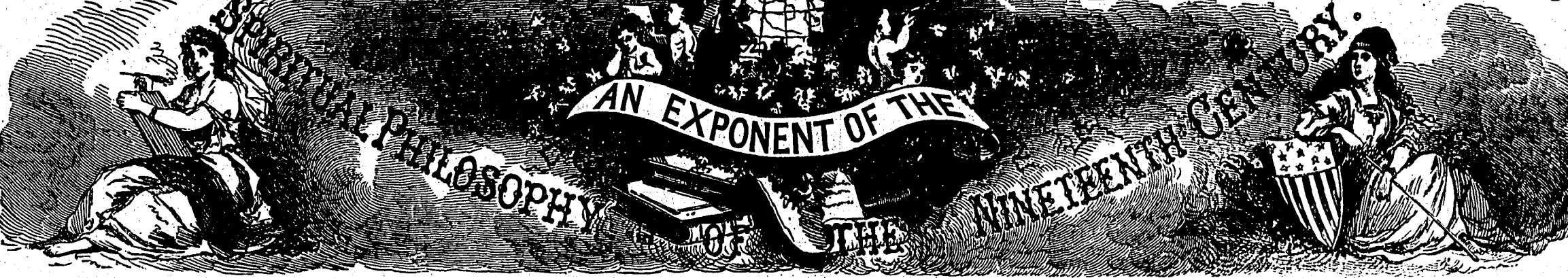


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XLVII.

COLBY & RICH,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1880.

\$5.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.

NO. 24.

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The Rostrom.

THE CHRIST PRINCIPLE.

An Inspirational Discourse by Spirit William Elery Channing, through the Mediumship of
MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND,
Delivered in Boston, Sunday Afternoon, Feb. 15th, 1880.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

INVOCATION.

Infinite God! The spirit of all life; thou giver of every gift; thou who preside alike in darkness and in light, in joy and in sorrow, in life and that other life that men call death; thou who art the source of the winter and summer of the spirit, bringing to every heart that which shall answer its need, baptizing every spirit with fire or with the calm of the spirit, filling every life with the motive of endeavor, of patience, of trust in thee—oh, God, we praise thee whatever be the state or condition of humanity at this hour; wherever the human heart may find itself wandering; however immured in darkness or bowed down in sin, there is trust in thee, that points evermore unto the light. Hope is divine; faith is born of knowledge; and the spirit aspires forevermore to that conception, fashioned of the inevitable, the divine, the all-glorious. What ages has thy thought existed! What countless myriads of ages outwrought the workings of the universe! But man grows impatient at the tardiness of time and the non-fulfillment of hope. Oh, may thy divine patience abide in every spirit! May the heart turn to thee with quickened pulses, alive to the ever-present need, the ever-conscious life! May the divinity of thy life unfold itself within the spirit, until all humanity shall grow brighter and higher in the consciousness of thy being. May those sublime epochs of human thought wherein inspiration flows from the fountain of light, and prophet and seer tell, with wonderful vision, the promises of the spirit, be ever present in the human heart, ever alive in the human consciousness! Shape thou the thought of this hour to the fulfillment of prophecy! Unfold the truth within, that all may be alive to its perception; and on the mount of human transfiguration may those who are in sorrow and those who despair behold their loved ones exalted, uplifted, glorified, and on the higher mountain of sublime fulfillment may they behold a risen humanity stricken of its errors, robbed of all deficiency, clothed only in immortality and conscious life and freedom. May they feel the assurance of thy spirit at this hour, the promptings of lofty hope, the intuition of all-glorious love. May they find the pathway revealed by a system of life perfect as is thy life, perfect as the life of the stars and suns that move in their places responsive to the breath of being; perfect as the guidance of the immortal spirit, that is not left voiceless and starless in the great sea of time and eternity, but is ever led by gentle mandate and lofty ministrations to the perception of that truth that, like the Star in the East, guides man forevermore. Amen.

DISCOURSE.

The world is forever waiting for its saviour. Generations rise and fall, empires are created and perish, kingdoms crumble and pass away, but the human soul waits to be saved. The true Christ has not yet appeared; the final millennium is not at hand; but man is forever grasping toward that ultimate truth that is to make him wise and free and perfect. But what of the Christ that has been, and the truth that is as old as time? We tread it beneath our feet; we crucify and put it to death; we have enslaved it and placed it in dungeon cells to test its immortality. And yet, when destroyed, we covet it; when out of sight we long for it; and at the last the world turns back, looking at the crucified Christ as the only saviour. The child longs for the flower at its feet, plucks it from the stem, and in the idleness of a moment it is torn to fragments. The stars were in their places for man's inspection if they were not so high, so far away so removed from his grasp, that the soul climbs for them by the spiral pathway of science, basing his calculations on the strong foundations of mathematics, and no one can rob him of his starry possessions; not even himself can rob himself.

Man cannot possess that for which he is not qualified, and the ultimate truth that he seeks is as liable to be in the past as the future. With all his comprehension, he is perhaps but little better able to understand it now than in the past. We must be aware that the earth moves onward, but so slowly that one Christ follows another, one dispensation succeeds another, finding mankind no nearer ready to accept the tokens of the hour. Christ upon Olivet, or Moses in the wilderness, or Buddha teaching the words of the Most High, or the wonderful prophets that came out of the East with storied treasures of knowledge upon their lips, teaching in the wilderness of Palestine—these are not understood at the hour. Plato was a dreamer; Socrates a lunatic; all teachers consigned to the narrow limits of the few who understand and the many who persecute; and the Christ of this hour, stands afar off, outside of your dwellings, knocking at the doors of your lives, and in you turn cry, "Crucify him!"

Truth, however, being ancient as God; who is from eternity, is never discouraged. Truth, however, being personal as man, and infinite as Deity, possesses itself in all patience and bides its time. Every truth-teller understands his fate when he comes, knows what awaits him here, fulfills his work and passes on. Every expression of inspiration given to mankind is certain of response, which response will bear it down to the ages, make its mark there, fill the world with its light, and receive appreciation somewhat when the next dispensation is ready to be born.

There are those who consider that truth is an ultimate principle—is without individuality; that it requires no form of expression, manifesting itself in all forms and persons, according to their growth, as an atmosphere, as a solvent. I am not of those who believe this. So real and personal is truth to me that it comes to me in the form of Christ; it comes to me in the form of each teacher; it comes to me in every shape and image of individual life in the universe. There are but few Christs; there are many teachers. There are but few seers; there are very many followers. You and I are in the following. Christ to us has appeared, or is to come; but what the time or place may be we may not name. Others have received their Christ; the kingdom of truth has come to them; the divine, personified or impersonal has been realized, and the spirit has been baptized in the ultimate recognition. You do not believe this? Then what have we to do with the great masters of poetry, of art, of science, of literature? Do we ignore Galileo because the school-boy understands somewhat of his method? Do we say that Michael Angelo was not a genius because in the toyshops are the imitations of his sculptures? Do we declare that Dante did not feel the fire and fervor of sublime inspiration because the postasters and rhymerasters of the hour have feebly imitated his verse? Shall we not always discover the master-hand of those who carve the pathway of the world? Shall we not find Humboldt greater than he who merely worships at his shrine? Is not the leader greater than the host? The general guides more potent than those who are led? The sun will be the centre of the solar system, whatever satellites or planets he may have; whatever their degree of brightness or unfoldment, the sun is there, and yonder distant sun, filling its central place, will be the force and motion and light around which the planets and their systems move. The central sun is the breath of life to all.

Christ comes to earth as the dispensers of special truth, bearing the culmination of messages that are born in the spirit kingdoms and realized in the fulfillments of the hour. My friend and brother, Mr. Parker, believed that every hour produced the man required—Napoleon or Caesar, Brahma or Mohammed. To-day, from the strongholds of spirit power, or from the dominions of spirit-life, the generals of human thought, the leaders of human emancipation, the crowners of human aspiration, are heralded and make their advent. Christ born in you and in me, the thought of truth awakened within us, proves an interpreter between you and God, or myself and God. Whatever of truth is in us is awakened by that touchstone that links us to the divinity. Some personality is there, some child-voice, angel-voice, Christ-voice, speaking to us, perchance in the darkness and in the silence of our own lives, but always a voice, always an identity. We do not leap to salvation, we do not spring as an unconscious flame into the breath of God. We are not freighted with immortality without intuition and purpose; nor can the world be saved at one bound by the mention of any truth. We grow to those estates; we are unfolded into them. We arrive there as planets arrive at their perihelion, as worlds and systems arrive at their unfoldment and perfection. What time the Christ will be born to you the angel of your life understands. What time the Christ in Galilee, on Olivet, or on Calvary, is revealed to any human heart, the angel of that dispensation knows; and throughout the world every spirit saved by Christ already is named. Not those who say "Lord! Lord!" but those who are possessed of the spirit of Christ, born unto his kingdom, as the babe is born to the light of its mother's eyes, as the world is born to the breath of spring, or as the flower unfolds what time the summer air sweeps over it and kindles the breath of fragrance in the heart of the rose. None can tell when this will be the great spirit that abides in consciousness protection of every life, and the angel that watches from the heights of the spirit and angel kingdom the children of life upon earth.

We hear much of the Christ principle talked of by those who reject the Christ person. For my part I believe in personalities; I believe in individuals. I do not believe that you or I can be saved unconsciously. We are saved intelligently. We will grow through the consciousness that is within us. The divinity that is ours is our immortality. If it is an unconscious immortality, it is not ours. The identity within us is that which comprehends truth, the identity of truth that which makes us comprehend it, and, born with the Christ spirit upon earth, it is not Jesus whom we worship, but Christ. It is not Moses nor Elias, but the spirit of truth alive within us. We are not bowing at the shrine of Calvary, we are not worshipping the cross in its literal sense. It signifies to us a divine self-sacrifice. Who is not aware when Calvary is within the soul, and what crown comes to the self-conquest that at this very day and hour may be approaching your hearts? The Gethsemane now, the victory to-morrow, and when the Calvary appears, are you not one with Christ?

I am amazed at those short-sighted mortals

who mistake a form for a spirit, a form for a soul, and deny a truth because the shadow of it does not appeal to them. Remember, the world has never followed a Christ that was not worthy, in the ultimate, of the following. Moses or Jesus, Buddha or the seers of the East, have been worthy of the following. The imitations only are unworthy, and these only are what the mind rejects. The world has never rejected Olivet, never scorned the Sermon on the Mount. The Golden Rule is held high above all human persecution. What we reject is the catechism of Westminster, and St. Paul and Rome, but not the spirit of Christ. Born anew unto its kingdom, revealed to us from within, its light is made glorious through countless ages. The spirit of it is ours. Its evidence is upon us; we could not reject it if we would; we would not if we could. For is not the same spirit here to-day, and are you not possessed of its presence and its power? Do you not recognize its signs and tokens? Are they not abroad in the world, fulfilling their work? And are you not, as the Hebrew nation, waiting your prophet, your king, your Saviour? He comes silently, as one in the night; he comes unannounced, perchance, taking his place in your hearts and becoming one with your lives. That truth that has revealed to you life triumphant over death; that emancipation that has disenthralled you from bondage to creed, making truth one in every age; that light that has really set your feet, not upon Calvary but upon the Mount of Transfiguration; that glory that has illuminated the future life with conscious existence, and the pathway of prophets and martyrs with the light of an ever-present truth; that which bridges over all human strivings and contentions, the bitterness of kings, the warfare of princes who sought not for Christ but for crowns—this brings you nearer and nearer to the living hour, to the present, to to-day. You are born more to the Christian dispensation than erewhile the nations of the earth would have believed.

Let us remember, then, that the pulsations of Christ flow toward the earth at the time when the earth is ready. You sow your seed when the soil is prepared; you gather your harvests when the sheaves have ripened. The fruitage is borne to you in the autumn time, and the consciousness of the earth is renewed by the results of the harvest. Spiritual kingdoms are not sown at random; the earth is not prepared by accident for the birth of the Saviour, nor is there an accidental birth that heralds a new dynasty ere the day and hour be ripe for its coming. To precede the world is Christ's mission; to lead the world is the one work of the Saviour. That which keeps exact pace and time with your footsteps is only equal to you; but that which is in advance, the highest advance, is the spirit of the hour.

Two thousand years ago, nearly, it was Jesus of Nazareth. Another cycle has nearly passed. The world will soon witness another evidence of the divine power. Is it man? Is it woman? Is it not both? In the past man and woman alternately held sway. Mary, the mother of Christ, worshipped almost as God; Christ worshipped as God by those who ignored the mother spirit. And away in the past ages, Osiris and Isis held sway by the power of dual life and birth and salvation. The Christ spirit of the Orient ministering to humanity; Buddha appearing in the wonderful transformations and re-incarnations of the soul—these are the thrilling records of past time. To-day the world waits. Shall the Christ be man or woman? There are those who declare one and the other. Is not the ultimate Christ principle both? Is not the completed spirit of salvation the whole of humanity? And in the coming of that spirit that to-day broods over the world, was not the father and the mother God a prophecy of the Christ that you wait for, that waits for you, at the very advent of the new dispensation? For what is this social upheaving? For what this wonderful slaking of the giant structures of olden time? For what this probing and piercing of the wounds and scars of social life, unless indeed there is to be a renovation of the whole fabric? And whence is coming the dual life? Christ spoke of the "bride." You might never know her, but she was there; the spirit of that ineffable presence that made his life complete. So in the stricken world that now asks and claims a Saviour, it is not the man-child, it is not the woman-child, that is to be born unto the new dispensation, but both alike, man and woman—the new humanity, enshrined in the perfect image of itself. Oh, if you knew what subtle symbols are alive in the air, what significant voices herald his coming, and what power of truth there is in the new Bethlehem that flowers to-day, and when another hundred or two hundred years shall pass away, what ultimate harmony awaits this fulfillment, you would not wonder that spirits and angels hail this dawn with glad acclaim, and foretell the solution of many problems that are now veiled in darkness upon earth.

There is no Christ that is not for man and woman. There is no Christ that is not for humanity. The angels that come out from the spheres of light, called "the sons of God"—"sons" generically, but man in the dual sense, the perfect man and woman—these are the dispensers of mighty truths to the world; and those dispensations and those prophecies reveal the Christ principle.

It is stated by John, in that wonderful vision on the Isle of Patmos—that vision which, interpreted in its literal meaning, reveals the full spiritual history of the world—that there shall be "twelve manners of fruits of the tree of life for the healing of the nations." As twelve represents the ultimate, the fulfillment of spiritual promises to the world, when the twelve Messiahs shall come, the completed life-prin-

ple of Christ will have been revealed to the world. And the present coming being but the sixth in the cycle of the earth's unfoldment, will be a significant illustration, a significant victory, because the world will have half completed the solution for which it sighs. One-half redeemed; one-half glorified. Only the other half remains to be accomplished. And this is why the old fabrics are fading and the old dynasties are being wrought over, and the spirit of life is evidencing itself through all the old avenues of human thought. The dispensations of ancient time are being restored, and you are discovering, not only through science and scholarship and invention, but also by the bonds of intuition, that link you with the past, that every birth of truth, designated by that name upon earth, has been a birth of the Christ principle, an impersonation of that divine principle that ultimately, in its completeness, will redeem the world.

Those who are the first fruits of the kingdoms of Christ that come to the world; those who are ready to be ripened in the harvest, must have had beginnings other than on earth; must have been born in other planets, and freighted with some breath of promise that afterwards brought them nearer to the Christ than those who follow after. New dispensations will have to come to gather up the old fragments of ages past, and twice will a complete circuit of the world have to be made ere yet all the nations are drawn together in the completeness of this principle. But who is not aware that at some moments of life you can stand upon some height of human salvation, and point to those who are allied to the saviours of the hour? You have seen them within the last half century waging war with utmost endeavor for the freedom of man, and you have seen them striking home to the great central wrongs of the earth, and pleading for the prisoner and the unfortunate. You have seen them working their way through halls of statesmanship, alive with the fervor and inspiration of the hour, making distinct record of Him who is to come. And at this hour, upon some height of inspiration, you may stand and mark the pathway of those who herald the promised dawn, and say, "These are the heralds, these are commissioned to usher in the new dawn." And one angel, more glorious than the rest, just outside the gates of human life, born with inspiration and prophecy upon his lips, clothing the last century with a flame of fire, will predict that which is now coming—will herald the advent of the New Dispensation. But still it waits. What time you have yet to be unfolded anew—and anew the breath of life is to be infused into those who are to receive the new spirit of Christ—then there is preparation. The Saviour will not be in the East, but in the West. The Christ spirit will not be born in the Orient, but in the Occident. The complete circle of civilization will have been made; and far off, where the sun sets in the shining waters of the Western world, behind the mountains clothed with splendor—whose valleys are verdant with the green of life, and the jeweliness of whose blooming flowers fills the air with incense—the new light shall come, the new Saviour shall appear. Wrongs will have been righted then that now exist; persecutions will cease then that now have countenance in high places; and corruption that well-nigh eat away the life and vitality of nations will have been healed by the magic wand of this knowledge. The probing power will have gone to the very heart of the wound of human corruption, and the nation will stand, not as it does now, but as the epitome of the nations of the world, clothed upon with a true humanity, and radiant with a new life. The new spirit of truth will have expression in one form to every finite life. The soul that will abide will be recognized, will be appreciated. From henceforth the Christ spirit will not be persecuted upon earth, nor put to death, nor stoned, nor despised; for man will seek the ultimate spiritual good, and instead of turning to earth will turn to heaven.

Now, from this hour henceforth, you will see that those who are allied to spiritual truth and inspiration will be more favored, helpful, prosperous, active. There will be less of vindictiveness pursuing them, less of persecution; the prophets will not always be stoned; the teachers will not always be scorned and despised upon the streets. There will be not only freedom, but appreciation, and the light of the spirit will henceforth glow more earnestly and fully. The summer-time of inspiration approaches. The spring is already here, and though there are blustering winds and tempests abroad, they are heralds of that new dawn that precedes the fuller glory coming by-and-by. Happy are they who upon the mountain tops herald its advent! Happy are they who in the valleys feel the pulsations of its coming! Happy are they who understand that the heart of humanity is not forever to be oppressed, and that the light of truth is not forever to be quenched in the dull stream of human policy or the sordid stream of human ambition! You may make way and give room for a higher inspiration. You will not be laughed at to-morrow for that which you believe in secret to-day. There will be no scorn upon the highways and byways, and when one shall stand apart from his fellow-men and proclaim the highest truth, no one will cry "Crucify him!" for with this Christ that now cometh a new dispensation appears and persecutions cease. One-half the dynasties of the world being completed, the Mosaic dispensation passes, and Christ comes to dwell upon earth.

A young woman of Pekin, Ill., was asked by her minister if her husband feared the Lord. She replied: "Fear him! Bless you, he is so afraid of him that he never goes out of a Sunday without taking his gun along."

Spiritual Phenomena.

INDEPENDENT SPIRIT-WRITING.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Probably nothing in the phenomena of Spiritualism has so staggered the scientist, the philosopher and the theologian, as spirit-writing upon slates without human contact. Slade's powers have been tested with universal success in every part of the civilized world. Recently some accounts have been published in the *Banner of Light* in regard to phenomena occurring through Alex. Phillips, at 133 West 36th street, New York City. I have recently had two sittings with Mr. P., and they were most satisfactory in every respect. I found him quiet and unassuming, and of nervous temperament. I told him that I had come for independent slate-writing, and had brought my own slates; he said that he could guarantee nothing, but if I wished a séance he would do all he could by being passive. I had to wait some time, as he was occupied with a visitor. On sitting down at a small table his own slates were washed clean in my presence, and I placed my hand upon them, the medium not touching them in any way. Soon the raps signified that I was to open the slates, and there was a short communication: "No doubt you think this easily accomplished. You just try it, and you will find out." This was written without a pencil or crumb of any visible aid.

My next experiment was to place a small piece of paper between the small slates of the medium, and holding them under the table—the medium holding one end of the slate a part of the time—in a few moments it was signalled by raps to look at the slates, and on opening them there was found written: "This is very hard work; do you know it? Be patient; we will try to write on your slate. E."

The next experiment was as follows: The two small slates were wrapped up in a sheet of paper, and on the paper, after it was pinned securely, I made a private mark. The parcel was placed on a small shelf, and I put my foot upon it. In a few moments the raps signified that the slates had been written upon, and I found, in a clear, legible hand: "I am here to greet you. I know you are anxiously seeking for the truth of my identity, so I will try and write on your slate 'Mother,' James N."

The medium did not touch the slates or come in contact with them, and I opened them myself. I next placed my own double slates upon the shelf, the medium's small slates on top of mine, and my foot upon them all. On my own slates were written the words: "If you were alone we could come"; on the small slates were written: "If you will sit alone for a little while each evening we will make ourselves manifest. I am Martha."

I next put a clean sheet of commercial note-paper, folded as it comes from the stationer's, inside my own slates, and put it on the shelf and my foot upon it. I could feel the vibrations while the writing was being done, and when the raps signified that the writing was finished, on opening this sheet of paper, on the inside was found to be written: "Would that I had the power to give you further evidences of our presence. James Nichols."

This occurred in the broad light of day; no confederates, no collusion, and the medium in no way manipulating the slates. Now such phenomena, it would seem to me, ought to satisfy any mind of an individualism outside of myself or the medium. James Nichols was a merchant in the State of Vermont whom I well knew, although not a relative, and this same spirit came to me at one of J. Frank Baxter's public sances in Brooklyn, in the fall of '79. He has been in the spirit-life many years, and certainly I have not thought of him. Mind-reading, unconscious cerebration, or collusion orlegerdemain, will not explain such manifestations of the power of the spirit over matter. No pencils, crumbs of slate or pencil were used, and how spirits can write on the inside of a folded sheet in this manner, must be explained by them.

On showing these results of my séance to my friend, Prof. H. M. Parkhurst, the astronomer, he said, "Do you know that the medium did not tamper with your slates? and do you know that the paper had not been tampered with?" I said that was my belief; but to make matters doubly sure, I decided to have another séance with this medium. At the second séance, on his sitting down at the table with me, he was influenced to write in Chinese, and in three minutes by my watch he had made some two hundred and seventy complex Chinese characters. On the completion of the message it was signified by the raps that it was for me. I said I should have to get a translation to know its import or value. Immediately he was influenced to write, "Bro. Nichols, this is from the mediumship of Fanny Conant, and is from 'Confucius.'" I took the manuscript to Prof. J. R. Buchanan and requested him to find a Chinese scholar who could translate it. As yet I have not received it.

Before leaving home I had marked my slates with my private stamp, and also several sheets of paper with this private stamp upon it. The medium washed his own slates in my presence, and they appeared to be free from chemicals of any kind. I put them on the floor and put my foot upon them. In a few minutes on examining them, I found in a clear, legible hand, the following: "Dear —: From the beautiful fields of my spirit-home I come to fulfill the promise made you while in the form. —"

The medium did not touch the slates in any way. Next my own double slates were wrapped in paper securely, and I placed them on the floor. In a few minutes by the raps it was signified that writing had been accomplished. On

opening, I found written upon the slate in a clear running hand: "Can you imagine anything more beautiful than the Philosophy of Spiritualism. It destroys the dogmatic doctrine of a worn-out religion—relieves the mind from the pangs of a torturing Hell, and makes life a pleasant dream."

This was signed with the name of a very dearly loved one whom I had known for twenty years, and who has been a dweller in the spirit-world for many years. The medium did not touch the slates after they were in position, and they were not out of my sight a moment.

Another experiment was as follows: The medium took one of the sheets of paper I had brought with me and placed it in plain sight under a chair; he took a small piece of black cloth and threw over the chair, and stood up behind it. On taking out this sheet of paper a communication was found similar to the one I had on the slate. The name that was signed to the communication was, as stated above, that of a near relative. I have my doubts as to this spirit producing the phenomenon, although it might have been and was undeniably present.

In connection with this matter I made out a brief account and sent to the *New York Daily Sun*, hoping that it would be published, and that its publication might induce scientists in New York City to investigate the cause. Instead, Charles A. Dana visited the medium, and I think, got more than he was willing to publish.

The facts accumulate and the witnesses are becoming more numerous, and the scientists and the theologians in this country will be compelled to admit our facts, and accept our philosophy. So, patience, brothers and sisters, for the world does move in our day, and the demonstrations of spirit-presence are unassailable.

S. B. NICHOLS.

467 West 42nd street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Written for the Banner of Light.

A DIVINITY-SHAPED END.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

BY JOHN WETHERBEE.

CHAPTER II.

TREATS OF EMILY SOLEY AND THE PLAY OF LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM, WITH YOUTH OMITTED.

The late solstitial period in Mr. Piper's affectional nature was broken up by the chance mingling with the Soley girls, or—as one of them was now married—we should say Mrs. Shepard and Emily Soley. They were old acquaintances, although it had so happened they had not met for many months, or perhaps a year. As these long lapses from contact had occurred before, the fact hardly explains the disposition to coalesce that grew out of the present accidental association.

Emily Soley, therefore, was no new eye-opener to John Piper; his eyes had been open in her direction a number of times during the last decade, and her sister's also. The fact was, there was nothing persuasive about either, and so Piper never told his love, and for the very good reason he had none in his mouth to tell; he had told his love to even less persuasive girls, and made mistakes in doing so, either first or last. Perhaps, in the case of the Soley sisters, it was not their hour to shine in his horizon. One of these days these two sisters would be girls of wealth—heiresses—for old Soley, as their father was called, was quite rich, and every year he lived it rolled up more and more for them. He was the president of a bank, also, and so had financially an influence. He never spent any money foolishly, and in his charities his right hand did not know what his left hand did—probably no other person's hand did, either. He was a religious man, or, more properly speaking, he belonged to the Church; but that is no matter—he had the "tin"; but the trouble was, the girls had not. The sister had married a deacon in New Hampshire as his second wife, and very likely the apparent sacrifice of such future expectations set Mr. Piper thinking that there might be considerable show for him for securing the younger sister. Perhaps, as blessings brighten as they take their flight, he seeing the constellation of girls within his reach—or rather suitable, but generally, it seems, beyond his reach—was growing less, and this marriage of the sister, though not a new affair by a year or two, in his moments of reflection became a reminder of the subtraction of chances, and he began to feel a little moved in her direction. His eye, as has been stated, was on ready money. He believed in a bird in the hand as being better than a flock in the bushes, and old Soley also seemed in good preservation, and might be practically a perpetuity; but something moved him on in spite of these mental obstacles; it is possible her atmosphere was growing magnetic, and it is possible also that she may have been of a mathematical turn of mind, and had made calculations on the diminished chances, and would do now what she might have hesitated to do a year or two ago; but the whys and wherefores do not belong to this story, but this does: that at about this time Mrs. Shepard, the married sister, or deacon's wife, came to the city on a visit, and at a church fair about the same time—where she was present and where her sister Emily was actively interested—they both saw much of Mr. Piper. He made himself quite useful and attentive, if not profitable, and for the week that it lasted he was quite devoted, and seemed to be appreciated. In fact these fairs, and other gatherings under the auspices of the church, are really more for the benefit and enjoyment socially of the workers and the patrons than for their ostensible charitable objects; there is no denying this, and no harm in the fact; it brings people together without the stiffness customary in polite private life; and this special fair did bring out Mr. Piper's good nature, and made almost equal to good and easy manners. The Soleys were not popular girls, and Emily could not have thought her sister had made much of a strike, as the saying is, in becoming the second wife of a country deacon—though he was one of the richest men in Plainville—and the fact may have suggested the marking of herself down to meet the market; but these things cannot be explained. Emily appeared to be receptive, and Piper soft, and before the sister returned to New Hampshire he had come to the conclusion that wealth in prospective was next to wealth in hand, and the two came to an understanding and were affianced.

Emily was mature, and like her sister had not the pick of the market, but she was one who would have her own way in the disposition of her own person; did not consult her father, and the old man did not meddle much with what was more his daughter's business than his, and besides, the play of "Sweethearts and Wives" was seldom performed in that family.

After a very short courtship, which was as intense and about as silly as young love usually

is, and seemed more so from an objective point of view, when the slower blood of mature life was coursing in their veins, as was the case with this pair, and almost before old Soley was aware of the probable acquisition to his family, the married and the affianced took a journey to New Hampshire, Mrs. Shepard to her home, and Emily as her guest; and though Mr. Piper was left behind, the momentum of the week's courtship was still felt, and besides he wore her ringlet and ideally her image next his heart, and she had his—not exactly a ringlet; but a lock of rather sandy-colored hair—but it is presumed it kept the connection, and thus with both of them the sacred flame of love was kept perpetually burning; and judging the future by the past in Mr. Piper's experience in passionate manifestations, the personal separation may have insured endurance when uninterrupted continuity might have bred contempt.

While these two ladies are riding toward and into New Hampshire, and living over again in conversation the pleasant hours they had left behind them, we will go back to Mr. Piper in his loneliness, or rather his happiness, and with pencil in hand still further elaborate his picture; that is, bring out his prominent, if not his salient points, which in his case was an easier process.

One must not set it down as a weakness in Mr. Piper that he was a little superstitious; a great many wiser heads are weak in the same way, who think green an unlucky color; that things are apt to turn out badly when commenced on Fridays; if one stumbled on entering a room or a house it was ominous. Mr. Piper quoted from the Bible to sustain this point thus: "For many men that stumble at the threshold are well foretold that danger lurks within"—only it happened to be from Shakespeare rather than Moses or Paul; but it must be remembered that Piper had no early educational advantages, and what little he knew he had picked up in his intercourse with people. These ominous traits were in some degree inherited; he had an aunt that was odd or eccentric; some accounted for it because she was born with a caul; she could tell fortunes, read futures in tea-cups, and had a following of adolescent people who enjoyed her previsions whether they defaulted or not. In one of her inspired moments, and with eyes set, acting the gypsy role, she put her hand on her nephew's head, then a lad of sixteen, and said, looking at vacancy as if it were futurity, "Thou wilt be ever seeking thy fortune, but never finding it; thou wilt sow, but thou wilt not reap; but he not east down, thou wilt see sunshine in thy afternoon, and thy later days will be thy best days." This forecasting or guessing made an impression on his memory, and particularly from the fact that it was substantially repeated a year or two afterwards by this family seeress, and in her last sickness, when she predicted correctly the day of her own death, which occurred before he left the old home on the hills, which he did when about twenty years old.

The record of the last dozen years seemed to have corroborated the prevision of his aunt, and now having turned thirty-five, which in a man's life is high noon, he began to think of afternoon and sunshine; and associating the thought with the now absent Emily, he tried to feel (and being of a hopeful turn of mind, quite successfully) that the wind of his life was beginning to blow from the west, and that his balmy moments were drawing near.

It will help the future of this narrative to say that one of John Piper's ways of assuming a virtue, in a business way, without having it, was to advertise a long list of stocks for sale; and his list in the newspapers was often as long as an auctioneer's. One need not have the stocks on hand, because he advertises twenty or thirty kinds, at twenty cents a line; there is no trouble in getting them when they are wanted. And thus a man without a pocket—or rather a pocket-book—will appear to the distant reader like a man of stamps; and Mr. Piper did pick up enough of the country trade, in this way, to more than pay the costs for the show of appearing in possession of assets and business.

Old Soley knew Mr. Shadows very well, and often consulted with him on the state of the market, though the latter had a very poor opinion of Mr. Soley, and used to think his name ought to have been Mr. Soulless. It would seem on leaving home that Emily briefly informed her father that she had engaged herself to Mr. Piper; she had not made up her mind when to get married—probably not at present, and there the matter rested, as between father and daughter, and soon after the two ladies started on their journey, as has already been mentioned.

Says Mr. Soley to Mr. Shadows, whom he accidentally met on the next day after this departure:

"You know Mr. Piper very well, don't you?"

"Very well," says Shadows.

"He has n't any property, has he?" says Soley.

"No," says Shadows; "but you know that as well as I do."

"I know it, I know it," responded Soley, "but I did not know but he had been picking up some of late. I heard that he had given a poor fellow in Portland fifty dollars in charity."

"Yes, Mr. Soley; that is a fact; and a few of us made it up to him. The influence of the donation was good; it made one of the men of your stamp, Mr. Soley, open his wallet wider than it had been opened for an age."

Shadows then gave Mr. Soley the inside view of that incident, remarking that the Lord loves a cheerful giver; but he did not think he loved the man for that particular wide opening. "But it did us fifty dollars' worth of good, it was managed so neatly by Piper; and we pooled up the money to make him whole very readily. Mr. Piper is a very industrious man," said Shadows, "and if you can give him any business, Mr. Soley, you will be helping a very worthy individual."

"Oh!" said Soley, "I don't want to help anybody."

But the conversation not taking the turn Mr. Soley expected, he at once said:

"My reason for speaking to you about Piper is, he has formed an attachment for my daughter, who reciprocates it; and before things get too far, I wanted to get at his circumstances—whether he can support a family, or whether, between you and me, I have got to support him. That is business, you know."

"I am very glad to hear it," said Shadows. "It is just the thing; he is just the blood you want in your family. I should think, with a little capital as a starter, he could support a family; and you are so able, you would not object to giving him a lift under such circumstances."

Mr. Soley appeared uneasy; but an impulse came upon Shadows, as he thought he saw a movement tending to the more equal distribu-

tion of wealth and traits, to further it, so that posterity would be benefited if this age was not. He said to this wealthy bank president:

"You have got in your family qualities that are worth perpetuating; you are frugal, a good judge of property, know how to get it and how to keep it, and are thrifty. Now how fortunate that your daughter did not fancy a man of the same compound of qualities that are accented in your line; for in that case the next generation might be so one-sided in a safe direction as to produce unpopular misers. Sometimes kleptomaniacs are made in that way. Now it seems to me," continued Mr. Shadows, "that as a kind father and good man, wishing to leave the world better than you found it, you should select qualities to graft on your family tree that your tree needs, so that, figuratively speaking, the fruit will get the premium when the world sees it. It strikes me, Mr. Soley, that Mr. Piper is the man to fill your gaps, so to speak. I look upon his bias in your direction as a streak of good luck. Just look at it, Mr. Soley: he is a healthy man, of good constitution—that is equal to money any time; he is also a man of good character; he has no vices; he is kind-hearted—his liberal donation, where he subtracted fifty dollars out of a mean millionaire's pocket and passed it along heavenward by the way of Portland, shows that. It seems to me as though nature had sent him along, as she is apt to, to equalize things. True, he is not strictly a religious man, but I have noticed," said Shadows, "some signs of weak piety that could be fanned into flame; he goes to meetings Sundays, and is attracted to church fairs, festivals and picnics. I dare say he is as much after society and social enjoyment as he is after religion or godliness; but he is not the least disinclined to piety, any more than you are; and a little liberality manifested to him by you would carry him, from gratitude, into the bosom of the Church. Seems to me your daughter, presuming her to be a chip of the family block, needs just what John Piper has got, and he needs just what is abundant in your family; and there will be progress in your line if the desires of the young people are carried out."

Mr. Soley made no comment; he did not know what to say; he listened thoughtfully, got some faint glimpses of wisdom, and retired without expressing any opinion. Mr. Shadows heard, through a mutual friend, that Mr. Soley asked him if Shadows was all right here, pointing at his head when he said "here." Thus the man of yesterday can never understand the man of to-day.

Some weeks after this conversation between Shadows and Soley, John Piper was sitting at his desk waiting for business, and thinking of his future and of Emily; and among his thoughts he was wondering how long the old man would live, and what the chances were of anticipating, in a small way, some of the eventual pile in the way of a loan. In the midst of these cogitations the postman handed him a letter postmarked New Hampshire. His heart beat quickly, for he thought he felt the warmth that was in the words inside. A shade of disappointment came over his face as his eyes fell on the bold penmanship of a man instead of the neat writing of a female. The disappointment seemed to change and his face brightened up as he read the letter and found there was money to come out of it, it being on business in his line.

We will leave him reading the letter and thinking in what way he would answer it, while the reader will go back with us a few years and gather up some of the threads of long ago and follow them down the web of time till they make their connection with Mr. Piper at the point where we have now left him, reading a letter of not unusual import, and having no connection with Emily Soley or love or matrimony; yet in the end it was one of the emphasized features of his life, and on it will hinge all the lasting interest that the reader will take in him.

Written for the Banner of Light.

THE BETTER DAY.

BY L. G. BLANCHARD.

The world shall not be groping
In darkness any;
There comes, as all are hoping,
That better day
Foretold by seers and sages;
No Sabbath time!
An age to crown the ages
With work sublime!
A day for Nature's glory,
And Reason's light;
When, leaving myth and story,
Men walk by sight;
And lofty Use and Duty
Unite to give
A better growth and beauty
To all that live.
When chains shall fall asunder,
Whatever they be,
Our race the wide cope under
Shall all be free,
And from all superstition
Souls shall be freed;
Interred with old Tradition,
All cant and creed.
No more shall Truth be slighted,
Nor Right despised,
Nor Love's sweet buds be blighted
In Wrong's foul air.
But neighbor unto neighbor
Shall do no wrong;
The daily voice of Labor
Shall be a song!
Then flesh shall seek the server,
And not the served;
Genius shall move no fervor
Whom self has swerved.
For goodness shall be greatness
In that new day;
And honor charm the straightness
Of virtue's way.
Then mad war's desolations
Shall be no more;
But love unite the nations,
The round world o'er.
Death, which so long bereft us,
Shall yield its reign;
The loving ones who left us
Come off again.
The Way shall be a highway
That leads to heaven—
No more a gated byway,
To th' elect given;
And to and fro the angels
Shall brightly throng,
Gladding earth with evangel,
Love, light, and song!
So tell the seers and sages,
Oh, might it be
The hope of all the ages
Our eyes should see
For light is breaking, breaking;
The day is near!
The worlds waking, waking;
King out the cheer!

Judge of time improvement, but by what thou speakest of wisdom, and the earnestness of thy mind and the government of thy passions and affections—
Fuller.

[From the Newport Mercury, Jan. 4th, 1868. Republished in the Providence (R. I.) Journal for Aug. 7th, 1880.]

The Three Great Problems of the Nineteenth Century that are to Culminate by the Expiration of the Twentieth.

"There is a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may."

First, in order of time, stands *African Colonization*, which was commenced about fifty years since by a few liberal and far-seeing men, whose declared object was to "colonize in Africa, with their own consent, the free people of color of the United States." Wise as these men were, they still "built wiser than they knew." Paradoxical as it may seem, war and irruption, attended by colonization, have ever been the great civilizers of mankind. To this rule there has been one exception. A hundred millions of men existed in the tropical regions of Africa, wholly beyond the reach of civilization, for the reason that the climate would not admit of the lengthy sojourn of any other than the negro race.

In the order of Providence, a small portion of these were expatriated by violence from their native land, to become slaves to the white people of civilized races in America, where, like the Hebrews of old, they have for centuries, amidst oppression and fears, been gradually acquiring a knowledge of the arts of civilization. The time has come for their redemption, and is close at hand, for their emigration to the fatherland by hundreds of thousands and by millions. And vain will be all the efforts of selfish men, whether friends or foes, to stay the exodus. They will mostly leave the cotton-fields of the South to be cultivated by other undeveloped races, and go to the land of their forefathers and brethren, and assist in building up a "United States of Africa," the foundation of which is already permanently laid in Liberia, that before the close of the twentieth century will extend from sea to sea, and rival in extent in all the useful arts in social and religious culture, and in the benevolence of its government, the best State of America.

The next great problem in order of time is "Modern Spiritualism," the cardinal foundation of which rests upon the tangible communication of spirits (of all grades) out of the flesh with mortals. Its revival (for it is not claimed to be anything new in the world) commenced about twenty years ago, and such has been its progress, that those who now acknowledge its fundamental truths are numbered in the United States alone by millions. Its mission is to inculcate doctrines and precepts similar to those taught in his day by the divinely inspired Jesus of Nazareth, but which were too far in advance of that heathen age to be received and practiced upon in their true spirit and meaning. Now that mankind have so far progressed that tyrants and bigots can no longer hang, burn and torture "spirit mediums," under the sanction of civil or ecclesiastical law, it is very certain that another century will scarce witness the effect of "Spiritualism" will so pervade the whole earth, that both bodily and mental slavery will come to an end, and Kings and Priests will be numbered with the things that were.

The third and last problem in progress is the modern now, to obtain for woman her natural rights of which through the universal prevalence of the law of force she has been unjustly deprived. Man is, and ever has been, by nature, a savage in disposition; and, apart from the influence of woman, a brute in manners. Under his sole administration the world for thousands of years lay writhing in darkness and agony. The best codes he has ever yet devised have been but compounds of lies written in blood, and forced upon the acceptance of his fellows with the threat of the sword. Having no confidence in his own goodness, the male law-maker has never evinced any in that of his fellow-men, and have ever been made to the instinct of fear rather than to the nobler sentiments that elevate man above the commission of crime. Every line of his jurisprudence ferociously roars "believe or be damned!" Do or die! Not a volume even whispers, anywhere, "neither do I condemn thee! Go and sin no more."

The experiment of masculine rule has been tried long enough. Six thousand years of war, bloodshed, hypocrisy and crime have pronounced it a gross failure. It is high time that the feminine element was called to its aid. The world have ever been made to the instinct of fear rather than to the nobler sentiments that elevate man above the commission of crime. Every line of his jurisprudence ferociously roars "believe or be damned!" Do or die! Not a volume even whispers, anywhere, "neither do I condemn thee! Go and sin no more."

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That change will soon come. Woman will assume her place in the Government, in the professions, in business and society. Then will wars cease to afflict the earth. Then will our sanguinary laws be amended. The law of force will give place to that of love. The gallows will be wholly and forever abandoned, and our prisons be turned into houses of reform, and the glorious day, "foretold by prophets and by poets sung," will quickly appear and gladden the hearts of a world redeemed from sin and suffering, through the ministry of angels and their sisters on earth. THOMAS R. HAZARD.

Onset Bay Grove.

Dear readers of the *Banner of Light*: On Sunday, Aug. 15th, after a very interesting services at the lovely auditorium, a party consisting of seven different States crossed to Wick's Island in a pleasant sail-boat, by invitation of that indefatigable worker for humanity, and especially woman, Mrs. Dr. Cutter, so widely known and highly appreciated for her labor, through the South and West during the past six years, who now proposes to build a "Home for the Sick and Weak" of God's children upon this beautiful island. From each member of the party of twelve or fifteen persons she had most encouraging and cheering words, with the name of the institution given.

She must not be left alone to establish and support this most praiseworthy work for our Father's and Mother's family; and I propose that all persons who read this, and use tobacco or liquors, or otherwise indulge in needless and hurtful habits, take one dollar out of the ordinary expenses of this kind, and send to Mrs. Dr. Cutter, Onset Bay Grove, and I will guarantee it will be used for a nobler purpose than has before served. In doing this you will not only help her to help some poor, sick, heart-weary brother or sister, but immensely bless the world.

Humanity's Friend,

M. S. TOWNSEND-WOOD.

P. S.—Every dollar, yes, every twenty-five cents, will be recorded to the credit of the donors, and kept at the "Home" I have put my dollar in the treasury. Do ye likewise.

New Publications.

Forty Days Without Food. A Biography of Henry S. Tanner, M. D., including a Complete and Accurate History of his Wonderful Fast, viz: 42 Days in Minneapolis, and 40 Days in New York, with valuable Deductions. By Robert A. Gunn, M. D., New York: Albert Metz & Co., publishers, 40 John Street.

Dr. Tanner, whose recent prolonged period of fasting has attracted much attention, not only here but in Europe, was born in England in 1831 and came to this country in 1848. In 1857 he connected himself as a student with an allopathic Medical College, but becoming convinced that the intolerance of that system was a hindrance to progress, left it and entered the Eclectic Medical Institute in Cincinnati, O. He graduated in 1859, and has practiced as a physician from that time to the present, with the exception of eighteen months during the war, when he enlisted in the service, was assigned to the 41st Ohio Volunteers and shortly after detailed as hospital steward. During his long term of practice, he claimed that the electricity of the atmosphere was an important factor in sustaining animal life, and that many diseases could be more successfully treated by abstaining from food than by the use of drugs. Holding these views, he not only advised patients to go without food, but on many occasions abstained from eating for periods of from two to ten days, with the view of curing his own indispositions. In 1877, while practicing medicine in Minneapolis, he went without food forty-two days.

When, two years ago, the case of Miss Mollie Fancher was attracting public attention, and an acceptance of Dr. Hammond's bombastic challenge to her was wisely declined, Dr. Tanner offered to accept it as the champion of Miss Fancher, and for that purpose visited New York. But this was not what Dr. Hammond had anticipated, and he denied having made the challenge. Finding it impossible to commence his experiment under the direction of Dr. Hammond, Dr. Tanner placed himself under the auspices of the Faculty of the United States Medical College, and commenced his second long fast in their rooms on June 28th, 1880, at noon. Watchers were constantly in attendance, consisting of forty physicians of the U. S. College, sixteen allopathic physicians and ten medical students, all of whom are prepared to certify under oath that the doctor took no food during their respective watches. In addition to these, at no time was a representative of the *New York Herald* absent from the side of the faster, a stroke of enterprise on the part of that journal that assured the public of the honesty of Dr. Tanner, at a cost to its publishers of nearly \$1,000. The forty days' fast ended at noon August 10th, when he took food, and has since rapidly recuperated.

This book will interest nearly every one, containing as it does all that the public desire to know of each day's experience; but there is one feature of it that does not impress us favorably, and that is a catering to popular prejudice against Spiritualism. Some one having charged a belief in it upon Dr. Tanner, he or his agents took early occasion to publicly deny it, and that denial is brought into this book. It does not appear to us that his belief or non-belief in Spiritualism has anything to do with his being able to exist forty days without food; and we opine that if it had been said he was an Orthodox, a Baptist or a Methodist, neither he nor any agent of his would have hurried off to the daily papers with a denial. He admits that he believes in the existence of spirits and of their ability to communicate with their friends on earth; but Modern Spiritualism he ignores; and thus, in his statements of what he believes and what he does not believe, undertakes the hopeless task of proving there is a distinction where there is no difference. It would have been a wiser course in him for his own credit to have said nothing about it, and left the public to form their own opinions—which they always do, and will now, regardless of what he may have said. There can be no doubt that over-eating is a prolific cause of disease; and if Dr. Tanner's exhibition serves to teach the people this truth, and to improve their habits in that direction, it will not have been made in vain.

THOMAS PAINE, THE APOSTLE OF RELIGIOUS AND POLITICAL LIBERTY. By John E. Remsburg. Boston: Published by J. E. Remsburg.

The author's aim in the production of this work has been to furnish authentic information respecting the life and labors of one whose treatment by the people of this country has confirmed the truth of the old maxim, "Republiques are ungrateful," though this treatment is attributable in a great measure, if not altogether, to the false light in which those who opposed but could not refute his writings held his character up to public view. Mr. Remsburg has studiously and impartially examined the charges of the opponents of Mr. Paine and the claims of his friends; rejected most of the former for want of evidence of their truth, and some of the latter for good and sufficient reasons, and made up and published in a neat and convenient form what may be accepted by all lovers of truth as an honest and reliable estimate of his life and character. At the present time the writings of Thomas Paine cannot prove specially objectionable, even to churchmen, unless it be those, and they are not few in number, who have inherited an antipathy against him; for there are scores of speakers and writers who make "divine things" with far greater freedom than he ever thought of doing. The world moves, and the "servants of God" must move with it, or fall and be crushed beneath the wheels of the ever-advancing car of progress.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE FOURTH GOSPEL; External Evidence. By Ezra Abbot, D. D., LL.D., Bussey Professor of New Testament Criticism and Interpretation in the Divinity School of Harvard University. Boston: Geo. C. Shuman, 101 Milk Street. This is an essay read, in part, before the "Ministers' Institute," at its public meeting last October, in Providence, R. I., and its purpose is to establish the genuineness of the gospel ascribed to John. It is a very elaborate treatise, and to those interested in historical research tending to prove that the Scriptures were written by those to whom their authorship is ascribed, will be of interest; but to our way of thinking the living questions of our own times, the Scriptures that are coming through the inspired channels of our own day and generation, are better suited to our wants and more worthy of our consideration. It is of trifling consequence who wrote the Gospel of St. John; whatever there is in it of truth is of value and will endure and be profitable to mankind; whatever else there may be will pass away; and of this the people are to be their own judges.

DIRECTIONS FOR SWEDISH SERVANTS, and phrases translated to Swedish. Instruction for Tjenestfolk. Samtliga på Engelska och Svenska af A. Benj. Lund. Revised edition, with additions. Boston: A. Williams & Co., 283 Washington Street.

This is a book that will enable employers and those whom they employ, one or both of whom may be unacquainted with the English and Swedish languages, to converse upon ordinary topics.

THE BOOK OF ENSLAGE; or the New Dispensation for Farmers. Experience with Enslage at Winning Farm. By John M. Bailey. "Enslage" is forage crops cut while green into pieces less than half an inch long, trampled down solidly in the silo and subjected to a heavy and continuous pressure. The "Silo" is a cistern, or vat, air and watertight at bottom and sides, with an open top. Dr. Bailey's experience, as given in this book, shows that the cost of keeping stock upon ensilage fodder is less than one-half as much as in the usual way. He claims that by the adoption of this system milk may be produced at one cent a quart, butter for ten, beef for four, and similar farm products at relatively low prices. The author is a practical New England farmer and well-known stock-raiser. Marshall F. Wilder publicly thanked him for his efforts in behalf of agricultural science, and gave it as his opinion that Enslage will prove a great blessing to the world. This book, containing in a plain practical manner all the necessary instructions, details and specifications for building silos of all sizes, and the manner of preserving green forage by this system, is published by the author at Ellerslie, Mass.

"Spiritual Harmonies."

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*: I have just read Dr. Feibels' "Spiritual Harmonies." It contains some gospel hymns which I should have left out had been making the selections; but on the whole it will fill a vacant place in our spiritual literature. The definition of Spiritualism is the finest thing I have ever seen from the pen of "The Spiritualist." Some of the hymns are really good. It must meet with a ready sale. GEO. A. FULLER. Beverly, Mass., July 26th, 1880.

TO BOOK-PURCHASERS.
 COLBY & RICH, Publishers and Bookellers, No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province Street, Boston, Mass., keep for sale a complete assortment of Spiritual, Progressive, Reformatory and Miscellaneous Books, at Wholesale and Retail.
 Terms Cash—Orders for books, to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by full payment. When the money forwarded is not sufficient to the order, the balance must be paid C. O. D. Orders for books, to be sent by Mail, must be accompanied by cash to the amount of each order. As the substitution of silver for fractional currency renders the transmitting of small coin very expensive and subject to possible loss, we would remind our patrons that they can remit us the fractional part of a dollar in postage stamps—new and used preferred. All business operations looking to the sale of books on commission respectfully declined. Any book published in England or America (not out of print) will be sent by mail or express.
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 In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of impersonal free thought, but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents give utterance.
 We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer must in all cases be indelibly guaranteed of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve manuscripts that are not used. When manuscripts are forwarded which contain matter for our inspection, the sender will confer a favor by drawing a line around the article he desires specially to recommend for publication.
 Notices of Spiritualist Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Monday, as the BANNER OF LIGHT goes to press every Tuesday.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1880.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE.
 No. 9 Montgomery Place, corner of Province Street (Lower Floor).

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AGENTS:
 THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY,
 14 Franklin Street, Boston.

THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY,
 39 and 41 Chambers Street, New York.

COLBY & RICH,
 PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

ISAAC B. RICH, Business Manager,
 LUTHER COLBY, Editor,
 JOHN W. DAY, Assistant Editor.

Business Letters should be addressed to ISAAC B. RICH, Banner of Light Publishing House, Boston, Mass. All other letters and communications should be forwarded to LUTHER COLBY.

SPIRITUALISM, like an enduring rock, rises up amid the conflicting elements of ignorance and passion—a rock which the surges of Time and Change can never shake—on whose Heaven-lighted pinnacle the Angels build their altars, and whose beacon-lights to illuminate the world.—Prof. S. B. Brittan.

The Rev. Joseph Cook.
 In a recent discourse at Saratoga the Rev. Joseph Cook took particular pains to disabuse the public mind of the impression that he is a Spiritualist. As the best way of correcting this notion, he seems to have launched into a violent tirade against Spiritualism itself. We doubt the wisdom of this course. He could better have served his ends, we think, by simply stating the facts as they really are; confessing that Spiritualism proper is merely the doctrine that there is an intercommunication between the spirit-world and this—a doctrine which was entertained by all the seers and saints referred to in the Biblical narratives, and most unequivocally taught by Christ and his apostles.

As for the supposed individual heresies and immoralities of persons of our day calling themselves Spiritualists, Mr. Cook should have told his audience frankly that these have nothing to do with the essential question, *Do spiritual manifestations, whether good or evil, occur?* Are phenomena, which Christians of our day accept as having been possible eighteen hundred years ago, possible now? By limiting himself to this inquiry we think that Mr. Cook would have disarmed his evangelical assailants, and have avoided giving offence to any class of intelligent believers.

Having admitted certain phenomena, apparently preterhuman, he is at perfect liberty to put what construction on them he pleases. But what possible bearing on the truth itself has all this abuse of Spiritualism, as if it were a purely human product, instead of a fact of the ages, an outcome from the unseen universe—throwing light on all human history down to the present time?

Like every great truth, Spiritualism may be a good thing to the good, and a bad thing to the bad. The art of printing and the art of photography may be used for very bad purposes as well as for very good. The very art of writing makes possible the perpetration of forgery. Mr. Cook's blunder is in not having made a wise discrimination between a universal, eternal fact, and its abuses. What conceivable pertinency was there in his dragging into his Saratoga lecture a story of some mediumistic profligate or impostor, who tried to exercise a sinister mesmeristic power over a young lady he met in a railroad car? Is it fair to bring up such an occurrence (supposing it true) against Spiritualism, any more than it is to bring up the multiplied escapades and wrong-doings of certain unworthy clergymen in various parts of the country as arguments against Christianity? Such attempts to create prejudice are plainly unjustifiable. Mediums are generally passive subjects rather than active agents in mesmeristic cases.

Mr. Cook should have boldly said to his evangelical brethren: "You charge me with Spiritualism. I admit that I am a Spiritualist, for I could not have been a Christian without being at the same time a Spiritualist. Did not Christ repeatedly manifest his intense belief in the agency of spirits, bad and good? Did not Paul and the other apostles do the same? I am a Spiritualist after their type. I put the Biblical interpretation on these manifestations, if, as I have postulated, they are genuine. When you charge me with being a Spiritualist after the type of those men who justify their immorality, their atheism or their sensualism, by their appeal to the authority of spirit-tramps as their advisers or mentors, then I protest against your accusation as a gross, dishonest slander; and I denounce that sort of Spiritualism as demoralizing and corrupt. I believe that good and pure men and women among Modern Spiritualists (and there probably are such) do the same. Spiritualism does not make characters—it finds them already made. The good may find in it stepping-stones to further good; and the bad may find in it aids to further evil. Spiritualism is merely the fact that there is an unseen world of spirits, communicating, under certain conditions, with the inhabitants of this planet. As well might I denounce human nature itself, because of the evils developed through it, as denounce Spiritualism proper because of the fact that bad people may adopt it, or that ignorant people may misconstrue the great truths it brings, or that evil men may retain their evil propensities in the next life."

We think if Mr. Cook had confined himself to this line of argument and reply, he would have taken all point and pith out of the attacks of

his evangelical brethren, and at the same time given no offence whatever to liberal Spiritualists. The latter are quite content with what he has done; inasmuch as he has told the truth as to his witnessing certain inexplicable phenomena. We are willing that he should now construct any theory that he pleases to account for them. If he attributes them all to bad spirits, and he gives reasons therefor, every sincere Spiritualist will be grateful for any new light he may bring to the discussion of the question. If he can explain them by some recondite, original theory, he may be sure that he will receive a respectful hearing.

But this confounding of Spiritualism with its abuses, or with the bad things done or said, whether by mortals or impure spirits, is an unfortunate blunder, which we sincerely regret. We regret it because Mr. Cook has rendered a real service to the cause of truth in manfully testifying to what he has seen. This being so, his evangelical opponents are manifestly in the wrong; since their position lies in the fact that he has dared to testify to an unpopular truth—the truth, namely, that certain inexplicable phenomena do occur; and that the eminent German physicists and philosophers, who have recently tested and proved them, are neither dupes nor liars.

We can readily forgive, and only regret, Mr. Cook's mistakes, in consideration of the good he has done. It is something to help to move to this Saddle-point age that there is such a thing in this stupendous universe as the agency of a spirit, even though the presumption in certain quarters may be that it is a bad spirit. For this service we are grateful to Mr. Cook, and in consideration of it we can overlook much that is objectionable in his vehement philippics.

As Mrs. Hardinge Britten has made a full reply to his attacks on Spiritualists and Spiritualism, and as that reply is likely to be soon published, it is quite unnecessary for us to say more at this time in vindication of a cause which really needs no vindication; which Mr. Cook has helped by his intrepid testimony; and which he now cannot possibly damage by anything he may say derogatory to the character of Spiritualists, or prejudicial to the great fact of Spiritualism itself; since, if a fact, it is as much God's fact as the existence of the solar system.

Spirit Materialization.

The inspirational address on the above subject, made through the organization of Mrs. F. O. Hoyer and published in full in last week's *Banner*, cannot have been read by any one without feelings of true pleasure and satisfaction. The spiritual biography which the gifted medium sketched for herself was as much a part of the address itself, and as significant and vital a part, as was her recital of the cases of spirit materialization which came under her observation. In reference to that portion of her address, we cannot do better in any commentary upon it than to repeat her own well-chosen words, as follows: "The spiritual philosophy, as taught me for the last twenty-seven years in one unbroken chain of harmonious logic, has been directed in quite a contrary line from the sequences of this argument"—referring to what had gone before. "It has led me to see that the more spiritual we become in relation to ourselves, the more easily we can overcome the gross conditions surrounding us, and the more powerful we grow in our influence over others." Her purpose was to present the subject of Spirit Materialization in its universal sense and significance, and then to analyze its special characteristics. "I unfolded," she says, "from unseen, spiritual causes, or germinal conditions, into seen and substantial, or ponderable results. . . . I de-materialized the babe to become the child of larger growth, and de-materialized the child of larger growth for womanly development. Looking around me, above me and beneath me, reading the great book of Nature's living, breathing revelations, I have found that all we call progression, evolution or reformation, is only one continuous and unbroken process of Spirit Materialization and De-materialization."

This is well said, and it comprehends more than is commonly met with in similarly brief statements. The thought of to-day, she says, is only the emotion of yesterday. Restored health is the materialization of an organization that had been physically prostrated. In her case, she says that sickness was not healed, but that her real self, the spirit immortal, was moving into outer conditions, matter being in travail. "Spirit had its birth, as it always does, successfully, whether we know it or not, and I, in being 'born again,' was said to have been healed. I could have no relapse. I was unfolded." And she speaks with perfect confidence of her inspiration having been a materialization, or an "appreciable embodiment of the sweet, poetical, God-adoring emotions and faintly embryoid thought-forms of my earliest memories of being." "I never once thought," she says, "that it would be beneath the Being who had taken the trouble to 'make' me, to hold conversation with me. I thought He, of all living persons, was the one to appeal to in all my troubles and to thank for all my blessings; and no human theory to the contrary ever had any influence over my convictions." She says she has never attended a single séance for materialization with any particular personal interest, from the fact that she was "in hourly communion with spirit-friends and teachers, through inspiration and seership; having also seen in the laws of spirit and matter that sooner or later the invisible must inevitably become visible, since all Nature confirms the enunciation of our dear brother and fellow-seer of Nazareth, that 'there is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed.'"

Personal gratification, in connection with spirit materialization, she rightly regards as of slight importance in comparison with "the immortal interests of humanity which are embodied in its revelation." "Fastened as we are by the laws of our identity to ponderable matter," she asks, "what question can embody greater consequences to us than that involving our power as immortal spirits to direct and control such matter?" What are we all, she inquires again, but "breathing miracles of law"? And—"how can I sit in judgment on Infinitude, not being infinite?" And—"how can I name correctly the shadow, till I have seen its substance? I must know the possibilities of God before I can define their negations." The lecture abounds with clear-cut and definitely expressed thoughts like the above; while its recitals, by way of illustrating and confirming them, are vivid and impressive to the last degree. The spirit of beauty hovers around this medium, invoking harmony between the experience and its outward expression. Materialization with her is evidently a process of spirit unfolding, progress being but a continual re-embodiment of new emotions, thoughts and experience. And this is life in its true sense.

Gleanings from English Exchanges.

Mrs. Esperance met with an accident by which she dislocated her elbow and was obliged to have the arm bandaged in splints and suspended in a sling. In this condition she gave a séance, at which the spirit-forms came out as usual. "Yolanda" came with bare arms, and was greatly puzzled why the company were interested in examining her elbow.

The well-known materializing medium, Harry Bastian, is now in London, and is located, as on his previous visit, at 2 Vernon Place, Bloomsbury Square. He gave his first séance on the 10th ult. The London *Spiritualist* says:

"Mr. Bastian sat, in a tolerably good light, in a little cabinet, across which a short curtain was pulled, so that the head and shoulders of the medium could be clearly seen, while the rest of him was in that shade which favors materialization. Under these circumstances, bare living hands and arms were thrust over the top of the curtain several times, while Mr. Bastian raised both his own hands to his face, to show that the protruded hands belonged to somebody else, although it was not possible for any embodied mortal to get into the cabinet with Mr. Bastian."

During Mr. Walker's absence from Cape Town, South Africa, the lecture platform has been occupied by Mr. and Miss Brown. Developing circles have been instituted and convincing proofs of spirit identity given.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond is meeting with great success on her lecturing tour in the north of England.

In Liverpool, Mr. Wright is speaking upon subjects chosen by the audience. He lately gave a fine discourse upon "Joan of Arc," and has just commenced a second course of six lectures. His mediumistic powers are said to be of a high order, and the treatment of subjects by his control very satisfactory.

The imprisonment of Mr. F. O. Matthews has greatly enlarged his sphere of usefulness, and he is now known in hundreds of places where otherwise he would never have been heard of. He has recently given sixteen public meetings at Newcastle, at which many convincing tests were given. In one case he described a spirit, and said that the picture of the person was in the pocket of one of the audience, and had been brought several times before in hopes the spirit would show himself. The facts were exactly as stated. Mr. Matthews designs coming to the United States in about two months.

The Puritan Sabbath not Going—but Gone.

Last year Mr. Lyman Abbott, who in conjunction with Henry Ward Beecher edits the *Christian Union*, stated in that paper that the Puritan Sabbath was not going, but had actually gone. That remark caused quite a perceptible flutter of excitement among a certain class of religionists whose eyes must be in the back of their heads, judging from the view they have of things, and the *Union* was taken severely to task for expressing such an opinion. Mr. Abbott then based his statement upon what he witnessed at Martha's Vineyard. This season he is at Bar Harbor, the principal resort for visitors at Mount Desert, from which place he writes that his experience there newly illustrates and confirms the truth of what he said last year about the Sabbath that came over in the Mayflower. There are but two churches, both of which hold only 500 or 600 people, and there are from 5000 to 6000 people in the village. He says:

"There was certainly no semblance of disorder or boisterousness of any kind; and of course there is no drinking, or at least there is not a public drinking shop or bar, for Mount Desert is under the Maine law; but if Cotton Mather could visit from his grave and walk through the streets of Bar Harbor on a Sunday morning, it is certain that he would never guess that he was in a Puritan village on a Puritan Sabbath. I repeat, the Puritan Sabbath is not going, it has gone; and our question of to-day is not, How can we preserve what no longer exists? But what shall we put in its place? Or, if you prefer, How shall we rebuild and restore it?"

Reform of the Vaccination Law in England.

A deputation of influential medical men recently had an interview with Mr. Dodson, the President of the Local Government Board, in London, on the subject of the Vaccination Acts Amendment Bill now before the House of Parliament, in opposition to its passage. Mr. Dodson quite justly admitted that the opinion of the medical profession was entitled to great weight, but could not admit on such a question as the present that they were entitled to outweigh other opinions, and more especially the opinions of those people who had to administer the law. The deputation then withdrew.

Subsequently a large deputation of the opponents of compulsory vaccination waited upon Mr. Dodson, among whom were several members of Parliament and the medical profession. After offering arguments in support of their position, and the presentation by Mr. W. Tebb, Chairman of the London Anti-Vaccination Society, of an able memorial against all statutes making vaccination compulsory, Mr. Dodson replied that he had listened with great interest to what had been said, and held the greatest respect and sympathy for those who thought their children had suffered through the law. Having now ascertained their opinion on this point, he did not think he could say anything more than that he was glad to have met them. Sergeant Simon thanked the Right Honorable gentleman, and the deputation withdrew.

The Questions and Answers Department.

By reference to our sixth page it will be seen that the questions asked of and answered by the spirit-guides of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond last winter at the *Banner of Light* Free Circle-Room have all been published, and that we have commenced the presentation of those answered by W. J. Colville at the same place, after his return from the West.

It is due to all parties to announce that we have now made a new arrangement, whereby Miss M. T. Shellhamer will hereafter hold two sittings per week at our Circle-Room—on the afternoons of Tuesday and Friday.

Re-opening of the Circles.
 Our public free sittings will recommence at the *Banner of Light* Circle-Room NEXT TUESDAY AFTERNOON, SEPT. 7TH, at precisely 3 o'clock, and will be continued regularly every Tuesday and Friday afternoon, for the reception of spirit-messages through the mediumship of Miss Shellhamer. The public are cordially invited to attend.

Rev. Samuel Watson (of Tennessee) is now preparing for the press a new work on Spiritualism, which from the mental breadth and marked experience of its author, promises to be a volume which will attract special attention on its appearance. It will be brought out in New York, and Colby & Rich, 9 Montgomery Place, Boston, will have the book on sale in due season.

Shawmut Spiritual Lyceum.

This organization will commence its work for the ensuing season on Sunday morning, Sept. 5th, at Amory Hall, Boston. The school, since it was organized, has accomplished a noble work. It has had the kind and able support of many of the Spiritualists of this city, and it is fully entitled to it.

The labor of making a Lyceum a success is an arduous duty, and all believers in free thought ought to lend those who are engaged in that work a helping hand. The school has heretofore depended entirely upon the Sunday contributions; but it has long been the wish of its managers to adopt some new plan for its support. During the vacation the Conductor has caused to be issued a neat, gilt-edged card, or receipt for the sum of one dollar, which he proposes to circulate freely among the friends, trusting that in this way sufficient money can be secured to maintain the Lyceum the coming year without asking for it each Sabbath; and also to render it a free school in every sense of the word.

Conductor Hatch wishes to improve this opportunity of thanking those who have assisted in placing the Lyceum in the position it occupies to-day. We trust all who were members of the school last season will be found in their places at the opening session. We are authorized to extend a cordial invitation to all children who feel so disposed to also become members of the school.

Entered into Rest.

A Newport correspondent of the *Boston Traveller* writes as follows concerning the funeral occasion of Mrs. Dunning—reference to whose demise is made in another column. Our deepest sympathies are extended to Bro. Hazard in this supreme hour of bereavement:

"Speaking of Spiritualism, reminds one of a scene which, for pathos and peculiarity, could scarcely be matched in the world."

The funeral of Esther Dunning, daughter to the great Spiritualist, Thomas R. Hazard, took place at his beautiful old country place, seven miles from Newport, on Tuesday (Aug. 17th). The belief of her father is so positive as to the spiritual communication with those who have gone on, that he does not grieve, or consider the loss more than a journey of a day. The Rev. Chas. T. Brooks read a poem at the grave, which was so beautiful that perhaps you will allow a few verses to be quoted here. It should be premised that Mrs. Dunning was married under these trees but two years ago, Mr. Brooks officiating. (The poem is printed entire upon our third page—Ed. or L.)

During the funeral ceremonies a procession walked slowly through the box avenues of this romantic spot, which was patterned long ago after Versailles. The venerable father, who looks like a mighty King Lear, eighty-four years old, a giant who has survived his race, lowered the coffin into the ground, and strewed it with ferns, plucked from a spot which his daughter had loved.

Children's Séances.

The children's séances given by Mrs. Esperance in England are so largely attended—sixty-three being present at the last—that Mrs. E. finds herself obliged to limit the number and to furnish tickets, which are free. A writer says of them, "They will be the forerunner of others which will educate the rising and future generations of children, convincing them of the true nature of the future life better than sermons and catechisms have taught our grandfathers." The children are delighted in being able to attend them, and it will be a great disappointment to many to find they cannot do so on account of there not being room. Our materializing mediums cannot do a better service for the generation that is soon to take the place of the present, than to give once a week a séance for the special accommodation of children. There would be lessons taught and impressions made that no power could obliterate.

It would be a source of great gratification to us if the *Burlington Hawkeye* would, as an act of justice, at once and finally disclaim all connection with either the original production or the first publication of that sterling poetic gem entitled "The Chemistry of Character," which has now begun its regular annual round of the secular press, being credited (whenever it is credited at all) to that paper. It is certainly not over twelve months ago since we informed our readers and the public that this poem is original with the *Banner of Light*, and that its composer is Miss Lizzie Doten, of Boston. The poem was first spoken by her at the close of a lecture in this city, was reported for our columns, was at once printed by us, and is now to be found in Miss Doten's "Poems of Progress," of which popular volume of stirring and spiritual productions it forms the initial number. Neither the *Hawkeye* nor the invincible Burdette himself can lay the slightest claim to it. It is because the lady author is a Spiritualist, and the book (copyrighted) a Spiritualist one, that the secular press refuses to give due credit for the production, and the *Hawkeye* preserves such self-satisfied silence?

We made note recently of a lack of information exhibited by *Zion's Herald*, of this city, upon a matter which an every-day observer would not usually fail to have knowledge of, and now it makes another display of the same in accusing Col. Ingersoll of "constantly tramping upon all the divine sanctions of right living," than which nothing could be further from the truth; for it is admitted by all who know his life, whether agreeing with him in his views of theology or not, that a pure-minded, more upright man is not before the public; neither is there one who more strongly advocates the very thing that the *Z. H.* says he tramples upon.

In another column will be found the statement that Mrs. Lizzie Lenzberg, of New York City, has returned from her summer vacation, and is ready again for her spiritual work. A correspondent writes us as follows concerning this medium and what she has heretofore accomplished in the line of her speciality:

"Mrs. Lenzberg has wrought some wonderful cures—the last being that of a woman who had been given up by the regulars as incurable after these gentlemen had doctored her for fifteen years. Mrs. L. restored this patient to health again in about one week. The neighbors and others who were well acquainted with the helpless sick woman, have given Mrs. L. a certificate, calling this a most remarkable cure."

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll created a profound sensation last Sunday evening by his lecture (delivered in Boston Theatre) on "The Liberty of Man, Woman and Child." Some of his reverend critics must feel decidedly "small" under the stinging rebukes they received in the course of the address.

Col. J. P. Dameron, J. F. Shaffer and Judge John A. Collins, publish a card in the *San Francisco Chronicle* testifying to the genuineness of the materializations at the séances of Mrs. Crindle.

Special Notice to Subscribers.

The present volume (XLVII.) of the *Banner of Light* closes with our issue for Sept. 18th.

It is earnestly hoped that those of our patrons whose time expires with that number will renew, thus giving us at the advent of the new volume the stimulus of practical recognition on the part of our readers.

Those who may feel to renew their subscriptions are requested to send name and money at the earliest opportunity after reading this notice; thus obviating the necessity of removing their names from the mailing-machine, and avoiding all danger of mistakes or loss of papers.

The "Regulars" Again Outdone.

The *Advance*, published at Worthington, Minn., comes to us with a lengthy account of cures effected by Paul Caster at an institution established by him at Ottumwa, Iowa. One of these is that of the wife of a physician residing in that place, who had a hip out of joint, and had been in that condition several years on account of the inability of the "regulars" to relieve her. Her husband, hearing of Dr. Caster's great success, took her to him to obtain relief from some other difficulty, and said, "Of course, we do not expect you can do anything for the hip." The doctor said, "Let's see about this hip." He then passed his hand over it, when the bone went back into the socket with a snap like a pistol. The lady's husband threw up his hat and began to cheer for joy. This attracted a crowd on the outside. Dr. Caster then said, "Now take your crutch on your shoulder and march up town and back." The lady did so, the crowd outside cheering as she passed through.

The *Advance* says:

"Dr. Caster is one of those dreadful 'Spiritualists' who are revolutionizing the learning and the religion of the world, undermining the churches and 'respectable' society, and who if we are to believe the frightened clergy, will destroy the race, hand us all over to the 'Devil,' and leave this planet a howling wilderness, if they are allowed to go on."

Receptions.

Thomas Gales Foster, Esq., was to have a reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Horn (the latter being the author of "Strange Visitors," etc.), Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Sunday evening, Aug. 22th. He is expected in Boston at an early day.

A reception was extended to Mr. J. William Fletcher at the cottage of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Lyman, Lake Pleasant, Mass., Saturday evening Aug. 28th. John Wetherbee presided; Dr. Peebles, Dr. Watson, Ed. S. Wheeler, Dr. Flower, Mr. Buddington and others were present; speech-making was in order, and Mr. Fletcher responded appropriately. He is to lecture at the Sunapee Lake Camp-Meeting on the second Sunday in September.

Rev. E. P. Adams has just been convicted of heresy by the Buffalo (N. Y.) Presbytery, for the offence of refusing to longer believe or teach the "eternal punishment" dogma. "He very appropriately and tellingly retorted upon this worthy body the other dogmas, viz: those of 'election' and 'reprobation'—declarations of faith, which, not being formally abandoned, were therefore, just as binding upon them as church officials—were practically ignored and considered obsolete by themselves and the clergy generally; but his words 'were of none effect.' The reverend preachers were unwilling to consider his plea, faring, no doubt, to take an action which in view of his line of defence would seem at least tacitly to pledge them to the idea that the time might one day come in the history of their church when the dogma of 'deathless damnation' might also (as these two others have done) 'expire by limitation'—or rather by continued progress toward liberalism on the part of both clergy and laity."

On another page will be found T. W. Higginson's estimate of William Lloyd Garrison and his work. We publish the extra at the special request of a worthy friend of Spiritualism and the *Banner of Light*, who desires to emphasize the fact that persecution and true progress in this world always move abreast, and that Spiritualists—whether believers or media—who are despondent at being called upon to endure social ostracism or open opposition, will find a fund of true encouragement in the mere calling to mind of the troubles faced by Mr. Garrison (and his compeers) in the early days of the movement to which his best energies were devoted.

The Rev. A. St. John Chambre, D. D., lecturer on Ecclesiastical History in Tufts (Universalist) Divinity School, and one of the Trustees of Deane Academy, has left the Universalist sect for the Episcopalian ministry. Several other Universalist clergymen during the year have gone over to different Orthodox denominations. Does not this indicate that the Orthodox are outstripping the Universalists in liberality?

B. F. Blackiston, of Dover, Del., informs us in the course of a recent business letter that the communications by Prof. S. B. Brittan which we have from time to time copied from the secular journals, and which articles have aimed to reply to objections made against Spiritualism, its teachings and its media, have caused much interest in the subject in that place, and bid fair to produce correspondingly good results for the cause.

"The Poets and the Spirits," an able article recently written for and printed in the *Hartford (Ct.) Times*, will, if space can be afforded, be transferred to our columns next week. It is by Prof. S. B. Brittan, and is an excellent continuation of his work as Editor-at-Large.

The announcement is made that on the 15th of September the *Voice of Angels* Circle will be removed from North Weymouth, Mass., to No. 5 Dwight street, Boston, after which date all letters and matter for the paper must be directed there.

At Cape Town, South Africa, recently, in the light, in presence of B. T. Hutchinson and ten others, Mr. Eglinton, while in a trance state, floated about the room above the heads of the company like a balloon.

Dr. Webber, the highly successful healer by laying on of hands, has returned from his pleasure-trip to the West, and is now ready to meet his patrons at his old office, room 6, No. 8½ Montgomery Place, Boston.

A. S. Hayward, magnetic physician, has returned to Boston, and until he secures rooms will visit patients by letter appointment, care *Banner of Light*.

