

Department.

MANNER OF LIGHT.

THE STORM.

SHELIHAMER,

Responds," "After Many Days," Etc., Etc.

lick all the long way. I thought I was better, but to-day it came back—the chill and the fever and the burning pain. But I would not stop over; I wanted to get home. And now they tell me Mary is gone—I have no home. Tom, for God's sake, tell me all you know of her."

"Yes, yes, Jim; but not till you have a hot drink. Clara, get some boiling water and bring me the black bottle from the kitchen cupboard. Be quick!"

The water and the spirits were brought, and

Such was the story, slowly told, and such was the story pondered over and over during the long watches of the night by the host as he turned the pillow of his guest, or moistened the burning lips that muttered and moaned the long hours away. For, exhausted by exposure and by the long strain upon his system, by the shock of discovering only a deserted spot where he had hoped to find a home, the once rugged frame of James Lawrence had succumbed to disease, and now, clasped in the arms of delirium, he lay stranded in the little old red house at Ryeley.

I feel like a spiritual soldier marching to battle,
 offer the following stanzas—which I have written for
 the purpose mentioned—until better words are pre-
 sented :

 Ye starry throng of spirits bright,
 Who wait beyond the tide,
 To lead us to those fields of light,
 And linger by our side :

 There fadeless flowers enrich the air,
 And music sounds divine ;
 Those glorious guides our way prepare,
 And make the mountains shine.

 There human power and mortal state
 Like shadows fade and fly ;
 The wise alone are hailed as great,
 Their pure are placed on high.

 We bless the hour that speeds our flight,
 And sets our spirits free :
 For breaking bonds on waning night
 Across that narrow sea !

 JAMES M. ROGERS.

"Come back, and all will be forgiven," is the usual card published by a loafer whose wife leaves him after wearing herself out trying to support him.—*O. Flanagan*

O. Pionniers, 1901

patched for the village doctor, who pronounced the stranger a very sick man, and forbade any one but the inmates of the house approaching him; and so, through the long and drizzly day, the patient lay with none but the rough hand of Thomas Denton to administer to his wants.

That night the storm came on more fierce than before, and the wind and rain held high carnival abroad. About midnight the lonely watcher was startled from a light slumber by a touch upon his arm and by the voice of the sick man in his ears.

"Tom," it said, "hearken to the storm; the spirit is abroad; I allers hear it when anything happens. Don't you know I went off in just such a storm? How Mary cried when I took leave of her in it! And the night Dick died in my arms the wind and the rain howled. My mother said I was born while a big storm raged, and I'll die in one too, I reckon. There's a spirit in it that speaks to me. Tom, do you think I'll die to-night?"

"No, no, Jim, you're all right; be easy now, and to-morrow you'll feel better."

"Tom," continued the sick man, "if I don't get out of this you must look up my wife and little gal. You must get that ere money to 'em. Tell 'em just how it was; I tried to get to 'em. You'll find it all here under my belt, and some papers, too, Mary'll like to see. Hunt for 'em, Tom; there's enough to pay your way. Promise me you will, now, Tom."

Tom promised, and the excited man became more calm. The watcher thought he was sleeping, and toward morning stole from the room to prepare a warm drink for him against his awakening, but when he returned he perceived that a change had fallen upon the still face before him: a soft white cloud settling down and lighting up the bronzed and rugged features with an expression of ineffable peace. Startled by the sight, the man rushed from the house, returning not until he had brought the doctor to the lonely bedside.

"Quite dead," the physician said, letting the lifeless hand drop from his grasp; and speedily it became known through the town that James Lawrence had come back from the West and had died, poor and friendless, at the humble home of his old companion, Thomas Denton. No mention was made of the bequest the dead man had left; and after the humble funeral, when the body of the wanderer was consigned to a resting-place beside those of his forefathers, it was thought strange that Tom Denton should speedily dispose of his household effects, and with his daughter, vanish as completely as Mary Lawrence had done five years before. The villagers gossiped over these strange events for some time, but finally, for want of fuel, the stories died out, and nothing more was heard of the Dentons or the Lawrences at Ryesley.

CHAPTER II. MARY LAWRENCE.

The brisk and thriving city of Milltown, with its seventy-five thousand inhabitants, is about five hundred miles distant from the little fossilized town of Ryesley. So thickly populated are its narrow limits, so busy are its people, that neighbors may elbow each other on their way to and from their daily toil at the great factories that whirl and buzz with the noise of engine and machine from early morn till late at night, without ever asking each other's names, or knowing aught of the home-life of those with whom they thus come in contact. Oh! yes, Milltown was a business place, where men and women turned in their labor to the great corporations that held them body and soul, receiving in return but an inadequate wage with which they were expected to live in comfort and decency, and to maintain a most respectable appearance. How to do this was a problem that vexed many worthy souls, and one that brought lines of care into the faces of the men, and silver threads among the sombre tresses of the working-women. A certain class had gained power and influence and wealth, through the means they possessed to establish their great business concerns, and by the ability they had shown to engineer the affairs of these same concerns for their own individual interests. These men had so swayed the public by their dominating power as to gain control of the municipal affairs, and consequently the city came to be governed about as they would choose to have it. Milltown was a thriving city; it turned out greater results from its factories than any other place of its size in the country; its statistics showed an increase of population, and a growth of business interests; but they did not speak of the pinching poverty, the long hours of exacting toil, or the makeshifts and struggles to live of its larger class.

When Mary Lawrence found herself homeless and penniless at the death of her aged father, her first and only thought was to seek the means of livelihood in some distant place. In Ryesley there was no employment to be had, and the thought of encroaching upon the bounty of her neighbors was intolerable to the sensitive and high-minded woman. Her father's farm had been more than swallowed up in the mortgage levied upon it, and for months before his death he had retained his hold upon it only on sufferance; therefore there was nothing for the daughter but a few articles of furniture and the plain clothing of herself and child. The furniture she disposed of by private sale, and with the money thus secured Mary Lawrence paid her fare from Ryesley to Boston.

Here she met with disappointment and failure in her efforts to find remunerative employment. The existence of her child, a sweet little black-eyed girl of eight, operated as a drawback; those requiring domestic service did not want the encumbrance of a child; the mother could not take the little one to a shop with her, and she was loth to leave her alone from morning till night; yet for a year she managed by the greatest economy to eke out a scanty living. Sometimes she found a little plain sewing that she could take to her humble room and finish; sometimes she would be employed for a few hours to do laundry or other work at the homes of the wealthy; and thus she lived, until one day she heard of an opening in the distant city of Milltown for a lodging-house-keeper, and she determined to apply for the situation.

We shall not dwell on this page in the woman's history, or relate how, without money and friends, she and her child arrived at Milltown and gained the ownership of the house. It was a large wooden building, and belonged to the largest corporation in the place. Its sleeping-rooms were small, with but one window, yet each gave nightly shelter to two operatives from the factory. In addition to these there was a large and plainly-furnished sitting-room for the inmates, and a kitchen and bedroom for the matron. The duties of the house-keeper were to see that the house was properly managed, to perform the work of keeping it in order, and to report any irregularity on the part of its inmates. No meals were furnished

here, but the lodgers could prepare their simple food in their own rooms, or get them elsewhere as they chose.

For three years Mary Lawrence had maintained her control of this establishment; she was now a comely, fair-haired woman of thirty-eight, tall and slender, graceful in movement, and with an air of refinement strangely at variance with the rudeness of her surroundings. The quiet dignity of her manner checked any growing familiarity on the part of her more boisterous lodgers; but the gentleness of her speech and the ready sympathy of her heart won upon all alike, and even the most uncultivated and ignorant of the class felt that they could turn to Mrs. Lawrence with their trials and sorrows and not be repulsed. Little May, too, had become a general favorite in the house; her sparkling beauty and mischievous spirit brightened up the bare rooms and made music through the cheerless halls. Many a rude man on his way to or from his nightly quarters stopped in the doorway to pat her curly head or toss her in his broad arms, for she was a diminutive creature and light of weight, and many a careworn factory-girl smiled upon the child or spoke to her in softened tones.

The corporation owning the lodging-house, bent on paying the highest dividends to its members and of keeping its expenses down to the lowest notch, did not waste a cent on a housekeeper, and the salary of Mary Lawrence for her arduous duties did not more than yield a comfortable support to herself and child; yet she was content with this; if she could only keep her little one at school and provide her with the necessities of life, she would not murmur. As for herself, her heart was dead; the disappearance of her idolized husband, who had gone out into the storm, turning his back on all he held dear that he might seek a fortune for them, and his long silence of years, preyed upon her spirits. She thought he must be dead, and yet, with the faithful love of woman, she clung to the thought that, had she died, she would have found some way of bursting the cold, hard bonds of death, and of telling him of her fate; and could not James do the same?

Four years from the time of her disappearance from Ryesley, and eight years from her leave-taking of her husband, there came a new inmate to the Milltown lodging-house, one in whom Mary Lawrence took a strange interest from the first; a short, stout, plain-featured woman, not young nor graceful, but one who had a clear, bright light in her gray eyes and a sweetness in her quiet smile that held a fascination for the mother and her child. Sarah Moore had recently applied for work at the factory, and, having been taken in, had been assigned a lodging-place with Mrs. Lawrence. The second morning after her appearance she sought the housekeeper and begged to know if she might not have a room to herself.

"I shall not mind, madam, how narrow it is, nor how small the bed on which I sleep. I am nervous and fainful, I know, and my roommate, Miss Smith, seems a quiet and well-behaved girl, but I stifle when I lie down beside her. The first night I could not sleep, and last night was nearly as bad. It is something in the magnetism, I suppose."

Mrs. Lawrence listened in her usual sympathetic way, and quietly replied, "I think I understand you. I have felt the same way myself. Some people seem to poison me with their presence. I can't define it, but I know there is something in it. I don't know what to do; the other girls have their own companions, and there are no empty nor are there any single rooms. I am afraid—"

"Oh! I don't say that I must be contented. This thing will kill me if I keep on. Why, madam, I have never in my life been brought into such associations as this factory life gives me, but if I could be alone at night I could breathe, I could get used to it," and the stranger looked with appealing eyes at the kindly-disposed housekeeper.

"You might fix up a bed on my lounge here perhaps until something better could be found for you; it will be quiet and retired; no one sleeps in the lower portion of the house but my little daughter and me, and we have the room beyond."

Mrs. Lawrence had brightened up the kitchen devoted to her sole use with a strip of gay carpet, a red cloth-covered table, a couple of easy chairs and a lounge, a pair of flowered chintz draperies at each of the two windows, and a few pretty pictures on the walls, until it looked as cozy and pretty a sitting-room as one need wish to find, and it was the lounge here that she now offered to the new comer, who accepted it with tears of gratitude.

That night the new lodger made her appearance, and in the talk that followed between her and her hostess created a bond of friendship that was very sweet to both the lonely women. There was something mysterious about Sarah Moore; now and then while she talked a strange light gleamed in her eyes as though a clearer sight was shining through them; and a quick electrical tapping sometimes came from under her white fingers, as yet unstained by heavy toil, as they rested upon the table, or settled upon the back of little May's chair.

(Continued in our next.)

Written especially for the Banner of Light.

A GREAT BATTLE;

OR,

MOTHER AND SON.

BY J. WILLIAM FLETCHER.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART II.

"I HAD A DREAM WHICH WAS NOT ALL A DREAM."

The country all about Stanhope is as smooth and lovely as a garden; the extensive lawns so perfectly kept, the splashing fountains that sing in Nature's sweetest tones the hymn of praise, the wide-stretching fields beyond—all tell of power and wealth and long possession. This mansion had been, in early days, the country-seat of an earl, whose long line of ancestors were renowned for bravery in war and great wealth; but family fortune and the younger members of the family had at last brought the royal estate into the market, so that when the Princess del Ney sought an asylum in England her agents procured this old mansion as a fitting abiding-place. To her it seemed very small indeed; for with her palaces within and just without Paris, her residence at Venice, her chateau in the Alps, in each of which she never passed more than a month or two out of the year, time sped swiftly on; but to be obliged to live a whole year in one house—that was to her little less than being a prisoner. However, she made the best of it. Her rooms were passed in receiving such of the nobility of foreign

powers as still chose to recognize her in her fallen estate, and planning all sorts of intrigues with those high in church power, who owe the success with which they are accredited to never forgetting or losing sight of an opportunity. Hour after hour the representatives from the Vatican would be closeted with her; and who knows what dreams of future greatness and power fed the ambition of this fallen favorite of fortune?

On this day there was somewhat more of bustle about the house, together with an air of mystery, for the young Prince was to go to the war in Africa. Her Majesty, the Queen, had found a commission for him, and his mother felt rejoiced that her son was soon to put the ocean between him and the woman he loved, and who truly loved him. She had never seen her, had no reason to hate her; indeed, all that she had heard was most kindly; but her son's love for her interfered with her own plans, and without a thought or a moment's hesitation, she calmly sacrificed the happiness of the two, to accomplish her own purpose. She said to herself that it was all for his sake—thus do selfish people seek to deceive themselves, and, strange to say, sometimes succeed.

It was very hard to say good-by; to look into his noble, manly face, and feel that perhaps it would never gladden her sight again; to know that within his heart her image had lost its place, and that duty and reverence for the dead, instead of love for her, was leading him forth perchance to death. But the pride of the woman outweighed the love of the mother. So she gave him a little locket with her own face set round with brilliants, took his hand in hers and said: "You take my heart with you, my son, but a field of glory awaits you, and a mother's prayers will always be yours." And then she kissed him on either cheek in the pretty French fashion, and pressed her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Good-by, mother; I go because it is best. Try and forget everything but that 'it is best.' And may I return to England with more joy than I feel sorrow at leaving her shores. My father will guard us both, I am sure of that." And he turned his eyes toward heaven as if in silent prayer, and was gone. No more the childhood, no more the home-coming, no more the *fête-days*—he was gone, and she was alone. The victory was very small, after all, and the sorrow very great. But it was too late to repent; the present loneliness, the future's uncertainties must be faced.

So life went on in its old routine, filled with its usual cares and duties, until one morning the Princess came into the dining-room with listless step and very weary eyes. Turning to Father Henri, who was already there, she said: "Oh! such a night, Holy Father, as I have endured, and such sights as I have witnessed! I had just come from chapel to my apartments, and I had scarcely seated myself, when between the dark curtains I saw a face looking out at me. It grew more and more distinct, until a full figure appeared. I was chained to the spot, but finally with effort said: 'You are risen from the dead?' He waved his hands three times and vanished; but as he disappeared I heard the name 'Victor' whispered, and I was alone, with only a breath of cold air blowing about me. Oh! it was terrible!" And her highness shuddered as she drew her shawl about her, looking straight at the priest.

"Did your Highness recognize the—ahem—appearance?"

"Yes, it was my husband's father. Once in Paris, long ago, we had a gentleman of rare occult powers visit us, and I saw the same apparition, and he whispered my husband's name. His death, which so soon followed it, proved it was a call from heaven. If—if this should mean Victor's death!"

"Calm yourself, I pray you," said the father, crossing himself reverently. "You must not allow your nerves to rule the mind. Prayer and meditation will help you. The dead never return, except—"

"You forget yourself," interrupted her highness. "What I repeat I myself saw and heard—no power can ever change my mind as to that. I am convinced that evil hangs over my absent son." But the breakfast was served, there were orders to give after it, and the day was bright, and the papers announced great victories for the English among the Zulus, so it was easy to forget the vision of the night, and to find in duties a forgetfulness of worry and sadness. So the day wore on, and the Princess found herself in the quiet of her own chamber again, the heavy rain beating without, and the fire burning dully in the grate, when the rustle of the curtains causing her to look up she beheld the form of a man standing before her. She fell shrieking to the floor, not, however, until he had said, "Victor, Victor is dead," and then was gone.

In a moment the attendants were by her side, helped her to her feet, and summoned the physician and the priest. She lay there on the pillows very white and wan, murmuring so plaintively, "Can this be true? Is this the end?" but the silence gave back no reply.

Late at night she called Father Henri to her side, and began telling him what she had seen and heard. "Now," she continued, "I am determined to know, if it is possible, the truth of this. There are persons who commune with the dead, who have the power to reveal strange things. I must see one, cost what it may."

"But," interposed the priest—

"I am resolved, and no power shall move me from it," she interrupted, in a tone of unusual sternness.

She quietly fell into a soft slumber, and entered

"Sleep's sweet realm,
So cozily shut in,
Where, at the worst,
We only dream of sin."

In the morning she was like herself, a little less composed, but none the less quite strong again. The carriage was ordered for town, and at eleven she entered it, followed closely by Father Henri.

"I shall go to my old Scotch friend, the Countess of C—, and she will tell me all I wish to know," remarked the lady after a little; "she has a penchant for the occult, and was often with us in Paris when Home was there."

"As you will, but there is great danger in dealing with these powers of darkness," sighed the priest, as he devoutly crossed himself. "I have asked for special guidance."

They learned from the Countess that there were several "clairvoyants and mystics" who were gifted in an extraordinary manner, and the Princess took the address of two or three and then started on her journey of inquiry into the mysterious. She stopped at one house where a woman, like the "Witch of Endor," saw marvelous visions, but her heart failed her, and she was very glad when the child at the door said half shyly, "My mother's gone

away." Then she drove to a more fashionable quarter, and stopped before an elegant little residence, where already several carriages were standing, the horses impatiently pawing the street, as if to remind their owners to make haste. A well-mounted footman opened the door and informed them that the "Professor" could be seen in an hour.

"Very well, I will wait," she said, addressing Father Henri, who had made the inquiry, "for I am weary from the drive."

So they entered the quiet drawing-room, where two or three others were also waiting for their turn. The room could excite no especial comment save from the peculiar variety of bric-a-brac that everywhere abounded. A faint murmur of voices could be heard from behind the curtains that hid the door of the adjoining room, but that was all. The Princess drew her veil very closely over her face, for fear she might be recognized, and her heart beat loudly when she heard the soft tinkle of a bell, and a lady, whose face is known, like her name, the world over, passed into the next room. Soon she returned, saying, as she rolled up her eyes, "Marvelous! marvelous!"

At this moment the Professor appeared. He wore neither hat nor gown, was neither weird nor old, but might have been one of the hundreds of artists one meets in Belgravia; yet instinctively you looked a second time, for there was an expression of something not easy to define in the face, whose extreme pallor suggested a very sedentary life. He came across the room to where the Princess was sitting, and said in a pleasant tone of voice: "Do you wish to speak with me?"

Father Henri rose with some perturbation, saying: "Yes, sir; her ladyship—ahem! I mean this lady desires, that is, wishes to consult with you." And he turned very red, way up to his eyes.

"Oh! very well; will you please come this way, madame?"

The Princess rose, but the priest said firmly: "I must go with her, for the powers of darkness might prevail."

"Sir!" exclaimed the Professor, "there are no powers of darkness here, and only one person is admitted at one time."

"I must go; it is imperative," added Father Henri impressively.

"Very well."

So the three passed into the dimly-lighted room where communings with the dead were held. On the mantel stood a large picture of a young officer. The Princess started with surprise as she saw it, and, breaking the silence, said:

"Forgive me, monsieur, but may I ask whose picture that is, it so reminds me of one whom I once knew?"

"Surely," replied the mystic. "That is the young Prince Victor del Ney. He is now in Zululand."

"Saw you him at this house ever?"

"Oh! yes, I knew him very well. His father's spirit used to speak with him here."

"Indeed," replied her highness, as she sank into a chair.

The Professor looked toward the corner and saw Father Henri kneeling before a picture of the Virgin and mumbling to himself. "What is the trouble?" asked he.

"Oh! sir," responded the holy man, "I am repeating prayers to exorcise the evil spirits. I shall pray during the entire interview," he said devoutly.

"You had better be seated, then," said the Professor; "I am sure you will be very weary ere the hour is over."

Her highness had kept her double veil down all the time, and as she saw the clairvoyant close his eyes dreamily, she, too, clasped her hands as if in prayer, saying within herself: "There must be something real in all this." The surroundings were suggestive of taste, the person of refinement, while the quiet and resolution seemed to breathe of a possibility of return from an unknown world. From the walls looked down Doré's weird picture of the Martyrs, and the angels bearing their souls away "to that heaven of which they had dreamed." So whispered she to herself as she sat there, watching the changing face of the young man, who a few moments ago seemed like one of earth, but whose features had now so aged and altered as to be almost unrecognizable. Soon his lips began to move, and he said faintly:

"My mother, my mother, do you know who is near you?"

"No," cried her highness; "who are you?"

"Look you, mother, there I am." And the medium's hand motioned toward the picture of Prince del Ney, of whom, curiously enough, they had just been speaking.

"Victor! my Victor! Impossible—impossible! What does this mean? You—you—are not—not dead!" she cried, with almost heart-rending anguish.

"Come away, Madame," said Father Henri, excitedly; "it is the devil sent to mislead you. I insist upon your closing your ears to such terrible machinations. Holy Mother, defend us!"

"I am your son, Victor del Ney, and was killed three days ago. Father Henri, do not be disturbed," murmured the entranced medium. "Oh! can it be possible? Think you it is so? Tell me more, I implore!" exclaimed the startled lady as she sprang to her feet.

The Professor moved restlessly, and finally opened his eyes and was himself.

Father Henri said in slow, measured tones: "Be not disturbed, your Highness; it is all a fabrication. Some lying spirit, if not a trick."

The Professor looked up very quickly and said, with something very like a sneer in his voice: "How could it be a lying spirit, with you here saying prayers to keep the devil away? You compliment yourself but poorly, sir." Then turning to the lady, he said: "I sincerely trust that nothing has been said to distress you, but I have no control over these matters."

But her ladyship was so much overcome that she could make no reply, but leaned heavily upon the priest's arm as he led her from the room. And the seer continued the work of opening the pearly gates through which the dear immortals pass in their journeys earthward.

July Magazines.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH.—"Hypnotism as a Healing Agent," is the subject of an interesting and instructive paper by the editor. In "Women as Navigators," Elizabeth Oakes Smith gives cases illustrative of her subject; from a lecture delivered by her forty years ago, in which she advocated the right of a woman to do whatever she was capable of doing on the principle that the measure of capacity is the measure of spheres to either man or woman. W. L. Holbrook, New York.

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE.—Has articles upon "Folk-lore," "Double-Bar Work," "Pineapple Short," "School for Computing Occultists," and "Rock-land, N. H." W. W. Payne.

Banner Correspondence.

New York.

WEST EXETER.—A correspondent furnishes the following:

At his home, West Exeter, Otsego County, N. Y., the spirit of Ephraim Fitch Simms, Esq., left his mortal body on May 20th, 1886, at the advanced age of eighty-three years. It was a change which he had long expected and desired. He was born in Canterbury, Ct., April 24th, 1803, emigrated to Plainfield, Conn., Otsego County, N. Y., in 1824, where he pursued the occupation of a hatter for several years with his father. He was convinced of the truth of Spiritualism by carefully reading the early works of Andrew Jackson Davis about thirty-five years ago, and had taken the BANNER OF LIGHT for more than twenty consecutive years, besides reading much other spiritual literature published in America.

I quote a portion of the notice of his death from the *Richfield Springs Mercury* of May 27th, 1886, to show how the estimate and intelligent man was respected in the county where he resided more than sixty years.

He was twice married, his first wife Miss Amanda Hanger, to whom he was united March 10th, 1829, and who died May 27th, 1877, aged ninety-two years. His second wife took place April 20th, 1880, with Florida J. Norton, with whom he spent twenty-eight happy years. She departed this life June 20, 1884. By this marriage there were three children, Chauncey N., Luinda, and Joseph Simms, M. D., who mourns an always kind and indulgent father. Mr. Simms had been for many years a firm believer in Spiritualism, to a great reader, with a retentive memory, interesting in conversation, a man of the strictest integrity, honest and upright in all business transactions, and a devoted and successful father. He had been in feeble health for many months, but retained his faculties to the very last. The funeral was largely attended from the residence, and the interment took place in the cemetery at Spencer's Corners. Mr. Simms, as is well known, was a great lover of flowers, and took great pleasure in cultivating them in his garden. He was presented by the friends here many, and very beautiful flowers, which he placed in his room, and he was very fond of his father's spirit left its earthly abode, and the son had not then learned of his parent's change to spirit-life."

The following is from the *Utica Morning Herald* of May 27, 1886:

His late friend Fitch Simms, an old resident of Otsego County, died at his residence in West Exeter yesterday. He was a brother of the late Septia R. Simms, the historian. He was many years before the public as a writer and freethinker. He was a self-educated man, but was a man of great information. He was very interesting and instructive in private conversation, but was diffident in the presence of a company. He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and was known throughout the United States, Europe and Australia, as a lecturer on physiology and physiognomy. Mr. Simms, who has been absent for some time, was on his way to visit his father at the time he died. In this connection may be added the statement of Dr. Simms, that he saw the spirit form of his father in his bedroom at 18 Lexington Avenue, New York, the night after that father's spirit left its earthly abode, and the son had not then learned of his parent's change to spirit-life."

NORTH COLLINS.—Emma Train, Secretary of the Spiritual Society known as Friends of Human Progress of North Collins, N. Y., writes that a meeting of the Society was held at the residence of George W. Taylor, Lawton, N. Y., on Sunday, July 4th, of which she says: "The forenoon entertainment was given by the children of the North Collins Progressive Lyceum, consisting of songs, recitations, dialogues, etc., appropriate to the occasion. It was beautiful to witness the enthusiasm manifested by the little ones; members of the infant class mounting the platform, and speaking in pleasing accents to a large audience of interested listeners. After partaking of a sumptuous repast beneath the inviting shade of the trees, an interesting address was given by Miss Inez Huntington, of East Randolph, N. Y. The subjects, taken from the audience, were handled in an easy and able manner, in language highly poetical. Very rarely do we meet one with the sweet magnetic influence, high inspiration and melodious gifts of Miss Huntington. Sitting by her side a few moments preceding the afternoon exercises, she spoke of a little boy coming to us from spirit-life; giving age, color of hair and eyes, leading peculiarities and description of the physical conditions that took him from earth-life, with perfect accuracy. As we separated, at the close of the delightful day, we felt as though we had indeed celebrated 'the glorious Fourth' in a fitting manner. We believe none can visit the home of Mr. Taylor without taking away with them something of the beauty and harmony that forms, in all its cool shades and quiet retreats, a balm for weary hearts. It seems to us that homes in spirit-life must be like this, filled with music and light, ever busy, yet restful; ever bathed in sunny smiles, yet holding a sympathy deep enough to weep with those who weep."

SARATOGA SPRINGS.—The Spiritualist meeting of Sunday, June 27th, was addressed by Mrs. E. B. Duffy, a member of the Troy Typographical Union, who is spoken of by the *Eagle* as a bright, self-reliant, industrious lady, who made a capital address, bristling with good points and eliciting much applause. Mrs. Lovering, of Boston, sang and played, and Dr. Mills gave names, descriptions and messages at the close of the evening lecture. Among the spirits was Bessie Hinks, who has repeatedly appeared, claiming to have been burned to death in Boston, but has not been identified. She said she had heard Mrs. Lovering sing in Boston.

Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS.—M. G. T. writes: "We are not progressing in spiritual matters as we should in New Orleans. Among our very best people are many real Spiritualists, but they do not seem willing to be classed as such. They are still considered members of the churches and contribute to their support. Now if they really believe the church doctrine is the only real truth, they are acting according to the dictates of their best self. But what of those who do not believe this? Is any one justified in upholding that which he does not consider truth? Can any attend a service wherein Christ is worshipped as the God-Man, and say 'amen' at the close of supplications made in his name, when in their own souls they know, by their own reasoning power, that he is no more a God than they themselves are, except by his having the advantages of progression—are they? can they call themselves other than perjurers? We cannot deceive God, and we cannot deceive ourselves, though we sometimes think we do, so it is best to be honest."

Now I suppose there are those who believe in Spiritualism, and yet have not reached any decided point in other matters. Well, even those have no business in church. The church distinctly says that the devil is the author of everything pertaining to Spiritualism, and by silent consent, if nothing else, they (the believers in spirit-return) declare that those they know to be the spirits of departed loved ones are the devil! Some say: "Well, my husband, my wife, my relatives wish me to go; but it seems to me that if you told your husband, your wife or your relations firmly what you believe, if you gave them to understand that you could not respect yourself and act otherwise than 'at least' abstain from making a falsifier of yourself, they would like you the better for your honesty. Friends, there is a sure way of winning over every husband, wife, relative and friend to our cause: 'Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven.'"

What, quoting from the Bible? says a voice over my shoulder. Yes; and why not? Even if I do not accept Christ as God Almighty, cannot I consider him what he taught himself to be—a teacher? If he was not God, his teachings were from God, and as such may I not learn of them? Ah! those beautiful things taught by Christ—kindness, love, patience and forgiveness!

Let us each try to battle with circumstances in such a way that we may progress even if only the one hundredth part of an inch every day. Friends, full of sympathy and love surround us even if unseen, so pray don't let us at and hear them called the devil!

Mrs. Currier spent a few weeks here. "She was an excellent independent slate-writer. I speak for myself and for several others who received tests through her spirit-control." Bill. Several times he described things in private rooms, and told me of what occurred in my own daily life.

Before Mrs. Currier left, "Bill" gave me a test whereby I might know that the medium did not do the writing. It was permitted to place my hand on that of the medium which held the slate; her other hand resting on top of the table; in that way we received writing. Another time she merely materialized the slate, and then I held it under the table myself, and received writing and heard raps on the slate as before; her two hands at that time being on top of the table. I have not Mrs. Currier's address at present, but would be glad to get it if she will favor me. She can address me at No. 42 Madison Street, care of Dr. Miller.

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In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of important free thought, but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents give utterance.

We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve manuscripts that are not used. When newspapers are forwarded which contain matter for our inspection, the sender will confer a favor by drawing a pencil or ink line around the article he desires to recommend for perusal.

Notices of Spiritualist Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Monday of each week, as the BANNER goes to press every Tuesday.

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

"Holy Humor."

This is one of the latest of the sensational themes on which Talmage has addressed his congregation, and it is not a little interesting to know what he means by it, and how he turns it over in its application to human life and conduct. We need not remark that the discourse is Talmage all over. He enters upon a painstaking recital of the various kinds of laughter described in the Scriptures, commenting on "the laughter of skepticism from the days of Sarah to the days of Theodore Parker and Herbert Spencer." He feels very sure that people who laugh at Christianity will in the end get the worst of it, which will apparently satisfy him, whatever may happen to them. It would be wearisome work to follow him along in his cranky fancies and speculations, but it may pay for the trouble to throw out a few observations as we pass.

For instance, remarks Mr. Talmage: "God says that the Bible is true—it is all true. Bishop Colenso laughs; Herbert Spencer laughs; John Stuart Mill laughs; great German universities laugh; Harvard laughs—softly; a great many of the learned institutions of this country, with long rows of professors seated on the fence between Christianity and infidelity, laugh softly." What he wants to show is, that by-and-by God will call them all to account for laughing, when they will join as one man in denying it, and then he will thunder back his threatening response: "But thou didst laugh!" As much as to say—"Ah! now I've got you." And this is what some ministers persist in calling the fear of God.

But let us see about this business of laughing at the King James translation of the Bible. One would reasonably conclude that it is the Christian Church itself that has been caught "laughing" at the Bible, since it has thought it necessary to revise the old translation in order to eliminate many of its "laughable" points. It strikes us that the laugh comes in on the Colenso, Spencer, Mill and Harvard side of the mouth. It was these very men, and others of like spirit, who have compelled the church to go through its Scriptures again more thoroughly. How then are they the ones caught laughing, when it is the Church that laughs so heartily over the text of its old Bible that it falls to and devotes fifteen years to its careful revision? The Church was made aware of its former ridiculous position in claiming infallibility for that book, and has done what it dare do in giving way to the "laugh." Where does the Talmagean thunder come in in connection with the laugh implied in the new revision?

"I take up this book of King James' translations," says Talmage. "I consider it a perfect Bible; but here are skeptics who want it torn to pieces." And he goes on in his peculiar way to tear out one book after another, and then to ask his hearers how they like the kind of midnight darkness he has thus made for them. Almost anybody can argue in that way, if one is far enough gone in intellectual self-respect; but what is all the outcome? Talmage thinks (or rather he says he thinks) the old Bible of King James a perfect Bible. Therefore he would not see a line erased or even a letter obliterated. But what have the learned revisers been about? What has he to say to them? Why does he not set them down with the skeptics and infidels on whose devoted heads he delights to launch liquid damnation? Ah! he knows better than to run afoul of the governing sentiment of the church with which he considers it necessary to continue to be identified. No laughter is Talmage where laughter costs.

His sneer at Theodore Parker, however, is mean and low, even for Talmage, and he never will know how mean and low that is. He describes Parker's "laughter" at Christianity as "the most fascinating" he could recall. He charges Parker with having made the Word of God seem ridiculous, and that "he laughed on at our holy religion until he came to die." For a quarter of a century, says Talmage, he laughed at Christianity, and ever since "Christianity has been laughing at him." It will be news to all religious people to hear that Theodore Parker ever stooped to bring Christianity into contempt. Moreover, if it is the spirit of Christianity to turn around and do by him the very thing it feels aggrieved at him for doing, we do not see how it is any better than he was. The Talmage conception of the Christian spirit is

thus seen to be a base one, with not a spark of the spirit of Christ about it.

Away with such trash in the name of religion! It is a travesty on reason and common sense, and would make of the universe a mere fighting-ground instead of the scene of endless harmony.

We never considered, in fact, that the Church laughed much at Theodore Parker. On the contrary, it cursed him and railed on him, offering open prayers to God for his extinction. It actually prayed for his removal, and great were the credulity rejoicings when he died in a foreign land! That is the spirit of assassination—not the spirit of Christ. If, under that psychological pressure, exerted with the force of united wills upon an over-worked man with whose nervous disease had made sad havoc, after his heroic struggles on humanity's behalf, he did in a moment of depression utter melancholy words, he surely showed no more human weakness than did the Jesus of Talmage's professed idolatry, who cried out in his last trying hour: "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?"

When Talmage has worked off much of this unhappy bile, and comes up smiling with the observation that "there is more religion in a laugh than a groan," he catches a glimpse of spiritual health, although in doing so he "goes back" on all he has been saying in such an explosive and irrational way. For all that, how can he find it in his heart to laugh at all, with that awful creedal hell staring him in the face, and believing that the most of his friends and neighbors, with their children, are to be eternally consigned to its raging flames? Where can a man find room on his face for a laugh, when such a doom is fixed for almost every one about him? If he indeed holds to such a creed, and denounces those who cannot accept it in all its horrors, it ought to be an impossibility for him to smile again. Nor can one believe him wholly sincere, when he says he hopes God's "laughter" may never fall upon any of us.

Summing it all up, however, he is inclined to regard heaven as a "place of magnificent sociability." Well, it would not be surprising to know that, he has got to learn a great deal on that subject after he gets there. He must not expect either to have it all to himself or his own way. The spirit-life will be found to be much more intensely real than this life of sense. It is useless to speculate when so much may be actually known. But we are greatly mistaken if Brother Talmage does not find that the kind of laughter in vogue there is not that of a tyrannical and heartless vindictiveness with which he so plentifully wreathes the features of his creedal "Jehovah."

Restating the Creeds.

It is highly satisfactory, in this age, to see a daily journal like the *Hartford Times*, which indeed has always had the courage of its convictions, address the public in plain terms respecting the manner in which the Church Congress at its last session in Cleveland, O., saw fit to treat the perfectly respectful and proper request of the local Spiritualist Society to be heard before that Congress on the views of Spiritualists and the facts of Spiritualism. While we are free to say that such a refusal of an audience by that body can do no harm to Spiritualism, it is none the less to be condemned—as we stated at the time—as another illustration of the narrow and bigoted spirit that still dominates the churches even in a representative assembly called for the avowed purpose of discovering common ground on which they can all stand.

The chief topic of discussion by the meeting was "The Necessity for a Restatement of Christian Beliefs"—itself an open admission that their present statement is unsatisfactory. "The truth is," remarks the *Hartford Times*, "that the old Calvinistic theology, with its dark and horrible dogmas, is a libel on God and an outrage on humanity. It has been propped up and nursed with jealous care, but it is visibly tumbling, going by the board, in the wider light of the present day."

The significant fact is that it is the leaders in the churches themselves that are coming forward to demand an overhauling of the old statements of church beliefs, driven to it by what they see and know to be going on all about them. They are unable to deny any longer, at least with the hope of success, that the old forms of church belief require to be re-adjusted in harmony with the increasing intelligence of the time, and the disclosures made clear by the light of modern science. Rev. Dr. Curry of New York, one of the most distinguished of Methodist preachers and editorial writers in the country, did not hesitate to declare openly that "the historical creeds," as he designates them, meaning those derived from the Old Testament, are "all materialistic in the forms of language and the manifest conceptions respecting the future life." He states unequivocally that "the once popular notions respecting the resurrection of the dead and the character of the life everlasting which those creeds manifestly teach have ceased to command the assent of the great body of intelligent believers." The conception of "the spiritual body," as set forth by St. Paul, is more in harmony with the growing belief of the age, which discards the notion of a literal resurrection of the body as a monstrous miracle of impossibility.

Dr. Curry asserts that the ablest Christian scholars agree that our eschatology needs to be restored to the simple and actual teachings of Christ. "Who," he inquires, almost in the spirit of despair, "shall undertake the work? And what shall be the form and contents of the reconstructed faith of the church?" While he is apparently awaiting a reply, the work may be done in an unexpected manner. The times are ripe for the change that is imminent. The preparation has been long and silently in progress. And when it comes, we shall find those who now oppose a change with the most earnestness eager to be thought at the front in what shall seem to indicate larger views, more liberal sentiments, and real progress.

The denial of the *Toronto Mail* that Prof. Crookes was ever "converted to or led to embrace Spiritualism," calls forth from London *Light* a recommendation "to the well-informed editor of that journal" that he persevere Prof. Crookes' "Researches in the Phenomena of Spiritualism."

G. W. Kates, editor of *Light for Thinkers*, Atlanta, Ga., has been of late visiting in Philadelphia and New York. It is hinted that he may yet come as far East as Boston, and go to Onset Bay and other places.

See special advertisement of Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting in another column.

"Like Attracts Like."

There can be no doubt in the minds of those who have studied the laws governing the intimate relations existing between this world and the world of spirits, that the incongruous scenes often witnessed at revival meetings, more especially those occurring in remote sections, and oftentimes termed "the outpourings of the holy ghost," "baptisms from heaven," etc., are the effects of influences of the unseen. The connection between the mundane and supermundane worlds is indissoluble, and the influence of the inhabitants of each upon those of the other continuous; what its predominating character shall be depends much on the conditions we provide, and the rule is supreme: "Like attracts like."

This remark is suggested by a correspondent who calls our attention to an account of certain noisy and tumultuous demonstrations that occurred, and for aught we know are yet occurring, in one of the Western States, at a series of meetings held by a woman whose enthusiasm in "bringing sinners to repentance," and holding up the near approach of the second advent of Christ, as an inducement for them to "flee from the wrath to come," is creating a furor of excitement in that region. She calls herself "a trance evangelist"; and it is said that at the close of "an arduous day and night of preaching and praying she goes under the power," is unconscious for two, three or four hours, and upon regaining her normal state is fully recuperated in strength and vigor. The correspondent (who writes us from Killbuck, Ct.) has always associated spirit control with trance speaking, and as this lady evangelist does not profess to be a Spiritualist, he imagines spirits have nothing to do in her case, and if not in hers very likely not in that of any trance speaker. In this view of the subject he says: "I think it will have a tendency to shake what is called the truth of Spiritualism," and asks our view of the matter.

So far from such demonstrations "shaking the truth of Spiritualism" in the sense, as we presume our correspondent means, of weakening it, they fix that truth more firmly in the mind; just as the roots of an oak are more firmly established in the solid earth when the branches are shaken by the winds. No one who has investigated the philosophy and phenomena of Spiritualism with a thoroughness that has led him to a conviction that they are in harmony with Nature's laws, and hence God's laws, will fail to see their workings in these revival meetings; and likewise to see that, all unconsciously, oftentimes the enemies of Spiritualism are actively engaged in demonstrating its truth.

As before said, the character of the influences that are attracted to our midst is in accordance with the conditions we offer. It should be understood that a change of one's place of abode does not change his religious belief, and this is, for a time at least, as true regarding a change from this world to the other, as from one locality to another in this world. Hence, in what is called the spirit-world every form of religious belief here has its corresponding adherents there. Some of those who pass to that world with Calvinistic doctrines born and bred in their bones, as it were, will not find it an easy matter to rid themselves of them; and whenever a meeting for "saving sinners" is held upon earth they gather and do their part, through those who are susceptible to their influence, toward preventing others from going to a place of torment which, though they have not reached, they are momentarily expecting to. The mingling of the mundane and supermundane evangelists, by and through the magnetic aura thus evolved, produces the deplorable effects to which our attention has been directed: But as the truths of Spiritualism become more and more diffused they will lessen, until ultimately they will altogether cease.

The Way We are Insensibly Trained.

If we were but to look at things differently, it would make them in reality different. It is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are thus and so. So if we stop repining at our lot, and at once accept it as the very condition meant for us, and consequently best for us, we shall gradually but surely come to perceive that it is only by accepting it gladly, and gratefully making the utmost of it, that we can attain anything like the inward satisfaction which is another name for happiness.

Difficulties, as they are placed in our way, are to be accepted as the very means of training our powers and disciplining our thoughts, which are requisite to our true growth and development. If we were allowed to choose our obstacles it is pretty certain that we should have none but the easiest, if indeed, we had any at all. Better, by far, that they be chosen for us, and we left to discover and invent a way for surmounting them. In that way are we put upon our energy and stimulated to effort, and thus come training and needed discipline. When we are passing through a term of sorrow and suffering little do we realize the amount of good that it is to bring to our natures. We come to know our own selves after these trying experiences as we never should without them. Why it is so it is not for us to seek to fathom; enough to observe the conditions and employ them for our surest advantage.

The soul is taught the needed knowledge of good and evil by first sinning. Thus is evil as necessary an element in the world as good, of which it is only the supplement and counterpart. Without such training the soul could not know virtue. Not that evil is to be courted for the sake of educating good; it will come without that trouble; and it is because it is so sure to come and make its hated presence known and felt in all human lives that we are forced to regard it as much a part of the divine law of government as any other. Only by actual experience is either wisdom or knowledge to be gained. And yet it is not to be asserted that we are to go eagerly after experience with such an end in view; it will come as fast as is good for us without going forth to meet it. The revelations of the spiritual dispensation show those who really read their deepest meaning, that in the school of human experience all are advancing, and on the line naturally laid down for them.

We received not long since a very pleasant call from W. H. Smith, Esq., of Syracuse, N. Y., who related interesting experiences incidental to his conversion to Spiritualism, and reported the light of the New Dispensation to be gradually permeating every rank of society in that city.

A certain wandering "STARB" is now shining (?) in the East. People who want to save their time and money will do well to turn their gaze another way.

Aksakof and Eglinton.

Mr. A. Aksakof, of St. Petersburg, has arrived in London and announces his intention of resuming his experiments with Mr. Eglinton, began during the stay of Mr. E. in Russia. In a letter of Mr. Aksakof, published in the *Rebus*, prior to his leaving home, he states that Mr. Eglinton was invited by him to St. Petersburg for two purposes, the first and most important of which was to prove by the help of photography that the phenomenon named materialization is a reality, not an hallucination, as was asserted by Dr. Von Hartmann. For that purpose it was necessary to obtain a simultaneous representation of the medium himself and of the appearing figure, or of a part thereof. The other purpose consisted in giving an opportunity to some men of science, professors of the Medical Chirurgical Academy of Petersburg, according to the desire they expressed for investigating mediumistic phenomena. Unfortunately, owing to the very brief stay of Mr. Eglinton, and the extreme exhaustion he experienced after the photographic sittings, which took so much time, the above-mentioned gentlemen could witness only four sittings, two of which were in darkness, and two, of autographic writing, in full light. They were, however, very satisfactory to the professors.

In the photographic experiments Mr. Eglinton was seated in front of the very middle of the curtains; the back of his head, his shoulders and his hands held behind his back being fully in view, and his face, his chest, and his feet in darkness. "Under these conditions," says Mr. Aksakof, "by the glare of the strongest magnesium light, composed of six wires twisted together, a hand showed itself above the head of Mr. Eglinton, remained thus a few seconds, and then vanished. Five photographic instruments located at different points, obtained the impression of the medium with both his hands behind his back, and a third hand above his head."

Proofs of the photographs reached Mr. Aksakof soon after his arrival in London. He describes them as follows:

"The larger photograph shows Mr. Eglinton seated on a chair, between the curtains, with his hands behind his back, and on the top of his head is seen something white, which can be recognized as the outline of a right hand, reaching the knuckles and the thumb are clearly discernible, but the other fingers are not distinct, because, as is seen by the position of Mr. Eglinton's hands in the photograph, he has moved during the exposure—bending with his body a little forward. This accords with what has been said by our photographer, immediately after the experience—namely, that the hand would not be very distinct, because Mr. Eglinton's head moved forward, as if attracted by the hand which rested upon his head. Our photographer (a private gentleman and artist) regretted it very much, because the hand, he says, was of perfect shape and beauty. The other photograph, a stereoscopic one, taken by Prof. Wagner, shows Mr. Eglinton's back and hands *en profil*, and on his head is also seen something white, which has changed its position by a movement backward. The outlines of a hand are not so distinct as in the larger photograph."

Vaccinating with Poison Ivy.

The question naturally suggests itself to many, if protection can be had from an attack of smallpox by submitting to it in a mild form, or in other words if one can become guarded against blood-poisoning in one case by such method, why not in others? This evidently was the line of reasoning a correspondent of the *Boston Herald* indulged in, and so far as to test it. He was, he says, very susceptible to the ill effects of poison ivy, but after rubbing the green leaves of that vine on his bare limbs was no more troubled in that way. There seems to have been about as much reason in the man who made this dangerous experiment, and in his having arrived at his conclusion, as there is in the vaccinators, and what they assume to prove by their poisoning process. We read that a man was once swallowed by and lived in the stomach of a whale, and passed the ordeal unharmed; but a physician who recommended his patient to adopt that method as a means of regaining his lost health might be suspected of having made a slight error in his diagnosis or his prescription. A man might poison himself all over with ivy and live; he might have poison forced into his veins and live; but in neither case would the proceeding be proved a desirable one for all mankind to adopt. And so it appears, thinks Mr. P. H. Bullock, of Concord, Mass., who, referring to the *Herald* writer, says:

"Like him, I was very easily poisoned even by going near it, and the same remedy was recommended to me as he was tried, but with far different results, for I was horribly poisoned. Arms, legs, face and neck were swollen and inflamed, and laterally small blisters filled with burning water covered my entire body. This was twenty years ago, and I still possess me. If anybody thinks of 'vaccinating' themselves with ivy, I earnestly suggest 'don't.'"

The Indian's Friend.

Dr. T. A. Bland, of Washington, D. C. editor of *The Council Fire*, is visiting Boston and other cities of the East in the interest of the National Indian Defense Association, of which he is an official member. He called at the BANNER office on the 15th, and informed us that in Philadelphia, Trenton and New York he enrolled eighty-nine new members, and received and got pledges for nearly one thousand dollars in membership fees and contributions, on behalf of the Association. He will visit Onset, Lake Pleasant and other places, on his mission. We hope the Doctor will meet with ample success in his benevolent work. He comes among us with first-class references, is an active worker in behalf of the Indian cause, and should be strengthened in his labors by pecuniary aid.

Our readers will remember that Dr. Bland some time ago obtained a letter of permission from the then Secretary of the Interior Teller to visit the Pine Ridge Agency, at the request of Red Cloud and other Indian chiefs, and that on his arrival there Agent McGillouddy called in six armed policemen and forced Dr. Bland to take the government carriage and be driven to a rancho across the line. This so excited the chiefs of the White Horse band that they offered to escort the journalist back to the Agency, agreeing to protect him in making his proposed inspection; but he declined their offer, as it might incite an outbreak. Now we have the satisfaction of knowing that Dr. Bland's report to the government of the mismanagement of the affairs at the Agency was the principal cause of McGillouddy's summary dismissal.

THE SPIRIT MESSAGE DEPARTMENT this week will reply personal. Questions are answered regarding progress in spirit-life, and reëmbodiment from choice, and various exalted intelligences, either by controlling the medium, or through the action of the Spirit-Principle of the Oracle, send communications to those yet in the mortal.

Terrific Earthquake in New Zealand!

Taranua, Rotorua, and other points in the Auckland district, New Zealand, were, so report San Francisco despatches of the 12th inst., the scene last month of a terrible earthquake, accompanied by the reawakening of the supposed-to-be-extinct volcano of Ruapeha, with sympathetic action on the part of the whole Paera range. The slight is reported to have been sublime and awful—one hundred and twenty miles of country were a mass of flame. Numerous villages were destroyed; twenty-one persons are known to have been killed, and the number will probably be found to be much larger; and a great loss of cattle by starvation was inflicted.

The accounts seem to agree that the natives of Taranua, in the Auckland lake district, were the first victims; they were sharply awakened from sleep at two o'clock in the morning by repeated vivid flashes of lightning, which continued at rapid intervals up to four o'clock, when a tremendous earthquake occurred, followed quickly by others.

The shocks were so violent that the people sprang from their beds, and paralyzed with terror, fled for their lives in their night clothes, making no effort to save or take anything with them except their children. Huge volumes of smoke illuminated with flames simultaneously burst forth from a range of mountains over sixty miles in length, and above the smoke could be seen huge masses of fire resembling meteors rushing through the sky.

The earthquakes continued to follow one another in quick succession up to 7 A. M., when a leaden-colored cloud was observed advancing from the south, spreading out until it covered the sky.

While still moving it burst with the sound of thunder, and shortly after showers of fine dust, which emitted a sulphurous smell, began falling, continuing until it became so dense as to make day dark as night, and not until the second day did the dust-rain cease.

As at the convulsion of nature which destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii, many inhabitants were buried in this ashen shroud. One old Maori chief at Rotorua was dug out alive, after having been buried in the ashes one hundred and four hours. Every effort was made to save the lives of others, but in most cases where bodies were found they were dead.

A widespread fear existed during the elemental strife that the whole island was about to sink in the sea.

The roads have been blocked up with blue clay mud; the face of the country entirely changed; Blue Lake and Lake Ratakakatal were transformed into mud lakes.

Several English residents were among the killed. The Colonial authorities are moving in the matter of assisting the suffering.

The captain of the steamship *Southern Cross*, which arrived at Auckland on the 18th, reports having felt on the effects of the disturbance. On the morning of June 10th, the day following the earthquake, he experienced a downfall of dust. From five to ten A. M. there was complete darkness, and balls of fire were continually playing around the mastsheads. A terrible gale suddenly sprang up and carried all his canvas away before it could be taken in, and the ship was forced to bear away to the North for nearly a whole day ere she escaped from the dust-shower.

This convulsion of nature has been, it is announced, the severest of the kind within the memory of man in New Zealand.

"The Carrier Dove."

The July number of this periodical, published at 854 1/2 Broadway, Oakland, Cal., contains four portraits, with brief biographies of the persons represented: W. J. Colville, the trance speaker; Amy Post, who, on account of the protection and aid rendered by her to the Fox girls on the first appearance of spirit phenomena, is termed "The Mother of Modern Spiritualism"; John Brown, Sen., the medium; and John W. Day, Assistant Editor of the BANNER OF LIGHT, the incidents of whose life as here narrated will naturally prove of interest to our readers. Mr. Colville's address at the opening of the Camp-Meeting at Oakland and Answers to Questions are given. Miss M. T. Shelhamer's admirable "Story for the Times" is continued, and an interesting miscellany closes with a poem of sterling merit by Mr. J. W. Day.

We much regret to note the valedictory of Mr. ALBERT MORTON, whose retirement from the position of Associate Editor, so capably filled by him, is compelled by demands in other fields of spiritual labor.

San Francisco, Cal.

W. J. Colville having completed his engagement in Oakland, the Camp-Meeting being over (closing exercises held July 5th), he has removed to 413 Leavenworth street, San Francisco. His regular engagements in that city are: Sundays, Metropolitan Temple, lectures, 10:45 A. M.; 7:45 P. M.; answers to questions, 2:30 P. M.; Friendship Hall, Old Fellows Building, Market street, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, 10 A. M. and 8 P. M. He also speaks in Hamilton Church (Unitarian), Oakland, Tuesdays and Thursdays, 2:30 P. M., and frequently lectures in the evening, in Alameda. All the meetings are very largely attended, and the interest seems increasing with every session.

The above arrangement continues till end of August. With the beginning of September Mrs. E. L. Watson is expected to return to San Francisco. Mr. Colville will hold himself in readiness to visit other parts of California. All correspondents will address him as above.

Mr. Ira Davenport's son writes us from Buffalo under date of July 11th, 1886, thanking the BANNER and its friends who have contributed to the aid of his father pecuniarily, and asks us to now discontinue the appeal. He says that the sight of his father's eyes is much improved of late—so much so that he can see to read and write, although he is advised not to do so for the present. The fund as it stands at its conclusion is as follows: Previously acknowledged, \$102.52; Mrs. L. P. Daniels, \$2.00.

The Boston Herald continues to blow hot and cold, "thick and thin," in regard to Spiritualism and its media. Last Saturday it said in big letters as a caption that D. D. Home was the most wonderful medium ever known, etc., and in its following Sunday edition it asserted that "Home was a great humbug," etc. "Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel!"

The magnetic healer, Joseph L. Newman, whose office is located at 83 Bowditch street, Boston, has made some very remarkable cures by the massage process—which is ten times superior to the "mental healing" or "Christian science" cure so much talked about. Give him a call.

NOW IS THE TIME TO CIRCULATE THE BANNER AT THE VARIOUS SPIRITUALIST CAMPS—THROUGH WHICH ARE MADE KNOWN THE GRANDEST TRUTHS MAN CAN LEARN ON EARTH. READ THE GRAND SPIRITUAL STORY COMMENCED ON OUR FIRST PAGE.

Mrs. J. C. Ewell, of Boston, will be absent from the city during the summer season, and on her return will inform the public through an advertisement in the BANNER OF LIGHT.

We are glad to learn that Col. D. M. Fox, editor and publisher of the *Spiritual Offering*, is now convalescent.

Robert H. Fryar, of Bath, Eng., desires to announce that his New List for 1886 is now ready, and has been distributed by mail.

Wm. J. Williams, of New York, will open his season of Spiritualist lectures at Low's Grand Opera House, Broadway, N. Y., on the 20th inst. He will appear, during the season, in the large hall at East and West corners of

For further information regarding the above information, please contact the following:

