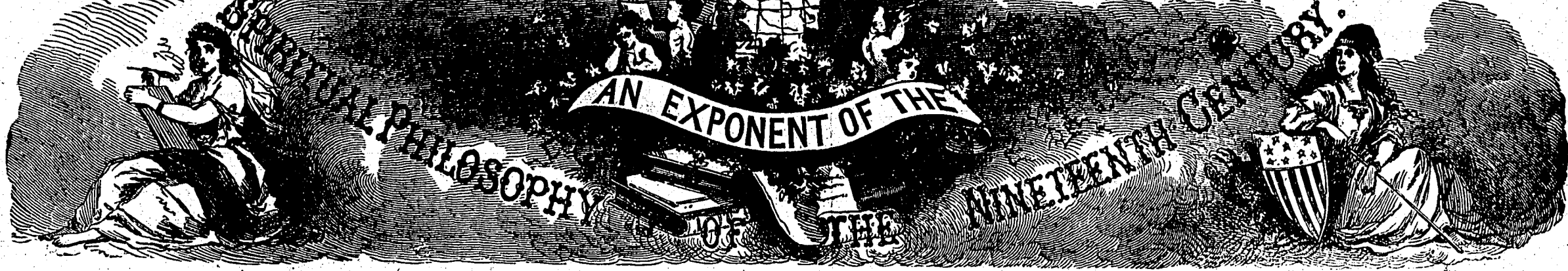


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The Rostrum.

THE FLOWER OF HUMILITY, AND WHAT IT YIELDS.

A Lecture delivered through the Medium Instrumentality of
MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND,
At Berkeley Hall, Boston, Sunday Forenoon,
Feb. 1st, 1880, by Spirit John Bunyan.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

INVOCATION.

Oh, thou Infinite Presence! thou Light Divine! thou Glory Unspeakable! thou Spirit of every living soul! We turn to thee with thanksgiving, the voice of praise within our hearts and adoration within our souls. Thou, the Life Divine! thou, the Source and Central splendor of the firmament! thou, the Infinite thou, the Supreme! We turn to thee in gratitude for every bounty and blessing; for the light of thy spirit, glowing as a sun within the heavens; for the beauty of that life immanent beaming upon humanity and lighting the chosen altars of the soul with thy presence and power. As the flowers praise thee with fragrance and bloom, as the earth, teeming with loveliness, gives forth its devotion in perfected forms of life, so would our spirits praise thee with the incense of gratitude and humility, with the voice of praise for life and light, for every gracious gift, for the bestowment of that intelligence that comprehends thy life as allied to ours; for the interpretation of thy law spiritually given to prophet and teacher, to seer and sage; for the wisdom born of ages of human thought, when, upon heights of transfiguration, the seers of the world have interpreted thy voice to man and for the wonders of inspiration bearing proofs of our immortality. Oh, God! we praise thee, whose abiding presence is within and pervadeth all, whose light, like an unspeakable glory, ever fills the heart with devotion, and whose praises are sung by angels in goodly deeds and kindly ministrations. So may our hearts praise thee evermore. Amen.

DISCOURSE.

I stood crouching upon the height of self-righteousness, conscious of salvation, and unaware that the vast human throng whom I believed might be condemned, were likewise immortal in their inheritance. Having gained this height, having sought salvation through the life-blood of the Lamb, I concluded that all who were not washed in its crimson flood might not also be saved. In the world of spirits, apart from the righteousness of human creed and human interpretation, I beheld myself on a barren plain, devoid of verdure, and the upspringing flowers that I had sought of salvation and peace were far beyond me. But from that plain I beheld a verdant valley where all sweet flowers seemed to bloom, and from whence came incense like the sound of rare music. As cadences borne on the evening breeze through the vesper song is sung by maidens in cloistered cell; or as the sweet chiming of bells are heard on the summer air, bringing offerings and praises that sound like the pulsations of hearts made happy by love; or as children's voices, ringing with merry laughter and sweet, rippling tones, I heard the incense of that valley. What was there for me? Was I not saved? Should I descend into that lowly place? There might be darkness and danger there. But the valley lured me; yet, ere I approached, I heard the sound of sorrow close beside me, and a cave seemed to open, preventing my further progress. I was not in the valley, I was in the darkness. In what manner I should escape from this cave, in what way the void around me should be peopled, how I could pass through its darkness into the valley beyond, I did not know. The strivings of my spirit were for happiness. I sought individual salvation. I had known that the ways of peace were through self-denial and self-conquest. I had supposed these were attained. Was I not sure of victory? There came a sound to me as of one in tribulation—a voice of sighing and moaning, as of one in sorrow and in deep grief. I passed into the further portion of the cave, and I heard my own soul repeating forever its prayer for salvation, yet forever unaware of the thought that would most yield it; and that prayer, arising to heaven, seemed freighted with conscious desire and aspiration for truth. It seemed born of every earnest endeavor, every positive and decisive struggle, and still it was born of self-consciousness, of the one desire for the me, of the individual, the wish for God's love and care to rest upon my soul. And this so filled the cave with the consciousness of myself that there seemed no thought beyond, and only I became aware of my utter misery and desolation. Then I heard another voice, and there stood before me a child arrayed in white raiment, with a small blossom, the smallest that one might see upon the wayside of life, and this flower was laid at my feet. "What wilt thou do with this?" I said. "Have I not coveted the

lily of salvation, the rose of praise, born of the sacrifice of him who poured out his life for me? What is this flower? It hath no fragrance that I can perceive; it is born of no desire within my heart; I do not wish it." And I turned again to the sound of the voice within the cave, that seemed ever repeating my own prayers or praises, and, strangely enough, those prayers and praises arose not beyond the confines of the cave, but came back to my soul like the echo of the sea, or that strange monotone that you hear in the sea-shell when afar from its native home. Would there be no voice? Might it not penetrate ever beyond the labyrinth of this deep and darkened place? Was there no egress, no outlet? Was there no light, and no charmed place of safety? Was not the celestial city a little way beyond, and this but the hour of trial and temptation preceding the dawn of a greater glory? I was not sure. The consciousness that the thought perpetually recurred to me of individual salvation, the consciousness that my own life was peopled this cave, did not satisfy. Where was my Saviour? Where the light that flowed for me? Where the celestial kingdom that would dawn upon me?

Presently the little flower placed by the child at my feet grew like a star, and seemed to scintillate toward me with piercing shafts, resembling arrows, probing and penetrating the consciousness of salvation within me. Why should I be saved? What was there within me that betokened this promise? Why should this gift come to me? and why, more than another, should I be assured of salvation? What if I had conquered temptation? What thought there had come to me the assurance of the personal interest and presence of the Divine Mind? What though the glory of the celestial kingdom had beamed upon me? Where was my privilege? And with that thought I beheld a small, glowing aperture far away. Groping toward it, I picked up the flower, though it stung to the quick, and bore it in my hand, and during that strange pilgrimage from within the cave to the light that I saw in the distance, every thought and purpose of my life, every individual self-conscious act, every deed for which I thought I deserved praise, was brought before my vision. I saw how narrow was the idea of perfection within me; I saw how feeble were the offerings I had given to the Infinite; I understood the motive of every action, and even the righteousness that I supposed I had attained turned upon me from this flower with barbed points, and stung me with the consciousness of having been good for the sake of the kingdom of heaven. I could see that there was very often no spontaneous offering or action, no love of ultimate truth for its own sake, regardless of individual merit and consequences, and that I had steadily counted the cost of each action, each humble word, each devout prayer, each penitent speech, and had understood that these were to serve as indications of my salvation, that these were to count in my favor, and that these were to be considerations for which I was to enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Now these departed from me utterly. Passing along on that journey, that grew longer with every step, and seemed interminable as the thoughts in my heart of salvation, the aperture grew further and further away, and the thoughts of self-righteousness grew more and more numerous, as I reviewed the past of my life, as I counted the wonderful and infinitely varied means through which I had supposed myself secure of an entrance into the celestial city. Then finally, when weary and feeling utterly unworthy of passing beyond, feeling that my life might ever be expended where no eye of angel or ministering spirit, where no eye of the tender Saviour could penetrate and behold me, I saw a face luminous and filled with wondrous sweetness, the face of a child, just filling the aperture beyond, and beaming upon me with such sweetness that I gained a breath like the breath that floats upward from some summer day, like the breath that flows inward from some summer sea, like the spiced breezes from the islands of the blessed. And this face revealed to me the utter lack within my spirit, the one void that had caused the failure of every prayer, that had invalidated every aspiration, and was now filling me with quick forebodings of unworthiness—the one thought of meekness. Who was Christ, that I should claim from him the inheritance of that celestial kingdom? I bethought me of his lowly estate, of the simplicity of his life, of the exactness of his penetration; of the necessity for uprightness of heart and life, and another scourge was upon me. Who were the great, the wise of earth? I remembered the prophets and the simplicity of the old-time life. I remembered the teachers gleaming through the darkness of time with wonderful utterances and with little personality. I remembered that they were devoid of pride; that they were not kings, nor potentates, nor rulers, nor applauded of men. I remembered they were scourged and reviled; that their voices were to the ages, and their thought was a masterpiece of simplicity, the structure of that carved whiteness that mounts in eternity, but is sometimes obscured in time, and I said, "I am not of these." Therefore, with the face still beaming on me, I fell into deep meditation, into profound self-condemnation. I saw that the loves, the hates, the aspirations, the desires, the winged persuasions of my life had been clothed upon with self-consciousness, and that the conquest, the assurance of salvation, was self-righteousness. The voice came to me from the sweet child presence, "Blessed are the meek. I know thee not." I said in my own heart, "Is it pride?" "I know thee not." I said in my own heart, "Is it consciousness of victory?" "I know thee not." I said in my own heart, "Have I not walked fully in the valley of hu-

milation?" Then a doorway opened, as if there was a parting in the rock beyond, and there came the sound of a rippling stream that made such music to my ear that I pressed forward, athirst, and drank of its waters. They were bitter to the taste—they were sweet to the remembrance. Bitter were the drops, for they seemed to penetrate closely into my very nature, and draw therefrom all of self-consciousness; they were sweet to remembrance. As the soothing that comes from the bitter-sweet herb that medicines the body, so this seemed to bring music to my soul. I was conscious of the scourge; I was conscious of the medicinal property of this draught: it was bitter as truth—it was sweet as truth.

I passed onward, and the flower that I held in my hand grew more starlike and radiant, and there was a bank whereon seemed to hang sweet waxen bells, the lilies of the vale. I could hear them chiming their sweet voices of incense to one another; I could hear them sing low songs of love; I could hear their persuasive voices and behold their unconscious self-sacrifices. I said, the lowly in heart and the pure in life these flowers represent, for who is lowly and who is pure who is aware of that possession? Who can have gained the triumph utterly and be conscious of it? Who can blossom as these flowers and know of their fragrance? And I prayed that with magical wand or pinion of light some power might overstep me, that I might forget self and remember only truth. There came to me souls in anguish, those born of greater godliness than myself, who seemed to have tasted, also, of the bitter-sweet waters of this crystal stream, and I said, "Are you without hope? Have you no place in that sacred kingdom? Do you also dwell in this cave?" And they beckoned to me with solemn countenances and spoke to me with low voices, and said, "We are sure of nothing; we know nothing. This much is ours, that we have only the remembrance of that which is unworthy." I thought I had entered the path which led to the region of darkness, where people go out of life into utter unworthiness, and are forgotten of the powers of divinity. But there came to my side one who wore a benign countenance, and whose speech was as soft as the waters at my feet. He said, "I do not know that this is the way of salvation, but I have discovered peace." "Peace born of what?" I said. "I do not know of what it is born, save that there has come to my mind peace. I have no time to think; I do not seek for salvation. I have not asked if I have sinned, but I am ministering to others." Then a light dawned upon my spirit. I would minister; this was self-forgetfulness. But to whom could I minister? Were there any so low as I? Could I do ought to feed any hungry soul? Were there those in greater tribulation? I had no great crime upon my spirit; I had no fearful wrong to revenge; I had not committed any act which humanity called unworthy; but was I not more unworthy than these, since I had deemed myself secure, while they, I deemed, were lost? Was I not more unworthy, since I had presumed to hope for the kingdom of heaven while one soul was in darkness? No, I would forget myself; I would hold this flower that pierced me through and through closely in my hand and to my heart; I would ask if I could minister. I found one deeply buried in the bosom of despair. He lay in a darkened place, where there was no sound save the sound of his moaning. It was complaint and not prayer; it was bitterness of spirit. He felt himself utterly condemned. I gave him the flower, not to pierce him through and through, but because it had light, and there seemed emanating from it somewhat born of hope. At first he shrank with pain, then he pressed the blossom closer and closer to his heart, and seemed to grow calm. But there was comfort in this ministrations, for his life seemed suddenly to grow luminous, and out of the depth of his despair came a voice of forgiveness, for he beheld an angel above him who breathed the words "Thou art forgiven." Then I knew that this was the magic wand by which I was to walk forth in the fields of spirit-life, gathering up the souls that were enwrapped in darkness, souls whom my own thought, perchance, had filled with the desolating gleam of a selfish salvation; souls who had been lured by the ignis fatuus of their own righteousness to the delusion of believing in an especial heaven for their especial souls.

And I passed through a valley then where there were freighted messengers of peace, and each one seemed intent upon some errand of mercy. Birds passed to and fro, bearing within their beaks sweet branches, and some were of medicine and some were of bloom, and all seemed to betoken promise; and there were children with sweet voices and loving faces bearing blossoms, each one having light, purity and whiteness born of their own natures. And no one asked, "Am I saved?" or "Whither am I going?" but each seemed intent upon performing some work of ministry to another. I saw that the valley led into various darkened avenues of human life, down which these ministering angels swept—these tiny messengers of God's love—until they approached the dark caverns in the human heart and set there some small plant or sweet herb that might yield its fragrance. I thought that the message-birds and the various forms of ministry swept toward the prison-vaults of earth, not of crime but of self-consciousness; for greater than the prison, the dungeon-cell of the felon, is the darkness of the heart that has found salvation for itself and excludes it from others. I saw the houses of worship, and these seemed as darkened places, wherein the souls of those were immured who deemed themselves secure, and these ministering spirits swept down with some shaft of light or some blossom or fragrance for others, and

out of the darkened places I saw the light gleam of a new humanity that should pierce and penetrate the darkened prison walls and yield the verdure of promise to the world.

I had, therefore, upon this occasion strange forebodings and gleamings. I saw the peopled cities of the earth; I saw freighted treasures of material wealth pass seemingly out of sight, and I saw only the souls of those who dwell upon the earth. The picture was strange, for out of the places of poverty and crime came messengers bearing white blossoms, and out of the places of wealth and power and sacredness came sounds and groans of despair and darkened shadows; and I said, "This is strange, for humanity considers the criminal in darkness and the righteous man in light; humanity considers that crime and degradation yield the fruitage of misery and spiritual darkness; but no messenger ever came into this valley from the criminal's cell, from the dungeon, from the gallows, without leaving a white blossom—one little flower to place in the valley of humiliation; and none ever came back from the halls of pride, or power, or wealth, or worship, without bringing a shadow, a discouragement, and a sigh, as though no blossom had been found there."

And turning toward the earth I saw the magic of that loving power that makes all things equal at last; that the pride of earth, the pride of wealth, the pride of power, the pride of intellect, the pride of righteousness, yield the bitter and arid wastes of the spirit, whereon those who have great earthly blessings must experience great spiritual sacrifices; and I beheld that in the places of poverty, and want, and woe, and crime, which are but arid wastes upon the earth, spiritual flowers may sometimes blossom that yield their odors to the valley of humiliation. For are they not humble, those who walk in degradation? Do they not receive the scorn, the sneer, the scoff of the world? And he who expires upon the gallows in full consciousness of deserving, in the earthly sense, his fate, is not that consciousness one blossom yielded unto his immortal home. And if this flower comes from the lowly places of earth, is it not like the lowly flower that blossoms unconscious of its grace, and therefore the more acceptable unto heaven?

Albeit the flowers of humility are not those that are carefully cultivated and trained in the garden or in the park, since they have been so much praised they are too conscious of their worth. The flowers that spring up utterly unaware in a desert place, by the low marsh and stagnant pool of earthly strife and crime, these are the acceptable blossoms in the spiritual kingdom, because they are unaware of their existence, and whosoever you shall see that, not in great pride of self-condemnation, declare themselves unworthy, but who, without voice, express the thought of their own unworthiness, and strive to remember, or remember without striving, their own humility, these, I perceive, yield more of the blossoms unto this valley of humiliation that forms the receptacle for those souls that pass through it into spiritual life. And then I remembered that in the earth it was said of olden time, that the first should be last and the last should be first—knowing that those who have the promise and the consciousness of salvation are too sure, and that these must enter by the very lowest pathway, by the door of utter and absolute self-forgetfulness. And then I remembered, also, that no man whom the world calls great has given the flower of promise to the nations, but he whom the world has despised has planted or sowed the truth, and it has yielded its blossom to the centuries and its fruitage to the ages of time. And then I remembered that you cannot cultivate humility, nor charity, nor faith, nor love; that they are not flowers to be trained and cultured by careful watchfulness to see if they are growing, for none but a child will plant a seed, and then pluck it up on the following day, disturbing its growth; to see if it has germinated. And the closer this thought came to me, the more I remembered that those who follow truth with utter self-forgetfulness are not aware of it; that those who are pure with utter purity do not know it; that the effect of knowledge is the effect of self-praise, and that those who are aware of being virtuous are least in the kingdom of purity. And then I remembered that we must live and grow with the measure of truth that is within us, and that the charm of all grace is its unconsciousness, as the charm of all righteousness is that we are unaware of it; and passing from one and another in this expression, I saw their lives grow in exact proportion as they did not seek it; I saw their thought expand in exact proportion as they pursued the theme without remembering themselves, and it came to me that all inspiration is self-forgetfulness; that all true growth is the abandonment of self to the higher power; that light shines through the soul, not from within it, and that God is the uttermost light; and the transparent soul is the expression of God. I would not, if I were a window, endeavor to shine of my own accord, but rather be the transparent means through which the light can better reach those who seek for light; and it is not of my own strength that I grow, but rather of that strength that is gained from within, and from the spirit of ultimate life that through me expresses itself, and I am as nothing.

I cannot tell you where I am at this hour. I do not know what my status is. I am not aware to what particular estate I belong. I only know this: that the observation of my spirit is for those souls who, unconscious of merit, arrive at heights, and who, aware of great powers, sinking from their eminence of pride into the valley of humility, have grown, as the seed into the soil, as the soul into earth, as all life into darkness, before it reaches the light.

So in whatever form of expression this flower may be found, it is found unconsciously to the possessor, without any soul being aware of its presence. It abides there—its sweet grace is manifested in your lives. The truly humble are the truly great. I have seen souls passing out from earth freighted with the rich endowments of genius, having reached wondrous heights in the mortal life, to whom the ages turn as to luminaries of greater brilliancy and power; and these I have seen upon the barren plain of desolation—the desolation of self-consciousness; and then I have seen them pass into the valley through the dark cave and cloister, and enter by the crystal stream of penitence and humility until in the lowliest part of the lowly vale they have appeared as a small flower. I have seen those whom the world has called good, secure of the kingdom of heaven and conscious of salvation, pass into the world of souls with no crown upon their heads nor word of rejoicing upon their lips, nor yet girded around by the angel powers, nor yet heralded by the hosts and cohorts of heaven. I have seen them pass utterly naked and alone into the barren waste of their own self-salvation; and then, by the magical touch of those wonderful bitter-sweet waters, and by the magical probing of that wonderful flower, I have seen them descend to the valley of humiliation, bearing the lowliest flowers with them; and born of the fragrance of those lowliest flowers came their highest estate. I have seen the truly great, the humbly wise, the unconsciously pure, pass into the world of souls. For these there was no darkened cave; for these there was no serious meditation; for these no searching and scrutinizing gaze, no probing shafts cutting the sweet flower of love and penetrating their hearts; and these were exalted, for unconsciously they bore the lilies of love within their hands; unconsciously they had woven the raiment of white into their lives; unconsciously they were upon heights which others coveted to attain, but because of their covetousness could never win. Unconsciously they bore the crowns of rejoicing, and unconsciously they wore them there, as unaware of being angels as is the lily of being white; as unaware of being pure as are the lilies of the vale of being sweet; for is it not this divine unconsciousness that makes the divine beatitude? and shall we be aware of perfect love when there is no hatred to contrast it with? And that love that utterly fills the soul leaves no room for self-contemplation, and the spirit possessing it is not aware of it, but is born to it as the lily to its fragrance, as the valley to its hue, as the rose to the deep red that tinges it with the flame of love whereunto the torch of life burns and is not ashamed.

Oh, gracious God! oh, divine beatitude! let us walk where, in lowly places, we find the sweet flowers to grow, nor climb to those heights where the flowers bloom that herald our own greatness; for the fruitage of greatness and self-righteousness is bitterness and ashes, while I have known that the fruitage of the bitter water is sweet, and the fruitage of the humble flower is the glory of God!

The pupils in the public schools of Hyde Park, Mass., have recently had an examination of their eyes by Dr. W. S. Dennett and others of this city, the object being to remedy defects and prevent permanent disability, to prevent the increase of disability where it exists, and, in case of probable permanent defects, to point out to the pupil professions and avocations where the defect would sooner or later render success impossible. Of the 1183 scholars examined, 854 had eyes which were considered perfect. Of the 279 remaining scholars, 134 were prematurely far-sighted, 95 were near sighted, 50 were affected with a variety of diseases, which, though having little or no connection with the main object of the examinations (the detection of near-sight and color-blindness) were incidentally noted for the sake of whatever benefit might result to the scholars, from their knowledge of the nature and existence of such troubles. Among the scholars under the age of ten years, 530 in number, only 100 were found to have any disease or peculiarity of the organs of vision which would warrant their being classed as abnormal or imperfect in any respect; while, among the high-school scholars, the most of whom are over fifteen years of age, a perfect pair of eyes was found to be the exception rather than the rule, there being 60 in all, among whom only 29 were found to be entirely free from some imperfection in one or both eyes. The value of an examination of this kind to the rising generation cannot be overestimated, especially so as diseases of the eyes have of late years been on the increase, and it is believed, remarks the *Boston Advertiser* in closing a report of the above, that these defects of vision "can in almost every case be arrested by timely interference. Certain it is that the simplest kind of an examination, properly conducted twice or three times a year by the teacher, would be sufficient to select from each class those in whom the trouble is beginning, and to enable them by means of this warning to escape very many of the inconveniences and disabilities that would otherwise result."

In one of the smaller New England cities a local paper has this announcement: "Chocolate supper and Mother Goose entertainment at the Trinitarian church this evening." And this is a church that, fifteen years ago, was rigidly Calvinistic in its doctrine, and had a minister who not only preached the strictest Orthodoxy, but was a very Chesterfield in respect to all the ecclesiastical proprieties! Shades of the Puritans, what are we coming to?—Free Religious Index.

Every one who knows anything of public health questions will agree as to the practical unity of epidemics and their determining causes, and that exemption from all alike must be sought, not by any one thing, such as vaccination, but by inquiring into and removing the causes of epidemic susceptibility generally.—*Florence Nightingale.*

Original Essay.

DISSENSIONS IN OUR RANKS
WHAT IS TO COME OF THEM?

BY A. E. NEWTON.

Differences of opinion, in relation to questions of fact, theory and method, of greater or less moment, have ever existed among avowed Spiritualists, as among other people. But of late it is apparent that, such differences are becoming more sharply defined, that they embrace questions of practical and vital importance, and are being discussed with increasing warmth and acrimony of spirit. This is a source of serious apprehension and deep grief to many, especially to minds in which the love of unity, or uniformity, is a paramount sentiment. And, too, it is doubtless a serious stumbling-block in the way of many inquirers who are groping their way toward the light which spiritual truth will shed on the great problems of life and duty.

Some time since a prominent Methodist brother, who had attended a Spiritualist camp-meeting, said to the writer: "Why, these Spiritualists don't agree at all among themselves. One teaches one thing, and another something different. How are we to know what to believe?"

A very natural question indeed for one accustomed to believing on authority.

It may be well for both distressed Spiritualists and perplexed inquirers to reflect that such differences have been concomitant with every great progressive movement in religious, political or social affairs, since the world began just in proportion to the freedom of and capacity for individual thought and its expression among mankind. Every great religious system, Pagan as well as Christian, has its numerous sects, and every larger sect its divisions and subdivisions. The adherents of each being equally confident that their narrow way is the only way of right and truth.

These diversities of opinion are, to some extent, necessarily incident to the untrammelled exercise of mind in its various organic tendencies, modes of culture and stages of development.

But these differences obtain not only in relation to religious, political, moral, social and other metaphysical questions: they are equally prevalent in the domain of the merely material and industrial interests of mankind. One would hardly suppose, for instance, that the ancient and honorable but apparently simple vocation of agriculture would furnish grounds for diverse opinions, sharp dissensions, and doubtful disputations among those practically engaged in it; but such, nevertheless, is the fact. The writer—as may be known to some readers of the *Banner of Light*—has for the past season (mainly for sanitary reasons) been attempting to acquaint himself—or, rather, to renew the acquaintance of his boyhood—with the soil of Mother Earth, and the methods of persuading from it those bounties so necessary for the sustenance of man and beast. In doing this he has found that success, in this process, in these days, is by no means the simple affair that it was supposed to be in his boyhood, when any country dolt was thought competent for a farmer. It now requires brains and a wide-awake use of them, to achieve successful results. But as independent and well-stored brains are brought into activity, differences of theory and of practice inevitably appear. Controversies as to which is true or preferable are sure to arise, and the amateur and unskilled learner is often greatly perplexed between them.

An amusing and instructive illustration is just now before me. A successful merchant in one of our large cities, having acquired a competence, concluded to purchase a farm, retire to the country, and spend the remainder of his days in imitation of ancient Cincinnatus. Fully posting himself from books as to "scientific" methods of farming, and supplying himself at great cost with all modern labor-saving farm machinery, he entered enthusiastically upon the work. His plodding bucolic neighbors looked askance, and shrugged their shoulders at some of his operations, but he was going to show them how to do it. Yet somehow his growing crops did not compare with his neighbors'—much of his costly machinery proved worthless, and was thrown aside as a dead loss—and in the autumn the returns came far short of anticipations. In the winter he joined a farmers' club, with a double view of imparting information on agricultural matters to others, and acquiring some himself. The result I will let him tell in his own way, as communicated by him to *The Farm Journal*, one of our best agricultural newspapers:

"I soon discovered that I should fall in the first object. Being what is called a 'city farmer,' my views, however original, practical and scientific, were generally combated by the club, and sometimes even ridiculed.

"As to the second object, I was more successful, but the trouble was, the information gained was of a conflicting character. We had an abundance of facts and opinions on all subjects. These were delivered by old and successful farmers, shrewd, intelligent and experienced. But *not one thought alike on the same subject.*

"For instance, neighbor Webb, in a practical, concise and able essay advocated cooking food for stock, and apparently proved beyond any reasonable man's doubt, that there is great economy in cooking food for all animals. His arguments were logical, his facts founded on his own experience and the experience of others enforced by the results of numerous tests, and when he was through with his essay I felt confident that he was right, and that his views were established. But the only thing thoroughly settled that evening was neighbor Webb himself. No sooner had he sat down than two or three members arose to their feet to reply. Each had a hearing in turn, and each held distinct views on that subject, founded on observation and experience, and each differed from neighbor Webb, and from each other. Then other members spoke, maintaining varying views, and coinciding with none of the previous speakers. All spoke with a positiveness that forced the conclusion that all were right without the slightest shadow of a chance that any could be in error."

Could any disputative Spiritualist conference beat that? But hear him further:

"The reader can give a pretty good guess at where I stood at the close of the meeting. I stood nowhere. Whether to cook or not to cook was to me a problem further from solution than the most abstruse one in Euclid. Everything was topsy-turvy. There was no half-way ground to stand upon—it was either to cook or not to cook; both were salvation and both were ruination to any farmer."

By attending several meetings I found that this was the usual manner of disposing of subjects brought to the attention of the club. The time question, the solving system, the guano theory, barbed wire fence, creameries, deep-settling of milk, deep or shallow plowing, drainage, irrigation, and hundreds of other topics, were brought forward, discussed and decided after the same plan.

After a season's attendance at the club I am forced to say that, while I am a sadder, I am not a much wiser man. When I began to attend the meetings I held some opinions on some subjects, and looked with

a fair degree of respect upon certain opinions held by other people; but at the close of the session my own beliefs were shattered, and I doubted the correctness of any and every agricultural idea that ever filled the brain of man since forefather Adam conducted operations in the Garden of Eden."

This neophyte farmer's condition seems to have been much worse than that of my Methodist friend after attending a Spiritualist camp-meeting; and it may well be doubted if a more disastrous state of puzzlement has ever resulted from listening to the heterogeneous utterances of any spiritualistic gathering, or even from an attempt to reconcile all the incongruous teachings of spirits, from "Nature's Divine Revelations" to the latest descriptions of "The Spirit-World," with the vagaries of mundane mind and matter thrown in!

THE LESSON.

What is the lesson of all this? That there is no such thing as truth? Or that the search for it is useless?

By no means. An old proverb has it that "Truth lies in a well." If so, it must be sought for, and drawn to the surface with labor and patience. Perhaps a better simile is that truth (on many subjects at least) is as gold in the mine; it must be not only carefully sought for, but laboriously dug from its hiding-place, and then patiently and skillfully separated from the baser materials with which it is found associated, and discriminated from all counterfeits that simulate it. Very little, comparatively, of the wealth of our Western gold-fields has been found in pure nuggets on the surface. It has to be won by toilsome effort and sharp analysis.

Doubtless in every method that had found favor with the intelligent farmers referred to, there was at least a modicum of utility, perhaps mixed with many mistakes and erroneous conclusions; and only a fuller knowledge of conditions and circumstances—a more painstaking and discriminating observation—was required to bring all at last to substantial unanimity. Indolent, careless, egotistic and self-satisfied people are not apt to take the requisite pains to arrive at absolute verity in any matter.

So in every great religious or philosophic system which has commanded the respect and allegiance of thoughtful minds in every age and country of the world; and in every varying phase of Modern Spiritualism which has intelligent adherents, there are doubtless grand truths, or germs of truth, mingled mayhap with somewhat of error and illusion. These may be discriminated only by careful analysis and sharp spiritual insight. Time may be required to complete the process. But gold is gold, wherever found; and truth is truth, however mingled with error. Both will reward the patient and discriminative seeker.

The grand lesson is, that absolute truth, in any department of human interest, is not always to be had without effort. Hence the need of patient research, and the development of the power of discrimination. In other words, more culture. Spiritual insight, the power to discriminate spiritual truth, must come of spiritual culture. The early gold-seekers, who picked up only the surface metal, were sometimes woefully cheated by the glitter of that which was not gold, and missed the richer and more lasting treasures which skill and toil alone have secured.

The greatest good to every human being consists in the development of the interior powers and perceptions—that is, in spiritual culture. This would never be attained were all truth upon the surface, and everything just what it seems. In fact, the higher spiritual truths cannot be perceived or appreciated without this growth. Let none, then, be disheartened because the precious treasure is in some cases hard to find, and difficult to separate from the dross. The very effort to gain it is what you need to promote your spiritual growth.

Another lesson is the folly of over-confidence in the verity of one's own conclusions, when opposed to those of others equally competent and equally sincere in their convictions. Bigoted self-conceit is most unseemly in a being so liable to mistakes and illusions as is man at his best estate. A firm but modest adherence to what one sees, or thinks he sees, to be true, is always commendable; but it should ever be attended by a courteous readiness to give the reasons for one's convictions, and also to listen as courteously to reasons on the other side.

Still more unseemly is the habit many fall into of lightly impugn the motives of those who differ from them, treating them with discourtesy, contempt and abuse—sometimes even going so far as to denounce them as the "enemies" of truth! As if no one could have any right to think otherwise than their own infallible selves! Would that this boorish habit, which belongs properly to the adherents of a dogmatic and barbarous theology, might forever disappear from among the advocates of spiritual truth, or a professedly "harmonial philosophy."

It is well for every man to be fully persuaded in his own mind, if he can be; but to unparagonably denounce whoever arrives at different conclusions from oneself, makes one ridiculous in the eyes of all sensible people.

THE OUTCOME.

What is to be the outcome of these differences among Spiritualists? In the first place, since differences of opinion are in the nature of things, or of human beings, unavoidable, it is to be hoped that all reasonable persons will come to look upon them with philosophic calmness. Let us neither worry nor grieve—much less fume or storm, or lay about us with the "lash" of merciless criticism, thinking thereby to whip all dissenters into our individual following, or to drive them from the ranks of Spiritualism.

Secondly, it is plain that those who sharply disagree about important principles or methods cannot cooperate to advantage in practical work. They cannot "organize" to any effective purpose in which such principles or methods are involved. It would have been the extreme of folly for that discordant farmers' club to have attempted to manage a cooperative farm. All efforts to organize Spiritualists, as such, have proved and will prove abortive. Time and energy spent to accomplish this will be wasted. Let, then, those who are agreed combine, and go to work in their own way, and be content to let others work in their own way. Let all undertake, energetically and unselfishly, to do something—that thing which they deem most important and useful to be done for the welfare of humanity, and not wait for all others to come to their way of thinking before attempting it. And let them spend their energies in their appropriate practical work, rather than in antagonizing those who feel called to work in some other way.

This division of Spiritualists into various organizations, parties, or even sects, if you will, is inevitable, if they ever do anything associatively for the world's improvement; and it is not so much to be deprecated as some have appeared

ed to think—not half so much as that indolence and inutility which come of waiting for universal harmony before we attempt to do anything. Only let the different organizations, or sects, have the good sense to avoid that odious spirit of sectarianism which has been so rife among the Christian sects, which sees no good in others and spends its strength in battling and denouncing them. On the contrary, let them vie with each other in endeavoring to accomplish the greatest practical good to humanity.

Surely there is everywhere enough to be done in the way of the relief of suffering, instruction of the ignorant, reclamation of the erring, help to the unfortunate, lightening of the burdens of life, and the devising of better modes of living, to give plenty of occupation for all whose souls have been touched with the celestial fire.

Written for the *Banner of Light*.
THE GRACES,*

BY HATTIE E. CARR.

MODESTY.

There is a flower so fair and sweet
It holdeth every eye;
Its loveliness attracts the gaze
Of every passer by;
It bloometh in seclusion's bower,
Fashioned in fairest mold,
And all its tender, blushing buds
In fragrance pure unfold.
We all should seek this gentle flower,
And fold it to our heart,
And may its beauty bless us here,
Its sweetness ne'er depart.
Dear children, may this beautiful flower
With us forever be;
With a sweet and charming grace,
Its name is MODESTY.

PURITY.

There is a fair and fragrant flower,
With heavenly sweetness blest;
Its sacred whiteness ever keep
Unstained within thy breast.
It bloometh fair, in beauty rare,
A gift to mortals given,
Which, kept unblemished, brings us peace
And leads us nearer Heaven.
Dear little lambs the angels love,
Keep this fair flower within,
And may its unsold whiteness fold
Your souls from taint of sin.
May all the Father's hand can give
Crown each with gladness free,
And ever bloom within each heart
The flower of PURITY.

HOPE.

I bring a flower of heavenly hue,
Penneled with lines of light;
Its beauty shineth from afar,
Even through the gloom of night.
Within the heart it bloometh fair,
With ever-perfect grace;
Its shining, silver ray of light
Beams forth from every face.
It hath a beauty none may know
Who holdeth not this flower;
It cheers the most despondent heart,
Shineth through the darkest hour.
Oh, let us keep this precious gift!
Its worth each heart doth claim;
Its rays shall pierce through shadows dim;
None is this flower's name.

FAITH.

There is a flower most beautiful,
In unstained whiteness drest,
It hath a sweet and holy name,
Fold it within thy breast;
'T will lift thee upward, breathing peace—
The soul of anguish calm;
Its fragrance shall like incense rise,
And fold thee in its balm.
Dear little children, keep this flower
Forever blooming here;
With this fair shield your hearts shall feel
The Father's presence near.
This fair and fragrant flower of Heaven
Shall bless you unwares:
Oh, keep it pure, firm and secure!
FAITH is the name it bears.

LOVE.

There is a fair and lovely flower,
It hath the sweetest name,
That ever fell from mortal lips,
From Heaven to earth it came.
Take it and nourish it with care,
Implant it in each breast,
'T will bring sweet peace and happiness,
And make the spirit blest.
Its blossom shall unfold in bloom
A flower of beauty rare;
The more we give it space to grow
The more it bloometh fair.
Its ever tender, sweet perfume
Enthals us with a grace,
And, gathered to our heart, its light
Shall radiate each face.
What is this flower of sweet perfume,
From heavenly bowers above?
Dear little ones, keep it in heart—
It is the flower of LOVE.

CHARITY.

I hold a flower so sweet and fair,
A gem of worth, of beauty rare!
It is the loveliest flower of earth,
Within the soul it has its birth.
Oh, plant this flower in thy breast,
Beside the flower of Love so blest!
Thy happiness it shall increase,
And in thy heart shall whisper peace.
Oh, precious gem! oh, lovely flower!
The heart's best gift, the soul's best dower,
Thou art the bright twin-flower of Love!
Two sister Graces from above,
Transplanted to our earth to bloom,
To banish sorrow, grief and gloom!
If one sweet flower blooms in our breast,
The other sure must be our guest,
For holding one fair shape alone
The hall of happiness is flown.
Two flowers that bloom upon one stem,
Two pearls in angel's cladem—
Dear child, oh, keep this gem with thee!
Its lovely name is CHARITY.

TRUTH.

I bring a little flower to you;
Its leaves are always fresh and new,
Most beautiful to see.
It is a flower divinely blue,
With colors ever firm and true;
This flower is brought to thee.
Oh, keep it ever in thy heart,
And never let its breath depart!
Implant it in thy youth,
Place it beside the flowers of Love
And Charity, born from above:
It is the flower of TRUTH.

Receive these flowers as guests,
Children of earth!
They'll strew your path with gems
Of heavenly worth!
And all life's rugged ways
Shall smoothest blend,
If each a welcome sweet
Your hearts extend!

*These lines are recommended to the attention of managing committees of Children's Lyceums, etc., everywhere, as eminently appropriate for use in the present season of meetings, either as a continuous recitation by one pupil, or by the selection of one pupil for the rendition of each stanza, all uniting in the recital in concert of the concluding one, "Receive these flowers," etc.—Ed. B. OF L.

The *Independent*, published at the Diamond Fields, South Africa, says:

"The Bishop of Lincoln has expressed an opinion that the burial of a Dissenter in a church-yard 'dishonors Almighty God.' We take it his Lordship believed what he said, but if he did he is quite capable of believing anything."

Spiritual Phenomena.

MEDIUMSHIP OF KEELER AND ROTH-ERMEL.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:

With your permission I will lay before your readers a résumé of a series of séances which I have had during the last few months with these remarkable mediums. Though a believer in many of the phenomena of Spiritualism, I began these séances a partial skeptic as to materialization—having never seen anything of the kind myself, in which the conditions were satisfactory.

My first séances were in the rooms of the mediums, and I had there good facilities for testing the reality of the phenomena; the light was strong enough to allow a newspaper to be read; the cabinet was formed by hanging across a corner of the room a curtain, less than five feet high, which was not drawn till just before the commencement of the manifestations; I was allowed to grasp the hands which appeared; once, by favor, I was permitted to look over the curtain after the manifestations had begun, to satisfy myself that no confederate was there; I sat between the two mediums, close to the curtain, holding their hands, while the manifestations were going on, and, when in this position, was touched by two hands together from behind the curtain. They were not dummy hands, for when I requested them to make certain movements they instantly made them. Another time a skeptical friend sat between the mediums, holding their hands, while I watched, and I then saw hands of different sizes come up from behind the curtain in places where it was a physical impossibility that the mediums could put their hands, even if they were free. At one time two hands held mine; one was a large hand, the other a very small one.

The next séances I attended were in public halls in this city, and were given in broad daylight. The conditions were the same as before, the mediums being held by ladies selected by the audience. In addition to the usual manifestations, two little girls, sent up by the audience on Mr. Rothermel's invitation, were allowed to go, one by one, behind the curtain while the manifestations were going on. While in the cabinet they were questioned as to who or what was there, and who was ringing the bells, &c. Both children answered that no one was there but themselves, and that they "didn't know" who was ringing the bells and knocking things about. One of these children was about seven; the other a mere baby, not more than three. At one of these daylight séances some young men rushed forward when the manifestations were at their height, and tore down the curtain amid great excitement. Finding no one there they pulled up the platform in hopes of finding machinery, or a confederate, but were again disappointed.

My next séance was held in my own rooms. I had fully made up my mind that the phenomena were genuine; that the hands I had seen so often were not those of the mediums, and that the "confederate" and "machinery" theories had nothing in them. However, that I might have proof that would satisfy those who believed in these theories, I invited Messrs. Keeler and Rothermel to hold a séance in my own rooms. They had never been in them, and did not know my name. The arrangements were the same as before; a corner was screened off by a curtain, and four chairs placed in front, facing the audience, the backs of the chairs touching the curtain. In these chairs the mediums and two ladies sat in such a manner that both hands of both mediums were in charge of the ladies. While in this position very strong manifestations took place; a table, which stood behind the curtain, was lifted up, and held steadily high above the heads of the sitters; the guitar twirled rapidly many times, the whole length of the inclosure; a tambourine was balanced and twirled very quickly on the end of a stick, and, at intervals, hands appeared of different sizes. Later on a coat was handed over the curtain, and presently a hand appeared in the sleeve of this coat; it pointed to me. I went up, when it took my hand, and clasped it warmly; it then withdrew, came out, and again took my hand, then appeared at a different place, and took it a third time. The hand then wrote a long message, and shook hands with a gentleman. We could neither of us distinguish any peculiarity in the hand as to warmth, color or solidity, but I noticed that, above the wrist, the coat sleeve fell in limp, as though there were nothing to fill it out. Three different hands appeared in the course of the evening; one small, like that of a little woman or a child; another was a man's hand, rather common looking, with thick, square fingers, and the third was a man's hand, very dark. Many messages were written, but they had no special significance.

At the conclusion of the light séance we had a dark one, but did not expect much from it, as we had received a message that the force was nearly exhausted. The manifestations were, however, remarkably good and strong. I have only space for a few of the more interesting ones which happened to me or to members of my own family, for whose accuracy I can vouch. The darkness was intense. My sister said, "Can you take off my ring and take it to Edward?" Instantly she felt a hand at her ring finger; it touched her wedding ring, left it and went to the next finger, on which was a fancy ring. This ring fitted very tightly, and when it reached the knuckle, stuck. Strong efforts were made to get it over, but in vain; then a second hand came, and, grasping her arm, held it steady while the ring was forced over the joint. The wedding ring was loose, and could have been taken off easily. Directly we heard Edward's voice saying, "The ring is on my finger." All this was done without the slightest hesitation or fumbling. Then some one called out, "They have given me an apple." The medium asked me if I had any apples about; I said, "No, not one;" on which E. said, with a laugh, "I had one in the pocket of my great coat when I came." We asked where the apple had been found. A message was instantly written, "I got it out of Edward's pocket on the bed." When we read this at the end of the séance, we examined the coat and found the apple gone. A pencil was rapped for, taken deftly from the fingers of a young lady, used, and then put between her fingers.

At one time manifestations were going on in three different parts of the two rooms—all clear and strong. Toward the end of the séance, a very interesting and unexpected incident took place. My sister had on, at the beginning of the séance, a valuable brooch. The pin of this brooch was loose, and fearing it might be lost in the confusion of the evening, she took it off and placed it in a bureau in an adjoining room. She then locked the door of the room. In the course of the sitting she felt a hand dive down to the very bottom of her pocket. It staid there a few seconds, and then slowly withdrew. When the gas was turned on, she put her hand in her pocket and found there the brooch, which two hours before she had placed for safety in a drawer in the next room. She had locked the door, and through all the dark séance it had been blocked up by an arm chair, in which a friend sat. My sister had told no one where the brooch was, and the lady who sat obstructing the door was a perfect stranger to the mediums.

I will conclude by expressing my firm belief that the phenomena witnessed at the séances I have described were genuine. What is the nature of the intelligences I have seen at work around me I do not know, but that they were there, it is now impossible for me to doubt.

M. C.
No. 20 Union Street, Boston.

A new book comes to us from Rev. Dr. Watson, of Memphis, Tenn., entitled "Religion of Spiritualism." The work is neatly bound in cloth, contains 400 pages, 12mo. To those desiring knowledge concerning the true philosophy of Spiritualism, the phenomena of manifestation, the true reason why they return to earth, and the pure, undefiled religion of angelic commands, we cordially recommend this work. Dr. Watson was for thirty-six years a Methodist minister of high standing, and during the latter part of his ministry a bishop of that denomination. The price of this work we see is \$1.25, which we think very reasonable. Any one reading this work will see that Dr. Watson has not retrograded in the religious sphere, but has gone on to the "ministry of angels."—*A Fountain of Light*, Quincy, Ill.

*The work is on sale at the *Banner of Light Bookstore*, No. 6 Montgomery Place, Boston.

Banner Correspondence.

New York.

ROCHESTER.—Ida May Barker writes: "I cannot find words to express my appreciation of the essays recently published in the *Banner of Light* on the 'Origin, Nature and Ultimate of Things,' by Bryan Grant. I have never before had the pleasure of seeing any article from the pen of this peculiarly gifted writer, yet I have rarely read anything on these subjects which afforded me greater enjoyment than these essays. I have followed the writer's golden links of thought, from the beginning of the opening article to the beautiful hills of the Borderland, and caught a view of the Beyond—the radiant pathway to the Ultimate. Their deep philosophy, brilliant logic, and exquisite simplicity of expression, combine to make these essays worthy of more than ordinary interest, and I cannot refrain from making the suggestion that they be published in pamphlet form, in order to preserve them for future study and reference. In closing, I tender many thanks to the editor of the *Banner* for the weekly feast of spiritual things his columns contain, and a fervent wish for his continued success and prosperity."

BROOKLYN.—Dr. Dumont C. Dake writes, enclosing a slip from the New York *Herald* giving a summary of the Doctors' Law of the State of New York, which went into effect Oct. 1st. Dr. Dake says that from earliest times the practical labors of magnetic and clairvoyant healers have successfully stood the severest tests that science, reason and common sense could apply, and that a vast army of the sick and suffering children of earth have through the divine influence of the healing touch arisen from their beds of pain and anguish fastened in body and mind. He further says: "While the truly progressive men and women of our time joyously welcome these healers, a bitter opposition has manifested itself among the 'regulars,' who, to effect their selfish purpose, resort to class legislation, and thus strive to hold their ground by boldly defying the Constitution of the United States, which gives to all the right of conscience and the pursuit of happiness."

Ohio.

CINCINNATI.—Annie C. Hall gives a verification of a message, and makes an urgent plea in behalf of the proposed "Home for Mediums." She says: "In the *Banner of Light* of Oct. 30th, a message from Miss ACUSA W. SPRAGUE, attracted my attention. I was glad to find that the spirit of my friend and acquaintance in the early days of Spiritualism had indeed taken an interest in the *Home for Mediums*. Lately sensing her presence I said that if it were possible for her to do so it would be a great satisfaction to me if she would give the readers of the *Banner of Light* her thoughts on the subject, and on opening the *Banner* to-day I found a response to my request. Miss Shelhamer could not have known of my thoughts, we being nearly a thousand miles apart. After the séance had closed at your Circle Room, and Miss Shelhamer had returned to her home, she found there a letter awaiting her containing my request, but the message had already been given in reply. I feel that I must add my testimony to those of many others of the correctness and truthfulness of the *Banner's* Message Department, and congratulate you on having the services of so efficient an amanuensis."

The Home project is before me all the time, and I trust, Bro. Colby, you will, through the columns of our dear *Banner*, give some words of cheer. Your paper has a very large circulation, and a word from you will cause many to know of this movement who otherwise would not. I believe the Home can be established if Spiritualists and mediums will give their assistance. All can do something. If each public medium would give a part of one day's receipts, soon there would be a place of rest for the tolling mediums when they can no longer stem the tide. Let us all form one grand battery, with hearts throbbing in unison, and ere long a Home, so much needed, will be ready for occupancy."

CLEVELAND.—Mr. A. Dunlap, upon sending his year's subscription, writes that he has been a constant reader of the *Banner of Light* during the last twenty years. He cordially approves of its course. "The *Banner*," he says, "improves from year to year, and my hearty wish is that it may long continue to wave."

Maine.

PORTLAND.—Thomas Street writes that in this city he was hospitably entertained at the home of Asa Hanson; and that in company with him he attended a meeting of Spiritualists held in a fine hall, seating from four hundred to five hundred. He says: "The President of the Society occupying this hall is Asa Hanson, through whose liberality the place of meeting has been furnished and the services sustained. A regular contribution being appointed, a discussion was had upon the following statement: 'As every wound brings its pain, and leaves its scars on the physical, so every sin brings its painful reflections on the mental, and leaves its stain on the spiritual body.' After able and appropriate remarks by a gentleman, I was called upon to speak, which I did, with what success is best known to those who listened."

Mrs. Hanson is and has been doing a grand and glorious work in healing the sick of every form of disease. She showed me two cancers—one very large—taken from a suffering lady without shedding one drop of blood; a perfect wonder of her gift of healing. Thus by angel power this devoted sister has healed seven hundred and thirty-four of her suffering brothers and sisters in the year past. Blessed be her name, and praised be her angel guides for this glorious work. There is a fine company of workers here, and some earnest seekers after truth. I understand there are two other organizations in the city, which I had not time to visit."

New Jersey.

ANCORA.—A correspondent writes: "I think the good old *Banner of Light* has been borne grandly through the storm that has raged for the past year and more, and its bright folds have not been darkened by personalities or recriminations. It has also flashed forth from week to week truths of the greatest interest and value. I wish especially to speak of the editorial appearing a week or two since entitled, 'This Life one of Discipline; and not of Enjoyment.' There is one sentence in it which deserves to be printed in letters of gold, and made a motto for everybody: 'WE ARE SENT INTO THIS WORLD FOR TRAINING PURPOSES, TO FIT US FOR HIGHER ENDS; AND IN NO WAY CAN WE SO WELL SUBSERVE THOSE PURPOSES AS BY BEING OF USE TO OTHERS.' There is a whole system of ethics in that, and it ought to be taught everywhere. That the angels may sustain and strengthen you is my earnest prayer."

Indiana.

COLFAX.—The progress of Spiritualism in this place is thus stated by Mr. B. F. Hayden: "The cause is progressing finely with us. We hold meetings every Sunday in our public hall, and a fair interest is manifested. We have three regular developing circles, and several phases of mediumship are in process of development, among them clairvoyance, inspirational, speaking, writing and materialization."

Illinois.

CHICAGO.—"D. R." writes, answering briefly Mr. Peebles's call on mediums to bear public witness to their visions, if they had ever seen Jesus of Nazareth in spirit. Mrs. Dr. Roberts, of New Orleans, La., is cited by this correspondent as having seen what she was inspired to recognize as the Nazarene on several occasions.

Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE.—Hattie N. Graves writes: "God and all good angels bless the dear old *Banner of Light*. It is more than meat and drink to me in my invalid state. Unable to go out to meetings or circles, I often say to myself 'I could not live without my *Banner*.' I expect very soon to join my loved ones in the 'bright beyond,' but while I continue to remain on this side, I shall not do without the dear old *Banner of Light*."

Real merit of any kind cannot long be concealed; it will be discovered, and nothing can depreciate it but a man's exhibiting it himself.—*Chesterfield*.

TO BOOK-PURCHASERS.
 COLBY & RICH, Publishers and Bookkeepers, 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 all or part cash. When the money is not paid, the books will 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 by mail of coin not only expensive but subject also to possible loss, we would remind our patrons that they can now send us the fractional part of a dollar in postage stamps—*one and two preferred.* All business operations looking to the sale of books on commission respectfully invited. Any book published in England or America (not out of print) will be sent by mail or express.
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SPECIAL NOTICES.
 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 various shades of opinion to which correspondents give utterance. We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve manuscripts that are not used. When newspapers are forwarded, they are sent for our inspection, the sender will confer a favor by drawing a line around the article he desires specially to recommend for personal notice.
 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.

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THE WORK OF SPIRITUALISM is broad as the universe. It extends from the highest spheres of angelic life to the lowest conditions of human ignorance. It is as broad as Wisdom, as comprehensive as Love, and its mission is to bless mankind. —John Pierpont.

Notice to City Patrons.

"Thanksgiving Day" occurring on Thursday of next week, the *Banner of Light* forms will go to press one day earlier, so that our patrons who have been accustomed to obtain their papers at the office on Thursday mornings, can for that week get them by application on Wednesday A. M., Nov. 24th. The *Banner of Light* establishment will remain closed throughout the 25th.

Phenomena and Faith.

In these latter days, when a certain class of Spiritualists are becoming strenuous for the abandonment of the phenomena of Spiritualism if not for the declaratory denial of their truth or value, it is the duty of all sincere and earnest believers to pause and consult the compass again, in the midst of the fog and thick weather, that they may know whereabouts they are on the sea of faith and knowledge, and test anew their confidence in the stars which are steadily shining in the heavens above their heads. If the facts by which we have all of us been led up to our present status are as much facts as they were in the beginning, and are as effective in their operation as ever on men's minds, there is no more reason for discarding them than there is for discarding any of the other facts of the universe, all of which, in their inception, are but a faint promise and prophecy of what they are in their results. To throw away the phenomena for the sake of the philosophy would be much like rejecting the alphabet because a certain number of persons have no further separate use for it. There certainly is no real and true philosophy in rejecting the foundation of a structure that is growing to magnificent proportions, merely because for those who occupy the upper rooms the unseen foundations have no longer a living interest.

Phenomenal Spiritualism must and will stand as long as humanity has the need of its effective services; and when humanity shall have outgrown that necessity, it will not have to make any such declaration as that the phenomena are of no more use, for they will themselves cease on that very account.

The hostility, too, that is manifested in various quarters to materialization is conceived in the same spirit—a spirit that seems to say it will admit no evidence except that of its own choosing. It almost appears to set itself up as a dictator in respect to the kind of evidence in favor of spirit-communication which shall be received. And, real as all things pertaining to spirit are acknowledged to be in comparison with the shadowy unrealities of material things, it is inclined to ignore the fact that in this life sense and spirit, body and soul, earth and heaven, are inextricably commingled, and that spirit growth and expansion, as long as we remain in this state, are possible only as they proceed out of the soil of materiality with which we are all surrounded and in which we are for wise reasons planted.

This onset against phenomenal Spiritualism in its several phases and grades, conceding that its motives are only single and exalted, is in truth an assault on mediumship in all its forms. Abandon that, and we are at once swimming in the air, sailing among the clouds, rapt in the ecstatic moods of the dreamers, without the ballast of facts, the compass of knowledge, or the anchor of personal experience. Until mediumship is withdrawn from Spiritualism by the same powers which gave it to us, we can show no warrant by which to refuse to accept it as one of the richest boons ever granted to the human race. Imperfect as mediumship is admitted to be, and more imperfectly as it is understood by mortals, it is nevertheless an opening of the other worlds to this, a bond of union between mortals and angels, which no other agency ever yet discovered has supplied, and which it is not for us to say is of no further use until it is withdrawn for a better substitute by the invisibles themselves.

Of the convictions of the older and pioneer Spiritualists on this matter it would be easy to cite numerous proofs and illustrations from their own earnest affirmations. Prior to 1860—to furnish but a single specimen of testimony—that venerable Spiritualist and able man, Charles Partridge, put himself on record before the public in unmistakable terms on the side of mediums and mediumship in the following earnest language: "Mediums are our fathers,

mothers, sisters and brothers, neighbors and friends; most of them have become mediums contrary to their wish and will; and in spite of the opposition of themselves and friends, the phenomena have appeared wherever they chose, and have, in each case, commanded attention and enforced conviction of their spiritual origin, until now, in the comparatively short space of ten years, Spiritualism has its millions of mediums and believers scattered over the wide world, in every nation and with every race of people. There has been no collusion between mediums, and yet there is a remarkable likeness in all the manifestations, wherever they occur, with whatsoever race of people and in whatsoever language, and through the several phases of the manifestations. Beside, wherever they occur, and in the presence of persons who do not believe they are spiritually produced, the phenomena claim for themselves a spiritual origin. We submit that the history of the phenomena fully vindicates the integrity of their mediums; and the hypothesis of deception offered in solution of them has ever been weak, malevolent, insufferably unjust; and we submit that it should be forever abandoned."

This is the language of one of what may be styled the Fathers, used by him nearly a quarter of a century ago. How strikingly applicable it is to what we see around us to-day in this outbreak of hostility to mediumship in all its forms. If we examine this new movement closely, we shall discover it to be but a repetition of the old methods resorted to by human nature in the past. First, the simple, humble evidences are thrown away as something beneath the growing pride and ambition of human intellect. Next, assertion is substituted for evidence. And finally, authority erects its head, and demands unconditional submission. So that, from a divine whole becomes a human system, and the heavens close upon it, and refuse to inspire, and nourish, and support it any further with blessings. We then have cliques, and factions, and organizations, with dogmas, and dictations, and creeds, and all the old machinery of ecclesiastical rule restored. One is exalted above another for the gratification of his ambition, or love of power, and the free and sweet atmosphere in which individual belief grows and expands becomes thick and murky, and incapable of imparting healthy spiritual life. Under a broad and universal law of mediumship, with phenomenal facts for its unvarying support, every individual is left free to be convinced by such evidence as best suits his case; while under the hardening rule of personal authority, riveted as it always is in time with iron penalties, passive obedience follows close upon unwilling assent, and servile fear supplants perfect freedom.

This is the peril that lies before the present attempt to throw away the phenomena, and trust to the changing and uncertain speculation of individual minds. It would be the abandonment of the firm ground already secured for something about which nobody positively knows anything. We are allowed to speculate as freely as we choose while accepting the phenomena; but without these, we do nothing but speculate, and are without any ballasting of facts and knowledge. It was this very introduction of fresh and actual knowledge respecting the other world that sent such a thrill of joy through the heart of humanity, and revived the dying hopes of the race. This knowledge came through the simple phenomena, which are continually being enlarged and multiplied to suit the wants of skeptics and believers. By reason of such undeniable knowledge, resting as it does on incontrovertible facts, multitudes have been aroused from spiritual deadness and indifference, and converted from sheer infidelity to a living faith. And we are now asked to let it all go; to deny its worth, past or present; to shoot out the lip at it sneeringly, as if it were a byplay to amuse children; and to turn our faces to those who profess to have something better to offer us. All we have to say to them is, let them show as good credentials as the phenomena have done, and it will be full time to accept their special mission. Until then we shall hold fast to the phenomena.

The Advertiser on Zoellner.

The *Advertiser* dismisses, in a somewhat cavalier fashion, Prof. Zoellner's masterly work, illustrating his scientific experiments in the phenomena through Slade, and remarks: "Such a book from such a source is well calculated to confirm the delusions of many who have no power to pursue investigations on these difficult and unknown fields." The thought here is somewhat obscure, but what the critic would seem to mean is just this: "I, the critic, know by the *a priori* process—that is, by my own intuitive conceptions and prepossessions as to what is in the order of nature—that what Prof. Zoellner assumed to know, by repeated and careful experiments, in company with other eminent physicists, is a delusion. Experimental verifications, facts, testimony, counts nothing by the side of my own intuitive assumptions as to what is, or is not, possible in nature. All the great physicists of Germany may testify to a fact like direct writing; it does not alter my own critical and supreme and all-sufficient belief that they are the victims of imposture or delusion."

Such is the modest dogmatism underlying the critic's dismissal of Zoellner's faithful and thoroughly-tested experiments, as ministering to a popular delusion!

The *Advertiser* refers to Slade as "the slate-writing medium, who was convicted a few years ago in London under the vagrant act for using subtle crafts and devices by palmistry or otherwise, to deceive Professor Lankester, of the Royal Society, and others." But it carefully omitted and still omits to state that there was a sequel to the attempt to crush out Slade. It has never allowed its readers to know what transpired after the so-called "conviction." Repeatedly the *Advertiser* has been called on to do this, but for some reason best known to itself it has consistently suppressed the whole truth; and now, in its latest notice of the affair, it leaves its readers with the impression that Slade is a disgraced convict.

But what are the facts? The tables were turned on the officious Lankester. Slade appeared before the petty Court presided over by Justice Flowers, a sort of "Dogberry," and was honorably discharged by a higher tribunal; and Lankester has been ridiculed and denounced by the best scientists of England and Germany for his fussy, impertinent attempt to put a stop to the genuine phenomena through Slade. As Professor Ludwig, his German teacher, remarked of him: "I remember him as a conceited, excitable youth." But when will the *Advertiser* have the candor to tell its readers the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in regard to a subject so personally offensive to it as Spiritualism?

Does He Assume too Much?

In the Preface to his recent work on Spiritualism, Mr. Epes Sargent remarks: "Among intelligent observers, its claims to scientific recognition are no longer a matter of doubt." The *Boston Advertiser* italicizes these words, and says: "Mr. Sargent has an answer, more or less plausible, for all objections; but, as may be inferred from the remark in italics, he assumes too much."

Now if the *Advertiser* can point to the one man of science who can show that he has long and patiently and faithfully investigated our phenomena, and found them barren of all qualities entitling them to scientific recognition, we will admit that it has some slight grounds for its remark. But can it point to such a man? Most assuredly it cannot. All objections raised against the facts of Spiritualism by scientific specialists who have not yet made this one subject a specialty, have been purely speculative and based on *a priori* assumptions. Our facts, experiments and observations, they would offset by their intuitions and prepossessions as to what is in the order of nature.

On the contrary, all the men of science, like Crookes, Zöllner, Barkas, Varley, Wallace, Whately, Fichte, Flammarion, Hæfe, Boule-rof, Wagner, and many others, who have really examined into our phenomena patiently, and carefully, and fairly, have become convinced of their objectivity, their genuineness, and their claims to scientific recognition. Of course those persons who really know what has been done, and what is doing, those "intelligent observers," as Mr. Sargent calls them, will see that he is fully justified in his remark objected to by the *Advertiser*, and that he does not "assume too much" in assuming what he does. Until the *Advertiser* can name the one man of science who has investigated our phenomena thoroughly, and repudiated them as not *proven*, Mr. Sargent's remarks stand, and will continue to stand.

We are gratified in being able to state that the present prospects are that "The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism" is having a larger sale among persons outside of Spiritualism than any known work on the subject. This is a good sign. In saying this we do not wish it to be inferred that the work is not at the same time circulating largely among Spiritualists themselves.

What Women are Doing.

The recent convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Association, which was held in this city, was the first demonstration of such a character which the women of this country have ever made, and it was every way worthy of them and of the noble cause they advocate. The motto of the Association is "Home Protection." The mothers, wives and sisters of the land are fully convinced that they, if any one, are the chief sufferers from the prevailing evil of intemperance, and they appeal to all voters, to both political parties, to the legislatures of the several States and to Congress, to step forward without delay or hesitation and do what can be done to stay this evil. Their appeal is the most moving one ever addressed to the people of any country.

The public have taken an unusual interest in this convention of women, in consequence of the new methods adopted by them for reaching the consciences of men. The church in which the exercises were held was daily crowded with people of both sexes. The addresses and debates excited an unusual degree of interest, and forced the question on the minds of all whether this most important of all social subjects had hitherto received that serious attention which it deserves. It was very evident that the temperance cause has been taken hold of on a new side—its domestic side. There the tenderest and profoundest sentiments known to men are located.

Something like this has long been needed to lift the temperance cause out of the ruts of habitual advocacy and give it a fresh form of presentation to the public thought and reflection. The men having shown themselves incapable of doing any more for temperance reform at present, they could not do so well as to surrender the field to the women. In the comparatively little time during which the latter have been at work they have amply shown what they could do if they were not interfered with. In their hands is placed a lever with power to move bodies supposed to be immovable before. Woman will have a hearing on this subject when she demands it, as she does now. She is able to wield influences which were hardly supposed to exist. As her work goes on her power will be made continually more visible.

Appeal of the First Spiritual Union.

An ordinance of the city of San Francisco compels every medium and clairvoyant to pay a tax of fifty dollars a quarter. This is considered by the friends there to be in direct violation of the constitution of that State, upon the ground that Spiritualism being a religion its mediums are exempt from taxation, the same as ministers of any other religious body. In this view the FIRST SPIRITUAL UNION make an appeal for assistance to aid them in efforts to protect the mediums from being forced to submit to what no unprejudiced and reasonable person can fail to look upon as an unjust and extortionate demand. They propose to carry any cases of prosecution that may arise through the courts, and test the constitutionality of the law. As the question involved is one of great importance in its relation to the life and efficiency of the cause, we trust all Spiritualists will be impressed with the necessity of contributing to such an extent as they may be able in furtherance of the object. Subscriptions may be sent to J. M. Mathews, 202 Sacramento street, or A. S. Winchester, post-office box 1907, San Francisco, Cal., and their receipt will be acknowledged in the columns of *Light* for all.

We had a pleasant call last week from Capt. Mott Clary, of Joplin, Mo. Himself and his wife are on a short visit to the Eastern States. On their way they stopped a few days in Philadelphia and attended private séances where Mrs. J. A. Bliss, of that city, and Mrs. H. V. Ross (of Providence, R. I.) were the mediums. A number of spirits materialized and were unmistakably recognized—two of the forms being those of their own children.

A correspondent writes us that Dr. Peebles had a crowded house on Sunday evening in Orange, Mass., to listen to his lecture upon "What I Saw in China—Must the Chinese Leave this Country?"

Read the article entitled "The Indian Question," on our third page. It embodies an outspoken presentation of the wrongs of the Poncas, and a touching claim upon the generosity of the humane everywhere.

The Fair.

Now being held at the hall 718 Washington street, Boston, by the Ladies' Aid Society, will continue afternoon and evening, closing on Saturday evening, Nov. 20th, with a grand drawing of prizes. The week which ended Nov. 13th, was quite successful, the evening attendance during that time being very good—especially on Thursday (Nov. 11th), when the Jubilee Singers were present and rendered some of their choicest songs. On Friday night a unique "Tin wedding service" was performed by Dr. A. H. Richardson, Dr. Grover and Dr. Currier.

In Aid of the Poncas.

A meeting in aid of the Ponca Indians was held Sunday evening, Nov. 14th, in Berkeley street church, Boston. There was a large congregation present. Gov. Long presided, and made a short address. Miss "Bright Eyes," (Susette LaFlesche) Rev. E. E. Hale, Mr. Tibbles and Rev. W. B. Wright, participated in the speech-making, and their remarks were attentively followed by their auditors.

Jonathan Edwards a Victim of Vaccination.

A correspondent of the *Vaccination Inquirer* (London) says: "Jonathan Edwards, the prince of Calvinistic metaphysicians, was killed by inoculation. There was an epidemic of small-pox prevalent in New Jersey, and for security Edwards was persuaded to submit to inoculation. The result was the generation of small-pox in a severe form, of which he died March 22d, 1758, in his fifty-fourth year."

Mrs. Nettie Pease-Fox delivered an able lecture in Moberly, Mo., on the evening of Sunday, the 7th inst., in review of a discourse given by Elder J. C. Reynolds, of the Christian Church of that city, from the text, "Thou shalt not Suffer a Witch to Live." The *Headlight*, in its issue of the following morning, gave a very fair report of the address of Mrs. Fox, remarking that various points were "well made, she literally tearing to pieces many of the statements made by the Elder." The latter had said that only bad spirits came back; his parents were good, hence they could not return—an assumption Mrs. Fox declared very strange, since a just God might be supposed to give his good children privileges equal with those awarded the bad. She then referred to the New Testament as containing on nearly every page evidences of the coming of good spirits.

Mr. McLeod (formerly a prominent Spiritualist at the antipodes, but now residing in New York) has succeeded in providing means by which small yachts are made secure from being capsized by a gale of wind without lessening the amount of canvass. A trial lately made in Flushing was entirely successful. Dashing along under full sail a sudden gust of wind struck the canvass, and at the instant the mast—which was appropriately lashed for the purpose—leaned so that the superfluous amount of wind left the sails, being "spilled" to leeward; then they returned to their former position, and the yacht kept on its way, though other boats had all their canvass close-reefed.

"HARK! FROM THE TOMBS A DOLEFUL SOUND!"—Rev. Dr. Cuyler, in the *Congregationalist*, gives a gloomy picture of the church attendance in New York City. The dismal report of empty pews grieves him exceedingly; and New York, he says, is not peculiar in this matter: it is the case in other cities, towns and villages. The fact is that the living gospel of Spiritualism is taking the place everywhere of the dry husks of Old Theology, and will in time spiritualize all the good people who still remain in the Church; will convince them that those whom they call dead *still live*, to guard and bless us poor mortals, and are ready to receive us with open arms when our mission is concluded in the earthly life.

Lovers of justice will be pained to learn that trouble is brewing again in Colorado. The telegraph dispatches state that "Gov. Pitkin does not seem willing, if he is able, to restrain the citizens of Colorado from carrying out their threat to invade the Ute reservation and lynch" those whom they conceive to be the "murderers" of Jackson, the homicide teamster. It is clearly evident that the Coloradans propose to force the general government to rescind its treaty action in the premises, drag the Utes into a war, and then leave the United States to fight that war and pay the bill!

Mrs. R. H. Lyon, Washington, D. C., one of the early workers in the cause of Spiritualism, has been for a considerable period an invalid, for eleven months unable to sit up, and in destitute circumstances, except as ministered to by her friends. We have frequently contributed to supply her wants, and those of our readers who are disposed to help one really in need and every way worthy of their aid can do so by addressing Mrs. Lyon as above (in care of Mr. Childs, letter-carrier).

We would direct the attention of our readers to the announcement in our columns of a new medium, Celia M. Nickerson. The lady is spoken of as being gifted with powers for mediumistic development as well as for test and business purposes. Investigators will do well to call at 35 Dover street, Boston, and make her acquaintance.

Few of the women of this century have enjoyed or deserved so large a share of the esteem of the civilized world as Lucretia Mott, whose decease on Nov. 11th, at her home near Philadelphia, is announced. For more than sixty years she has been a speaker and worker in the interests of the unfortunate and the oppressed.

G. B. Stebbins writes: "Our folks should buy more Spiritualist books, hear more good talking, and have mediumship gain and thought grow." This is good advice, Bro. S.; and we would add that Spiritualists should at the same time more fully patronize all the papers devoted to the cause.

PORTLAND, ME.—The People's Spiritual Meeting is held each Sunday afternoon and evening at Army and Navy Hall, corner of Brown and Congress streets, at 3 and 7 o'clock P. M. Speakers and mediums desirous of visiting Portland under the auspices of the Society will address H. C. Berry or Dr. T. Webster, of that city.

We shall give to our readers, next week, the opportunity of perusing another of the interesting letters from England which J. J. Morse knows so well how to write.

Read carefully, in another column, the advertisement of Summary of Substantialism. The subjects treated are of the utmost importance, and demand respectful investigation.

BRIEF PARAGRAPHS.

Rev. Robert Collyer says: "The very first person I want to see when I go to heaven—your may call me a heretic if you like—is not Christ, nor the heavenly Father; it is that little daughter, with her sweet blue eyes and her beautiful blonde locks, that was taken away from my wife and myself in 1833." How many professed Christians, ministers and laymen, would say the same respecting their own if they dare express honestly the deepest feelings of their souls.

A monthly periodical, devoted chiefly to the dissemination of the Platonic Philosophy in all its phases, and entitled *The Platonist*, is about to be issued by Thos. M. Johnson, who can be addressed by all favoring the new project at Osceola, Mo.

"The melancholy days of November"
 Should teach us the poor to remember.

One would suppose, from the comments of a correspondent of the *Boston Saturday Evening Gazette* upon Mr. Beecher's public recognition of Col. Ingersoll's honesty in the expression of his convictions, that God was about to lose control of the universe, and everything was rapidly on its way to irredeemable ruin.

Off may the spirits of the dead descend
 To watch the silent slumbers of a friend;
 To hover round his evening walk unseen,
 And hold sweet converse on the dusky green;
 To hail the spot where once their friendship grew,
 And heaven and nature opened to their view!
 Oft when he trims the cheerful hearth, and sees
 A smiling circle, emulous to please;
 There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,
 And bless the scenes they loved on earth so well.
 —[*Pleasures of Memory*].—Rogers.

The San Francisco incorporations disbursed dividends last month to the amount of \$865,610!

If you wish success in life, make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counselor, caution your elder brother, and hope your guardian genius.—*Addison.*

We cordially thank the managers of the Shawmut Spiritual Lyceum for the present recently of a basket of choice fruit. "By their fruits ye shall know them," the good Book says, and we have had a practical demonstration of the fact.

It has been the fault of all sects, that they have been too anxious to define their religion. They have labored to circumscribe the infinite.

Whatever our place allotted to us by Providence, that for us, is the post of honor and duty. God estimates us not by the position we are in, but by the way in which we fill it.—*J. Edwards.*

LIGHT FOR ALL, an eight-page paper "devoted to the growth, attainment and perfection of the philosophy of Modern Spiritualism," comes to us from San Francisco, where it is published weekly under the management of Mr. A. S. Winchester, Mrs. A. S. Winchester being the associate editor. It is one of the neatest and most ably-conducted publications in the interests of Spiritualism that reaches our office.

Every few years the Bible is revised and corrected. So correct were those in use two hundred years ago that it is doubtful if those who relied on them ever got to heaven.—*Boston Post.*

A little girl read a composition before a minister. The subject was "A Cow." She wrote in this complimentary sentence: "The cow is the most useful animal in the world except religion."

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do without a thought of fame. If it comes at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after.—*Longfellow.*

It savored somewhat of old theology when a man who thought he was about to die wished a friend to send some one to prepare him for the event, and he soon after received a call from a fire insurance agent.

Joseph Cook's audiences are said to applaud him very heartily when he argues out a future life as a dead certainty. They don't want Joseph to escape.—*Boston Post.*

M. Jackson writes to the *Herald of Progress* of a cure effected through the healing power of a Mr. Clifton. Mr. Jackson's child had suffered for nineteen months from an abscess in its arm. Those who were called "the best of physicians" declared that to save the life of the child the arm must be cut off, and the child was discharged from the hospital as incurable. Hearing of Mr. Clifton's power, the father determined upon giving him a fair trial. He did so, and in three months the arm was cured.

A Vermont shoemaker being asked if he had any religion, made answer, "Just enough to make good shoes, glory to God!" and with an extra pull he drew the waxed thread firmly to its place. Let us endow his bench as a new chair in the divinity school.—*Christian Register.*

The bridegroom of a Waukegan wedding was a Baptist, and the bride a Methodist. They had agreed that immediately after the ceremony they would decide by chance which should embrace the other's religion. The officiating clergyman declined to toss up a cent, partly because he would not countenance such a proceeding, and partly because, being a Methodist, he might be accused of fraud if the bride won. The bride herself finally threw the coin, and lost. When she went to join the Baptists, however, they rejected her because she did not believe in close communion. That displeased the husband, and he went over with her to the Methodists.

A Spurious Work.

To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:
 I see by some copies of "*Freethought*," a Spiritualist journal published at Sydney, Australia, that a work entitled "Communications from Another World" is attributed to me, and advertised in its columns as from my pen. This is a great mistake: I never wrote such a work, never had anything to do with it, never heard of its existence, till I found it ascribed to me. I fear that the estimable editor and publisher of "*Freethought*" has been deceived by some unscrupulous person, imagining he could attract to an unsalable work by affixing my name to it. I trust that the friends of truth in Australia will see to it that the mistake or deception is properly rectified or denounced.
 Boston, Nov. 12th, 1880. EPES SARGENT.

[From the Boston Daily Advertiser of Nov. 12th.]

Books on Spiritualism.

Three books in further exposition of the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism are issued this week from the house of Colby & Rich. The first is by that staunch defender of the faith, Mr. Epes Sargent, on "The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism." It is crowded with strange incidents and incidental testimonies designed to illustrate and enforce the claim Mr. Sargent now makes, that the facts of the new philosophy are capable of scientific verification. The point he has reached is stated in the closing words of his preface, as follows: "Spiritualism is not now 'the despair of science,' as I called it on the title-page of my first book. Among intelligent observers, its claims to scientific recognition are no longer a matter of doubt." Mr. Sargent has an answer, more or less plausible, for all objections; but, as may be inferred from the remark in italics, he assumes too much.

Second Society of Spiritualists.

At the last moment, before going to press, we received a report from Alfred Weldon, President of this organization, the points of which letter are closely covered by "Occasional's" contribution, so that in the crowded state of our columns we refrain from inserting its main portion. After speaking of Prof. Denton's work, etc., Mr. Weldon concludes as follows: "Moses Hull will occupy our platform the remaining Sundays of this year. His subjects for Sunday, Nov. 21st, will be: forenoon, 'Jesus—the Man, the Medium; his Follies, Failures and Successes; evening, 'Signals from the Departed.' With Moses Hull for the balance of the season, Prof. Wm. Denton in January, and Cephas B. Lynn in February, the Second Society will be well supplied with solid spiritual food."

Wonderful Manifestations.

A Seance by Messrs. Keeler and Roth-
ermel, at the Residence of Epes Sar-
gent, Esq.: Narratives of the Occur-
rences thereat by Messrs. Sargent
and Wetherbee.

It gives us real pleasure to be able to put on
record the following pointed testimony in favor
of the verity of the mediumistic powers of
Messrs. Keeler and Rothermel—the evidence
being adduced by two of the best known Spirit-
ualists of America. We are sure the witness
these gentlemen bear to the wonderfully con-
vincing character of the phenomena they met
with on the occasion specified will be perused
with satisfaction by our readers:

Mr. Sargent's Statement.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
I have witnessed a phenomena more re-
markable than those through Messrs. Rothermel
and Keeler, which took place at my house on the evening
of Nov. 10th, 1880. There was a light sitting, and after
it a dark sitting. Each was highly satisfactory; the
phenomena in the dark corroborating and emphasizing
those in the light. Four chairs were placed several
inches in front of the line of the embrasure of a bay-
window—the width of the embrasure being six feet
six inches, and the depth four feet. The mediums
came, expecting to make their arrangements in my
library, in a corner where there was no window, and
where they had given a very satisfactory exhibition
once before. But for the purpose of having the use of
an extension-table for the dark circle, I suggested
their using this embrasure in the dining-room. The
large window and the two side windows were all fast-
ened, and covered by Venetian blinds. There was no
chance for a confederate from the outside. Indeed,
as the night was windy and cold, the opening of a win-
dow for five seconds would have made a change in the
temperature that would at once have been felt, while
the entrance of any person, had it been possible when
we knew the windows were fastened, and the mediums
sat still in a full light, would have caused an audi-
ble rattling of the blinds.

Of my own family and immediate friends present
there were eleven. No friend of the mediums was
present, except an assistant, bearing the instruments,
S. & C. but his presence counts for nothing, as in the
light sitting he sat alone in the broad light, and in the
dark sitting both his hands were held by two of my
friends. We had studied the hands of the two mediums
at the tea-table the night before, so that we were
prepared to detect them, had they appeared; this they
did not do, however. On the four chairs, placed as I
have described, sat the mediums, Rothermel and
Keeler, and two ladies of my family in this order: L. E.,
L. K. A curtain four feet high was stretched across
the line of the embrasure behind them. Another cur-
tain was stretched before them, covering their per-
sons, all but their necks and faces, which were left
visible—the object being to form a dark chamber
under the chairs and between the two curtains for the
operating forces. The medium at the left end (Keel-
er) had his two hands on the bare wrist and hand of
the lady at his side, while Rothermel had his left hand
on her other wrist, and his right hand on the wrist of
the second lady at the end. The above capital letters
indicate the position.

The light was excellent throughout. In it I could
see to read the print several feet off from the gas-
burner. Under these conditions the guitar was lifted
high up against the Venetian blinds, more than four
feet off, where it would have been impossible for either
medium to have reached, even if he had had the use
of a hand. The guitar was vigorously played on; a
tambourine was rattled and thrown over the four-foot
high curtain; the drawer of a little chest-table placed
against the window was opened, and the contents
thrown out over the curtain; and other extraordinary
movements, requiring great power, were produced—
all in full light. All this while the mediums gave not
the slightest sign of motion, the ladies protesting every
few seconds that the hands of the mediums were taken
from their wrists. Particular pains were taken to verify
this. In view of the skeptical suggestion that the sense
of feeling might have been numbed, and the ladies de-
ceived. That this was not the case here we had com-
plete assurance. My purpose in the sitting was to test
this one point especially—and it was tested fully in
various ways.

Indications soon came fast and furious, entirely do-
ing away with the theory that the hands of the mediums
had at any time been removed. Hands of various
sizes, entirely unlike those of the mediums, some of
feminine delicacy and some of masculine coarseness,
were thrust out. Strips of paper in compact blocks
were handed to them; they wrote rapidly with a pen-
cil, throwing out their perfectly legible messages, and
allowing us to come up and examine the hands in the
full light as they wrote. They would remain at least
twelve seconds at a time, and we were allowed not
only to inspect but to grasp them.

There was an aperture in the curtain on the left of
Keeler as he sat facing the semi-circle of near specta-
tors. From this aperture a delicately formed right
hand was thrust, and remained writing in full view of
all some fifteen seconds. It was unlike the medium's
hand, and was a conclusive proof that the manifesta-
tion was genuine. Even if the impact of Keeler's hand
had not been felt by the lady at his side, it will be seen
how impracticable it would have been for him to have
twisted round his right hand over his left shoulder and
have written without making any perceptible move-
ment of his head or neck. My coat was asked for; I
took it off and it was handed over the curtain, where it
was seized by some invisible recipient, and the next
moment a hand not that of either medium was thrust
through the sleeve and the writing on slips of paper was
continued. The action of the hand in its attempts
to prevent the sleeve from slipping over it as it wrote,
was significant and amusing. Several of the persons
present were allowed to grasp and shake these transi-
tory hands, as well as to examine them closely.

In the dark circle my friends sat with hands joined
or touching, on one side of a long extension table,
while Keeler sat at one end and Rothermel at the other.
The assistant sat between two of my friends and
was held by them. The hands of the mediums were
laid flat on the table, and those of two of my friends
placed on and over them. Under these excellent condi-
tions, the gas being put out by one of my friends, who
instantly resumed his seat, musical instruments were
played on vigorously, the middle leaves of the table
were drawn out and thrown on the floor, and objects
moved about with wonderful celerity. A ring was tak-
en from Mr. Wetherbee, and placed first on my fore-
finger and then on my little finger. A lady's cuff was
taken off, and placed, after a fumbling of twenty sec-
onds, over mine. A hand large and coarse, but per-
fectly flesh-like, and which I am confident was not
that of any human being present, made passes over my
head and forehead for some time to relieve me of
pain. That the force at work could see in the dark as
well as the light was conclusively shown in many ways.
I was pulled by a vigorous hand nearly across the table,
and several others had similar experiences. Of
the good faith of the mediums and the genuineness of
all the phenomena of the evening there was not room
for a doubt.

Here are two young men, whose very appearance is
a guaranty for their good faith, who are now giving in
our city these remarkable and highly satisfactory sit-
tings for phenomena. They propose to go round to
private houses and afford persons interested an oppor-
tunity of examining into the subject under the favor-
able conditions I have named; and also to give exhi-
bitions at their own rooms. Their terms are modest—
hardly enough to cover their actual expenses.

The phenomena, if genuine, set at rest many ques-
tions of moment in physics, in metaphysics, and in
positive science. Will those gentlemen who are rashly
denouncing our facts as "delusions," and setting
aside the important experiments of Zöllner and his
fellow-physicists in Germany as of no account, show
their loyalty to truth by taking this opportunity of in-
vestigation offered in the presence of Rothermel and
Keeler in Boston? Our over-confident critics, evolv-
ing their objections from their own concealed assump-
tions and unreasoned intuitions, will do no such thing.
"It moves notwithstanding," as Galileo said.

EPES SARGENT.

Mr. Wetherbee's Report.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
My friend, neighbor and fellow-saint, Epes Sargent—
it being spiritually illuminated in salinity—invited me to
a seance at his house last Tuesday evening, Messrs.
Keeler and Rothermel being the mediums. Mr. Sar-
gent's family circle and one or two intimate friends,
including myself (about ten all told), constituted the
circle. I had had this pleasure before, and at the same
place, as the *Banner of Light* readers know, and had
been testified in favor of the media. I have since
heard that some have expressed doubts of the genu-
ineness of these manifestations—who thought I might
have been mistaken, though I did not see how I could
have been, and knew that I was not. I was really
glad of this opportunity of verifying my first impres-
sions of them under such favorable circumstances—
in the house of a gentleman of culture and social posi-
tion, and where, under all the circumstances, imposture
was impossible. Please consider that word on this
occasion written with an accent, for I mean it literally!

We had a very satisfactory light seance first, and
then finished—which kept us until a late hour—with
one of their dark seances, which was also very satisfac-
tory. I feel very sure that the *Banner of Light* read-
ers are tired of detailed descriptions, and I certainly
am, and I feel that my opinion will be of more interest
than any extended account of the manifestations. The
dark circle, I must own, was a little ahead of those
usually witnessed; the manifestations were so palpa-
ble and materially strong that it was hard to realize
their spiritual character; one must be a Spiritualist,
and know otherwise of the certainty of a spiritual en-
vironment, to believe his own senses in such matters;
and yet it was as impossible for what transpired to have
been any mortal's accomplishment, under the precau-
tion and the circumstances, as for a horse to deliver
an oration.

I will mention one of the manifestations of the light
seance that I had not seen before: no better or more sat-
isfactory than the average, but still so truly convincing
that it was not and could not have been a "fraud," that
the mentioning of it at length will be a duty. In the
area behind the curtain—which screen, as usual, was
about four or five feet high, making a space for the
spirits to operate in—the intelligences rapped out that
they wanted Mr. Sargent to take his coat off and throw
it over into the enclosure, which he did. The spirits
materialized a hand, as they had done in various ways
for various purposes before, but this time put it
through and out of the coat-sleeve, the coat being held
up above the top of the curtain while this was being
done, and then the hand very naturally came through
the coat-sleeve looking as if the sleeve was filled with
an army, and took a pencil and wrote, as a mortal
would, on a paper held by any one who wished to, an
intelligent message. No human or mortal eye directed
the pencil; it was back of and above the head of the me-
dium, who was sitting in front of the curtain, and both
of his hands securely held by Mrs. S., who was re-
peatedly asked if she was sure she had the medium's
hands, and replied affirmatively. A curtain or apron
covered his hands from the vision of the party; but no
one need doubt the fact, for, even if not secured, the
hands that appeared were of different sizes, and more
than one at once, sometimes, and they were in impos-
sible places to have belonged to the medium, and, be-
sides, the hand came through the coat-sleeve; we saw
that operation, which was a physical impossibility for
the medium to have done.

I do not suppose that every seance by these mediums
will bear literally so full or strong a statement as
this, for the conditions of location and people were
good; and I have lived long enough to learn that qual-
ity and quantity are not always duplicated, but the
reader may be assured of this statement as the experience
on this occasion.

I can hardly help adding that the egotistically vain
and pious-looking man who was heard to say in con-
ing out of Tremont Temple on the "exposure" (2) evening,
"If I were a Spiritualist I should want to hang my head
after that," would want to hang his own head, and a
thousand other piously inclined heads also, if he could
have had my experience, for supposing even for a mo-
ment such "monkey-shines" as the firm of Wolfe, Lin-
coln & Co. exhibited to be spiritual manifestations.

JOHN WETHERBEE.

A Conclusive Seance.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Last Wednesday evening I attended a material-
izing seance at which there were no other
present except the medium, her husband and
myself. The conditions seemed to be as per-
fect as could be accorded by mortals. Fifteen
fully-materialized spirits manifested. My wife
and six of our children materialized their full
forms, in order of their several ages, as tangi-
ble and distinctly as if they were really deni-
zens of earth. Five of them embraced me and
pressed scores of kisses on my lips with more
fervor, if possible, than they ever did when in
earth-life. Then came what purported to be
my brother Isaac, Rev. Albert Barnes of Phila-
delphia, Thomas Starr King (and one other
male spirit), a sister and an aunt of my late
wife, and Fannie Conant. Sure I am that no
one who was acquainted with Mrs. Conant could
have failed to have recognized her material-
ized spirit. Last of all came my (youngest)
daughter Esther, who passed away at Santa
Barbara, California, last July. Esther did not
get power enough to come out into the room
where we sat, but the apparition, as seen with-
in the open curtain, resembled her in height,
size, form and manner. On the next afternoon
I was present alone with an excellent trance
medium, when the following communications
were given—the first two in writing through
the hand of the medium, whilst the last two
were first spoken in words, and then put down
in writing by the (two) several spirits. I suppose
that some readers will think the first three of
these communications to be sadly out of place
in the *Banner of Light*, but I have little doubt
there are many others who will derive both in-
struction and pleasure from their perusal; and
for their benefit I send them to you for inser-
tion as given, word for word.

THOMAS M. HAZARD.

Parker House, Boston, Nov. 12th, 1880.

"MY DARLING HUSBAND—Joy, joy seems to take
possession of my entire being when I realize the bless-
ing and privilege which is mine of so frequently re-
turning from that resplendent home of the spheres
to enter into pure and sweet communion with you, my
beloved. Oh, what grander experience can come to a
spirit than that of entering into communion with its
loved ones? All else pales into insignificance before
it; and as I return to you so frequently, I find my
spirit unfolding with new power and glory, and gain-
ing more knowledge of the laws of life and the con-
trol of spirit over matter. Oh! to stand face to face
with you, my own husband, who have ever been the
loadstone attracting me back to earthly conditions;
to feel that I am recognized by you, is a constant de-
light to my spirit and a continual solace to my soul,
giving me patience to wait until I shall welcome you
to the immortal world.

"And then, my beloved, to feel that you have done and
yet shall do more good in the world—to know that you
are the champion of mediumship and the defender of
angels, thrills my being with ecstasy untold. I am in-
deed a happy wife and mother; and to-day I bring my
happiness to fling it over your spirit, and bathe you in
rays of glorified peace. Our darlings assemble to
bring you love and affection. Our dear Esther will try
to manifest to-day. She is so happy that she could
come to our materializing seance. We are all happy,
and bless you. Your own FANNIE."

The following was communicated in writing
by my daughter, Mary, who passed from earth
in infancy, but is now the tallest in form of any
of my daughters:

"MY DEAR FATHER—Many years have passed
away since your little Mary" (her pet name), "was
called into the land of spirits, but not as a little
blighted before it had reached the maturity of the

blossom did she remain. Oh no! for as you are aware,
dear father, the years in passing over her head have
brought some new development, unfoldment and
growth, until she now enters your presence in all the
joy of matured womanhood.

"Through all the years that have passed away since
my departure to the spirit-world I have returned to
your side to bring you blessing, and to receive from
your spirit in return experiences which have benefited
and instructed me in my spirit-home. This in giving
and receiving have we blessed each other: you in im-
parting to me a knowledge and experience of material
things that I was not fated to acquire in the bonds of
flesh, and I by bringing to you a knowledge of spiritual
laws, of the power of spirits to control material things,
the love and sympathy of your angel friends. Father,
you have done a noble work for humanity; you have
stood like a bulwark of strength before many a weary,
tired, persecuted medium! For this we bless you. You
have stood like a stronghold of power for the angels!
For this we bless you. You have laid your experience,
and the knowledge of spiritual laws that you have ac-
quired by patient research, before the eyes of those
who are to come after you! In this you will prove a
blessing to others by instructing them in the laws of
spirit control, by giving them information how to pro-
ceed in their search after tidings of immortal life. And
by giving them the results of your own investigations
you are performing a great service for those who
are to follow after you, and are making it easier for
the angel-world to perform their labors.

"And, father, your work is not done, your labors are
not accomplished yet; more earnest words, beautiful
experiences and messages of light are to be given to
you to place before the eyes of others. We are told
that you were sent to earth to perform this service to
humanity. Your experiences with the loved ones gone
before are given to you for this purpose—that you may
teach others concerning the life and power of the spirit.
You have been misunderstood and misrepresented, yet
you have pressed valiantly on, and we bless you for it.
An exalted band of spirit-intelligences at times sur-
round you, for through your influence and your aura
they can send strength, information and blessings to
humanity. Then press on, dear father; do not falter
nor faint by the way! Your angel-friends will give you
strength and bring you love and peace, for it is our
purpose to work until all humanity shall rejoice in a
knowledge that there is no death, that change comes
to all for the ripening and unfoldment of the spirit;
and we shall pause not until all shall feel that the
grave hath lost its sting, for their loved ones live and
can return and bless them."

I may just say here that readers must make
great deductions from the eulogistic encoiriums
bestowed upon a loved father in the last com-
munication, by an affectionate spirit-daughter
almost wholly inexperienced in the ways of this
world.

The following communication was first given in
words, and then, by my request, in writing,
by my daughter, Esther, who passed away last
July, at Santa Barbara, California:

"MY DEAR FATHER—I am so delighted with my new
home! Language cannot express the emotions that thrill
my being! I am surrounded by tenderness, love and
sympathy; peace overflows my spirit. All are so kind to
me! Here the flowers seem to bloom in fragrance for my
delight, the birds sing songs which my soul can inter-
pret. Release from weariness, pain and care fills me
with divine rest. No more sleepless nights, longing
for the dawn! I no more strive to conceal weary pain
from watchful eyes! All is over but the sweet delight
of knowing I am at home. Oh, my dear father, many
times in that far-off land did I sigh for a sight of our
sweet old home with its beautiful surroundings. Many
times did I yearn to see your own kind features bend-
ing over me, or to hear the loving, appreciative accents
of my darling sister Fanny's voice in my ear, she who
in tenderest love for me passed beyond the border! Now
I am with her and rest. I can come to you, I can
visit each loved one and old familiar scenes, and I
bless you for the inestimable knowledge of being able
to return, in evidence that there is no death, only life
and love and joy immortal.

ESTHER."

The next, from Dr. Chanpang, was first spoken
and then written:

"MY FRIEND—It ever gives to my spirit unbounded
delight to enter the presence and correspond with an
earnest spirit who has the welfare and interest of hu-
manity at heart. Through such beings as these we
can send an influence to earth which will in a measure
permeate society and assist in the work of elevating
mankind. Therefore, my friend, it is a pleasure to me
to-day to enter into communion with you. I have
been by your side more than once, and have ever
found your spirit reaching out for a higher knowledge,
a fuller comprehension of the laws governing human
existence and immortal life. You are interested in
humanity; you desire to assist mankind in advance-
ment. In this we are attracted to you, and find in you
one who will cooperate with us in our desire to spread
abroad a knowledge of the laws of being.

"Oh, my friend, humanity is in need of a more spiri-
tual life. Our friends in the flesh are absorbed in mere
worldly interests, in the pursuit of wealth or fame; they
are too frequently wrapped in bonds of selfishness and
ambition, and dreams of material grandeur. The soul
does not sway the body, but the external seems to gov-
ern the inner being. Man needs spiritualizing. Before
he can comprehend the beauty and grandeur of the
higher life he must become purified in the material life!
Before he can receive and enjoy the teachings of an-
gels, he must cast aside all worldly ambition and seek
to learn of the spirit! He must aspire upward! We
must work to this end to purify and spiritualize hu-
manity. To do this we must gratify the love of the
marvelous. We must attract the attention of humanity
to spiritual things by giving evidence of the power of
spiritual phenomena! When once the mind is
awakened to a knowledge of the power and presence
of angels, there is hope for the spiritual part of man,
and we work to this end, that humanity may awake to
its needs and reach upward for a purer and a higher
life. We do not hope to perform much lasting good
until this is accomplished. When humanity yearns for
the highest blessings of life, then can the angels come
into close communion with the denizens of earth. For
this we are pleased to come in contact with you, for
through you and through those sweet messengers of
love who are of your own household, and who gather
around you with light and sympathy, the highest in-
telligences of angelic life can send forth their influence
for the enlightenment of mankind. This lesson do we
come to teach, that man is bound to man by the ties
of brotherhood, and we shall rest not until humanity re-
realizes that all are members of one grand family united
by ties of fraternal relationship, and that angel-hood,
through progression, awaits each one. When this is
completed by mortals, material and spiritual life will
alike become purified of error and inharmonious; injustice,
wrong and oppression will cease to exist on earth.
Love, kindness and universal peace will reign, for man
will live by the golden rule of life, and do unto
others as he would be done by.

WM. ELLERY CHANNING."

W. J. Colville's Meetings.

On Sunday last, Nov. 14th, Berkeley Hall, Boston,
was again crowded both morning and afternoon. The
audiences were extremely attentive and appreciative,
many veterans in the spiritual cause being present,
together with several well-known mediums and a good
representation from the church element. During the
service, commencing at 10:30, Mr. Colville delivered a
powerful discourse on the spirit spheres in which his
guides had had experience. These intelligences stated
through his lips that it was absolutely true that many
spirits never left the earth until long after they had
left the fleshly form; these spirits produced the
phenomenon known as "haunting," and frequently were
elevated by the assistance they derived through com-
municating with mediumistic persons yet in their
earthly bodies.

The intelligences who delivered this lecture stated
that every spirit carried his individuality intact with
him into the after-life; that as evil can exist in thought
here, so it does not die with the body, but can work in
the hereafter, though not forever. They characterized
as false the argument that there could be no active
evil out of the corporeal body, and contended that
good and evil consisted in purity and impurity of
thought even more than action, and that no spirit
could rest until he had expiated his crimes by doing
good unto the human race. The lecture was a most
spirit-spheres have locality and are formed of the in-

ner essences of all material forms, but the dwellers in
these abodes are not arbitrarily confined in set locali-
ties—they go from place to place as duty or inclination
prompts, and can do so in any place where there
is a material body, and a consciousness of the self in
the place they visit. Earth-bound spirits can hover
in the atmosphere and haunts of vice, and continue to
participate in the sins and follies of earth until they
have become disgusted with so low a career—then the
higher voice within appeals to them bitterly—they ex-
perience the tortures of a hell within, and are directed, as
soon as they wish to amend, by their guardian spirits,
to spheres where spirits can be benefited through their
agency.

Physical manifestations are often produced immedi-
ately by spirits who have not as yet risen to great
heights. Higher powers, however, control this phe-
nomenon and know that the lower ones can thus be
made useful to themselves and others. During the lec-
ture some very good ideas concerning education were
thrown out, the influences stating that in spirit-life
children were taught by object lessons, and if we wish
to give our children a thoroughly good, practical edu-
cation we must surround them in their earliest years
with harmonious forms and sounds true to nature. Re-
marks were also made concerning various theories of
a future life; the speaker contended that all spirits re-
alized their hopes to a degree, but everything short of
a life of perfect purity was discarded at length as un-
satisfactory. A glowing tribute was paid to Lucretia
Mott, the lecture being followed by an impromptu poem
eulogizing her earthly labors and describing in graphic
terms her reception in spirit-life, where her diadem
was formed of the loving gratitude of those she had
helped on earth.

In the afternoon, at three o'clock, the subject of the
lecture was "Mediumship and Mediums." Mr. Col-
ville's lecture was really nothing at all new, but do-
ing what Spiritualism accomplished good in the end, because
they attracted public attention to the subject, and led
thinking people to investigate for themselves. The
Vaite-Lincoln affair in Tremont Temple on Monday,
Nov. 8th, he stated, really nothing at all new, but do-
ing what Spiritualism accomplished good in the end, be-
cause they attracted public attention to the subject, and led
thinking people to investigate for themselves. The
speaker drew a sharp line between what he termed mere phe-
nomenalism and true phenomenal Spiritualism: the former
he stated, displayed no intelligent action, and no action
spirit through matter—the latter used material means
for the conveyance of spiritual truths. The lecture
was loudly applauded by the people in attendance.

The musical portion of the service was well ef-
fected. Mrs. Morris continued to give great satisfac-
tion to her hearers by her skillful manipulation of the
organ, and her beautiful soprano voice.

Mr. Colville and George A. Fuller.

On Sunday next, Nov. 21st, Mr. Colville will lecture
in the morning on the social condition of the spirit-
world, and the relation of families in a future life.
In the afternoon Geo. A. Fuller of Dover, Mass., will
be the speaker. Though widely known in New Eng-
land, he is not so generally known in this city, and his
lectures before a Boston audience. We bespeak for him
a cordial welcome next Sunday, and feel assured his
auditors will be amply repaid by listening to his
address. Services at 10:30 A. M. and 3 P. M. precisely.
In the evening, at seven o'clock, Mr. Colville will
be given at 94 Pembroke street, commencing at 7:30,
consisting of vocal and instrumental music by Mrs.
Morris, and readings and a lecture by Geo. A. Fuller,
for which a small admission fee will be charged.

Thanksgiving Day.

In accordance with the wishes of many who attend-
ed the service in Berkeley Hall last Thanksgiving, the
committee of management have secured the hall for
the morning of Thursday, Nov. 26th. A festive serv-
ice will be held at 10:30 A. M. Offerings of fruit are
specially solicited; last year a large quantity furnish-
ed by members of the congregation was given to the
poor and the sick, and the same course will be pur-
sued this year. The offering will be made for the
charitable objects solely; half of it, it is announced,
will be given to the *Poor Fund* at the *Banner of Light*
establishment; and as the calls on this fund during
winter season are many, and the persons making
them are really worthy of aid, we hope that the
audience attending will swell this Thanksgiving dona-
tion to as full an amount as possible. Mr. Colville will
conduct the exercises and deliver an appropriate in-
spirational lecture. The program of the service is be-
lieved to be a very efficient and attractive service of
song. The public are most cordially invited to join
in this effort for the celebration of the day in the truest
fashion, viz.: by the aiding of the needy.

Sunday Evening Lectures, etc.

Mr. Colville wishes to inform the public that he has
just completed a very successful course of Sunday
evening lectures in Chelsea, Mass., and has engaged,
on his own responsibility, Lyceum Hall, Salem, for Sun-
day, Nov. 21st, at 7:30 P. M. He will be assisted by
Spiritualism and its practical benefits to humanity—
services to commence at 7:45 P. M. promptly. Mr. Col-
ville, we are informed, has taken this step in accord-
ance with the wishes of many representative Spiritu-
alists in that district who are anxious to establish regu-
lar Sunday evening lectures in a large and popular hall.
If this experiment is successful, Mr. Colville intends
engaging the hall for the winter, and will either occupy
it himself or engage some able speaker in his absence
to fill its platform every Sunday evening.

Mr. Colville's duties in this city enable him to lecture
on Sunday evenings at places which can be reached by
cars leaving Boston at 6 or 6:15 o'clock, A. M.

Mr. Colville has recently been lecturing with great
success on week-day evenings in several towns and
cities of New England. On Tuesday, Nov. 9th, his lec-
ture in Bell's Hall, Beverly, Mass., gave great satisfac-
tion to an immense audience. Geo. A. Fuller, the
well known inspirational speaker, presided, and read
one of Whitier's poems with fine effect. On Wednes-
day, Nov. 10th, Mr. Colville lectured on "The Religion
of the Future," to a very large audience in Rumford
Hall, Walpole, N. H. The lecture of Spiritualism in
this city are making active preparations for the estab-
lishment of a course of Spiritual and Liberal lectures
during the ensuing winter. On Wednesday, Nov. 17th,
Mr. Colville was announced to lecture in the Town
Hall, Newmarket, N. H. His object in coming to New-
market in any place within reach of Boston for Tuesday and
Wednesday evenings. Parties desirous of obtaining
his services are requested to address him at 94 Pem-
broke street, Boston.

The November Magazines.

"OUR LITTLE ONES" is a new magazine that pre-
sents itself for the first time this month as a candidate
for the patronage of the public and the smiles and wel-
coming greetings of the youngest classes of readers—
all of which it is pretty sure to receive, judging from
its beautiful appearance, the attractions presented in
its stories and sketches and the many fine engravings
that illustrate them. Among the headings contained in
the table of contents of this initial number are "Flaxie
Stays to Tea," "Moppie's Walk," "My Cat, Hop,"
"Where's Weezy?" "Two Little Runaways," "Gener-
al Harry and his Dog," and "Kitty's Robin." Excellent
paper, large type, and a perfect adaptation in every
particular to the wants of those for whom the work is
designed, unite to render it a valuable addition to our
list of serial publications. Issued by The Russell Pub-
lishing Company, 149A Tremont street, Boston.

THE PRIMARY TEACHER, devoted to the interests
of Primary Instruction in America—W. E. Sheldon,
editor—is, we should judge, almost an indispensable
to teachers of our primary schools. Articles contained
in the current number relate to Arithmetic, Writing,
Zoology, Music, Natural History, Physiology and Vo-
cal Culture, and give many wise and practical sugges-
tions in regard to the best manner of imparting knowl-
edge concerning those branches of education to the
younger pupils. New England Publishing Company,
16 Hawley street, Boston.

THE PIERRELOGICAL MAGAZINE contains a sum-
mary of the life and teachings of Confucius, by T. J.
Chapman, A. M.; portraits and brief sketches of "Five
Great Men of Science," Humboldt, Leibnitz, Her-
schel, Leibig and Barth; "The Brantford Indians,"
etc.; "Spiritual Telegrams" is a contribution designed
to show "that intelligence is conveyed from one kind-
red spirit to another—sometimes direct, sometimes
through the agency of a third—separate and apart
from man's instrumentality." Several interesting facts
in illustration of this are given. Of the many interest-
ing articles comprising this number are "A Proscep-
tive Analysis of Milk," "The Church and Warfare,"
"Names and Places," and "The Phenology of a
Smile." Fowler & Wells, publishers, 73 Broadway,
New York.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH, "Common Mind
Troubles," No. 6.—Low Spirits, "A Talk about
Kindergartens" by Kate Smith, and "Dangers in the
Prime of Life," are the general articles in this num-
ber. "The Topics of the Month" include remarks upon
"Prison Reform," "Health in Schools," "Sand
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prise suggestive and instructive papers upon matters
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Translator's Preface.

Author's Dedication to Mr. William Crookes, F. R. S.