

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. LIX.

COLBY & RICE,
Publishers and Proprietors.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1886.

{ \$3.00 Per Annum,
Postage Free. }

NO. 19.

CONTENTS.

FIRST PAGE.—Free Thought: Séance-Room Perplexities: Statement by W. J. Colville; Organization and A. E. Newton. Literary Department: The Spirit of the Storm.

SECOND PAGE.—A Great Battle: Dr. Mother and Son. Poetry: A Greeting to Dr. Holmes. Wisconsin State Convention. Anniversary Exercises at the Perkins Mountain Home. July Magazine.

THIRD PAGE.—Poetry: "The Book that is Higher than I." Banner Correspondence: Letters from Connecticut, Vermont, California, Indiana, Oregon, New York, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Tennessee, and Minnesota. New Publications. Highly Significant. The Ancient and Modern Faith Cure. Verifications of Spirit Mediums, etc.

FOURTH PAGE.—The Spirit of Life, and the Law of It. "The Indian Question in Arizona." A Spirit Promotion of the New Zealand Eruption, etc.

FIFTH PAGE.—All Sorts of Paraphrases. Spiritualist Camp and Grove Meetings. Movement of Mediums and Lecturers. New Advertisements, etc.

SIXTH PAGE.—Message Department: Invocation; Questions and Answers; Spirit Messages given through the Mediumship of Miss M. T. Shelhamer from Dr. Elias P. Sullivan, John Elliot, Edw. Robinson, Margaret M. Thomas, Sheridan, Col. Joseph Perkins, Williams Allen, Capt. Joseph Taber, William O. Taber, Charles Norton, Mary Hill, George Ryder, Elizabeth Longley, Eliza Clark, Enoch Hazeltine, Capt. John S. Debiola, Fritz Glogenseth, Thomas J. Goodwin, Dr. Edward A. Isbell, W. W. Rathbone, John Hall, Lizzie Miller, Warren Emerson, Charles S. Whitcomb, Carrie Benjamin.

SEVENTH PAGE.—Messages given through the mediumship of Miss M. T. Shelhamer from Johnnie Bartley and Lizzie L. Guilford. "Mediums in Boston." Book and Miscellaneous Advertisements.

EIGHTH PAGE.—A Washington Letter. A Reply to Mr. Keeler's Open Letter. Summer Camp Meetings: Onset Bay; Lake Pleasant; Ocean Grove Camp Meeting, Harwich Port, Mass.; Queen City Park, Vt.; Parkland (Pa.) Camp Meeting, etc.

Free Thought.

SEANCE-ROOM PERPLEXITIES.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The intelligent investigator, who has carefully studied materialization, and has become fully satisfied of the existence of objective forms temporarily assumed, no longer cares for bolts, locks or test conditions, knowing that the mental atmosphere which requires these things is detrimental to the higher and more delicate manifestations. The appearance of these forms, coming out of invisible space, and departing in the same way, no longer challenges his credulity, or takes him by surprise; he has become familiar with them, and his attention is naturally drawn to the inquiry as to who and what they are.

In pursuing this department of inquiry, he not unfrequently finds himself adrift upon an unknown sea, without compass or chart to guide his course, and is fortunate if he is not sometimes thrown back upon the shore whence he started, bewildered and astonished at what he has encountered.

In order to escape from this bewilderment he is obliged to review his entire experience, and in so doing may find, in some of the investigations he has made, especially in séances where there is little or no order, deceptive things which have led him astray—things which create distrust and tend to weaken his confidence in the honesty of the medium.

As an illustration I will cite one of the many cases that have come under my observation: A gentleman who had visited materializing séances quite often, where what claimed to be a near and dear relative came to him, giving strong evidence of her identity, was afterward led to attend another séance, under a different medium, where the same spirit, as he supposed, came to him, giving her name in full. He was delighted with what appeared to be additional evidence of her spiritual existence, and greeted her warmly. In the course of their interview, he alluded to meeting her at the other place. Indignantly she replied, "I did not go there; they are all frauds!"

He left the séance with feelings of disgust, remarking that he could find lying enough in this world without going to the other for it.

I remonstrated with him against forming a hasty conclusion, saying: "It was probable that the first indication of true materialization was the production of the double of the medium, and that the manifestations in some séances did not go much beyond that point, everything depending upon the condition of the medium and the audience; that the form which came to him on that occasion was either the double of the medium or a direct personation, and he should seek for an explanation of the false statement in the character of the medium, whom he would be likely to find imbued with feelings of jealousy and hatred toward other mediums, and that the form which came to him, denying her presence elsewhere, simply voiced the unfortunate condition of the medium's mind. Instead of being disgusted he should feel thankful that he had thus early in his investigations encountered a phase of the phenomena which opened a wide field for study, and, if rightly understood, would prevent him from forming conclusions which he would eventually have to abandon."

"These séances," he said, "claim to be materializations; how, then, are we to know when we are imposed upon? Personation is a fraud when it pretends to be materialization, doubly so when it is used to bear false witness against the neighbor."

"That is true," I replied, "and it is the cause of almost all the violence and disturbance exhibited in the séance. The average common sense of the audience is shocked by seeing the medium come out, pretending to be the materialized spirit of friend or relative."

The fact that the medium does come out, more or less disguised, and not in her own dress, is evidence of the intent to deceive on the part of some one. Personation ought not to be tol-

erated, unless it is clearly stated at the time what it is.

Inasmuch as some mediums and their controls will not make this statement, so long as they can fill their séance-rooms with credulous people who are willing to accept everything as materialization, it may be as well to point out some indications by which the sensible investigator may detect the true from the false.

In personation (sometimes erroneously called transfiguration,) there is always the form of the medium, changed only in the dress and arrangement of the hair. Often there is an abundance of white lace wrapped around the head, so that, in the dim light of the séance-room, it is difficult, without close inspection, to detect the likeness. (If any one doubts this let him try the experiment on some of his friends, in the same degree of light.) There is always the same general bearing of form, the same characteristic shake of the hand and arm, and, if you are at all sensitive to the magnetism of others, or possess even a limited appreciation of the size and shape of objects, you can readily tell when you have hold of the medium's hand. Such exhibitions are, at best, nothing but trans-mediumship of a very ordinary character, and, except in the change of dress, cannot be said to possess any claim to materialization, and should be forever discarded from the séance-room where that phenomenon is expected to occur.

In well-ordered séances, where there is an intelligent manager, personation seldom occurs, and there is none of that silly talk indicative of a low order of spirits; but in others, personation is the rule rather than the exception; and, whether the medium is entranced or not, the occasion is often used to disparage other mediums. In the case cited above, the form and the medium were in accord, and to all intents and purposes one and the same person.

This is only one of the many obstacles strewn along the path of the seeker after spiritual light. The question naturally arises, How far are we justified in encouraging, by our presence or otherwise, these mediums and their controls?—for such manifestations are totally devoid of the higher elements of materialization. While it may be our duty to treat them kindly, still, if they will not learn and practice the common civilities of life, it may be far wiser, in regard to our own spiritual welfare, as well as the good of society, to let them alone severely.

The character of the séance depends much upon the mental and moral conditions of the audience, and we are to blame if we do not hold it up to the highest expression of life, where love and affection are ever the surest evidence of a divine origin. It does not avail with those who believe in the return of spirits that the séance-room is the theatre of strong manifestations; the mental and moral character alone determines its value.

There is no more reason that we should consort with ignorant and distasteful spirits than with the same class in the flesh, and it becomes an important question, how far the moral taint is inherent in the returning spirit, or is taken on in passing through the atmosphere of the medium.

The evidence thus far obtained would seem to settle the fact that the more refined the medium, with the audience in accord, the purer and more elevated the manifestations.

Whether it be medium or audience, those who trail the séance in the dust, poisoning it with their low impulses, will, in the end, pay the utmost penalty for their unwisdom; for the moment they give way to such tendencies they open wide the door for kindred spirits to blend with their mistaken desires. Let them beware how they trifle with an unseen power whose subtle influence may not only mar their lives here, but throw its baneful shadow far into the future.

E. A. BRACKETT.
Winchester, Mass.

STATEMENT BY W. J. COLVILLE.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In the interests of truth and to give your numerous readers a more correct idea than some of them appear to have of what is really taught in the so-called metaphysical classes conducted by my inspirers through my mediumship, I desire to call attention to a few important particulars which I am sure many persons are not fully acquainted with.

To correct certain erroneous impressions, which are decidedly false, beliefs and mental errors in the minds of some of your and my correspondents, I particularly desire to give publicity in your columns to the following declarations, which I put forward as items of information simply, and not with any view to antagonize the opinions of any whose ideas of truth may be different from those here conveyed.

1st. I have never studied metaphysics with any of the teachers of the science anywhere, and have from first to last relied upon inspiration in all my utterances upon the subject; therefore I do not feel in the slightest degree touched individually when I hear or read criticisms of persons with whom I am unacquainted except by hearsay.

2d. The peculiar doctrines of what is termed Christian Science have never been advocated through my lips, as no one has ever held a denial of Spiritualism through my instrumentality. Certain extremists in treating a person who is sorrowful on account of bereavement will adopt such a formula as: "You never had a child," whereas in meetings addressed by my inspirers, the directly opposite has been affirmed: "You have never lost your child," meaning of course that the real being is spiritual, and the removal of the physical body does not in any way detract from the true individuality of the spirit. The former statement may sound like a "rummy," but surely the latter is consistent with all really spiritual teaching.

3d. As to the vexed question of mind and matter, your own editorial in the BANNER bearing date of June 26th, formed the subject of one of the lessons in one of my classes, and the views put forward after the reading of your

able article were in close accordance with your own.

4th. In the issue of the BANNER OF LIGHT above referred to you quote an article from the Medium and Daybreak, in which my name is mentioned in connection with Christian Science, etc. In reply to the imputation that I have been "psychologized" by re-incarnationists in France and metaphysicians in America, I should like the author of the assertion to explain how, if the discourses delivered through my mediumship are the result of the psychological influence of my audience, I am made the mouthpiece of the same ideas, no matter whether the bulk of those present sympathize with or oppose the views expressed. This question opens a wide field of inquiry, and if my name could be left out of the controversy, and the subject treated in a general manner, I should think much light might be thrown by able minds on the vexed question of how far and under what conditions audiences influence speakers.

As to money being at the bottom of the metaphysical departure, there are certainly indications in some directions of undue mercenaryness on the part of some healers and teachers, but as I know a large number of disinterested persons who are least likely to practice mental science without fee or reward, in their case at least the imputation of mammon-worship is unjust.

As to Christianity and the cross, every one who has studied metaphysics knows the study and practice of mental healing is entirely independent of any form of theological belief confined in any one of the religious systems of the world.

My sole object in penning these lines is to call attention to facts. As to Dr. Dean Clarke's article in Facts Magazine, it has already been answered in the same publication, and I notice his letter in the BANNER OF LIGHT was a much milder presentation of his ideas than the article approved of by your English contemporary.

I do wish this subject could be discussed in an impartial, unexcited manner. Are Spiritualists to boast of their own tolerance while condemning the intolerance of others, and then set themselves up as unsparring judges and denouncers of all views not included in their own personal interpretation of what constitutes Spiritual Philosophy? I am happy to say, in spite of all my many shortcomings, I have learned to believe that people can think differently from myself and yet be conscientious.

With heartfelt appreciation of the truly liberal attitude of the BANNER OF LIGHT, believe me,

Yours for truth, and truth only.

W. J. COLVILLE.

ORGANIZATION AND A. E. NEWTON.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In the BANNER of June 26th I find a long article from the pen of my esteemed brother, A. E. Newton, in which he seems to take after my shadow with a "scourge of small cords" and to lash it round the circle without ever hitting me. After referring correctly to what I had said in a former article against an effort, representing it as futile and useless, to unite the Spiritualists of this country in one holy (or unholy) "alliance," he says he had not heard of any such attempt of late. Then he had not heard of what I had written about and against it; but I had, or I should not have written about it. He agrees with me on the uselessness of any such effort, and then turns my article against local organizations, and supposes he is whipping me, when it is only my shadow, for I never have attacked local organizations, but have ever recommended them, aided them and lectured to them, and for them constantly. I have not even objected to the efforts of L. L. Harris at Santa Rosa, Cal.; and I have not objected to any of the others. I have no objection to those which are organized to create "a more profound respect for the holy scriptures," nor have I any objection to those which leave the Bible and all of the Christs out, or take them all in; but as I know they cannot be united in a spiritual alliance, I deprecate any attempt of any one or any hundred to attempt such an alliance, and I do not accept it as a representative of Spiritualism, and yet it claims to be such. I could name other antagonisms among the prominent representatives in press, pulpit, rostrum and mediumship, and while each can and may have its society, to which I never object, I know they cannot be united, and I do not propose to have any local organization tell me, or its neighbor organization, what Spiritualism is. Nor do I consent to have any person or persons put up a creed for me, and say if I do not accept it I am not a Spiritualist. If there are any among us who feel the need of a religious organization to strengthen them, or to give them a chance to help strengthen others, I recommend them to get up a creed, form a society, and go to work in that direction at once, and they will not find me opposing that, not even if I should criticize its creed. Take Christianity in or leave it out, as you like, but leave me out.

WARREN CHASE.
Liberal, Mo., July 2d, 1886.

5th. Public funerals, with their show of funeral paraphernalia; with their gathering in of curious, long-visaged, solemn people; with their wailing and lamenting; with their doleful songs; with their orange-decked pall-bearers; with their public procession from the chamber of mourning to the carriages in waiting; with their solemn journey to the church; with more heart-rending words from the minister and more doleful music; with more parading up and down the aisles of the church; with the slow journey to the burial-ground; with another parade of the mourning about the open grave; with more sadening words from the men whose office is to comfort and not to grieve the soul; with that barbarous, dreadful, blood-curdling, outrageous rattle of gravel upon the coffin-lid, to the atrocious accompaniment of "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," that is an almost invariable portion of the horrid ceremonial at the grave; with the conventional standing of the mourners about the pit while the diggers shovel back the earth over the form of the one that laid away; with the empty, useless and cruel ceremonial public funerals, are simply schemes of human torture, and the rooper the whole system is abolished the better.—The Modern Crematist.

6th. Positive windows. Comparative day windows. Stipulative, back day windows.—Lowell Ottum.

Literary Department.

WRITTEN FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

THE SPIRIT OF THE STORM.

BY MISS M. T. SHELHAMER.

Author of "Outside the Gates," "Here and Beyond," "After Many Days," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER III.

SARAH MOORE.

Days merged into weeks. The white hands of Sarah Moore grew stained and hardened with their unaccustomed toll in the shop. Her body wearied from the close confinement and the stuffy smells, while her sensitive soul sickened at the rude jacks and coarse laughter of her less refined shop-mates. Yet the woman was brave and did not falter in her daily round of duty. She longed to be of use to those around her, to draw their thoughts above their lowly condition toward something more elevating and bright. Her pleasant smile and kindly word soon came to be recognized and appreciated, and in time those who at first repulsed her, when she gently begged them not to lower their natures by indulging in impure language, because they thought she considered herself wiser and holier than they, came to know that she really meant it for their good, and learned to speak in softer tones and to replace the trifling songs they had been wont to sing at their work with those that were of a more refining and purifying character. Thus her influence in the mill was a good one, while on Sundays, Sarah, yearning over the lowliness and even ungodliness of the poor toilers, came to gather the inmates of the lodging-house into the cold, bare parlor, and to talk to them in her gentle voice of the goodness of God, the beauty of the world and the holiness of right living.

At such times the plain face of the woman fairly shone with beauty, her large gray eyes kindled with a light that did not seem of earth, while her form swayed like the slender tree in the wind, with the intensity of that love for her hearers that smote their hearts with every word she uttered. The careless shop-girl, the uncouth machine hand, learned to look forward to these Sunday afternoon meetings with a good deal of interest. Their teacher was not above their level in plain, every-day talk, though they recognized her superior culture and refinement, and honored her for it. She could understand their struggles, their temptations, and the bitter environments that prevented the enlargement of their minds or the cultivation of their bodies. She did not move in silks, and dine on the fat of the land, and then talk to them of their advantages. No, her dress was of homespun, as theirs, her fare humble, her surroundings lowly. She was one of them, yet above them, and they loved and listened to her.

When Sarah told them of the humble ones of earth who had become self-made noble men and women, they felt stronger for the knowledge; when she spoke of the hardships of life, and taught how it is possible to rise above them, they felt the possibility, and put forth aspirations that were not fruitless; and when she taught of the indwelling spirit, that was reaching out to another life, that must not be stunted and starved here, but must be fed with good thoughts, and kindly deeds, and pure desires, they melted into tears; while the pictures of immortality she drew for them filled her hearers with courage and hope. The woman found a helper in Mary Lawrence in this good work. Mary had always felt a yearning compassion for the forlorn people under her roof, but had never known how to befriend them. She had always kept their sleeping-rooms and the long parlor scrupulously clean, but now she and Sarah procured some coarse white muslin, of which they fashioned draperies for the parlor windows. The tables they covered with gay-colored chintz. Sarah drew from her trunk two or three fine steel engravings, which she hung upon the wall, and bought a few flowering plants to place in the windows. Thus the apartment presented quite a cheerful appearance to the weary ones who sought its walls, and their appreciation of it more than repaid the two women for their pains.

Mary had a pleasing, flexible voice, and was persuaded by Sarah to use it in reading simple poems to the assembled inmates; and Mayle was trained to sing two or three spiritualizing songs at the Sunday sessions. In time many of the assembly learned the simpler hymns, and being encouraged to try their voices, did so, until "congregational singing" became the rule. As the work developed, it was noticed that instead of lying in bed, or talking gossip in their rooms on Sunday morning, the working girls paired off on long walks, coming back with fresh looks and rosy faces, and with arms filled with the buttercups and daisies they had found in the fields outside the town, with which to deck the "service-room," as the parlor came to be called, and more than one of the men brought branches of green as their contribution to the decorations. This was good for them; the new Sunday life was drawing the people out of themselves, teaching them they had souls, and refining their natures.

After a while, noticing the lingering looks cast upon them, Sarah and Mary ventured to leave their few books in the service-room after the meeting, and they were pleased to observe some of their people handling them with reverence. Instead of spending the evening abroad, the inmates of the lodging-house took to the

parlor to look over the books, or to talk among themselves; and a fact worthy of notice was, none ever came who had not first bathed hands and face, and smoothly combed their hair. All this time Sarah Moore and Mary Lawrence had been growing nearer to each other. Sarah still continued to pass her nights in the private sitting-room of her new friend, and many a pleasant hour the two lonely women spent together.

The history of each had been imparted to the other, and the sympathies of the one went out in fullness to the other. We know something of the life of Mary Lawrence, and now we will glance briefly at the career of the woman who had been so strangely brought into her home. Sarah Moore was not a native of Milltown, her home having been more than fifty miles away. At the age of fifteen she was left an orphan and taken in charge by an elderly grandaunt—a wealthy but eccentric woman, exacting by nature, but kindly disposed in the main. This aunt provided Sarah with the advantages of a good education, and at the close of her course of instruction the girl found she was expected to act as companion and amanuensis to her relative, which duty she fulfilled with the utmost fidelity. When she was nineteen a marvelous thing happened. Sitting by her aunt one afternoon, she became suddenly shaken as by an ague, her countenance paled, and a great light shone upon it. In a moment the girl commenced talking in a jerky manner, entirely unlike her natural smooth and easy flow of speech. "Maria," she said, and the voice seemed far off and indistinct even to herself, "you have long mourned me as dead. It is a false idea. I live, as do all who have departed earth live. You wear my ring upon your finger still. It bears the words 'Faithful through life.' It is all true. We shall meet above. It is not Sarah who speaks, but your own true lover, Jacob Strong." The words were halting, with pauses between the sentences. At the name, the elderly woman started and fell to the floor in a swoon. This broke the spell wrapping Sarah, and she sprang forward to her aunt's assistance. Half an hour later that lady lay back in her chair weeping and clinging to the hand of her niece, and begging her to bring but one more word from her beloved Jacob. Forty years before, Maria Halsey had been betrothed to Jacob Strong; he had placed a sparkling gem upon her finger, bearing the inscription, "Faithful through life," upon its inner surface. No one on earth knew the circumstance or had seen the inner side of that ring. The war of 1812 called the gallant Jacob to arms, and he took leave of his intended bride with the whispered promise of a speedy wedding on his return.

The brave man never returned, for he fell in his second engagement with the enemy, and Maria Halsey had never smiled upon another suitor. One peculiarity with Jacob Strong was a slight impediment in his speech, which rendered his words slow and halting, and uttered in a jerky manner, a characteristic which Sarah had exactly reproduced while speaking in the name of the long-departed lover. She received nothing further from the Beyond then, nor for some days after, but, in time, Sarah was again strangely moved upon and the invisible spirit gave another message, more lengthy and filled with tests that the elderly woman could not mistake. Other influences also made themselves known, and the old house became filled with the presence of those who had gone before.

Thus Spiritualism came to the two women before it was known in their vicinity. It became whispered abroad that there was something strange about Sarah Moore, and her friends began to drop away from her when it came out that she had dealings with the dead. For years the girl stayed with her aunt, bestowing spiritual comfort and physical attention upon the old lady and receiving kindness and affection in return. But at last the change came. Sarah was awakened one morning by the sound of rapping in her room, upon the bed and chairs, with a strange, crackling noise like that made by fire; there was a white, misty light, also, never seen before, and the woman sprang from her bed in alarm. Instantly the noise ceased, the room was cleared of vapor, but, thoroughly puzzled, Sarah did not again lie down. Obeying an irresistible impulse, she went to her aunt's room, only to find that lady peacefully wrapped in the embrace of death.

No need to dwell upon what followed. After the funeral it was discovered that the will said to have been made by the deceased was missing. A search was made without result, and it was whispered that Sarah Moore's assertion that her aunt had made a will was but a little fiction of the woman's brain. William Halsey, the son of Maria's only brother, stepped forward to claim the property of his aunt and to take possession of the old house in the name of his aged father, for it will be remembered that Sarah was but a grand-niece of the old lady. The new owner was a stern, relentless kind of man, who looked upon Sarah as an interloper, and who made the house so unpleasant for her

that she packed her trunk and fled from the place. Sarah was not one to sit down and fold her hands, waiting for something to turn up, but she decided at once to look for some employment. Circumstances had guided her steps to Milltown, but here there was no work to be had except in the great factories, and she was obliged to accept the position of a mill-hand. Thus it happened that she found herself an inmate of Mary Lawrence's lodging-house and a worker for the spiritual welfare of those neglected souls who had come about her.

This is, in substance, the story that the stranger confided to the interested ears of her hostess; but not at first did she tell of her own mysterious powers and the communion she had held with the inhabitants of another world.

This power of communion had been suspended since the sudden death of her relative. True, she still heard the electric taps; true, she often saw the white, sweet light illuminating her room as morning dawned; true, she always felt a stimulating influence when she talked to her Sunday afternoon hearers; but she had never received one personal message of advice and cheer from her angel guides since the day she awoke and found only a lifeless corpse in the place of the aunt she had loved.

In return, Mary had told her simple story of trial and waiting and loss, concluding with the hopeless words, "James must be dead; nothing else can account for his silence." But Sarah started up and vehemently exclaimed, "No! No! Not dead. He still lives." And several times after that day she repeated the assertion, "He is not dead, not yet, not yet," until Mary, in wonderment, questioned why she said it. She could not tell; she only felt that way. Then Mary questioned further what were the little taps she heard so often when Sarah was by, and what the strange light that came at night. Once she saw it shining through the crack of her door, and got up to see what it meant; there was Sarah, lying in a cloud of light, and she was afraid and closed the door. And then Sarah told her all about her mediumship, what it had been to her and how she missed it, and the simple Mary listened reverently, and though she could not understand, she did not condemn nor ridicule, but thought of the many things in life that humanity cannot yet comprehend.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STORM SPIRIT.

There is a dignity in labor faithfully performed such as can be found in nothing else. The humblest child of toil, despite his misfortunes and struggles, gains a nobility of character from the conscientious discharge of his duties that the elegant child of indolent leisure can never know. Sarah Moore was one who never slighted her work, and although the whirling noise, the oily smell, and the constant attendance on her machine, could not but be distasteful to her refined senses, yet from early morning till the close of day she fulfilled her tasks with fidelity, finding a degree of satisfaction and of dignity in the thought that she was living an independent and a useful life.

The beautiful summer rolled by, bringing no refreshing vacation to the operatives at the mill. Only, now, those who lodged at Mrs. Lawrence's looked forward to the quiet, peaceful Sabbath as their day of rest, where, in the cool and shaded parlor, made fragrant by masses of wild flowers and grasses, they could find the refreshment for body and soul that served to bear them patiently through the six days that followed.

With the advance of September came a new blessing to the two women, who were now like sisters in their mutual affection and sympathy. Many times they had talked of the great world beyond this, where the souls of departed friends live in peace. Mary Lawrence had longed to know what the hereafter held for mankind; and since learning of the mysterious powers of her friend, had never wearied in her questioning until Sarah had imparted to her all the information that she possessed on the vast subject. But although the women occasionally sat, hoping to receive some communication from the other world, only once had anything save the crackling, tapping sound, and the misty light, been gained. On this occasion, at the close of a golden Sabbath day, when the two women, with Mayale, were seated in the pretty little kitchen, quietly sipping a cup of tea—for now the factory hand took her meals with her friend, instead of at the cheap and unwholesome restaurant—Sarah suddenly passed into the trance condition, her features assuming the appearance of an old man, and turning to Mary, said, in feeble tones, "Daughter, it is good to be here. Your dear friends watch over your life. Think of them with love. James still lives, but he will soon be with us. I take care of my 'Snow-bird,' for she is grandpa's pet. There's no sorrow nor sighing there."

The tones of the voice, the whole appearance of the entranced medium, were so like what her father's had been, that Mary could not doubt his presence. Beside, he had always called Mayale his "Snow-bird," and the day before he died he had requested the child to sing a favorite hymn, commencing, "There's no sorrow nor sighing there."

Even Mayale, child as she was, recognized the "grandpa" who had left her when she was but five years old, and burst into tears and sobs, reiterating, "It's grandpa, mother! It's grandpa come to us, sure!" Mrs. Lawrence deeply prized the memory of this one glimpse into heaven; but although they frequently tried to gain another, no word came to the anxious souls; only the taps and the lights assured them the angels were near. Evidently the wearing toll at the mill was too exhaustive to the vital powers of their medium to allow her guides to make a demonstrative use of them.

One evening in September, Mayale sat in the growing twilight, her hand carelessly resting upon the table by her side. She was listening to the conversation of her mother and Miss Moore, both of whom were seated in their plain little room, enjoying a comfortable season of rest after the labors of the day. The fresh, sweet breeze, straying through the open windows, stirred the jetty ringlets of the child and fluttered the edges of a newspaper lying upon the table, and which covered all but the wooden edge of a slate which Mayale had laid there on her return from school. In a few moments the rustling of the paper changed its tone, and the child exclaimed: "Mother, there's something moving under this paper! What is it?" And she drew her hand from the table in a frightened manner.

At this moment the sound of three taps was heard upon the slate, and, starting up, Sarah uncovered that object and bore it to the window. In the dim light she saw that one side of

the slate was nearly covered with finely-written characters, and turning to her astonished friend requested her to light the lamp. Inspection revealed the following message, minutely traced on the slate with some kind of colored pigment unlike anything they had ever seen:

"SARAH—I am happy to come to you. There are a host of unseen helpers around you. I have been restless because of the wrong you have felt. But be patient; the right will triumph. The wisdom-guides say you have a work to do for humanity before you can come to your own. But trust me; the will is in the old house. It shall yet be found. I love you for your goodness. I get power to write this from the child whose hand rests on the table. —MAYALE HALEY."

To say the readers of this significant message were amazed and overjoyed will not adequately describe their sensations. Here was a new light. Mayale a medium! and such a one as this! How wonderful! Of course they immediately tried again to secure another message in the same way, and of course they failed. The spirits had exhausted all their power in the initial trial, the women were far too excited and anxious, and the child was more than half frightened, and so the sitting came to naught. But the slate with its precious tidings was preserved intact, and the following morning Sarah Moore purchased another school slate for her little friend.

After that the friends occasionally received a slate message from their invisible friends, but not frequently nor regularly, and always when they were not looking nor anxious for it. It came to be their custom to lay a slate upon the table and throw a cloth or paper over it, and Mayale's seat was always close by. When they found a message it would be after the child had been reading, talking, or singing, with her mind away from the spirits. They always copied the message before erasing it, and thus, after a while, came to have a bundle of manuscript advice and cheering words.

November, with its howling winds and gloomy skies, brought no change to the lodging-house. Through the wind and mud the lodgers tramped to their accustomed toll, and back again at night to the great parlor, where with cheering game or some other harmless amusement they now passed the evening hours. For two days the wind and rain had beat against the dingy old house, and Mayale had begun to wonder "if another flood had come to wash the world of its sins."

"My child," said the mother, taking her little daughter in her lap—for though Mayale was now a girl of twelve, she was such a little creature that one could cuddle and pet her like a babe—"your poor father used to insist there is a spirit in every storm like this; it was one of his fancies that he could hear it speaking to him and that it held a power over his life. He was born while a storm raged fiercely. I don't think any important thing happened to him but it came during a heavy storm. When he left us the rain poured and the wind howled. I begged him to wait, but he said no, the spirit of the storm was calling him to try his fate."

They were seated by the open fire, and as the mother ceased, a blast louder than the rest shook the house and shrieked through the stove. "It's a terrible night," said Sarah Moore, opening the door and coming in, her garments dripping with rain; "but you are cosy enough here; I shall be glad of a cup of tea."

Inspired by her hospitable thoughts, Mary forgot the storm and darkness without; but Mayale remembered what her mother had said, and pondered over the strange fate of the father of whom she had no remembrance. Toward morning the child awoke, and clutching her mother's arm exclaimed, "In frightened tones: 'I hear it, mother! I hear it! Oh, how it groans!'"

"Hear what, child?" asked the mother in drowsy tones.

"The storm-spirit! Can't you tell what it says? I can. It says: 'He is mine! mine! mine!'"

"Hush, dear; you are nervous; it is only the wind moaning around the house. Go to sleep under mother's wing—so—" and she tenderly closed her arm around the trembling girl.

But neither of them could rest again. Surely, it seemed as if the wind was full of voices, each one chanting a requiem.

As they lay and listened, there came a crashing sound through the room as though the roof had split asunder. Startled from her sleep, Sarah Moore sprang to the adjoining room only to confront the two frightened inmates. "What was it?" she gasped. "Who was here?"

"No one," replied Mrs. Lawrence, trying vainly to calm herself. "We do not know what it is. I will dress and see."

The three hastily threw on their clothing in the dim light of the lamp, and then made a careful search of the premises. No one was to be seen; there was nothing to explain the noise they had heard, and the lodgers were all quiet in their rooms.

When the search ended, Sarah told Mary quietly that she had seen a tall, dark-eyed man, heavily bearded, and wearing a rough blue shirt strapped around the waist with a leather belt, peering down into her face when she awoke, but that he disappeared instantly as she sprang to her feet.

As the morning advanced, the rain ceased and the wind softened its tones. In removing some things to the side-table, Mrs. Lawrence brushed the paper from the slate, and was surprised to find on its surface, in a bold, large hand, these words, which sent the color from her face and caused her frame to tremble violently as she read—"I have just died. The 'Spirit of the Storm' has set me free. God bless you.—JAMES LAWRENCE."

That was all; but it told a tale to the sorrowing heart of the woman who had for years hoped and longed and prayed for the return of the husband whom she was never more to see on earth.

For two weeks Mary knew nothing; then reason slowly returned, but it was another fortnight before she was able to be wheeled out into the sitting-room. By the time their lodging-house keeper had strength to enter the large service-room, the inmates had decorated it with evergreen and holly, and were preparing little Christmas surprises for each other and for the women who had been so much to them. Sarah had given up her place in the factory to keep the house in order and attend to her friend during her illness, and Mayale had remained from school to assist in this work, and it was not till the New Year dawned white and frosty that the trio resumed their wonted places and returned to their former duties.

(Continued in our next.)

Conscience is a clock which in one man strikes aloud and gives warning; in another the hand points silently to the figure, but strikes not.—Taylor.

Written especially for the Banner of Light.

A GREAT BATTLE;

OR,
MOTHER AND SON.

BY J. WILLIAM FLETCHER.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART III.

"WE LEARN REPENTANCE TOO LATE."

The Princess was ill, very ill; nervous, the doctors said, and lonely for her son. Her great sorrows, borne with such fortitude as was surprising at the time, had begun to tell upon her constitution. Medicines were prescribed, prayers were said, and reports printed, but all the same the wretched mother lay in the darkened room, wishing the hours away. It would be five weeks from the day that she had been so terrified by the strange séance before she could hear from or of Victor, and an eternity would seem short in comparison to that dreadful waiting. She had much time to think of her part in sending him away; of how wicked that pride was that she had so wrongly called love. She thought of his childhood, of her own broken life, and how kind and good he had always been, and how she, because a great and pure love had come into his life, had said: "It were better he were dead." But did she really feel so now? No; she would have given the throne that had once been hers could she but have held his face in her hands and looked into his brave, honest eyes again. When morning came she longed for the evening; at night it seemed as if it would never be day. So the time wore on, until she was seized with a terror for fear news would come; she dared not look at a paper nor open a letter. A dispatch arrived finally, saying, "Prince Victor Del Ney was killed this day by an assaill thrown by a Zulu." It was Father Henri who, after many prayers, read the fatal words. She sprang out of bed, her long robe de chambre falling like a cloud of light behind her, her eyes staring wildly.

"So, so, it is true. I am a widow, and childless. My God! would that I too were dead. Oh! Victor, Victor! my own boy, nearer, dearer than my life, would to heaven I had but let you have your way." She sank on the floor, murmuring to herself all the time in that sad, miserable way that a great grief makes of, forbidding by its very weight the works of comfort and consolation one would speak.

Her servants lifted her into bed, and called in the physicians, who with drugs and narcotics soon produced calmness and sleep. They decided that she should go to Scotland at once. So, almost unconscious of what was being done, she was taken there for a month, with no change or beneficial result. She was dead, yet alive, a most pitiable sight to those who had known her in the old sunny days, when all Europe was ringing with her praises. She returned to Stanhope, and one day called Father Henri to her.

"I am going to see the Professor who told me of Victor's death, and I wish you to accompany me. We shall start in an hour."

They found the Professor much engaged, and with very little chance of an interview, had it not been that the Princess recognized Lady A.'s carriage, and got her to intercede. The clairvoyant looked anxiously at the priest, and then at the corner as they seated themselves in the little room, took his seat, and was soon away in the quiet realms of magnetic slumber.

"Mother, my mother, I am Victor. You believe now, do you not?" came through the entranced lips.

"Yes, Victor, God help me."

"My spirit is tied to the earth. I cannot leave the spot where I was killed."

"Can I do anything for you? Tell me. Shall mass be said?" asked the mother.

"Go to the spot where I died, that my spirit may rise from the earth! Oh! go, I am so miserable!"

"I will, I will!" and the proud woman, shaking like an aspen, wept like a child. The medium was awake now, so all that was to be done was to say adieu and drive away.

In a day or two the London journals announced that the Princess Del Ney was about to visit Zululand—to visit the spot where her son fell. The reason for such an extraordinary journey is not known to-day except to those who catch echoes not heard by the rest of the world.

On the day before the Princess sailed young Alex Ellman, a friend of the Prince Victor, arrived in England on leave of absence. He called at Stanhope, and was received by her highness. She welcomed him most cordially. After a few moments she said: "Tell me all you know of my own Victor."

So Captain Ellman told her how wretched the Prince had been, how he had needlessly risked his life, how he said he had been told he should never return to England alive, so when they had been surprised outside the lines, and had each taken horse and fled, he was left to die alone. "We found him with his face to the stars, robbed of everything of value save a tiny locket about his neck which contained a picture."

"I know," interrupted the Princess, "the picture of—go on!"

"The picture of the woman he loved," answered the young soldier, for he had long before guessed the truth. Then the conversation turned to other matters, and he soon took his leave.

The next morn the ship weighed anchor, and after a fearful voyage landed its royal passenger on the shores where but a few months before her son had stood among his comrades. She was restless and nervous. The spot was found, and at nightfall the royal mother knelt in prayer for the release of his spirit. Earnest and fervent were the words that rang through her heart, but the hours dragged slowly on, the pale moon looked pitifully upon her, the stars seemed like so many angel eyes, while the low call of the night-bird was not unlike the sad wailing of the great unknown. As midnight came on apace she seemed to breathe another atmosphere, and her vision opened, and Victor, her own son, stood there before her, more beautiful than he had ever seemed in life. He smiled, and seemed to be breaking tiny cords that held him down to the earth. "Oh! Victor, will you, can you, do you forgive me?" "Yes, I forgive, but I am now removed from all the joy or sorrow of earth. I am with my beloved father; we shall both come to you at Stanhope." Much more was said, and as the grey of the early morning told that a new day was born, the mother rose, a new peace in her heart and a new joy in her soul. She delayed only a short time and returned to England, stronger, better and happier. She has her communion with the dead; and they comfort her. Whatever the Princess hears a mother talking of an ambitious marriage for her son, she thinks of her

own great battle, and whispers to herself, "Love is wisest," as she seeks that quiet room where her boy slept in the old days, and listens to the echoes that come from the land wherein earth's treasures are held.

A GREETING TO DR. HOLMES.

The following graceful and touching lines of greeting to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes at breakfast in Combination Room, St. John's College, Cambridge, Eng., by W. E. Heltland, are published in the *London Academy*:

Welcome, good friend; your hand! now you're in reach of us.
We feel why what else were we unexpressed;
For friend you surely are to all and each of us,
And these old walls we're held a worthier guest.

No guest more well beloved, more soul-unbinding,
Since the frail Mayflower bore the Pilgrims bold;
Stern hearts, in hard New England still defending,
What hearts was best and noblest in the Old.

Here round your chair unseen in gathering number
Through eager shades, no feeble band nor few,
Ghosts of a fruitful past, awaked from slumber
To give their gracious benison to you.

Says rare Ben Jonson: "Hail! one more good fellow!
'O! life, we'll add him to our tunic of cheer';
And bids you stay and pass an evening mellow
With Hericke, genial soul, and courtly Prior.

Then gentle Wordsworth brings his ghostly greeting,
Waiting from northern dales and mountains lone,
Beaming with eye serene for joy at meeting
A heart as large and single as his own."

A heart to love mankind with love unchanging—
No shallow feeling there, nor dreamy dream;
But an all-round life, a life of life-strains ranging
From tender lull to the young man John.

In love we greet you, friend; in love we speed you—
For greeting soon is over, and parting long;
And when we see you not, we yet shall read you
In this calm corner, while the world rolls by.

Farwell. By all the benefactors' merits,
Who bade us be, and raised our Johnian towers;
By all the joys and griefs mankind inherits,
That ever stirred this little world of ours;

By all sweet memory of the saints and sages
Who taught among us in the days of your abode;
By youth who, turning now life's early pages,
Hasten to match the worthies gone before;

On us, oh son of England's greatest daughter!
A kindly word from heart and tongue bestow;
Then chase the sunsets o'er the Western water,
And bear our blessing with you as you go!

Wisconsin State Convention.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
The Wisconsin State Convention met in Milwaukee, June 25th, 26th and 27th, with Prof. W. T. Lockwood in the chair. Prof. Lockwood, by the way, is the right man in the right place. He is a man who knows how to be just, while at the same time firm for the right, and sees to it that all things are done in order. He is loved and looked up to by the intelligent minds among all who know him. He has spared neither time, money nor labor to aid in the success of the State Society. The Secretary, Dr. J. C. Phillips, of Oconto, gives his words of welcome to the delegates and addresses a message of jealousy, he does all in his power to aid each speaker and medium to do his best work. With some of the best powers of healing and psychometry reading, he is a great help to the cause. His daughters, Misses J. C. Phillips, are also present. The most interesting feature of the convention is the address of Mrs. E. Warner-Bishop, who has been in the field for over thirty years. Those who have heard her do not need to be told that her inspiration is wonderful, and more of late years than ever before. Her discourses are always logical, and replete with those teachings that tend to elevate and build up the Spiritual Philosophy.

Saturday morning at 10:30 a conference was held. The labor of the day was discussed by J. E. Randall, followed by G. B. Sunday, of Dakota, one of the greatest of men, and a most earnest worker for human rights and truth the world has ever been blessed with, and A. B. French, known all over our country as a clairvoyant. Her discourses are always logical, and replete with those teachings that tend to elevate and build up the Spiritual Philosophy. The evening was occupied by Dr. Randall and Mr. French. Dr. Randall's subject was "Some Myths and Beliefs We Have Left Behind." Mr. French's, "What Does Spiritualism Give Us?"

On Sunday morning the convention met at this meeting, and I would like to speak of her wonderful and peculiar mediumship, which is that of cutting spirit-planes from paper. She is perfectly unconscious while doing this. Until she attended this meeting in Milwaukee she had always cut them after sitting in a circle, and always when alone, but while there, after she had shown them at the hall with rather poor success, owing to the most unfavorable conditions, she came to my mother's room and asked to show them to me. I was only too delighted to do so, and she immediately recited a poem to me, telling some things that in themselves were excellent tests. All this while she with her eyes closed was cutting at the light. When through, I took it and held it up to the light. The picture was so clear and so true, that mother and I both recognized it as the likeness of John Warner, an uncle of mine, who passed to spirit-life from Louisiana.

On Sunday afternoon the Banner has often heard of; her words in Milwaukee are so clear and so true, that Mrs. Miller, of Green Bay, is now in the field, but she is a most excellent test medium. At the request of Dr. Phillips, she gave some excellent tests at the close of the lecture. Sunday afternoon, describing, spirit-planes of certain persons who were recognized by almost every instance. Her descriptions are remarkable for their clearness and accuracy.

FRED O. WARNER.
Cedar Grove, Sheboygan Falls, Wis.

Anniversary Exercises at the Perine Mountain Home, June 27th, 1886.

(Reported for the Banner of Light by Miss Hattie M. Maynard.)

"What is so rare as a day in June?"
One of the most perfect of them smiled on the first Anniversary of the Perine Mountain Home, where magnificent views, health-giving breezes and a genial host combine to render life a pleasure. A large tent has been erected, in which it is proposed to hold services every Sunday afternoon during the summer—thus giving Spiritualists an opportunity of strengthening their bodies and uplifting their souls. Nature's orchestra fills every pause with exquisite melody, and the feet command an extended view of the surrounding country, with Newark Bay in the distance.

The services commenced with an organ voluntary by Mr. Isaac Kierker, after which an invocation by Rev. Mrs. E. B. Kierker, a beautiful and appropriate piece was then sung by Mrs. Kierker and Mr. Kierker, entitled "She Has Crossed the Shining River."

Mr. Samuel H. Terry then said in substance: "I have been requested by Dr. and Mrs. Perine to welcome you here, to thank you for coming, to invite you to come again and again. The doctor and his wife have been invited to this work by their dear daughter, who perhaps some of you know passed away two years ago last month. But she has not passed away from my heart. I am always coming to you, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray, to be true to the work, to try and tell others who may have lost friends as they lost her, that though they have laid away the mortal body they can see them again if they will, but look into these things. This is the work of these meetings—to teach people to pray

"THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I."

Written for the Banner of Light.

BY EMMA THAIN.

Lo! my soul is athirst for the waters of truth,
And I hunger for wisdom's pure ways;
Let me drink from the fount of perennial youth,
And work on through eternity's days.
I would gather the harvest and scatter the seed,
Though the fields may seem barren and dry,
If the love-light of heaven my spirit but feed
By "the rock that is higher than I."

I would stoop to the work that is humble and low,
Where my soul could be needed and used;
I would bind up the hearts in the byways of woe
With a firm and unfaltering hand.
I would cheer the despondent, and dry sorrow's tears,
With no question of whither or why;
If I sit when I'm tired in the shade of the years
By "the rock that is higher than I."

Through the heat and the glare of the morning's long
hours
I would toll in the gardens of thought;
I would weave into garlands the purest of flowers
For the lives that have need to be taught;
But when evening's soft shadows are blended with
night,
And the stars are agleam in the sky,
Let me gather the flowers from the highlands of light,
By "the rock that is higher than I."

Let me come as a child to the great Parent's knee,
Asking only the highest and best;
With an earnest desire and a soul pure and free,
Though the wish be in words unexpressed.
If to me the wise teachers should come through the
gate

With a lesson of truth from the sky,
"T will be joy to my soul as I patiently wait
By "the rock that is higher than I."

I would ask not the decking of silken array,
Nor the flashing of jewels sublime,
As attire for this mortal, this prison of clay,
Where my spirit but dwells for a time;
If I win a garment in purity grand
And the gems I can wear in the sky,
As I climb by the aid of a heavenly hand
To "the rock that is higher than I."

Banner Correspondence.

Connecticut.

NEW HAVEN.—E. P. Goodsell writes: "The first of my objections to steps being taken leading to the adoption of organized earthly rule over the phenomena of Spiritualism is this: that after leaders have been chosen the people will not be so free to formulate their own ideas of truth as they were before such organization was effected. A summary of Articles of Belief will be prepared by the leaders in mortal, to which they will be compelled by those in authority to subscribe. As a Spiritualist of thirty-eight years of conscious knowledge and 'in good and regular standing,' and understanding of the views of the residents of the higher life, I am unwilling to accept anybody's creed or platform of principles, however much it may have become the basis of a pet scheme of him or her. The firm binding of forty years to believe the Nicene Creed suffices for all such binding while this earthly tabernacle endures. I am a spirit now, and in need of no other name than that of a Spiritualist. I received this conscious knowledge from wise ones 'over there,' and shall not turn my back upon them nor disown their teaching, not even to please any would-be leader. My second reason is: that a leadership among us would imply the assumed right to say what should or should not be believed, be it Christianity or something akin to that which has kept our world in turmoil and strife since its creed was, by the Council of Nice, voted into use, one thousand five hundred and sixty-one years ago. In my humble view, the less of such or any structure laid, the better for all Spiritualists. No platform is needed to find truth, and nothing else is sacred."

Vermont.

PROCTORVILLE.—Mrs. Luther O. Weeks writes: "Since our grand Convention at Tyson, we have been greatly refreshed by the presence of our genial brother, Frank T. Ripley, of Boston, he having remained in our home five days, giving us very many tests of his unsurpassed mental powers. It was our good fortune to bring home with him from the Convention, beside Bro. Ripley, Mr. O. L. Morgan, of Woodstock. The result was a glorious good time, and we feel as if we had cemented anew the bond of sympathy between us and the dear friends of 'Summer-Land.' I roomed with Mrs. M. one night, and spirits talked with me until the morning dawned, and robed in the maples at 'Prospect Hill.' Mr. Ripley's manner of giving tests is conclusive. He often gives incidents which the friend of the spirit has not thought of for years—leaving mind-reading out of the question. June 27th Mr. R. spoke at South Reading to a well-filled house. The church was decorated with evergreens and a profusion of flowers. Subject in the afternoon, 'The Good Spiritualism Has Done.' It was a grand lecture, and at its close many names were given. He has several engagements ahead in this locality, and that society is fortunate which secures his services. May all success attend Bro. Ripley in his ministrations for the angel-world, and the sorrowing ones of earth's children."

California.

SANTA CRUZ.—Dr. O. F. Shaw writes: "I have just looked to Oregon and Washington Territory as inviting fields for homes and various industries. The time will come when they will be considered the New England of the Pacific Coast. Their resources and advantages are so great that manufacturing and commercial enterprises of great magnitude will spring up. Even now the milling establishments of Puget Sound for the manufacture of lumber excel those of any other quarter of the globe. I would say to those suffering from lung or rheumatic diseases, who are thinking of emigrating to other States or Territories, that Oregon and Washington Territory are not suitable, as the winters are long and rainy, rendering the climate unfavorable; but for those of vigorous constitutions who are obeying the migratory law implanted in man's nature to people new lands, I know of no part of our broad domain so well adapted to the upbuilding of a free, enlightened and progressive humanity, as the country of the Northwest Pacific Coast."

Indiana.

STONE BLUFFS.—Mr. W. E. Crane sends us the following: "We take pleasure in stating that at a séance held by the undersigned on the eve of the 28th of May last, Mr. O. E. Winans, medium, materialized forms to the number of five unmistakably appeared in a twilight circle, Mr. Winans being under strict test conditions. Conversation with our dear departed friends was lively and vivifying, and we felt it was good to be there. We have been acquainted with Mr. W. three years, and have always found him true. We take pleasure in recommending Mr. Winans to the spiritual public as an honest, capable and reliable materializing and independent state-writing medium, and a true gentleman. W. E. Crane, J. M. Galloway, Dr. Anna E. Galloway, Owen S. Galloway, Sarah A. Galloway."

Oregon.

EAST PORTLAND.—M. E. Moore writes: "We are having a Pentecostal season of spiritual blessings here. Mr. Geo. Colby is holding meetings twice each Sunday, at which under spirit influence he gives us excellent lectures upon subjects chosen by the audience. During the week he is busily employed holding private seances. Having attended several I can say that as a test medium I have never met his equal. He is convincing many here that the friends whom they have thought dead yet live, and can return to make known the glorious truth."

New York.

SAG HARBOR.—Mrs. R. M. Sheldon writes: "I have been deep upon the subject of the spirit life the hidden picture of some loved one, who has passed on to the 'evergreen world' whose voice no longer thrills us, and

casual and pencil fail to portray the life thus hidden deep in the recesses of fond, loving hearts. Time cannot erase these pictures; every expression lives, and sometimes we often flash across our mental vision. Sometimes we see them in the countenances of others, when the soul, illumined, gives life and animation to the face. It is then that the loved one stands before us, clothed in the flesh. Blessed pictures! you tell us that love is immortal and undying; you point us to the better land; you tell us of reunions when our earthly work is done; you loosen our hold on earth and give us aspirations after things that are imperishable."

Massachusetts.

SOUTH HANSON.—Dr. J. R. Cooke, of No. 603 Tremont street, Boston, is doing a great deal of useful work in the development of mediums, the curing of physical ills, and other directions—so correspondents bear witness—the following, from one whose case was quite severe, and who is well known in South Hanson, being cited as an instance in point:

I am pleased to testify that my health has been greatly benefited by the medical care of Dr. Cooke. I suffered from a very trying cough, and other difficulties, of which I have been entirely relieved. M. E. TILSON, South Hanson, Mass.

BOSTON.—O. Holland writes: "I have been deeply interested in reading the brochure entitled 'Psychometry, or, Soul Measure, with Proofs of its Reality,' by Mrs. L. A. Coffin, the justly celebrated psychometrist of Somerville, Mass. It is replete with instruction and interest, and breathes an atmosphere of remarkable purity and highly-developed spiritual thought. The opening paragraphs, giving a succinct experience when a child at school, are exceedingly interesting. In the directions for development she gives I was struck with the good sense and candor they evince. Of Mrs. Coffin's powers as a psychometrist I have had abundant proof, and my faith and confidence in them this pamphlet, which I consider to be a valuable acquisition to spiritual literature, has served to confirm."

HAVERHILL.—W. L. J. writes: "On Tuesday, July 13th, a pleasant fête occurred at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Palmer—a surprise party to their daughter, Mrs. O. Huntington, the wife of the pastor of the First Society of Spiritualists of Haverhill and Bradford, who worships in Good Temple Hall, it being gotten up by the Ladies Aid Society of said Association and her many friends, the occasion being the anniversary of her birthday. Valuable and rare presents were given her, thus showing an appreciation of her services. After presentation a banquet was served, followed by a feast of spiritual food."

Tennessee.

CHATTANOOGA.—"Henry" writes: "I would like to ask, through the BANNER OF LIGHT, a few questions of your spirit band or controlling spirit, etc. I have been sitting for development, alone, as instructed by different mediums; I have been sitting for more than one year; never had any experience; never sat but a few times in a circle. I have seen (what I have been told by some persons who assume to know) forms of a vapory appearance, or etherizations, at most full, but not so as to recognize any one. I could see apparently forms, and spirit-lights frequently. I was always semi-conscious. I am getting discouraged, and feel like giving up. Is all this delusion, imaginary, or is it fact? What will be the outcome of it? I would like an answer to these questions, provided they are proper, and in the line of questions coming before your controlling influences."

ANSWER.—Our spirit-friends advise this correspondent to continue his sittings with hope and patience. They assure us that he is undoubtedly developing as a medium for formalization, and that it is probably only a question of time when the vapory appearances he beholds will form into the shape and semblance of human beings. The power to accomplish this may exist only in degree in the party, and he may be obliged to solicit the attendance of some sympathetic, honest friend at his sittings, to aid the spirits in their work. At all events, we advise a patient continuance by Henry in the investigation of his mediumship. —Ed.

Minnesota.

MINNEAPOLIS.—E. S. Spaulding writes: "I feel that in common with every medium on earth, through whom returning spirits give messages of love and comfort to the sorrowing ones, I have an interest in sustaining and upholding the grand BANNER OF LIGHT, and that we should let our voices be heard in its favor; especially the 'Message Department,' which so often corroborates and confirms the messages and instructions given through our own organisms by our spirit-guides. Many times during the past two years the BANNER OF LIGHT has come to hand confirming answers to important questions that had been given by my influences a short time previous. For ten years past I have been a careful student of the 'Message Department'—often writing to the postmaster, or some other person in the town mentioned in some communication of peculiar interest, and have, in every instance, received replies verifying the statements contained in the message in question. I have also carefully studied the messages, and have made extracts from hundreds of them, constituting a manuscript volume of about two hundred and fifty closely-written pages—answering and giving instruction upon nearly every question that can occur to the thoughtful mind regarding the spirit-world. I look upon the 'Message Department' as the most important and soul-satisfying of all the good things contained in the BANNER."

Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE.—W. G. Wood writes that he attended a séance at Mr. West's on the evening of July 1st, at which many and very satisfactory demonstrations of spirit-power were made, and various tests given by Miss May Scannell of that city.

New Publications.

THE MYSTERY OF PAIN. By James Hinton, M. D., with an Introduction by James R. Nichols, M. D., author of "Whence? What? Where?" 10mo., cl., pp. 121. Boston: Cupples, Upham, & Co.

A small edition of this book was published in England twenty years ago, since which time the author has passed from earth, and a renewed interest in it has caused it to become widely circulated, comforting very many, and awakening in distressed and doubting hearts an emotion of love, says Dr. Nichols, whose interest in the book induced him to suggest to the publishers a reprint of it. The benefits it seeks to bestow upon the suffering we judge to be of a limited and not universal application, from the remark of Dr. N.: "The cure for pain which he brings to view rests on a religious basis, and hence has no meaning or significance to those destitute of religious faith."

UNITED STATES LIFE-SAVING SERVICE. Annual Report of its Operations for the Year Ending June 30th, 1885. 8vo., cl., pp. 423. Washington, D. C.

This important branch of Government Service had, at the close of this report, 263 stations upon the sea and lake coasts. The disasters within their scope during the year were 371, resulting in the loss of 11 lives and the saving, by means of succor afforded by this service, of 568. The accounts given in this report of the labors of the various life-saving crews are minute in detail, and in many instances go to prove that truth can be stranger than fiction.

THE OPTIMISM OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON. By William F. Dana. 10mo., cl., pp. 64. Boston: Cupples, Upham, & Co.

As an essay this received a Bowdoin prize in 1885. Its immediate purpose is a critical examination of the writings of Mr. Emerson, and so far as possible, to ascertain the causes that led him to look upon this world as the best possible of all worlds, this life as the best possible of all lives.

WHAT'S TO BE DONE? A Romance by N. G. Obermayer. Translated by Benj. R. Tucker. 8vo., cloth, pp. 329. Boston: B. R. Tucker.

The author of this romance presents an exile in Siberia, prior to being banished, who passed nearly two years in a St. Petersburg prison, which he now writes in a series of letters to his wife, who is in the United States, considered by Russian nihilists a faithful portrait of themselves and their movement.

Highly Significant.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In the able and scholarly oration on "The Characteristics of a University," delivered by Dr. Gilman, President of Johns Hopkins University, of Baltimore, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard, July 1st, occurred the following significant passage:

"Among the characteristics of a university, I name the defense of idealism, the maintenance of Spiritualism. There are those in every generation who fear that inquiry is hostile to religion. We may rest assured that institutions devoted to the ascertainment of truth as the ultimate object of intellectual exertion, and to the promulgation of truth as an imperative moral obligation, are not the harbingers of harm. There is no better way known to man for securing mental and moral integrity than to encourage those habits, those methods and those pursuits which tend to establish truth."

The writer was among those who had the pleasure of listening to this oration, and could scarcely believe his own ears when the foregoing was uttered; and not until he found the full report in the columns of the conservative and anti-spiritualistic Boston Advertiser, could he feel certain that he had heard aright. The declaration is worthy of, and might have been expected from, our own Dr. Buchanan, had he been the orator for the occasion, but was hardly anticipated from the lips of the distinguished President of one of the most popular and richly-endowed educational institutions in the land. Dr. B. must be highly gratified by this endorsement of the position which he has so long and so strongly advocated, namely, that Psychological or Psycho-Physiological Science should be recognized, and have its place in the curricula of all our institutions of learning. While ignoring this department, none are entitled to the designation of universities.

It may be said, perhaps, that the orator, in using the term "Spiritualism," meant only an abstract idealism, and had no reference to the alleged phenomena or facts which go to demonstrate the existence of spiritual forces and beings—that is, to what is called Modern Spiritualism. But the term used naturally includes the Spiritual Philosophy of to-day, and no qualification was expressed; while no one could know better than Dr. Gilman that such would be the natural application of his language. Besides, what relevancy have the remarks which follow, if he meant only the idealism of a former generation, consisting mainly of theories and speculations? These have not been regarded as specially "hostile to religion"; on the contrary, in some form, they have been adopted by most religions. It is Modern Spiritualism, preeminently, which is dreaded by "orthodox" and literal religionists, and the inquiry into which is feared as dangerous to their antiquated systems.

When our universities, colleges and schools generally shall, as Dr. Gilman advises, be "devoted to the ascertainment of truth" relative to man's spiritual nature, relations and destiny, as to other subjects of human interest, and to its promulgation as an imperative moral obligation, instead of the teaching of antiquated and unfounded theories on this matter, they will have become very different institutions from what they are at present. They will be nurseries of Spiritualism, instead of Materialism as they usually are now. And the assurance of so competent an educator as the President of Johns Hopkins University, that they will then be "not the harbingers of harm," ought to allay the fears of conservatives.

This courageous utterance by Dr. Gilman shows a gratifying confidence in both the safety of truth and man's ability to find it by honest inquiry. And the closing sentence deserves to be written in letters of gold, and deeply pondered by all who would help to stay the progress of mental and moral deterioration which now threatens to undermine modern society through the prevalence of materialistic shallowness and religious dogmatism. "There is no better way known to man for securing mental and moral integrity than to encourage those habits, those methods and those pursuits which tend to establish truth."

The investigation of the facts of man's spiritual nature, as disclosed in Modern Spiritualism, furnishes a field for this sort of training, surely no less valuable than that of physical science. A. E. N.

The Ancient and Modern Faith Cure.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In the Century for June is a lengthy and elaborate article by Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley relating the result to him of studies and experiences in "faith healing," and other modes of utilizing the subtle forces of nature which within the last few years have gained credence as efficient means for the removal of disease. In the main his views appear to me to be correct, and I should take no exception to them were it not that he claims the application of these means in Bible times to differ essentially in their results from what we have in our own day; while the truth is that as the laws of nature are eternally the same, both in their operation and results, what was then is now and will forever be. Mr. Buckley's article in its latter portion, and which he evidently thinks to be the most important, is a labored effort to bolster up the views of the popular church and to cater to the opinions, prejudices and predilections of its votaries. Quite in reverse of this, Spiritualists view this matter of healing from no sectarian standpoint of observation; are willing to accept the truth, come whence it may, and live and act in the light of the present rather than in that of the past.

Dr. Buckley declares that the teachings of those who sustain what is called the "faith cure" are a notable superstition, dangerous in their final effect. He has reached the conclusion that it will be useless for one to attempt to change the views or practices of those who have adopted the metaphysical way of reasoning, yet deems it wise and prudent, and desirable withal, for the welfare of modern ecclesiastical power, I presume, to check the "superstition" in the church fold.

Comparing modern cures with those recorded in the New Testament, he asserts that Christ and the Apostles were not limited in the extent or duration of their cures, whereas those who profess to do the same thing to-day are. Would it not have been a greater exhibit of wisdom and good judgment, on the part of Mr. Buckley, to have sought to harmonize the cures that are made to-day with those made in the past, by recognizing one law as governing all, and that law sustained and enforced by the Supreme Power in all ages and among all people.

Again: How can the Rev. Dr. Buckley reconcile his statement with that of the highest authority known to the church, Jesus himself—or to the universe, for that matter, in his view, he being God—for Jesus distinctly says some cures could not be effected by the apostles because of unbelief; also that the diseased condition that distinguished some of the cases, as recorded in the Bible, was not, however, to be removed but by prayer and fasting; thus showing that there was a special physical and spiritual state of preparation essential to success, and which Jesus had paid attention to in diet and other hygienic requirements but which the disciples at times neglected.

If Jesus, as the Bible declares, stated in his day and generation that greater works should be accomplished than what had been already done, and also gave the reasons why such works were to be consummated, then Mr. Buckley must be mistaken in his remarks. Mr. Buckley would have the public believe that

cures made to-day are not permanent, while those made by Jesus and the Apostles were. Does history warrant such conclusions as Mr. Buckley draws? Where is the record, in or outside of the lids of the Bible, of any cure that proved permanent more from one mode of treatment than another? All cures that have been made thus far, by any system known to mortals, do not warrant any one special form of treatment to claim superiority in the length of time the sick remain well after being restored.

Of all the individuals cured by the metaphysicians, Christian scientists, and in Bible days by Jesus and his apostles, we hear of none being called to pass the river of change called death, and if the information of such a change did not come from some other source, than that of the adherents of these modes of healing, persons not well informed would be led to believe that they were still denizens of the earth sphere of life at the present time; but it should be distinctly understood that all modes of healing the sick that do not injure the individual by introducing poison into the system should be considered legitimate and commendable. When any one system has an infallible cure for all diseases and it can be thus demonstrated to all of earth's inhabitants as such, then will come the time for Mr. Buckley to advocate a system of superiority over all other modes of treatment known to mortal man, and not before.

AUTHOR OF THE BOOK, "VITAL MAGNETIC CURE."

Verifications of Spirit-Messages.

O. F. OSBORN.

The communication of O. F. OSBORN in the BANNER of the 2d inst., delivered at the Free Circle, bears the impress of his individuality. Mr. Osborn was long a resident of Providence, and in the early days of Spiritualism was its staunch advocate, never halting or faltering because it was unpopular. He never had any hesitancy in declaring his opinions, for he never feared opposition, so he it believed he had the truth. There was an enthusiasm about him which I discern in the communication, besides other points and allusions all tending to prove the identity. Until he passed to the spirit-side of life he was firm in the faith, and when blindness had overtaken him he used to attend the March anniversaries, and enjoy them, too.

Now a word vindictory of the Free Circle and its communications. The establishment of the Circle was a happy thought, and well has it performed its mission. Through it thousands have come to bear testimony to the truths of spirit-communication and bear words of cheer and greeting to friends left on the mortal side of life. Occasionally some captious, carping person has had his word of doubt or sneer, or a denial of the verity of the communications, but it has been a vain attempt at impeachment. A study of the vast body of these communications, with an honest, candid, discriminating mind, must result in an acknowledgment of their origin in a source independent of the medium through whom they were uttered. No single mind, however erudite or gifted, could give such a variety, covering so many shades of thought and expression, to say nothing of the facts, names, dates, incidents and particularities connected with the individual purporting to be communicating. Then, again, the localities of these, scattered over the entire earth, show that no medium could group so many particulars, all localizing at a point, and that point absolute truth. That this has been done is sure, and, all things considered and balanced, the corollary is that the communications can come only from the spirit-side of life. WM. FOSTER, JR.

Providence, R. I., July 6th, 1886.

E. B. TOWNE—SAMUEL WINCHESTER—KATIE B. ROBINSON.

I have waited four weeks hoping to see some recognition of E. B. TOWNE's communication at the Banner Free-Circle Room, published in No. 7 of the present volume. Ebenezer Bancroft Towne was a grandson of Col. Ebenezer Bancroft, a nephew of Ebenezer Bancroft, Esq., and cousin of Ebenezer Bancroft of Tyngsboro. He was born in Stoddard, N. H. Two of his sisters and two of his brothers (all older than himself) afterwards with him attended the High School in T. I attended the same school with them all. His next older brother, after two or three years went to Boston, and not long after engaged in the hat, cap, glove, umbrella and buff robe trade, in a small store on Elm street, near to and opposite side from the Elm Street House. His trade soon developed into large proportions—until I recollect rightly, seventy-five thousand buffalo skins a year—and Bancroft (as he was called) went to Boston to assist his brother, Orr Noble Towne, in the store. I have not seen him for many years, and did not know of his residence. So far as he gave any account of himself, it is strictly correct.

In the BANNER No. 8 I see a message from SAMUEL WINCHESTER of Lowell. He was a blacksmith by trade, and worked for my uncle at the Harbor, so called, about one mile south of Nahua Bridge, in the manufacture of hoes, scythes and axes, about seventy years ago. He came to East Chelmsford (now Lowell) and married a wife of my acquaintance and occupied a shop near Hale's Mills, on Gorham street. A part of his wife's family (Parker) are Spiritualists, and a part are not, but are quite mediumistic. I have understood he had a property to be settled, as he asserts, and as far as I know his statements are perfectly correct. Of the message of KATIE B. ROBINSON, in No. 12 of the BANNER, I may say it hardly needs recognition, for everybody who has read the BANNER in years past knows her by reputation at least. I was, however, personally acquainted with her. I have met her at circles in Lowell many times, also her mother, who is, or was, an excellent medium. Mrs. Robinson was married in Lowell, and some time after removed to Philadelphia. Her suffering, as spoken of by White Feather, accounts for her rather sudden departure from the body. Ever yours for truth and right. BENJAMIN BLOOD.

Florence, Cal., June 14th, 1886.

SUMMER TIME.

Little Nancy, free as fancy, walking in the meadow; birds a-singing, swiftly winging through the light and shadow.

Honest Roger, homely codger, fond and faithful lover, comes a-walking, quickly stalking through the blooming clover.

Time is flitting; tidily sitting on the sward together, he caresses, love professes, she talks of the weather. Quick up-springing, wildly flinging both her arms about her, she a-squeaking, he a-squeaking, rushes off without her.

What you wonder, can there under heaven cause this racket, as he dances, wildly prances, and flings off his jacket?

Simply hornets, red-hot hornets: this broke up the wooing; on a nestful they so restful just had sat a-cooling. Thus the sweetest joys are fleetest. On the moral sweetest pleasure, fullest measure, hornets in the clover. Somerville, Mass.

"How to Act in a Cyclone," is the heading of a newspaper article. The neighbors can act just as they please when a cyclone strikes the town, but we should not just as if we were going down cellar.—Estelline (Dak.) Bell.

THE HOUSEKEEPER who has not used PYLE'S PEARLINE should not wait a day longer without having it in the house. As an article to make washing easy, without injury to the finest fabric, it is unequalled.

Camp-Meeting of the Mississippi Valley Spirit-

The Fourth Annual Camp-Meeting of the Mississippi Valley Spiritualist Association will be held at Mount Pleasant Park, the grounds of the Association, located at Clinton, Iowa, and opening on the 4th of August and continuing through the month.

The managers have secured eminent speakers, and good addresses will be in attendance. This Camp-Meeting is the largest in the West, and has drawn a large attendance from Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and Minnesota. The beauty and salubrity of the location as a camping ground are unequalled in the East or West.

The spiritual public of the West are cordially invited, and an agreeable, instructive and entertaining season is assured. For further information regarding the Camp-Meeting, address B. H. HART, Clinton, Iowa.

Nemoka Spiritualist Camp-Meeting. Pine Lake, Mich., Aug. 8th to Aug. 22nd. Nemoka camp-meetings are situated seven miles east of Lansing, on the Grand Trunk Railway. Speakers: J. W. Kenyon of Jackson, Mich.; E. A. Warner of Michigan; O. F. Kellogg of Ohio; Mrs. E. G. Woodard, Dr. G. W. Andrews, J. H. Burman of Michigan; Mrs. Walton Williamson and Mrs. D. H. Hays of Iowa.

Boarding-House, Grocery and Confectionery Norman and Mrs. M. E. MAROT, Secretaries.

BANNER OF LIGHT:

THE OLDEST JOURNAL IN THE WORLD DEVOTED TO THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

ISSUED WEEKLY

At 9 Bowdoin Street (formerly Montgomery Place) Corner Province Street, Boston, Mass.

COLBY & RICH,

Publishers and Proprietors.

ISAAC B. RICH, BUSINESS MANAGER, LUTHER O. COLBY, EDITOR, JOHN W. DAY, ASSISTANT EDITOR, Aided by a large corps of able writers.

THE BANNER is a first-class Family Newspaper of EIGHT PAGES—CONTAINING FORTY COLUMNS OF INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE READING—embracing A LITERARY DEPARTMENT, REPORTS OF SPIRITUAL CURES, ORIGINAL ESSAYS—Upon Spiritual, Philosophical and Scientific Subjects, EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, SPIRIT-MESSAGE DEPARTMENT, and CONTRIBUTIONS by the most talented writers in the world, etc., etc.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, IN ADVANCE:

Per Year, \$3.00
Six Months, 1.50
Three Months, .75
Postage Free.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Money Order on Boston, or a Draft on a Bank or Banking House in Boston or New York City, payable to the order of COLBY & RICH, is preferable to Bank Notes (which patrons can remit as a fractional part of a dollar in postage stamps—ones and twos preferred). ADVERTISEMENTS published at twenty cents per line for the first, and fifteen cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Contributions discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for.

Specimen copies sent free.

The List of Books and Engravings given as references in the BANNER will hereafter be printed every other week, instead of weekly as heretofore.

COLBY & RICH

Publish and keep for sale at Wholesale and Retail a complete assortment of

Spiritual, Progressive, Reformatory,

and Miscellaneous Books.

Among the authors are Andrew Jackson Davis, Hon. Robert Dale Owen, Dr. James M. Peebles, Henry C. Wright, Giles B. Stebbins, D. D. Home, T. H. Hazard, William Denison, Rev. M. B. Craven, Judge J. W. Edmonds, Prof. S. B. Britton, Allen Putnam, Eben Sargent, W. F. Evans, Kory Graham, A. B. Child, J. B. Randolph, W. H. Brown, J. O. Barrett, Dr. Emma Hardin, Miss Lizzie Doten, Mrs. Maria M. King, Mrs. Cornelia F. Richmond, etc.

Any book published in England or America, not out of print, will be sent by mail or express.

Catalogues of Books Published and for sale by Colby & Rich sent free.

Publishers who insert the above Prospectus in their respective journals, and call attention to it editorially, will be entitled to a copy of the BANNER OF LIGHT one year, provided a marked paper is forwarded to this office.

Spiritual, Ethical

AND

Historical Discourses

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

Consisting of the following Lectures:

- No. 1.—The Problem of Prayer.
- No. 2.—The Living Test of Truth.
- No. 3.—All Saints and All Souls.
- No. 4.—The Practicability of the Ideal.
- No. 5.—Jesus at the Wedding Feast, Turning Water into Wine.
- No. 6.—Spirit-Materialization: An Exposition of its Philosophy and Phenomena.
- No. 7.—Jesus of Nazareth: Was He the Promised Messiah, King of the Jews, or only a Carpenter's Son? Part I.
- No. 8.—Jesus of Nazareth. Part II.
- No. 9.—In Memoriam—Charles H. Foster.
- No. 10.—The Lost Continent Atlantis; or, The World Before the Flood.
- No. 11.—Pre-Historic America—Who Were the Mound-Builders?
- No. 12.—The Great Need of More Spiritualism Among Spiritualists.
- No. 13.—Spiritual Valentines—How to Send and How to Receive Them.
- No. 14.—The True Philosophy of Mental Healing.
- No. 15.—Who and What is God? Can Reason Answer the Question?
- No. 16.—Ancient Spiritualism Contrasted with that of the Present Day.
- No. 17.—Many Mansions in the Father's House.

Message Department.

The Messages published under the above heading indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. Those who pass from the earthly sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress to higher conditions. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns as does not comport with his or her reason. All expressions of much of truth as they perceive—no more.

It is our earnest desire that those who may recognize the spirit of their spirit-friends will verify them by informing us of the fact for publication.

Letters of inquiry in regard to this department of the BANNER should not be addressed to the medium in any case.

Lewis B. Wilson, Clairvoyant.

The Free-Circle Meetings

At this office have been suspended for the summer. They will be resumed, as usual, on the 14th of September next.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

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

Report of Public Séance held April 23d, 1886.

Invocation.

We gather up our hopes and our fears, our longings and the prayers of our spirit-friends, and we lift them to the Father God. What the perfume is to the flower, or the sunlight to the heavens, such is human aspiration to the soul of man, breathing, strengthening, illuminating his life, when that aspiration is pure and truly spiritual. We desire that the Father God, who desires the heart of every human, and may all unite in loving thought to thee, who art the parent and friend of all mankind. We look upon thee as our good shepherd, who carest for his flock tenderly and wisely, leading on to the peaceful waters of peace, and through green valleys that are sweet and calm. Oh! may we learn to look to thee for strength and guidance; may we realize that thy will is a just one, and bow in submission before the demands of the Father, who comes into communion with thy angel ones from a higher life, to receive from them instruction and guidance. May the doorway of communion be opened wide, and every returning soul given power to express himself according to the demands of the spirit; and may we of earth come into sympathy with those ascended ones, in order not only to learn of them, but also to impart something of encouragement and cheer to each one who returns from an immortal life. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Your questions are now in order, Mr. Chairman.

Ques.—[By J. A. Helms.] In the BANNER of March the following answer was given through the mediumship of Miss M. T. Shelhamer: "We know of no elementary intelligences below the human. We do know of spirits individualized, conscious beings—who have never yet passed through a mortal birth," etc. Will the Controlling Spirit please to give all possible information as to the origin, state of existence, shape or form, and the law by which such individualized entities are prompted, endowed or suffered to gain earthly discipline through an organism; and is not the human organism (and those of all other living creatures) entirely the result of the latent, instinctive power of such entities?

Ans.—This is a theme to occupy an hour's time, but we shall be obliged to consider it in the space of a very few minutes. These elementary humans—of whom we have spoken before from this platform—appear to the spiritual eye in the form and guise of infancy; they do not possess matured forms, although such semblance as they wear corresponds to the human as you behold it on earth. We are taught that these intelligences have developed from soul-germs; indeed, we are taught that the soul-germ is from the germ, invisible to the eye, yet all-potent to develop all the power that human life contains. These soul-germs, then, we believe have been cast off, so to speak, from the Great Fountain of all Life and Intelligence, which no finite mind can fathom or explain, yet evidences of whose existence permeate the entire universe—the spiritual as well as the visible, physical universe. These germs of life and potentiality seem to aggregate to themselves certain elements from the spiritual atmosphere, which they are clothed, and when these elements are molded into form they present somewhat the appearance of a child just born upon earth, at least that is the best description we can give of them to your understanding. We have said that these intelligences are individualized and conscious, but only to a degree, as the bird, or the young animal, or as the tiny infant of human life on earth is conscious of its existence, in a rudimentary, inasmuch as it is distinct from any other of its species or kind; but its intelligence has yet very slightly developed, and the power or law which impels these entities into contact with external life, seeking an experience, a passage through matter, is in accordance with that law which animates the animal and which we call *instinct*. There is a law operating which we call the instinct of self-preservation; and in times of danger, or in times of great moment, you will find the lower creatures obeying that impulse, or instinct, or whatever you may call it, which impels them to seek certain avenues of escape for self-preservation, and it is only in this way that we can explain the law impelling these entities into contact with matter and into the search for an outward avenue of expression. Dumbly and dimly they feel rather than know or reason upon the law that by moving in this direction, they will obey the law of growth, of self-development, and thus come to a more rounded-out condition of soul and body. And dimly they follow that law, and yet it is true and unerring, for it is a divine law of nature, and cannot lead astray. This is an interesting theme, which we would like to dwell upon, but we have not the time nor the condition for doing so to-day, neither do we feel that mortals, or at least more than one or two here and there, have sufficiently grown to a receptive state of mind to receive and understand the truths, the explanation of those laws which control such a theme.

Q.—[By D. Coons.] In the Message Department of the BANNER of Light of March 27th, in response to the question, "What is termed Oriental Magic?" the spirit says: "The Orientalists provide conditions for the reception and manifestation of spiritual powers as well as for the development of their own interior gifts," etc. Will the Controlling Spirit enlighten us with such instructions as will enable us to present the very best possible conditions to returning spirits who wish to avail themselves of any powers we mortals may be able to reach friends, or do any work for humanity?

Ans.—The very best possible conditions that can be provided returning spirits to reach their friends, or to accomplish wise labors for humanity, are provided by those who cultivate harmony of spirit, and seek to understand the law of association to such a degree that they will surround themselves by companionships that are only sympathetic and congenial, and that they will, when the company of those who are not elevating or morally strengthening, as well as of those whose magnetism depletes the physical system. Due attention to these laws, together with maintaining a temperate mode of life, living in accordance with the laws of nature, which every man of common sense will very soon understand for himself, will bring a person into such close relationship with the higher spirits as to afford them opportunities and conditions for the unfoldment of such mediocrity as he may possess, and also for cooperating with him in the pursuance of any good work. By withdrawing the mind from external objects, from the cares or frivolities of life, by seasons of meditation, an individual will bring his spirit into harmony with the denseness of a higher life; sometimes by a degree of fasting he will refine the outer system, and so enable the spiritual powers to become unfolded. We do not advise one to follow the practice of the Orientalists, in passing long days in fasting and meditation, paying no attention to the necessities of life; but we do recommend a system of abstinence from all food that tends to disorganize the body; we do advise exercise in the open air, with bathing in pure water, and attention to dietary rules. These, with the association of harmonious souls, and withdrawing the mind from the pursuance of worldly objects for material results alone, will give to your spirit-friends those opportunities which they seek for coming to you with the clear, pure light of the spirit.

Mrs. Dr. Eliza F. Stillman.

I have no mind to allow the time to pass along without making an effort to reach my friends on earth. I have many friends incarnated in the physical form, and to them I turn with a thought of love, a word of greeting. Located so long in New York City, I drew around me a circle of friends, who were very dear to me; but not in that metropolis alone are my affections centered, for I send out my thoughts to many friends in different parts of the country, and my sympathy goes with them. I do not wish those who have been friendly with me to feel that I have laid aside my purposes in life, and that my labors are no more; on the contrary, these have increased immeasurably since my passage from the body; they have grown upon me, until as I look to the life of the earth, with its responsibilities and cares, and its professional labors, it seems to have dwindled away to a mere nothing compared to what is pressing upon me for accomplishment at this time.

I determined that if ever I stood in the position of a seer, I would study the exact sciences in relation to the laws of health. I gave my attention to pathological subjects while on earth, but I always felt limited, I never received just the proper conditions I craved for the pursuance of my investigations. I had an idea that, after passing from the body, I should be given free scope for research into these fields of study, and I have not been disappointed; all that I had anticipated has been supplied me. I ask for information, but I am willing and ready to study closely to receive, to no cultivate my mind that it may be able to comprehend, because I know that the human mind, unless prepared by close study and attention, and the stimulus of labor, cannot understand the valuable lessons which come to it, any more than the little child entering upon the first grade of an elementary education can comprehend the deep studies of the advanced student.

I claim that I possess a certain quality of magnetism which I can apply for the healing of those who are afflicted who come into sympathy with me, and that I possess a degree of knowledge which enables me to direct those forces to their best results, as well as to give advice concerning the care of the body, though it is mere nothing to what I hope to attain during my future studies, and I want my friends to know that I am interested and engaged in this work and I am not living an idle life.

I have come very close to mortal life during the last few months. I have been studying something in relation to planetary movements and their influence upon humanity, and I have come very close to a student in New York who is interested in this line of thought, and who has been trying to understand whether it is possible that the condition of human life in this country, as it has been expressed during the last few months, has any relationship to the present position of the planets. However that may be, I am not prepared to give opinion; but I feel that I very heartily agree with others of our medical practitioners who believe that during the months of the present year that have passed the atmosphere of this country has been of a poisonous nature; that elements have existed in it and are floating within it, to-day, that are malarious in their nature and have been taken up in many cases by the human system and developed in various ways, manifesting different forms of disease; that many who used the brain power extensively have felt this disturbance, and only in the head, but also in the stomach, giving them a debilitated, weakened sensation, and in many cases laying them low; others have been attacked severely by throat or pulmonary troubles, who have absorbed these poisonous elements into their systems, and others have been afflicted with intestinal diseases. Now, in many of these cases, medical advice is of no avail, and has been proven so by those who have employed it. Magnetism will, of course, bring a degree of strength and vitality to the patient, enabling him to resist the encroachments of the disease; but in the present condition of medical learning it is useless to employ an old school practitioner, because he is thrown off his track, he is at fault in relation to the cause of the disturbance, and therefore gropes blindly in his methods of treatment.

I have looked into this thing closely, and know I speak understandingly. I believe this state of the atmosphere will slowly pass away, but will continue in certain localities for some months to come. My advice to those who suffer from any form of disease which is not understood, but which presents different manifestations from what disease usually has done, is to awaken a positive will-power that will, in a measure, resist the encroachments of these poisonous elements, and take good care of themselves, so they will inhale only the best of the atmosphere around them, and to sit or work in the sunlight, use only wholesome food, avoid exhaustive brain study, and general system. If they will do this, I am satisfied that they will not succumb to the encroachments of these disturbing elements, but will rally, and rise above them.

You will pardon me, Mr. Chairman, for entering upon a medical dissertation, but it seemed a duty to speak of these things as they appear to my mind; but I also desire to reach my friends with my love and good wishes. I have very much to say to you, and I think I do at times, that I am closely in rapport with her; that I do stimulate and impress her mind, and I am trying to lead her thought onward in certain directions that are interesting to her, which I hope will prove practical, and of use to others as well as to herself. I shall best be known as Dr. Eliza F. Stillman.

Lotela, for Other Spirits.

Now, Wilson brave, Lotela going to give talk for the spirit-people.

John Elliot.

There's a spirit here with Pierpont chief, and Lotela's going to speak about him, 'cause he's got such a shining face. He's a bright, good spirit, and has been here before to help up poor spirits that need to be educated. He stands now with a group of spirits that have been way down in the valley, haven't known how to get up high. He was a great worker for humanity, always felt kindly toward everybody when he was here in the body, and it seems to Lotela that he did much good work by giving advice and assistance; and me should think a good many in this city had been strengthened and helped by him. Lotela just feels as though she must speak for him, because he's such a shining spirit and has done so much good work. They call him John Elliot.

Etienne Robichaux.

Now me going to tell you about a little spirit nine or ten years old, and he's only been gone away a week. He was a very good boy, and New Orleans. He would like to live with me on Bayou Road now that he is living; that's what he seems to want 'em to know, and not think he's dead and way off. He can come and see 'em, and he wants 'em to feel good. He's very much pleased with the bright spirit-world he has gone to; for things are so pleasant there; a great many good people are kind to him, but he is very anxious to have his people here know that he can come back and see 'em, that he is feeling good, and everything is all right with him. Lotela has to use her own words, she can't get 'em clear from the spirit, because he don't know how to come. He wants to send his love, and he wants to come and talk to 'em down there, somewhere, if he can. I hope he'll get a chance to; don't believe he will, because they haven't got the way open down there. Perhaps he'll come. He's got an awful name, me, Wilson brave, Lotela, speak it; me, name, I'll tell you—Etienne Robichaux. Do you suppose you could get the message there, in the spirit-world? New Orleans? He wants to take my maddy down there. Guess he can't—not to-day. He'll have to wait till he gets a little older.

Margaret Milk.

Here's a squaw who has friends in this city interested in Spiritualism. She wants to bring her love to all her friends; says she has been watching events taking place with them during the years since she passed away, and she has never failed to bring her love and sympathy

when she felt she could do good. She feels very harmonious with all the people, and is pleased when they think of her kindly. She would like 'em to know she is busy, working for the good of her friends, and all people, and is coming, when she can, to bring a thought or an influence that may be useful. Her name is Margaret Milk. That's what you drink, ain't it? Lotela does love that. Some folks drink fire-water. Me don't like that—that's too hot.

Thomas Sheridan.

Here's a brave about fifty summers old. He went away most a year ago, in the summer time. He lived in Jersey City. He wishes to send his love to his friends, and begs they will open a way of communication for him to return to them, as he has important words to bring concerning some matter that he don't want all the world to know. He cannot give them here, cannot control my maddy either. He sends a great love, and says that he is satisfied with the spiritual world as he finds it. His name is Thomas Sheridan.

Col. Joseph Perkins.

The next is a brave that lived to be over eighty years old—me get it eighty-one—here, and he has known a heap of people in New Hampshire, as he belonged to the State Militia. Is that right? Is there anything like that anywhere? [Yes.] That's what Lotela gets. He brings his greeting to all his friends, and wishes them to know he has thrown off the old body, and got strong and hearty in another life. He has been trying to come to a maddy up at Concord, in that State. He wants to make her hand write out something for him for his friends, and he says he is going to keep at it until he accomplishes something. Me should think he was a brave that did keep at things all the time until he made 'em come round as he wanted 'em to. That's the way he does in the spirit-world. He is called Col. Joseph Perkins. (Where did he live?) Me think it must be Concord, or near there, 'cause he's so interested there.

Williams Allen.

Another old brave, about as old as the last one, that has only just been a few days in the spirit-world, and here he is coming back, and trying to reach his friends, because he wants them to know he is alive. He very much desires to send back a word, because, he says, it is like going to a new country here; when you arrive you want to send back a dispatch to your friends, and tell them how you are getting along. That's what he wants to do. He says he feels like a new-born child, without any experience, but so far everything is very pleasant and satisfactory, yet he feels as though he'd got to come round these parts, and do some work that wasn't done when he was here; he didn't see and understand it then, but he does now, and he's going to get strong, and ready to go to work. He comes from Amesbury. His name is Williams Allen.

[A person by this name did reside in Amesbury, but we do not know how old he was when he passed to spirit-life. Hope some one in Amesbury will ascertain, and let us know how old he was, etc., as we know our medium had no knowledge that such a person existed.—Ed. B. or L.]

Capt. Joseph Taber—Wm. C. Taber.

Another spirit that hasn't been gone a great while is very anxious to reach his friends, and he is interested in something they are doing; it seems as though it was some affairs he was connected with when he was here that draw him, and besides, he wants them to know how well he is doing in the spirit-world. He has got into a snug harbor, where the fresh breezes blow, and he sends a word of cheer to those who are here, and encourages them to try and learn all they can about the country beyond. This spirit came from Fairhaven, and his name is Capt. Joseph Taber.

And then there's another spirit that somehow seems to be drawn here right along with him. He comes from New Bedford. The first spirit wants to send regards and a message of cheer to friends in that place, in New Bedford, and other places. Then this other one, who seems to come from New Bedford, hasn't been gone but a very little while; should think he went since the first one did. He don't want to take hold of the maddy. He feels very friendly to all the people. He was a Quaker. He feels rejoiced that he has got freed from the body, and entered the world of peace. He was an active man here, and a great many people knew him. His name is William C. Taber.

You don't know, Wilson brave, how awfully glad every young spirit is when they just tell about it. A great big grin goes over their faces. That makes you want to say a heap for 'em you know.

Charles Norton.

Here's a brave—he isn't more than forty summers old. He gives the name of Charles Norton. He is very anxious to reach his friends. There's a young brave, a young boy, living here, that he feels real concerned about, and is trying very hard to influence him; and this spirit wants to come to some one, I should think it was his squaw—don't get that quite clear, they call her Hattie—and give her some advice. She feels troubled in her mind. He sends a great deal of love, and wants all his friends to know that he has done well by the change. He didn't want to go to the hunting grounds, but had to, and so is making the best of it. He finds it pretty good after all; this he don't say, but Lotela does; she can see how it is. He lived in Philadelphia.

Mary Hill.

Now Lotela sees a spirit—she sent a great lot of magnetism up here—she's down there in the council-room; she calls herself Mary Hill. She's not a very old squaw, but she had a good deal of care while she was here. She is somewhere from forty-five to forty-eight summers old somewhere around there. Some one is here she has known when she was living in the body, and felt very kindly toward him; he has given her cheer, something to make her feel better in her mind—kind words, and so on. She is very anxious to get to her friends, and send them her love, tell 'em she has risen above the trials of the mortal. She did have some hard times, but she always bore them real patiently. He name is Mary Hill.

George Ryder.

Now there's a big, tall man with a heap of bushy hair on his face. He gives the name of George Ryder. He was a real strong brave while he was here, and he didn't know what sickness was until he spoke down; but at last he was awful sick. He got a good many friends in the body, and wants to get to them more than he does anything else. He sends them his love, and says that he will work and work until he reaches them, to do the work he has in mind. He goes around to different circles and mediums, hoping to make himself known, and he wants, ever so much, to materialize himself, so he can be seen. He lived in Boston.

Elizabeth Longley.

A real nice squaw is here. She says she wishes to ask her son to be patient and to trust to the spiritual world. They are bringing the spirit to bear upon him, as rapidly as possible, which will be his life more in that direction of spirit. There have been hard experiences and discipline during the last season, but they have been all for a purpose, and by-and-by, when the shadows have rolled more fully away, he will see and understand just how he has been disciplined and for what purpose he was led in that way. The spirits are now working in new lines for him and for others, to bring out different results and higher labors, but the conditions are not provided as fast as they would like to have them; so they have to wait, and use what comes to them; but by-and-by the shadows will disappear and the sunbeam will only remain to illuminate his life. Then the spirit has a little squaw, papoose, with her that belongs to somebody else; me should think to her squaw, papoose, that's in the body. She says that she has charge of this dear one. She is a working spirit, bringing a light and comfort to the hearts of those who will not receive

spiritual truth, but who are blessed through its ministrations. This good squaw who speaks the words is named Elizabeth Longley.

Eliza Clark.

A squaw comes up here who calls herself Eliza Clark. She knows somebody in this council-room. She brings her love, she feels so loving toward everybody, and she wants to reach her own family and friends, for she feels that they are missing a great deal by not receiving conscious communication from the spirit-world. The spirit gets help by coming here, and feels encouraged to do more work.

Report of Public Séance held April 27th, 1886.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—[By Dr. F. J. Gile, Topeka, Kan.] Do spirits or angels stimulate mortals and encourage them to form organizations similar to the Order of the Knights of Labor of America, which are now agitating the commercial world?

Ans.—Spirits are men and women, like yourselves; most of them are intelligent, full of thought, and discuss every subject that is of interest to humanity. The further a spirit advances in spiritual attainment and knowledge, the greater becomes his zeal in working for his fellow creatures by providing them with the means and the knowledge that will aid them in rising above their oppressed or lowly condition to a height of happiness and prosperity. Such spirits work for others, forgetting self. Many such intelligent spirits are closely united in bonds of fraternity, sending forth their influence toward the down-trodden and the unfortunate of earth, hoping through their assistance to bring their lowly condition. These spirits are not only anxious to direct and advise, but they also desire to perform a great work in stimulating the minds of those to whom they come, stirring thought within them and assisting them in outward expression. Such spirits have not been idle in the formation of the organizations known as the "Knights of Labor," and of other bodies formed for similar purposes—indeed, they have been very potent in such formations. These great masses of the working people are one that needs to be helped, one that requires elevation, for mankind is in need of instruction; it requires time and opportunity and means for the unfoldment of the higher part of its nature. During the ages past the great majority of the world have been unable to secure such conditions for their own self-improvement. It is for this purpose that such organizations have been encouraged by returning spirits, with the hope and belief that from them would evolve an order of things that would materially benefit the people and prove a blessing to the world.

By what measures can you suggest superior to arbitration for the settlement of all difficulties in which labor and capital are so earnestly involved?

Ans.—We suggest no measure superior to that of peaceful arbitration for the adjustment of these questions between labor and capital which are continuously arising. We believe that arbitration alone will settle the difficulties and solve the problems of these great questions. We are not prepared to fully endorse State or National arbitrage, as we would not recommend the idea of a Board of Arbitration being formed to consider and settle all questions between capital and labor. We believe that if capitalists and employees will choose intelligent and fair-minded men, and they unite in selecting the third party, and let them meet together and calmly and dispassionately discuss the points at issue, with the determination to bring about a satisfactory adjustment, that each party will be more thoroughly satisfied than if a governmental board of arbitration should be created. By the settlement of the questions that arise between capital and labor, we would not object to such a governmental board, to which the first board of arbitration, or those who had employed it, might appeal, provided they could not come to any satisfactory conclusion or settlement. From the agitation that is so rife throughout this and other countries upon the great labor question, we believe a more satisfactory condition of affairs is to be evolved when the capitalist comes to understand that he must employ more thoroughly than he has ever done before. He must learn to look upon them as something more than mere human machines; he must recognize their rights, and be ready to consider them. On the other hand, the laborer will come to a more complete understanding of the labor and difficulties his employer has to contend with, and will realize that the capitalist has something more to do than merely direct the labor and adjust the scale of wages or the hours of work to his own satisfaction, and will learn to respect as well as to be considerate to the souls on to the number of men who are constantly using their brain-power for the purpose of building up great business enterprises and employing labor. Thus, when a better consideration of the duties and purposes of each is fully understood by the laborer and capitalist, there will be a better adjustment of affairs, a clearer idea of the true nature of things than has ever existed before; and so we say that we look for the time to dawn, and that not very far in the future when labor and capital will clasp hands over the chasm that exists in unity.

The Controlling Spirit.

Spoke for the following named spirits, many of whom could not obtain control of the medium;

Enoch Hazeltine.

Among the many spirits who are present, each one anxious to send some word or thought to friends on earth, we find one who is deeply interested in all the questions pertaining to human reform. During the past he has been deeply exercised over the Anti-Slavery movement, and has been willing to be classed among Abolitionists at a time when the term was applied to ridicule or stigma to any individual who dared to raise a voice or hand in behalf of the colored people. He has also been deeply interested in the Temperance movement, using his influence for its best result; and whenever a question applying to the amelioration of humanity's wrongs drew his attention, he was ever ready to take hold of the subject, to give it his influence and encouragement; and so to-day from the spiritual side of life he finds himself earnestly interested in the great movement between labor and capital. He is interested on the side of the working people, and his sympathies go to a thousand. He would like to express the power of a thousand before he passed from the body; we should judge he was about eighty-five. For more than a dozen years he has lifted his voice, and wielded his influence from the spirit-world in behalf of the down-trodden and in the desire to spread spiritual truth before the eyes of an ignorant world. To-day he sends his greeting—and it is a hearty one—to friends on earth. He feels a great love for humanity, and especially desires to be remembered to those who have thought kindly of his past life and sent out pleasant thoughts to him in the spirit-world. He gives us the name of Enoch Hazeltine. He feels that by coming to this circle-room he can draw an influence to assist him in his labors. He was interested in Spiritualism while on earth, and the light it brought to his mind was of great value to him. This man resided in New Bedford, where many will remember him.

Capt. John S. Deblols.

Before us is another spirit who tells us that he also has friends in New Bedford. He was a whaler, and for many years the captain of a whaler. He called from New Bedford, where he passed away less than a year ago. He is a staunch, true spirit, one who, undertaking to do a work, would do it well; if he intended to build a ship he would see that it was sound and perfect in every part before he launched it upon the sea; and in returning from spirit-life he bears these same characteristics. He is sound to the core, and if his friends can come into communion privately with him they will find that it will be a great blessing and aid. He has a strong call to his friends, and a cordial greeting, in tones of love. We trust it will be heard and responded to. He gives us the name of Capt. John S. Deblols.

Fritz Gingenbach.

A young man—twenty-two or twenty-three summers—he may have passed over his head; but before we can see the condition in which he passed from the body, which was by drowning. It seems as though his limbs were drawn up and he lost the use of them while in the water. Now the cramped condition passes away and he is as strong and active as before the change. This spirit is unable to control the medium, but he has been for some time very anxious to reach his friends. It troubles him to know that they think him dead; it disturbs his mind, and draws him back into extraneous associations. He would have them know that he is well and living in a useful world. He is a good worker over there, whatever he may have been on this side, as we can see by his appearance. He lived on Van Buren street, Newark, N. J., and the name, which is a peculiar one, we get as Fritz Gingenbach.

Thomas J. Goodwin.

Two more spirits appear in the guise of age; yet in spirit-life they are strong and vigorous, and do not feel aged. We should judge them to be husband and wife, as the pair seem to be closely united.

The husband passed away before his wife, and she, weary with the weight of many years, was only too glad to find him when she entered the spirit-world. They come not for any special purpose, except to send affectionate remembrances to friends, and to testify to the happy state which they have entered upon in the spiritual world. They are useful members of society there; but there are certain persons on earth in whom they take an interest, and these friends they desire to guide in knowledge and wisdom, concerning spiritual things and immortal life. We do not get the name of the wife, but that of the gentleman, Thomas J. Goodwin, and the parties with whom they are interested reside at South Hampton, N. H.

Dr. Edward A. Isbell.

Dr. Edward A. Isbell, from Grafton, N. H., is a bright young spirit, who is interested in the practice of medicine, and now expresses himself strongly, or so it may appear to those who knew him. He says: "I was a graduate of Dartmouth College, and I felt that I had bright prospects before me. I desired a bright career, and at first, when I found I had suddenly passed from the body and all my hopes were dashed to the ground, all my plans upset, I rebelled; I could not see any justice or wisdom in the fate that had overtaken me. This state of things did not last long, for soon I learned that my ambitions might rise to a higher level; that they might develop more fruitfully than they could on earth. Then I perceived that there was a career before me which I must carve out for myself, but which might result usefully to mankind."

I entered upon a new study. I found around me men and women of acknowledged ability—and some of the men had been graduates from the old University that I had attended. They took an interest in me, and taught me new principles in nature, and out of such I learned of a new world, a new dream of before. I entered upon this with new zest and earnestness; and now I can truly say I am glad I passed from the body before I had lived a long professional life, because I see that I might have made mistakes, for I was ignorant, and needed an experience and knowledge that might not have been given me in those fields which would have engaged my attention here. I am interested in anatomical studies; I also wish to learn all I can of *medica medica* and of surgery. But there is a great deal of lore in connection with magnetism which I am seeking to explore, and from which I can only many useful lessons. Let no one grieve for me; because I am fully satisfied and happy in my present life."

W. W. Rathbone.

We are given the name of W. W. Rathbone, an old Ohioan, who prides himself on being a sort of pioneer in the place from which he came. He has been gone from the body nearly two years, and since that time has been seeking a way to return. He is anxious to reach his friends, and when he comes to them in person he will give them the wisdom which he has in a young female in whom he is interested, and for whom he desires to accomplish some work. The spirit is from Marietta, Ohio.

John Hall.

John Hall was an enterprising and successful business man of Boston, who passed from the body suddenly a few years ago. He has not been altogether satisfied with his spiritual condition since that time; he has been restless, and in a measure unhappy, feeling that there are concerns here that needed his attention, and matters which he did not altogether take into thought while on earth, but which have seemed large to him since he has been here, less to direct them for himself. He is anxious to come and have a private confab with near relatives, feeling that he can dictate to them certain measures which will be of benefit—feeling also that it will assist him to rise above this clouded state of mind. We hope his friends will give him the opportunity. They are not Spiritualists, and will possibly scout the fact of his return, and desire to know nothing of it; but we speak for the spirit out of compassion, because we know that he is anxious, and feels that in no other way can he free his mind of the burdens that are entailed upon it.

Lizzie Miller.

Lizzie Miller is a young spirit, who has for some years lived in the other life. She is acquainted with some one in the audience, to whom she brings kindly greetings. She also gets strength here to send a few words of love to her friends. She wishes them to know she is happy, and satisfied with what has come to her. She has desired that those little belongings of hers, that have been carefully laid away, should be distributed, that they may be of use to others—and we hope her wish will be attended to. She is a very loving spirit, one who can enjoy the green fields and the bright flowers, and take no thought of what is to come, yet from her cheerful disposition many weary souls may gain strength and hope for the future.

Warren Emerson.

A spirit appears, and we might almost say he has only just passed from the body, so few are the days that have passed since his summons to the higher life. He was given to attending to business matters, and well known where he resided. Already he has rallied from the experiences of death, and finds himself strong and energetic in thought and in expression. He feels that he must act, and act at once, not only by coming into communication with his dear friends, but by taking action in various directions, seeking boldness and employment that will be innovative, one that will develop his resources. That seems to be something of the nature of the man as we get it from his atmosphere. He is unable at present to say much; he only expresses his kindly feelings for friends and wishes them to know he is thoroughly alive—not dead, nor sleeping. He lived in Springfield, Mass. He bears the name of Warren Emerson.

Charles S. Whitcomb.

Charles S. Whitcomb, from Ludlow, Vt., desires to reach his friends in that town, and those who have been arranging his business matters; he would like to communicate with them. He has certain things to say which he feels ought to be expressed. He also brings greetings to other friends, and wishes to tell them that all things are well with him. The spirit-world seems strange to him; he does not understand all that surrounds him; yet there is much that he can comprehend; and he is daily learning new lessons. He could tell a strange story of what the immortal world really is, to many of his old neighbors, who have no clear conception of that eternal state, and it would be really a pleasure to the man if he could find an opportunity of coming in this way and giving his thoughts to those who have known him in the body. He is a young man, a young girl of fourteen or fifteen summers, who gives the name of Carrie Benja-

