

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. LIX.

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Biographical.

IS BJÖRNSTERNE BJÖRNSSON A SPIRITUALIST?

When a man like the poet Björnsterne Björnson writes upon a subject, it is always characteristic of his intense nature and deep love for truth. His energy in dealing with those who forget their manliness for the sake of popularity, and shrink from an honest opinion because they will have to carry it alone, perhaps against the file and rank of prejudiced opinion, is fully known by those who have had an insight into his gigantic and successful contest with a spiteful Conservatism in Norway. His great personality as much as his literary genius is so sympathetic to Americans, who are aware of the value of a man who presents not only to his country, but to humanity, when the cause for which he fought throws its echo into remote places and stirs to beneficent thought and activity.

His short biography of that strange but wonderful man, "Vis-Knut," has raised a monument to a poor and lowly peasant who, because he was what here in America is called a medium, suffered ignominy and persecution from the arrogance of the educated and from the excited distrust of the ignorant. This is not a poetic creation but a realistic report gathered from people who knew Knut, and Björnson himself, for many years a resident in Gausdale, had the best opportunity to verify and test what a generation before him and his own contemporaries corroborated. No man better than Björnson understands the Norwegian peasant, and we have had no poet who with greater truth delineates his character under the shifting circumstances of a hard life.

It is but lately that my attention was attracted to this biography, and reading it, I was greatly impressed with so simple a life and so much good worked through it. Starting from this point, I found also other reasons for wishing to translate it, and thus let this life be known within a wider circle. My own position as a Spiritualist and Healer conveyed to me an easier comprehension of such startling facts as those related. I had also in former years often heard of Knut and wondered at such a man, who seemed to belong as much to legend as to stern reality.

Is Björnson a Spiritualist? I could not say—but what so very wonderful if he were? Many things now come to my mind which fifteen years ago had quite a different aspect.

As a young student in Christiania, at that time some of us formed a liberal club outside of the regular one, where the old and conservative elements ruled, richly supported by the majority of older students and even by those already in the official treadmill, laboring under its heavy motto, *noblesse oblige*. In this "rebel club" we had Björnson for president, and every time he was among us there was either an animated discussion or a breathless attention when the poet communicated his thoughts upon the subject in hand. One evening in particular there was a long and interesting debate about dreams and their nature. Jonas Lie, another Norwegian poet, had just then written a novel, "The Clairvoyant," which created quite a sensation. The two subjects blended. We gradually drifted away from our philosophical ballast, and both Knut and Hegel "dematerialized," and were forgotten, while Björnson held us spellbound by his magnificent eloquence—few men know how to talk as he does—and carried us with him to the regions of that so very contemptible "mysterious philosophy." But as memory puts these fragments together to-day, when personal experience has matured into positive knowledge, what was then a mere aspiration—I find great reason to believe that when he gives fully his thoughts, stronger than hinted in the biography he wrote, there will be much of interest in his experience.

I doubt not that the day is near, and with the growing interest in these matters from many Scandinavians in the old world, they will ere long become steadfast workers, helping to throw a new light over the before so easily and haughtily despatched superstition. As Björnson does not bend his opinion for a caprice or a sneer, it will not matter to him if philosophers in frock coats or "we scientists" disagreed with his views. On the other hand, these wonderful

facts, good—they will get a fair hearing, but not a grain of antipathy that they know all about it. It is in this sense and in full trust to my great countryman's undaunted courage of opinion, his broad and penetrating view of nature and men, that I incline toward the idea that Björnsterne Björnson will subscribe to the spiritualistic knowledge of natural phenomena, hitherto totally unexplained by science. But of this the future will decide. At any rate, these pages from his pen are full of interest and the only written expression of his disposition in this direction. They seem to promise more, but as they are given, they contain sufficient to show a manly and upright character, impressed with a great wrong and unmitigated suffering as a return for much good and undeniable truth. I hope that in a near future I may enjoy the privilege of pointing decisively to his own reply in regard to himself, and that it some day will come, I have no doubt, because in all this lies deep thought able to guide the flight of our highest aspirations—worthy alike of the poet and the thinker.

DR. H. G. PETERSEN.
6 Worcester Square, Boston, June 1886.

"VIS-KNUT."

BY BJÖRNSTERNE BJÖRNSSON.
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BY DR. H. G. PETERSEN.

Last century a lad in Romsdalen went up in the mountains after hay. It is the custom to mow during the summer months on the enclosed *Seters*, or pastures, and then drive it down to the farm when the winter makes the roads easy for transport. While up there and at work the barn tumbled down, and frightened the horse one way and the lad another. He never returned to Romsdalen. But a few years later he was a married man on Nordgaard in Gausdale, an abandoned farm which he, in all probability, had got with his wife. They had a daughter who married and had a son Johans, and this son was somewhat strange, and could "see," as one, when he was out courting, he saw the fairies and brownies. A son of this man was called Rasmus, and among his nine children Knut was one better known over there by the name of "Vis-Knut," meaning Wise-Knut.

Knut was not at all like other children. He suffered also from sickness, epilepsy, and could, therefore, not do much work, not even learn to read. His way was to learn by listening. The teacher took a liking to that strange, sick lad with the big and shining eyes, which squinted horribly, and thus strengthened the impression of something strange and far away. He would, all of a sudden, while sitting on his chair, fall down and be absent for a long, long time. The other school-children saw something supernatural in him.

As he grew up the epilepsy diminished. He was confirmed only on the strength of what he understood and had learnt by heart, as he could neither write nor read. He was to go out and earn his bread now, as his father had just died. But hard manual work was too much for him, and, suffering again from the old trouble, he had to turn home. He was born and reared in a poor mountain district, on one of its most wretched farms. His miserable health demanded better nourishment, and that he did not get. So did he remain with the mother, and commenced to read, calculate and write by his own efforts. In those days the peasants considered that a sort of divine worship, as all the book-learning they were acquainted with then was knowledge about God, his word and work, and even being able to read and write they looked upon as a "gift of grace." His mother was a rigid Christian, so also his teacher, and the poor invalid seized upon God as a staff and support; his early bent toward reverie and conversation about the supernatural, the wonderful, found in the Bible stories about the prophets and the miracles only their greater and truer realization. He lay there, a cripple, hedged in by mountains and poverty, but longing for what was far away. And so he transformed meanwhile all the small around him and made it grand. As soon as he could get up he wanted to help the mother, and all the dreams he awoke when working the little potato-land held him for a time to his home and the work there. But it could not last long, and the least thing was sufficient to make him take flight when his wings were once grown. It came at last.

Living as he did in a supernatural sphere, he permitted himself, on one occasion, to try superstitious means against his ill. From three sick people he was to take three blood-drops and eat them on a piece of bread; in the spring, before the cuckoo commenced to sing, he was to take the heart of a snake, fry it, and then eat. People also gave him an amulet to carry around his neck.

This he thought was a touch of the supernatural powers. He felt as if burnt by them. His peace was disturbed. Had not God forbidden witchcraft? Who was Knut, that he should dare to rely upon other forces than God's, and how was it going to end with him, who had forgotten his God, nay, even betrayed him? Brooding over this, everything vain and useless which he had thought of, said from a child, added weight to his martyr soul. His scanty health could not stand such a pressure, and he was repeatedly tempted to make an end of his miserable life, which he now had wasted anyhow. If only he saw a knife, it appeared to beckon him to use it for a suicidal purpose.

At last he wanted to go to the Lord's Supper and get forgiveness. There was going to be a

divine service six weeks after Christmas, 1818, in the little remote church in Svastum, and it was there he longed to go. But three days before service he had to take to his bed, a victim to the most excruciating pains. When, at last, after several days' duration, the sufferings had abated, he heard music of harps in the air, and also devotional songs. "Later he heard also like music of violins and clarionets, sweeping, as it were, along the earth, while a choir of heavenly voices ascended toward the skies. He remembered afterward what they sang, and it was, as to construction, a poor verse telling him to throw away the emblem of witchcraft around his neck, and confide in God's remedies, which were "the flesh and blood of Jesus." The admonishing psalm ended thus:

"Clean yourself from sin and wrong,
And sickness leaves you pure and strong."

It is to be noticed that while all the verses he both now and later "heard," are in the Norwegian language, as written and spoken in the city, Knut himself spoke constantly the considerably-unlike district-dialect, and had but a reading acquaintance, through the Bible and a few other books, with the first one.

Before I go on with this strange man's life, which in its time called forth so many opinions and so much scorn, I must remark that I am guided by a book written in the country language, viz., a purified composition of peasant dialects, remnants of our old Norse language. The author, Johannes Skar, was born a peasant, but a University man; he has from childhood heard about Vis-Knut, and later taken pains to travel considerably in the country for the purpose of personally investigating what was told, and was not satisfied unless he had met and questioned those who had had some relation or other with Knut. With this one he has often spoken. He lived here in Svastum in Gausdale, only last year, (1881) and a few miles from my house. Many of the stories I repeat I have heard myself, some directly, and others from second and third hand, and I have heard as a child some which are similar to those Johannes Skar tells, without having had it in my power to sift the details. But this Johannes Skar has been able to do, and against his veracity no one can have the smallest doubt. I affirm that Knut was an honest soul. He lived to be eighty-nine years. He received all who came to him, and the whole district knew him, I should say, every one. About his honesty there was but one opinion, from the old man who had lived with him from childhood, to the grown men who could not, like the others, have been influenced by his earliest public appearance, and the abuse he then suffered. Here is now a calm judgment about him. It may differ with regard to the cause of all that he was able to do far better than others, but concerning himself and his honesty there is but one opinion. I ought, perhaps, also to add that those priests and judges who have met him in this last generation, were and are just as convinced of his honesty as others. But with all this I do not mean to say that he was not exposed to self-delusion, as everybody easily can persuade himself. Enough remains, however, entirely free from the self-delusion, which is sometimes mixed with it—but all the same it is very strange and inexplicable.

Inexplicable? Well, there are many explanations; I myself have also my own ready to a certain extent, but I will keep them back, as I simply desire to give absolutely reliable material for those who want to penetrate where scientific research even to-day gropes in the dark.

Let us then return to Knut: From the moment he threw away the amulet he was a long time free from epileptic fits. He could all of a sudden hear first mixed music—he called it war music—and then again fine, soft tones as of many instruments, ending always with psalms, rigid and monotonous advice in a dry, faulty book language. It commenced when he was in great distress and ended when he could do as the psalm enjoined, call upon God. "He clenched his teeth and listened as long as he heard the song," he says; "he could not then be disturbed by anything of his own."

People advised him to have himself bled; they said he suffered from too thick blood. He wanted to do as they told him, but on his way "it sang" that he was doing wrong, and he had to turn back. "It sang" that it was his sin and not his thick blood, and that only prayer could save him.

Only late in the spring he was able to leave his bed altogether and sit in the sun before the hut. He could sit and be commanded, he thought, to take a hymn book, follow verse after verse while he heard the most glorious psalms sung around him. It was more particularly the old impressive ones which thus were sung while his finger followed the words in the hymn book. When he regained his health he "received orders" to go to others and awaken them from sin. This he was very much afraid to do, as he expected people would speak about his "thick blood." But the voices told him to be brave until he had been to the Lord's Supper, and then it would be well with him.

Now new things were added. He was able to hear what occurred far away, even in foreign countries, and when the report of it or the mail at last came, his words were found to be true. If a man had lost his way in the mountains, or if the cattle strayed, he told where to look for them. When a farm had had water, he indicated where to dig, and they found excellent water.

I mean to come back to these things later, only mentioning them now in this place.

Further, he cured some diseases, by laying on of hands. As soon as he touched the spot where the pain was located, "his hand grew fast to it"; he then helped with the other one, and rubbed

and rubbed, all the while trembling, with clenched teeth and with the foam about his mouth. And he prayed aloud with the sick, "because if God did not help, nothing could."

One can easily imagine the impression created by all this upon the peasants, who visited the man in greater and greater numbers, and from the most distant parts of the country. God had sent a prophet among them!

The last century's attack upon religion had also taken effect upon the educated class in Norway, and their doubts were felt all around them. The minister in the district there was a man eager to advance all knowledge. He had published a book which he wanted the community to use instead of Luther's Catechism, replacing, as it did, belief by morals. But although the people had become somewhat cold in comparison to the greater religious fervor of quite a recent date, it needed but to be touched upon for it to be proven that the old belief was still the strongest.

So when it became known that Knut intended to partake of the Lord's Supper in Svastum Church the 7th of June, and that it had been told him that on that day he would swoon in the church and remain so for two hours, nothing more was needed to draw an immense number of people, anxious and curious to both hear and see him. Svastum is a long, monotonous valley, lined with not very high mountains. Nevertheless one gets an impression of heaviness, as the valley is narrow. The farms seem to be hanging up under the mountain sides; only in a few places are to be found plains, and on such a one stands the church, a little light wood chapel. The river runs by, foaming and ill-tempered; the slope shows cultivated bits snatched from the forest; these spots give light to the dark monotony.

The people do not possess the usual gaiety of the high mountaineer; they are like Gudbrandsdalen all through, quiet and heavy. They have no popular songs, no characteristic poetry. The people in Svastum have, as a rule, lousy bony faces, blue eyes and dark hair. The expression is grave and searching; their nature is marked by great circumspection, or, what explains it still better, by self-command. This is indeed the strongest characteristic of their manners; the men move with a certain dignity and the women with a pleasing modesty. But the people are heavy, and the life among them depressing and hedged in like the nature in which they live.

Life had nevertheless got into this rigid mass to-day. They were going to meet with the "miracle-boy." Many went toward him on his way; others waited in clusters upon the plain around the church. The men had breeches and long boots, and coats with green facings. The women wore black, close-fitting dresses, with large white kerchiefs (*skaut*) on the head, and those so large that the faces were almost hidden away. At a distance it looked as if a swarm of white birds were sitting on the plain; the women were sitting apart from the men, the same as they do in the church even to-day.

But here came Knut with a great company. He was now twenty-one years old, tall and of heavy build, but awkward, and as if slack about the joints. He came with a quick though limping gait, and the whole flock after him. He had no hat. On the way it had been whispered in his ear that he should take it off, and from that day he never wore one, as he got convulsions every time he did. His suit of hair was immense, coarse and coal-black, standing straight up from his large forehead, and falling down over his shoulders like flapping wings. His face was large and very expressive; the mouth half-open, the nose high and straight, the eyes had remarkably large, brilliant pupils, and, as already remarked, squinted. This served to give them a somewhat vague look, and reminded those who saw him of that secret voice ruling over his will and faculties. All this, his appearance and the procession he came in, created astonishment and presentiment!

It was a fine summer day; the door and windows in the church stood open. The minister was in the sacristy, waiting until it became quiet enough for the service to commence.

Knut went straight to the sacristy, greeted the minister and sat down beside him: "I am the man who has become a laughing-stock to the world because I am forced to speak what is whispered in my ears." The minister thought him deranged and accordingly treated him with forbearance. Knut then sang "with a poor delivery," says the minister in his report, "several psalms which he had heard." These we still have; they recommend conversion in the old Testamental spirit, viz., without threats about eternal sufferings in hell. If the people did not to the Lord commanded, pestilence and cruel war were to follow. But this was but the commencement. The first psalm already was more a persuasion than a menace; it mentioned all the adornments the soul was going to receive from God, and the summons to search them was very impressive and more emphatic, both in contents and form, than his first attempt some months ago. Psalm followed upon psalm; the congregation filled the church and looked around the doors. There was such a silence! The minister had to stand there. Knut's second psalm mentioned all the woes and abuses in the district, even those of the church; but its tendency was always mild. The third psalm complained over that so many of the old holidays of late had been discarded, and that the people did not praise God enough. At last the service could commence. The church was not large enough that day, and people stood around the open doors and under the windows. Soon it was rumored among them that Knut trembled and shivered in the church because they were singing in the new

and inferior hymn-book. The singing stopped, and the congregation had to take the old one by Thomas Kingo. Already this appeared to be of great importance, caused by Knut, as the old book was beloved by them all. Knut had meanwhile grown worse, and two of his brothers had to help him to the altar to receive the absolution, and he became unconscious when he went back. The congregation was greatly moved. The service had again to be interrupted. When the minister at last proposed that he should be carried out, Knut asked them "to let him remain in God's temple." But it was finally necessary to take him out, and as he lay on the grass he had such violent convulsions that he often would jump up high from the ground. Between each attack he prayed and the others sang. The women were weeping, as his sufferings and his pious moved them deeply. The minister came out. Knut sang also to him. The minister spoke and explained to the congregation that Knut was in that condition they also were in when they dreamed.

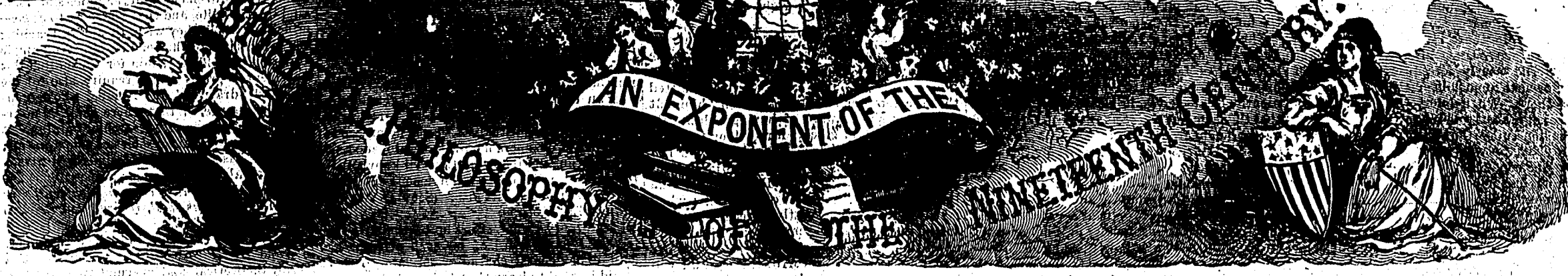
Knut remained until Tuesday upon farms near the church, and "received orders" to take his old schoolmaster, the sexton, with him to the church, open it and toll the bells. He was, furthermore, "ordered" to approach the church in a straight line, over hedges, caurs and ditches. A woman saw him go. "She saw a bright light over him and the way he went." He remained alone in the church two hours after those who followed him first had sung three psalms and aid the Lord's prayer. When they came to take him back he sang for them a never-ending verse, which he, however, had "heard," and, later, had taken down for the purpose of sending, as "ordered," to the authorities in Christiania. It was a rather sober counsel, as to the change of some church and school books, to change the present mode of life as well as to make more holidays; was it not done, pestilence and cruel war were sure to come.

From that day Knut's life was divided between preaching the word, accompanied with all the good he was able to do, and persecution on that account, principally directed against him by the priests. These had just then, through the theological faculty in Christiania, with the enthusiastic activity of Hans Nielsen Haug, who with some of his followers were that nothing new came up, and it was forbidden by law to preach otherwise than according to the ritual sanctioned by the aforesaid theological faculty. Nevertheless, Knut was "ordered" to set out and preach, and was consequently arrested in Freen, and they tried to bring him to his home district. But Knut got convulsions, one leg became stiff, and they could not get him away. They tried again, and many men took hold of him, but he again got convulsions, and fell before the sheriff's feet as though thrown down by a mighty wind. Now he became rigid over the whole body, could only advance step by step, and suffered greatly. He prayed much, and men and women followed. Among these was a giant, Mort Nerlid, who, when serving as a soldier, had proved himself to be the strongest man in the Highlands. He had a child's devotion for Knut, and asked to deliver him from his tormentors. But the humble and low-obedient Knut would not allow him to do it. They went on until Knut fell down, saying "that they could just as well open his heart then and there." A horse and sleigh was now used, but then the convulsions began so strongly that he, according to all the witnesses' testimony, was thrown from the sleigh quite a distance, and this happened every time they put him on the sleigh, and once when they drove along the river, he was even thrown out into it. He was now left in peace a while, but, tired and exhausted as he was, he nevertheless preached in the evening for the many people who had arrived from all parts. He sang that evening a wonderfully beautiful psalm. He must have made a strong impression, as there was one present who learnt the psalm only by hearing Knut sing it, and was able to repeat it half a century later to him who collected these characteristics of his life.

The military force was now appealed to, and a captain and two lieutenants—I suppose they considered it fun—brought seven men with loaded guns. As Knut was then preaching, they left a patrol to summon them when over. Meanwhile they had a little dance and card-playing in the house where they waited, and this pleasant occupation made them forget Knut and everything else until about midnight, when they entered the room where Knut slept. It was narrow, and so low that the guns scraped under the roof. Knut prayed them to be lenient, and the giant, who also slept there, thought it was best to throw the whole army down stairs, but Knut quieted both him and the others who stood around his bed, while the clothes were forced upon him. He was now lashed to the sleigh with strong ropes. All of a sudden he had a horrible attack, and the ropes broke like threads. He was made still more secure, but it occurred again, and he was thrown between the legs of the horses. A strong man held him now down on the sleigh while the others secured him with the ropes. "Knut then complained bitterly." The cruelty continued many miles, and every time one set of men handed him over to another, Knut sang for those who left, praised God, and prayed for them.

Just as he had reached home in this manner, the giant Mort Nerlid, and a peasant from Freen came as spokesmen, to ask Knut back again to the people up there. They meant to watch him so no hair should be touched on his head. Knut was very much afraid; but, "he was ordered to follow," and already the next time there was to be service he was at church

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Knut was not at all like other children. He suffered also from sickness, epilepsy, and could, therefore, not do much work, not even learn to read. His way was to learn by listening. The teacher took a liking to that strange, sick lad with the big and shining eyes, which squinted horribly, and thus strengthened the impression of something strange and far away. He would, all of a sudden, while sitting on his chair, fall down and be absent for a long, long time. The other school-children saw something supernatural in him.

As he grew up the epilepsy diminished. He was confirmed only on the strength of what he understood and had learnt by heart, as he could neither write nor read. He was to go out and earn his bread now, as his father had just died. But hard manual work was too much for him, and, suffering again from the old trouble, he had to turn home. He was born and reared in a poor mountain district, on one of its most wretched farms. His miserable health demanded better nourishment, and that he did not get. So did he remain with the mother, and commenced to read, calculate and write by his own efforts. In those days the peasants considered that a sort of divine worship, as all the book-learning they were acquainted with then was knowledge about God, his word and work, and even being able to read and write they looked upon as a "gift of grace." His mother was a rigid Christian, so also his teacher, and the poor invalid seized upon God as a staff and support; his early bent toward reverie and conversation about the supernatural, the wonderful, found in the Bible stories about the prophets and the miracles only their greater and truer realization. He lay there, a cripple, hedged in by mountains and poverty, but longing for what was far away. And so he transformed meanwhile all the small around him and made it grand. As soon as he could get up he wanted to help the mother, and all the dreams he sowed when working the little potato-land held him for a time to his home and the work there. But it could not last long, and the least thing was sufficient to make him take flight when his wings were once grown. It came at last.

Living as he did in a supernatural sphere, he permitted himself, on one occasion, to try superstitious means against his ills. From three sick people he was to take three blood-drops and eat them on a piece of bread; in the spring, before the cuckoo commenced to sing, he was to take the heart of a snake, fry it, and then eat. People also gave him an amulet to carry around his neck. This he thought was a touch of the supernatural powers. He felt as if burnt by them. His peace was disturbed. Had not God forbidden witchcraft? Who was Knut, that he should dare to rely upon other forces than God's and how was it going to end with him, who had forgotten his God, nay, even betrayed him? Brooding over this, everything vain and useless which he had thought or said from a child, added weight to his martyr soul. His scanty health could not stand such a pressure, and he was repeatedly tempted to make an end of his miserable life, which he now had wasted anyhow. If only he saw a knife, it appeared to beckon him to use it for a suicidal purpose. As he was about to go to the Lord's Supper and get forgiveness, there was going to be a great feast at the farm where he lived.

divine service six weeks after Christmas, 1818, in the little remote church in Svastum, and it was there he longed to go. But three days before service he had to take to his bed, a victim to the most excruciating pains. When, at last, after several days' duration, the sufferings had calmed, he heard music of harps in the air, and also devotional songs. Later he heard also like music of violins and clarionets, sweeping, as it were, along the earth, while a choir of heavenly voices ascended toward the skies. He remembered afterward what they sang, and it was, as to construction, a poor verse telling him to throw away the emblem of witchcraft around his neck, and confide in God's remedies, which were "the flesh and blood of Jesus." The admonishing psalm ended thus:

"Clean yourself from sin and wrong,
And sickness leaves you pure and strong."

It is to be noticed that while all the verses he both now and later "heard," are in the Norwegian language, as written and spoken in the city, Knut himself spoke constantly the considerably-unlike district-dialect, and had but a reading acquaintance, through the Bible and a few other books, with the first one.

Before I go on with this strange man's life, which in its time called forth so many opinions and so much scorn, I must remark that I am guided by a book written in the country language, viz., a purified composition of peasant dialects, remnants of our old Norse language. The author, Johannes Skar, was born a peasant, but a University man; he has from childhood heard about Vis-Knut, and later taken pains to travel considerably in the country for the purpose of personally investigating what was told, and was not satisfied unless he had met and questioned those who had had some relation or other with Knut. With this one he has often spoken. He lived here in Svastum in Gausdalen only last year, (1881) and a few miles from my house. Many of the stories I repeat I have heard myself, some directly, and others from second and third hand, and I have heard as a child some which are similar to those Johannes Skar tells, without having had it in my power to sift the details. But this Johannes Skar has been able to do, and against his veracity no one can whisper the smallest doubt. And, also, there is not a word who does not affirm that Knut was an honest soul. He lived to be eighty-nine years. He received all who came to him, and the whole district knew him, I should say, every one. About his honesty there was but one opinion, from the old man who had lived with him from childhood, to the grown men who could not, like the others, have been influenced by his earliest public appearance, and the abuse he then suffered. Here is now a calm judgment about him. It may differ with regard to the cause of all that he was able to do far better than others, but concerning himself and his honesty there is but one opinion. I ought, perhaps, also to add that those priests and judges who have met him in this last generation, were and are just as convinced of his honesty as others. But with all this I do not mean to say that he was not exposed to self-delusion, as everybody easily can persuade himself. Enough remains, however, entirely free from the self-delusion, which is sometimes mixed with it—but all the same it is very strange and inexplicable.

Inexplicable? Well, there are many explanations; I myself have also my own ready to a certain extent, but I will keep them back, as I simply desire to give absolutely reliable material for those who want to penetrate where scientific research even to-day gropes in the dark.

Let us then return to Knut: From the moment he threw away the amulet he was a long time free from epileptic fits. He could all of a sudden hear first mixed music—he called it war music—and then again fine, soft tones as of many instruments, ending always with psalms, rigid and monotonous advice in a dry, faulty book language. It commenced when he was in great distress and ended when he could do as the psalm enjoined, call upon God. "He clenched his teeth and listened as long as he heard the song," he says; "he could not then be disturbed by anything of his own."

People advised him to have himself bled; they said he suffered from too thick blood. He wanted to do as they told him, but on his way "it sang" that he was doing wrong, and he had to turn back. "It sang" that it was his sin and not his thick blood, and that only prayer could save him.

Only late in the spring he was able to leave his bed altogether and sit in the sun before the hut. He could sit and be commanded, he thought, to take a hymn-book; follow verse after verse while he heard the most glorious psalms sung around him. It was more particularly the old, impressive ones which thus were sung while his finger followed the words in the hymn book. When he regained his health he "received orders" to go to others and awaken them from sin. This he was very much afraid to do, as he expected people would speak about his "thick blood." But the voices told him to be brave until he had been to the Lord's Supper, and then it would be well with him.

Now new things were added. He was able to hear what occurred far away, even in foreign countries, and when the report of it or the mail at last came, his words were found to be true. If a man had lost his way in the mountains, or if the cattle strayed, he told where to look for them. When a farm had had water, he indicated where to dig, and they found excellent water.

I mean to come back to these things later, only mentioning them now in this place. Further, he cured some diseases, by laying on of hands. As soon as he touched the spot where the pain was located, this had grown fast better; he then helped with the other one, and rubbed

and rubbed, all the while trembling, with clenched teeth and with the foam about his mouth. And he prayed aloud with the sick, "because if God did not help, nothing could."

One can easily imagine the impression created by all this upon the peasants, who visited the man in greater and greater numbers, and from the most distant parts of the country. God had sent a prophet among them!

The last century's attack upon religion had also taken effect upon the educated class in Norway, and their doubts were felt all around them. The minister in the district there was a man eager to advance all knowledge. He had published a book which he wanted the community to use instead of Luther's Catechism, replacing, as it did, belief by morals. But although the people had become somewhat cold in comparison to the greater religious fervor of quite a recent date, it needed but to be touched upon for it to be proven that the old belief was still the strongest.

So when it became known that Knut intended to partake of the Lord's Supper in Svastum Church the 7th of June, and that it had been told him that on that day he would swoon in the church and remain so for two hours, nothing more was needed to draw an immense number of people, anxious and curious to both hear and see him. Svastum is a long, monotonous valley, lined with not very high mountains. Nevertheless one gets an impression of heaviness, as the valley is narrow. The farms seem to be hanging up under the mountain sides; only in a few places are to be found plains, and on such a one stands the church, a little light wood chapel. The river runs by, foaming and ill-tempered; the slope shows cultivated bits snatched from the forest; these spots give light to the dark monotony.

The people do not possess the usual gaiety of the high mountain-people; they are like Gudbrandsdalen all through, quiet and heavy. They have no popular songs, no characteristic poetry. The people in Svastum have, as a rule, longish bow faces, blue eyes and dark hair. The expression is grave and searching; their nature is marked by great circumspection, or what explains it still better, by self-command. This is indeed the strongest characteristic of the people in Gudbrandsdalen, and it is shown in their manners; the men move with striking dignity and the women with a pleasing modesty. But the people are heavy, and the life among them depressing and hedged in like the nature in which they live.

Life had nevertheless got into this rigid mass to-day. They were going to meet with the "miracle-boy." Many went toward him on his way; others waited in clusters upon the plain around the church. The men had breeches and long boots, and coats with green facings. The women wore black, close-fitting dresses, with large white kerchiefs (*skaut*) on the head, and those so large that the faces were almost hidden away. At a distance it looked as if a swarm of white birds were sitting on the plain; the women were sitting apart from the men, the same as they do in the church even to-day.

But here came Knut with a great company. He was now twenty-one years old, tall and of heavy build, but awkward, and as if slack about the joints. He came with a quick though limping gait, and the whole flock after him. He had no hat. On the way it had been whispered in his ear that he should take it off, and from that day he never wore one, as he got convulsions every time he did. His suit of hair was immense, coarse and coal-black, standing straight up from his large forehead, and falling down over his shoulders like flapping wings. His face was large and very expressive: the mouth half-open, the nose high and straight, the eyes had remarkably large, brilliant pupils, and, as already remarked, squinted. This served to give them a somewhat vague look, and reminded those who saw him of that secret voice ruling over his will and faculties. All this, his appearance and the procession he came in, created astonishment and presentiment!

It was a fine summer day; the door and windows in the church stood open. The minister was in the sacristy, waiting until it became quiet enough for the service to commence. Knut went straight to the sacristy, greeted the minister and sat down beside him: "I am the man who has become a laughing-stock to the world because I am forced to speak what is whispered in my ears." The minister thought him deranged and accordingly treated him with forbearance. Knut then sang "with a poor delivery," says the minister in his report, "several psalms which he had heard." These he still had; they recommended conversion in the old Testamental spirit, viz., without threats about eternal sufferings in hell. If the people did not do as the Lord commanded, pestilence and cruel war were to follow. But this was but the commencement. The first psalm already was more a persuasion than a menace; it mentioned all the adornments the soul was going to receive from God, and the summons to search them was very impressive and more emphatic, both in contents and form, than his first attempt some months ago. Psalm followed upon psalm; the congregation filled the church and looked around the doors. There was such a silence! The minister had to stand there. Knut's second psalm mentioned all the woes and abuses in the district, even those of the church; but its tendency was always mild. The third psalm complained over that so many of the old holidays of late had been discarded, and that the people did not praise God enough. At last the service could commence. The church was not large enough that day, and people stood around the open doors and under the windows. Soon it was rumpled among them that Knut trembled and shivered in the church, because they were singing in the new

and inferior hymn-book. The singing stopped, and the congregation had to take the old one by Thomas Kingo. Already this appeared to be of great importance, caused by Knut, as the old book was beloved by them all. Knut had meanwhile grown worse, and two of his brothers had to help him to the altar to receive the absolution, and he became unconscious when he went back. The congregation was greatly moved. The service had again to be interrupted. When the minister at last proposed that he should be carried out, Knut asked them "to let him remain in God's temple." But it was finally necessary to take him out, and as he lay on the grass he had such violent convulsions that he often would jump up high from the ground. Between each attack he prayed and the others sang. The women were weeping, as his sufferings and his piety moved them deeply. The minister came out. Knut sang also to him. The minister spoke and explained to the congregation that Knut was in that condition they also were in when they dreamed.

Knut remained until Tuesday upon farms near the church, and "received orders" to take his old schoolmaster, the sexton, with him to the church, open it and toll the bells. He was, furthermore, "ordered" to approach the church in a straight line, over hedges, cairns and ditches. A woman saw him go. "She saw a bright light over him and the way he went." He remained alone in the church two hours after those who followed him first had sung three psalms and aid the Lord's prayer. When they came to take him back he sang for them a never-ending verse, which he, however, had "heard," and, later, had taken down for the purpose of sending, as "ordered," to the authorities in Christiania. It was a rather sober counsel as to the change of some church and school books, to change the present mode of life as well as to make more holidays; was it not done, pestilence and cruel war were sure to come.

From that day Knut's life was divided between preaching the word, accompanied with all the good he was able to do, and persecution on that account, principally directed against him by the priests. These had just then, through the theological faculty in Christiania, broken the enthusiastic activity of Hans Nielsen Hauge, who with some of his followers were in jail for years, and they kept a vigilant watch that nothing new came up, and it was forbidden by law to preach otherwise than according to the ritual sanctioned by the aforesaid theological faculty. Nevertheless, Knut was "ordered" to set out and preach, and was consequently arrested in Fosen, and they tried to bring him to his home district. But Knut got convulsions, one leg became stiff, and they could not get him away. They tried again, and many men took hold of him, but he again got convulsions, and fell before the sheriff's feet as though thrown down by a mighty wind. Now he became rigid over the whole body, could only advance step by step, and suffered greatly. He prayed much, and men and women followed. Among these was a giant, Imort Nerlid, who, when serving as a soldier, had proved himself to be the strongest man in the Highlands. He had a child's devotion for Knut, and asked to deliver him from his tormentors. But the humble and law-obedient Knut would not allow him to do it. They went on until Knut fell down, saying "that they could just as well open his heart then and there." A horse and sleigh was now used, but then the convulsions began so strongly that he, according to all the witnesses' testimony, was thrown from the sleigh quite a distance, and this happened every time they put him on the sleigh, and once when they drove along the river, he was even thrown out into it. He was now left in peace a while, but, tired and exhausted as he was, he nevertheless preached in the evening for the many people who had arrived from all parts. He sang that evening a wonderfully beautiful psalm. He must have made a strong impression, as there was one present who learnt the psalm only by hearing Knut sing it, and was able to repeat it half a century later to him who collected these characteristics of his life.

The military force was now appealed to, and a captain and two lieutenants—I suppose they considered it fun—brought seven men with loaded guns. As Knut was then preaching, they left a patrol to summon them when over. Meanwhile they had a little dance and card-playing in the house where they waited, and this pleasant occupation made them forget Knut and everything else until about midnight, when they entered the room where Knut slept. It was narrow, and so low that the guns scraped under the roof. Knut prayed them to be lenient, and the giant, who also slept there, thought it was best to throw the whole army down stairs, but Knut quieted both him and the others who stood around his bed, while the clothes were forced upon him. He was now lashed to the sleigh with strong ropes. All of a sudden he had a horrible attack, and the ropes broke like threads. He was made still more secure, but it occurred again, and he was thrown between the legs of the horses. A strong man held him now down on the sleigh while the others secured him with the ropes. "Knut had complained bitterly." The cruelty continued many miles, and every time one set of men handed him over to another, Knut sang for those who left, praised God, and prayed for them.

Just as he had resolved home in this manner, the Knut Imort Nerlid, and a peasant from Fosen came as spokesmen, to ask Knut back again to the people up there. They meant to watch him so no hair should be touched on his head. Knut was very much afraid, but "he was ordered to follow," and already the next time there was to be his service he was at church

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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1886.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

ONE TO BE TESTED.
Said a rhymer of late, The Pegasus I ride,
Has gone to be tested, that I may decide
Whether, when I am looking him straight in the face,
I am not deluded; that sometime in disgrace
I shall mourn because what I thought to be light
Was the densest and darkest and blackest of night;
That when my winged horse I have mounted, the jade is
Heating me on to the confines of Hades;
And not being able, you know, from my youth
To decide for myself what is "absolute truth,"
I feel I "am obliged" and for that more the pity—
To subject what I see to a testing committee;
And if they decide an unmerciful fraud
Is what I had thought came direct from the Lord,
Of course I "no longer put trust in my senses,
But forswear one and all as simple pretences.
Some think that in this I'm a miserable elf,
And ask why the deuce I don't think for myself.
I tell them I would, did not I, like the churches,
Prefer the job done by psychic researchers,
Conducted by men who place no reliance
On what do not conform to their laws of science;
Who'd declare black was white to a holy confessor,
If said to be so by a college professor;
But deny a more palpable, plausible fact,
Conceded as such by their free will and act.

JO COSE.

The report of Sir James Crockett Browne on educational overpressure in London, which attracted such universal attention two years ago, states that out of 6500 school children examined, 3031, or more than 46 per cent., suffered from headache. He attributes this state of things largely to insufficient and insufficient food, and takes pains to say that partial and occasional starvation is not confined to children of the lowest class.

What adds to the unpopularity of the cyclone is that, while it blows away almost everything on a farm, it has never been known to take the mortgage.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A contemporary in Hazlehurst, Miss., says: "Friday night was a good one for babies, especially girl babies. In the town and vicinity six mothers gave birth to twelve babies, all girls—blue-eyed, dark-eyed, and eyes of a doubtful hue as well as color."

A medical journal tells its readers of a young woman who contracted the habit of chewing coffee. The habit grew until she carried the coffee to bed with her, and at last she consumed half a pound a day.—*Ex.*

In one government district in India it is said that about 23,000 persons die yearly from the bite of poisonous reptiles or the attack of savage beasts. Only another method of vaccination!

Flies and scandal-mongers increase as soon as warm weather arrives.

If this paper is better than usual this week, the reader is reminded that the editor is away.—*The Astor-Lockport (N.Y.) Herald.*

The paragraph quoted above is a specimen of the "better" editor's literary merits, we advise Bro. Hall to get back to his sanctum as speedily as possible.

There is a little poet in New Orleans. She is ten years old, and when, recently, a pigeon's egg was shown to her, in which was a little squab that had just failed of being hatched, she composed these lines:
Here lies little, for whom we mourn;
Briebe that died before we were born;
Oh, what a horrible thing is death!
When it comes before you get your breath.

The latest advices from Auckland, New Zealand, state that the volcano eruption at Tarawera destroyed entire villages in the district by swiftly burying them in ashes. The surface of the earth for many miles around the active volcano was disturbed by the earthquake which accompanied the eruption. Twenty-six dead bodies have already been recovered from the ruins.

POISONED DOGS.—When the first symptoms appear, hold the dog's mouth open and have an assistant pour a teaspoonful of table salt down his throat; this will act as a powerful emetic, and bring away the poison, and the dog will be as well as ever in an hour. The writer has saved dogs in this way which were so far gone as to be unable to stand, and on the verge of convulsions.—*Waterbury American.*

The seventeenth of June and the fourth of July, being patriotic holidays, the people will be obliged to listen to explosives by powder and oratory to their hearts' content, thus demonstrating the fact that the patriotism of 1776 and 1776 still lives!

Tempus fugit without wings. This is no misnomer, but fact.

"Grandpa," said Teddy, as the old gentleman woke up from a loud snore at dinner nap, "if you would give your nose a spoonful of paracetic, don't you think you could put it to sleep, too?"—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Los Angeles, Cal., authorities arrest all young persons found on the streets after 9 p. m. But in Boston such persons are on the streets nearly all night, and in several localities so noisy as to keep respectable people from their requisite sleep. Our authorities would do well to imitate those of Los Angeles.

It is said that there is a bigger politico-social sensation rumbling in Great Britain than the *Pall Mall Gazette* or Sir Charles Dilke exposures, although the ordinary citizen on either side of the water has not as yet even heard a whisper of it.

A medical writer says that doctor oil applied once a day for from two to six weeks will remove warts without leaving scars.—*Ex.*

Will it remove scars from bad men's consciences?

The Savannah *News* speaks of "the Boston wise-actors who are acting as voluntary advisers to the Government in reference to Indian affairs." These "wise-actors," Mr. News, stand between the Indian and the danger of gross wrongs to a despised people.

The Montreal *Witness* says the best settlement of the fisheries question would be the annexation of Canada to the United States. That's just what a majority of New Brunswickers think.

Dr. Donald Kennedy, of this city, who is a devoted Spiritualist, and a very liberal hearted gentleman, will pass the summer at the Rockland House, Nantasket, where he has been during the heated term for so many years. His son, who is also a doctor, is at his beautiful place at Blue Hill, Milton.

These liveried coachmen in Boston look extremely dignified, sitting like statues and holding their whips at the most recherché angle against their knees, but they act very much like ordinary mortals, after all, when the irreverent small boy across the street gets a bean-blower in the eye, out for his own satisfaction to "find out whether it is alive."—*Somerville Journal.*

Scan. Mag. sometimes hovers over the best and purest, like a dark cloud, through which the forked lightning of truth flashes, and the ominous vapor is diffused and falls in harmless rain.

DEATH.

Two travel-worn and weary feet at rest,
Two weary eyes closed in the land of the dead;
Two cold hands folded on a colder breast,
From which the soul has taken flight at last;
Two eyes from whose dark, vacant cells the glow
Of sunlight seeping forth to his own satisfaction;
Two arms in the embrace of an unstrung bow,
From which the final arrow, speech, has fled.
This is the sublimity of all mysteries!
Some call it Death, and others name it Peace.

—*Daniel E. O'Sullivan, in June Bi-monthly.*

Timely topic for a Boston Sunday sermon: "What shall we do to be saved?"

The heart which abandons itself to the Supreme Mind and itself related to all its works, and will travel a royal road to particular knowledge and power.—*Emerson.*

When a man falls down his temper generally gets up before he does.

THE FIVE POINTS.—Such notions as the five knotty points of Calvinism—Predestination, Particular Redemption, Total depravity, Irresistible Calling, and the Certain Perseverance of the Saints—are no longer created in their original shape by any one who has brains and freedom to use them. They are translated

into liberal and flexible equivalents. The change was long confined to the upper stratum of mind, leaving the mass of believers unaffected; but it is now rapidly percolating down, and diffusing itself among the multitude.—*Rev. W. H. Alger.*

The managers of the London Stock Exchange recently bought a piece of land in Old Broad Street, at the rate of \$400 per superficial foot. That is a big price to pay for real estate, even in London, and especially during a period of financial depression.

WHAT EXPERIENCE TEACHES.—*Young Wives*—Mr. Polson, I wish some nice smells for dinner to-day.
Mr. Polson—Yes, Madam; how many?
Young Wives—One will do, please, for only last week I ordered two salmon and there was a great deal too much.—*Life.*

The evils caused by the use of beer have been enumerated in a harrowing manner by the *Scientific American*, which says that beer is more dangerous than whiskey. A degeneration of all the organs, profound and fatty deposits, diminished circulation, condition of congestion, and other signs of deterioration are results of beer drinking.

A bright little boy in Brooklyn, at the beginning of Lent, when asked by his Sunday school teacher "who had fasted forty days and forty nights," replied: "Dr. Tanner."—*The Independent.*

Theodore Thomas says Americans must have a diversity in music as well as in everything else, and, unlike the people of other nationalities, do not confine their appreciation to the performances of any one nationality.

Knock sin down, and respectability will have a chance to walk about. Every man reform himself, and any part of the world will be a safe and sweet place to live in.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

You can never depend upon proverbs. One says "Silence is golden;" another, "Money talks."

The people of Boston are taxed to support the City Hospital, and wherefore should the Trustees establish a privileged class to enjoy the benefit of its advantages? Open the door wide to all who apply with proper motive. There can be no other way and no justice.—*Boston Journal.*

We can gracefully stand the railroad cuts; but the cuts in the daily newspapers are so outrageously coarse and vulgar caricatures that it is enough to make one grate his teeth looking at them.

The word "candy" comes to us from the Arabic and Persian, and another name for sugar.—*Harpers Magazine.*

"THE BOSTONIAN," published every Saturday, at 105 Summer street, is indispensable to every one, giving as it does in each issue, corrected time-tables and routes of steam and horse-cars, amusement announcements, maps of Boston and select reading.

We pity the hypocrite while we condemn his hypocrisy.

The debt of Canada is \$280,000,000, and yet the Dominion Government, to spite the Yankees, won't allow its citizens to sell salt or ice to our fishermen, thus injuring much of the business of its people on the seaboard. If this is not biting one's nose off to spite one's face, what is?

We hear a great deal of talk about the consumption of fish. We wonder they don't try cod liver oil.—*Puck.*

Patti, "the Queen of Wales," and Nicolini, were united in marriage "religiously," June 10th, at Ystradgynlais—a thousand children uniting on the occasion, at the church door, in singing the following inspiring (!) hymn of welcome to the bride:
"A cherub choir, a choir of angels,
A choir of flowers, a choir of birds,
A choir of flowers, a choir of birds,
A choir of flowers, a choir of birds."

Cholera is raging in Venice. The death rate averages 24 a day.

The Commencement exercises of Columbia College, New York, June 9th, were marked by the awarding of the first degree ever conferred by that institution upon a woman. Miss Winifred Edgerton, aged twenty-four, was made a Doctor of Philosophy cum laude. She graduated from Wellesley College in 1883.

Parliament dissolved, and English statesmen appealing to their respective parties for support, a. e., reflection, is the present status of the "home rule" contest.

The celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Rhode Island occurs June 24th.

The Omaha *Republican* says: "The cyclone bloweth where it listeth." It appears to have a regular list of subscribers in Ohio, Missouri, Kansas and other States.—*Randolph (W.Va.) Radical.*

The date for the dedication of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty at New York is fixed for September 3d, the anniversary of the treaty of Paris.

The Estillville, Va., *Progressive Age* informs its readers that inquiry concerning Spiritualism is rife "up on the Ridge," and that "Planchette is answering questions that confound the skeptics."

Letter from Gen. Edwards.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
The following printed card was placed in my hands, which induced me to attend one of the sances indicated on one of the evenings advertised in the card as follows:
"SPIRITUALISM.—If you want to hear and see some wonderful manifestations in a bright light, attend P. O. A. Keeler's sances at No. 418 12th street, N. W., on Friday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, at 8. No dark room; all in the light."
There were some fifty or sixty sitters jammed in a small front parlor, four rows deep, at one dollar each. A parlor curtain hung over the door, between the parlors and over the parlor door curtain the cabinet curtain extended two feet, which to me looked suspicious. Mr. K. stated his wife would act the medium, and would not be subjected to any test-conditions; that he himself would sit on the outside of the cabinet; that two phases of manifestations might occur—*one* *side* *apts* and transfiguration of the medium. Well, I have attended a great many sances for materialization given by various mediums, but not one so dark as this. During the whole sance all I could see, when K. would announce the presence of a spirit he would announce who it was for, when I could observe where the curtains parted a faint moving of a white drapery, but could see no forms whatever. In view of the fact of the almost total dark conditions, the advertising card would seem to be intended as a snare to deceive.

Near the close of the sance there was a manifestation purporting to be an Indian spirit, who came with a tremendous war-whoop, and seized K. and the two had a little tussle; but I did not see it. So, in this instance, I had the sense of hearing to bear on the case, and that was all I had. I never cared myself for test conditions as long as I could use a majority of my senses, my reason and common-sense judgment. To admit manifestations occurring at this sance to have been genuine, the fewer hand neighbor's arms with their hands, and with no other arm to be grasped by his neighbor, is a little too shallow on the score of conditions. I have no time to spare with any such mediums, or spirits, who would demand such conditions.

Yours for the truth and honest dealing,
Washington, D. C. JOHN EDWARDS.

Summer Camp Meetings.

Cassadaga Lake.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
As was announced in the BANNER OF LIGHT of May 22d, the annual picnic of the Cassadaga Lake Free Association of Spiritualists was held June 5th and 6th. The meeting was called to order by the Vice-President, Mr. E. V. Bond. He said he felt thankful at having the privilege of meeting so many friendly faces on the present occasion, and that it was a good omen of what might be expected in August. He introduced as the speaker for the afternoon Mr. Charles Dawbarn, of New York.

Mr. Dawbarn spoke in praise of the beauty of the grounds, and their prominent fitness for a camping place. He announced as his subject, "Man and Spirit," and for an hour held the audience in closest attention. Sunday morning the meeting convened at 10½ with Mr. Bond in the chair. Mr. Dawbarn's cornet band furnished very fine music. Mr. Dawbarn announced as his subject: "Scientific Spiritualism." It would be useless attempt to give a synopsis of the lecture, but the decision of many of the audience was that it was equal in power, eloquence and thought to any discourse ever heard at this camp. For the afternoon lecture Mr. Dawbarn announced for his subject: "The Individuality."

Over one thousand people were on the grounds. Miss Carrie Twing and Mr. J. V. Mansfield each gave sances to quite a number with very good satisfaction. If any contemplate going to camp for physical cure, the Cassadaga Lake Free Association is the place to go. It has been the aim of the management to present the best available talent, and the success of the meetings has proved this to be the best policy in the conducting of spiritualistic gatherings.

We shall open in the fall on the first Sunday in October. Some of the most popular mediums in the country will be present, and every effort will be spared to make our meetings entertaining and instructive the coming season. We have a larger number of prominent Spiritualists on our roll of membership than ever before, and trust that the coming season will be a greater one for the future than in the past. Harmony prevails, and the members and officers vie with each other in doing their duty, in encouraging and developing mediumship and promulgating the truths of Spiritualism. It is hoped that the Cassadaga Lake Free Association will be a permanent institution for the materialization and physical manifestations will take especial care that these phenomena are open and aboveboard and free from all semblance of fraud. Those persons who perambulate the country, giving shows of the yellow hand-lid, and the "mediums" who receive early attention, as many of our workers are asking if it is not time these pretenders and cheats, with no mediumistic powers, should be called upon to halt in their nefarious practices of simulating talents, and to give up their fraudulent claims. How long would the Christians of Boston submit to having a showman make merchandise of their rites and ceremonies in a public hall on a Sunday evening at a twenty-five cent admission? Why should Spiritualists be asked to pay for such a show? The Spiritualists of Boston should make a concerted effort to rid the community of these mountebanks. Let us all work together in helping honest mediums develop their powers for the phenomena, rid the scene-room of everything that looks like fraud, until the manifestations stand out so clear that the skeptic will admit they are genuine, and their production not accounted for in any other way than that which the Spiritualists claim they are produced.

Queen City Park.
To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
As I am aware that the columns of your time-honored journal are always open to matters of progress, whether spiritual or material, I wish through its pages to inform the many friends and intending visitors to Queen City Park of the progress we are making for their comfort and convenience during the coming camp-meeting at that delightful summer resort. A large and commodious hotel is now in process of erection there, containing sixty bedrooms and a dining-room with seating capacity for two hundred guests; reception-rooms and a veranda on four sides, and a large hall, will make it a place as comfortable as necessary. A competent and efficient landlord has been engaged, and the managers are determined to spare no efforts to provide for the pleasure and comfort of their visitors. It is expected the hotel will be ready for occupancy on the 1st of July. The Pavilion has been moved, windows fitted into it, some handsome lamps and other furnishings purchased by the Ladies' Aid Society, who intend holding another fair there this year.

We have an admirable list of speakers engaged, and the low rates I have secured on most of the railroads make it an object for all who can possibly come to visit this charming spot.

On the 1st of July, the first week in August, with my loved ones, good for Lake Pleasant, Sunapee and Burlington, and at the Crawford House, Boston, on Friday, June 26th, where I can give further information to all who desire it. The Crawford House, near England hold their annual grove meetings at our camp, commencing Aug. 10th and continuing one week. E. A. SMITH, Burlington, Vt. President Queen City Park.

Park Association.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
On account of so much rainy weather we will not be ready to open our Camp-Meeting until Sunday, June 20th. B. F. DU BOIS, Secretary of Spiritual and Park Association, Limited, of Bridgeport, Pa.

[From the Cleveland Plain Dealer of June 17th.]

Memorial Sunday in Cleveland, Ohio.

The same glad season of the year in which are commemorated the memories of national heroes, when nature is clothed in green and all is fresh and fragrant, is chosen by the Spiritualists of this city in which to pay loving tributes to the spirits of the other world. Children's Progressive Lyceum and the West Side Lyceum united yesterday in Welserberg's Hall. The room was neatly trimmed with flowers of different kinds. A profusion of foliage adorned the platform, and as the audience assembled many brought bouquets which they placed around the border. Prominent among the decorations was a large monogram made up of the letters "O. P. L." the artistic work of Mr. Frank A. Whiting. The first two letters were of green and the last of white flowers. A large number of friends, including many of the friends, the frames fringed with blossoms. The audience was large and included a number of strangers. The mediums present were invited to the platform.

Mr. Thomas Lee, the Conductor, opened the exercises by a reading of the "Declaration of Sentiments," which was a beautiful and inspiring address. The results of the festival at this time of the year will soon become as important as the national festival on the last of March in memory of the advent of Spiritualism. Mr. Lee's address was a beautiful and inspiring address. He presented that their departed friends were there in spirit to read two poems illustrating the nature of the life beyond.

After singing, Mr. Lee called upon several mediums for short addresses. The first was Mr. William W. Bond, a young man recently developed as a speaker, who, under the control of the spirit world, when I am gone? Is the thought that comes into my mind this morning. Yes, all things are missed. Those who have reached that eternal shore are missed. We are left here to the mercy of man, the reflex of their virtues abides upon those of us who remain. The love we bore them in the physical existence stretches out into the heavenly spheres above. Mr. Lee was next called upon, told of a loved one gone before, who the day previous had spent out her name to her, and said she wanted to be remembered here to-day. She then spoke words of exhortation to the living. They need more harmony in order to extend their influence. They need to give themselves up unreservedly if they expect their communications will be answered by the departed spirits. There is need of more earnestness. Their work is far off, but present among them, and bid them to rejoice in the life beyond.

Mr. C. O. Van Duzee, a visiting medium, spoke of the importance of the hour, and the need of living prepared to meet their loved ones. "Let this day be an advance step to the higher life," he said. Each speaker or some principle from this event which may elevate you. Those spirits here to-day will surround you and bear you upward. What are you doing to-day? Are you endeavoring to aid the poor and lift up the fallen? What are you doing to extend the influence of this day? Awake to the influence of the spirits who surround you and may there be stamped upon your soul the image of beauty and the power of God. May you bring into the beauties of nature. The meaning embodied in nature in God and angels and spirits. Those whose memories we this day cherish, when with us labored not for wealth, but the love of God, the love of spirit, and the love of communication with the spirit-world.

After these addresses Mr. Lee named prominent workers who have passed to the spirit-land, and made brief remarks in connection with each. Among others were mentioned General McLeod, Thomas Jones, once a prominent member of the Cassadaga Lake Free Association, who was killed by a falling tree, and was expelled for voting the abolition ticket; Mary J. Madden and Sarah M. Thompson, who were indefatigable workers as mediums; D. U. Pratt, who had a gentle, well-balanced nature; James Lawrence, who was one of the pillars of the Cassadaga Lake Free Association. A medium who was a rare light, and it will be some time before her place will be filled. Her prominent trait was her pure unselfishness. Several other ascended spirits were mentioned and fittingly described.

The remainder of the program was miscellaneous in character. Mr. Levi Nichols read a poem entitled "Friendship." Mrs. Davies, the Guardian of the Lyceum, related a poem entitled "My Angel Boy." Following this was a reading of a poem by Mrs. A. H. Smith, a novel feature was a dialogue about the "six spiritual graces," in which six little girls each spoke a stanza of poetry describing the sentiments embodied in each of the graces. A solo, "Gathering the Flowers," by Mrs. Emerson, was the closing piece on the program.

ALLEN PUTNAM, Esq., will answer calls to lecture or to attend funerals. Address him No. 46 Clarendon street, Boston, Mass.

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston:

Banner of Light Circle.—Room No. 9 Bowditch street.—Every Tuesday and Friday afternoon at 2½ and 7½ P. M. For further particulars, see notice on sixth page. L. B. Wilson, Chairman.
1021 Washington Street.—First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society. Meetings every Friday at 2½ and 7½ P. M. Mrs. Henry C. Torrey, Secretary.
College Hall, 54 Essex Street.—Sundays, at 10½ A. M., 2½ and 7½ P. M., and Wednesday at 7½ P. M. Eben Cobb, Conductor.
Esplanade, 610 Washington Street, corner of Esplanade.—Sundays at 10½ A. M., 2½ and 7½ P. M.; also Thursdays at 7½ P. M. Able speakers and test mediums. Excellent music. Prescott Robinson, Chairman.

Chelsea.—The Ladies' Social Aid Society meets every other Friday afternoon and evening in the parlors of Mrs. E. H. Pratt, Academy block. Mediums and friends are invited. Mrs. M. A. Dodge, Secretary.

The Spiritualistic Phenomena Association closed its meetings for the season on Sunday, May 30th, with Joseph D. Siles as the principal attraction. During the year this wonderful medium has occupied our platform on ten different occasions, and more than a thousand different spirits have communicated through him, and been recognized. For rapidity and accuracy of response this medium unsurpassed by any other medium on the American Spiritualistic platform. He will be with us next season. We have also had Mr. J. Frank Baxter, Edgar W. Emerson, Margaret Fox Kane, whose efforts were most satisfactory to the large audiences that have gathered in Berkeley Hall on Sunday afternoons. Miss M. T. Shelhamer, Charles Dawbarn and Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond gave us words of wisdom that were highly appreciated.

It has been the aim of the management to present the best available talent, and the success of the meetings has proved this to be the best policy in the conducting of spiritualistic gatherings.

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Salem, Mass.—Mrs. H. C. Meldrum, Corresponding Secretary, informs us that the Spiritualists' Memorial exercises in Salem, on Sunday afternoon and evening, June 6th, were of great interest. The exercises were well spoken of by the *Register* and the *Gazette*. Mr. George Storrs, President, eloquently addressed the assembly, made by Dr. Dean Clarke, Richardson and J. C. Street, of Boston; there were readings by Mrs. Sanger and Mrs. Kimball, of Penobscot, Mrs. Senter of Lowell, and Mrs. Wells of Salem, and readings by Miss Bailey, including Misses Meldrum, Hanson, Kimball, the singing, the charge of Miss Amanda Bailey, was a marked feature of the services. Miss Bailey sang "The Flag of the Free"; Mrs. Senter presided at the organ and sang an alto solo, and also a duet with Miss Bailey. A collection composed of Messrs. Davis, Glazier, Heathcote and Kenney, rendered several fine selections; Mr. C. E. Legrand gave "The Dying Soldier's Song," "My Mother Knew me in my Dreams," and Mrs. Johnson gave "The Soldier's Song." An address by Mr. E. J. Traor, rendered a selection by Mr. J. Kaula, a song for the cornet by Mr. A. F. Kilham, and "Departed Days," which was heartily applauded. The hall was tastefully decorated with flowers, interspersed with the stars and stripes. A collection was served in the banquet hall for the out-of-town friends. There was a full attendance both afternoon and evening, and all felt that the memorial service was well arranged and highly successful. Mrs. N. W. Willis will speak for the friends in Salem on Sunday, June 20th.

Spiritualism in Oregon.
To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
The First Society of Spiritualists of Portland had an entertainment at its hall on June 2d, consisting of music, vocal and instrumental, speaking, and, lastly, plenty of tables and dancing. I think at least two hundred and fifty met to enjoy the evening together. All who volunteered to make the occasion pleasant and entertaining acted their parts well.

The Society is in a flourishing condition, and is fast increasing its numbers. Next Sunday we go from our present hall into the Masonic Hall, it being much larger than the one presently occupied. It seems strange that some enterprising test and lecturing medium does not emigrate here, and give a series of lectures, interspersed with the stars and stripes. A collection was served in the banquet hall for the out-of-town friends. There was a full attendance both afternoon and evening, and all felt that the memorial service was well arranged and highly successful. Mrs. N. W. Willis will speak for the friends in Salem on Sunday, June 20th.

Spiritualist Meetings in New York.
Grand Opera House Hall, 5th Avenue and 23d Street.—The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings at this hall every Sunday at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. For further particulars, see notice on sixth page. The People's Spiritual Meeting every Sunday at 2½ and 7½ P. M. also Thursday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. No vacation for warm weather. Frank W. Jones, Conductor.

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To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
Mr. Wm. O. Bowen of Brooklyn, N. Y., delivered an address before the People's Meeting, at Spencer Hall, Sunday evening, May 30th, in which he narrated some of his experiences in the late war, while serving in the peninsula campaign with Gen. McClellan. His lecture was highly interesting, and well befitted "Decoration Day." Dr. P. F. Field gave a reading very appropriate to the day and occasion, as a prelude to the exercises. The subject was "The Kingdom of God on Earth," and the text was "The Kingdom of God is within you." The exercises were very successful, and the audience was highly satisfied. The exercises were very successful, and the audience was highly satisfied.

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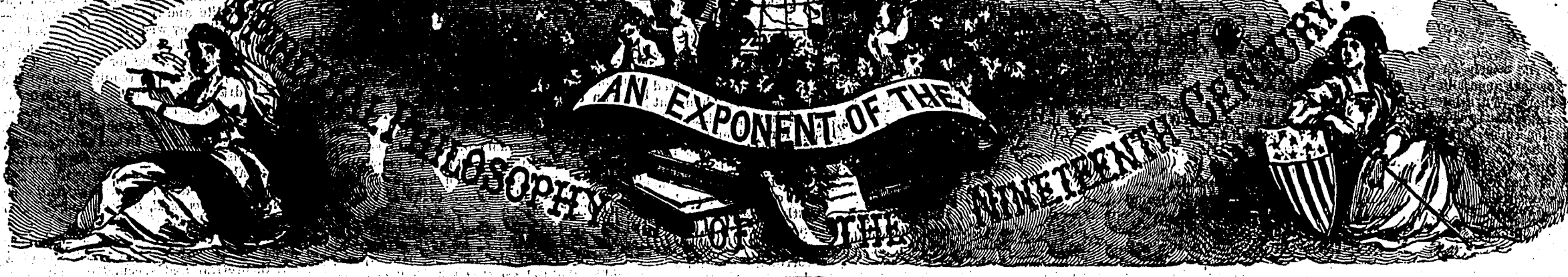
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BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Biographical.

IS BJÖRNSTERNE BJÖRNSSON A SPIRITUALIST?

When a man like the poet Björnsterne Björnson writes upon a subject, it is always characteristic of his intense nature and deep love for truth. His energy in dealing with those who forget their manliness for the sake of popularity, and shrink from an honest opinion because they will have to carry it alone, perhaps against the file and rank of prejudiced opinion, is fully known by those who have had an insight into his gigantic and successful contest with a spiteful Conservatism in Norway. His great personality as much as his literary genius is sympathetic to Americans, who are aware of the value of a man presents not only to his country, but to humanity at large, when the cause for which he fought throws its light into remote places and stirs to beneficent thought and activity.

His short biography of that strange but wonderful man, "Vis-Knut," has raised a monument to a poor and lowly peasant boy, because he was what here in America is called a medium; suffered ignominy and persecution from the arrogance of the educated and from the excited distrust of the ignorant. This is not a poetic creation but a realistic report gathered from people who knew Knut, and Björnson himself, for many years a resident in Gausdale, had the best opportunity to verify and test what a generation before him and his own contemporaries corroborated. No man better than Björnson understands the Norwegian peasant, and we have had no poet who with greater truth delineates his character under the shifting circumstances of a hard life.

It is but lately that my attention was attracted to this biography, and reading it, I was greatly impressed with so simple a life and so much good worked through it. Starting from this point, I found also other reasons for wishing to translate it, and thus let this life be known within a wider circle. My own position as a Spiritualist and Healer conveyed to me an easier comprehension of such startling facts as those related. I had also in former years often heard of Knut and wondered at such a man, who seemed to belong as much to legend as to stern reality.

Is Björnson a Spiritualist? I could not say—but what so very wonderful if he were? Many things now come to my mind which fifteen years ago had quite a different aspect.

As a young student in Christiania, at that time some of us formed a liberal club outside of the regular one, where the old and conservative elements ruled, richly supported by the majority of elder students and even by those already in the "official treadmill" under its heavy motto, noblesse oblige. In this "rebel club" we had Björnson for president, and every time he was among us there was either an animated discussion or a breathless attention when the poet communicated his thoughts upon the subject in hand. One evening in particular there was a long and interesting debate about dreams and their nature. Jonas Lie, another Norwegian poet, had just then written a novel, "The Clairvoyant," which created quite a sensation. The two subjects blended. We gradually drifted away from our philosophical ballast, and both Kant and Hegel "dematerialized" and were forgotten, while Björnson held us spellbound by his magnificent eloquence—few men know how to talk as he does—and carried us with him to the regions of that so very contemptible "moonshine philosophy." But as memory puts these fragments together to-day, when personal experience has matured into positive knowledge, what was then a mere aspiration—I find great reason to believe that when he gives fully his thoughts, stronger than hinted in the biography, he wrote, there will be much of interest in his experience.

I doubt not that the day is near, and with the growing interest in these matters from many Scandinavians in the old world, they will be long become steadfast workers, helping to throw a new light over the before so easily and laughingly despatched superstition. As Björnson does not bend his opinion for a caprice or a sneer, it will not matter to him if philosophers in frock-coats or "we scientists" disagree with his views. Can they explain these wonderful

facts, good—they will get a fair hearing, but not a grain of antipathy that they know all about it. It is in this sense and in full trust to my great countryman's undaunted courage of opinion, his broad and penetrating view of nature and man, that I incline toward the idea that Björnsterne Björnson will subscribe to the spiritualistic knowledge of natural phenomena, hitherto totally unexplained by science. But of this the future will decide. At any rate, these pages from his pen are full of interest and the only written expression of his disposition in this direction. They seem to promise more, but as they are given, they contain sufficient to show a manly and upright character, impressed with a great wrong and unmerited suffering as a return for much good and undeniable truth. I hope that in a near future I may enjoy the privilege of pointing decisively to his own reply in regard to himself, and that it some day will come, I have no doubt, because in all this lies deep thought able to guide the flight of our highest aspirations—worthy alike of the poet and the thinker.

DR. H. G. PETERSEN.
6 Worcester Square, Boston, June 1886.

"VIS-KNUT."

BY BJÖRNSTERNE BJÖRNSSON.
COPYRIGHTED TRANSLATION FROM THE NORWEGIAN,
BY DR. H. G. PETERSEN.

Last century a lad in Romsdale went up in the mountains after hay. It is the custom to mow during the summer months on the enclosed *Seters*, or pastures, and then drive it down to the farm when the winter makes the roads easy for transport. While up there and at work the barn tumbled down, and frightened the horse one way and the lad another. He never returned to Romsdale. But a few years later he was a married man on Nordgaard in Gausdale, an abandoned farm which he, in all probability, had got with his wife. They had a daughter who married and had a son, Johann, and this son was somewhat strange, and could "see," as once, when he was out courting, he saw the fairies and brownies. A son of this man was called Rasmus, and among his nine children Knut was one, better known over the whole of Norway and a great part of Sweden by the name of "Vis-Knut," meaning Wise-Knut.

Knut was not at all like other children. He suffered also from sickness, epilepsy, and could, therefore, not do much work, not even learn to read. His way was to learn by listening. The teacher took a liking to that strange, sick lad with the big and shining eyes, which squinted horribly, and thus strengthened the impression of something strange and far away. He would, all of a sudden, while sitting on his chair, fall down and be absent for a long, long time. The other school-children saw something supernatural in him.

As he grew up the epilepsy diminished. He was confirmed only on the strength of what he understood and had learnt by heart, as he could neither write nor read. He was to go out and earn his bread now, as his father had just died. But hard manual work was too much for him, and, suffering again from the old trouble, he had to turn home. He was born and reared in a poor mountain district, on one of its most wretched farms. His miserable health demanded better nourishment, and that he did not get. So did he remain with the mother, and commenced to read, calculate and write by his own efforts. In those days the peasants considered that a sort of divine worship, as all the book-learning they were acquainted with then was knowledge about God, his word and work, and even being able to read and write they looked upon as a "gift of grace." His mother was a rigid Christian, so also his teacher, and the poor invalid seized upon God as a staff and support; his early bent toward reverent conversation about the supernatural, the wonderful, found in the Bible stories about the prophets and the miracles only their greater and truer realization. He lay there, a cripple, hedged in by mountains and poverty, but longing for what was far away. And so he transformed meanwhile all the small around him and made it grand. As soon as he could get up he wanted to help the mother, and all the dreams he sowed when working the little potato-land held him for a time to his home and the work there. But it could not last long, and the least thing was sufficient to make him take flight when his wings were once grown. It came at last.

Living as he did in a supernatural sphere, he permitted himself, on one occasion, to try superstitious means against his ill. From three sick people he was to take three blood-drops and eat them on a piece of bread; in the spring, before the cuckoo commenced to sing, he was to take the heart of a snake, fry it, and then eat. People also gave him an amulet to carry around his neck.

This he thought was a touch of the supernatural powers. He felt as if burnt by them. His peace was disturbed. Had not God forbidden witchcraft? Who was Knut, that he should dare to rely upon other forces than God's, and how was it going to end with him, who had forgotten his God, nay, even betrayed him? Brooding over this, everything vain and useless which he had thought or said from a child, added weight to his martyr soul. His faint heart could not stand such a pressure, and he was repeatedly tempted to make an end of his miserable life, which he now had wasted anyhow. If only he saw a knife, it appeared to beckon him to use it for a suicidal purpose. As last he wanted to go to the Lord's Supper and get forgiveness. There was holy to be pronounced *Vis-Knut*, in old Norse, a man who had seen the light, and had been at the Lord's Supper.

divine service six weeks after Christmas, 1818, in the little remote church in Svastum, and it was there he longed to go. But three days before service he had to take to his bed, a victim to the most excruciating pains. When, at last, after several days' duration, the sufferings had calmed, he heard music of harps in the air, and also devotional songs. Later he heard also like music of violins and clarionets, sweeping, as it were, along the earth, while a choir of heavenly voices ascended toward the skies. He remembered afterward what they sang, and it was, as to construction, a poor verse telling him to throw away the emblem of witchcraft around his neck, and confide in God's remedies, which were "the flesh and blood of Jesus." The admonishing psalm ended thus:

"Clean yourself from sin and wrong,
And sickness leaves you pure and strong."

It is to be noticed that while all the verses he both now and later "heard," are in the Norwegian language, as written and spoken in the city, Knut himself spoke constantly the considerably unlike district-dialect, and had but a reading acquaintance, through the Bible and a few other books, with the first one.

Before I go on with this strange man's life, which in its time called forth so many opinions and so much scorn, I must remark that I am guided by a book written in the country language, viz., a purified composition of peasant dialects, remnants of our old Norse language. The author, Johannes Skar, was born a peasant, but a University man; he has from childhood heard about Vis-Knut, and later taken pains to travel considerably in the country for the purpose of personally investigating what was told, and was not satisfied unless he had met and questioned those who had had some relation or other with Knut. With this one he has often spoken. He lived here in Svastum in Gausdale only last year, (1881) and a few miles from my house. Many of the stories I repeat I have heard myself, some directly, and others from second and third hand, and I have heard as a child some which are similar to those Johannes Skar tells, without having had it in my power to sift the details. But this Johannes Skar has been able to do, and against his veracity no one can whisper the smallest doubt.

And, also, there is not a man who does not affirm that Knut was an honest soul. He lived to be eighty-nine years. He received all who came to him, and the whole district knew him, I should say, every one. About his honesty there was but one opinion, from the old man who had lived with him from childhood, to the grown men who could not, like the others, have been influenced by his earliest public appearance, and the abuse he then suffered. Here is now a calm judgment about him. It may differ with regard to the cause of all that he was able to do far better than others, but concerning himself and his honesty there is but one opinion. I ought, perhaps, also to add that those priests and judges who have met him in this last generation, were and are just as convinced of his honesty as others. But with all this I do not mean to say that he was not exposed to self-delusion, as everybody easily can persuade himself. Enough remains, however, entirely free from the self-delusion, which is sometimes mixed with it—but all the same it is very strange and inexplicable.

Inexplicable? Well, there are many explanations. I myself have also my own ready to a certain extent, but I will keep them back, as I simply desire to give absolutely reliable material for those who want to penetrate where scientific research even to-day gropes in the dark.

Let us then return to Knut: From the moment he threw away the amulet he was a long time free from epileptic fits. He could all of a sudden hear first mixed music—he called it war music—and then again fine, soft tones as of many instruments, ending always with psalms, rigid and monotonous advice. In a dry, faulty book language. It commenced when he was in great distress and ended when he could do as the psalm enjoined, call upon God. "He clenched his teeth and listened as long as he heard the song," he says; "he could not then be disturbed by anything of his own."

People advised him to have himself bled; they said he suffered from too thick blood. He wanted to do as they told him, but on his way "it sang" that he was doing wrong, and he had to turn back. "It sang" that it was his sin and not his thick blood, and that only prayer could save him.

Only late in the spring he was able to leave his bed altogether and sit in the sun before the hut. He could sit and be commanded, he thought, to take a hymn book, follow verse after verse while he heard the most glorious psalms sung around him. It was more particularly the old impressive ones which thus were sung while his finger followed the words in the hymn book. When he regained his health he "received orders" to go to others and awaken them from sin. This he was very much afraid to do, as he expected people would speak about his "thick blood." But the voices told him to be brave until he had been to the Lord's Supper, and then it would be well with him.

Now new things were added. He was able to hear what occurred far away, even in foreign countries, and when the report of it or the mail at last came, his words were found to be true. If a man had lost his way in the mountains, or if the cattle strayed, he told where to look for them. When a farm had had water, he indicated where to dig, and they found excellent water.

and rubbed, all the while trembling, with clenched teeth and with the foam about his mouth. And he prayed aloud with the sick, "because if God did not help, nothing could."

One can easily imagine the impression created by all this upon the peasants, who visited the man in greater and greater numbers, and from the most distant parts of the country. God had sent a prophet among them!

The last century's attack upon religion had also taken effect upon the educated class in Norway, and their doubts were felt all around them. The minister in the district there was a man eager to advance all knowledge. He had published a book which he wanted the community to use instead of Luther's Catechism, replacing, as it did, belief by morals. But although the people had become somewhat cold in comparison to the greater religious fervor of quite a recent date, it needed but to be touched upon for it to be proven that the old belief was still the strongest.

So when it became known that Knut intended to partake of the Lord's Supper in Svastum Church the 7th of June, and that it had been told him that on that day he would swoon in the church and remain so for two hours, nothing more was needed to draw an immense number of people, anxious and curious to both hear and see him. Svastum is a long, monotonous valley, lined with not very high mountains. Nevertheless one gets an impression of heaviness, as the valley is narrow. The farms seem to be hanging up under the mountain sides; only in a few places are to be found plains; and on such a one stands the church, a little light wood chapel. The river runs by, foaming and ill-tempered; the slope shows cultivated bits snatched from the forest; these spots give light to the dark monotony.

The people do not possess the usual gaiety of the high mountaineer; they are like Gudbrandsdalen all through, quiet and heavy. They have no popular songs, no characteristic poetry. The people in Svastum have, as a rule, longish bony faces, blue eyes and dark hair. The expression is grave and searching; their nature is marked by great circumspection, or what explains it still better, by self-command. This is indeed the strongest characteristic of the people in Gudbrand's dale, and it is shown in their manners; the men move with striking dignity and the women with a pleasing modesty. But the people are heavy, and the life among them depressing and hedged in like the nature in which they live.

Life had nevertheless got into this rigid mass to-day. They were going to meet with the "miracle-boy." Many went toward him on his way; others waited in clusters upon the plain around the church. The men had breeches and long boots, and coats with green facings. The women wore black, close-fitting dresses, with large white kerchiefs (*skaut*) on the head, and those so large that the faces were almost hidden away. At a distance it looked as if a swarm of white birds were sitting on the plain; the women were sitting apart from the men, the same as they do in the church even to-day.

But here came Knut with a great company. He was now twenty-one years old, tall and of heavy build, but awkward, and as if slack about the joints. He came with a quick though limping gait, and the whole flock after him. He had no hat. On the way it had been whispered in his ear that he should take it off, and from that day he never wore one, as he got convulsions every time he did. His suit of hair was immense, coarse and coal-black, standing straight up from his large forehead, and falling down over his shoulders like flapping wings. His face was large and very expressive: the mouth half-open, the nose high and straight, the eyes had remarkably large, brilliant pupils, and, as already remarked, squinted. This served to give them a somewhat vague look, and reminded those who saw him of that secret voice ruling over his will and faculties. All this, his appearance and the procession he came in, created astonishment and presentiment!

It was a fine summer day; the door and windows in the church stood open. The minister was in the sacristy, waiting until it became quiet enough for the service to commence. Knut went straight to the sacristy, greeted the minister and sat down beside him: "I am the man who has been a laughing-stock to the world because I am forced to speak what is whispered in my ears." The minister thought him deranged and accordingly treated him with forbearance. Knut then sang "with a poor delivery," says the minister in his report, "several psalms which he had heard." These we still have; they recommend conversion in the old Testamental spirit, viz., without threats about eternal sufferings in hell. If the people did not do as the Lord commanded, pestilence and cruel war were to follow. But this was but the commencement. The first psalm already was more a persuasion than a menace; it mentioned all the adornments the soul was to seek to receive from God, and the summons to search them was very impressive and more emphatic, both in contents and form, than his first attempt some months ago. Psalm followed upon psalm: the congregation filled the church and looked around the doors. There was such a silence! The minister had to stand there. Knut's second psalm mentioned all the "vice" and abuses in the district; even those of the church; but its tendency was always mild. The third psalm complained over that so many of the old holidays of late had been discarded, and that the people did not praise God enough. At last the service could commence. The church was not large enough that day, and people stood around the open doors and under the windows. Soon it was rumored among them that Knut trembled and shivered in the church because they were singing in the new

and inferior hymn-book. The singing stopped, and the congregation had to take the old one by Thomas Kingo. Already this appeared to be of great importance, caused by Knut, as the old book was beloved by them all. Knut had meanwhile grown worse, and two of his brothers had to help him to the altar to receive the absolution, and he became unconscious when he went back. The congregation was greatly moved. The service had again to be interrupted. When the minister at last proposed that he should be carried out, Knut asked them "to let him remain in God's temple." But it was finally necessary to take him out, and as he lay on the grass he had such violent convulsions that he often would jump up high from the ground. Between each attack he prayed and the others sang. The women were weeping, as his sufferings and his piety moved them deeply. The minister came out. Knut sang also to him. The minister spoke and explained to the congregation that Knut was in that condition they also were in when they dreamed.

Knut remained until Tuesday upon farms near the church, and "received orders" to take his old schoolmaster, the sexton, with him to the church, open it and toll the bells. He was, furthermore, "ordered" to approach the church in a straight line, over hedges, cairns and ditches. A woman saw him go. "She saw a bright light over him and the way he went." He remained alone in the church two hours after those who followed him first had sung three psalms and said the Lord's prayer. When they came to aid him back he sang for them a never-ending verse, which he, however, had "heard," and, later, had taken down for the purpose of sending, as "ordered," to the authorities in Christiania. It was a rather sober counsel as to the change of some church and school books, to change the present mode of life as well as to make more holidays; was it not done, pestilence and cruel war were sure to come.

From that day Knut's life was divided between preaching the word, accompanied with all the good he was able to do, and persecution on that account, principally directed against him by the priests. These had just then, through the theological faculty in Christiania, broken the enthusiastic activity of Hans Nielsen Hauge, who with some of his followers were in jail for years, and they kept a vigilant watch that nothing new came up, and it was forbidden by law to preach otherwise than according to the ritual sanctioned by the aforesaid theological faculty. Nevertheless, Knut was "ordered" to set out and preach, and was consequently arrested in Froom, and they tried to bring him to his home district. But Knut got convulsions, one leg became stiff, and they could not get him away. They tried again, and many men took hold of him, but he again got convulsions, and fell before the sheriff's feet as though thrown down by a mighty wind. Now he became rigid over the whole body, could only advance step by step, and suffered greatly. He prayed much, and men and women followed. Among these was a giant, Mort Nerlid, who, when serving as a soldier, had proved himself to be the strongest man in the Highlands. He had a child's devotion for Knut, and asked to deliver him from his tormentors. But the humble and law-obedient Knut would not allow him to do it. They went on until Knut fell down, saying "that they could just as well open his heart then and there." A horse and sleigh was now used, but then the convulsions began so strongly that he, according to all the witnesses' testimony, was thrown from the sleigh quite a distance, and this happened every time they put him on the sleigh, and once when they drove along the river, he was even thrown out into it. He was now left in peace a while, but, tired and exhausted as he was, he nevertheless preached in the evening for the many people who had arrived from all parts. He sang that evening a wonderfully beautiful psalm. He must have made a strong impression, as there was one present who learnt the psalm only by hearing Knut sing it, and was able to repeat it half a century later to him who collected these characteristics of his life.

The military force was now appealed to, and a captain and two lieutenants—I suppose they considered it fun—brought seven men with loaded guns. As Knut was then preaching, they left a patrol to summon them when over. Meanwhile they had a little dance and card-playing in the house where they waited, and this pleasant occupation made them forget Knut and everything else until about midnight, when they entered the room where Knut slept. It was narrow, and so low that the guns scraped under the roof. Knut prayed there to be lenient, and the giant, who also slept there, thought it was best to throw the whole army down stairs, but Knut quieted both him and the others who stood around his bed, while the clothes were forced upon him. He was now lashed to the sleigh with strong ropes. All of a sudden he had a horrible attack, and the ropes broke like threads. He was made still more secure, but it occurred again, and he was thrown between the legs of the horses. A strong man held him now down on the sleigh while the others secured him with the ropes. "Knut then complained bitterly." The cruelty continued many miles, and every time one set of men handed him over to another, Knut sang for those who left, praised God, and prayed for them.

Just as he had resolved home in this manner, the giant Mort Nerlid, and a peasant from Froom came as spokesmen, to ask Knut back again to the people up there. They meant to watch him so no hair should be touched on his head. "Knut was very much afraid, but," he was ordered to follow, and already the next time there was to be service he was at church

VERIFICATION OF A SPIRIT-MESSAGE.
NAT JOHNSON.
 In the **BANNER OF LIGHT** of Dec. 12th, 1885, ap-
 peared an interesting spirit message purporting to be
 from **NAT JOHNSON**, formerly of Yanceyville, N. C.,
 stating, among other things, that he was a young man
 and had been "popped out, quick!" while endeavoring
 to help a friend who had some difficulty with another
 person, etc., etc. A reader of the **BANNER OF LIGHT**, re-
 siding in Pennsylvania (who does not care to be
 known in the matter) thought it worth while to write
 to the Postmaster at Yanceyville (an entire stranger
 to the person in question) inquiring if he had been
 in that place, and, how he came, by his death, but not
 mentioning the reason for the inquiry. In a short time
 he received a reply of which the following is a
 copy:
 "YANCEYVILLE, N. C., Dec. 18th, 1885."
 "Sir—Dear Sir: Yours of the 15th
 inquiring after Nat Johnson left to hand, and in re-
 ply have to tell you that he was shot of the
 streets of Yanceyville, in a fight with a man
 named Felix Roan. He was a very brave boy, and
 died like a hero. Respectfully
 Yours, E. H. THOMPSON, P. M."

The Public Spiritual Circles

Held twice a week at our office will close for the summer season on the 25th inst.—that being the last Friday in the month.

Due notice of their resumption in the Fall will be made through the BANNER OF LIGHT columns.

Lake Pleasant.

The New England Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting Association will formally open its thirteenth annual convocation at Lake Pleasant, (Montague, Mass.), July 31st, continuing its public meetings to Sept. 1st, 1886. The list of lecturers contains many well-known, talented speakers, foreign as well as domestic. The prospects for the present season of a very harmonious gathering are uncommonly good—so we are assured by those who assume to know. We are well pleased to learn that efforts in this direction are to be more fully inaugurated than in the past. It is a great and grand sign of progress, and we have no doubt the special reporter of the BANNER, as he promises to do, will give our readers impartial reports of the proceedings.

It is said that J. Rollin M. Squire, the New York City Commissioner, aspires to step into the shoes of the late Mr. Kelley, who so long bossed the Tammany Hall and the County Democracy Societies. Mr. Squire is unquestionably a very talented man; but his sudden elevation to a position of such vast responsibility as the Commissioner of Public Works has so surprised New Yorkers that out of sheer envy they are continually maligning him. What has saddened them the most is the fact that Mr. Squire is a Bostonian, or was a few years ago. No matter where a man originated: brains always win in the long run.

A PROMINENT AUSTRALIAN SPIRITUALIST PASSES ON.—The *Harbinger of Light* in its latest issue gives an interesting account of the last days of the visible presence on earth of an active and influential Spiritualist of Australia, Dr. James B. Motterwell of Melbourne, one of the oldest, if not the oldest, physicians in that city. We shall speak more fully on this point next week.

A correspondent informs us that Col. W. D. Crockett, President of the Onset Bay Grove Association, was recently "surprised" in a most agreeable manner by the presentation of a fine crayon likeness of his features—the portrait being taken in a studio of a popular artist. The affair was managed—it is surmised—by Mrs. Sada Andrews, the Colonel's daughter.

George Chaffey contributes to the May number of the *Melbourne Harbinger of Light* a lengthy article upon "The Value of Spiritual Phenomena," at the close of which he announces it as his intention of commencing in two or three months his labors in Australia—first lecturing in Sydney.

A Report of the Quarterly Convention of the VERMONT STATE SPIRITUALIST ASSOCIATION at West Burke is received from the Secretary, W. B. Parish, and will appear in our columns next week.

The office of *The Aethereal* has been removed from St. Louis to Sulphur Springs, Mo.

Notes from Newburyport next week.

Proof of Spirit-Return.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
At the late Convention of Southern Spiritualists, at Louisville, Ky., a very remarkable statement was made by three different mediums as to the fate of a woman missing from Delphi, Ind., since March, 1885. One was in independent writing through Mrs. Jacques, the slate-writing medium of Indianapolis; another was given as a test by Mrs. Gladding of Philadelphia. The third was, I think, a statement on the platform by Mrs. Dick of Cincinnati. All alike spoke of insanity as having induced suicide by drowning in the Wabash River. It was asserted that the skeleton would be found imbedded in sand near a certain island; but two of the mediums said the leg-bones would be missing.

I have just received a letter dated June 13th from Dr. Beck, a well-known and highly-esteemed Spiritualist of Delphi, Ind., who was at the Convention, and received the above communications. Dr. Beck tells me that as soon as the water had receded sufficiently, the locality, of which a diagram had been drawn upon the slate, was examined, and at the very spot indicated the skeleton was found, but the leg-bones were missing.

This is but one more of the many proofs of spirit-return, by which human immortality has been demonstrated through the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism.

CHARLES DAWBARN.

New York City.

California Items.

Our correspondent, "Jonah," informs us that Mr. W. J. Colville has been and is still addressing large and deeply interested audiences on the Pacific Coast. During the sessions of the Oakland Camp-Meeting his services are exclusively under the auspices of the Association in that place.

He has lectured every day since his arrival, and often twice, as in addition to the public meetings on the grounds, a private class meets for spiritual instruction three times a week. Answers to questions have formed a prominent and deeply interesting feature of the meetings.

On Sunday, June 13th, Mr. Owen, editor of the *Golden Gate*, lectured at 11 A. M., Mr. Colville at 2 and 730 P. M. The subjects of discourse were, after dinner, "What is the Holy Spirit?" evening, "Exaltation in the Light of Spiritual Truth." Over fifteen hundred people were in attendance.

The regular meetings are held every day except Monday. Conference meetings are held on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Many mediums for various phases of phenomena are on the grounds, giving much satisfaction to skeptics as well as Spiritualists. The secular papers are treating Spiritualism with unusual courtesy and respect.

Mr. George Harold is succeeding admirably in giving treatments; many persons declare themselves already greatly benefited.

Mrs. C. E. Boyer is truly wonderful. She rarely fails to satisfy the most exacting questions. The subject of re-embodiment is exciting great attention in the West. Mr. Colville's inspirational lecture on that subject, June 15th, drew a crowded audience.

Metropolitan Temple is closed, but will reopen July 11th. Mr. Colville will occupy the platform July 11th, 15th and 25th. Mr. Watson is expected to resume his ministrations Aug. 1st.

Mr. O. G. lectures are being reported by G. H. Hawes. One of his papers will be sent to the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Mr. Colville's present address is Henry House, 462 9th street, Oakland.

Mr. Colville is soundly criticised by Dr. Denn Clarke, in *Ecce*, for his views on "mental healing." A vast amount of unreliable and exaggerated talk is too frequently the product of self-advertising "inspiration." A new clique of "adventurers," called "metaphysicians," has sprung up in Boston, and other places in America, and it has taken root amongst the Orthodox as "Christian Science," the lobes of the brain and spinal column being figured on their prints as a cross! Mr. Colville seems to have been considerably psychologized by his sort of thing, as he has been by the Papists and reactionaries in Paris. One of the best-known Spiritual Scientists in America writes: "The Mind Cure Movement, which flourishes among the Orthodox and fashionable, is mainly a corrupt and dishonest mediumship, controlled by avarice, ambition and hypocrisy. Money is the ruling power." When the "Christian" mob take up Spiritualism, it will become quite another thing.—*London Medium and Daybreak*.

The Keelers' Manifestations in Washington.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I deem it a duty I owe to the cause of Spiritualism and true mediumship to add my testimony as to what has been transpiring in our city recently with reference to the materializations through one of the Keeler family, under the supervision of the mediumship of P. L. O. Keeler. My first visit was unattractive, for the reason that the cabinet of black curtains was suspended before one of the three folding doors that divided the room from the back parlor. Heavy portières covered the other two doors, coming up to and meeting the curtain of the cabinet. Calling the attention of one of Mr. Keeler's friends to the suspicious location of the cabinet, he replied, "Oh! that is all right; the cabinet was made to be there, and dependent upon it to hold it up, and that the door could not be opened without pulling down the cabinet." In attending the next séance I ventured to extend for myself, and saw what I was very sorry indeed to see, found behind the heavy portières, (which were not needed at all, and only served to create distrust with every candid observer), three ordinary doors, with hinges, opening from the inside. I found two doors, each one held up by the curtain, and that one cord did extend to the door, but that the other cord extended only to the jamb of the door, immediately behind and just above the other, both held in place by small thumb-screws. In the rings of which the cords were fastened, the door, by this ingeniously contrived arrangement the operator had only to let go the cord on the door and the one in the jamb would still hold up the cabinet. This clever arrangement gave every possible opportunity for the successful employment of confederates if one were disposed to make use of them.

The word "light" on these occasions was a misnomer. These were the darkest séances I ever attended, and I have been present at scores of them elsewhere. A feeble ray from a dimly burning kerosene lamp at the furthest extremity of the room, shaded by a Japanese umbrella, which single ray was regulated by a sliding shield by the operator at the side of the cabinet, and on both sides of the door, where there was but little else than darkness visible. At the beginning of each séance Mr. Keeler makes a statement to the effect that Mrs. Keeler is not a public medium and does not understand test conditions, etc.; that as transductions are possible should one see and recognize the medium, not to be surprised; that after the séance is over, any one wishing can examine the cabinet; and that no unpleasant criticisms are made by any one in the house, and that if a safe speech to make, as it virtually alarms each attendant and puts him or her in the character of a guest rather than as an honest investigator of spiritism, a question—through the gift of sixty persons present (save a few exceptions) on the front seats) are requested to pay their dollar before leaving.

But what is most to be regretted as a result of the Keeler Brothers' recent sojourn in our city, is that the trail of the agencies of the Keeler family, which has been created in our city, has been a most unfortunate one, and has threatened disaster; but we shall outlive it. Let us hope that the clouds may soon clear away, and that the Keeler family may be for once once more the good and true friends restored in our midst. The moral of all this should be that henceforth let Spiritualists, as well as others, require of all professional mediums giving public séances, such conditions as will protect the public from reasonable doubt the genuine character of their particular phase of manifestations.

I am an old and tried friend of the spiritual cause and a fast friend to all true mediums.

CHARLES B. CADWELL.

201 A street, S. E., Washington, D. C.

Letter from W. J. Colville.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I know you will kindly grant me space in your hospitable columns for just a few lines to let all my Eastern friends know how we are faring in the West. My journey from Minneapolis to Oakland, Cal., was a most pleasant one. I cannot say it struck me as the least fatiguing or wearisome. I left the train for a portion of one day at Dubuque, and for part of another at Council Bluffs. I reached Oakland Sunday, June 6th, and it was met by Mr. G. H. Hawes, the well-known shorthand writer, who is now officiating as secretary of the Oakland Camp-Meeting Association. In all my travels, I have never seen a more cordial and hearty reception than I received in America. I found a most cordial and hearty reception in the kindness of friends in the Eastern States and across the sea. I have never met with a warmer welcome, nor been received with more open-hearted, open-handed kindness than at Oakland, on the evening of Sunday, June 6th, and many other privileges to occupy the platform as the mouthpiece of my guides. The large tent in which the exercises are held was crowded to overflowing; indeed, the throng was so great the doors were instructed by the directors to sell no more admissions, and as every available inch of standing as well as sitting room was occupied. The immense audience listened to every word of the lecture and poem with rapt attention; and when the services concluded, the throng thronged to so many hundreds of people, each one offering kind words of greeting, that I began to think the whole city of Oakland and a large part of San Francisco had been emptied to the occasion, and many of the chairman, Mr. Adams, was kind and sympathetic; the music pleasing, and in spite of the crowd the ventilation was almost perfect.

I am residing at the fine hotel, called the Henry House, where the proprietors are Spiritualists, and do everything in their power to make my stay comfortable. Monday, June 7th, they took me to Berkeley, to see the State University, which is a very handsome building in the city grounds. We went from there to Fruit Vale, where the flowers and fruits were thriving in rich abundance; we spent the evening in San Francisco, which strikes me as a most wonderful city, considering its youth. On Tuesday, June 8th, I gave a lecture at the Henry House, and on Wednesday a private class commenced in the morning, and I occupied the public stand in the evening. The audiences, though not quite so numerous as on Sunday, were, however, large and deeply interested. The more private meetings the time was more than half spent in asking and answering questions. The people here ask good, sensible questions, and seem to fully appreciate the replies. I have already met several of the prominent and many others who are actively interested in the work here, and found them extremely genial, and I am sure, worthy people.

Notwithstanding the large circulation and deserved popularity of the *Golden Gate* and *Harbinger of Light*, I have a large and ever increasing circulation in the far West. A correspondent says the BANNER appeared for sale on twelve different newspapers in Oakland, Cal., on one day.

I do not mean to say that I am a time coming when I must leave this earthly paradise, but if ever my guides again direct my steps eastward I shall at least have the delightful assurance that though friends here are parted, the bonds of friendship are never broken, and that many in dear old Boston, from whom I can never feel separated in spirit, even though in a material sense we are three thousand miles and more removed from one another. This hurried letter will, I trust, let my Eastern friends know how much time for private correspondence. From your sincere friend,

W. J. COLVILLE.

Address Henry House, 460 9th street, Oakland.

Onset Lyceum.—Between three and four hundred visitors greeted us to-day. Our spacious Temple will soon be filled with lyceum workers and friends. This afternoon we were favored with the presence of sixteen of the representatives of Shawmut Lyceum, of Boston, all of whom expressed themselves as highly pleased at our prosperity. The Shawmut quartette added greatly to the interest and gave a most excellent rendered one of its choice selections. This quartette is composed of J. B. Hatch, Jr., and Lady Miss M. T. Shelhamer and Dr. J. A. Shelhamer, Master Edgell and Charles Hatch, under the direction of Mr. C. A. Hatch, who were warmly applauded by the large audience.

Reverend George Bourne, Eaton, Read, Edna Shea, Carrie Rothwell, Nellie Barnard, Alice Bradford, Annie Marshall, Maud Gardner, Florence Chaswell and Lillian Gardner, all of whom were warmly applauded by the large audience. Brooks, Brainard and Esther Bates each gave a song, as did also Miss Annie Beeble, leader. Bertie Biddle gave a harmonica solo. Charles W. Sullivan contributed a song. Mrs. Benson, accompanied by her sister, Miss Goodrich, a fine vocal selection. Mr. W. W. Currier made a few remarks in reference to our needs and a generous collection followed.

The Callistop was led by Assistant Conductor F. L. Union. Mr. Sarah H. Byrnes was then introduced, who made a few remarks, in which she expressed her satisfaction, although she could not approve of all the features of our Lyceum work. Miss M. T. Shelhamer followed, and made a most excellent and interesting address, and the love she bore the children. Her remarks were warmly applauded.

Dr. Richardson made a few remarks, singing followed, and the exercises closed with the Target March. June 20th.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y.—Fannie Davis Smith gave two eloquent and instructive lectures Sunday, June 13th. She is spoken of as a brilliant and effective speaker, and is a devoted favorite in Saratoga. Dr. Smith was also present and spoke favorably of the Queen City Camp-Meeting under the auspices of the Keeler family.

Mr. Keeler had secured a low rate of railroad fare for all who desired to attend. In the evening Dr. Mills gave platform tests. Last Sunday a Fact Meeting was held, and a lecture by Mrs. S. G. Horn for the evening.

Medical and business séances are given daily by J. W. Fletcher at St. Nicholas Hotel, corner School and Province streets, Boston.

Address: Boston, Mass.

Movements of Mediums and Lecturers.

(Notices for this Department must reach our office by Monday's mail to insure insertion the same week.)

Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings spoke in Louisville, Ky., June 6th, in *Ecce*, and after that, and evening lecture, she will be in the city of Louisville, the *Louisville Commercial* of June 17th said of her remarks: "The unbelievers were surprised at the correctness of the readings. A handkerchief or glove was submitted to her open not only the character of the owner of the article, but also the history of his life." Mrs. Richings has been compelled to decline several invitations to attend camp-meetings, as her time is fully engaged up to Sept. 15th. The last two weeks of July and the entire month of August she will be in Canada. She is ready to make lecture engagements on and after Oct. 1st.

Carrie E. B. Tving has located for June at 332 Main street, Springfield, Mass., Room 9, where she will answer letters from her correspondents.

James H. Young is engaged to speak at Clinton, Ia., Camp-Meeting, Aug. 15th to 23d; Vicksburg, Mich., Camp-Meeting of Mediums, Sept. 3d to 7th; and is open to other engagements. Permanent address, 78 Seeley Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

J. Madison Allen lectured in Vineland, N. J., during the month of June. He is now in Trenton, will receive further calls for camp-meetings, lectures, and Sunday work for societies, etc., wherever desired. Present address, Ancora, N. J.

Mrs. H. S. Lake has lectured five months for the Independent Church of Albany, N. Y. She can be addressed at her home for engagements.

Mrs. M. A. French, the old established and popular medium of Washington, D. C., will spend the summer season in Boston, at the residence of her son, 183 Shawmut Avenue.

The unengaged dates of Mrs. Juliette Yeav for 1886 are: July 1st and 8th, Oct. 17th, Nov. 23th, Dec. 20th. Camp-Meeting engagements: Harwich, July 23th; Lake Pleasant, Aug. 12th; Temple Heights, Aug. 14th to Aug. 22d inclusive; Sunapee, Aug. 26th to 29th; Queen City, Ky., Sept. 5th and 7th. Owing to unforeseen and entirely unexpected circumstances, W. J. Colville has been obliged to cancel all engagements in the East this summer, as he sees no possible way of leaving California for an indefinite period. He therefore requests the Managers of the various Camp Meetings in the Eastern States who have written to him with a view to securing his services, to consider themselves at liberty to make arrangements with other speakers to occupy the dates assigned to him. From present indications it appears that he will not return East for some time to come.

Mrs. Emma Hurst, materializing and independent slate-writing medium, once of Torre Haute, Ind., but latterly of Santa Barbara, has, we understand, again taken the sea, locating for work at 74 Turner street, New York City.

Mrs. Craddock, of Concord, N. H., will be at Liberty Island, Sunapee Lake, N. H., during July, August and September.

Mr. J. Frank Baxter was in Hanson last Sunday, and lectured in the interests of workmen in the mining and smelting industry in that town. All the members of the Hanson Spiritualist Society.

On next Sunday, the 27th inst., he will lecture, sing and delineate at Temperance Hall, West Duxbury, both forenoon and afternoon.

Warren Chase will be at Liberal, Mo., July 2d, 3d and 4th.

Spiritualist Meetings in Boston:

Banner of Light Circle—Room No. 9 Bowditch street—Every Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock, at 10th and 11th, L. B. Wilson, Chairman.

College Hall, 34 Essex street—Sundays, at 10 A. M., 2 P. M., and 7 P. M.; Wednesdays at 2 P. M., 5 P. M., and 7 P. M.; also Thursdays at 8 P. M. Able speakers and test mediums. Excellent music. Prescott Robinson, Chairman.

Chelsea.—The Ladies' Social Aid Society meets every other Friday evening at 8 o'clock, at the Chelsea Block. Mediums and friends are invited. Mrs. M. A. Dodge, Secretary.

Eagle Hall, 616 Washington street.—The meetings in this place on Sunday last were fully attended, and much interest was manifested. The exercises were opened with an address through the organism of the child-medium, Miss Emma Ireland, upon subjects of the West. Mr. W. J. Colville, Dr. M. V. Thomas, Mr. F. M. Patterson, all of whom made remarks of much interest.

Clearly recognized tests were given through the mediumship of Mr. Litch, Mrs. M. E. Johnson, Dr. Thomas, Mr. Patterson, Mr. Fernald and others. An appropriate poem was read by Mr. Twitchell. Instrumental and vocal music was furnished by Mrs. Eudora Campbell.

These meetings will be continued without vacation through the summer on Sundays, at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M., and Thursdays at 3 P. M.

Spiritualist Meetings in New York.

Grand Opera House, 4th Avenue and 23d street.—The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings at this hall every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M.

Spencer Hall, 114 West 14th street.—The People's Spiritualist Society meets at 7:30 P. M., every Sunday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, at 8 o'clock, for warm weather. Frank W. Jones, Conductor.

Parker Spiritual Society.—Public services every Sunday evening, 8 o'clock, in the new hall (Lower Hall), No. 36 Union square.

The People's Meetings.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
The People's Meeting in this city was addressed, Sunday, 13th inst., by Mr. Frank S. Lambert, in which he told us something of what "I Know About Spiritualism," that was quite interesting. Dr. Emma R. Still and H. J. Beard took part in the Conference.

The exercises at the afternoon session of same day were participated in by Mr. S. A. R. Goodspeed, Mr. Horace M. Richards, Mrs. A. H. Burdett, Mr. W. J. Colville, Dr. M. V. Thomas, delivered a Knights of Labor glowing words of encouragement, full of prophecies of good, which were highly appreciated by members of that Order.

Sunday afternoon, 20th inst., found a larger audience than the previous evening. Through her hand, Mrs. Waaburn, organist of the First Society, favored us with a fine piano solo, artistically rendered. An orchestra, consisting of organ, cornet and violin, assisted greatly in enhancing the harmony of the occasion.

In the evening, Mrs. Mary E. Lovering of Boston read a spirit communication through her hand; also favored the audience with two songs: "Struggling for the Light," and "Come, Darling, to the Spirit-Land."

Mr. Wm. C. Bowen gave the regular address of the "The Bible," with criticism upon both the uses and abuses of the book. The lecture was a fair and impartial one, and elicited the strict attention of the audience.

Mr. Nellie J. T. Brigham will speak for us next Sunday.

We cordially welcome all to be present at our meeting; all strangers visiting or passing through the city and stopping over Sunday, and mediums and speakers generally. Spencer Hall is located at 114 West 14th street, near Sixth Avenue, opposite 14th street Theatre. FRANK W. JONES, Conductor.

"Shadows," the excellent work on Spiritualism, by John Wetherbee, can be had hereafter, in cloth, for \$1, and in paper covers for seventy-five cents. Any reader who has read Spencer's pleasant article in the *Golden Gate* will naturally want a copy of "Shadows." Send orders to Colby & Rich, BANNER OF LIGHT Office, Boston.—*Golden Gate*.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate as a Brain Food. Dr. S. F. Newcomer, Greenfield, O., says: "In cases of general debility, and torpor of mind and body, it does exceedingly well."

St. J. W. Fletcher gives trance sittings at St. Nicholas Hotel, corner School and Province streets, Boston.

Special Notice.

The date of the expiration of every subscription to the BANNER OF LIGHT is plainly marked on the address. The paper is discontinued at that time unless the subscription is previously renewed. Subscribers intending to renew will save much trouble, and possibly loss of a paper or two, by sending in the money for renewal before the expiration of their present subscription. It is the earnest desire of the publishers to give the BANNER OF LIGHT the circulation to which its merits entitle it, and they look with confidence to the friends of the paper throughout the world to assist them in the work.

Colby & Rich, Publishers.

WRITING PLANCHETTES for sale by Colby & Rich. Price 60 cents.

Spiritualist Meetings in Brooklyn.

The First Brooklyn Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings every Sunday in Conservatory Hall, 160 Broadway, corner of Fulton street. Speaker engaged: June, Volter H. Smith, twice a week, at 10 o'clock, evening at 7 P. M. All are cordially invited. Spiritualist literature on sale in hall.

The Brooklyn Spiritual Union holds its meetings every Sunday in Fraternity Room, 7th Ward, South Second street, as follows: Members' Developing Circle, 10 A. M.; Children's Lyceum, 2 P. M.; Conference, 7 P. M. Sunday free.

NEWARK, N. J.—The People's Spiritual Fraternity holds meetings every Sunday at No. 133 Congress street, at 7 P. M. H. G. Horn, President.

Subscriptions Received at this Office

FACTS, A Monthly Magazine, Published in Boston, Per year, \$1.00.
THE SPIRITUAL OFFERING, Published weekly in Ottumwa, Iowa, by D. M. and N. P. Fox. Per year, \$2.00.
THE OLIVE BRANCH, Published monthly in Utica, N. Y., \$1.00 per annum.
THE CARRIER DOVE, An Illustrated Monthly Magazine, containing Portraits and Biographical Sketches of Mediums and Spiritual Workers. Published in Oakland, Cal. \$2.00 per year.
LIGHT, A Journal devoted to the Highest Interests of Humanity, both Here and Hereafter. London, Eng. Price \$2.00 per year.
THE MEDIUM AND DAYBREAK: A Weekly Journal devoted to Spiritualism. London, Eng. Price \$2.00 per year, postage extra.
THE GOSPEL OF SPIRITISM, A Monthly Journal, published in India, and sent direct from India to subscribers, \$5.00 per annum.
THE GOLDEN GATE, Published weekly in San Francisco, Cal. Per year, \$2.50.
THE PATRIOT, A Monthly Magazine, devoted to Universal Brotherhood, Theosophy in America, and Aryan Philosophy. \$2.50 per annum.
THE EASTERN STAR, Published fortnightly at Glenburn, Mo. Per year, \$1.00.

For Sale at this Office:

FACTS, A Monthly Magazine, Published in Boston, Single copy, 5 cents.
THE SPIRITUAL OFFERING, Published weekly in Ottumwa, Iowa, by D. M. and N. P. Fox. Per year, \$2.00, Single copy, 10 cents.
THE CARRIER DOVE, An Illustrated Monthly Magazine, containing Portraits and Biographical Sketches of Mediums and Spiritual Workers. Published in Oakland, Cal. Single copy, 5 cents.
THE ROSTRUM, Published in Vineland, N. J. A Fortnightly Journal, devoted to the philosophy of Spiritualism, Single copy, 5 cents.
MISCELLANEOUS NOTES AND QUERIES, with Answers in all Departments of Literature. Monthly, Single copy, 10 cents.
THE OLIVE BRANCH: Utica, N. Y. A Monthly, Price 10 cents.
THE NEW THOUGHT, Published weekly in Des Moines, Iowa. Per year, \$1.00, Single copy, 5 cents.
THE WATCHMAN, Published monthly at Chicago, Ill. Single copy, 5 cents.
THE TRUTH-SEEKER, Published weekly in New York, Single copy, 5 cents.
THE AETHREAL, Published weekly in New York, Single copy, 5 cents.
THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND SCIENCE OF LIFE, Monthly, Published at Chicago, Ill. Single copy, 10 cents.
THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE, Published monthly in New York, Price 10 cents.
THE SHAKER MANIFESTO, Published monthly in Shaker, N. Y. 50 cents per annum. Single copy 10 cents.
THE THEOSOPHICAL GAZETTE, Published monthly in India. Single copy, 10 cents.
LIGHT FOR THINKERS, Published weekly in Atlanta, Ga. Single copy, 5 cents.
THE GOLDEN GATE, Published weekly in San Francisco, Cal. Single copy, 10 cents.
THE PATRIOT, A Monthly Magazine, devoted to Universal Brotherhood, Theosophy in America, and Aryan Philosophy. Single copy, 20 cents.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Each line in Agate type, twenty cents for the first week, and thereafter at the rate of eight cents per line, and fifteen cents for each subsequent insertion on the seventh page.
Business Notices forty cents per line, Minimum, one dollar.
Special Cards thirty cents per line, Agate, each insertion.
Newspapers and editorial columns, large type, inserted matter, fifty cents per line.
Advertisements to be renewed at continued rates must be left at our office before 12 M. on Saturday, a week in advance of the date whereon they are to appear.

The BANNER OF LIGHT cannot well undertake to couch for and accept of advertisements. Advertisements which appear fair and honorable upon their face are accepted, and whenever it is made known that dishonest or otherwise objectionable advertisements are inserted, they are at once discontinued.

We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they desire to cancel or change advertisements of parties whom they provide to be dishonest or of unscrupulous confidence.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Cure for the Deaf.—PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable, and always in position. The ear is cured, and even whistlers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials, free. F. HISCOP, 853 Broadway, N. Y.

Andrew Jackson Davis's office established at No. 63 Warren Avenue, Boston, Mass. He may be consulted on physical and mental disorders every Tuesday and Thursday, from 9 to 12 A. M. Send him your name and address for further information.

Dr. Jas. V. Mansfield, at 28 Dartmouth street, Boston, answers sealed letters. Terms \$3, and 10c. postage.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed for he summer, Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. M1

To Foreign Subscribers the subscription price of the BANNER OF LIGHT is \$3.50 per year, or \$1.75 per six months. It will be sent at the price named above to any foreign country embraced in the Universal Postal Union.

H. A. Kersey, No. 1 Newgate street, New-castle-on-Tyne, will act as agent in England for the BANNER OF LIGHT and the publications of Colby & Rich during the absence of J. J. Morse.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE MONTREAL AND BOSTON AIR LINE

Passumpsic Railroad.

The Direct Through Line to Lake Memphremagog, Montreal and all important points in the Dominion of Canada.

Through Fast Express Trains from Boston and New York, with Elegant Sleeping and Drawing-Room Coaches.

THIS route is not only the shortest, but it passes through the most picturesque parts of New England. The River, Lake, and Mountain scenery is unsurpassed. The Steamship House, at Newport, Vt., is one of the best conducted summer hotels in the country, and the proprietor, Mr. W. H. Whit, has a long experience. Lyndonville, N. Y., is a charmingly situated upon the shores of the beautiful Lake of the same name, and the location is both beautiful and picturesque.

Excursions on the Lake. Twelve miles from Newport, by steamer, twice a day, is Owl's Head, a beautiful mountain, a most delightful resort at the base of the beautiful mountain of Owl's Head, and a favorite place of resort for great summer gatherings.

Tourist tickets, at reduced rates, for sale by W. RAYMOND, 26 Washington street, Boston, and at 207 Broadway, New York.

New Story, descriptive of Lake Memphremagog, by Frank H. Taylor, published by THE HERMIT OF ALICE, 142 N. 10th street, Boston. It can be obtained by W. RAYMOND, 26 Washington street, Boston; or by mail, by sending \$1.00 to H. LOVELL, Jr., General Ticket Agent, Passumpsic Railroad, Lyndonville, Vt.

H. E. FOLLOM, Superintendent.

DR. C. T. BUFFUM.

MEDICAL, BUSINESS AND TEST MEDIUM. Lectures answered. Hours 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Rooms 1476 Washington street, Boston. Single copy, 10c.

ROGERS SILVER WARE Free. Read Program List in BANNER OF LIGHT April 10th.

PROF. JOHN MCLEOD.

PHRENOLOGIST, &c., is a powerful Magnetic Healer. Treats Obstructions successfully, and produces Glorious Results. Rooms 120 Lenox street, Boston.

DR. J. O. STREET.

78 MONTGOMERY STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

FACTS Free.

To all persons who will send us a list of names of Spiritualists or investigators of phenomena in their vicinity, we will send a copy of FACTS, at address P. O. Box 1622, Boston

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1886.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

HUMAN FRAILTY ILLUSTRATED.

Wherever I go, wherever I be,
It is twined and twined;
Good common sense being kept out of sight,
Scam mag. is discussed with perfect delight.
With the "high" and the "low" it is ever the same;
Somebody or other they always defame.
The church folks are at it, the Spiritualists also—
Both women and men, wherever I go!
Under these circumstances, no wonder Lord Byron wrote, as he felt, that
"There is a pleasure in the pathless wood,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is a society where none intrude,
It is the same to-day—everywhere. No matter how
much good one does in this world, he is sure to be cal-
lculated.
Why is it that both educated and uneducated peo-
ple are so prone to discuss adversely those they come
in contact with?
Our life is an apprenticeship to the truth that around
every circle another can be drawn; that there is no
end in Nature, but every seeming end is a beginning;
that there is always another dawn risen on midnoon,
and under every deep a lower deep open.—Emerson in
"Circle."

Honorable men and honorable women are the salt
of the earth.

Mrs. Flora Adams Darling was honored on June
8th, by the trustees of New Windsor College, Md.,
with a title of Bachelor of Arts, with a very flattering
compliment and many wishes for her increased use-
fulness in the field of literature. Mrs. Darling has al-
ready had a degree of A. M. conferred upon her in re-
cognition of her literary merit.

It is related of a popular clergyman that he started
a quail parry-meeting recently by announcing that he
"didn't propose to stand as a candidate for a sleeping
match."—*Buffalo Christian Advocate.*

The first lady surgeon who has been admitted a li-
cenciate in Ireland is Mrs. Mary Emily Dawson who
has received the privilege after four days' examina-
tion at the Irish College of Surgeons.

Down deep in the human soul all is goodness. It is
only on the surface of our lives that evil is apparent.

Bro. Talmage remarks that "you can't go to heaven
by steam." "Nor by wind either, brother; but will
you kindly tell us what was the motive power of the
chariot of fire in which the prophet of old ascended?"
—*Buffalo Express.*

Last Sabbath was a golden day in this vicinity.
Truly says one of our city dailies: "The summer
Sundays with their thousand invitations to the woods,
the fields and the shore, confirm the saying of Christ,
that 'the Sabbath was made for man,' (in the aggre-
gate), not for the ministers alone.

The important question is still mooted, *What sunk
the steamer Oregon near New York harbor?*

THE GRADUATE.
(From the Philadelphia News.)

When me charta on "Free Trade" was read
It created the greatest sensation;
All the professors came laudibus said,
"Certum est he will startle the nation."
They were right, unum dubium—well and you'll see
How my glorious name semper vivens shall be!
—*LIBER SECONDUS.*

CHILDREN.—A new edition of a wholesale
not under \$4 per week.—*Ad. in Daily papers.*

A contemporary calls this a Quaker country, as we
have no navy, he says. And yet our big guns recently
made a part of New Jersey quake so badly that the
inhabitants thought it was an earthquake.

Mr. Archibald Forbes of England, the famous war
correspondent, and Miss Lulu Meigs, daughter of
Gen. M. C. Meigs, U. S. A., were married at 11 o'clock
Saturday morning, June 19th, at St. John's Protestant
Episcopal Church, Washington, in the presence of a
fashionable gathering. Rev. Dr. Leonard performed
the ceremony. The couple will start at once for Eng-
land.

The Knights of Labor are going into politics. B.
Butler may yet be President of the United States.

Trouble is again brewing between France and Ger-
many. Hostilities may commence at any moment, it
is now said. Doubtful.

"BREAKING IN" A REGULAR M. D.—Madame was
requiring that her husband was ill the night before,
and it was necessary to send a doctor at 3 o'clock
in the morning. "But I thought you had a doctor in
the house, your eldest son," said a neighbor. "True,
but we only let him doctor the servants."—*From the
French.*

Dr. O. W. Holmes, who speaks with so much inter-
est and pathos in the July Atlantic of his visit to
Europe, fifty years ago, is now having an "auto-
rator" reception in England. The scene at Cambridge
University recently, when he took the degree of Doc-
tor of Letters, is reported as almost unprecedented in
the enthusiasm exhibited by the assembly.

SLAVE HUNTING IN ENGLAND.—"I have one of the
largest Vaccines in London, and I intend to hunt
them like a blood-hound, I am often thrown out."—*Dr.
J. G. Gerrans, M.R.C.S., in Lancet.*

The sacred oil of forgiveness calms the boldest
waves of strife.

Mr. Gladstone's speech in Edinburgh created great
enthusiasm. Sir Robert Peel has joined the Liberal
side.

A CRY FROM IRELAND.

I heard a voice come moaning over sea:
"England, and ye who fair and free
Heart-cankering woe and immemorial hate
Are not the servants of a law's decree:
Cleave us asunder, we are bound, not free,
Give us the land, yet famine will not bate
Her stern demands of all she holds in fee—
Our bodies' breath and marrow: we are slaves,
Slaves to tradition's wrong and tribal scorn.
And though our acres, bog and moor and fen,
From dragon's teeth may yield its armed men,
For hunger stands above our shallow graves,
And, wringing empty hands, cries out for corn.

Floods in Hungary lately destroyed fifty thousand
acres of crops, and the people are hungry in conse-
quence.

The Blair Educational Bill has been defeated for
this session of Congress at least. This is to be re-
gretted, as it is a grand measure. All our people
must be educated, else this free republic will eventu-
ally go to pieces.

A constitutional amendment changing the presiden-
tial term has passed the U. S. Senate by a two-thirds
vote.

Oculists and others assert that the electric lights
are injurious to people's eyesight.

The anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill was
celebrated on June 17th in grand style in the Charle-
stown District. The weather was favorable, and con-
sequently thousands of people from the surrounding
country were present, as it was a legal holiday.

When a cobbler gives his awl away what more can
you ask him to do?

A New York "regular" M. D. has been sued for
\$10,000 damages, says the daily press. Is it because he
has damaged one of his patients? To that amount? As
a usual thing patients get damages enough without
suing for them.

The fisheries question between Canada and the
United States is still hanging fire.

Why ought the stars to be the best astronomers?
Because they have studied the heavens through all
the ages.

The last of the numerous cyclones reported in this
country took place at Denton, and other towns in
Texas, last week. It removed buildings from their
foundations, blew out orchards, scattered grain

stacks and fences in every direction, twisted up,
and carried long distances huge trees, upset churches,
and killed several people.

Despatches from the Canadian capital indicate a
clean break-down on the part of the Dominion Govern-
ment in regard to the position first taken on the fish-
ery question, and that, under more recent instruc-
tions from the Government to their custom officials,
American fishing vessels are given full liberty to pro-
cure all the supplies, bait and men they may require
in Canadian ports, provided they do not remain in
port more than twenty-four hours.

The Aroostook (Me.) Herald says it would be un-
pleasant for that county should the United States and
Canada have trouble, as the only way out of Aroos-
took would be over a railroad which passes through
the Queen's dominion, and is owned there. Better
get out, friend Hall, before trouble (war) commences.

The Washington Critic informs us that Matthew
Arnold, from England, arrived in that city at 4:30
o'clock P. M., and left the same day at 11:15 A. M., con-
cluding its significant paragraph as follows:

"Hall, Apostle of Sweetness and Light,
Why lightest thou out so soon?
You might have remained until twelve,
And taken a freight train at noon."

Tornadoes have so scared the citizens of Meriden,
Ill., that they talk of building a huge "cyclone cellar,"
where the whole town can take refuge when a wind-
storm comes along.

We bait that New Brunswick will be Yankee land
before twenty years have come and gone.

Very frequently items from Texas *Sittings* are
copied without any credit attached. This does not
mean that the items are of inferior quality, but that
sensitive people do not like to be labeled.—*Texas Sittings.*

Without seeming to be egotistical, we may note that
a like treatment is too frequently visited, of late, upon
the HANNAH contents by some of its really well-mean-
ing contemporaries.

WOMAN'S HEART.

God's angels took a little drop of dew,
Fresh fallen from the heaven's far-off blue,
And a white radiance from the sun's soft light,
Shedding its fragrance in the morn's soft light,
And a forget-me-not, laid out of sight
Within the chalice of a lily white.
With humbleness and grace they covered it,
Made purity and sadness their delight,
And added pride to this and tears a few,
One wish, but half a hope, and bright tears, too,
Courage and sweetness in misfortune's smart,
And out of this they molded woman's heart.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Cowardice is the basis of many a philanthropy;
men advocate peace because they do not want to be
drafted into war; men advocate less labor because
they never disciplined themselves to work.

Gen. George Crook, the famous Indian fighter, says
that nine tenths of all the dispatches which have been
scattered over the country in regard to his operations
against the Apaches have not had one grain of truth
in them. The same remark is applicable to the dis-
patches circulated against the Indians everywhere.

Providence, R. I., citizens are taking steps to erect
a monument to the late Mayor Doyle. A grand idea.
Put on it, if you dare to, that he was a Spiritualist.

On Monday afternoon, June 21st, the New England
Manufacturers and Mechanics' Institute Building, on
Huntington Avenue, Boston—where four annual ex-
hibitions have been held to the credit of this city, but
which of late has passed into the hands of the Metro-
politan Horse Railroad Company, as a car and repair
shop, etc.—was totally destroyed by fire, (supposed to be
of incendiary origin) the railroad's loss being set
down at \$350,000, with partial insurance. There were
many narrow escapes from death during the catastro-
phe; ten men are reported to have been consumed,
not having been made up to exactness at time of our
going to press.

The Cubans desire home rule, and made a push to
secure it a week ago. They could muster but seven-
teen votes in the Spanish Cortes, and were, of course,
overwhelmingly defeated.

Summer Camp Meetings.

Onset Bay.

The prospects for the Summer Camp-Meeting season
at Onset Bay, Groves, appear very promising, the Asso-
ciation reporting itself as in a most flourishing condi-
tion.

Fifteen new cottages are in process of erection upon
the grounds, some of which are pronounced very hand-
some by those who have seen them. In respect to
regular campers have been on the grounds for some
weeks, and every day brings an accession of new resi-
dents, while the reopening of cottages, the arrange-
ment of domestic affairs, and the process of getting
settled by the new comers, make a busy scene on every
hand.

The camp-meeting at this place will open on the 11th
of July, and continue until Aug. 20th, presenting a se-
ries of meetings for nearly two months, instead of four
weeks only as heretofore. This fact of itself speaks
of the increasing interest in the camp-ground on the
part of the public, and of the truly flourishing condi-
tion of the Association. Programmes of the season's
work will be issued in a few days for the convenience
of the public. There has been some preliminary work
on the part of the directors to get their season's pro-
gramme into shape; their aim is to make the travelers
who seek the shelter of their beautiful grove as com-
fortable as possible, and to secure the best of the
physical welfare of the public to the fullest extent.

There has been some unpleasant friction in regard to
the transportation of passengers from the station to
the grounds, but we are happy to say that the cloud that
has lowered above the grove is now in process of
clearing away. The cars will be put on the
track to the Grove in a few days. In the meanwhile
barges for the transportation of passengers and bag-
gage from the station are in daily use, and trains from
Boston and New York stop at Onset Bay.

Saturday, June 19th, was set apart by the man-
agers of the Association as a general opening day, ex-
cursion tickets at special rates, and entitling the holder
to remain at the grove until the following Monday,
being held for that day. The day was a grand suc-
cess, and the beautiful bay, made hallowed by their
thoughts by tender associations and pleasant memo-
ries, took advantage of the low fare to go down
to Onset and open their cottages, and select sites for
new ones, as the case demanded. There was no
speaking at the stand; the day having been given up
to social recreation and business purposes incident to
the approaching camping season.

Sunday morning opened fair and beautiful; the
broad bay gleamed like a sheet of silver before the
delighted eyes that gazed upon it. Promptly at half-
past ten the new Temple opened its stately doors to
a good-sized audience, gathered to listen to the in-
spiring words of Mr. Charles W. Sullivan, and the dis-
cussion of the day's work. The speakers of the day
were Mr. Charles W. Sullivan, Miss M. T. Shelhamer,
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springs of water, making it famous in its recuperative
qualities, will undoubtedly attract thousands of visitors
who will be given free use of the springs. Reduced railroad fares will
be arranged for all who, previous to starting, obtain prop-
er blanks from G. W. Bates, Secretary, of the meeting.
Address: Stoughton & Barton, Lookout Mountain, Chat-
tahooga, Tenn., for hotel rates and accommodations.

Lake Pleasant.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

The Thirtieth Annual Convocation of the New
England Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting Association will
open at this place on Sunday, Aug. 1st, with Hon. A.
H. Dalley, of Brooklyn, and Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes,
of Boston, upon the rostrum.

The Fitchburg Military Band of twenty-four pieces
(G. A. Patz, leader) will be present during the entire
session, having been reorganized for the thirtieth
time, and as a fitting prelude to the expected
concerts, will give a morning concert at the grand
stand, appropriate to the occasion.

The various details of the five weeks' meetings are
nearly completed, the grounds being cleared up and
put in order, and the choice array of speaking
talent announced, and the superb music which the
Fitchburg Band always renders, an old-time gathering
may be expected.

The natural attractions of Lake Pleasant, including
its grove of oaks, chestnut and pine, its
springs of pure cool water, and its health-giving at-
mosphere, are not exceeded by any camp in New Eng-
land. The facilities for reaching the place afforded
by the Fitchburg and Concord and Lowell railroads, and
the fact that the tickets will be offered at
very liberal rates of fare.

MULTUM IN PARVO.
Dr. Joseph Beale, President of the Association, is
content that Lake Pleasant territory will continue
to expand.

The steamer *Daisy* has been thoroughly overhauled,
and is now ready for business.

Mr. N. B. Henry, the Clerk of the Association and
Superintendent of the Grounds, also Acting Station
Agent, is a busy man and an efficient officer.

The new bridge from Montague street to the High-
lands is to be 260 feet long, 8 feet wide, and about 40
feet high from the ravine. The contract has been
awarded to Samuel Ripley & Turner's Falls. The
plan has been endorsed by Engineer Turner of the
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