intensely looking at each other. Recollection, compassion and deep thought were appealed to, but in vain, after which the lady smiled, lowered the covering of her head and burst into tears.

Anayashan asked, "Lady, who are you, and where is your home?"

She replied, "My name is Pate Chavine, and your heart is my home."

Anayashan placed his arm around her neck and said: "My dearest, do not weep; to weep is not spiritual."

She responded: "I am aware that weeping is earthly, but I cannot resist it as I see you whom I thought I would never see again."

At last they ceased speaking, and there was a thorough communion of their souls, like the union of two disembodied spirits. There was nothing phenomenal; no grief; no joy, no sorrow. These states were all supplanted by the soul-state—a watchful penetration of each other's soul to ascertain whether the two were on the same plane.

In the morning that followed, Anayashan was introduced to all the Yogines. The lady, addressing them, said: "To-morrow I leave this place with my husband."

The Yogines were grieved to hear this. "Mother," they said, "if you leave us, from whom are we to get homied instruction?"

"Daughters, you are kind to think of me so affectionately. My soul is with yours, as I see you are free from what is sensuous. In what words of affection shall I express myself? My earnest prayer is that you be absorbed in God. One intense contemplation increases the duration of the next contemplation, and if this be repeated several times daily, you gain mastery over matter. When we reach the soul state, all that is material, all that is earthly, all that is special, is effaced, because the soul state is the universal state. Look at me and my husband. We are husband and wife, but we aim at the happiness, not of the body or of the senses, but of the soul. We feed our thoughts on what is immortal, eternal. We think of what will live, progress and prosper in the realms of the eternal kingdom, and prepare us to take on those celestial conditions that are replete with the brightness and the glory of God."

Pate Chavine having ceased to speak, the Yogines proposed that they should all pray together. They accordingly sat down, Pate Chavine and Anayashan being seated together. They were all rapt in contemplation, enjoying the brightness of their souls, and thinking it impossible that they could be disturbed by any external cause, when a drunken man entered the room and began to make great noise: "Lo! here is a serpent! there is a tiger!" which annoyed the Yogines very much; but Pate Chavine and her husband remained unmoved. When the prayers were over, the Yogines acknowledged their want of true spiritual culture to a degree that was requisite to enable them to remain undisturbed by external causes.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ANAYASHAN AND PATE CHAVINE SEE AVADI; OBTAIN FROM HIM HIS IDEAS OF THE SOUL, AND HEAR AN ACCOUNT OF HIS OWN ADVANCEMENT.

The Ramna Mountain is very high, and the road to it is very hazardous. Anayashan took his wife by the hand, and led her over the difficult way. Occasionally they became weary, and seating themselves rested, and drank water from the fountains. After three days' journey they arrived at the house of Avadi, where they were kindly received and hospitably entertained.

Avadi said he was fully aware of the object of their visit, and that he would proceed to state his views, which he did, as follows:

"The existence of the soul, its separation from the body, and its immortality, are ascertainable by spiritual exercises. The soul is fettered or free. So long as we are under the domination of the mind we are fettered, and phenomenal states are the result of our condition. The power of the fettered soul is limited. It creates special creeds, special belief, special evil and good, special virtue and vice, special prayers, special salvation, special heaven and hell, special attributes of God, special commandments of God. The knowledge obtainable from a fettered soul is, indeed, very poor and imperfect."

*A yellow and fragrant flower.

because it judges of God by human attributes. As long as the soul is not free it cannot be disconnected with what is material, what is emotional, and hence cannot obtain a true knowledge of God. The soul free does not excite phenomenal states; no joy, no grief, no hope, no fears; it felicitates within itself; it finds good in everything. It is, indeed, difficult to emancipate the soul in flesh. Thank God, I have obtained this freedom. What I know I know through my non-phenomenal soul, and not through my senses."

Anayashan requested him to state by what means he arrived at the soul state.

Avadi continued:

"We lived in Bhadrupura. I used to read in a *patshala* (village school), where I studied the lives of Dharmo and Probod, and felt reverence for holiness. The great inquiry of my mind was, 'How can I be like them?' My father was wealthy, and performed many *poojahs*. When I offered flowers at the feet of the idols, I prayed that I might become like Dharmo and Probod. This state of feeling was not continuous. At times I was jovial. When I gave gifts to the poor I was sometimes moved by compassion, sometimes by pride. We had the stories of the Puranas related by a *Kathac*.† I sometimes wept over, sometimes meditated on what I then heard. There was a missionary school in the village, where I read several books, and also the Bible. From the Kathae I had heard frightful accounts of a hell, and what he said operated powerfully upon my fears. The *padre* now intensified my fears, by teaching that if I did not believe in Christ I would suffer eternal hell torments, and, unless Christ interceded, I would never be forgiven. While reclining on my bed thoughts of these things terrified me beyond the power of words to relate, and occasionally I thought of embracing Christianity. I used to read the *Darsanas*, *Puranas*, *Tantras* and *Upanishads*. Certain parts of the *Upanishads* and the *Numat Bhagavad* appeared more sublime than the Bible."

"About this time I was married. My wife cordially cooperated with me in the acquisition of divine knowledge. I communicated to her what I knew, and we used to exchange our ideas in a quiet way. My father died. The whole care of the family came on me. I inquired after the property, and found he had granted large loans to persons who were unable to repay. We had only a *ghat*, on the profits of which we all lived. Finding that it was good property, a neighboring *ganidhar* (landlord) sought to dispossess me of it, and succeeded in doing so. When I instituted a suit for the purpose of reclaiming it, I was ordered to produce the bill of sale. I searched for it everywhere, but could not find it. At night, while I was asleep, the spirit of my father appeared to me, and said that the document had been deposited in the Court as a collateral security. He further said that the period it was to remain there was over, and that it would be returned on application."

"I was startled. I got up, looked around, but could see no one. I was glad that the required document would be forthcoming, but my grief for the loss of my father revived, and I was weak and sorrowful. I obtained the document from the Court, as I had been so strangely informed that I would."

"Subsequently, my thoughts dwelt constantly on the dream, and I read a great many books on Spiritualism, but it was not clear to my mind how the soul state could be obtained. I attended many circles for communication with spirits. I saw chairs, tables, and other objects lifted and moved by an unseen agency. Ink, pens and paper being placed on the table, some medium wrote against his will, and satisfactory answers were given to inquiries made by persons present. Considering these phenomena, I thought they might be wholly or in part fallacious. But, whether wholly or partly true, I concluded they came through the senses, and hence did not convey real but merely phenomenal knowledge."

"My next train of reflections was—How am I to rise from the objective to the subjective or soul state? How am I to obtain the one from the many—unity from diversity? Business took me to Dacca, where I made the acquaintance of many intelligent persons, some of whom were idolaters, and some, worshippers of the Unseen Power. I heard the prayers of both religionists, and found them to be alike. The one constructed images with the hand, the other constructed them with the brain; both were moved by fear, and therefore incapable of praying spiritually. It does not follow, because a person is a worshiper of the Unseen Power, he is therefore a spiritual worshiper. With persons of this sect I passed some time. While engaged in prayer, they exhibited several phenomenal states—fear and repentance for sin; forgiveness for sins committed; humility, and veneration of the infinite power, wisdom and goodness of the Creator; but none of these states was of long duration."

"In thinking on the divine attributes, I saw sometimes in my brain a serene, tranquil form. I benefited, however, by such prayers, but my thirst for divine knowledge increased. I thought that my prayers should be higher. The states induced by those I had engaged in manifested more or less of goodness, but the same results follow the performance of dramas or the singing or recital of touching hymns. The inquiry is worthy of consideration, what is a prayer? Can the infinite power be in any way influenced or changed in its purpose by our prayers?"

"The external and internal of our lives are like wife and husband. The internal is educated and elevated by the external. In whatever form we pray our souls must be more or less influenced. While revolving this idea in my mind I received a letter from my wife, stating that my mother had died, and that my eldest son followed her the next day. As a storm sweeps away trees, so an affliction loosens the bondage of the soul; and, as its individualism progresses, the desire for further emancipation increases."

"My wife arrived from Dacca. She appeared quite resigned to the will of God. After some time we had this light: God is the soul of our spiritual bodies, and until we realize the existence of our spiritual bodies we can neither take soul views nor understand God, our mission here or our destiny hereafter. We found that all the sensations, impressions and emotions were non-transmissible to our souls, and while in the soul state we can clearly see the action and state of the different parts of our body, yea, of every nerve. The connection between the brain and the soul is intimate. But when the soul is free the brain is thrown into the shade; it ceases to receive impressions not refused by the soul, which thinks and acts from the light within. Its connection with the senses also ceases, and becoming unlimited by their limitations, it lives in a world where limitation as to

*Two saluts.
† Kathacs are a class of Purana tellers who relate and sing. They are listened to by all classes of the people.

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