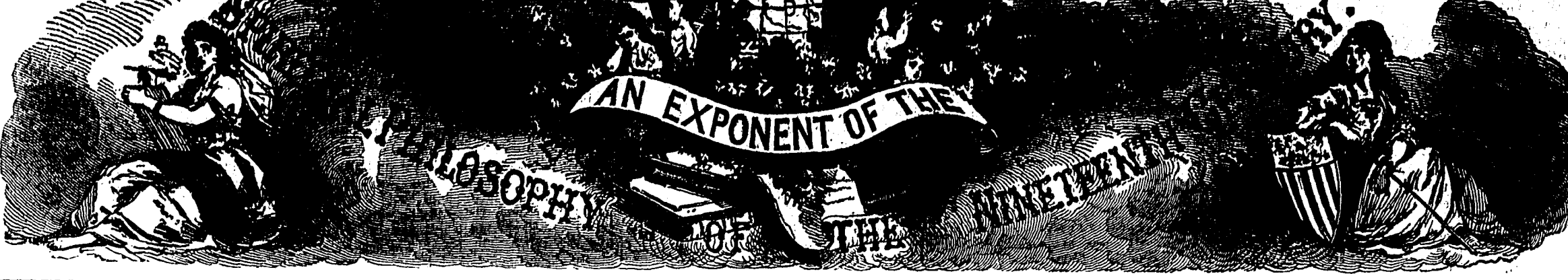


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. LXII.

COLBY & RICH,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1888.

\$3.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free.

NO. 25.

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Spiritual Phenomena.

INSTANTANEOUS WRITING, ETC.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Mr. C. E. Watkins, who is located at 109 Falmouth street, in this city, is, beyond question, a marvel among slate-writing mediums. His mediumship not only includes the wonderful phenomenon of independent slate-writing, but also comprises instantaneous writing between closed slates, clairaudience, the appearance of initials and names raised upon the arms, and in some cases materialization of spirit hands and faces.

Mr. Watkins has the honor of being the medium who first interested Hon. A. B. Richmond in the spiritual phenomena, and gave him such proof of their genuineness that he was led to write his able and searching Review of the Seybert Commissioners' Report.

Prof. Esty—Professor of Mathematics at Amherst—had a séance with Mr. Watkins, and testified to the genuineness of the phenomena, and said that if the spiritual theory would not account for them, nothing would. He told President Banks, of Lake Pleasant, that after sitting with Mr. Watkins he considered the Report of the Seybert Commission, in regard to slate-writing mediums, misleading in every particular; and he gave him a card, unasked, certifying to the genuineness of the phenomena which he had witnessed.

It was my privilege to have a very satisfactory séance with Mr. Watkins not long since. After placing several slates of paper before me he left the room and I wrote a question on each, addressed to spirit-friends, and folded the slates, as previously instructed by him, in a way to completely hide the writing. Without entering into details—the questions and answers were of a personal nature—I will merely say that every name, with one exception, was both uttered and written by the medium in full; the initials of that name and the given or Christian name only being given; and every question but one (and that one of a general nature) was plainly and fully answered.

Some of the messages were received clairaudiently by Mr. Watkins, and were given to me either orally, or in writing by his own hand; others were written on the inner surfaces of slates held together in my hands and his in the bright light of the gas. Two of these messages were written at the same time. Two slates were held together in his left and my right hand, and two others were held together in his right and my left hand, a bit of slate pencil between each two, and two messages, which are still in my possession, were written on the inner surface of one of the slates in each hand—proving the existence of two unseen, controlling intelligences—and he and I busily talking all the while.

But the most wonderful phenomenon of the evening was that of instantaneous writing on the inner surfaces of closed slates.

Opening two slates which were joined by hinges, Mr. Watkins laid his hands upon their inner surfaces, magnetizing them for a few minutes, then closing them, asked me to hand him a piece of wrapping paper near me, which he put loosely around them. He then requested me to lay my hand beside his on the paper; a momentary shiver on his part, and he threw open the slates, the inner surfaces of which were covered with the following words:

"This is the new phase of psychography. I believe we can write in this way in time in the light. I shall try and see what can be done. We make our pencils. I sometimes think I can write through this medium without pencil, in broad daylight on the side of houses. I am going to try some day."
WM. DENTON.

The slates were entirely blank and clean when they were closed; no bit of pencil was placed between them; and in less than six seconds after our hands were laid upon them the slates were filled with writing. Prof. Denton says that the material for the writing is drawn from the slates; and he believes that in time he will be able to produce this instantaneous writing, not only in the darkness of the inner surfaces of slates placed together, but on the walls of the room, even like that which surprised and astounded the revellers at Belshazzar's feast.

I earnestly advise all who are investigating the phenomena of Spiritualism, especially those who believe them to be produced by fraud or legerdemain, to visit Mr. Watkins at his resi-

dence in this city, and scrutinize him as closely as they please. They will find him a frank, genial gentleman, who will give them every opportunity for investigation; and they will see upon his table a copy of the Report of the Seybert Commission, which he allows skeptics to read carefully, that they may be enlightened as to the process of producing these phenomena as claimed by that honorable body.
Boston, Mass. GRACE LELAND.

Free Thought.

"TEST CONDITIONS."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

There seems to prevail among some of the Spiritualists and undeveloped mediums a feeling that test conditions in mediumship are very detrimental to the growth and spread of Spiritualism; fortunately my experience has been otherwise, and I am confident that at least ninety per cent. of those who thoroughly believe in Spiritualism are of the same opinion as myself in that respect: while the ten per cent. are the knowing ones who are ever ready to accept anything in the way of phenomena—falling back on their long experience and great knowledge of spirit return, and always ready and zealous, while their eyes and senses are so blinded that they are ever ready to accept any message coming from mediums in all stages of development, without for once thinking that there could be any mistake about the genuineness of such manifestations.

Now this may be all well enough from their standpoint—and I am not in the least doubting their honesty of purpose, but on the contrary rather admire their zeal and fidelity to the cause—but I am looking further ahead for good results, and it must be that in my opinion this particular class of Spiritualists are but a very small portion of the world's population; and if, for the purpose of calculation on a very liberal basis, we say that one in every thousand might be ready to accept these phenomena coming through any source or condition, what consolation can we expect the other nine hundred and ninety-nine are to receive when their convictions are entirely the reverse? It certainly cannot be expected, particularly in the phase of materialization and other physical phenomena, that if conditions surrounding the medium have a suspicious look, (that confederates might be easily substituted for genuine manifestations,) the witnesses thereof can leave the séance-room without a feeling that they may have been deceived, even while the manifestations may all be genuine. Now, with such a doubt upon the mind of the sitter, it takes a long time to convince, while if there had been test conditions, the result would have been different and always remained so—as first impressions are lasting.

I am a firm believer in the phenomena of Spiritualism, and have had much experience through investigation, and consider myself competent to judge whether manifestations are genuine or not—whether under test conditions or otherwise; and if a medium is honest, and a true medium test conditions in my opinion will prove no detriment to perfect and genuine manifestations. A long and continued experience has taught me this, and I consider it the sheerest nonsense to talk or reason otherwise. I should discourage any medium sitting for the public, but if he or she is sincere, and wishes to sit under conditions where there can be no suspicion of doubt as to the genuineness of the manifestations.

If this position be occupied, Spiritualism will take a broad stand that will command respect, and not before; if I were to concede that the public, I should demand conditions that were above suspicion, if I did not get more than a single manifestation at a sitting, or one a week, and in this way command that respect which all genuine mediums are entitled to. Such a course on their part will carry conviction to every soul that comes in contact with them.

When I attend a meeting or séance, as a stranger, where there are several mediums, and those mediums unknown to me, and some one of these describes the spirit of a father, mother, wife, brother, sister, or dear friend—describing the conditions under which they pass out, giving a loving message that I know is characteristic of them—I at once decide that the medium, whoever he (or she) may be, is well developed and a genuine one; but when a medium says to me that some other (prominent) spirit, ancient or modern, whom I never knew, is taking a manifest interest in my welfare, and condescends to come to me and is giving words of wisdom, comfort and advice, I think the medium is not "fully developed," and had better resign for a short time from before the public, and wait until his (or her) development will reach a degree of perfection that can more fully reach the comprehension of the average investigator; by so doing there would be less cause for ridicule, and Spiritualism would receive more favor and support from an intelligent public.
New York, February, 1888. PATTERSON.

CONCURRENT TESTIMONY.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

If the alleged revelations of Spiritualism be considered objectively—that is to say, if we concentrate our attention exclusively on the primary teachings or doctrines obtained through mediums—we find a very remarkable agreement among the leading mediums regarding the great question of future retribution or rewards and punishments. The consensus being that there is no fixed day of judgment at some future time, but that the natural law of cause and effect is operative now and hereafter; and that every human being will reap what it sows, without confronting a Supreme Judge at all. The other great point, in which all the principal mediums agree, is their rejection of the dogma of exclusive salvation, as depending on the belief in the atonement or vicarious virtue of Christ.

The surprising fact of the agreement of mediums as to these central doctrines of Orthodox Christianity is the more striking when we consider that these very mediums have generally been brought up in the Christian religion. To the writer's knowledge, there is not one prominent medium who clings to the old dogma of the fall of man, to the saving power of the blood of Christ, and to the vexed question of eternal perdition or damnation.

The views of Spiritualists regarding these problems are more scientific and analogous to the course of nature, is obvious to all candid minds unblinded by theological preconceptions. The present writer is simply an investigator, and as such he, of course, like others,

studies the subject of modern materialism as a skeptic, or at least as an impartial student in view of the a priori difficulties involved. But it seems to him that a study of the subject a posteriori will disclose presumptions favorable to the claims of Spiritualism.

In conclusion, I might mention one more powerful a posteriori argument: The unanimous teaching of Spiritualists as to the condition or moral state of the departed is conformable to the great modern theory of evolution or gradual development as diametrically opposed to the Orthodox Christian dogma of salvation or damnation respectively, and which always raises for the Christian the Shakespearian question:

"To be, or not to be?" S. WEIL.

Bradford, Pa., Feb. 20th, 1888.

SECULAR PRESS VIEW.

CHURCH WITHIN A CHURCH.

BY DUNCAN MOLEAN.

Only those who mingle much with mankind, and have the happy faculty of asking questions without giving offense, can form an idea of the wide-spread belief in Spiritualism. The legends of the Roman Catholic Church about angels are numerous, and the beautiful and consoling doctrine of guardian angels is one of its dogmas. In addition to this, its cathedrals and many of its other places of worship are more or less ornamented with angelic emblems. From these facts it will be readily inferred that those brought up in this church have no prejudices against angelic communications. The various Protestant sects, particularly the Universalists and Unitarians, have many Spiritualists among them. Even infidels and agnostics may be seen at spiritual séances. The effect of this belief is manifest at the meetings of professed Spiritualists, of those who have left the churches and have banded themselves together for the purpose of spreading their doctrines. Although the Swedenborgian system is based upon Spiritualism, pure and simple, yet those who profess this faith are least inclined to have intercourse with Spiritualists, because Swedenborg in his revelations has pointed out the danger of the living seeking intercourse with the souls of the departed. He asserted that all his revelations were received from the Lord alone, with whom he had intimate personal relations for twenty-eight years.

Notwithstanding this, Swedenborgians, as well as others, take an interest in Modern Spiritualism. Owing to the numerous exposures of disreputable mediums, ministers of all denominations have but little to say on this subject, though the Scriptures are full of it. Take for example, the creation of the world as described in the first chapter of Genesis. It must have been a revelation to Moses, for no man was then in existence to see it. The numerous cases of angelic interference in the affairs of this world seem to confirm the assumption of Modern Spiritualism. Still, out of the Bible Spiritualism, and the rest would be utterly incoherent. This, such scholars as Hume and Renan have attempted, and have been laughed at by the Christian world. But whether Spiritualism be true, or a mixture of truth and error, it is extensively believed by people of all creeds, and no creed.

Those who have lost dear ones are anxious to hear from them, whether they are Roman Catholics or Protestants; others who feel anxious about the future, seek information from the spirits of the departed, and still others, prompted more by curiosity than by anything else—all may be met at almost every public or private séance.

There are many persons in all stations of life who have had individual experiences, which they communicate to one another, and this also tends to spread the belief in Spiritualism. A lady recently published a little book of spiritual experiences, remarkable for its earnest piety and its accord with the statements of Scripture. Rev. James Freeman Clarke, who knows the author, has been heard to testify to her exemplary life. She wrote this independently of all Modern Spiritualism, and yet it harmonizes with it, and has doubtless been extensively read. Many able men have also written on it, so that it is well known throughout Christendom. In addition to this, it is said that in every family of six persons, two are mediums, and in many families it is recognized and practiced. Most of the scientists and old church-members denounce it as a delusion and a snare, the effect of magnetism or the work of the devil; and although many of the books published in it are mere drivel, this does not retard its spread. Many of the would-be leaders have attempted to organize it into a coherent body, but have utterly failed, because the believers in the churches will not leave them. They regard it more in the light of a hobby, and have no intention of giving up Christianity as a substitute for it. Without expressing an opinion on it one way or the other, I do not hesitate to state that it is extensively believed in all the churches, and is already a church within the church. Although it has been denounced and exposed again and again, and held up to ridicule, it keeps spreading far and near throughout the civilized world.—East Boston Argus-Advocate.

DEDICATED TO THE ADMIRERS OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—

Speaking of the "horrible and sickening legal murder" recently committed in Oakland, Cal.—with the revolting details of which the people of the country have been already made familiar through the daily press.—W. W. Judson, in The Office Branch (Utica, N. Y.) for February, sums up the matter as follows:

"It was crude ignorance which caused a neighbor to herd his cattle on Sutton's land; and it was educated ignorance which caused Sutton to shoot his neighbor; and it was epidemic ignorance which caused a jury to convict when they knew that death was the penalty; that caused the judge to charge the jury as he did; that caused the Governor to refuse a commutation of sentence; that caused the Sheriff to hold an office which compromised his manhood by compelling him to destroy the life of a fellow-being." This public murder exhibition rather overtopped orthodox expectation, for the prearranged rope, either by God or his proxies, out the victim's throat, and that congregation witnessed a veritable fountain filled with blood, set to the music of air from his lungs gurgling through his gore. When can we reform Christians so they will abolish at least that part of their barbarism which destroys human life?"

Man can make murder legal, but he cannot make it right. He is responsible for the criminals that exist. His love of gold is so intense that he has not time to look after his weaker brother.

Literary Department.

STRANGE: ISN'T IT?

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light
BY EBEN COBB.

PART I.

In the early part of a hot, sultry July day, I sat in my studio trying to give the last touches to a landscape upon which I had spent more than my usual amount of labor. I say "trying," for on this occasion, as had often happened before, I felt that all my inspiration—as we artists used to call it—had left me. If I essayed to direct my brush to madder-lake upon my pallet, it was sure to come in contact with ivory-black; and whether my last idea was to lighten up a fleecy cloud, or sober down a clump of bushes in the middle distance, I could not tell. I placed my ill-fated brush with its brothers in my left hand, drew out my handkerchief and wiped the big drops of perspiration from my brow; then I gave one Herculean stretch of resolution, which extended from the end of my toes to the crown of my head, saying to myself, with that assuring inner voice which one summons when he will rise superior to the enervating environments, *I will do it!* I held my pallet, with oil-cups attached, my maul stick and a group of brushes, in my left hand. My left arm flew out; its hand relaxed, and pallet, oil-cups and brushes went flying across the floor. I write of what took place years ago; now I understand it: then it was to me an unsolved mystery.

"It is of no use to try now, the fit is upon me," I said aloud, as I gathered up the spilled paraphernalia of my craft; but what this fit was for such I had accustomed myself to call the strange phenomenon—that came upon me as though some will-power outside of my own had infiltrated itself into my organism and usurped control, I could not tell. One thing that surprised me was, that at worst, even though, as in this case, the pallet went paint-side down upon the floor, and the oil was thrown out of the cups with dire effect, I felt no sense of irritation nor umbrage toward the "fit." A happy feeling of reckless relief came over me, as though in an instant I had been transformed into an entirely different ego, and, as a disinterested party, would smile at my own defeats. On this occasion I distinctly heard an articulation somewhere inside my sensorium say: "Don't overwork your brain!"

I had read of Socrates' demon, and I often wondered, in trying to unravel my mystery, if I had watching genius about me. I tried to broach the subject, in an indirect way, to such as I thought the most logical of my brother artists; but here another inexplicable phenomenon presented itself. At such times I seemed gifted with the power to divine their very thoughts; and let them reply as they might, "softening of the brain," "insanity," "the mad-house," "poor fellow!" flowed out from their mind-force to my apprehension through their queerish glances and insincere expression of lips. I kept my "demon," or whatsoever else it might be, finally all to myself.

I gathered up my scattered utensils, turned my canvas to the wall, and donned my out-of-door suit. As the heated breath of the brick and stone came pouring in at my window I instinctively thought of the country, with its cooler shades, and more heart-refreshing scenes. Where should I go? A happy thought! Paul Hazleton had often importuned me to pay him a visit at his new out-of-town home. My friend Hazleton planned his house, and had it built under his own supervision, and I well knew he was anxious that I should see the result of his architectural genius.

I took my loaded revolver from its case, and placed it in my hip-pocket, having in view a little field-sport during my visit. I then strapped a satchel, containing my sketching kit, over my shoulder, and started for the depot.

In two hours I had reached my destination. Paul really had a beautiful place, both without and within. He had made a miniature palace of his building, and the hearty encomiums he received from me appeared to give both himself and wife great satisfaction, for it seemed a matter of contention between them which should contribute most toward my comfort and pleasure.

"Now what would suit your inclinations best?" questioned my kind host, after we had finished a sumptuous dinner.

I glanced out of the open bay-window upon the stretch of field and woodland without, and Paul surmised my desire at once. Mrs. Hazleton thoughtfully prepared a luncheon, which we placed in our satchels, and we started for our tramp.

"Which way do you propose to go?" asked the good wife, as we stepped from the veranda. "I hardly have made up my mind," responded the husband.

"I have," I answered, taking the question to myself.

"Ah! then you have been out here before?" remarked Paul in a questioning tone.

"No, friend of mine; but do you see that hazy pile looming up over the trees yonder?"

"Yes, that is Hloky Mountain."

"Must be a splendid view from the top. How far is it from here?"

I was informed it was about five miles; and for that point we started. The village was

soon behind us, and after a pleasant stroll over field and through thicket, resting occasionally in the shade of a friendly oak, we reached the coveted summit.

There was a slight difference between our two temperaments. My companion was the essence of good-heartedness, and perhaps would say yes too often for his own good; but as he repeated his willing "yes" to my enthusiastic exclamations, I was well aware that his more phlegmatic nature did not trouble itself to go into the details of my inspired utterances. So I could say but little to him about the heaven's blue arch above, and the broad expanse of misty gray stretching off in the far distance, leading the soul away beyond the vale, etc. I had to think that all to myself. He was devouring his lunch with a will that indicated a fast of at least eight-and-forty hours; and while he was feasting upon the solid things of the material world, I enjoyed a glorious banquet of the Ideal.

We started on our return. After we had reached the foot of the mountain, in order to enhance the pleasure of the occasion, my friend proposed we should take a different route from that traveled in coming. The idea pleased me, and as I followed my guide, our conversation gradually came to a lull. The view from the mountain had awakened a train of thoughts in my own mind such as I could best enjoy to myself; and I well knew my silence would not offend my companion, as he already showed signs of lingual exhaustion. I walked alone absorbed in the oblivion of my own fancy-picturing, when I was startled by a touch as of a hand gently placed upon my shoulder. I turned instantly—but no one was there!

"Another of those freaks of my imagination," I thought to myself; but imagination or not, it directed my attention to something that started my train of reflections in an entirely different channel from the one the phantom touch aroused me from.

"Gracious heavens!" I exclaimed, at the same time waking Paul from what seemed to be a waking sleep; "how far are we from home?"

My friend turned around with an inquiring look and answered: "A full three miles."

"Where is the nearest place we can get shelter?" I asked.

"Shelter from what? A black snake, or a ghost?" returned Paul, at the same time peering amid the bushes about us.

"Neither, my man; don't you see—"

All Nature seems in silent prayer; How still the leaf, how hushed the air; While yonder in the darkening west, Beyond yon mountain's looming crest, O'erward the—"

"Hold on," interrupted Paul, grasping me by the arm; "is anything really the matter?"

Here again was a puzzle to me. I had never heard those lines before; to me they were new; and how they came to run out from my tongue, as though they were a forgotten memory revived, was beyond my power of solving. It pained me that my unpoetic friend so abruptly broke them off.

I pointed back in the west to a large mass of dark clouds that were rolling up, showing their sharp silver crests against the clear sky.

"Sure enough! It is coming with a vengeance," cried Paul; "but if we take a quick pace we shall have plenty of time to reach the old shed before the storm can overtake us. It is not more than half a mile from the knoll at our right."

A short season of hurried travel brought us to the desired refuge. It was a dilapidated structure, and looked as though it might have been contemporary with the abodes of the Pilgrim Fathers. The front was entirely open, and the boards upon its sides were fast yielding up to time all they ever contained of solidity. The old wrought-headed nails had nearly rusted in twain, and the heavy oak timbers, which formed its frame, were eaten into a perfect net-work by the hungry borers. The roof had the appearance of having been reshingled sometime within the past century, and it was evident that even then it might afford some protection from a pelting rain.

"This is grand!" I said—more to myself than to my friend—as I stood and surveyed the antiquated wreck.

"Grand! What under heavens do you see grand about this old pile of rot?" he inquired, with a tone of surprise.

I made no answer. The storm seemed nigh upon us, and we both entered the ancient shed. My companion seated himself upon a pile of straw and lolled back restfully against the old boards. I drew up a feed-box to near the open front and seated myself for quiet meditation. Only one sound now broke upon the awful soul-hush that rested upon all of life about me; that sound was the deep, quiet breathing of Paul Hazleton; and he was sound asleep.

Out of that—then to me unexplained—abyss of mystery that was continually impinging its occult spells upon my normal state, there now came the working of one that at times completely transformed me from myself into the life-experiences of individuals of an entirely different

ferent personality from my own. When under the effect of this psychological entrancement, vague, concatenated events would marshal themselves before my inner vision with such impressive reality that I could not at times but believe that they were the resurrected realities of the past. As I sat there in the solemn atmosphere of happy self-solitude, a feeling came upon me as though I were sinking out of myself and becoming a part of the old ruin around me.

I was yielding to the revelations of my dreamy visitation when I again felt a touch upon my shoulder, as though a hand had been gently placed there. I slowly raised my head, wondering if this would prove to be a phantom salute, or contact of real, tangible substance. To my surprise, instead of the expected unreality I saw a female of marvelous beauty standing before me. She could not have been more than seventeen summers, or eighteen at the most; and a sweeter face I never looked upon. I had essayed, in times before, in my art-practice, to paint an angel; but since gazing upon that celestial being I have never tried my hand in that line of art again. Rich masses of dark brown hair were gathered with a bewitching carelessness about her faultless head and flowed gracefully upon her shoulders. The style of the quaint-figured dress she wore plainly showed a form of exquisite symmetry; and, as a creature of nature, entirely unadorned by art, she was perfection itself.

She gazed earnestly upon me with a pair of big blue eyes, that seemed to well up light from her very soul. But oh! what an agony there was in that look! An entreating, imploring supplication! What could it mean—this wonderful presentation of nature's handiwork, so full in every line of beauty, and yet so marked with woe? Those plump cheeks should have been rosy red; but they were ashy pale; and what could have stolen away the coral hue that should have tinted her matchless lips? I was bewildered. At first I thought it was the fear of the coming storm, that threatened at any moment to burst upon us, that caused her alarm; but I wondered how even the approaching tumult of nature could so appal one who appeared so much to nature born. I determined to give her assurance of safety, and was about to address her, but I hesitated. I was astray in my decision. Without speaking, she took me by the hand, and as one from heaven might look praying for the lost of earth, so looked the being who stood before me.

"Come," she said, at the same time drawing me from the shed; "I pray you come with me!"

That voice had more of music in it than I had ever heard in human utterance before. I never considered myself a brave man, but at such a bidding I felt that I would have gone to the world's end, and faced even death itself.

"Where? and for what purpose, my pretty one?" I asked in as gentle a tone as I could command.

She dropped my hand, and clasped her own upon her breast; and again those eyes poured out their flood of earnest implication.

"Lead the way and I will follow," I said, in an assuring tone.

The first thing I did before starting was to feel for my pistol, that I might be sure of its right position in my hip-pocket. The next movement was to remove my satchel from over my shoulder, as it might prove an incumbrance to me in my mysterious expedition. I raised my arm to the strap, and was in the act of lifting it over my head, when my fair visitor extended her hands, and earnestly restrained me. I let it remain, for, as I read her movement, I thought it an indication that the presence of my satchel at my side would in no way interfere with the duty I had assumed.

My guide started on with a light, graceful step, and I accompanied, close by her side. After going a short distance she turned to the left, and crossing a little patch of cleared ground, we entered a path that led into a seemingly thick forest. The heavy branches entirely closed over our heads, forming a lofty arch above us. Here I was obliged to follow, as the path would not permit our walking side by side. We had not proceeded far in the wooded track when my ear caught the sound of running water but a short distance in advance of my fair guide. I saw her step over the small streamlet, and a few seconds brought me to what I judged to be a briskly flowing outlet of sparkling spring-water. It struck me as rather strange that in such an extreme drought as then prevailed this one spring should be so brisk in its play, while all others about were either entirely dry, or at best gave but a meagre dribble. I stopped a moment to ponder upon the problem, but I felt those blue orbs of mysterious magnetism upon me, and I hurried on to their owner.

How long we continued in that path I cannot determine; but, for my thoughts were so intent upon the marvelous features of the occasion that I took but little note of time. We left the woods and stepped out upon a narrow lane that had the appearance of leading from some traveled main road. It was lined on one side by the forest we had just left, and upon the other by a large and evidently newly-cleared field, well planted with garden product and grain.

Again my guide took me to the left, and a few minutes' walk brought to my view a scene that struck me at the time as being remarkably peculiar in feature for the then present age. Not far before me, coming into full view upon my right, was a rudely built farmhouse, of such a type of architecture that, had it not been for the entire newness of the house, as well as outbuildings and accessories, I should have relegated to the time of Miles Standish and his associates. Just beyond the house my eyes were gladdened by the sight of a well-courted, with its long sweep poised above, from which hung the familiar bucket, plain in view above the top of the curb frame. There was no suggestion of the dear old "moss-covered bucket" about it, for curb, bucket, sweep and upright support, all bore the same impress of freshness of construction as did the other points of handiwork before me.

It was only for a moment that I could pause for my accustomed eye to take in the details of the unique picture. The clouds rolled in fierce, black masses overhead, while the whole heavens were enshrouded in an awe-inspiring pall of angry, surging billows. I have said that I never ventured myself of bravery; but at this epoch of my adventure what little innate courage I possess was more sorely tried than ever before or since. I can only express it by saying that a palpable, objective horror seemed to force itself against me with such demoniacal power that every fibre of nerve within my frame trembled with abject fear. Paradoxical as may be the expression, it was appalling in its utter incoherence, and hideous in its ghastly realism. As often happens when the mind is

paled with frigid fear—so I reasoned at that time—I heard a harsh, threatening voice by my ear hiss out, "Go back, you fool!" I felt the palpable pressure of two great hands upon me, and I was actually forced back upon the lane. I knew I was about to retreat from the scene in utter consternation. A very hell, was around me, and she that had gained so much of my confidence as well as admiration, I suspected as a fiend in angel's garb, luring me to a pit of destruction.

I had turned with the fixed determination of hurrying back to my friend at the old shed, when that same magical hand grasped my arm. Language fails me now. There are experiences—I know that I have had them—that require the knowledge of some sphere beyond the mundane for their portrayal. I can only say that as I gazed upon that upturned face the very essence of heaven's assurance thrilled me to my heart's core. Within my soul I swore an oath of resolute determination to go on, let the end be what it might. I made one mighty effort to regain my demoralized will. I returned my steps, and as I started defiantly forward I felt that the assailing horror that had so overwhelmed me was yielding to a feeling of triumphant conquest. As we approached nearer the house, I saw a man, of rather large stature, round-shouldered and tawny-armed, engaged in setting a large flagstone in its place before the front door of the farmhouse. He was playing lustily at it with a heavy iron bar, and it was evident to me that he was forcing it up to its final resting-place. He had crowded it up close to the threshold, and was then in the act of placing a block of wood under the front of the stone with his right hand, while he held his lifting purchase with his left hand and shoulder. It may appear to be trivial detailing for me to mention here, but the sequel requires it—that the reason of his placing the long, stout block endwise under the stone was that he might easily extricate the bar without drawing the flag out from the house. The bar out, he could easily knock away the prop and the stone would drop in the desired position. I could not then tell why it was that out toward that ungainly looking man went from me a tremendous feeling of pent-up hatred, as though he were the ugly magician that had hurled that avalanche of demoniacal assault upon me.

This man, it was evident, my guide meant to avoid; for she drew close up to the side of the wall at our right, so that, as we drew near, the house might shield us from his view. She raised her hand as though to warn me of her desire of avoidance, and then, turning quickly, she entered a small outbuilding which adjoined the back part of the house, at the same time beckoning me to follow.

I was now surprised at my own reckless daring. I felt not even a tinge of fear, although there came upon me a most convincing impression that the fair being who had sought my aid was about to enter a field of most imminent peril. With a precautionary impulse I placed my hand upon my well-loaded pistol, to be sure that its position was right for hasty use should circumstances require it.

We had entered the outbuilding. My directress passed up two steps and cautiously opened a door that evidently led into the main body of the house. There for a moment I paused. "Should I wear my satchel further?" I questioned myself. I remembered the sinister-looking man I had seen before entering, and a natural propensity I have for being on my guard reminded me that my satchel would interfere with the free use of my arms in case I should be called upon to measure strength with a desperate foe. I lifted the incumbrance from my shoulder and hastily looked about for a safe place to lay it. As I turned around, I faced the door where stood that strange, ecstatic woman. She now appeared more like one from the ethereal realms than an inhabitant of earth.

At that moment a vivid flash of lightning darted forth from the clouds that seemed to prolong its terrifying glare the longer to illumine the marvelous scene before me. Then followed the deep reverberations of the awful thunder, rolling through the corridors of the sky as though the demons of wrath had been let loose above.

My thought was not now to protect my beautiful charge from harm that might come from human force; but to give to her, as I supposed, a frightful soul all the confidence I could of safety from the contending elements that raged with such fierce tumult about us.

I stood transfixed with wonder! Still more awful and sublimely incomprehensible was the attitude and bearing of the one I had thought to shield from fear with my own stronger, masculine nature. She stood like a Goddess of Trust, and the serene smile which rested upon her face as she looked upon me seemed radiant with a glory such as only celestial beings bear. She raised her small white hand and pointed to a beam above my head.

"Hang your satchel there," she said in a tone of earnest import.

I looked up as directed, and saw that to the beam had been nailed an old horseshoe, so positioned that one-half of it, by being bent forward away from the side of the beam, answered the purpose of a hook. I reached up, passed the strap over the horseshoe hook, and my satchel hung suspended from the oaken beam. No sooner had I done it than she who had directed the act clapped her little hands together, and such a look of unaccountable joy overspread her pale features that for a moment I thought a faint color tinged her cheeks. What that earnest expression of joy meant, bestowed upon seemingly so trifling an incident, I had no time to question, for she had stepped into the doorway, at the same time bidding me to come. I followed her through a small back room, evidently a kitchen, then along a narrow hallway, and, turning to the right, my guide ushered me into an apartment situated in the front part of the house.

"Please stand with me at this window; you will not see you," she said, addressing me in a soft, hushed tone scarcely above a whisper.

I stepped to the window, as she desired, and reached it just in time to see the storm-clouds pour down their heavy torrents upon the scene without. A mighty tornado burst forth with the coming of the rain. The floor upon which we stood trembled beneath our feet, and the timbers above creaked and groaned under the might of the driving blast. A towering oak that stood like a giant sentinel before the house, swayed as though it were a fragile reed, and, like a conquered hero, bent its head submissively to the storm.

"Ah! I see! he has come!" and she grasped my arm with a spasmodic effort that actually gave me pain.

I immediately sought my pistol, for the expression upon her angel-face was not alarm, it was absolute terror.

But what was there to fear from him? surely

nothing, thought I; for at that moment a young man, who could not have been more than twenty years of age, rode up from the lane horse-back, at a quick pace, and reining up with a powerful hand, he alighted under the tree before us. A double-barrelled fowling-piece hung by his side, the look of which was covered with a cap of painted cloth, to protect it from the rain. At his saddle-back was a bag apparently well filled with game. He leaned his fowling-piece against the trunk of the oak, and fastened his horse's bridle to a large iron staple which had been driven for that purpose into the gnarled side of the giant tree.

"Do you fear him?" I asked, with some show of surprise.

"Fear him? Oh, no! by all that is sacred I love him as I do my very life!" and her hand upon my arm trembled as though there was a wild turmoil going on within her own soul, as much more fierce than were the tempest's throes, as had been her bearing at the out-house door more tranquil.

Well might she have loved him, for he was just such a man as any woman could have loved. Naught but thoughts of the purest stamp could have moved the actions of him who stood before us. Every feature of his finely chiseled face gave proof of a true and manly spirit. His tall form was clothed in what seemed to me to be garments made from homespun cloth, and it was evident that his greatest wealth had been bestowed by nature. I wondered why my aid or attendance had been sought. If she feared harm, what better protector could she have than the stalwart youth who had just come upon the stage of the strange play in which I was acting so ambiguous a part.

After securing his horse, the new comer turned, as though to approach the house, but the man I had seen at work before the door now came upon the scene, and confronting the younger one, seemingly opposed his further advance in that direction.

A sinister-looking man this last comer truly was. What of his face was not hid by his grizzled beard was wrinkled and ugly in its every feature. Words passed between them; words of anger on the part of the last comer, I knew, for his gesticulations were violent, and the expression of his hideous face was truly devilish. The young man was calm, but there was an earnestness in his manner that showed plainly the subject matter of their conversation greatly moved him.

The howling of the storm, the beating of the rain, and the wild lashing of the heavy branches above their heads, completely drowned the words of the two contestants; so that to me all that passed between them was a mere pantomime.

Suddenly the violence of the older one's gestures ceased, and he stood as if waiting for something to be done on the part of the one he opposed.

He who came upon the horse drew from beneath the breast of his dripping frock a folded parchment, which he handed to the villainous-looking man. He seized it with a nervous grasp, and opening it began to eagerly peruse its contents.

What the purport of the instrument was I could not judge; but I plainly saw three large red seals at the bottom of the parchment, and above them there was much writing. The young man turned, after handing the parchment, and taking up a heavy bucket that stood near the tree, started for the well, which was but a few rods away from where they stood; evidently to draw water for his horse.

So engaged had I been in watching what was passing without, I had not noticed the effect that had been wrought upon the young maiden by my side. I was in a maze of bewilderment. What part I was expected to play in the weird drama that was being enacted before me? I was resolved to break the mysterious spell that like that of a magic flute had rested upon my tongue from my first starting upon the adventure, and force by gentle, but positive speech, a full explanation of the situation from my fair protégée. With a strong summons of nerve to resolutely carry out my determination, I turned toward her.

Vain effort! I did not speak. Wonder grew upon wonder! Her face was whiter than I had seen it before; her lips were parted as in the agony of despair, and her blue eyes looked strangely wild, and seemed as if they would start from their sockets.

"Look! oh, look!" she cried; and she pointed spasmodically toward the tree.

He who had been reading the parchment had taken the fowling-piece from where the young man had placed it; he had removed the painted cloth from the lock, and was taking a deliberate aim toward the well. Quick as thought I turned my eyes in the direction of his aim, and at that instant the sharp crack of the gun's double report sounded in my ears—a terrible accompaniment to the tempestuous din of the maddened storm.

The villain's aim was sure. His unsuspecting victim staggered, and, pitching forward, fell directly into the well from which he was in the act of drawing water.

Up flew the sash before me, and the heart-broken one by my side darted forth so suddenly that, before I could devise her intent, she was beyond my power of restraining. I leaped from the window and sprang after her, but I was too late. An insane frenzy gave to the flying form the speed of the tempest waves that lashed about her. With one wild, piercing shriek, she threw up her hands and plunged down into the watery grave that held her murdered lover.

It is an easy thing to sit in the serene atmosphere of tranquillity and discuss the advantage to be gained from acts directed by that mental activity called "presence of mind"; but there are times when it seems as though the mind itself was deluged in the dire wreck of law and order about it. I know it was so with me in this instance. Never shall I forget that terrible ordeal. The howling babel of Nature's discord poured in upon my senses with affrighting force, and I was sure that, mingled with the tempest's roar, came sounds as though a host of unchained furies were hissing their infernal wrath into my ears. I had been nearly conquered in the lane by these same weird demons of dread; should I yield to them again? One mighty struggle to regain control of my deranged senses and I quickly decided my course. My first impulse was to fly to the rescue of the fair one who had led me into that scene of strife; but an instant's reflection assured me that by so doing I should thwart the object in view, for to reach her I must descend the well, thereby putting myself completely in the power of the fiend from whom I would protect her. I drew my pistol, determined to compel the villain to hasten to her aid, at peril of instant death should he show a moment's hesitation.

I turned upon the murderer just in time to see him in the act of concealing the parchment and the weapon with which he had committed

the foul deed to gain it. He had placed the gun and parchment under the flagstone that I had seen him adjusting when I approached the house. He held the heavy iron bar in his raised hands, and with one powerful blow he knocked the wooden prop away. The stone fell to its intended place upon the softened earth with a heavy thud, entombing beneath it those evidences of guilt.

I leveled my pistol—but no human power was to avenge that double murder! A vivid flash, and every branch, every fibre of that swaying oak, was lit up by an electric fire, and at the next instant its leaves hung seared and dead, as though a furnace-breath had blasted them!

Down fell the murderer in his guilt, smitten by an avenging stroke from heaven. His blackened face was turned up, but his eyes saw not the messenger that did the work. In less than a second of time I had seen all this, for beyond that I could not see. The bright glare nearly blinded me, and I had not escaped the effects of the electric bolt. Covering my eyes with my hands, I sank down upon the wet turf, prostrated by absolute nervous exhaustion.

[To be concluded in our next.]

THE MOULD AND DECAY OF THE PAST IS THE BEAUTY AND FRAGRANCE OF TO-DAY.

Impromptu Poem by Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, at
Adelphi Hall, New York, Feb. 12th, 1888; the Sub-
ject Presented by Henry J. Newton, Esq.

REPORTED BY J. F. SNIPES.

Out of the past, with its gloom and decay,
Cometh the beauty and growth of to-day;
Out of the shadows of night and the showers
Cometh the beauty and bloom of the flowers.
Come, go with us, friends, from the city here,
Away where the waves of the sea are clear,
Where murmuring sounds shall fall on the ear;
Down in the darkness of numberless graves,
Down in the depths of the great ocean caves,
There are forms of life, through mould and decay,
That grow into brightness day after day.
And mark how the sea-shell is growing there,
In those ocean caves as dark as despair;
Growing from the gloom, and growing more bright,
Until the sea-waves have brought it to light.
Take into your hand the rose-lipped shell,
And list to the story it has to tell.
Out of the darkness and out of the grave,
Out of the slime and the deep ocean wave,
Out of the strength of decay and of time,
Cometh the shell that is fair and sublime,
Developed by change and made to disclose
A story of life that nobody knows.
So go we away from the mighty sea
To the beautiful land so broad and free,
"Neath the sunbeams bright, through the changeful
hours.

We watch the growth of the beautiful flowers;
First comes the seed that is lost in the mould,
Away from the light and the sunshine's gold;
It lies in the chill and night of the tomb,
And yet in the seed is the secret of bloom.
Slowly it grows, and it slowly expands,
With prayer for the light and with outstretched hands,
Until it is born out of mud and mould,
And rises aloft in beauty untold.
The little green leaf from shadow of night
Looks up and in the light, grows fair to our sight;
It climbs and expands with outreaching hands,
Like a spirit in prayer for blessing rare,
To lift us and bear us from earthly care.
Thus through mould and growth, through shadow and
strife,

Like sunbeams and sorrows, we rise to life,
Through the sowing leaf and plants more fair,
That uplift their heads in the fragrant air.
If it be the rose that we would disclose,
Or the yellow bloom with breath of perfume,
Or the ruddy red that lifts up its head,
Remember the words we have just now said:
Out from the forms of the past cometh life,
Which grows in brightness through shadows and
strife.

'Tis out of the mould, 'tis out of decay,
That spirits behold the light of the day;
They arise and shine, with glorious mind,
Beyond present time, are nevermore blind.
So come the budlings, the beauties unnumbered,
The fair prophesy that lately has slumbered,
And so with these flowers; their story is told
To-day in purple and crimson and gold.
The pure and the true shall live like these flowers,
In life and in light, through unnumbered hours.
So, friends, without wings you shall rise and fly
To a fairer life developed on high.

Away from the earth and its changing mould,
Away from the grave with its chill and cold,
From the errors that lie beneath the sky
You shall upward mount and nevermore die.
So there's joy and life in this blessed night;
In this is true hope and purest delight.
Be not discouraged, though shadows may fall,
Be not discouraged, though grief may appal;
Be not discouraged, though the tomb and mould
May press down to earth the blossoms of gold.

Wait, wait in patience, a little while longer,
Till the light of the sun is higher and stronger;
Wait, wait a little, till this month shall die,
Till the March winds sigh and the shadows fly,
Till the panicles come with violet eyes,
And open in smiles in the light of the skies;
Then the ruddy red that lifts up its head,
And the youth of spring and blossoms of May.
So here lies a truth in this message bright—
The power that nature has over the night.
So cometh the truth; then have no more terror,
And doubt not in time your growth out of error;
For error shall die, and in deathless youth
The shadows shall fly; hold fast to the truth.

PRACTICAL BENEVOLENCE AND PRO- GRESS.

Religious and spiritual associations and their orators have a great deal to say about love and benevolence, in proportion to the amount of what is actually done. The champions of Orthodox enjoy splendid salaries, while those who might with equal or greater power diffuse the higher Spiritual Philosophy are but poorly sustained—so poorly, indeed, that much of the ability in the spiritual ranks shuns the unprofitable task.

But our shortcomings are not so marked in reference to the spiritual rostrum as in reference to practical work. We claim the most enlightened and beneficent system of healing that has ever been known, but what are we doing to establish it in successful operation? The friends of orthodox medicine sustain it handsomely: colleges are erected and hospitals generously endowed to diffuse the blessings (if such they be) of allopathy and homoeopathy. Where is either the college or the hospital to represent Spiritualism in the healing art?

Memorism has its healing institution in England. Hydropathy has innumerable representatives, but the practical representatives of Spiritualism struggle along as individuals against a powerful opposition, without the moral or financial cooperation of societies.

If our claims are not visionary, they ought to be illustrated in every large city by a hospital or sanitarium, in which the public might realize the vast superiority of the new ideas over the old. But as yet we look in vain for any such movement as might easily be made by the cooperation of a few of the many worthy individuals who recognize the Spiritual Philosophy.

In the apparent absence of public spirit, we must rely upon individual action if there are any individuals in the progressive class who

have the ability and the will to undertake this noble work. The writer knows of no one conspicuous in the ranks of progress who has the liberality, the energy, and the financial ability that would fit him for such a task but Dr. H. C. FLOWIN, of Boston, who has so rapidly risen to the highest rank of professional success. His recent purchase of the grand building at the corner of Columbus Avenue and Holyoke street is said to have been made for the establishment of a Sanitarium, to be conducted according to the most advanced ideas of the progressive party in science.

When this grand sanitarium shall be in operation, and a new college, in which the authorities and teachers shall be men who turn their backs upon the past and look to the advancing sciences of the future, there will be something to which we can point with satisfaction and which will command the respect of scientists throughout the world.

The writer trusts he is not too sanguine in anticipating for Boston the establishment of such institutions, which will do more to vindicate her reputation as the modern Athens than anything which has ever yet been done.

OBSERVER.

IN MEMORIAM.

DR. SIMON C. HEWITT passed on to the spirit spheres from Boston, Feb. 15th, at the advanced age of eighty-four years.

Dr. Hewitt was one of the oldest physicians in the city, and when in active practice was renowned as the "natural bone-setter." He made a specialty of old, chronic diseases, such as the regular physicians had given up or considered incurable by their mode of treatment. He inherited a strong constitution and a positive, determined will-power, together with personal magnetism, but for the past ten years or more he gradually failed in health, finally losing his vitality, through advanced age and bodily infirmities, to such an extent as to cause him to retire from active practice.

He was greatly interested in preserving medical freedom, and was enthusiastic in remonstrating against the restrictive medical measures suggested to the General Court for enactment from year to year, even after he had retired from practice.

Some ten years ago, knowing the efficacy of adapted magnetism, that he possessed in his own organism, at times with his patients, he personally employed such treatment in his own case, and claimed to have been benefited thereby. Dr. Hewitt at one time said to the writer that in religious belief, in regard to a future state and the destiny of the soul, he was a Baptist. I had some pleasant conversation with him in relation to his experiences in his medical practice, and also in regard to the spiritualistic view of life in earth and spirit spheres. He cited many instances, relative, to my mind, proved, conclusive evidence that he was moved upon by an invisible, intelligent force, or power, that was beyond that of his own will, and this may account in a measure for his success in many cases, also various acts in his earth-life that were not understood by the medical profession, seem to the writer to be largely the result of inheritance combined with what are termed medicamentous gifts.

The last time the writer saw him at a place of worship was at the Berkeley Hall Spiritualist meetings at the time W. J. Colville was speaking there. He considered Mr. C. a great wonder, and thought it remarkable that he could speak with such ease, without notes or preparation, upon the intricate subjects presented from time to time by his hearers.

His funeral took place on Sunday, the 19th, at his late residence, his son, Dr. J. D. Hewitt, superintending the exercises. Dr. Hewitt was decidedly opposed to flowers on such occasions, and showed many reasons, placed a few about the room, while on the broad cloth covered casket were arranged two small neat bundles of wheat as a symbol of his age, and to take the place of the floral emblems which they had been placed there had they not desired to carry out his wish.

Rev. Phillips Brooks, Episcopalian, officiated at the funeral, which was conducted under the usual custom or ritual of that denomination.

His body was taken to Forest Hills Cemetery, and deposited temporarily in the receiving tomb.

MR. GALEN ALLEN passed from his home to the higher life on Saturday morning, Feb. 11th.

He was eighty-six years of age on the 24th of January. He deceased at the same room where he was born, and the room in which his father was born, and rose into the beyond.

Mr. Allen in his younger days was a member of the Orthodox Congregational church in South Abington, now Whitman. He afterward became impressed that Universalism was nearer right in its claims upon the human mind, and later embraced Spiritualism, to which he adhered with tenacity, feeling that he was right, and that the knowledge of the truth had reached his heart. His wife, who survives him, at the advanced age of eighty-two years, was in full sympathy with him, and their home has for many years been a place where an honest, earnest Spiritualist might find a cordial welcome.

It has been the practice for many years for a few to gather on Sunday evenings in this home to receive communications from the loved who have gone before, and listen to the teachings that came from the other side of life. So earnest was this family in the work that as a term of derision the people outside named the bill on which they lived "Spirit Hill," which has been accepted by them and their sympathizers as an honor.

Firm, true, undaunted, he passed away as he had lived, grounded in the principles which Spiritualism teaches. Though often suffering from the wrong-doing of others, he always showed the mantle of charity to fall and cover their faults.

The funeral was held on Monday, Feb. 20th, Dr. H. E. Storer, of Boston, conducting the services, which were of a very interesting character, showing clearly the view held by the Spiritualists of death and the future life.

At the close, by request of the friends, a few appropriate remarks were made by G. E. Pratt in the same direction.

There were singing by a quartette living in the immediate neighborhood.

Five children survive him, nearly all of whom are either strong in the faith, or sympathizers with the tenets of spiritualistic truth.

Loved, but not lost, gone before only a little while, the knowledge that though unseen he is with them still is a precious boon to this widow and the children who survive him, and with loving hearts will they gather for their little meetings, knowing that the place by their side is still occupied by the risen husband and father.

He was for many years a constant reader of THE BANNER, and found great comfort in perusing its pages. G. E. PRATT.

East Bridgewater, Mass., Feb. 18th, 1888.

MRS. SARAH SCHWAB, eighty years of age, passed to spirit-life on Jan. 20th, under somewhat remarkable and consoling circumstances.

The aged lady had a very bright intellect, and was fully instructed about the Spiritual Philosophy by her son-in-law, Mr. Lewis J. Kohn, of this city.

Early in the morning, about eight o'clock, before her departure, she told Mr. Kohn that she should pass on at twelve o'clock; that she preferred and wanted to be buried in the simplest possible manner, without show or display of any kind, as to coffins, flowers, etc. After having also given some directions as to business and family matters, she remarked that she was looking for her near departure with a pleasant and expectant feeling; the only fear she had was of the pain of the last struggle.

Mr. Kohn explained to her that with the many good deeds behind her and with her bright mind and other favorable circumstances, she could rely on an easy "second birth." The old lady replied that she had full confidence in her son's explanation, and as she felt sure that her time of departure had come she wished to see before twelve o'clock her dear friends, Mr. M. and his wife, E. K., with whom she had been acquainted for over thirty-three years. As soon as these friends had arrived Mrs. Schwab had a pleasant conversation with them, and assured all present children and grandchildren, after having given them instruction to the effect, that they might expect to receive a communication from her, in due time, about her new life in another sphere. In the meantime the clock struck half-past eleven, and a visible change was seen to come over her. As soon as the clock struck twelve she passed easily away into spirit-life.

Cleveland, O. J. A. HEINBOHN.

To talk of mediums working for nothing as long as they are able, and when they are not able to do so to them gifts on which to subsist, is the shallowest nonsense. This is what I call cutting down the bridge and trusting to the depth and current of the stream to ford it. I venture to predict that when all who "profess" and call themselves Spiritualists "understand what is comprised in a 'medium,'" they will both pay them and respect them for taking the payment, so long as that is no more than is adequate to the amount of services given.—Peter Lee, Rochdale, in The Two Worlds.

It is well to teach a child to sing "I want to be an angel," but it is something better to teach him to sing "I want to be a man."—The Voice (Funk & Wagnall).

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Miscellaneous.

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sh. M. D.
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SOLAR AND SPIRITUAL LIGHT, and OTHER
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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1888.

(Entered at the Post-Office, Boston, Mass., as Second-Class Matter.)

THE BANNER IS ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING FOR THE WEEK ENDING ON SATURDAY.

PUBLICATION OFFICE AND BOOKSTORE.
 9 Bowdoin St. (Formerly Montgomery Place), corner Province Street (Lower Floor).

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

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

COLBY & RICH,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

ISAAC B. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER.
 LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.
 JOHN W. DAY, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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Before the coming light of Truth, Creeds tremble, Ignorance dies, Error decays, and Humanity rises to its proper sphere of knowledge.—Spirit John Pierpont.

Confession Indeed—Dr. Lyman Abbott.

The Sunday afternoon talk of Rev. Lyman Abbott, D. D., in a very recent issue of the *Christian Union*, on "The Transfiguration," is too characteristic of the tendency of the time to be allowed to pass without the special attention of Spiritualists. For it is an up-and-down, out-and-out confession of the radical truth of Spiritualism, with the abatement only of the power of spirits to communicate and make themselves known to mortals. This reservation is obviously made for the single purpose of preventing a full and complete surrender to belief in Spiritualism. Instead of listening to and seeing the spirits themselves, as Christ did, Dr. Abbott merely recommends to his readers to hear him.

The transfiguration scene described in Matthew's gospel was not, says Dr. Abbott, the story of a dream, for it was witnessed by three different persons. Nor can it be interpreted by accepting the common view of the spirit-world as held by the churches. That common view, well says Dr. Abbott, is "nebulous at best." It may be stated thus: "Death is a sleep; at death the soul goes into a semi-conscious condition, and lives in some far-off lotus land of dreams; the body waits in the grave the summons of the last trump; in a thousand years, or a thousand centuries, whenever time shall have finished its cycle and the end shall have come, the body will rise from its resting-place and become that soul's future habitation; the scattered portions of human bodies taken up by grass and grain, and incorporated in infinite forms of vegetable and animal life, will be brought together by the command of God—for nothing is too difficult for the Almighty—and then the long broken current of life will begin again."

If we accept this notion of death and the resurrection, then Dr. Abbott thinks Moses and Elias were awakened from their long sleep in death for this special interview. What afterwards became of them he leaves those to guess who adopt a hypothesis so crowded with difficulties. Yet—let us ask the Doctor—why are not other ecclesiastical dogmas which have ruled the human mind so long equally crowded with them, and equally sure of being set aside as human views become enlarged and illuminated? Dr. Abbott, for himself, refuses to believe that there is any break in the continuity of life. This physical integument he compares to the soldier's tent, the campaign being over at death, the former occupant being at home, and the sooner it is made over into some new and valuable thing the better. "It is the emigrant's wagon," again he illustrates; "he has reached his destination; the wagon has served its purpose, but its journeys have come to an end. Knock it to pieces, and turn its material to good account."

He finds no account in the Bible of the resurrection of the body. He does not know about a spiritual body, as described by Swedenborg; the spiritual body believed in by Spiritualists he does not condescend to allude to; but he confesses his faith in a resurrection at the moment of ending the earth-life, the soul and the breath leaving the body together. The heavenly Jerusalem he believes to be "a holy city let down to earth." Heaven is at hand, not far away. If it has any geographical limits, earth is not beyond them: "The stars may be other continents whither the emancipated wander, as here we travel through foreign countries, carrying our bodies like heavy and cumbersome baggage. But whatever other lands may be opened to the winged spirits, the earth is not closed to them. Whatever other companionship may be theirs, the companionship of earth is not denied them. They are all ministering spirits; we live and walk in the midst of them."

That is enough. No more confession is needed. Dr. Abbott holds that all the teaching of the Bible on the subject is pictorial; that it all speaks of that which is to us incomprehensible; that any clear, definite and accurate conception of the spirit-world is impossible. "But," says he, "the picture of a long rest, a soul liv-

ing unloosened or asleep, or waiting in some reception-room of heaven for its habitation, presents far more difficulties to the reverent student of Scripture than the view which holds that the judgment day has already dawned; that the dead are passing in a continuous procession from earth to God's judgment bar; that death and resurrection are simultaneous; that the separation between earth and heaven is a narrow partition, and death is but the swinging of the door; and that the dead are living, more truly living than we, and living often close at hand, so close that we are surrounded by them as by a cloud of witnesses. . . . So close, too, that mothers still keep watch and ward over their children, and the friend still serves by subtle influences as guide and inspiration of his friend." And he asks the mother who has gone into the spirit-world and left her children behind, "who has ever told you that you are to be separated from them?"

He bases this belief "partly on intimations and suggestions of Scripture, and partly on the all but universal belief of the world in spirits and spirit-communications." Granting that much of this may be superstition, and more be fraud, neither superstitions nor frauds grow without root out of nothing; their universality and success themselves illustrate the reality on which the one feeds and the other stimulates. Now accepting this conception of the spirit-world, "as a world all about us, as a world in which we live, as a world from which we are separated only by our own dullness of sense and heaviness of vision," he regards the story of the Transfiguration as no longer a strange episode and a breaking in upon the order of nature and the supernatural. And in view of it, he considers it rather strange that more Christian professors have not known a like experience of communion with the sainted and risen dead.

This is all large, liberal, and packed with living truth. The statement that the invisible world is all around us continually—that the earth cannot, if it would, lie beyond the limits of its geography—the assertion that dejected spirits continue to feel a close interest in the affairs of the world and of those whom they loved and left—the belief in the instantaneous resurrection of the spirit on leaving the useless body it has tenanted—these are all the doctrines, resting on positive knowledge, which Spiritualists hold, and so far constitute the body of their elevating and inspiring belief. But all things are not of course to be expected at once. It is to be accepted as a most favorable symptom when a professed theologian like Dr. Lyman Abbott is ready openly to admit as much as what has been given above.

In order to maintain his position where he is and operate his present influence, he naturally must pause somewhere in order to be sure of carrying his flock along with him. So he refuses to credit the fact that mortals can have communication with the spirits, however close a communion with them may be possible. This just saves him from being called a Spiritualist, and that—we say it in perfect kindness—is all he wants. That we may not convey a wrong impression, we quote his own words:

"If, however, this incident, thus interpreted,—referring to the transfiguration,—affords us a new sense of the reality and the presence of the spirit-world, it also guards us against going out of the activities of an earthly existence to indulge in reveries and dreams concerning the invisible. Their presence may well serve as an inspiration; their ministry may be real and helpful; but we may not turn aside from present duty for converse with them. If ever any of us are inclined to listen to the voices of the voiceless dead, the one voice that speaks to us out of the cloud, and the only voice, is, 'This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him.'"

He would have us understand that it was only a glimpse of Moses and Elias that the disciples had, and that when their eyes were opened they saw no one save Jesus only. He warns his readers against abiding on the mount of vision and substituting "spiritual ecstasies for practical duty." And he suggests that the hours of inspiration are meant only to equip us with a larger sympathy, a broader human love, and a profounder curative and healing faith, to help us in "casting the devil out of those who abide in the valley."

We would not venture to ask any one to be consistent with himself if he prefers otherwise; but we confess we are unable to understand, all the same, how any one can feel compelled to make such sweeping and embracing admissions as Dr. Abbott freely makes, and still claim the privilege of contradicting their effect where it comes in conflict with the dogmatic theology he is interested in maintaining. If he concedes one point in this matter he necessarily concedes all. It is not an affair of choice, it is something he cannot resist. If spirits are, as he readily admits, all about us continually, and can guide and direct us and impress us with their thoughts and views, what is the difficulty in believing that we may become conscious of their presence, and of recognizing them and receiving their messages and exchanging messages of our own? Theology is lame indeed when it sets up such a pretext for refusing to acknowledge what is positively known to so many persons living, and what is demonstrated freshly to so many more every day. The fact of the power of spirits to communicate to mortals is just as well established as the fact of their ability to work with us and for us as we advance along our way.

What is the Mohammedan Doctrine?

Nothing is more effectual for clearing away existing prejudices than a flood of pellucid information, and there are thousands of people who profess and call themselves Christians, who regard the Moslem faith with feelings of disfavor, if not worse, yet do not consider it their duty at all to possess any knowledge of what they condemn. For such a recent letter from the chief authority of the Moslem Church, written in the utmost frankness to a German convert, ought to supply the most grateful information. It has been translated from the Turkish by President Washburn of Robert College, near Constantinople. From it we select the salient points.

It seems that the German convert in question had made a written request to be received into the heart of the Moslem religion, and this letter of Ahmed Essad, the Sheikh-ul-Islam, is the explanatory reply. We do not remember ever to have met with a description of Islamism that is at once so brief and so clear. The Sheikh reminds the new convert that nobody's consent or approval has anything to do with his conversion, as that stands entirely by itself and alone. Islamism, he says, does not admit of any intermediary, like the clergy, between God and his servants. The whole duty of the latter consists in teaching the people re-

ligious truths. Therefore conversion to Islamism "demands no religious formality and depends upon the authorization of no one. It is sufficient to believe and to proclaim one's belief."

The basis of Islamism is faith in the unity of God and in the mission of his "dearest servant Mohammed." In other words, that "there is only one God, and Mohammed is his prophet." He who makes this brief confession of faith needs not the consent or approbation of any one. Man was created to adore his Creator; and that is done by honoring the commands of God and sympathizing with his creatures.

Of course the Koran is held up as the book of God. Adam was the first of the prophets, and Mohammed was the last. After him came, in the order of their greatness, Jesus, Moses, Abraham, Noah and Adam, besides many more. All good and all evil are attributed to the providence of God, whose will is the source of all good and evil. If a believer, says the Sheikh, does not conform to the laws of God, and does not avoid what He forbids, he is considered a wandering believer, and will merit a temporary punishment in the other world.

A sinner who repents and in person (not through another) asks God's forgiveness, obtains pardon. The rights of an oppressed neighbor are the only exception to this rule. If not vindicated here they will surely be hereafter. In no case is there any need of a spiritual director. In the Moslem religion there is no clergy. When a Christian child is born, to make part of society he must be baptized by a priest. When he has grown up he needs a priest to marry him. If he would pray, he must go to a church and find a priest. To obtain forgiveness of his sins he must confess them to a priest, and he must have a priest to bury him. In the Moslem religion such things are not necessary. The Moslem father of an infant gives his child its name. A man and woman make a marriage contract in the presence of two witnesses; the contracting parties are the only ones interested, and others cannot take a part.

A Mussulman prays all alone, in any place that suits his convenience, and he goes directly to God to obtain the remission of his sins. He neither confesses them to others nor ought he to do so. When he dies, the Mussulman inhabitants of the town are obliged to bury him. Any Mussulman can do this. The presence of a religious chief is not necessary. In all religious acts, there is no intermediary between God and his servants. It is necessary to learn the will of God, "revealed by the Prophet," and to act in conformity with it.

As to religious ceremonies among Mohammedans, the prayers on Friday and at Belram, they are subordinated to the will of the Caliph, of the Prophet, and the Sultan of Mussulmans, the arrangement of ceremonies for Islamism being one of the Sultan's sacred attributes. Obedience to his orders is one of the most important religious duties. The Sheikh's mission is to administer, in his name, the religious affairs he confides to him. But, concludes the Sheikh, Ahmed Essad, "one of the things to which every Mussulman ought to be very attentive, is righteousness in character. Vices, such as pride, presumption, egotism, and obstinacy, do not become a Mussulman. To reverse the great and to compassionate the insignificant, are precepts of Islamism."

Now, aside from points of faith alone, and perhaps from some of outward service also, what is there in such a statement of Mohammedan religious views that does not commend itself to the reason and promise continual improvement and elevation for the life? What more does the Christian religion inculcate than the Mohammedan in respect to righteousness of character? Nay, does it not even permit, if it does not positively teach, its devotees to regard conduct as practically secondary to faith, or belief? But it is the permanent glory of Islamism that it introduces no such order of men as the sacerdotal order between the individual and his God; does not require the interposition of any human agency to help establish relations between the human spirit and its Creator, to the positive injury of those relations, if not to their destruction. The Moslem goes to God at all times, when he feels the sustaining need. Old theology (of the Christian dispensation) sets up its attorneys and advocates, without whom it will let us know no God at all.

Prof. Smyth's Case.

The same Board of Visitors who constituted themselves judges to try Prof. Smyth, of Andover Seminary, and who dealt out their condemnation upon him for alleged erroneous views on matters of doctrine, now find themselves defendants before a higher tribunal than they were; and the same counsel which presented the case of the prosecution is now in court to defend those arbitrary judges, and are compelled to turn things over and look at them on the other side. Prof. Smyth appeals to the Supreme Court of Massachusetts for a correction of the record taken before the Board of Visitors at the time of his trial by them.

The object of the hearing was to put the case in a correct and legal form for the final decision by the full bench of the Supreme Court. Prof. Smyth claimed that a part of the record and evidence essential to the proper understanding of his case was left out and suppressed, and he simply desired that such omitted portions should appear before the full court. In presenting his case as defendant before the Board of Visitors, he made an extended address, consisting of argument and statement of facts; and so much of it as consisted of argument was excluded from the record, which he insists shall be admitted in evidence before the court. And his counsel further maintain that the Board of Visitors had no judicial authority, such as they presumed to exercise, to pass upon the question of what was legal evidence, or what should be admitted or excluded from the record.

In the course of the arguments of counsel in the case, Gov. Gaston, for Prof. Smyth, said all they wanted was to get a record of all things that took place at the hearing; they only wanted the facts, and they wanted the record to state them. Prof. Dwight, counsel for same, said there had been an element of partiality throughout the whole proceedings. Why, he asked, did the Board of Visitors grasp at this jurisdiction, which was original jurisdiction in itself? There was only appellate jurisdiction. It showed partiality, he said, to attempt to turn a joint complaint into a several one. It showed partiality for one of the Board of Visitors to be absent from the hearing of the other professors, which resulted in the acquittal of four of them, and the conviction of one.

He further stated that the counsel for the Board of Visitors did not seem to comprehend the distinction between belief and teaching. Having admitted, as they did, that a man might

teach what he did not believe, why could he not believe without teaching?

The counsel for the Visitors at this stage of the proceedings offered an affidavit from them containing certain amendments of facts to be added to the record, which the counsel for Prof. Smyth had asked for, which the judge peremptorily refused to admit as a proper part of the proceedings to go on file. The judge will make his report to the full bench, and the final trial will not be reached till November.

Bigotry Takes a Back Seat.

Certain religious (?) bigots in this State have been endeavoring for several years to crush out Modern Spiritualism in various ways. Their *modus operandi*, which we have closely watched, has much resembled the methods ascribed to the Heathen Chinee, viz., "Ways that are dark and tricks that are vain."

In the first place they got hold of a superannuated play-actor named Waite, and secured his services to go into Tremont Temple, Boston, and harangue against our Cause, giving him to understand they would see that he was fully remunerated financially—and he was, as he pocketed about \$700 by the operation. The said Waite subsequently brought woe to the hearts of his credulous abettors by going to Lynn, where he won the good opinion of the brethren and sisters of that enterprising village, and secured a large tent for "divine services," and where everything went on swimmingly for a time, until the said pseudo (?) individual eloped with a deacon's daughter! The true nature of this operator against Spiritualism was thus made fully manifest, and the "exposé" presented was certainly on the wrong side of the house!

But our worthy bigots were not to be deterred from their fixed purpose to "crush out Spiritualism," as they expressed it, and so they prevailed on Rev. "Flavius" Cook to "fill a long-felt want" by decanting upon "Spiritualism with an I." Well, as he had had a sitting with the Independent State-writer Watkins at Mr. Epes Sargent's house previously, and had signed an affidavit endorsing this phenomenon, his speech on the latter occasion fell flat.

Then the mild-read Bishop was picked up to "expose Spiritualism," whom these bigots patronized lavishly, he promising to give the proceeds of the meeting in the Temple in aid of the Old South Church, after deducting his personal expenses. That enterprise also proved an unremunerative venture to them.

After this, "order reigned in Warsaw" for a time, but for a time only: A new mode of action was resorted to, namely, a number of "highly respectable" individuals banded themselves together to assault, by brute force, the physical medium, taking the law into their own hands to effect their purpose. They kept up this mode of warfare for several years, and made much trouble for themselves and for the mediums whom they assailed; until finally a case was carried into court—only to be *not pro's'd*.

As a last resource these same zealous bigots a short time since petitioned the General Court of Massachusetts to pass a law to suppress mediumship—their appeal being so cautiously worded that of necessity any legislation based upon it could be stretched if need be so as to reach all genuine mediums, while intimating that it was aimed only at bogus ones. Well, the petition was duly received, and referred to the Judiciary Committee, while a remonstrance also went in. A hearing was had before said Committee on Wednesday, Feb. 23d, which resulted in a report to the House that "it is inexpedient to legislate to prevent the fraudulent impersonation of spirits or deceased persons at any séance or religious meeting."

At this hearing a strong delegation was present at the State House in support of the raiders and their brute-force doctrines; while the Spiritualists were represented by Alfred E. Giles, Esq., of Hyde Park, Mass. The line of procedure to be logically expected of those who support the anti-medium side of the argument was closely followed—but without avail, it seems, by reason of the intelligence and liberality of the gentlemen composing the Committee, and the cogent reasoning of Mr. Giles. While this gentleman declared himself the enemy of fraud wherever found, and in whatever department of life, he was of opinion that the proposed statute trenching on dangerous ground, and would be provocative of more evil than good if it became a law. He thought the general statutes would reach and sufficiently punish fraudulent acts where money was involved; and this being the fact, the petitioners were evidently directing their appeal to the Legislature to protect the feelings of the community regarding "the loved and lost." But since when had the popular systems of religion proved so careful of the feelings of bereaved men and women in this regard? While the false was to a certain extent blended with the true among medial phenomena, he would much rather say (as did one of old) to those who were counseling the course now proposed: "Nay; lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them: Let both grow together until the harvest," confident that in the end the true would be vindicated by discriminating patrons, while the pretenders would pass out of sight entirely through want of support. He protested against such a delicate subject as was here involved being taken from the realm of occult forces, and relegated to the decision of brutal policemen and uninformed judges—uninformed because inexperienced in this direction. He had no desire to see the old Salem witchcraft days revived in Massachusetts; and the Judiciary Committee of the Legislature for 1888 proved by their report some days later that they had not, either.

Mediumship of Mrs. Wells.

We have repeatedly placed the BANNER OF LIGHT on record as an unflinching endorser of the genuine character of the development of Mrs. E. A. Wells as a medium for the presentation of the materializing and other phases of the spiritual phenomena.

While we were temporarily sojourning in New York City some months since, we were privileged to receive on several occasions at her séances indubitable and personal evidence of her reliability, and so stated in these columns at the time.

What we then said we take occasion to repeat with emphasis at the present hour.

The 31st of March.

As notices are coming in for publication regarding the Fortieth Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism, from various sections of the country, THE BANNER desires the friends to send reports to it for publication, and have them prepared as briefly as is consistent with the matter given.

Fortieth Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism.

Berkeley Hall, Boston.

The Fortieth Anniversary will be celebrated in Berkeley Hall, corner of Tremont and Berkeley streets, on Saturday and Sunday, March 31st and April 1st, 1888, under the auspices of

THE BOSTON SPIRITUALIST TEMPLE SOCIETY.

Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Mrs. A. H. Colby-Luther, Mr. J. Wm. Fletcher, Dr. J. C. Street and other talented speakers will participate in the exercises. Superior musical and literary talent, also reliable test-mediums, have been engaged, thereby rendering the attractions of the entertainment second to none.

On Saturday, as one feature of the entertainment, Mr. Fletcher will give his popular lecture, illustrated with dissolving views.

Tremont Temple and Paine Memorial Hall.

A grand Union Celebration of the Fortieth Anniversary will take place on March 31st and April 1st, under the auspices of the

FIRST SPIRITUALIST LADIES' AID SOCIETY AND CHILDREN'S LYCEUM NO. 1, OF BOSTON.

The official notice of which appears on our fifth page.

Cincinnati, O.

On our fifth page will be found the statement made by the Committee of Invitation, in the name of the Spiritualists of Cincinnati, regarding the convocations to be held in that city Sunday, April 1st, to Thursday, April 6th, and the important character of the work sought to be inaugurated thereat.

Another Georgia Wonder Woman.

Very little idea of the mystery which surrounds Mrs. Dixie Jarrett Haygood, says a late number of the *Savannah News*, who will soon start out on a tour over the world, can be obtained until she is seen in her marvelous performances:

In electric feats she does even more than did Miss Lula Hurst: For instance, a person is blindfolded. An article is hidden, and then she places her hand lightly on the shoulder of the blindfolded person, who goes, without knowing why, directly to the hidden article. Very recently this feature of her performance was given a severe test. A pin was driven into the wall as high as the hand could reach. A lady had been blindfolded, and was to find what was hidden, and the locality. The instant Mrs. Haygood's hand was placed upon the lady's shoulder she walked direct to the wall and took the pin from the wall.

The slate-writing of other claimants is feeble when compared with that of Mrs. Haygood. A small pencil is laid upon a slate and the slate is then placed where seemingly writing could not be done—under a wardrobe, for instance. Answers to questions were made, and each time the answer was satisfactory to the asker. She has received hundreds of dollars in money and valuables by being thus able to obtain from somewhere proper answers to questions. But she is averse to this feature, and will not show it on every occasion. She does not know where the power comes from, and offers no explanation. (No doubt she is a spirit medium, and the manifestations witnessed are executed by dejected individuals who draw their power—nervous aura—from the body of Mrs. Haygood.—Ed. B. O. L.)

In her early days, when but a child, and before she had learned to write, she could cause messages to be written on slates. Among the many instances is this: Whenever the slate would be written on she would become frightened, and was of the opinion that it was done by some other person. One day she decided to test it herself. She thought of a verse in the Bible, "God is Love," and wrote it on the slate where she knew it could not be touched. When a sufficient time had elapsed she examined the slate, and the words, "God is Love," were written there in large letters. An Episcopal minister doubted her ability to do such things, and resolved to put her to a test. He wrote a question on a piece of paper, tore off a piece, and rolling up the fragment upon which the question was written, placed and kept it in his mouth. The other portion of the paper was placed upon a table, and Mrs. Haygood was called upon to give a reply. This was done. The answer was correct; the two pieces of paper were compared, and the minister was so confounded with the fact that he left the house at once.

The Massachusetts Savings Banks.

A Brooklyn correspondent of the *Milford Journal* says: "Of all the ideas emanating from the brain of our Governor, his plan for the revision annually of the Savings Banks by their trustees is the most insane. As I understand it, the scheme of our government is a system of checks and counter-checks, to protect the liberties as well as the savings of the people. The Governor's idea is to let the whole matter rest with, and be managed by, the trustees of each bank. If Mr. Ames was a statesman, he would suggest something like this: 'No trustee or officer of any Savings Bank in this Commonwealth shall be a trustee, director, or hold any official position in any other banking institution in the State.' Thousands of dollars have been lost to depositors, and nearly \$30,000 in this city, because such a law as the above was not in force."

The non-sectarian status of our public schools is an absolute necessity, if the liberties of this country are to be preserved, and the sooner our people take action in this important matter the better it will be for all concerned. These schools are open alike to Protestant and Catholic, Jew and Gentile. We fully agree with the San Francisco *Argonaut*, wherein it says that the religious training of children should be left to the parents themselves. School attendance is compulsory by law, and good order, good morals, good habits and the rudiments of learning are legitimate subjects for public education, while creeds and catechisms, faiths and beliefs, doctrines and dogmas, are questions of personal preference only, and, as such, pertain to the household alone. This is a free country, so free that each man may worship the God of his choice without let or hindrance, and no church organization shall be permitted to proselyte children at the public cost, and under cover of the laws which compel education.

MRS. ADA HOYT FOYE.—A. L. Coverdale writes us that this excellent platform test medium has been obliged, through ill health, to return once more to her home in California, after having made a second attempt to withstand the rigorous climate in Chicago. Her departure, he says, proves a severe disappointment to the Spiritualists of that city.

Be sure and peruse the answers to questions and the spirit-messages on our sixth page.

From the Christian Union.

EUROPA.

BY STEPHEN JERRY THAYER.

Great Sovereign of the earth and sea,
Whose scepter shall forever be
The reign supreme of Liberty,
Draw thou the veil that dims our sight, light thou our eyes.

That we may see!

Beyond the waters, east and west,
Six long leagues of oceanic rest,
Equipped and armed from pole to pole;
The burdened nations groan and wail, and listen for
The dread of death.

The Ottoman by the Egean side
Is banded; there the navies ride
And train their armaments to bide
The menace from the German north, or who will dare
The kings allied.

The gringing Sultan can but wait
The will of other crowns; his fate
Is woven in the hearts that hate
And tremble at the gringing power—the curse of men—
So weak, so great.

I hear the Empires muttering now—
The northern Czar keeps his vow,
And waits and waits and waits and waits, how
His sheathless sword shall smite at last; he waits and waits
His iron brow.

I see the Austrians mustering where
The Adriatic waters glare,
Or by the Danube; and they swear
Eternal vigilance against the Cossack hordes!
So sleepless there.

The crafty Chancellor, outworn,
Who guards the German State, in scorn
Watches the French frontier—his throat
Looks north to the Crimean gates, and eastward to
The Golden Horn.

Europa waits the signal, swells
Impatient armies, still compels
From Britain to the Dardanelles,
Fresh millions to her warrior camps, and millions
more.

For ships and shells,
Till on her mighty, martial field
The greatest products she can yield
Are armed men and sword and shield;
Whole nations bent and strung for what? Oh! Lord,
thy thought!

Is still concealed!
Great Sovereign of the earth and sea,
Whose scepter shall forever be
The reign supreme of Liberty,
Draw thou the veil that dims our sight, light thou our eyes.

That we may see!

Steep Hollow, N. Y.

Late February Magazines.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.—To the series of papers under the name "Isms," Dr. J. R. Buchanan contributes one on "The New Anthropology." "Block Island" is the subject of the nineteenth number of descriptive sketches of New England cities and towns, illustrated with portraits and views of prominent points of interest. A portrait of the postmaster of Boston, Gen. J. M. Cora, is the frontispiece, of whom Charles E. Hurd gives some account, mainly of his war record. "The Bride of Newburyport," by Florence E. Weld, and "Grandpa West's Story," by Lizzie M. Whitteley, are given complete. Several poems and historical records are among the remaining contents. Boston: 36 Bromfield street.

HORTICULTURAL ART JOURNAL.—Two popular fruits and two well-known garden flowers are shown in finely colored lithographs. Valuable hints and suggestions are also given for those engaged in horticultural pursuits. Rochester, N. Y.: Stecher Lithograph Company.

JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN AKADEME.—The leading paper of this month has for its subject, "Philosophy and History," read by Mrs. Lizzie Jones at the meeting of Jan. 17th, with the conversation that followed, treating largely upon the hypothesis of Evolution in History, with allusions to chronological events. A thoughtful article relates to "The World that Has Been," and in addition are given "Pythagorean Maxims," "Selected Aphorisms," and a Sonnet, "Atheistic Scientists," by Prof. John Stuart Blackie. Alexander Wilder, editor, Newark, N. J.

THE INDEPENDENT PULPIT.—"The Stage and the Pulpit," is the title of the opening article, in which Col. Rogers gives his opinion of the comparative merits of the two leading instructors of the public, the conclusion he reaches being that "the stage lightens the cares of life; the pulpit increases the tears and groans of man." Following this are articles upon "Pietism Meddling with the Public Schools," "The Sunday Question," "Phantoms of Faith," "The Church and the Word of God," etc. Waco, Texas: J. D. Shaw.

THE INTERSTATE MONTHLIES.—These comprise Grammar School, containing instructive reading for the young; Primary Monthly; Intermediate Monthly and Monthly Primer—all properly illustrated. Chicago and Boston: The Interstate Publishing Company.

THE SEWING MACHINE NEWS (New York City) for this month contains an appreciative notice of William E. Baker, whose recent decease has withdrawn from our community one whose generous liberality will long be held in remembrance by the public.

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Philadelphia, Pa., recently, Mrs. John Harvey Humphrey.

Mrs. Humphrey had not been in good health for some time. She formerly resided in Allentown, Pa., where, during the early days of Spiritualism, she, together with her late husband, investigated Spiritualism, both becoming convinced of its truthfulness, and much of her life was spent in the same until their departure to the spirit-world. She also resided in Boston several years, and will be remembered by those who were present at the public sittings of the BANNER OF LIGHT, taking great pleasure in its publication. Mrs. Humphrey was a lady in every sense of the word. A son and daughter survive her, who will miss her earthly presence, but who will be comforted by the knowledge that she will miss her earthly presence, but who will be comforted by the knowledge that she will miss her earthly presence.

From her home, in Hancock, Vt., Feb. 10th, 1888, Eliza B. Perry, in the 44th year of her earth-life.

Her was one of those bright and winning natures that drew both old and young to her, who was a natural church member, and was much loved by all who knew her. A brave spirit, she was one of the most devoted of the BANNER OF LIGHT, taking great pleasure in its publication. Mrs. Perry was a lady in every sense of the word. A son and daughter survive her, who will miss her earthly presence, but who will be comforted by the knowledge that she will miss her earthly presence.

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For the Nervous
The Debilitated
The Aged.

Medical and scientific skill has at last solved the problem of the long needed medicine for the nervous, debilitated, and the aged, by combining the best nervous, Coleridge and Cerebral, and other electric remedies, which, acting gently but efficiently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, remove disease, restore strength and renew vitality. This medicine is

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Established 35 years. Everywhere recognized as standard.

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BOSTON.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis

May be Addressed until further notice.

46 Vick Park, Ave. B, Rochester, N. Y.

DR. WILLIS may be addressed as above. From this point he can always be reached by letter, and he will give his personal attention to all cases of disease, and he will give his personal attention to all cases of disease, and he will give his personal attention to all cases of disease.

DR. J. R. NEWTON

Still located at the same place, and he will give his personal attention to all cases of disease, and he will give his personal attention to all cases of disease, and he will give his personal attention to all cases of disease.

SOUL READING,

or Psychometrical Delineation of Character.

MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that she has been selected by the BANNER OF LIGHT, taking great pleasure in its publication. Mrs. Perry was a lady in every sense of the word. A son and daughter survive her, who will miss her earthly presence, but who will be comforted by the knowledge that she will miss her earthly presence.

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SEND three-cent stamps, lock of hair, age, sex, occupation, and your address, and you will be diagnosed free by spirit power. DR. A. B. SEVERANCE, Muskego, Iowa.

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NO CHARGE WILL BE MADE for the sitting. It will be remembered that Mr. WATKINS was the medium who some years ago gave the first series of slate-writing tests before EPHRAIM J. COOK, and other distinguished literary celebrities of Boston.

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MRS. H. D. CHAPMAN,

MEDICAL, Clairvoyant, Magnetic and Massage Treatments. Office 16 Tremont street, Room 3, Boston. 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

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MISS A. M. LEDYARD,

Massage and Electric Treatments. Rheumatism and Nervous Diseases a Specialty. 311 Columbus Avenue, Boston.

MRS. E. B. STRATTON,

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MRS. DR. JULIA CRAFTS SMITH gives Magnetic and Massage Treatment, free every Thursday from 9 to 10. Office, Hotel "Cable," 18 Appleton street, Boston.

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Will treat patients at his office or at their homes, as desired. Dr. Shelhamer has been successful in treating all kinds of diseases, including Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lung Disease, Kidney and Bladder, and all other urinary ailments, etc. Also, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and in fact almost all the various ailments of humanity.

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DIAGNOSIS FREE.

SEND two-cent stamps, lock of hair, name, full age and sex, and I will give you a CLAIRVOYANT DIAGNOSIS FREE. Address, J. C. BATHURST, M.D., Principal, Magnetic Institute, Jackson, Mich.

[From the N. Y. Sunday Mercury, Feb, 19th, 1888.]

Some twenty more spirits followed, and the séance, after lasting nearly two hours, came to a close.

ing spirits will manifest, and the poor mediums, at the mercy of low, undeveloped spirits, may be led to

The People's Spiritual Meeting.—Sunday, Feb. 19th, the afternoon session was opened by Mr. James Chartres and Miss Delpha Sawyer with readings, Mr. Chartres also giving a recitation. Mrs. H. M. Walton, of Brooklyn, read an inspirational address of much merit. Mr. Stone, Dr. Paul H. Collins, and others, followed with

Providence, R. I.—Charles Dawbarn gave profound and interesting lectures Feb. 19th and 23th. His subjects were: "Our Responsibility to the Nineteenth Century," "The Future of Modern Spirituality."

was a more than doubled attendance. His engagement extends over one more Sunday. J. C. B.

23 The prospectus of the BANNER OF LIGHT appears in this issue. It is an able and progressive journal.—*The (Wausau) O. Republican*

A correspondent writing us concerning the