

NO. 23.

ponent of the philosophy and religion of Spiritualism.

From Cleveland he went to Washington, lecturing with rare ability in the national capital for three months continuously. Subsequently he visited Washington a second time, where he spoke for two months. He also delivered two courses of lectures at Philadelphia and at Vineland, one course at Baltimore, Buffalo, Ithaca, Cincinnati, Chicago, Boston, Providence, and many other places of but little less distinction everywhere giving exhibitions of mental power of a most exceptional order.

His contributions, criticisms, comments, his editorials, poems, book reviews, etc., to the *American Spiritualist*, extending over a period of several years would, if collected, justify about the rare versatility which characterizes him in his varying moods—the comprehensive outlook as well as delicate insight—his power of induction and deductive reasoning; his strength and his weakness; his judgment of measures and his opinions of men; his ability as a paragraphist and his cleverness as a controversialist; his outspoken frankness, self-reliance, and personal scorn of every form of injustice; his boldness in any way of contrast, always refreshing even if at times audacious, rendered necessary by a too frequent exhibition of servility and treachery.

thought, ever ready, always forcible, instructive and preëminently original. With language large and imagination full, he is naturally eloquent and creative. While the basis of his mind is thoroughly logical, yet by virtue of his greater activity and subtlety of his intuitions he often startles and bewilders his hearers by the emphasis and suddenness of his conclusions before they have time to methodically discern the process of reasoning, or can realize the correctness of his statement, being necessitated to travel by a more circuitous route, but which finally brings them to the same point of agreement.

As a spiritual improvisator in verse, the quality of thought exhibited in his poetical productions is not surpassed by any who have or occupy the public platform. Grandly symmetrical poems, replete with strength and beauty in lofty in purpose, stimulating to noble endeavor and more nearly approximating to the standard of recognized perfection than many an elaborate attempt of some professional writers in poetry, have repeatedly been spoken by him without a moment's premeditation.

Quick and earnest in thought, strong and deep in feeling, his expressions partake of the concentrated essence and intense emotions of his thoroughly impassioned nature. Thus those of a prosaic temperament, with no imaginative faculty, he often is misunderstood, and consequently misjudged. This explains why, over diversity of feeling and judgment which exists on the part of those who make up his audiences. Those who know him most intimately, best realize the comprehensive and analytical cast of his mind, while the radical character of his thought impresses all who have either tentatively heard his spoken or read his written words. While his earlier efforts were calculated to create an undue impression that there was more of an iconoclast than otherwise, his later public efforts have been more general, directed to the elucidation of the principles and methods underlying a scientific and permanently constructive system of philosophy which embraces the highest social, moral and spiritual welfare of humanity. To this end is his mind

now continually given.

As the years come and go we impatiently await for yet richer suggestions and developments of mental symmetry and spiritual power which shall be a blessing to all people.

[Concluded next week.]

Prof. Tyndall has been quoted as saying to a London thief, "You must not steal; not because it is immoral to steal, but because society, the State, cannot stand, cannot endure unless there is an observance and enforcement of the laws of common honesty." The obvious error lies in the fact that without certain firm moral purposes neither society nor the State could endure. The laws of common honesty of which Prof. Tyndall speaks are but the laws of common morality. As an illustration of this universal acknowledgment of the moral principle, let us take the reply of the chief of the Flathead tribe of Indians to the United States commissioner. The latter wanted him and his tribe to leave their homes, but the chief denounced the Government for having already robbed him. "How can I believe you," said he, "when you have there in your hand a paper which is a printed lie? You have robbed me of my land," he said; "you have taken away the homes that were given to me by the President of the United States years ago, and now you come and promise me more when you have not kept the promises you have already made. Investigation in the Department proved what he said to be strictly true. But it was an Indian who was delivering a lecture to a civilized Government on common morality.

In England they call a railroad car a "carriage," the engineer a "driver," the fireman a "stoker," the brakeman a "guard," the switchman a "shunt," and the conductor a "conductor." In the United States we call a "line," the baggage "luggage," and yet the English and Americans are supposed to speak the same language.

Written for the Banner of Light.

WELCOME HOME.

Lines suggested upon the return of the survivors of the "Greener" Arctic Expedition.

By MRS. J. G. BURNETT.

From Arctic regions cold and drear,
Behold our rescued heroes come!
And who would check the manly tear
That springs to bid them "Welcome Home"?

It seems as if from life's death
They have returned to life again;
But hark! they tell with bated breath
Of scenes of agony and pain.

They tell us of their hopes and fears,
Their waiting, watching, their despair!
Of days that, passing, seemed like years
When life was young and hope was fair!

They tell us of their comrades brave
Who journeyed with them side by side,
Who lie, alas! an unknown grave
Beneath the Arctic's rolling tide!

Their tomb, within that realm of night
Whose secrets they would fain explore;
Their dirge, no'er sung in climes more bright,
The moving iceberg's crash and roar!

Their life is done, their toil is o'er;
For weariness they've found repose;
The mystery of that frozen shore
Sleeps with them still 'neath Arctic snows.

We welcome you with about and cheer,
Who come to us from the grave!
We drop with you the silent tear
For those ye left beneath the wave.

Washington, D. C., 1884.

Spiritual Phenomena.

The Story of a Spirit Watching and Caring for its Body, During the Journey to its Final Resting-place.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The facts herein related being of recent date, and quite significant, the writer has concluded to present them as they occurred, giving names and dates, thereby hoping in their recital to call the attention of others to the fact of the nearness and watchfulness of their spirits.

It was on the beautiful afternoon of Monday, June 30th, 1884, at the hour of 3:20, just as the tide in front of our home was beginning to run out, that the spirit of my beloved wife and companion took its flight, with countenance beaming with radiant smiles in watching her loved ones coming to carry her to bowers that had been so lovingly prepared for her reception. All her past sorrows and sorrows were forgotten in looking upon the beauties of the scene that met her enraptured sight. Thus parted the spirit and wasted form of her who knew and loved the angels so well.

The day and hour for the services were July 2d, at 3 p. m. The spirit-world must have brought its divine power to bear so that all should be said and done meet for that occasion. The scriptures of over-anxious Orthodox friends were quieted, and those skeptical wept tears of joy as the last prayer was said, the last song sung and rite performed. Time and space will not permit me here to narrate all that occurred—suffice it to say the bright angels conquered.

Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, inspired by the highest intelligences, discoursed upon the fifty-fourth verse, fifteenth chapter, 1st Corinthians—"Then shall come to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory." It was fully demonstrated that if mortals provide for themselves and proper conditions, the influences coming from the higher realms of wisdom can and will make themselves heard and felt—and such they did on this chosen occasion, through Mrs. Brigham; and not much less can be said of the sweet melodies as sung by Mr. and Mrs. Lillie; for the harmony was such that the unbidden tears of those who came doubting and disbelieving to the sweet and beautiful of the spirit-bells flowed from fountains uncharged with sensitiveness, and spirits themselves must have joined with their tuneful harmonies on that occasion.

The hour came when the old earth-home and the form that had loved it so well must part forever; but the life that had animated that form had earned a happier, brighter one, in realms above.

As every care and precaution had been taken and made the writer felt that those remains so dear, would be carried safely to their destination.

The hours of a beautiful moonlight night passed slowly by, but sleep, sweet restorer to the thinking, throbbing brain, came not; for fitting thoughts would go to the express car that held the last of earth of a wife so true, and back to that home now made desolate by the loss of that love that wiped away the cares and perplexities of life with a smile.

Long before the hour for our train to arrive the writer was up to watch the sunrise which was to be the last that would ever shed its rays upon her form, journeying with me for the last time. Oh! how fast thoughts at such times come and go. Our destination by the cars was at last reached—Plattsburgh, N. Y.—at a little before 6 A. M. The balance of our journeying was to be made by steamer, across the beautiful Lake Champlain at 11 A. M.

Having no doubt that the messenger to whom I had consigned so carefully those cherished remains was still with me, and would properly care for and remove them as promised, I hastened from the cars to the hotel just across the street, and was registering my name and residence, when I heard these ominous words, by whom spoken and from whence they came I could not tell. "You had better go and where the body is." Wondering what was meant, I called for a room, had my luggage taken to it, and at once returned to the train and the express car discharging its freight. Not seeing the box that was so precious to me, I asked the messenger where the body that he received at New York for this point, last evening was? Looking at his manifest, he said he had no body, but that one was put off at Troy, at midnight.

If any one can imagine himself in utter loneliness and yet impressed that there is still something coming that will add to it, he will partially sense the writer's feelings as that train started for Montreal, and left him standing alone, desolate.

My efforts were then given to finding the lost. For four long hours and anxious ones we employed the telegraph to make inquiries, before word came that the remains would reach me safely at a specified time. My joy then became as great as had been my sorrow, yet still I feared some accident might come between me and them ere they reached me. As the hour for our departure by steamer came, I saw another coming in sight, and was told it bore the form which had really been lost to me the first time in thirty-three years of a happy wedded life.

It came and was greeted most kindly, and we finished together our journeying. Kind friends met us when we landed, and all moved toward that little graveyard, so sunny and beautiful, that one would desire to be laid at rest with those that had been and were to be, for there the birds could sing their carols the season through; there were none with a wish to disturb.

We drove to the little plot, and there by the side of the green mound of our dearly loved Lizzie Florence was the open grave to receive the loved, the lost and found. "Yes! found," for when I knew that the spirit rose at death, then had I found those who were so dear to me.

Wishing to make as little trouble as possible, and not desiring to differ too greatly from the views and customs of our Orthodox friends so kindly assisting—for the spirits and their return were rarely spoken about in that quiet town—I had requested that the Methodist minister, who resided near, should read the burial service. So after lowering to the bottom of the grave, the young minister was introduced and took a position near by, while I stood at his

side, holding an umbrella to protect us from the sun's rays, it being the hour of 2 p. m. Reading the service he came to this part, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, looking for the general resurrection in the last day," etc. At this last utterance a cold shudder came over me, for I knew well that the resurrection had already taken place of her whose mortal remains we had just lowered to the bottom of that grave. Having completed the reading of the service, I turned to him and those assembled, and said:

"I will now thank the friends and neighbors for so kindly aiding me in performing this last act, also for having done the same for us both, a short seven years ago, at the obsequies of our daughter and only child; but my companion, whose material form we have just laid away in that grave, is not there, but has arisen: the resurrection was at that moment when the spirit and the form went out of me. My friends, there is no death; all life. This spirit of that body is now standing near us, witnessing this last ceremony. Nor is that daughter, so loved, whose earthly body was placed away seven short years ago, resting now under that green mound; she, too, is here, witnessing with great numbers of attending spirits these last rites. And so of each of you, who long years ago, or at more recent date, have placed the bodies of dear friends in these graveyards. About us, they too are here, providing the cord of love that bound them to you was not broken."

I found myself lost as it were, but could hear my voice pleading with them that there could be no death, and reciting facts as undeniable proof that our dear ones live and are ever with us.

To further assure them of the fact that my beloved still lived, I said that I hoped and expected to take her in the hand and receive her caress before many days. As I finished I turned to the minister, who then made the final prayer. This young minister, who had been sent a teacher to these people, failed to understand the purport of what the spirits had impelled me to proclaim; turning to me he said: "Sir, you have compromised me." My astonishment can scarce be imagined. I replied: "Compromised you? You have compromised me." Wishing to see him and tell him what I had heard and seen of the angel-world, I desired him to make an appointment with me, in order that I might meet him and do so; but "engagements already made," he said, "would prevent." So I came away under the charge of having compromised him for reading what his church had prepared for him to read on such occasions. Since starting upon that sorrowful journey I thought I had enough to do as was; but I see, my companion was not yet full; this last was required to fill it to the brim, and I was led to unintentionally cause an unpleasantness, by uniting with the spirits in pleading for the truth that those so dear were not buried under some four feet of clay, there to remain an unknown period of time.

Thus again did the spirit try to protect itself from a far greater loss than that in having its body mislaid by some unaccountable mistake. The fact was known to me that it was itself and other spirits that made known to me the absence of the body from the car in which I supposed it to be, and had also caused me to proclaim that she whom all were supposing was being buried from sight was not in that grave but standing by our side. Thus my declaration was fulfilled.

Mark well, you who peruse this story: just one week to the day after I had bidden farewell to that form, I again took her by the hand and received the kiss of affection from her materialized lips, though it cost the spirit a struggle to overcome its earthly weakness. This manifestation was through the mediumship of the Misses Berry at Onset, Mass. I also had manifestations of her presence through Mrs. Gray and her son, and Mr. and Mrs. Caffray, at the same place.

Three weeks from the day of my wife's passing away, she again visited the cherished home, to which I had returned so lonely, and conversed with me as to the incidents I have feebly set forth, and then made known to me that it was herself and other spirits that made known to me the absence of the body from the car in which I supposed it to be, and had also caused me to proclaim that she whom all were supposing was being buried from sight was not in that grave but standing by our side. Thus my declaration was fulfilled.

This last materialization at our home was through the mediumship of Mrs. L. S. Caswell of Brooklyn, N. Y., which my wife and I helped to develop last year. So the bread that was cast upon the waters came to us in not many days many fold, bringing joy not only to spirits but to mortals.

In one short month we parted—the wasted and diseased body laid away forever—and the spirit and I met again in the old home; and I have written for you, friends, this tale of the cares and griefs of a spirit and mortal.

Astoria, L. I.

A. L. HATCH.

Interesting Phenomena with Mrs. Beste.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

While on a recent visit to Onset Bay I stopped at the Glen Cove House, kept by Mr. N. H. Hacksins, which, by the way, I commend as a pleasant and well-kept establishment. While there I had the good fortune to meet Mrs. E. Beste, whom doubtless many of your readers will remember as being at 678 Tremont street last winter and spring. I had attended her sances there with entire satisfaction, but had such convincing tests of her genuineness as a materializing medium while at the hotel that I feel compelled to bear testimony thereto.

The cabinet consisted of a curtain hung across the corner of the room, the only outlet from it being a window, three stories from the ground, thus forbidding possibility of access. The sitters were Mr. N. H. Hacksins, the proprietor of the hotel, his sister, Mrs. R. H. Parker, and myself. Before the sance Mrs. Beste called Mrs. Parker, and retiring, entirely denuded herself in her presence of her clothing, and put on one of Mrs. Parker's dresses—her clothes being taken from the room—thus preventing any possibility of lace or drapery being concealed on her person. Immediately after the lights were extinguished, different forms came out to the number of twenty or thirty, their clothing shining with a phosphorescent light, like pure snow flooded by moonlight. Many of the dresses were studded with patches of brighter light than the rest, resembling stars, and cloudy forms of diverse and irregular pattern, very lovely and spiritual in appearance. Each form, as it came out, gave its name in an audible and distinct voice, and all but two or three were recognized as relatives and friends of the sitters; many tests of identity were also given. My daughter and mother came out, and remained ten or fifteen minutes, and explained the difficulties of materialization, and how necessary it is to have perfect harmony of thought and will in order to get good results.

Among others was a little cabinet spirit, called "Daisy Low," apparently about six or seven years of age, who amused us with her bright sayings, and gave tests of names, etc., of departed friends who had not an opportunity to materialize, but were about us, though unseen. While the sance was going on, Mrs. Beste was under the control of a spirit called "Tom"—formerly an inmate of her father's family—and a lively conversation was carried on with him, even while spirit-forms were out of the cabinet. At one time the writer spoke of the beautiful perfume which the spirits brought—a little like sandal-wood—the dresses seeming to be impregnated with it, when "Tom" spoke up, and said: "The old Egyptians brought it."

There were frequently two or three voices in conversation. "Tom," "Daisy," and "Mr. Severance," the latter speaking in a loud, powerful voice, even while a spirit was outside the cabinet. Here I will relate that at a sance with Dr. Caswell of Charlestown, a few weeks ago, a spirit materialized and came to me, and called for a pair of scissors, which being given him, he cut a lock of hair from his head; this I placed in an envelope, and carried in my pocket-book. The same spirit came out at this sance and reminded me of it, saying, "You have my hair in your pocket-book." Now I had not mentioned the fact to any one there.

I cannot begin to give all the incidents of the sitting, but one was so remarkable I cannot forbear mentioning it. There appeared a patch of white light on the carpet, about five feet from the cabinet, and close to Mr. Hacksins. This increased, and rose up with a wavy, flickering motion, like flame, until suddenly his spirit-dougar stood before him, and in an audible tone gave her name, Josie Hacksins. She then dematerialized, gradually reversing the process, until the head was about six inches from the floor, her voice still being heard at our feet, bidding her dear papa good-night. This occurred twice.

The sance closed with the independent voice singing familiar airs in loud, resonant tones, and a short address from "Mr. Severance." I feel impelled to bear testimony to the genuineness of the manifestations through this medium, these occurrences having taken place under strict fast conditions, where there was no possibility of deception. I feel as assured of their genuineness as of any other fact of my existence.

WM. H. RANDALL.

Boston, Aug. 12th, 1884.

DORMITORY THOUGHTS.

By JOHN WETHERBEE.

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!"
He, like the world, his ready visit pays—"I was going to say, but I will not extend the quotation, for the extension would not conform to my experience:

"The wretched he forakes;
Swift on his downy plun flies from woo,
And lights on lids unsmiled by a tear."

This is not my experience. I am more of Sancho's turn of mind, who asked a blessing on the man that invented sleep—Queen of the "night-side of Nature." I was going to say, only the poet's license has made it masculine. I do not know but Sleep, or perhaps "Sleepy Thoughts," would have been a better caption to what is in my mind to write; but "Dormitory Thoughts" got written, so I will let it stand. I am very apt to do that, when I take my pen in hand for a purpose, and begin haphazard, trusting that my beginning, both caption and sentiment, will find itself at home before I finish my story. I hope it will in this case, for I feel as though I had both an intelligent and an interesting word to say on the subject.

I almost want to begin by relating an incident or two to show the difference of time in sleep-life from what it is in active or sensuous life, where one experiences in a dream the details of months, and what would take a column to briefly relate, only takes a second or two of our time to live or experience in dream-life. But other phases of the subject seem to be pressing for expression, so I will omit the incidents referred to, at least for the present, and follow my impressions. One sometimes dreams, at least I do, and know while dreaming that I am dreaming, and often wish in such a dream that I could remember it when I am awake; but I rarely do, though I do sometimes.

I have in my mind a marked instance of it, but I will not now refer to it. Sometimes I remember in a dream the dream of another occasion that never reaches wakeful consciousness. I do not know as I make myself clearly understood. I don't feel as if I had better spend any more time about it; but why I mention it at all is to show that while so much of dream-life is incongruous and unnatural, that some of it is not, which fact proves that it is a logical and quite a rational, though perhaps a disembodied life. That while the body or physical functions are asleep, the real man is not; his spirit is awake. If we can prove this by argument or experience, we establish an entity of ourselves, independent of the life physical. I am very sure of the fact myself, and have no question that when we shuffle off for good this mortal coil, we shall find we have been living all our lifetime two lives; that the third of our life spent in sleep has not been a blank, but an active, social, mental life, the details or reminiscences of which, for the wisest of reasons, do not reach our wakeful consciousness.

I am a pretty sound sleeper, and sleep does me a heap of good; but it is no thermometer of a man's ability, for Napoleon Bonaparte slept but little. Four hours of the twenty-four were enough for him; and Henry Ward Beecher, a Napoleon of another kind, owns up to being a great sleeper. Twelve hours on the stretch is none too much for him. It is possible that the latter enjoys the invisible company of the spirits more than the great hero did. But we will not go into any speculative thoughts now. I was saying I was a sound sleeper, and notwithstanding what I have said I am not much of a dreamer; but I have had some few remarkable dreams that have had method even in their dreaminess.

Sleep, then, serves two purposes: first, sensuously giving rest to the weary organization; second—and that is the inspiration of this article—the spirit, that is the real man, withdraws from the brain or instrument with which it connects sensuously with external nature, and in its freedom associates with the loved of other days. Thus the twenty odd years of a man's life of seventy years which are spent in sleep, are really spent awake, and we will find as I have said, when we pass into that better land, as a graduated spirit, an alumnus of this world's college, we will open our eyes into a familiar place. We will not have to be shown around and introduced, but will be with our opened memories, as familiar with our changed surroundings as with the surroundings we have just left of earth-life, because we have been living in both at the same time; but till then unconscious of one of our hemispheres.

The vague remembrances of the forms and faces of by-gone times will be found to have been the forms and faces of continuous companions with the same intimate relations of those associated with us on earth. We come to our end, our last sleep, the sleep of death, leaving a circle of friends, our family and social surroundings. I do not mean we will realize having left, our living friends, and dropped among the supposed dead, making our bones quake with fear, but we have waked up to the fact that there are no dead, and that all unconscious sensuously, we have been living among the immortals—immortals in the form and immortal out of it; that we have not left the mourning friends in their grief behind and

found a new and happy set, but we are where we always have been, the memory of that sleep-life becoming now a record of conscious and consecutive experience. We realize that we have made no discrete change; our sympathies are called out by the grief of mourning friends, but we know that they do not realize the real facts in the case any more than we did; but the awakened one becomes aware that his experience will one day be theirs, so he discounts the smiles that will one day sooner or later be theirs, and is under no concern of mind for their present sorrow.

When we lost our little girl, she was only six years of age. It was a grief; it sometimes found expression through my pen thus:

"Hark! the wind low moaning. Listen! May be it is an angel's voice. I feel their presence. Is it Hattie? If so, we are all here. Is that soft moaning wind a response? Oh! let us think so! It is the golden page of life's existence. We see thee not, but art thou here, my eldest born, whose early flight left a trail of sorrow on life's pathway? Oh! sweetest, twilight that gives reality to shadows!"

Thus early, for our peace of mind, the light of Modern Spiritualism broke into my soul. I realized that the grave was a thoroughfare and not a cul de sac; that the little girl was alive and with us still, one of our household. Gradually I realized she was also a growing girl. I remember when she lost her interest in the baby-house that remains sacred for her. She was then a dozen years old, and wanted it given to some one who would enjoy it as she used to. I realized also, in memory, the little girl, as she used to look with her sun-bonnet and long braided hair; but to that little girl there was to be no resurrection. Presuming we might live twenty, thirty or forty years, and our little girl would be a woman of maturity, I remember of saying to my wife we will never see her again. Our sweet little joy of six is now sixteen, and when we meet her years hence she will be a woman grown. But this was not a happy thought to the mother. Says I, would you like our little girl to be a midwife, and stay a child, so that we could meet her as she is in our memories, or was, as she had left us? It was very evident that to find the child we had lost, we must follow her into the grave, and as soon as possible—and that we could not do—as other children needed us this side; but it was often a thought whether and how we will know each other there.

The question has been very satisfactorily answered in many ways to me, intuitively and how it ought to be, and then in some circumstances in my sleep-life the rationale fits my intuitions and proves each other, and it harmonizes also with the testimony from the land of souls. I am aware that that testimony is very conflicting, and wisely so, as I look at it, but the royal soul gets answers that set his mind at rest. I do not claim any royalty, but I have been very fortunate in other-world matters if I have not been in the matters of this world, and I am sometimes astonished that I have picked up in life's diggings so many golden nuggets of truth that better people have missed. I wonder if it is the compensation for not being open-eyed in gathering the nuriferous nuggets or accumulations that mankind in this age seem to be striving for. It suggests the question, Which is better, a bank account on this side of life or one on the other. I suppose we will know one of these days.

Now to go back to the Dormitory Thought from which I have wandered: I think, in fact I know, that the little girl of whom I have spoken, who died over a quarter of a century ago, has been an inmate in my house all this time just as much as our other children have who are still in the form. This has been proved in a thousand ways so perfectly and so satisfactorily that I would stultify my intellect to doubt it, and the chances are a hundred to one she is with me in this room to-night. Bret Harte expresses my thought, so I will quote his lines:

"But whether she came as a faint perfume,
Or whether a spirit in state of white,
I feel as I pass from the darkened room,
She has been with my soul to-night."

The reader may call this imagination, and the skeptic may say also the phenomena that makes me talk with such assurance may be questionable. I think I know, however, what I am talking about. But outside of all imagination or sentiment, and if you choose, outside of the manifestations that have made me a Spiritualist, in the thoughts on this subject of sleep I have intellectual evidences and even mental objectiveness (if such an expression is in order) that during the seven or eight years spent in sleep of the last twenty-five years, my spirit has been awake and circulating in the land of souls, having intercourse with the old familiar faces, and that I have been, year in and year out, associated among others with my little daughter of long ago—have seen her grow as I have seen my children in the form grow from childhood to maturity, and shall recognize her when I pass over as she now is, as I do my other children as they are now, better than I remember her or them as they severally were in the long ago.

It may seem very strange that we are consciously oblivious to so much life as this theory presupposes. I do not offer it as a theory, but as a conviction. The moment you think of the matter it will be realized that it would never do to have a consciousness of this experience of the sleep-side of human life. This life, as well as the other, has its uses, and if what we shall one day awake to the knowledge of, was current knowledge to-day, the wheels of mortal life would not run in their present order, and the scheme of the world would not be so wisely carried out. But the fact which I have stated is important for the recognition of the loved and lost when the curtain rises, and also as collateral proof of the spirit's life being independent of the physical life. There is a good deal more to say on this subject, but I think this article is sufficiently long, so if I extend it, it will be in a No. 2.

A Prophecy that is Being Fulfilled.

Mr. Henry Greer, writing us from Cape Graefias a Dios, Nicaragua, C. A., encloses the following, copied from the *London Journal* of July 26th, 1884, as significantly prophetic of the changes thus far effected upon earth by Modern Spiritualism, and what we may reasonably expect it to produce in years to come:

"The whole world is in commotion. Society is heaving to its center as if with the throes of some great regenerating change, personal, political and religious. An impulse is being communicated to the human intellect, that will be far greater in its results than the revival of religious reform. It is an impulse that will far exceed in depth, extent and duration that of the era of Luther."

According to statistics compiled in Europe there are 300 paper mills in the world, which make 1,500,000,000 pounds of paper every year, half of which is used for printing, and 600,000,000 of it for newspapers, which ten years ago required only 400,000,000 pounds.

"What does the minister say of our new burning ground?" asked Mrs. Hines of her neighbor. "He doesn't like it at all; he says he never will be buried there as long as he lives." "Well," said Mrs. Hines, "if the Lord speak as this I will."

Verona Park is one of the natural and beautiful places just becoming known. It is but thirteen miles from New York, and is a beautiful spot, with green banks of the Passaic, to which the first blow of the storm of reform has been given. It is a beautiful spot, with green banks of the Passaic, to which the first blow of the storm of reform has been given. It is a beautiful spot, with green banks of the Passaic, to which the first blow of the storm of reform has been given.

The Camp-Meetings.

Sunapee Lake Camp-Meeting.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The Sunapee Lake Spiritualist Camp-Meeting commenced Aug. 8th. Then many campers had been on the grounds several days, hard at work clearing their lots and getting their cottages in readiness. Nine new cottages have been erected. Blodgett's Hall has been enlarged so that now it will seat six or seven hundred people. Much work has been done on the grounds, and it is expected that a new speaker's stand will be erected during the present week. Critics were told that the ground was not cleared, and that the cottages owned by Mrs. Feltow and Mrs. Belcher, both of Sutton, Mr. Jas. Knowlton, of Sutton, was intended by "Black Eagle," and gave many very fine tests. Remarks were also made by Geo. A. Fuller, of Newbury, N. H., who was the President of the Association, and the following mediums participated in the exercises: Jas. Knowlton, Dr. B. H. Prentiss of Worcester, Mass., and Geo. A. Fuller.

The first public service was held on Sunday, Aug. 10th. Mr. V. C. Brockway of Newbury, N. H., presided at the morning session. The singing was under the charge of Mrs. Minnie D. Emerson of Boston; and under the charge of Mrs. W. H. S. Slayton of Chicago, Ill., and Mrs. Florence A. Gilbert of Boston. The above-mentioned ladies are accomplished vocalists, and their selections were appropriate to the occasion, also finely rendered.

Mr. Geo. A. Fuller, of Newbury, N. H., gave the opening address of the camp meeting upon "The Religion of Science." Mrs. Sophia K. Durant of Lebanon pronounced the benediction.

The address of the afternoon was given by Mr. Joseph C. Lord of Concord, N. H., and for eloquence, depth of thought, and purity of diction was never excelled on our platform. He commenced with an inspirational poem, most beautiful in its construction, and then discoursed upon the cardinal principles of the Spiritual Philosophy. At the close of the address "Swift Arrow" controlled the organism of Mr. Stiles and gave fifty-five names; all of which were instantly recognized.

In the evening a conference meeting was held in the Pavilion. Remarks of a very interesting nature were made by Mr. E. J. Durant of Lebanon, Mr. Dr. Pitts of Lowell, Mass., Mr. H. S. Slayton of Chicago, Ill., Joseph D. Stiles, Jr., of Concord, N. H., and Geo. A. Fuller. Thus closed a most profitable day on the shores of old Sunapee, and thus, under the most favorable conditions, has been inaugurated a camp-meeting that will continue in session until Sept. 8th.

Already many are inquiring when will the Eddys arrive at Sunapee.

The ride of five miles on the beautiful steamer "Lady Woodsum" after the journey by rail from Boston, is very invigorating and appetizing.

Mr. C. C. Lord of Concord, N. H., reporter for the Standard Press, is at the camp quite frequently. He is a scholarly gentleman, favorably inclined toward Spiritualism, and gives our meetings fair and candid reports. He is always a most welcome guest on our grounds.

Mrs. Sarah A. Williams of Gloucester, Mass., is located at room No. 3, Forest House. She has been on the grounds several weeks. We hear good reports of her work.

Frank C. Pierce of East Putney, Vt., is also located at the hotel. He is doing good work, and is generally liked by those who visit him. He is a very genial man, and makes many friends among the campers.

Mr. Morrill and wife of Gloucester, Mass., have been on the grounds since the opening of spring. They are staunch Spiritualists and pioneer workers in the cause.

"The Cottage" is occupied by Mr. Jas. Knowlton and wife of Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar J. Knowlton of Manchester, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nelson of Sutton.

Mr. Simon Keezer of Sutton has erected a neat little cottage, and he and his wife are enjoying the meeting.

The speakers' stand was beautifully decorated with ferns and mosses, also the specimens of potted plants, Mr. C. C. Lord of Concord, N. H., reporter for the Standard Press, is at the camp quite frequently. He is a scholarly gentleman, favorably inclined toward Spiritualism, and gives our meetings fair and candid reports. He is always a most welcome guest on our grounds.

At "Happy Home" may be found Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Ruml of Leitchville, Vt., Miss Mary Persons and Mr. W. H. Woodward of Windsor, Vt., Miss Dolly Hale of Springfield, Vt., Mr. and Mrs. John C. Oane, and Mrs. Abby M. Royce of Manchester, N. H.

Mrs. Dr. L. C. Pitts of Lowell, Mass., is located in a tent near the hotel.

Washington, N. H., is well represented, and a very large delegation from that place is expected soon. The following have already arrived: Mr. Frank Lull, Mr. Charles Lull, George W. Newman, Mr. Henry Newman and her two sons, Willie and Bertie.

Mrs. S. C. Hines of Newbury, N. H., an inspirational speaker and trance medium, is located in a tent on Blodgett's avenue.

At "Spirit Home," may be found Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Burpee of Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Emerson of Kent of Manchester, and Miss Edie Brownell of Burlington, Vt.

At "Red Rose Cottage," commanding a magnificent view of the Lake, and situated for the camp-meeting on the shore of the Lake, is located Mr. and Mrs. Wm. S. Slayton, President of the New Hampshire State Association of Spiritualists, also his wife, Mrs. Sophia K. Durant and controlling influence, "Talapostle," and Mr. and Mrs. Isaac F. Kendall of Lebanon, also Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Fuller of Newbury, N. H.

Mr. H. S. Slayton of Chicago, Ill., one of the managers of the Slayton Lyceum Bureau, accompanied by his wife, an accomplished vocalist and elocutionist, and also their son Wendell, have visited Sunapee Lake Camp-Meeting the season of 1884.

Mr. Slayton expresses himself deeply interested in the cause of Spiritualism, and well pleased with the camp-ground, and regrets that business compels him to leave on Monday. His wife will remain while longer and assist in our meetings and entertainments.

Miss Rena Lufkin of Gloucester, Mass., is stopping at the hotel, also Mrs. M. A. Kelly of Lebanon. Nearly all the rooms at the hotel are engaged.

Dr. A. B. Hines of Newbury, N. H., an inspirational speaker and trance medium, is located in a tent on Blodgett's avenue.

Mr. Green of Sacramento, Cal., was a very attentive listener at both sessions on Sunday.

People are inquiring for Dr. H. B. Storer, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hines of Newbury, N. H., and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. S. Slayton of Chicago, Ill., who probably be on the grounds before these words are printed.

The President, Geo. A. Fuller, is located at his cottage, "Nemont Lodge." Dr. B. H. Prentiss of Worcester, Mass., and his wife and son Irvie, are located at the same place.

Mr. V. C. Brockway of Newbury, N. H., Treasurer of the Association, and family, enjoy camping in their beautiful cottage, "The Cottage," situated on the shore of Sunapee, for their cottage commands a most extensive view of the Lake.

Mrs. Stubbs of Newbury may be found at her cottage, located on a bluff commanding a very fine view of the Lake

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In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of impersonal free thought, but we cannot undertake to endorse or disavow the views of any individual, or to assume responsibility for the statements of any person. We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve manuscripts that are not used. When newspapers are forwarded which contain matter for our inspection, the editor will confer a favor by drawing a line around the article he desires especially recommended for perusal.
Notices of Spiritualist Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Monday, as the BANNER OF LIGHT goes to press every Tuesday.

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SPIRITUALISM is the Science and Philosophy of Spirit, and is identical with Spirituality.—SPIRIT S. B. BRITTON.

Spirit Messages.

Although all the various forms of the spiritual phenomena are to be accepted as in a very high degree important, and not to be dispensed with on any account, yet it is to be borne constantly in mind that all are to be the successive steps to the possession of the highest truth, namely, that the spiritual is the only real life, to which everything else becomes merely a receptive form or phenomenon. Holding this view, and making it serve as an efficacious means to an end, too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the value of the phase whereby individualized exalted intelligences through trance mediums everywhere are at this time making known their experiences in spirit-life to thousands of anxious inquirers on the plane of the mortal. Of the importance of these communications from the spirit-world it is wholly unnecessary to speak to those who have received and profited by them. The world would suddenly become dark indeed to such, if this channel were once wholly closed. But thanks to the good angels, the work is going on in every quarter of the globe, and new avenues are being prepared in every land for this important service through the development of additional mediums.

In this connection we take it to be but common justice that we refer to the value of the work wrought by the Spirit-Message Department so long maintained in the columns of the Banner, and so full of hope and cheer—as it has in thousands of cases already proved itself to be—for the sorrowing ones of earth, who fall to find, when bereavement falls to their lot, that comfort of soul which in pleasant days and smooth seas the popular church systems have so arrogantly proclaimed themselves competent to afford under all circumstances to those who will accept their dogmas. A re-perusal of some recent numbers of the Message Department of the Banner will greatly serve to impress our meaning upon the mind of the reader.

One communication in particular, from the spirit of Julia Willett, must have been perused and pondered with peculiar interest. The spirit asserted that she passed out into the other life without carrying any special religious impressions with her, and ignorant of the place she was going to, and of all that pertains to immortality. But she was not long in discovering her condition. She soon recognized dear friends who had gone before her, and whom she had never expected to meet again. She found herself translated to a world very similar in appearance and condition to the one she had left. She was clothed with a body corresponding in parts and appearance to the one she had left on earth, but more strong and symmetrical than the other ever could have been. Turning her attention to the friends she had left behind, she saw they did not realize that she could enter their homes and sit beside them and take an interest in their lives. They did not know that she was standing by and listening to what they said about her, or that she tried vainly to tell them she was not far away from them, out of the reach of their sympathy, but still close by their side, filled with affection for them and craving their tenderness.

The description which the spirit gives of the sadness and sorrow of her earthly friends, who did not know how to find consolation for her loss, is pathetic in its details, and shows how blindly mortals suffer from their grief when they might be taught to look through its veil to the bright and beautiful conditions of life that exist just beyond it. If any one asks of what practical service is Spiritualism, let him study this single phase of the subject alone, and become convinced of the urgent necessity of clearing up these clouds of sense with which our earth-lives are curtailed in so densely. All that this loving, sensitive spirit strove for was to help her earthly friends to see and know as she did; to open a door of communication with her and the spirit-world, to know that spirits can and do return, and are anxious to establish their identity and deliver their precious messages of sympathy and love. She, like other spirits, desired to assure them that they watch over and guard their friends on earth, and will meet and welcome them on their entrance into the spirit-world. Does any one yet ask what is the practical good of Spiritualism? If this be not practical, what is, then?

Another communication in the same issue was from the spirit of Prof. S. B. Britton. He came to assure his friends that he does not forget one of them; that they all work in har-

mony in the spirit-world, returning to their friends and co-workers on earth to stimulate them with new thoughts and impart to them an influence that will bless and strengthen them. Spirit Britton tells them and tells us all plainly that the work of the invisibles is meant to be of service to mankind; likewise that they gain power by returning to earthly conditions and expressing themselves through mortal instruments. He tells us that Spiritualism has yet to reveal to mortals lessons of which they have never dreamed, truths which they are to-day unable to grasp and comprehend. Especially do they seek to impress the great truth of human brotherhood, each being bound up in the welfare of all, and all in the happiness of each. It is all activity and growth in the spirit-life. All are students, and all are continually occupied. Science may for the time disdain to extend a recognition to Spiritualism, but it will not always be so, and then they will work together in fraternal relationship. And then mankind will be able to answer its own questionings as it never has done before.

We are assured, as indeed we have always been assured, that Spiritualism strives only for the uplifting of humanity; to draw from the heavens a force that will break the bars of the tomb and reveal the truth that we are not to seek the dead there; and that what has been regarded as the end of life is but the doorway to a larger and nobler existence. The universe is filled with mystery and meaning, and the human spirit yearns to discover the springs of it all. Science returns no satisfactory answer to the searching questions; it falls utterly to meet the demands made upon it, when we would fain look beyond the visible plane of life, merely answering that there is nothing more to be said. At this point Spiritualism presents itself with its revelations, declaring itself ready to make known what the human spirit would comprehend of the life beyond the external forces of nature—its continuance, its meaning, and the spirit's destiny. All this Spiritualism, with its free messages, declares to us we may learn, if we only desire. That is the simple and simple condition. It is very far from being a hard one to comply with. In the perverseness of its ignorance humanity responds with the unbelief of a sneer!

The weekly perusal of the spirit-communications which appear in the Message Department of the Banner has been a source of education in Spiritualism to those who have faithfully pursued it. Indeed, it could not well be otherwise. The tenor of these messages is such as to compel reflection after they have left their impressions. Thousands, no doubt, have read them only to derive such comfort and encouragement from them as they were able to impart. Many others have been lifted up by them to that level on which they could obtain larger views of the spiritual relations and a broader comprehension of the laws that govern spirit-life both here and hereafter. In other words, the result of it all is the spirit's gradual emancipation from the rigid government of its earthly environment, and its birth into a life that makes even this life a new and richer one. It is more than the mere gratification of human curiosity, far more than the satisfaction of human inquisitiveness, that is answered by these varied and multiplied spirit-messages; it is the spirit itself that thus receives tutelage and instruction, and emerges into an atmosphere purer and more invigorating than any it ever breathed before.

Few can read the message of Prof. Britton, to which we have already alluded, without being impressed, too, with the fact that the communicating spirits are profited as well as we who are the fortunate recipients of their messages. He is especially careful to tell us that he is benefited by thus returning and holding converse with earth-friends. The law in this case operates mutually, so that no particle of energy is wasted or lost. And if we are seriously assured by the spirits themselves that we can be of great help to them by keeping open this channel of intercourse, how positively human it is for any one of us to turn an incredulous ear to these spirit-messages, and refuse to credit their significance even when amply supported with proof, and offer ridicule in return for their seriousness. That is nevertheless the way the pulpit treats them, and it will surely discover that it is to its own great and irreparable loss. The messages are steadily and silently doing their own peculiar work. Neither creed nor sermon can hope to set aside their impressive force. They carry their own lessons with them, which are sure not to be missed by those for whom they are really intended.

Transition of Mrs. Anna Mary Howitt Watts.

Those familiar with the Spiritualist literature of England, as well as all who have a just estimate and appreciation of the value to mankind of the services of those actively engaged in disseminating the truths of Modern Spiritualism, will regret to learn of the sudden decease of Mrs. Anna Mary Howitt Watts, eldest daughter of William and Mary Howitt, and wife of Alaric Alfred Watts, which event occurred while she was on a visit to her venerable mother, at Dintenhelm, in the Tyrol, on the 23d of July. Her husband, who was in London, received information that she had been attacked by diphtheria, and before he could fully realize the dangerous nature of her condition, a telegram announcing her departure from the body reached him.

Mrs. Watts has contributed largely to papers and magazines published in the interest of Spiritualism for many years, and last year gave to the public an octavo volume of more than three hundred pages, entitled, "Pioneers of the Spiritual Reformation." Her writings were chiefly made up from an accumulation of facts and experiences which she elucidated and commented upon with rare skill and spiritual insight. "Her work," remarks "M. A. Oxon," in *Light*, "valuable as it was from the care and pains bestowed on it by an intellect of rare culture and refinement, derived an added value from the gifts of the spirit that were bestowed in rich measure upon the writer, as well as from her own gentle and kindly nature. Of her it may with truth be said that in all she wrote no word of anger or of bitterness, nothing that could wound or hurt, no unseemly fling at any man's honest beliefs, can be discovered by the minutest search." Mrs. Watts had reached her sixty-first year.

Mrs. Charles Bright delivered a lecture in Dunedin, New Zealand, June 8th, upon "The Emancipating Influence of Spiritualism," in which she said that when the truth of spirit-communion dawned upon her mind, death was robbed of its horrors, the grave lost its sting, and each lesson she learned gave her fuller realization of the great harmony of the universe.

Interesting Experiences at Onset Bay.

On the evening of Saturday, Aug. 16th, it was our privilege to attend a sitting held by Miss Gertrude Berry, Mr. Albro being, as usual, the manager. There were among the company present, Messrs. W. F. Nye (of New Bedford), C. H. Kidder (of Cleveland, O.), and others, and all who were in attendance (some twenty-five persons) expressed themselves as highly pleased with the results. In the course of the evening little "Bright Eyes," Mrs. M. E. Williams's control, appeared before us in form, feature and characteristics identical with her manifestation to us on a former occasion.

Other spirits came to friends in the séance, and gave private communications and tests which were highly appreciated by the recipients. "Lotela," a little Indian girl who often controls our medium at the Banner Circle, materialized and greeted us with the information—"I am Lotela, Miss Shelhamer's control," in reply to our bantering question as to who she was: We were quite ready to admit the fact from ocular demonstration. While she was in full view, the form of our late medium, Mrs. J. H. Conant, suddenly appeared, the light striking strongly upon her face, and the likeness being so palpable that we could not help recognizing her at once. Thus at one and the same time we unmistakably saw two forms, both gifted with different identities, as they manifested while visible in the circle.

In addition to this wonderful test of the power of spirits to materialize, the cabinet control of Miss Berry (a lady whose name Mr. Albro declined to give for reasons) materialized herself and gave a very interesting exhibition of her powers of dematerialization: She sank slowly down to the floor at our feet, so that all present could note the fact, and then suddenly rose to her full form—to the utter astonishment of the spectators, herself included.

During this séance "Pocahontas," the control of Mrs. Coffin, who was present, was introduced to us by her medium. The form was that of a rather dark-complexioned Indian girl, with long, flowing black hair.

A gentleman acquaintance of ours from Amesbury, Mass., who attended this séance, was favored with meeting the materialized form of a niece of his wife, who was also present with him. The form, as was the young lady's wont in life, came swiftly forward into the room in her eagerness to reach her relatives. Brushing past Mr. Albro she seized by both hands our friend, who knew her in an instant. His wife looked at the spirit in astonishment, saying: "Sarah, this is you, surely?" His wife then asked: "Sarah, are you happy, now?" to which the niece replied "yes." This young lady, the gentleman informed us, passed to spirit-life July 20th, 1884, in a western town, and could not have been known to any one connected with the séance. He considers it the clearest recognition of a spirit he has ever met with in the course of a somewhat extended experience at such sittings.

The brother of this same gentleman also manifested, announcing his name. Our friend arose from his chair and recognized the form, particularly some personal peculiarities of manner he exhibited while in earth-life. This spirit said: "Your children are here. Wait a minute and I will bring my little niece," giving her name, which was an unusual one (and one with which our friend is confident none other at the séance save himself and wife was conversant). The form immediately redeemed its promise by bringing the child, who was recognized at sight by our informant. Soon after his daughter again returned giving her name, and saying in answer to his half-query: "You have been here before," "I want you to sit in a dim light at home, and I will show you my face," with which request the gentleman and his wife heartily promised to comply.

During this same séance W. F. Nye, Esq., Secretary of the Onset Bay Grove Association, was made the recipient of an exceedingly satisfactory proof of spirit identity, through two materialized forms at one and the same time. A form appeared saying "Foster," as if to attract the attention of some one, and upon Mr. Albro asking: "Who is Foster?" replied, "Ephraim," at the same time pointing to Mr. Nye. The fact at once dawned upon Mr. Nye that the spirit was his brother Ephraim, who sought to attract his attention at first by calling him by his middle name, "Foster," by which he had always been known at his early home, while later he had been called by his first name, "William." Questioned as to his identity, the spirit at once answered in the affirmative, and then seemed very anxious that his wife, Lizzie, (who is a firm church-member), should come to Onset for a séance: "Why don't she come here? I never see her here!" he remarked; and in reply, Mr. Nye promised to ask her to make the effort.

Mr. Nye then asked: "Is my brother Ebenezer with you?" This brother, an old whaling captain, was lost with all hands in the Arctic Sea, in the winter of '79-'80, being at the time master of the ship Mount Wollaston, and then on his nineteenth voyage to those frozen regions. The answer was returned: "Yes, he is here; wait a moment and I will bring him." The spirit at once appeared, and while our informant held his brother Ephraim by one hand, he held Ebenezer by the other. He also put his arm about one of the forms while both were standing before him, to test its density, and found the materialization to be firm to the touch. His own face was between the two forms, and he was confident that each was *bona fide* and possessed of a separate individuality. Some conversation ensued between the brothers, in the course of which Capt. Ebenezer wished Mr. Nye to give his kindest regards to his old father (who is still living at Pocasset, at 86 years of age) and to say: "I will be the first to welcome him when he comes to spirit-life."

The medium, Mr. Nye is sure, could not have known his middle name, as that, from disuse, had passed from general recollection on the part of his own friends.

As an additional point in demonstration of the reliability of this manifestation, Mr. Nye called attention to the fact, which can be vouched for by the attendants at this séance, that "Charlie," one of the spirit controls of the medium, could be heard singing, through her organism, in the cabinet while all this conversation was going on between himself and his materialized brothers outside and in the room.

Mrs. Augusta H. Bigelow of Worcester, Mass., passed to the spirit-world on Aug. 7th. She was a woman of exceptional virtue and spiritual graces; her mind was on the alert for knowledge; she was interested in all reformatory movements, and was held in high esteem by many leading minds in the country. Parker Pillsbury wrote a touching letter of sympathy to Mr. Bigelow. C. B. Tyng conducted the funeral exercises.

"A Voice from Beyond the Grave."

Under the above-caption the *Dramatic News* of August 16th contains a description of an entertainment consisting of what are termed "experiments in 'Psychic Force,'" given by Mr. Harry Kellar in a small village near New York City. The "experiments" comprised an automatic figure in Turkish costume that performed a variety of mental feats, including table-writing; a cabinet from which hands and faces protruded, and a female form emerged, followed by "a skeleton about six feet high," and finally Mr. Kellar, so says the report, was transported by some invisible agency over the heads of the audience, came to a full stop in midair, and then returned to the stage. Some one inquired of Mr. Kellar if he was a Spiritualist:

"No," said the Professor; "I do not lay claim to any supernatural agency. Neither do I give these séances for the purpose of casting ridicule on Spiritualism, but simply to expose the tricks and humbugs of persons calling themselves 'mediums,' and to disabuse the minds of a large section of the community who, by the knavery of these tricksters, have been led to believe that these phenomena were the result of spirit agency. My performances are the result of years of study and travel combined with constant experiment."

"I shall probably open in New York," said the manager as we took our leave."

As Mr. Harry Kellar proposes to exhibit in New York, and probably will do so there and in other cities; and as, whatever he or his manager may say to the contrary, it is evidently his intention to cater to the tastes and prejudices of the opponents of Spiritualism, and to throw discredit upon its mediums, we will state that Mr. K. has just returned from a professional tour around the world, and that when in Calcutta he met Willie Eglinton, and shortly after wrote a long letter to the editor of the *Indian Daily News*, which letter appeared in the columns of that paper, and from which we make the following extracts:

"In your issue of the 13th of January, I stated that I should be glad of an opportunity of participating in a séance with a view of giving an unbiased opinion as to whether in my capacity of a professional prestidigitateur I could give a natural explanation of effects said to be produced by spiritual aid."

I am indebted to the courtesy of Eglinton, the spiritualistic medium now in Calcutta, and of his host, Mr. J. Meugens, for affording me the opportunity I craved. It is needless to say I went as a skeptic, but I must own that I have come away utterly unable to explain, by any natural means, the phenomena that I witnessed on Tuesday evening. I will give a brief description of what took place."

After relating the particulars of numerous marvelous tests he received, he continues:

"Forty-eight hours before I should not have believed any one who had described such manifestations under similar circumstances... I repeat my inability to explain or account for what must have been an intelligent force that produced the manifestations, which, if my senses are to be relied on, was in no way the result of trickery or sleight-of-hand."

(Signed) HARRY KELLAR.

A Séance with Mrs. Beste at Onset.

On Sunday evening, Aug. 17th, ten persons assembled in the northeastern third-story room of the Glen Cove House, Onset, where Mrs. Beste held a private séance. A curtain was suspended in such a manner as to shut off the northwest corner of the room, and as this was withdrawn before the beginning of the séance, the plain white walls of the room were visible on either side. The floor was uncarpeted, with the exception of a small rug, and the apartment beneath occupied by boards.

Before entering the cabinet, Mrs. Beste arranged from side to side across the corner of the room a wire fence four feet high, held in two brass frames, which were padlocked together in the middle. The séance was a dark one, but the many forms which followed each other in rapid succession were rendered entirely visible by their own light. After several of the sitters had recognized and affectionately greeted their spirit-friends, who gave their names in all cases, and often incidents of their lives, a young girl appeared and addressed her father and mother, who were seated the third and fourth from the west side of the room and three feet back from and about opposite the middle of one of the panels of the wire fence. She called them to her, kissed them, and entered into a conversation, in the course of which they fully identified her. After she had bade them farewell they resumed their seats. Then, as if seized with a sudden impulse again to embrace them, she passed directly through the panel of the fence, and stood so close to them as to touch them with her luminous robes. Philosophically this phenomenon was not more wonderful than the attenuation of several of the forms which had desired that the cabinet might be looked at through their mist-like bodies; but it was more distinctly marked to the spectators. Then returning in the same manner, the young girl was distinctly seen in her own emitted light before she returned to the cabinet. The control then said that the great effort of will which this feat required had exhausted the remaining power for materialization, and the séance closed by the singing of "Home, Sweet Home," in which the spirits joined.

Return of W. J. Colville.

W. J. COLVILLE writes us that he will leave Liverpool for the United States on the steamer *City of Rome*, Sept. 23d, and expects to speak in Berkeley Hall, in this city, Sunday, Oct. 5th.

The annual meeting of the New England Spiritualist Association for the choice of officers was held at Lake Pleasant, Aug. 18th. The following were elected: Directors, Dr. Joseph Beals of Greenfield, William H. Gilmore of Chicopee, A. T. Pierce of Providence, R. I., David Jones of Utica, N. Y., M. V. Lincoln of Boston, A. H. Dailey of Brooklyn, N. Y., James Wilson of Bridgeport, Conn., T. W. Coburn of Springfield; Secretary, Norris S. Henry of Montague; Treasurer, M. V. Lincoln of Boston; Vice Presidents, Newman Weeks of Rutland, Vt., S. B. Nichols of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Silas Mason, Hartwellville, Vt. The President will be elected at the annual meeting of the directors in January.

BELVIDERE SEMINARY.—The Seminary at Belvidere, N. J., under the management of the Misses Bush, has had during the past decade thirty-five girls who, while students for from two to five years, have supported themselves during their terms by manual labor or by teaching. Of the graduates of the institution one is practicing dentistry with great success in Philadelphia, and others are engaged in mercantile and professional callings.

Reports from Queen City Park, Vt., and Mechanism Falls, Pa., arrived too late for this issue. Will appear next week. Send in your statements earlier, friends.

Tribute to Ed. S. Wheeler.

On the first page of the present issue of the *Banner* we print the opening installment of a biographical sketch of the late Edward S. Wheeler, written by his life-long friend, George A. Bacon.

As will be seen, on perusal, Part I. was prepared while yet Mr. Wheeler was a tenant of the physical form. A distance in time of some dozen years extends between it and the contents of Part II. (prepared since his decease), which take up the narrative and speak of him in retrospect.

Mr. Wheeler was an earnest and devoted searcher after truth; and the perusal of the record of his early struggles will, we feel assured, encourage others who are fighting in secret the "war for independence" from creedal errors in their own souls to put forth renewed efforts for the attainment of their individual freedom, by reason of the strong, brave voice speaking to them through the lips of his faithful example: While by a careful reading of the sketch in its entirety (particularly as relates to Part II. which will appear next week) those who are laboring publicly for Modern Spiritualism, in whose defense and advancement he wrought so much good work, cannot fail of being strengthened and inspired for further toil in behalf of the New Dispensation.

When the two parts have passed through the *Banner* columns, it is the intention of Messrs. Colby & Rich to bring out this memorial of an earnest life in pamphlet form, in which form it deserves to be sent out broadcast among the general world of readers as a missionary, pledged at all times to the interests of mental freedom everywhere.

Free Library and Reading Room in Brooklyn, N. Y.

A very commendable move has been made in Brooklyn, N. Y., toward the establishment of a Free Spiritual Library and Reading Room. It originated with Mr. W. J. Cushing, who took the initiatory step by writing to various publishers for contributions of books, etc., and received favorable responses (for which he returns his thanks) from all to whom he appealed except those outside the ranks of religious and spiritual reform and progress. In a letter outlining his purposes and plans, Mr. Cushing says:

"In order to make the Library free, I shall keep a few books of a spiritual and reformatory nature for sale; and, to provide a correspondence desk for my visitors, will also have paper, envelopes, cards and stamps for sale."

Besides this I must make it free in the sense our meetings are free: i. e., there will be an appropriate receptacle for such voluntary contribution—be it little or much—as people may see fit to drop therein."

Facts.

The August number of *Facts* contains many very valuable statements of phenomena which have occurred at Onset Bay this season—especially the most convincing evidence of materialization in the séances of the Misses Berry, Mrs. Bliss, Mrs. Fay, Mrs. Beste, Mr. Joseph Caffray, and the physical and musical séances of Mrs. Annie Lord Chamberlain, Dr. A. W. S. Rothermel, Dr. Frost, and others. In addition to a largely increased amount of phenomenal matter, this number of *Facts* also contains an interesting article by Mr. Albro, the manager of the Misses Berrys' séances, on the proper methods of investigation.

See advertisement in another column. This magazine is always for sale at our office.

Return of Mrs. Richmond.

A note received from Mrs. Richmond informs us that she was to embark for this country on the steamer *Alaska*, of the Gulon Line, August 18th. She speaks of her labors in England as having been successful to a very gratifying degree, and that invitations to give another series of discourses in London she was unable to accept, for the reason that her guides were under promise to return to Chicago, where, it is expected, their ministrations will be resumed in September or October.

The First Boston Spiritual Temple

Will resume its regular Sunday services in Lower Horticultural Hall, Tremont street, commencing Sunday, Oct. 5th, with Mrs. Amelia H. Colby as speaker for the month of October, to be followed by Mrs. R. S. Little, Mr. J. Frank Baxter and Mr. J. Wm. Fletcher.

With such an array of talent the efforts of the organization in disseminating spiritual knowledge cannot fail in the season to come to be attended with the marked success that has been so apparent in those of the past.

Mr. S. C. Hall in a work lately issued, "The Use of Spiritualism," says of the remarkable spirit phenomena described in the article "Spiritualism at Home," published by us August 2d: "They astounded even me, notwithstanding my experience in kindred matters. Yet Mr. Theobald is a man in a business that specially demands freedom from the imaginative. He is a public accountant. He thus writes to me, 'As you suppose, I am a man of business; accustomed to weigh evidence. I never take anything for granted.'"

By reference to a letter from Cassadaga Lake, in another column, it will be seen that George Chalmers, the liberal lecturer of this city, has seen enough of the phenomena to convince him that Spiritualism is a truth; and that on the 13th he "publicly avowed his new faith, or rather newly acquired knowledge, and renounced materialism."

The *Harbinger of Light*, Melbourne, Australia, of July 1st, states that steps were being taken to publish in pamphlet form the lecture given by Mrs. Watson under the inspiration of Prof. Denton, entitled "Is Spiritualism True?" reported for and printed in our columns April 26th.

Dr. J. A. Shelhamer, after passing his vacation at Mountboro, N. H., has returned to his office, Room No. 3, 33 Bowditch street, Boston, where he will be pleased to meet his patrons and the public.

J. Wm. Van Name, M. D., passed to spirit-life Aug. 17th, at 10 P. M. The funeral occurred on Wednesday at 2 P. M. from 404 Dean street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A continuation of the report of the proceedings at SUMMITTOWN, CALIF., is received, but too late for insertion in this issue. It will be given to our readers next week.

Read Mr. Fanny Putnam's card in another column.

Orange-red is now used and dried by steam-wood. Being only it burns rapidly.

Message Department.

The Messages published under the above heading indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of the earth-life to which they have been attached. It is the duty of the living to be prepared to receive the messages of the spirits who are passing from the earthly sphere to higher conditions. It is the duty of the living to be prepared to receive the messages of the spirits who are passing from the earthly sphere to higher conditions. It is the duty of the living to be prepared to receive the messages of the spirits who are passing from the earthly sphere to higher conditions.

The Free-Circle Meetings

At this office have been suspended for the summer. They will be resumed, as usual, in September; due notice of the time will be given hereafter.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF
Miss M. T. Shelhamer.

Report of Public Séance held May 13th, 1884.

Invocation.

Oh! thou Eternal Fount of all Goodness, shower down thy blessings upon the children of this hour. Let us feel the discipline which thou hast prepared for us, even though it may seem severe at first; even though the experience which opens before our lives looketh dark, may we learn that it is preparation for the light, that above the storms and tempests the divine hand of our Father may be seen, guiding us onward to a grander being. Through association with thy loved ones, may we learn something of thy law, and strive ever to attain more knowledge and a greater understanding of the truth. We would this hour come into close communion with the denizens of a higher life, and receive from them something that will sustain and nourish our souls.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will now attend to your questions, Mr. Chairman.

Q.—[By E. M. B.] I wish to inquire if the theory or doctrine of Spiritualists teaches or admits of the "immortality of the soul;" if the existence of those spirits whose communications I read from week to week is eternal, or is there another and still higher stage of existence?

A.—Spiritualism decidedly and without qualification teaches the immortality of the soul. But Spiritualism does not teach that a spirit, passing out from the physical body, is obliged to remain in one locality, or condition, through all the eternal ages; on the contrary it teaches that man is a progressive being; that he passes on from stage to stage of unfoldment, from grade to grade of condition, and that he has expanding powers within him that will enable him to pass upward to higher and grander worlds or spheres of existence as he becomes fitted so to do. It is not taught that there will be a cessation of conscious life; on the contrary, if it can be proved that the soul passes through another change or transitional period in the spirit-world, in order to take upon itself a higher form, and to undergo grander experiences in a more refined world or state of being, immortality means eternal existence, and that is precisely what Spiritualism teaches.

Q.—[By W. C. A.] And enjoy its natural beauties as when they were encased in the flesh?

A.—That depends upon the condition of the spirit. If it is bound by any physical tie to a particular condition or place on earth, if it still retains many of the elements which partake of earthly existence, then it may not be able to enjoy and appreciate, or even to behold the natural scenery of earth, unless it comes in contact with some mediumistic organism whose qualities or powers are similar to its own. The spirit freed from all such earthly conditions, which have perhaps crowded around it previously, and which in their nature are of the earth, earthly, then in coming into contact with the mortal life it will be able to behold, enjoy and appreciate all the natural beauties of earth to a far greater degree than it was possible for it to do when in the body, because a spirit with refined senses, with perceptions capable of enjoying the finest sensations, will be able to perceive higher, clearer, finer beauties, than will those encased in mortal flesh.

Q.—[By the same.] Are the occupations of spirit-life always congenial, and free from the anxieties that attend all earthly callings; and of what do those occupations principally consist?

A.—You may have heard certain spirits, in communicating with mortals, declare that their work is not congenial to them; that they are wearied of it, that a general feeling of discomfort attends them in its pursuit. Whenever you hear any such declarations, you may understand that the spirits who make them are not entirely freed from the physical conditions of life; that through some cause attendant upon their earthly existence they are still bound to the mortal form, are attracted back to this plane of being, or working in connection with some one on earth, in order to fulfill the mission, to accomplish the labor which they have performed before passing to the higher life. Those who dwell in the spirit-world proper—whose aspirations and tendencies have been upward, who have broken the tie binding the physical to the spiritual, and who are, in their innermost spirit, all sense, all perception—find the occupations of the higher life congenial, because they are adapted to them. Every such spirit finds an employment which he delights to pursue, which is adapted to his wants and tastes, and it is congenial to them; that they are wearied of it, is only intensified, because, like some studies it affords him avenues for the unfoldment of his mind, and the outworking of the powers within. Spiritual employments are congenial and satisfactory to those who pursue them. We cannot enumerate the various employments of the higher life, because they are as varied as the tastes, the dispositions and wants of the inhabitants of the spirit-world; they are quite as varied as the employments of earth, and many of them correspond to the occupations of mortal life, although you have here persons which are not required in the spirit-world, which, like the lower formations of animal life, have an existence of use only on this planet. In the other world, that of the spiritual, they find no place, but the higher employments of earth find a correspondence in the spiritual, for they are intellectual as well as mechanical.

Wash. A. Danskin.

Years are slipping away, bearing their burdens of pain, their experiences of sorrow or happiness, and they are full of ripening wisdom for the advancing, thoughtful soul. In the spirit-world I find grander opportunities for the cultivation of the mind, for the unfoldment of my mental qualities; and each day, even each hour, in passing, brings me a new gleam of light, or a new result of my investigations into the realms of nature and of spirit. The entire universe opens before me, and I am glad to explore it. I never fully realized before what broad fields of study were provided for man, what grand discoveries lay before him, what fields of usefulness he can engage in. I yet as you well know I was a thorough Spiritualist; I accepted the teachings of the denizens of the higher life; they brought me light upon many points; they settled grand questions which had arisen in my mind, and forever solved for me the mystery of death. I appreciated the mission of returning spirits, and I never failed to avow my allegiance to the spirit-world, or my advocacy of truth.

I return here because I feel impelled to do so. I wish to send a few words of encouragement to my dear wife, to assure her that I have attended her in her pathway since I passed beyond. I have never for a day neglected to visit her with my spiritual instructions, and with those strengthening influences which I felt she could receive from none other than myself. My beloved father has also been a regular visitor to her, bearing his ministrations and bringing that comfort which she required. We know that she has performed a noble work for humanity; we know that she has stood as an

open door between the two worlds, and it is impossible to count the spirits who have been benefited through her agency, receiving strength and assistance of a magnetic nature, as well as spiritual enlightenment and instruction for their needy souls.

I wish also to send my fraternal greetings to all friends. I feel that I am their brother, and extend to them the warm hand of friendship, and assure them that I have not lost one particle of interest in the spiritual cause. I am working for its advancement; and wherever I can sow a seed that will possibly germinate and grow, there I am found; wherever I can drop an idea into a fertile mind, there I shall be ready to work; wherever I can impart any influence that will stimulate struggling, feeble minds which are most advanced, or make new efforts to advance the truth, I shall be most happy to do so.

I have taken an interest in the cause of Spiritualism in all parts of the world, but I take a special and active interest in Spiritualism in the South, because I feel that there it is most needed. Here, in the North, where you have so much vitality and energy, where men and women dare to think for themselves and to speak out their thoughts boldly, independent of public opinion; where you stand firm, even if you are obliged to do so alone, and do not feel the need of support upon any question that appeals squarely to your souls; where you put all the energy and vitality of your Northern natures into whatever work comes before you, and determine to succeed in your efforts, you perhaps do not understand the lack of vitality, the apparent inaction, almost, of many of the Southern people, who bend like withered saplings when any question of great importance comes before them.

I do not allude to the few in the South who dare to stand forth and declare their principles. I speak of that section and its bodies of people as a whole. They are dependent; they are not used to thinking and acting for themselves, but are perfectly willing others should think and act for them. They have not learned yet to stand alone upon these questions, which are of so much real importance; therefore, I feel that the energy of earnest, progressive spirits, as well as Spiritualists, is required in those parts. I am ready and willing to visit those portions which are most benighted, and strive to stir up thought in the minds of the people; drop a few seeds that may perhaps germinate and take root.

I can assure my friends that there is a large band of spirits—I will not say they are organized in a special body for that purpose, or that they have drawn up any articles of faith to guide them, because the one thought to benefit and bless those needy souls and stimulate them into new growth is the only article of faith, the only formula they need to draw their attention and engage their labors. I have mentioned, and I have the courage to declare that within three or four years more there will be such an awakening of Spiritualism at the South as our Northern neighbors have never dreamed of; that the tiny ray, the cheering message, the consoling evidences of spirit-life which are given forth by the angels from above, will be heard, seen, felt and understood in many households where now they are never thought of. And so our good work is spreading.

I know that new instrumentalities are to be unfolded for the dissemination of truth. The angel-world will see that it does not lack agencies for its work.

I must say one word for mediums, for I love them. I endorse true mediumship wherever it may be found, whether in the lowly cabin on the old plantation, or in the grand palace of the opulent and influential. True mediumship is a boon not to be despised. It may bring thorns and painful experiences to those who possess it; it may not always seem to be the harbinger of peace and comfort and consolation to the weary one who is obliged to exercise it in the face of the sneers of a frowning world; but, after all, it is a grand gift that will bring all the soul requires.

It will prove a blessing to mankind, because it has banished the fear of death, and illuminated mortal life with the glorious light of the eternal world.

What it has accomplished is small in comparison to what it is to perform by-and-by, when Spiritualists understand and obey the laws and the conditions pertaining to it, and are ready and willing to come into harmony with themselves, their friends and the spirit-world. I believe that time is coming, and I work and wait for it.

I wish to send this message as a fraternal greeting to all my friends.

I must add that John Henry Weaver desires me to send his love and regards to Baltimore friends, and assure them that he is a worker in the spiritual ranks as he was in days gone by. He is by no means inattentive to the wants of humanity, but is sending forth an influence which is felt, and will work good results. Bro. Wilson, I am Wash. A. Danskin.

Adelaide E. Sonnemann.

I wish to send a few words of love to my friends, and tell them I return to greet them. I have been in their homes and tried to make myself known. "I am here, I have not left you; I am happy in the bright world that I have found; I have among those there that is very pleasant and sweet; all the time I am with friends who are beautiful, and those who are with me are kind and gentle; I do not have any clouds or sorrows to disturb my mind. I have been attending school, trying to learn those things which I did not know when here." I found that quite a large part of my education had been neglected—the spiritual—and that is the most important for this side of life. It extends on and on indefinitely, and is grand compared to the little earthly existence.

I lived in Boston, and my friends are here. I was sorry to part with my dear parents, but when I realized I could come to them and perceive just what was going on at home I became reconciled. I soon learned that all was beautiful and for the best.

I was in hopes that my letter would be published by the time the anniversary of my death occurs—it will soon be twenty years since I left the body—but the gentleman in charge says it will not be so soon as that. Perhaps my friends will get it by the day that brings the anniversary of my earthly birth, and perhaps they will accept it as a little gift from me—one of love and sympathy. I cannot bring them material things, but I can bring those which belong to the spirit, which are love, sympathy and peace. I do bring them beautiful blossoms from the higher life, and entwine them around their homes, and they shed sweet perfume, which brings spiritual peace to heart and mind.

My name is Adelaide E. Sonnemann. I would like my letter to reach John S. Sonnemann. I was nearly twenty years old when I died.

Gen. W. T. Spicely.

I reckon it is not very long, Mr. Chairman, since I went out of the body. I passed over last winter. I was considered something of a veteran, but I don't feel like one in coming here, although I passed through considerable many experiences in army life when in the form, for I commenced my military career quite early in life, and extended it in our civil war campaign. I am not prepared to say that I regret any action I took in the affairs of this nation. Some of them may not have been altogether in accordance with what certain people advocate, but I am quite satisfied that I acted according to the best convictions of my mind.

I only come to send my greeting to my friends. I want them to understand that I have returned. I always liked to make myself known, and it seems to me it is quite time I should report that I am here at your distant office to send in what dispatches I have, and to assure those who are interested, if any should be, that I am in quite good condition. I wish to say that the country I have so far explored—the spiritual side—is very pleasant; it presents localities where one can very pleasantly locate and find himself in a position to take observations and make the most of life.

I have been employing myself during the last few months in reviewing my past record and my private transactions in life. The study has been an interesting one, in many respects quite pleasant, and in others not so agreeable. I would like to shut out some things which persist in coming up before me; but now that I

have passed over, and they have slipped from my control, I am obliged to let them go. Yet I intend to fight about face and begin over again.

Tell my friends I am marching on, and I hope to discover something which will be of interest to them. I never have an opportunity of returning to express myself in private; but if I do not, they may feel sure I am all right, ready for action, and willing to work, and that I expect to meet them when they come over to the other side of life.

I passed on from New Albany, Ind. I have hopes of gaining the attention of friends there. I trust that I shall succeed.

I was called Gen. W. T. Spicely.

Mrs. Mary Downing.

[To the Chairman:] I don't think I have ever seen you before. [I am glad to meet you; how do you do?] I don't know how I feel. I was feeling quite young and chipper-like before I got here, but now I feel old and withered, and all gone. I don't like the change. I hope I'm not going to stay so.

I lived a good while in the old body, "nigh on to ninety-two years, and I got sort of tired, you see; I couldn't seem to get along quite as well as I used to. When I got out and found it was all gone, that the tired feeling, had left me, and I was getting chipper and sprightly, I felt glad. I do want to say I have got back, sir, [addressing the Chairman] because it seems to me it is as it should be, that those who slip out of the old body and find themselves all sound, hold their breath together and say, "there's nothing lost but what I never had, why, it seems to me, sir, they ought to let it be known; don't you think so?"

So I say to myself, I'll go back and tell 'em I'm all sound, and that it's a good over here. I haven't heard much preachin' goin' on. I have heard some singin', but not all the time. I don't hear so much singin' as I thought I might, because, don't you see, sir, people seem to have so many concerns of their own to look after—after all so busy fixing up this thing and that, goin' here and there lookin' after something—why, bless your heart, they don't seem to have time to be settin' down and singin' all alone. But it's very good, I like it first-rate. When we do get to singin' it is sung way up to the highest note, and it makes you feel lifted right out of yourself; then I feel as though I could jine in and make one of 'em.

So I wanted to say this, and to tell the folks that where I live now they don't believe so much in preachin' as they do in workin', and I've come to the conclusion that 's about the right way to go. I like to see the people who are like you, sir, I like to see the people who say what they mean, and they mean what they say when they profess they want to do good, and I'm very much interested in this same thing.

I hope you will excuse me for coming. I did kind o' think if I could look round and see what you was doin' it might help me along a bit; then, thinkin' I to myself, if I can only say a word now and let 'em know the old lady isn't dead, that she's lookin' round, why, it will be a mighty good thing.

I lived way down in Kennebunkport, Maine. I know a few more people round those parts, and I'd like to wake 'em up a bit. It will never do for 'em to think the "old woman" is dead. I want to stir 'em up, and let 'em know there is life, good life, over yonder, that stirs people's minds and makes 'em feel they must be up and doing.

I am plain Mrs. Mary Downing. I want to say I have met all my dear folks on the other side, and we are happy together in a good snug little home of our own that isn't to be sneezed at.

Caleb Martin.

[To the Chairman:] Like all the hosts you have marshaled around here, I have come to report to my friends. I want to reach them if I can. I have said it quite impossible to gain a hearing with them from any other place. Perhaps I shall not succeed here in accomplishing my point, but with your good leave I will make the attempt. I am a New Yorker, and I have a good many friends in the metropolis. I am very sure some of them will hear that I have returned, and I hope they will not turn up their noses, laugh and scoff at this thing and say, "Caleb never would have come back," because I do not know they won't know what they are talking about.

I suppose you know, if you don't I'll tell you, that a New Yorker generally prides himself on what he does know; he is usually pretty full of knowledge, and feels as though the universe was made for him. Well, I'm not slandering my fellow-citizens, because I feel the same way myself, and I know very well that my friends and neighbors do; so I don't want them to get into a condition of ignorance and expose that fact on the particular point. If they feel doubtful about my return, I think the evidence of my identity which I try to give is slight, all I ask of them is to investigate this subject for themselves, visit some medium or mediums, and give me an opportunity of coming to them privately and I promise to avail myself of every opportunity, and to do what I can. I am sure I cannot promise anything more.

I have been a spirit for a few years, it soon will be five and I have never succeeded in talking to the folks who were my friends, when they think I do so, as though I were some kind of a diaphanous, ghostly individual, who has no power or energy of his own, who takes no interest in any of the vital affairs of life, who lives in a sing-song, half-way condition—which is anything but agreeable to a vigorous mind.

I want to dispossess their minds of such an idea. I am by no means ghostly or ghostly, I am certainly not living in a half-dreamy or vague condition of life. I feel as tangible, as real as the bodies of men. I want to demonstrate this to them if I can.

You will say I am very worldly, that I come back with selfish motives, perhaps, and that I am anything but a spiritual being. Well, I cannot help it. I never was very spiritual; my friends used sometimes to laugh at my big head and say I was more of an animal than an intellectual being. I used to retort in some of my own quaint ways, which I will not express to you here, but if they give me a private interview I will give them all they want in that line.

As I was saying, I am not particularly spiritual, not made up of the finer qualities, perhaps, but the same I am very much interested in this Spiritualism as it opens before me. I find so much in its glorious representations which are novel and entertaining, as well as instructive, that I have devoted the greater part of the last three years to their investigation. Now I believe I have learned something concerning them, and concerning mediums and mediumship. I do think if my friends will try to dispossess their minds of the old ideas, and make demonstrations of spirit-power in their midst, I hope to do so, and am ready to undertake operations any time that they feel ready and prepared for me.

I send them my love, and assure them I am satisfied with my changed conditions. I was perfectly satisfied to let the old occupation go, its emotions as well as its unpleasant trials, and just as soon as I found myself square and in working order, I was quite prepared to undertake anything that should arise before me—so I have passed on.

I send this out as a kind of feeler. I want to get hold of the minds of my friends on this point—to feel their pulse, so to speak, to understand just how it ranges—and if I find I have made any impression, I shall try to come again if I can. If I can't get in here because of the crowd, I will attempt to gain a hearing elsewhere. If you please you will announce me as Caleb Martin.

John Macomber.

I was known, Mr. Chairman, as John Macomber. I have friends in Melbourne, Australia. I know it is quite a distance to send a message, but I cannot reach them at any nearer point than their here. A few of my friends are turning their attention to Spiritualism, so by doing they have attracted me forcibly to them, and I have attempted to make myself known, but have not succeeded as I desire. I am very anxious that they should not give up their investigations, but continue them, for I am satisfied that they will reap good results.

There are a number of spirits anxious to

manifest themselves to our friends; among them I will mention Samuel Strong and Mary Harlow. I know these dear ones will be welcomed by our friends in the body, and perhaps if I mean to desire to communicate, these friends will continue their researches into this spiritualistic phenomena. That is my object in coming here.

I hope those who see my message will send it out far and wide to my personal friends, that they may know I have conquered death, not only in the way of overcoming the fear of the grave and solving the mysteries of the eternal future, but I have also conquered it by returning over the same road which I traveled before, so my friends to my earthly friends. Tell them I am strong and active now, as I did when in the body; I do not discover that I have lost one iota of energy or activity; I feel that I am still the same man, and I am somewhat the same in appearance as well as in vital power.

I would like very much to be able to manifest in material form, but I hardly look for such a result at present; if I can only make myself known through mental processes, I shall be most happy, and I feel that my friends will enter upon a new study, which will be of great advantage to them.

I was an active business man when in the body, and I scarcely knew what it was to spend a day in idleness. I did not feel that I could give up an entire day to recreation, so I pressed on and on, until finally I found the physical powers giving way, and I was forced from the body. I had not much time for preparation, and there are certain affairs which I would like to have better settled; still I am not one who complains at things which cannot be mended. I mean to say, I shall go, and take up my life just where I laid it down.

For awhile I interested myself in physical and material pursuits and associations, somewhat after the style referred to in the "Questions and Answers," but after awhile I wearied of them, and turned my attention to spiritual things, those belonging to the spirit-world proper. I found a new satisfaction in life from so doing. Now I am ready to take up something of the material, provided it can be of use to my friends; if not, I shall not return to it. I have interest myself in any way in physical pursuits or pleasures. Tell my friends I am ready to meet them, and am waiting for the time when they will join me on the other side.

Nannie Graves.

I want to send a message to my dear darling mamma, and the guide of the Circle says I may do so. I wish to tell her that we are all, as usual, working together, and that we have been with her very frequently of late. We know what her thoughts have been, and that she has grown somewhat anxious because she could not realize what was to come to her in the near future; but we are taking care of her and are trying to guide her affairs, as we feel she ought to move.

Grandpa says she need not fear, for whatever comes we will look after her. We have not been able to influence others concerning her material affairs, but still we feel that it is all right, and the best experience will come. I want mamma to feel contented, to have confidence in her spirit-friends, because they can guide her better, then we shall be able to come to her more fully so that she will see us as we are now in the spirit-world, and she will be able to get messages from us from when we come to her. Many times she has wished the old power would come to her in its full force, and I think it will, with new unfoldments, only we wish her to keep her mind in a passive condition.

Grandpa is working with her, so are many other dear ones, who, she realizes, belong to her spirit-band. We tried to manifest to her the third Saturday in April; we wished to bring her our remembrance and love with expressions of joy and gladness. We know her spirit would say, "I am present and realize all that we would say, but I cannot do so, I cannot give evidence externally that we were there. On all such occasions, and at many other times, we gather around her with a spiritual influence from the higher life that may be felt and taken into her own being.

There are some things I wish to say concerning her material affairs; I will do so in a private way if I can, because we do not want her to exercise her mind in solitude over them, but to feel we are working along with her just as rapidly as possible, and doing what we can to make her life beautiful and bright.

Each one sends love; my little sister and brother are here to-day to join with me in sending love to mamma. We know that it will benefit and brighten her spirit. I have been here before and have spoken, but the spirit-guide said I could come again.

Now Nannie Graves. My mother is Mrs. Anne G. Graves of Boston. I know this medium, and she knows me, but the guide said that did not make any difference, I might give a message to my mamma. Will you please say that on the 19th we brought mamma a beautiful wreath of white and pink flowers for her birthday gift.

Report of Public Séance held May 16th, 1884.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—[By Jos. Hartman, Pittsburgh, Pa.] Being myself a writing medium, I have learned that the spirits with me can see nothing in this world except through my eyes; and so they hear and smell through the respective organs, but they cannot explain how they do it. Can you explain how spirits see through a medium's eyes?

A.—A spirit who comes closely within the magnetic aura of a medium, laying aside all thought, and of a positive character, and bends his will-power upon the one end in view, that of coming into relationship with external surroundings, can feel as the medium feels, see as she does, hear the same sounds that strike upon her hearing, and at the time comprehend all and every condition which affects the mind or the body of the instrument which he employs.

Q.—[By J. B.]—Is the suffering that comes from wrong-doing entirely disciplinary, or is it because God seeks revenge? And is this suffering experienced entirely on the earth, or in the spirit-life, or partly in both?

A.—The suffering which comes from the effects of wrong-doing is entirely disciplinary in its nature. We know of no God who can be more revengeful than a human father—and a loving human father will certainly not punish his child for wrong-doing from a mere feeling of revenge. He only punishes his child to produce reform within its mind, and cause it to avoid wrong-doing in the future. It depends very much upon the unfoldment of the mind upon wrong-doing, or upon suffering consequent upon wrong-doing, whether the individual appears until the individual has passed to the spirit-world. If the perceptions of evil be come unfolded here, and if the enormity of the offence committed is plainly recognized, then the individual suffers while in the body. But if his moral perceptions are blunted, and he cannot recognize clearly the wrong he has done, then he must wait until sometime in the spirit-world those perceptions and sensibilities of his moral nature are unfolded and he can see clearly. It is possible for the effects of such suffering to pass away from the spirit before he enters the higher life. If an individual who has committed an offence has seen the wrong done, and tried earnestly to make reparation for the same—if he has repented in bitterness of spirit—he may, through efforts at atonement, through the endeavor to live a purer life and to benefit his fellows, pass through that condition of suffering to one of comparative peace and happiness while yet on earth; for through each and every endeavor made to atone for the past in the efforts which he makes to benefit and bless others, and in the degree of strength and consolation which he derives from such supply, and which in a measure bears his thought and rest from its condition of misery to one of peace and rest.

Q.—What are some of the prominent erroneous doctrines preached in reference to the final destiny of man, and what the true ones that should supplant them?

A.—Some of the prominent erroneous doctrines which old theology has taught concerning the human race, are these: That man is essentially evil, and by nature a totally depraved being; that because of the nature of our beings, or results of this total depravity he will suffer eternal misery, unless he accepts the say-

ing power of an innocent being who has been put to death for the sins of humanity; that a portion of the human race not accepting this belief and not recognizing the grace of an innocent being, who was obliged to suffer for the wrongs of others, will be condemned to eternal punishment, and that another portion of the human race who have accepted those beliefs, and are willing to allow this innocent man to suffer for themselves, will be given a condition of eternal happiness and enjoy this high state of beatitude even though they are fully aware that their fellow-beings are suffering the keenest of tortures; that there is no redemption after death; that as a man dies so shall he ever be throughout the eternal future; that if one passes away in iniquity he will have no opportunity of making reparation for the past, or advancing to a higher degree of purity, morality and spirituality. These are some of the essential doctrines which have been taught in the past, and which may clearly be shown to be erroneous. What a liberal religion has to offer in place of these is this: That the spirit which is essentially the man is of itself pure and undefiled, although perchance by coming in contact with matter, and being inexperienced and ignorant of natural law, and of the principles for existence, the spirit—or the man—comes to an extent defiled, and cannot see clearly nor tread a straight path, but diverges and becomes clouded by the conditions of physical life, which in their outgrowth appear to be evil; commits wrong, sins against itself and its fellows, through pure ignorance. It is because it does not understand that in living a pure life, doing good and obeying the laws of nature it can reach a condition of perfect happiness. It teaches that they who pass away from this body do not remain the same forever, for man is a progressive being, and if he has had no opportunities for the unfoldment of his interior nature on earth, those facilities will not be denied him in the world beyond, but he will receive, according to his needs, that degree of power for unfoldment which will tend to make him a pure and perfect being; that none are saved from the consequences of their wrong-doing by a sudden conversion to faith, but that through slow, painful processes, does the spirit emerge from a condition of darkness which it has wrapped around itself by wrong-doing, into one of light and of comfort; that the only way by which this can be done is for the individual to confess his wrong to himself and to those whom he has injured, and to attempt, in every way possible, to atone for that offence, and to devote his life to good works; in this way he gradually outgrows a condition of misery, and attains to one of happiness. We teach that while one human being is engulfed in despair, suffering, sorrow or pain of any kind, pure, exalted spirits cannot rejoice in their own bright condition and enjoy happiness despite of pain, but that through the law of sympathy, which is widespread in the world of spirits, they will devote their energies to the elevation of the lowly and unfortunate, and through this labor find their highest degree of happiness. We might enumerate many of the false teachings that have gone forth to humanity, and place before you those which we consider of a higher nature, but this will suffice to show the position we occupy in relation to religious matters. At some future time we may take up the theme again, and more fully elaborate it.

Horace Gleason.

I am very glad to come here and speak to my old friends. I have been absent from the earthly conditions seven years, and I have been most of that time revelling in the beauties and conditions of the spiritual life. I am ready at this opportunity of speaking to you, and to the spiritual question, it is one that appealed to me before I left the body. I felt that if Spiritualism was not true, then there was no ground for the hope of immortality for the human race; that all the other religions were mere assumptions; they held out nothing of a satisfactory nature for the human heart to grasp at, and the comfort which they sought to give was of a negative character and had nothing vitalizing about it. They only pointed to the grave as the doorway to the portals of a future life; but what kind of a life was that? It was a life of nothingness, they could not tell, and it seemed to me there was nothing in the universe that spoke clearly of eternity and immortality until Spiritualism dawned upon me; then I began to see that it was possible for my friends and myself to live after what is called death a natural and beautiful life, one of association, where man's better nature could broaden out.

I have no use for those assumptions and dogmatic assertions of other people; they did not find a place in my heart at all; I was contented to wait them aside; but I did have a use for the teachings of returning spirits, for they appealed to my reason, they gave me something to look forward to, and to hope for as attainable by-and-by. I am here to say that they did me a world of good.

Now I come to report that I am not disappointed in Spiritualism, as it guided me in a realization of spirit and of spirit-life, and consequently I have been at no disadvantage to you. The spirit-world is better than I was led to find it. True, in some directions it did not prove to be exactly as I thought it might, yet I am very glad to say the spirit-life is just what I need, it is doing more for my education than the seventy-five years of earthly life, or all the experiences of matter could do. I do not repine at earthly experience; it was good for me, I appreciated it, and I am glad to have passed through it just as I did.

I am interested in the adjustment of human affairs. I believe that all intelligent beings in the body of man are made for the adjustment of all things belonging to human life, and it is the duty of every student and thinker to bring his best powers to this work. Not only the private but the public affairs of life demand attention, and if our thinkers will only bring their thoughts to this subject and give out the best results of their labors, I feel that human welfare will be grandly enhanced. I do not wish to take any part in political strife.

I have no desire to engage in the partisan labors or schemes of any individual, nor do I attend at particular person in his business work of life; but my humanity of a whole I am deeply interested, and I hope to see the day dawn upon this planet when every man will be a law unto himself, and there will necessarily be no need of places for human restraint; when there will be no courts or criminal judges; when, indeed, all these will be remembered as relics of past ages. I believe that time will come, in spite of indications to the contrary, which now present themselves, before us—but to this end we will have to educate the people; we will have to take the children growing up around us, especially those who are the heirs of the past, and bring them up to a condition where they may acquire not only the means of learning, but become well-versed in all the principles of life, so that a good sound moral character may be stimulated in them; and I hope my friends who have any influence whatever will use it for this purpose. I do not intend to discourse on this theme, but merely wish to throw out a few thoughts concerning these matters in which I am personally interested. I would tell my friends I am happy to know that I shall continue to enjoy an active life. I could not bear the thought of lying idly by and taking no interest in the affairs of humanity. I know I can go on, sending out an influence and outworking my power in practical ways, therefore I rejoice in the continuity of life, and I am glad to report here that I live. I bring my greeting to friends, and assure them I am always happy to think of each one. I belonged in Malden, of this State. I am Horace Gleason.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

May 18.—Charles J. Haskin; Mrs. Emily A. Van Allen; John C. Jones; Hannah M. Stevens; George C. Oakes; Henry W. May.

May 20.—Mary Williams; John H. Haskin; Beth Perkins; John C. Jones; Hannah M. Stevens; George C. Oakes; Henry W. May.

May 22.—William H. Haskin; John H. Haskin; John C. Jones; Hannah M. Stevens; George C. Oakes; Henry W

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1884.

Impressive Services at Onset Bay in Commemoration of the Birthday of a Spirit.

On Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 13th, while the wooded shores of Onset Bay were bathed with the warm mist that follows after the summer rain, an assemblage made up of permanent residents, transient visitors and a representative body of his immediate relatives and friends, convened under the sheltering roof of the Pavilion to wish joy to an arisen spirit who had but a few days previous broken the bonds which confined it closely to suffering form, and had gone onward to the freedom of progressive expansion which the Better-Land proffers to all its denizens.

The gathering was in no sense a funeral. Agreeable to the often-expressed request of the deceased—ISAAC PROCTOR GREENLEAF, whose passage to spirit-life on the early morning of Aug. 11th we noted last week—no display was made over his pulseless form; his body was left in the cottage on the South Boulevard, where he had lived so long, and from whose sheltering arms he had gone out spiritually, and thither for a last look at his well-remembered features many friends passed that day. But at the flower-decked Pavilion only a fine photograph likeness of Bro. Greenleaf was set up as a memento, and the exercises took on a retrospective and a congratulatory form, all the participants uniting in eloquent words, touching poetry, and appropriate music, to do honor to him who had remained in the mortal until that day (13th) would have compassed a life of sixty-one years on earth: The birthday of the body was on this occasion sanctified by the memory of his birth into spirit-life.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Dr. Greenleaf has for many years been known to the great body of Spiritualists in America as a trance speaker of remarkable power, and has also won in New England an excellent reputation as a medical practitioner. He was born at Henniker, N. H., Aug. 13th, 1823. There he passed his childhood and early years, enjoying such advantages for education as the common schools of the Granite State offered him. Somewhere between his sixteenth and seventeenth year he entered the arena of active life as an apprentice at the cabinet maker's trade, and subsequently turned his attention to the manufacture of reed organs, working for a company located in Haverhill, Mass. Seized with a desire to know more of the broad country of which he was a citizen, he visited the West sometime in 1861 or '2, where he remained some years.

It was while in this portion of the American Continent that his own attention and that of his friends began to be attracted to the singular gift of extemporaneous speaking, mingled with intervals of mental unconsciousness, which came gradually to him, till at last he was developed as a trance orator. A severe illness settled upon him while in Illinois, and he was informed by the Intelligences, who afterward proved to be his spirit-guides, that it was a condition necessary to his development. He continued to be wrought upon to speak, and was commanded by these mentors to engage a public hall and address the people upon spiritual themes, and finally yielded, upon promise of his guides that they would help him to renewed health—which promise they in time fulfilled to the letter. His remarks were listened to with interest, and created a profound impression in the neighborhood where his addresses were delivered.

In 1869 he returned East; he was still much debilitated, but was ordered by his guides to undertake the journey, they agreeing to go with him and render him conscious of their presence and aid on the way, and he gratefully testified ever afterward that he saw them distinctly in his company during the passage, and that to their assistance he owed the strength which enabled him to go forward on the homeward route. Arriving in Massachusetts he made his home for awhile in Lowell with his brother, N. S. Greenleaf, who is widely known by New England Spiritualists as an inspired orator of the first order of excellence.

Leaving Lowell he took up his residence in Maine, where he spent several years, and united himself with the Pacific Lodge of Free Masons at Exeter.

Returning to Massachusetts finally, he made his home in Boston for a considerable period, speaking when desired at various localities in the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania, and at points in the West, and practicing the homeopathic system of medicine.

His closing years were passed at Onset Bay Camp-ground, with which enterprise he became fully en rapport at its inception, and whose interests he was keenly alive up to life's latest moment on earth.

His last illness began about a year ago in March, with a shock of paralysis from which he never rallied—other shocks succeeding, till the vital forces succumbed.

THE SERVICES.

Between the hours of 1 and 3 P. M., the cottage where the crossed green leaves upon the gateway lantern had so long symbolized the true, warm, light-giving heart that made it its home, was thrown open to the public, and many availed themselves of the opportunity thus given to view the quiet face within the casket, in a room where choice floral ornamentation—arranged by the skillful hands of Mrs. Sudio Billings and D. N. Ford, and embracing offerings from Col. Crockett (former President of the Onset Bay Association) and family, and from friends and relatives of the deceased—gave earnest of the high appreciation in which Bro. Greenleaf was held. One of the most touching of the floral arrangements was the tying of a white ribbon, bar-like, across the arms of the favorite chair where the deceased so long had sat, and the placing of a fragrant bouquet in the space thus enclosed.

Shortly before the relatives and nearest friends of the deceased repaired to the place of meeting, the Onset Bay Choir, led by Charles W. Sullivan, united in the room adjoining that in which the casket was disposed in singing grand old "Brattle Street," which had been a great favorite of their whilom host. All parties then proceeded to the Pavilion, where the floral display had been again placed in order by Mrs. Billings and volunteer aids. A picture of Bro. Greenleaf, which alone represented his form, had been set up over the rostrum—being decorated with trailing vines, etc., by Mrs. O. T. Crockett. The exercises proceeded under direction of Dr. A. H. Richardson of Boston.

After the singing of "Passing Over" by the choir—consisting of Mrs. M. E. Hanford, Mrs. Myra Adams, D. N. Ford and Charles W. Sullivan (leader)—Frank E. Crane, organist—Dr. Richardson as chairman briefly announced the objects of the present assemblage: The friends here meeting did so in the full light of the revelations of the Spiritual Philosophy, and the phenomena which demonstrated their truth, and hence needed not to be informed that the brother was not dead: He had but laid aside a material envelope which had served him for sixty-one years, and gone onward to a sphere of existence where he no longer needed it—where the burdens of mortal life were laid aside, and where that great longing soul of his was basking in the light of the beautiful truths, a knowledge of which he had so long and eloquently proclaimed from the rostrum while yet in the physical form. After announcing that the meeting would take the shape of an informal expression by the friends of the deceased of their joy at his release from the material and his entry into the spiritual order of existence, Dr. Richardson introduced Mrs. Lita Barney Sayles, who proceeded to read the following original poem in memory of Mr. Greenleaf, which she had prepared for the occasion:

Again the cycle of the rolling year
Hath brought us to the birthday of our friend—
Our friend who was and is and shall be here,
As well as yonder, till all time shall end.

No sorrow dwelleth where he now abides;
To never life his waiting soul hath stirred;
But, with the certainty of Onset's tides,
He comes to those who speak the parting word.

Within his pleasant cottage by the sea
Happily we these friends could pay;
Once more we gather in his memory,
And greet him smiling in our midst to-day.

Two years ago, upon his natal day
I brought my flowers and laid them on his brow;
But late, the flowers have changed to wreath of bay,
With which our hearts encircle him, even now.

I mind me of our wishes kind—and more—
That formed in deeds and words, and shed their light,
And know that garnered in his memory store
They have been strength and help throughout his night.

I mind me of his tender tone, and sweet,
And tremulous with his joy that we were there
Where men and spirits mingled converse sweet,
As we are mingling in his presence here.

Worker, go forth; thine earthly race is run;
Thou hast outgrown the clinging robes of earth;
In that fair land which knows no set of sun
Thine eyes are opened to the higher birth!

Down from the hills beyond the swelling tide
The Bachem and his tribes exulting come,
To greet with song this victor over death
Who chants with them at their next "harvest moon."

As they cry "welcome," so we bid "God-speed";
We would not hinder our departing guest;
Too long his feet have trod this frozen mud,
And now he findeth peace, and warmth, and rest.

We drop no tear for thee, oh happy friend!
Whose birthday cometh in the upper skies;
But songs of gladness shall his voices send
To aid thy patient, suffering soul to rise.

And Onset's groves shall grow more sweet and fair
As friends go forth that graced its early morn,
Whose guardianship and still-continued care
Shall guard them be of a yet happier dawn.

And so the cycle of the rolling year
Hath brought us to the birthday of our friend,
Who greets us with his old-time, quiet cheer,
And oft shall greet us till all time shall end!

At the conclusion of Mrs. Sayles' touching eulogy, Dr. Richardson introduced Miss Lizzie Doten to the audience, who bore witness in the following thoughtful and eloquently delivered sentences to the worth of the deceased:

MISS DOTEN'S ADDRESS.

Dear Friends—For one I can truly say that I consider it an especial privilege that I am permitted to stand here to-day, and, with others, to render a tribute of love and respect to the memory of our friend and brother who has passed before. True dignity of character, manly integrity, honesty of purpose and sincerity in thought and feeling must ever be appreciated, and are worthy of a just eulogium, which cannot be considered as adulation or empty praise.

They who watch the progressive development of humanity are often reminded of the great fact that "the word is ever becoming flesh and dwelling in the midst of men." Our friend and brother, in a more than ordinary sense, was an incarnation of that living word; and we, who have often listened to his inspirations in his happiest moments, or to the words of hope and consolation so gently and tenderly spoken to the bereaved and sorrowing, know best how to appreciate and understand the worth and meaning of the revelation made to us through him.

He was manly and resolute, and firm as a rock in his fidelity to principle, but courteous and kind in the expression of his opinions; bravely independent, but never harsh or defiant; firm in his own integrity of purpose, he cared not to explain or defend his position to those who could not or would not understand, but with quiet reserve he preserved "the even tenor of his way."

He was earnest, eloquent and sincere as a public teacher, firm and faithful as a friend, and broad and comprehensive in his charity for the whole human race. Nor should we omit to mention one marked and peculiar characteristic, which we designate by a simple form of speech. He knew how to "mind his own business," and he freely accorded to others what he claimed for himself. He met all petty interferences in a kindly spirit—often with silence and a quiet reserve, which restrained while it did not offend. He "put all gainsayers in the wrong" by the unity and consistency of his life, and his firm adherence to his own highest convictions of duty and right. His life was an exemplification of the words of a brave and vigorous old poet:

"How happy is he born or taught,
Who serves not another's will;
Whose arms are in his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill;

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death;
Not tied into the world with care
Of public fame or private breath;

Who doth not late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend,
And walks with man from morn to day
As with a brother and a friend.

This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall,
Lord of himself if not of fate,
And having nothing yet hath all."

Such has been the lesson of his life to those who knew him well, and knowing, learned to love, respect and honor him.

The testimony which we offer at this hour is not for his sake. Every true soul, as it draws nearer to the All-Perfect, rises above the atmosphere of poor, weak, human praise. We speak for our own sakes that we may be found true and faithful witnesses to every revelation of spirit-life, and to every word of God that comes flesh and dwells in the midst of men. "Being dead he yet speaketh." His mission is not yet ended. The message which comes back to the inward ear from the unseen realities is one of hope and encouragement. The faith, which was his highest inspiration, which was a lamp to his life and the light of his pathway, has become a blessed reality. The mystery of the spirit is revealed through his own new birth and being, and the love which united him so closely to the faithful and true in this present condition of existence, still remains as an indissoluble chain which shall grow brighter forever and ever.

The lesson which all such lives teach us, is that it is better to be than to seem. The energy of the Universal Spirit is inexhaustible, and is a fountain of strength from which we can draw, in every time of need. There is a constant influx from the Divine into the human, and all our heart-hunger after love, and all our aspirations after beauty and goodness, wisdom and truth, will be satisfied if we seek in the right spirit—as one of earth's inspired ones has said:

"There's beauty waiting to be born,
And harmony that makes no sound,
And glory that hath not been crowned."

They that have gone out from our mortal sight are still present in spirit, and the constant revelations of truth teach us that our helpers are many.

Not outward to some distant sphere
Do those we most have loved depart,
But inward, to that life so near
The Central Heart.

They live, they love, and labor still,
No more to fear, or faint, or fall,
One with the Everlasting Will,
They must prevail.

And while we render back to dust,
The form—to rest beneath the sod,
We give to Heaven—in sacred trust
A child of God.

Charles W. Sullivan then rendered a vocal selection, supported by the choir, after which the Chairman announced as the next speaker Mrs. M. S. Townsend-Wood. Mrs. Wood related with emphasis the words of Doctor Richardson, in opening the meeting: the brave worker in memory of whom the friends were now assembled was not dead. While the casket which had so long contained the jewel of our risen brother was tenacious, and about to find its last resting-place in Mother Earth, it had been given to her interior consciousness, in a most marked manner, that he lived and possessed an interest still in the friends of old: At 4 o'clock on the morning of Monday, Aug. 11th, his spirit passed from the mortal, and at 6 o'clock he became conscious of the presence of his spirit near her, and he spoke in his characteristic way: "Blessed Word, don't let them make a fuss over my body!" Her mind was not upon him at all at the time; his message was characteristic of him, as all would say who knew this quiet, modest man. Mr. Greenleaf had since his decease, also, been materialized at a séance given by Mrs. Billings, and had been unmistakably recognized by the sisters, some of whom she had the best reason for having conversed in. Therefore the present meeting was not an unusual

of sad words over his pulseless form—but a recognition of his living presence, as typified by the absence of his body from this hall, and the substituted presence of his flower-enwreathed photographic likeness taken while with us in mortal life.

Years ago the speaker said she used to meet these brothers, I. P. (now deceased) and N. S. Greenleaf (who was present in the hall), and she used to call them by the appropriate name of "Greenleaves." She had seen them grow year by year; meeting them at intervals, she was from time to time pleased to see them expanding in greenness of strength and nobility of manhood. Those who had listened to I. P. Greenleaf on the platform would bear her out when she said that the very soul of the man was exemplified in the rich tones of his voice; in everyday life the warm grasp of his hand evidenced the fraternal feeling that ruled his every act and deed; undimmed by the sorrows and trials and persecutions attendant on public mediumship as an exponent of the New Dispensation, the firm soul of a martyr shone out of his earnest eyes into the eyes of those who came within the circle of his acquaintance; the power of his manly life reached out in every direction, inspiring all who came in contact therewith to higher motives. These men—I. P. and N. S. Greenleaf—had been brothers to her, and she always regarded them as such all along the pathway of her life; and now it gave her pleasure to pay her tribute of praise and respect, such as it might prove to be, to the life-work of the first of the twins who had been privileged to pass on to higher experiences.

The influence of this man was not withdrawn from the earth plane; he who at so short a period after going out of the physical form could impress his continuous identity upon the inner consciousness of a friend, and could materialize himself so as to be recognized by half-a-dozen witnesses at once, demonstrated the possession of a power which would yet be felt in the concerns of Onset Bay, which he so much loved, and the broader world of humanity to whose best interests his whole life on earth had been so unflinchingly devoted.

To the brother, N. S., she desired to recommend the lessons of the life-experiences of him who had gone out from the path which they had trodden together unitedly for so many years: Amid the trials of coming days, he should turn his gaze introspectively, and in the temple of his inner consciousness he would perceive the illuminating presence of his brother in spirit-life, and to his inner hearing would come his cheering voice saying: "My brother, be strong, and go on to the end of the wearing of your mortal body; and when you have done with it, we will meet together in this beautiful life, and we were wont to meet in the fields of time, and joy shall be yours in the attainment of those glorious aspirations which you have cherished, though unfulfilled, on earth."

To the self-sacrificing lady who for so long nursed the invalid now passed from the domain of finite sickness and depleting years to that of eternal health and immortal youth, no words of praise could express the debt of gratitude under which she had laid not only his friends but that humanity for which he labored, for her unselfish fealty, her earnest devotion, and her kindly care. Her work had been a grand and noble one, an honor to her womanhood, and in coming days, when added light should bring clearer perceptions of woman's position in society, she would be recognized as having won a place among the martyrs who have done on earth their best for what they believed to be right. When she passed from the trials of the mortal, and entered the realm of spirit-life, she would then learn how rich the reward—how grand and glorious—laid up for the earnest, the self-devoting, and the true, and on her ears would fall the words of welcome: "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

Upon the relatives and friends of the deceased the speaker wished to impress with keener emphasis the rich example of his life. Through the tolls incident to mortal surroundings and duties his freed spirit had now mounted upward to the glory of the eternal state, as the water lily floats upward from aqueous depths to bask in the rays of the material sun. Only for themselves could those left behind justly feel sorrow—for him they must rejoice. His pains had passed away—his rest must still continue for yet a little while.

To the neighbors and friends of the deceased who had done so much for his comfort during his last sickness, the speaker desired from her own soul to express her thanks; she returned thanks, also, in the name of all related or endeared to Bro. Greenleaf, to those near and far who had accomplished what they could for this brave but stricken apostle of the truth during his closing days.

Said the speaker, in concluding: May this life that has gone out to a higher and a better plane of existence, carry with it our richest and most sacred affections:

Oh brother, in thy spirit-life,
Away from pain and care,
We know thou hast overcome all strife,
And now the crown shall wear!

Thy words, as they were given of old,
Will fall upon our hearts,
"Be true to self—thy life unfold
Through all the passing years."

At the conclusion of Mrs. Wood's address, LONN SRAS, through the mediumship of Mrs. Southworth Loring, of Fitchburg, returned the thanks of the Indian denizens of spirit-life to the brother who had passed out from the midst of his earthly comrades, and was now being welcomed to the better land by those whose cause he had so ardently cherished while in physical life. "Brave Greenleaf" had been the first to officially make welcome the Indians to the Onset Hunting-Grounds, by the pleasant public service of the Harvard Moon celebration. Bro. Greenleaf, while on earth, had been true to his manhood, true to human good everywhere, true to the angel-world, and the reward of such was ever sure.

Dr. A. H. Richardson then made the closing address. During twenty-five years of experience he had been privileged to gain and retain the friendship of the brothers I. P. and N. S. Greenleaf, and he always felt that they were brothers in spirit, to him. Never had he come into the presence of the deceased without feeling cheered and uplifted, no matter under how great a depression before. And this same feeling had been shared by all who were brought into close contact with him who had now gone forward into angel-hood. Bro. Greenleaf was one of the very earliest members of the Onset Bay Association; he came to the grounds where these pleasant streets and curving boulevards had not supplanted an almost primordial wilderness; and his interest had been undimmed from the first. The speaker felt that Bro. Greenleaf, now translated, hallowed by his ministering spirit-presence the places which knew him so well on earth; and he trusted that a full measure of his harmonious and self-sacrificing influence might rest on all connected with the Association, on the permanent residents, and on every one who came to Onset: as year after year, meeting here friends whom they hardly met elsewhere in a twelvemonth, they saw in each face the work of the angels, and realized that a beautiful spirit was being unfolded for eternal life, in each loved but changing form, as revealed by our sublime philosophy, he trusted the memory of Bro. Greenleaf, and his spiritual influence as well, would arouse all to strike hands with those in Higher Life, that the great work of attaining the best possible development and fitness for the next stage of being might be successfully attained on the part of each individual now on earth, and yet to be.

In closing, Dr. Richardson (who was visibly affected by the memory of the recent decease of his beloved wife, whose life-record is still brightly cherished by the Spiritualists at Onset and elsewhere) spoke touchingly of the sustaining power of the spiritual revelation in hours of bereavement and material separation, teaching as it did the indestructible presence and exercised potency of angels' life and love in every department of human experience.

The departed, physically, while they live and visit us still, are also learning the lessons of eternal progress; let us strive to put ourselves in fitness to follow where they lead; let us seek to expand, that our spirits, growing out of the building state, may blossom with good deeds and holy emotions; let us try to be charitable and kind, grand and true, seeking to make life what it should be, and that the angels will bless us in this and welcome our humanity.

Dr. Richardson then introduced Mrs. M. S. Townsend-Wood, who had been so long and warmly impressed by Spirit Bro. I. P. Greenleaf to read the following verses:

as pointing out the true condition of affairs at death, and as expressive of the feeling sweeping over the soul when entering into the grander liberty of spirit-life:

"The stars that disappear at morn,
Oh! think not they are fled,
They are not lost, they are not gone,
But, mid the glory shed
Around them by the source of light,
They shine more sweetly than at night;
It is the night that's dead.

And thus the loved who disappear,
Pass like the morning's flight,
But walk in paths so sweet and clear,
As blind us with the light—
They sit upon the azure day,
They float on twilight's downy gray,
And on the clouds at night.

Oh! deep and wondrous heart of man,
Strange fount of joy and woe;
In this sad life no eye may scan
Thy current's ebb and flow;
But in the glorious world to come,
The voice of discord shall be dumb,
And thou thyself shalt know."

With a truly spiritual benediction by Miss Lizzie Doten, the touching and appropriate exercises were brought to a close.

SERMON OF SONGS.

It had been, for some years past, the practice of the friends of Bro. Greenleaf to meet at his cottage on the evening of his birthday and unite in singing the old hymns of the fathers—and also the new ones introduced by the spiritual dispensation—while various mediums would during the meeting be controlled to give advice for the coming days, or speak words of admonition or commendation to all. The doling by each of these assemblies seemed to him to mark a golden milestone in his life. Previous to his decease, but in his immediate presence, he had requested that if he did not survive his sixty-first birthday in the flesh the same friends would still remember the custom and sing beside his casket on that evening as usual those tunes which had been to him

"The old paths of the soul,
O'er trod, well-worn, familiar up to God."

In obedience to his wishes such a meeting (and of peculiar interest to all participating) occurred on the evening of the 13th inst., Charles W. Sullivan acting as chorister.

The remains of Bro. Greenleaf were finally removed from Onset to Haverhill, where they were interred in his family lot. Thus ended an humble, an honest and a useful career on earth, to be taken up and continued in the spirit spheres. Blessed be the demonstrations of Spiritualism, which, reversing the despairing cry of the Hebrew Psalmist when "the godly man ceaseth," recognized that "the faithful fall not from among the children of men!"

Lake Pleasant (Mass.) Camp-Meeting.

Lake Pleasant Camp, Aug. 17th.—The second week of this great camp closed to-day with a largely increased attendance in visitors and regular attendants. In the forenoon Anthony Higgins delivered a lengthy and able address on "Fetichism and Spiritualism." He gave a detailed statement of the rise and career of the religious idea. The discourse was richly embellished with numerous citations of historical facts bearing on the subject under discussion.

In the afternoon memorial services to WARREN RUSSELL, formerly leader of the Fitchburg Band, were held. The grand stand was decorated with flowers, a picture of Mr. Russell, with his cornet hanging above it, occupied a prominent place on the rostrum. The *Banner of Light* representative had the honor of delivering the address. Unfortunately a shower of rain interfered with the proceedings. About fifteen hundred persons adjourned to the skating-rink, where the advertised programme was carried out. Hundreds of people were greatly disappointed in not hearing Rev. Mr. Powell of Utica, N. Y. This gentleman wrote that he could not be present. Mr. Higley filled the place of an admirable man. During the week excellent discourses were delivered by Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham, Lyman O. Howe and Mrs. Nellie J. Brigham.

On next Sunday, Hudson Tuttle, Esq., and Hon. A. H. Bailey will deliver the regular addresses. The Camp-Meeting this year is already an assured success. For the next two weeks large accessions are expected. The railroad facilities are better than ever before. Call for an excursion ticket to Lake Pleasant. Come to this beautiful spot, reader, and enjoy the mountain air.

CAMP CHIEFS.

Where is May Warner?
"Ponto" has not arrived, up to date.
Sada Kingale is as vivacious as ever.
Mr. J. G. Jackson of Hooksett, Del., is here.
Mrs. Fales, the seer, is busy with many callers.
Kathleen Fawley does not miss a band concert.
Joseph Catray and wife are visitors at the Lake.
Subscriptions for the *Banner of Light* are rolling in.
Dr. Buffum was in his accustomed seat on Sunday.
Mrs. Kate Beals was an interested listener on Sunday.
The Troy singers were received with enthusiastic applause.
A grand sight: The listening audiences at Lake Pleasant.
Mr. Tozier of Brooklyn, N. Y., is studying the situation.
A. S. Hayward, the healer, is a permanent resident here.
The skating-rink and dancing pavilion are great attractions.
N. Frank White, the veteran speaker, received an ovation.
The young men from the *Banner* office are inquired after.
Dr. Ross's cottage is a centre of attraction to many campers.
President Beals kept his eyes on the speaker Sunday afternoon.
Dr. J. V. Mansfield has many calls for his services as a medium.
Lottie Weston has arrived. She watches every train for May Warner.
Mrs. French, former landlady of the hotel, visited the camp Aug. 17th.
Abby N. Burnham was warmly congratulated upon her success here.
Mr. Howard of Texas is looking on, endeavoring to solve the situation.
Mr. and Mrs. Burlingame listened to the discourse on Sunday afternoon.
Mr. John Davis of Bradford, Mass., is a guest of Dr. Jack of Haverhill, Mass.

Passengers from the West should call for tickets over the Troy and Boston line. But all commuters can secure ample accommodations.
The mediums are present in a powerful numerical array. The list is too long to print.
E. Gerry of Stoneham, self-poised as ever, enjoys the days as they pass by at the Lake.
Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Bryant of Chesterfield, Mass., are delighted with their visit to the camp.

Capt. Austin of the Globe Hotel, Syracuse, N. Y., and wife are guests at the Hotel.
John Hick is expected to visit the Lake at an early day. He will receive an ovation at the dock.
Prof. A. B. Severance and Dr. Juliet Severance, with their daughter, are enjoying the meeting.

Dr. S. J. Damon visited the Lake on Sunday, and was cordially greeted by many Western friends.
President Larkin, of the Iowa Camp-Meeting, is an interested spectator of current events in camp.

Annie Lord Chamberlain has arrived from Onset Bay. She will hold séances at 34 Montague street.
Mrs. E. D. Smith, of Indianapolis, Ind., an enthusiastic Spiritualist, greets many friends daily.

Mr. Daniel Smith, of Westford, Mass., is on his way, as a Spiritualist, to the camp.
Mrs. Russell of Fitchburg, wife of Warren Russell, listened to the memorial discourse on Sunday.

B. H. Raymond, baggage-master on the "Saratoga Special," made a brief visit to the camp the other day.
Miss Maudie Hopkins, of Utica, N. Y., always looks forward with pleasure to the Lake Pleasant season.

Mrs. G. George of Philadelphia, Pa., an excellent test medium, is giving professional receptions daily.
Jennie Bland is silent this year. Her rhythmic utterances have been hushed for some unknown cause. It is said that many people as passing, said "Jennie Bland is dead."

George Washington Stuart was in an appearance at the camp, but was unable to attend.
Mrs. Russell and Newburyport, Mass., and her charming daughters are here, enjoying the season.

Dr. Mills and wife of Saratoga, N. Y., are visiting the camp. The doctor has more than local fame as a medium.

Miss Fannie Cheney is spending her father in the mountains. She has many friends among the campers and visitors.

Mary Eddy Hunkon requests the writer to state that the report that a benefit was held for her at Onset Bay is not correct.

Mrs. John W. Wheeler of Orange, Mass., cordially welcomes her friends to her "Summer Home" on Montague street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Fletcher receive many calls to the garden of flowers in front of their neat cottage is greatly admired.

Mr. and Mrs. Horn, of Saratoga, N. Y., were warmly greeted on their arrival. Mrs. Horn's fame as an authoress is world-wide.

Ed. Dwight, of Stafford, Conn., the medium's friend, is making in a developing séance. The Stafford people are enjoying the meeting.

John Lansing and son of Philadelphia arrived Aug. 16th. Mr. Lansing is a veteran Spiritualist. He has received a cordial welcome here.

Milton Rathbun and wife of New York City are here. Mrs. Rathbun has met with excellent success on the platform in various cities.

Mrs. Stewart of Fitchburg, Calo, dedicated her cottage the other evening. Many interesting addresses were made by prominent Spiritualists.

Judge Dalley's cottage was dedicated Aug. 15th. The Fitchburg Band discoursed appropriate music, and eloquent speeches were made by prominent Spiritualists.

Mr. Russell Vandenburg and wife, and Mrs. Barlow of Boston Spa, N. Y., are here. Mr. Barlow loves to debate with the Lyman commission.

Mrs. Gallupe, mother of Fred and Benj. Gallupe, the well-known officials, is sojourning at the Lake. She is a generous, whole-souled lady, and is regarded with affectionate esteem by all of her acquaintances.

Excursion trains for Lake Pleasant will leave Hartford, Conn., via Conn., Western and New Haven and Northampton lines, Aug. 24th and 31st. Fare one dollar and a half the round trip. This is an exceedingly low rate of fare.

The members of the White Cross announce as speakers for their Convention at Lake Pleasant, Sept. 5th, 6th and 7th, Mrs. Clara A. Field, Mr. J. Clegg Wright, Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, Mrs. Salome Merritt, Dr. J. R. Buchanan, Mrs. I. O. Fales, Rev. J. K. Applebee and J. William and Mrs. Susie Willis Fletcher. Call for the tickets.

Frank Chase, the Excursion Agent for the Lake Shore and New York Central Railroad, visited the Camp Aug. 7th. He intends to inaugurate excursions from Lake Pleasant to North Adams and return, including dinner. Such a trip will be a welcome pastime for the campers, and will be a welcome business episode in one's life.

W. H. Speer, formerly of the Boston Herald, now managing editor of the Brattleboro (Vt.) Reformer, frequently visits the camp for news items. He is a brilliant journalist. Bro. Speer possesses a keen scent for news; he has the true business sense, the function of a journalist, and he is a faithful chronicler of current events, and to a fearless, independent editorial pen.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN (VT.) CAMP-MEETING.

This meeting opened Aug. 17th, in a very successful manner. Capt. H. B. Brown delivered his regular discourse. Over one hundred people were present. Pleasant for the Vermont meeting within ten days. A prosperous season is anticipated. Excursion tickets for Queen City Park are on sale at Lake Pleasant for \$5.00 the round trip. The meeting will close Sept. 15th.

CAMP CHIEFS.

During the past few days we have had lectures from Mrs. E. O. Woodruff, J. H. Randall, Mr. R. S. Lillie, George Chaffey and others, while the phenomena of Spiritualism have been witnessed through some of the best mediums in the ranks. W. A. Mansfield is sustaining and increasing his reputation for the phase of clairvoyance, and his business has been better than a usual; and other mediums deserving of mention did space permit, do their good work day by day. Walter Howell made us a pleasant but all too short a visit, and Bishop A. Beals dropped in and told us that he had been to the West. Dr. A. W. Edson and wife have come from Lansing, Mich., and at the time I write J. E. Baxter is moving among the people like an inspiring presence.

The general day of the week at this place is the day of George Chaffey, the great Liberal orator of Boston, to a belief in the Spiritual Philosophy. That gentleman, after evolving through the stages of the Methodist and Unitarian ministry into a full-fledged Spiritualist, has been a most successful business man in this place, where investigation of various phenomena produced a conviction of the truth of immortality, and placed him upon the highest round in the ladder of religious truth. He has traveled round the world, and on Wednesday, the 15th of the month, in a lecture upon the subject, "My Religious Experience," he crossed the Rubicon of doubt and boldly planted his standard upon the field of Modern Spiritualism. In his lecture he showed his own personal experience in and out of the church, pictured the mental struggles which he experienced in breaking away from old associations, and related the history of his labors in the field of Liberal thought. He confessed the dissatisfaction which he had with the old religion, and the enthusiasm among the liberals, and considered it due to the agnosticism which they profess. A mere negation has no vital force, and a system which can only deny will never give birth to a great organization. The grand truth which he now has grasped fills him with such enthusiasm, and will be the motive power of a future career of usefulness to the world. Instead of going upon the stage, as he had contemplated, he will devote his efforts to the dissemination of the noble teaching of the Spiritual Philosophy. The history of his mind has been bounded by the limits of this mundane life; now his mental vision pierces beyond the grave, and in the abyss of eternity he sees gleaming the star of immortal life. He has gone to Ontario to all an engagement, but returns immediately to remain throughout the season.

Doctors, as a rule, do not have much to say about cremation. The work of the doctor ends with the death of the patient.—*New Orleans Picayune*.