

Sarah read it aloud in solemn tones. Starting up, Mayse exclaimed: "Oh! mother! mother! heed the warning. Do not marry that man. I detest him so much I can't sleep night after night, thinking of him. His very presence makes me sick. Mother! mother! I listen to your child and I am sick. And overcome with her emotions she sank fainting at her parent's feet.

For two weeks she raved in the delirium

fever, all the while begging her mother in piteous tones not to make her talk and beseeching with the man she despised. Before her child regained consciousness, Mary Lawrence sent for her betrothed, and in quiet but firm tones released him from his engagement. When he discovered that no persuasion could induce her to accept his name, the wrath of the man was terrible, and he left with a silent vow to bring the woman who rejected him to his feet.

The overseer had never liked Sarah Moore; in his opinion she was too influential in the house of his love. Secretly he believed she was to blame for the mortification that had come to him in being cast off just before the wedding-day, and he determined to be revenged upon her. It was not a matter of surprise to our medium friend to be told that as work was slack, her services at the mill would no longer be required, and she accepted her discharge quietly, believing that as the angels had led her to this place to effect a good work among the lowly and humble working-people, if they felt that work had been accomplished, they would guide her elsewhere into fields of usefulness. One week after Sarah's dismissal, and before she had quite matured her plans for the future, although her spirit-friends were impressing her to enter the field of public mediumship and serve humanity in that line, she and Mary were both astounded at a notification left at the lodging-house by an agent of the mill. This notice was to the effect that the mill-owners contemplated making a change in the house; on consideration, they had decided to enlarge and turn it into a regular boarding-house, and that henceforth it would be in charge of a man and his wife who had already been engaged as keepers. Two weeks only were given Mrs. Lawrence in which to make her preparations for vacating the premises. Of savings she had but a little store; her daughter had not yet recovered from the serious illness that had fallen upon her, and altogether the prospect looked dark to the weary woman. So Samuel Towers had calculated and hoped it would be. He had anticipated a rejection of the woman's heart in his favor, now that she was to be cast adrift on the world; he had supposed her ignorant of his hand in the movement now made upon her, and thought that if he should put in an appearance just when the hour should seem darkest to her, she would gladly repent her late distrust and broken pledge, and fly to the home he would open to her. But when he called at the lodging-house two nights before the time allotted its mistress had expired, he found no one there in whom he took any interest. Mary with her child and friend had left Milltown never to return. No one knew whither they had gone; indeed, when they departed their plans for the future had not been decided on. "To get away" was their only desire, and the baffled overseer was obliged to retire with no satisfactory news concerning them.

In addition to Mary's modest savings, Sarah had about fifty dollars in money, and a handsome diamond brooch which had been given her by her grandaunt, and which the spirits now advised her to sell. She was very anxious that her friends should not be parted from her, and she urged the mother to take her child and go with her to some central locality where they might employ their medial gifts and become of use to the world. Not seeing anything else to be done, Mary concluded to do as her friend wished, at least as far as leaving Milltown was concerned, and thus it happened that in the midst of a wild north-east storm, in which Mayse declared she could hear voices calling to her and saying, "It is well! It is well!" they bade farewell to the humble people who had loved them so fondly and who were loth to part with them, and vanished from the town forever.

CHAPTER VI.

"I HAVE A CONFESSION TO MAKE!"

Six years have passed since the death of James Lawrence in the lonely cottage of Thomas Benton at Ryely. And now, in the handsomely furnished parlor of a pretty villa just beyond the busy city of Springfield, a lady and gentleman are seated engaged in conversation. The former, a tall and slender girl of nineteen or twenty, wears a smile upon her curved lips as she listens in pleased surprise to what her companion is saying. Her simple garment of black silk, tastefully finished with a soft fringe of lace at throat and wrists, shows off her fine figure to advantage, and makes a fitting foil to the fair face with its wealth of auburn hair, which is rolled back from her white brow and arranged in puffs and coils upon the dainty head. But fair as the picture is, we observe that the speaking blue eyes of the girl add the greatest lustre and expression to what might otherwise be an almost too quiet countenance.

The companion of this smiling creature is an elderly man with snow-white hair and a stoop in his shoulders. His face is thin and his forehead lined with deep furrows. But the blue eyes have an expression of kindness within them that bear a marvelous resemblance to the brighter orbs of his daughter, and which tell a passing stranger that there is something good in the man.

"Clara," he is saying as we look in upon them, "I am going into town to-day, and I wish you to go with me. I feel it is high time to attend to something I have long had in mind. This cottage, with its strip of land, I am going to deed over to you this very day. I want to be sure my girl has something of her own."

"Why, papa, I should be delighted to own *Dijou*, of course, it is such a pretty place. But why hurry about it? What is yours mine, and I would as lief you owned it."

"It will do no harm to have the thing settled, child; we never know what a day may bring forth; so put on your bonnet and we will start at once. Besides, I know you want to do some shopping; there are plenty of glimmering girls always want to buy in the city stores." And the speaker arose as if to pass from the room.

A few moments more and they were equipped for their journey. He, in his plain woolen suit and round hat, might be taken for a simple country farmer, but she, in her neat black silk and little white chip bonnet, with its wreath of forget-me-nots, could never be mistaken for aught but a college-bred and refined lady. She was a Vassar girl, who had accredited herself well in her studies at that honorable institution, and had won her degrees with no little pride. In addition to the general education her intellect had received, she had devoted her time to the study of medicine, and now that she had been at home with her father for nearly a year, she still continued to give a part of her time to that interesting study. Moreover, she was an accomplished housekeeper, and made her father's home a pattern of neatness and comfort.

At the time of his disappearance from Ryely, Thomas Benton had removed to a far distant city, where for a year he resided in compar-

tive obscurity with his daughter, placing her at a private school in the neighborhood. When she was fourteen he yielded to her half-expressed wishes, and sent her to Vassar, of which she had heard from her teacher—a graduate from that institution—where she remained four years, devoting her full time and attention to the acquisition of knowledge.

At the close of her college course, Clara Benton removed with her parent to the vicinity of Springfield, where a cozy little dwelling, built upon an improved plan, and surrounded by the beauty of field and grove, was secured as their future home. This estate was named *Dijou* by the girl, under whose supervision the house was furnished with taste and refinement, and the pretty garden laid out in beds of dainty flowers and rows of flowering vines. There for a year they had lived, the daughter engaged in the superintendence of housekeeping affairs, and in the pursuit of her beloved studies, and the father seemingly immersed in important business of some kind, if one could judge by the rows of figures and numbers of documents over which he bowed daily in the little den devoted to his use.

It is not our intention to follow the pair to the city, nor notice how the legal transference of the home into Clara's hands was effected; we have only introduced them to our readers in this connection for purposes that will appear further on.

It was a delightful morning in June when the transfer was made. The world looked very beautiful to Clara Benton as she gazed with glad eyes upon field and hill during her ride to the city. But the plain old man at her side noticed nothing of the richness and bloom of earth; evidently his thoughts were far away from the scenes before him, and if one could tell by his countenance they must have been troubled ones.

Three, four, five months sped swiftly away. The summer had been one of keen delight to the graceful mistress of the little home, but with the coming of autumn a fear and anxiety crept upon her. Love may be blind for a time, but when sight comes it is quick and keen. Clara Benton loved her father with tender devotion, and it was the joy of her life to attend to his comfort from day to day. Through the year that had passed since her return from school she had failed to notice the growing languor of his step, and the deepening lines upon his face. She did not know that his sleep was light, and that he passed many hours of the night in tossing from side to side of his bed, or in softly pacing his chamber floor. True, she had thought he looked tired, yet no idea of the weariness of soul and body that had grown upon him entered her mind. But as the summer waned the girl became conscious of a quick nervous cough that was fastening upon her father's frame; sometimes in the night she would hear it echoing through the silent rooms, and she made up her mind to speak to him about it. Clara was physician enough to distinguish the nature of the cough, and to know that it came from some nervous affection, and was not caused by any pulmonary or gastric disturbance.

To her tender inquiries her father made evasive answers. He did not need medicine; he was only a little worn; she must remember he was getting old now. Yet she knew he was but a little past fifty, and so many men are but in the prime of life at that age. She resolved to watch him and to double her attentions to his comfort.

There came nearly a week of wind and rain in September, keeping the man indoors; his daughter never minded the weather, but, properly habited, sallied out in storm as in sunshine, enjoying the moisture and the wind almost as well, for a change, as the calmer breezes and the clearer light. She had been walking with her pet dog, a great handsome fellow with speaking brown eyes and shaggy black coat, and had enjoyed the sport of watching him chase the blowing leaves and other objects flying in the gale. The rain had ceased, but the sky was still leaden, and the wind howled dismally through the branches of the trees. Passing into the house, Clara said to her dog: "Here, Bruce, stay on the porch till your paws are dry; they are too muddy for my floors." The canine had always obeyed the slightest word of his mistress, but to-day, as she opened the front door, he gave a low, quick bark, half-whine, half-howl, and bounded past her toward the door of her father's "den," upon which he scratched impatiently. Surprised at the animal's strange conduct, the girl opened the door, only to see the form of her father prostrate upon the floor. The dog rushed to the man and began to lick his face and hands with his great warm tongue. In a moment the eyes opened, and in a thick voice the man faintly said:

"Where am I? What is the matter?"

"You must have fainted, papa, and Bruce has brought you to. Let me help you to the lounge, and I will get you a glass of wine."

But he could not be moved so easily; and thoroughly alarmed, Clara left him in charge of the faithful Bruce while she summoned the assistance of the stout, strong maid-of-all-work in the kitchen. Together they got the man to his bed, and in a moment Clara had a steaming cordial ready, which she contrived to slowly pour into the half-closed mouth of her father. For a while he lay with closed eyes, but evidently reviving under the draught he had taken, he soon opened them, and motioning to his daughter, said eagerly:

"Did you see him—did you see him, too?"

"Who, papa? I have been out, and saw no one. Has any person been here?"

"Yes—I saw him; he said it would come with him—the Spirit of the Storm." Look! there it is, now—don't you hear it? And he comes, too—Lawrence—there, at the foot of the bed!"

A great gust of wind shook the house, and Bruce crouching by the bed gave a low yelp; but Clara heard no voice nor sound that could explain her father's meaning. Neither did her eyes, that followed the direction of her father's finger, behold any form at the foot of the bed, though the dog started up and walked to the spot, sniffing suspiciously.

"You are tired and nervous, papa; there is no one here. The wind howls, but the rain is over, I think, and the storm is departing. I will get you something to eat, and then you must have a quieting potion and go to sleep. Bruce will watch you till I return."

The invalid did slight justice to the dainty food prepared by his daughter, but he eagerly swallowed the soothing draught she brought, and in an hour was fast asleep, his white face gleaming piteously from the snowy pillows his child had placed beneath his head. The man appeared improved a little on the following day, but the weeks did not bring to him that degree of strength his daughter wished. His

left side continued numb and cold, and Clara decided to call in medical advice from the city. This only corroborated her own ideas that her father had received a paralytic stroke—the second, he confessed after much hesitation, as once a slight one had seized him two years before, while his daughter was at college, and she had never known it. Perfect rest and freedom from anxiety, together with the administration of electricity, had been prescribed, but the days sped by, bringing no relief to the frame that held a trouble-tossed, groaning spirit within its embrace.

November came, and again the winds howled and the rains fell. The stricken man displayed new restlessness as well as weakness under their spell. Clara dared not leave him alone, but if for a moment she or other watchers were called from the room, Bruce, the faithful dog, was left on guard by her father's side.

It was evening; the lights burned low in the sick room; the patient had been lying quiet and still for some time, when, glancing down at him, the watcher discovered tears stealing from his eyelids and coursing down his cheeks. Laying one hand softly on his, she bent over and tenderly said, "What is it, papa? Are you in pain?"

"The voice came low and thick: "Clara, you do not hate your father?"

"Why, papa, how can you dream such a thing?"

"No matter what happens, you never will quite hate me? It was all for you!"

"I shall always love my father. There, dear, go to sleep; it is all right."

The tones were soothing, as one speaks to a frightened, nervous child, but the sick man did not subside into quiet. He only opened his eyes, and gazing solemnly upon his daughter, whispered in mournful tones:

"Child, you must hear me; I have a confession to make!"

[Continued in our next.]

Original Essay.

THE FUTURE OF PUBLIC MEDIUMSHIP.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The observations of your correspondent, E. A. Brackett, Esq. (author of that most valuable little book, "Materialized Apparitions"), in a recent number of the BANNER, under the heading of "Seance-Room Perplexities," are worthy of most serious attention, not only by all "materializing mediums," so termed, but by Spiritualists at large, and all who desire to have channels of communication with the invisible world kept open and pure, and accessible to the public. The kindly tone of these observations, as well as the large experience of their author in the phases of phenomena of which he treats, commands them to careful consideration.

The serious warning expressed in Mr. Brackett's closing sentences, against "trailing the seance in the dust," and "trifling with the unseen powers which are manifested there," induces me to offer some suggestions that I have long had in mind regarding the wise use of mediumship of all phases, especially that of materialization, and regarding its future in the world.

DANGERS OF MISUSE.

It must have become obvious to all intelligent and experienced investigators of Spiritualism, that the practice of mediumship, in most if not all its forms, and particularly that of materialization, is attended by liabilities and dangers which need to be understood and guarded against. The same is true, indeed, of every form of human activity or employment. All occupations or subjects of thought are liable to be pursued to excess, or by unwise methods, which lead to injurious consequences—to physical or mental suffering, to disaster and ruin. But any new line of activity, where lessons of experience accumulated by previous generations are wanting, as is the case with modern mediumship, is specially exposed to such liabilities. It behooves us, then, to begin to gather up the lessons which the mediumistic experience of the last thirty or forty years has taught, and to apply them to the better regulation and guidance of this (in modern times) new department of service.

And it must be equally obvious that something is greatly amiss in the common and especially the public practice of this function, which urgently needs to be rectified, to save it from falling into disrepute, aversion, and possibly desuetude or legal prohibition. The increasing frequency of cases of physical and mental prostration, of insanity or obsession, and of apparent moral aberration, on the part of prominent public mediums of various classes, cannot but awaken the serious attention of the thoughtful. The story of the wreck, mental and physical, of the wonderful medium, FOSTER, is fresh in every mind. That of REED and COLONESTER will also be remembered by many. Home experienced long periods of illness and disability, and is said to have become insane or idiotic, and physically distorted, previous to his recent decease. MONCK, at one time a medium for very remarkable phenomena, suffered from internal hemorrhage in consequence, and was obliged to relinquish the practice. SLADE has been repeatedly subject to paralysis, and is said to have partially lost his powers of late. The EDVY BROTHERS are reported to be physically disabled and incapacitated for the exercise of mediumship. Others, more or less widely known, might be named, who are in a similar condition, and most public mediums are subject to seasons of severe bodily and nervous prostration, while some have become the undoubted victims of "obsession," or undesirable spirit-control in various forms; though these wrecks among mediums are probably not more numerous in proportion than among business men, clergymen and other professionals who live at high mental pressure, yet they ought not to occur at all. Besides these deplorable cases, we have every now and then the seizure and alleged "exposure" of a professed medium for materialization, resulting at least in a severe shock to the nervous system and usually in a season of physical prostration, with—in the public mind—serious damage if not total ruin to reputation for honesty and to "business prospects," as well as immeasurable obloquy cast upon the good name of Spiritualism.

THE COMMERCIAL ASPECT.

More than all this is the unpleasant commercial aspect given to the matter of spirit-communication and manifestation through public mediums, by the fee rendered necessary, under existing methods, at the door of the seance-room; and still worse is the temptation thereby offered—perhaps through pressing pecuniary need in some cases, and through avarice in others—to unhealthy over-exercise of the psychic powers where they really exist, and to their stimulation where they are wanting or have be-

come depleted by exhaustion. Successful mediums are doubtless strongly tempted, both by the urgent demand and by the dollars in prospect, to hold seances too frequently, and to admit too many sitters at a time, so that probably no organism can generate sufficient "power" to produce genuine phenomena to the extent required; hence a strong inducement exists to supplement the real by counterfeit, fabricated possibly in some cases by complaisant but unwise, or in other cases by hostile or unscrupulous, invisibles, while the medium is in an unconscious or irresponsible condition.

IS THERE NOT A BETTER WAY?

I have no sympathy, Mr. Editor, as you know, with that snap-judgment so often exhibited by Spiritualists as well as by outsiders, which is ready to cry "fraud!" and to denounce a medium as an "impostor," when phenomena are presented that are apparently deceptive or not according to preconceived ideas, or when perplexing appearances occur in the seance-room. So little is really known of the methods by which the apparitions there seen are produced, or where mortal agency ends and spirit agency begins in their production, that it is well to be cautious and charitable and to give the medium, who has ever exhibited any real mediumship, the benefit of the doubt, where a doubt is admissible. And I have had my share of obloquy and denunciation for this charitableness, or rather justice, to accused mediums. Nor have I any disposition to join in wholesale oburgations against "commercial Spiritualism," until some better way shall have been provided by the cooperation of Spiritualists for meeting the public demand for evidences and channels of communication. But in view of the undeniable facts to which allusion has been made, it is surely time to inquire whether the dangers and disasters, and the obnoxious methods pointed out, are inseparable from the public practice of mediumship, or whether there is not a wiser way in which its blessings may be available without such drawbacks. If not, it is a serious question whether the general public had not better be left to get along without its benefits, than that they should be offered at such a cost.

MEDIUMSHIP HEALTHFUL.

Opponents of Spiritualism generally insist that all mediumship is dangerous, tending to, if not the product of, physical, mental or moral disease. But my own opinion, founded on large observation and experience, is that every legitimate or desirable form of mediumship may be practiced not only without detriment to health, whether mental or physical, but generally to its benefit—that for the best exercise of mediumship good bodily health is always requisite, and should be attained if possible—and that disease of any kind, or mental or moral deterioration resulting from its practice, is conclusive evidence of either excess, neglect of hygienic laws, or impure associations of some nature.

That every phase of mediumship, like every other form of activity, requires more or less expenditure of the nervous and vital forces must be evident to any one. A proper degree of such expenditure in suitable exercise is always healthful, as are all the processes of life; but excess is exhaustive, and, if long continued, is ruinous to health, in mediumship, as in any other line of action. Some constitutions generate more than others of these forces, and hence can healthfully endure greater expenditure; and in mediumship fresh supplies are often undoubtedly ministered from spiritual sources, which not only give an access of vigor, but frequently enable the medium to stand excessive and long-continued drains. Physical mediumship is more exhausting than mental, and materialization most of all. But there is a limit somewhere to the power of the physical organism to supply the part contributed by it, and when that limit is passed the effects of depletion are sooner or later painfully manifest.

SOURCES OF DISEASE.

The temptations to excess, in all forms of mediumship, as already intimated, are many and strong, and ignorance of the consequences has been very prevalent. Besides the circumstances under which some forms of mediumship, particularly that for materialization, are frequently exercised, are of themselves destructive of health. A close room, often crowded by visitors—the medium in a cabinet with little or no provision for ventilation—the session often prolonged until the atmosphere is thick with exhalations—no wonder that exhaustion, with liability to sudden and severe attacks of disease or paralysis, often result.

Such seances are dangerous for visitors as well as for mediums, and many persons cannot attend them without serious consequences to their own health. (The same, it may be remarked, is, or formerly was, in a large degree, true of the United States Senate Chamber at Washington—hence the frequent breaking down of the health of prominent members of that body. The evil is by no means peculiar to seance-rooms.)

More than this, many mediums—perhaps most of them—when sensible of nervous exhaustion from the exercise of their powers, unwisely seek relief from the unpleasant sensation, or strength for a new exertion, not by rest and natural recuperation as they should, but by resort to some narcotic, such as tea, coffee, alcohol in some form, or opium in some of its insidious preparations. The result is a deceptive temporary sense of rest or restoration, but in reality a greater depletion of vital force, which anon calls more loudly for renewed stimulus, until the unfortunate victim becomes wholly or largely dependent on such aids for the power to act, and is liable at any time to break down in nervous prostration, paralysis, mental derangement, or some acute bodily disorder, while some have fallen a prey to obsession, and others succumbed to spirits of the bottle.

"SPIRITS SHOULD PROTECT."

It will doubtless be said by opponents, that if spirits are good and wise, as is claimed for them, they should and would protect their mediums from such mistakes and excesses. It may be replied that all spirits are not claimed by intelligent Spiritualists to be good and wise. Some evidently are evil-disposed, or at best indifferent to the welfare of the instruments they use to accomplish their purposes, whatever these may be; or perhaps are ignorant how to promote this welfare; and all mediumistic persons need to learn how, by earnest love of, and aspiration for truth and good, to raise themselves above the influence or control of this debased class, whose association, like that of mortals of a similar class, is always dangerous and to be avoided. But all spirits who are good, or well-disposed, are not wise regarding the laws of physical health, any more than are all mortals of the same disposition. In their eagerness to convince or to commune with their mortal

friends, they often rush in whenever an opportunity is available, apparently without stopping to consider whether the medium can safely bear the strain of their exertions.

Again, it doubtless often occurs that mediums, in their benevolent willingness to gratify eager and bereaved inquirers, or to advance a cherished truth, or perhaps in the urgency of their own pecuniary need or greed, will heed the kindly admonitions given by their spirit-guardians on this subject, and thus incur the disastrous consequences.

A CASE IN POINT.

A lady who had been for some time an inmate of the Asylum for the Insane at Somerville, Mass., but had been discharged, once gave the writer the following statement of her own case: She was a widow, a person of refinement and culture, with ample means, and had moved in the best social circles in Boston and vicinity. In the early days of Spiritualism she became a writing medium. Overjoyed and full of enthusiasm regarding this new-found power of communicating with the departed, she opened her house, and invited all to come and partake through her instrumentality, "without money and without price." She sat often from morning till midnight, imparting proofs, consolation and light to all who came. At length her health began to suffer under the continued strain; and her spirit-friends repeatedly urged her to desist—to be more moderate in the exercise of this new power, else disastrous consequences would ensue. But she refused to listen to them—the thing was too good, the new revelation too glorious, to be withheld from any who would come and receive it.

She had a brother who was a prominent physician, and who resided in the next house. Like his profession in general, he was utterly skeptical regarding spiritual things; he watched her career with much anxiety, believing her to be under a dangerous delusion, and frequently hinted that her destiny would be the madhouse if she continued her course. One morning her spirit-friends asked her to go down into the cellar. She asked, "What for?" They said, "We will show you when you get there." She reluctantly consented, and at the bottom of the stairs her eye fell upon a wash-tub. "Place that tub on its bottom," was the next order. "Why?" she inquired. "You shall see," was the answer. "Now step into it!" was directed. She rebelled against so absurd a requirement, but was urged to comply, for reasons which would soon be made clear; and she yielded. "Now sit down!" was next ordered. This was too ridiculous! She refused, until repeatedly assured that she should quickly see the use of it. She had no sooner assumed the required position, than her brother—who had come in familiarly, as was his wont, to look after her welfare, and not finding her above stairs as usual, but seeing the cellar-door open, had stepped down the stairs—caught her in this ludicrous situation!

He looked at her a moment, uttered some exclamation, turned and left the house. She was immediately released, but felt that a crisis had come; so she was not surprised when, a few minutes later, he drove up to the door in his carriage and invited her to take a ride with him. Suspecting his intention, but feeling it was useless to resist, she consented, and in due time was set down at the door of the McLean Asylum in Somerville. Here she was entered by her brother as an insane patient.

When at length quiet in her allotted room, she reproached her spirit-friends with having brought this calamity upon her. They replied, "We did it purposely, for your salvation. You refused to listen to our warnings and advice, and we have had you brought here to save you from the physical and mental wreck to which you were persistently rushing."

She saw the point, and cheerfully accepted the situation. Fortunately, at that time, the McLean Asylum was under the superintendency of our old friend, Dr. Luther V. Bell, who was an interested investigator and at least a partial believer in Spiritualism, and was familiar with mediumship in some of its phases. He quickly understood her case, found her to be not in the least insane but only a medium, and held many interesting seances with her. After some weeks or months of needed rest and quiet, she was allowed to return to her own home, a less enthusiastic but much wiser woman. No doubt many of our unfortunate mediums would have been saved from disaster had they heeded the admonitions given them by their spirit-friends, or had these been able to arrange for them conditions of retirement as favorable as those secured in the case of this lady.

WHAT CAN BE DONE?

Now, what can be done to avoid the evils and disasters to which the exercise of mediumship is exposed, and to elevate it to its best and worthiest uses? The limits of this article necessarily preclude the mention of more than a few of the most pressing needs.

And, first, mediums, and all who would become such, need not only "development," as it is called, from the spirit-side, to bring into activity the occult or psychic powers which constitute mediumship, but they also need instruction from the human or earth-side as to the wise and healthful use of those powers, to be derived from the experience of those who have traveled the same path before them, and from knowledge of the laws of hygiene. These two sides of education should go together; neither is sufficient without the other. Until recently, the lessons of experience in this matter have been but small extent available, and the pioneers in this line have had to work their own way as they could, learning often through severe sufferings what may now be learned by teachable minds in less painful ways.

A SCHOOL OF MEDIUMSHIP.

In short, a School of Mediumship, or something which shall answer its purpose, is needed, as really as are schools for other avocations. The time must come when a department of *Psychical Culture*, under competent instructors, will be added to our educational institutions; and all persons who would exercise their gifts in this direction with credit and safety should avail themselves of its advantages. One lesson to be taught in such a school is, that none should court mediumship, or be encouraged to exercise it, except those in whom the love of truth and good, and the desire of usefulness to their fellow-beings, is predominant. Otherwise it may be expected that it will be prostituted to base and selfish ends, and its subjects will attract about them frivolous, deceptive and misleading influences, resulting in evil, disaster and ruin. Mediums should earnestly seek to learn, and practice the laws of physical, as well as mental, moral and spiritual health, which are the laws of rightness or righteousness in all departments. In fact, the culture of the moral, physical and the spiritual powers—such as truthfulness, justice, faithfulness, honest-

TO BOOK PURCHASERS.
Colby & Rich, Publishers and Bookellers, 9 Bowdoin street (formerly Montgomery Place), corner of Province street, Boston, Mass., keep for sale a complete assortment of SPIRITUAL, PSYCHIC, REFORMATORY AND MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS, at Wholesale and Retail.
Terms Cash. Orders for books to be sent by Express, must be accompanied by a check or cash to the order of Colby & Rich, or by a money order payable to the order of Colby & Rich. We would remind our patrons that they can remit us the fractional part of a dollar in postage stamps—ones and twos preferred. Postage stamps in quantities of more than one dollar will not be accepted. All business orders looking to the sale of books on commission respectfully declined. 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.

SPECIAL NOTICES.
In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condensed or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of important free thought and we cannot undertake to enforce the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents give utterance.
We do not read anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable as a guarantee of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve manuscripts that are not used. When newspapers are forwarded which contain matter for our inspection, the sender will confer a favor by placing a pencil or ink line around the article he desires specially to recommend for perusal.
Notices of Spiritualist Meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Monday of each week, as the BANNER goes to press every Tuesday.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1886.

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

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

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

COLBY & RICH,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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

Business Letters should be addressed to ISAAC B. RICH, Banner of Light Publishing House, Boston, Mass. All other letters and communications should be forwarded to LUTHER COLBY.

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

The Spirit of Life, and the Law of It.

A recent discourse on the above subject by James Freeman Clarke, of the Church of the Disciples in this city, was so prolific of spiritual suggestions as to deserve more than the passing remark made on the customary discourse. The real purpose of the venerable preacher was to contrast the law of the spirit of life with the law of sin and death. Standing as man does between two worlds—the outward world perceived through the senses, and the inward world perceived through the consciousness—he sees innumerable facts as he looks outward, and he finds in his reason the power which brings these facts under law, as he looks inward. It is thought alone that discovers the laws which coordinate all phenomena. The mighty maze of nature gradually becomes a majestic harmony, a cosmos of order and beauty.

It is reason's work, said the preacher, to subject all phenomena to law, and spiritual phenomena with the rest. The soul of man is moved according to law. Sin has its laws, and so has goodness. Each works according to an order of its own. The spirit of God in the soul works according to law; and the power of evil within us also works in accordance with law. And the law of the spirit of life is able to make us free from the law of sin and death. Man-kind has insight, as well as sight. Knowledge flows into the soul from above, as well as through the five senses. We are always in intimate nearness with God the Father. Prayer is communion with a being close at hand, and not one afar off. Outside of Christendom there have been many nations that believed in inspiration. It is natural, said Mr. Clarke, for man to believe in spiritual influence, in the action of higher powers on the human soul, in divination, vaticination and prophecy. And Christianity is in full accord with the best philosophy, and with universal religion, in teaching a doctrine of spiritual influence. It chiefly differs from other systems in this respect, that it shows more clearly the laws and conditions of inspiration, and makes it in harmony with all other human experience.

The preacher described inspiration as a mysterious power flowing in through some hidden channel, giving comfort, peace, insight to the receiver of it. And it is in harmony with all other inspiration—that of the painter, the artist, the poet, and the inventor. It descends into the mind and spirit from some unknown source. In respect to its method it is in accordance with universal law. If all human life is to be made holy, then we need this heavenly help always. We need the spirit of God for all good things; other kinds of inspiration are for special objects, but this is for all objects whatsoever. Christianity gives to inspiration greater depth, extent and fullness, assuring us that we may live in the spirit and walk in it. It is not extravagant, does not produce mere dreams or enthusiasts, but is in harmony with all things sober, rational and wise. It comes to guide us into all truth. It is the discovery of the highest truths, the revelation of great principles, and their application to the needs of common life.

Not a single truth, or class of truths, only are the result of this larger and deeper and fuller inspiration, but all truth, which is of God. And the peculiarity of this inspiration is that it is sent to every human soul. In other religions, remarked the preacher, the inspiration came to prophets, priests, saints and scribes, but in Christianity it comes to all. The belief among the Jews in a universal inspiration was only a hope of what would come in the last days. "It shall come to pass in the last days, said the Lord, that I will pour out my spirit on all flesh, and your sons and daughters shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams; and on my servants and on my handmaidens shall I pour out my spirit, said the Lord." This holy inspiration does not come to great saints and mighty prophets alone, but to every sinner who wishes to repent, to every struggling soul which seeks to rise above its evil habits, to old men on the verge of life, and to little children praying by their mother's knee. All are thus called to be saints, invited to come to God and his love, welcomed to the church universal, of the broadest humanity. No special conversion is needed to receive this love of God. Christian inspiration, too, is constant, not intermittent. It is continuous. "The Spirit dwelleth in you," a fountain of life that never

dries up, a perpetual inspiration, the daily bread given for the sustenance of mind and heart. And it comes to us in all places and at all times. There are no holy places, as in other religions; no pilgrimages, no sacred shrines. "Neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, shall men worship the Father." The house of God and the gate of heaven is the place where a man offers a sincere prayer or does a righteous action. Wherever a single soul looks up to God for strength to do right, there is hallowed ground. This inspiration does not drive, but leads; it is like the Eastern shepherd who goes before his flocks, and they follow him. It does not come to change human nature, but to help it to unfold naturally, in all directions. It comes not to repress, but to develop human nature; not to constrain, but to guide; not to be a master, but a friend." The preacher said he could not wish a better blessing for any one, young or old, than to believe in this ever-present Spirit of God. There is no day, no hour when we do not need its influence; nothing we can engage in that would not be made light by feeling that God's thought is in our heart to cheer us.

Expert Testimony.

To the positive testimony of such skillful professional European conjurers as Bellachini, Houdin, Bosco, Hamilton, Jacobs and Rhys, may now or soon be added that of Dr. Wilhelm Herrmann of Berlin, two other German professionals, Schradlock and Willman, and Dr. Geo. Herschell of London. The last mentioned was named to Mr. Eglinton as the person who gave Mrs. Sidgwick such information respecting the *modus operandi* of slate-writing that led her to declare it to be the result of trickery; whereupon Mr. Eglinton wrote to Mr. Herschell, asking if the report was true. Mr. Herschell's reply was as follows, and should forever silence all charges and innuendoes of that nature. Although this has special reference to Mr. Eglinton's mediumship, its statements have equal force and pertinency to that of all other independent slate-writing mediums in whose presence the phenomenon occurs under like conditions:

ST MORGATE STREET, E. C., June 18th, 1886.
DEAR EGLINTON:—In answer to your note just received, I may say that if Mrs. Sidgwick has ever seen me do any slate-writing it has been part of an ordinary entertainment of slight-of-hand, and produced under conditions quite different from those under which your psychography takes place. When I have given such exhibitions it has been for the sake of showing how little prestidigitation could do toward imitating slate-writing, and never with the pretence of showing how you produced it.

For some time after my first sitting with you, I candidly confess that I worked very hard, both by myself and in consultation with well-known public performers, to find out a method of imitating psychography, and I do not think that there is a way that I have not tried practically. I have come to the conclusion that it is possible to produce a few words on a slate if the minds of the audience can be diverted at the proper time (a thing perfectly impossible under the eyes of conjurers, who know every possible way of producing the result by trickery, without instant detection). Beyond this, conjuring cannot imitate psychography. It can do nothing with locked slates, and slates fastened together. It cannot write answers to questions which have not been seen by the performer, as you are constantly doing. At the best it only produces a mild parody of the very simplest phenomena under an entire absence of all the conditions under which these habitually occur at your sittings.

Allow me also to take the present opportunity of thanking you most sincerely for the opportunities you have given me of satisfying myself of the genuineness of psychography by discussing openly with me, as you have done, the various possible ways of imitating the phenomena, and of letting me convince myself, in detail, that you did not avail yourself of them.

GEORGE HERSHELL, M. D.
When in St. Petersburg, correspondence passed between Mr. Eglinton and Dr. Hermann, at the suggestion of Dr. Hübner-Schleiden of München, who had learned that he was desirous of witnessing the slate-writing phenomenon, tendering him an opportunity of doing so. The result was that an appointment was made for next autumn, when several test-sittings will be held in Berlin for his benefit. In his mainly reply to Mr. Eglinton, Dr. Hermann—who is accounted "the most distinguished living representative of prestidigitation," and a scientist as well, we infer from his allusion to a remark of Mr. E. to him, that in his opinion "an investigation of these phenomena belongs to science, and not to the profession to which you (Dr. H.) belong"—says:

"I am not at all a direct opponent of the spiritualistic phenomena, and so approach the subject without any prejudice. Although I am a prestidigitator by profession, I flatter myself I am able to introduce myself to you as a scientifically-educated man. Please to understand that in regard to spiritualistic phenomena, I am more an inquirer than a conjurer. To be sure I shall avail myself of my professional knowledge for the sole purpose of investigating the truth."

We have the authority of Alex. Aksakoff, *Conseiller d'Etat* of Russia, for stating that two other German conjurers, Schradlock and Willman, have agreed to allow the last decisive word upon the question, so far as their own views relate, to be said by such a competent judge as Dr. Hermann. Such matters are of interest, and are noteworthy as showing the rising tide of public opinion in favor of a cause that has far too long been subjected to the sneers of some, the bigotry of others, and the contempt of pretended leaders of science; showing, too, that truth can wait its hour of recognition, which is as sure to come as is the sun to rise at its appointed time; but after all, as Aksakoff very justly remarks, these phenomena gain ground not by force of anybody's authority, but by the slow and sure way of personal experience.

A correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* writes that in the town of Lahar, Ala., a girl, thirteen years of age, was attacked by a strange malady, June 15th. On the 16th she gained her consciousness and told those around her that she would die for an hour. Physicians present state that at exactly the time predicted death was apparent, the pulse falling to beat and the body cold. Sixty-two minutes from the time she swooned away she astonished all by opening her eyes and jumping nimbly from her bed. She said she had been to Heaven, and returned to preach to the earth, and made exhortations that amazed the listeners. She remarked that she had seen Mrs. Briermore in Heaven and had talked with her. Mrs. Briermore, who lived four miles away, died during the hour the girl was apparently dead, and no one had had any communication from that family. Says the writer: "At appointed times she has continued her exhortations, and ministers from all over the country are flocking to see her and hear her discourse. She never went to school a day in her life, cannot read her name, and never heard but one sermon; but the correct language used by her in her discourses strikes her hearers with wonder."

Morality and Religion.

If religion includes morality, as it is to be supposed it does, why should not morality precede all religion and be its forerunner? Pieties who operate sects and churches are very fond of alluding to morality as if it might be in itself a very good thing, at least a good enough thing, and thus in a patronizing sort of way disposing of it. What they especially insist on is that it can never take the place of religion, and it is of that which they are chiefly afraid.

Moralists, on the other hand, insist on moral conduct first and all the time, let the religion be what and as much as it will. And so there has insensibly grown up a division of the two, when they ought by every reason to constitute parts of one and the same thing. In a discourse treating on this theme Mr. Beecher has put himself on record as declaring that religious people have unwisely produced the impression that morality is nothing; but for his own part, he did not hesitate to say that piety without morality is nothing. We might as well, said he in illustration, try to get a harvest without soil.

It always saves time and temper, before entering upon a discussion, to get at the definition of terms. Mere words, used with feeling, are more apt to confuse and confound than to make clear. In the first place, then, what is morality? Mr. Beecher concisely and practically defines it to be living right toward ourselves and our fellowmen. He calls it the foundation on which piety is built. For the word piety we choose to substitute the word religion, the former too often being only the semblance and disguise of the latter. He says that many persons who possess reverence and veneration, and even rhapsodical feeling, come short in piety and break down simply because in their personal private life they are so full of faults that every one has reason to suspect them to be wanting in religion, which suspicion is usually verified.

The step above morality is self-culture, and it is at that point that religion begins. That is the very life of religion. If, then, one chooses to enter into church or other relations for the purpose of enlarging their knowledge of duty and of helping them to perform it, they are perfectly free to do so; but it is no less plain that they ought to dissolve those relations as soon as they are observed to work in some other direction. Mr. Beecher admits that the church is of no use when it ceases to be helpful.

One cannot but gladly assent to Mr. Beecher's remark, that the essential spirit of religion is to catch beams of light and reflect them again, but not to absorb them. Men come to the higher level of life when, having themselves received benefits, they begin to feed others as well as to be fed. "I am one of those," said he, "that believe that the life-principle of the universe is God, and that our knowledge of God is not excoagitated except in reference to effect, and not as a personality; that when the soul becomes so like God, as it were, that it is in that medium through which his nature vibrates, we become sensitive to it. 'Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.'" That is what he calls soul-building. "No marble mansion," he added, "is more real, or so real, as the soul's experience. In the wide range of nature we must not suppose that the intangible and invisible things are fantasies; they are the only real things, and the earth-bred and earth-bound things are the shadows that pass away in the using. The eternities are for the things that men despise through their ignorance and unknowingness." And, in conclusion, he believed that we can rise up and out of our lower and animal nature into spiritual, until we come to a point of resurrection of the soul yet in the body, such as shall overcome the weaknesses and temptations of our lower life. He believed he should know what is going on when he is gone, and knew he should see with joy an increase of this elevating spirit.

Henry Bergh on Vaccination.

Now we get the outspoken opinion of another man of note on the vital subject of vaccination—no less a person than Mr. Henry Bergh, known to everybody as the champion of the dumb race of animals in their mute appeals to their owners for mercy and kindness. It is well worthy, too, of the widest and most serious consideration. A young son of a Jersey City physician named Newell was bitten by a dog, and Dr. Valentine Mott has been experimenting on him, after the Pasteur fashion or method, to cure him of hydrophobia by inoculation with hydrophobic matter. Mr. Bergh says openly that Dr. Mott and the rest of them ought to be arrested. He says he is probably acquainted with Pasteur's financial success, and is making this an experiment advertisement for future operations. The whole principle of inoculation, he says, is wrong. The medical profession fears to express its honest convictions because of the popular belief in vaccination. The human race he believes to be deteriorating under vaccination. Smallpox, cancers, tumors, syphilis and other forms of disease are resulting from it.

Mr. Bergh declares that there is no end of fanatics who find microbes for every disease. They will be finding one for delirium tremens before long. There is no proof that Pasteur has ever cured a patient of hydrophobia, for there is no proof that he has ever had a hydrophobic patient. He has bulldozed his countrymen, his government has subsidized him, and the people take what he gives them. He has insulted common sense, says Mr. Bergh. What healing power, he asks, is there in veal broth injected into blood? Can anything be more absurd than this taking virus from a diseased sore and putting it into the veins of a healthy person? It appears that the experiments on young Newell have been suspended, because it was feared they were giving him hydrophobia instead of curing him of it.

The vaccination craze is bound to run the length of its tether before long. People will question and hesitate, when their suspicions are excited that they have so long been humbugged as well as poisoned. Generation after generation has been submissively inoculated with all the diseases of its predecessor, only to transmit them in concentrated and yet more loathing forms in their offspring. All in the name of a "great discovery." Fire has been fought with fire till the victim on whose behalf the fight has been carried on is all aflame. Pure blood has become an all but impossible thing in human veins. Everybody carries about with him his and her share of poison. Health is a prize beyond the reach of all, and life itself is too often made a burden.

"THE EVOLUTION OF THE INFINITE EXTENSIVE" was the subject of a thoughtful and suggestive discourse delivered by John Franklin Clark, at Onset, Wednesday, July 21st—a verbatim report of which will appear in our columns next week.

"Come to Stay."

A writer in the *Christian Register* of July 22d has some pertinent observations on what he calls "The Enigma of Spiritism," and among other things concedes that "Disparage Spiritism as we may, it has evidently come to stay." He thus disposes of one adverse notion common in religious minds:

"As one reads the testimony, *pro* and *con*, he can easily discern that the Spiritists' claims are not more pretentious than the counter theories of the skeptics are ridiculous. It is curious to note how many worthy people believe in 'ministering angels' born or created on some other planet, and rigidly draw the line of exclusion on all who were born on the earth. What fatuity to put such a tremendous emphasis on the birthplace of an angel! By what occult process do they determine the nativity of the ministering spirit? The haphest and most devoted Christians believe thoroughly in the Holy Spirit; they warn us that it will not always strive; that it is a sin to grieve it, and an irreparable loss to close the heart against it. But these same conscientious people have no sort of compunction that any amount of unbelief can either grieve or repulse their spirit friends. Do they fancy angels can return under those adverse conditions which, according to their own theory, would repulse in sorrow the Father of all spirits?"

In speaking of the quality of communications, he recognizes the fact that, "in the control of media, the communication partakes largely of the channel through which it flows;" and, "as much of the inspired instruction will not stand the test of moderate criticism," he concludes that "there is a great army of spirits who remain silent, seeking finer and more occult methods of transmitting their thought." Rather, we think it would be more correct to say that the great host of advanced spirits, instead of remaining silent, choose to transmit their thoughts *impersonally*, and largely through cultured minds, who are often unaware of, or indisposed to publicly avow, their mediumship—since it is *truth*, and not personal recognition, that advanced spirits most care for.

This writer concludes, "whatever may be the final outcome of Spiritism, we may rest assured that, so far as it attempts with its phenomena to substitute *eyesight* for *insight*, it will prove abortive."

He may be assured that it is not *Spiritism* that attempts such substitution, however much this may be done by mere *Spiritism* or *Spiritists*. On the contrary, Spiritism leads to the cultivation of *insight*, using phenomena only as a means to that end, or as a demonstration of its reality.

Why Workingmen Strike.

The following story, told by a man who recently arrived in Boston from New York, explains the reason why workingmen strike. It was given by a street-car employee:

"I was born in Vermont," said the striker, "and came to New York fourteen years ago. I soon got a situation as driver on one of the lines at \$2.50 a day. By prudence I saved up \$500. With this I furnished a suite of rooms, and then married a sewing girl. My wife did the housework, and we got along nicely, and lived comfortably. We have several children now, and while our expenses have been increasing, my wages have been cut down, until at last they reached \$1.75 a day. During my fourteen years in New York I have never drunk a glass of intoxicating liquor, nor a glass of beer, nor have I smoked a cigar or chewed tobacco; and to-day I have not money enough to support my family a month. For days I don't see my children; I am obliged to report at the stable at five o'clock in the morning, or lose my car for the day. We have but seven minutes in which to eat our dinners, and as the company provide no place for our dinner-pails we have to take them along with us on our car. Many a day this cold winter have I eaten a frozen dinner. We work sixteen hours a day on an average, and often an hour or so extra on account of losing a trip by delays. Can you blame us for striking, sir?"

New Inspirational Songs.

The BANNER calls the special attention of the spiritualistic press to the advertisement on the eighth page under the above heading. These sheet-music songs, composed by Mr. C. P. Longley of this city, should be in the hands of all the Spiritualist Societies and Children's Lyceums—and we do not know of a better method of carrying out this idea than by having the press call attention to them, and keep them for sale at their respective offices.

Lake Pleasant.

Regular platform speaking at this fine camp, as per programme in another column, will commence for the season on Sunday, Aug. 1st—when doubtless a large congregation will be in attendance, weather permitting. Hon. A. H. Dalley, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, of Boston, have been assigned as the lecturers on this special occasion.

We spent a very pleasant time at Onset last Sunday. Some two thousand people were on the grounds, three small steamers having arrived with visitors, while the Old Colony Railroad trains brought many people from Boston and towns on the line of the road.

We were most cordially received by the Managers of the Association, and warmly greeted by other personal friends, as well as old subscribers of the BANNER whom we had never before seen—several residing in St. Louis, Mo.—who were enthusiastic in commendation of Onset Bay and its Camp-Meeting. They bade us God-speed in the glorious work in which we have been engaged for so many years. All which was most grateful to our feelings at this particular juncture.

Mr. Charles Dawbarn lectured in the morning. He is a capital extempore speaker, and was listened to with marked attention. Mrs. Lillie's discourse in the afternoon, at the Temple, was a fine effort, and pleased and no doubt instructed her large audience. For other particulars see the report of our special correspondent elsewhere.

The BANNER next week will commence the publication of a series of papers embodying the correspondence between Allen Putnam, Esq., and the Harvard College Spiritualistic Investigating Committee of 1887—and other prominent individuals involved since taking up their residence in the spirit-world, giving an inner view of that affair never before in print—going to show to what length prejudgment will influence educated men when new fields of thought pass before their vision.

Mr. William F. Nye, of New Bedford, Mass., says the *Medium and Daybreak*, has just passed through London on its return home from an extended European tour. "We had," says the editor, "a very interesting conversation with him on the inner truths of Spiritualism with which he is familiar." In this connection extracts from Mr. Nye's address at New Bedford, which appeared at the time in the BANNER, are given.

Mrs. Mary F. Davis.

The *Chronicle*, published at Orange, N. J., long the residence of Mrs. Davis, and from which place, as mentioned in last week's BANNER, she passed to the higher life on Sunday the 18th inst., gives, in its issue of the 24th, the following account of her long and useful career:

Mrs. Mary Fenn, formerly Mrs. Mary Fenn Davis, died on Sunday at the residence of her son-in-law, Frank W. Baldwin, on Walker road, West Orange, N. J. She had been quite feeble for several years, but had not been seriously afflicted until about a year ago, when symptoms of cancer appeared. As these symptoms did not increase, however, no special attention was paid, and it was not until about four weeks before her death that the disease became more pronounced. Indications appeared which would lead to the belief that her last sickness was at hand. The best medical advice was obtained, and the diagnosis given was carcinoma, or cancerous tumor of the stomach. For the first three of the last week she became delirious, and took practically no nourishment, and for the last two days absolutely none. During all this period she suffered much, and toward the last intensely. On Sunday morning it became evident that her death would take place before the day was gone. The violent symptoms subsided, and she sank into unconsciousness and comparative peacefulness. As the sun was sinking behind the mountain top and the shadows were creeping across the beautiful valley and up the eastern hill, the serene and gentle spirit left her frail and worn body to seek the everlasting hills of the great beyond.

Mary Fenn was born at the village of Clarendon, Orange County, N. Y., on July 17th, 1824, and was, therefore, exactly one year and a few days old when her death took place. Her parents were Obadiah Robinson and Damaris Fenn, plain but superior people, who followed farming, reared a large family of children, and died at a good old age. Her father, Samuel G. Love, then a teacher, in Buffalo, N. Y., in which city their residence was for the time established. Two children were born to them, Frances E. and Charles G., and for a time happiness reigned in the home. But in 1840, when Mary was about sixteen years of age, her father died, and she was left in the charge of her mother. Mrs. Love took up her residence in the State of Indiana, and there, in 1844, procured a divorce from her husband, and returned to her parents in Clarendon, the children being retained by their mother. The following year, 1845, she saw and met for the first time Andrew Jackson Davis, who was then lecturing on clairvoyance, and becoming acquainted, they were married on May 15th. For the next few years Mr. and Mrs. Davis traveled and lectured together, and in 1848, after a tour of several months, with success, the latter having developed an unusual talent as a public speaker. In 1850 the plan of starting and establishing the *Herald of Progress* in New York was conceived, and in order to secure a quiet place, free from the interruptions of a school, they moved to the city, they moved to Orange, and established in the house on William street, near Canfield, which was for so many years to be their peaceful and happy home. Here were domiciled Mr. Davis's father and mother, as well as the latter's two sons, who were enlisted in the war of the Rebellion, and one of whom died. The home was purchased in 1860, and the same year the business of publishing the *Herald of Progress* and books on kindred subjects was established at 224 Broadway, New York, and Mrs. Davis assumed charge of a department on the paper, and conducted it with fidelity and talent up to the time of its discontinuance in 1864. In May, 1865, she and Mr. Davis's two children had their home in Orange, and she remained there, occupied with her paper, and with the duties of her marriage in 1871. The son secured a government position at Washington, where he has since remained. During the years that followed the suspension of the *Herald of Progress*, Mrs. Davis was occupied with public speaking, and in poetical writing, for which she has always exhibited fine talent. On the death of her daughter, in 1878, who on her marriage had become a widow, Mrs. Davis was left alone, she laid down her public work entirely, for which she was so eminently qualified, and which for her had unbounded attraction, and assuming the charge of the four motherless grandchildren, gave herself entirely to their care and training with devotion and love, and devoted to become estranged and to separate from her who had been his faithful companion for nearly two score years. Discovering that the laws of the State of New York were such as to divorce and separate by the courts of Indiana, this obtained in 1885, a decree by the courts of New York declaring the marriage null. These proceedings were not contested. It is needless to speak of the effect of this separation upon a nature like that of Mrs. Davis, who had been so long suffering here, and though brave in spirit, her frail physical frame yielded to the shock, and from that time on her health was greatly impaired. She assumed her mother's maiden name of Fenn, and was henceforth known to the world as Mrs. Mary Fenn. She was a member of the Baptist Church, in the work connected with which she put her whole heart. Later she became identified with the Free Religious Association of New York. Of her children already mentioned, her son, Charles G. Love, of Washington, survives.

The funeral services were held on Monday afternoon, at her late home on Walker road, West Orange. A number of New York and Brooklyn friends, members of the Society, and other well-known persons, were present. Mrs. Fenn had been connected since its organization, nearly twenty years ago, and other prominent people, were present. Among them were Mr. Tracy Robinson, of Aspinwall, the well-known poet, and Mrs. Z. R. Fenn, of New York. N. Y., and other well-known persons, were present. The funeral services, which were conducted by the Rev. W. F. Whitaker, pastor of the St. Cloud Presbyterian church, were very beautiful and impressive. A large number of friends were present, and the services were conducted with the most perfect feeling and appropriate address, in which she alluded to her wondrously sweet and unselfish nature, her nobility of character and long suffering. She had, she said, a passion, as it were, for doing for others—helping them in their distresses, and doing good wherever she went. He read her last poem, "After the Storm," which was published in this paper June 12th, and closed his sympathetic and appreciative tribute by quotations from Whitaker's poem, "Gone." After an hour of service, the remains were committed to the earth. The floral offerings were very numerous and beautiful. "Sorosis" sent an anchor over three feet high of Marechal Niel roses and white lilies, bearing a card upon which was written: "With the tender love of sorosis, the dark line in with rain-dew, and the body was almost hidden under clusters of sweet blossoms. The face of the dead was peaceful and youthful, the signs of age and suffering having left it. Those who looked upon the face of Mary Fenn for the first time will remember it as beautiful and free from sorrow."

(Since the above was put in type we have received an article in *Memoriam* of Mrs. Davis, from Mrs. L. B. Bates Bayles, which will be placed before our readers next week.—Ed. B. of L.)

A very important question is answered by the spirit-control of Miss Shelhamer, in regard to *spirit-form materializations*, a report of which may be found on our sixth page. The answer covers the whole ground of this much-mooted phase of the physical manifestations of spirit-power. The individual message which follows, given by William Wells Brown, is an important one in regard to the welfare of the human race. Other spirits who manifested at this séance bear mostly foreign names. If any person recognizes them we desire the fact to be sent to this office. Samuel Walker gives a somewhat lengthy message of his life-experiences, and alludes to his leaving the body—"sort of" flickered out like a candle, so far as the mortal was concerned," he says. And now he returns, through the assistance of another body (the medium's), to tell his simple story to the people of earth. His cogitations are worth perusing, as they show that he must have been an exceptional character when here.

The Boston *Herald* of July 24d contains very damaging statements in regard to the *modus operandi* of the Keeler mediums in Philadelphia some time since, which, if not true, are decidedly libelous.

Mr. A. B. French and Mrs. A. M. Gladding, it should be specially noted in mind, will be the regular speakers at Onset Grove next Sunday, Aug. 1st.

stronger and happier and more ready for work

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1886.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

A SONNET.
How cool and restful is the woodland glade,
Peaceful and fragrant are the shady bowers.
The oak is reigning monarch, and its towers
In majesty; low at his feet are laid
His predecessors. Like soft light in shade
Their epitaphs are writ in pale sweet flowers.
Where sunbeams sift through leaves in golden
showers;
And here young men and maidens promenade,
These branches to their joyful vision seem
Like ladder rounds, with messengers of light;
Such as the wandering patriarch in his dream
Saw bringing benedictions through the night.
Around, woven of most a carpet lies,
And over all a tent of smiling skies.
—Geo. W. Bungay, in the N. Y. Christian Intelligencer.

Blanders are as numerous as the locusts of Egypt
spoken of in "holy writ." Shun them on all occasions.
Give no heed to their vile tongues—whether
they pose as mediums, iconoclasts, or otherwise.

It has been demonstrated that the best manner for
keeping lemons fresh is to pack them in dry sand.

Baron Liebig, the great German chemist, said: "We
can prove with mathematical certainty that as much
flour as can be on the point of a table knife is more
nutritious than eight quarts of the best Bavarian
beer."

A woman has been admitted to a sitting in the
French Academy of Science.

Mrs. Mary E. Dowson, of London, licentiate of the
Irish College of Physicians, has after four days' ex-
amination, been admitted a licentiate of the Irish
College of Surgeons, being the first lady surgeon admitted
in Ireland. The women are coming—decidedly they
are on the way. In America they invaded the pulpit
long ago; they practice at the bar; and there is a fair
chance of seeing ladies debating in the House of Com-
mons.—Herald of Health, London.

Mr. Gladstone, and his entire English Cabinet Min-
isters, have resigned their portfolios.

The Oleomargarine Bill passed the Senate July 20th
by a vote of thirty-seven to twenty-four. It was amend-
ed so as to reduce the tax from five cents to two cents
per pound. It now goes to the President.

People in this State can now get shaved Sundays as
well as week-days.

The railway companies want to lay their tracks
with hardened sleepers. One of the New Haven min-
isters says his congregation has material enough to
set up a whole parallel road.—New Haven News.

Shocking reports are received of hundreds of people
dying of starvation in Labrador and on the northern
coast of Newfoundland, and yet Canada won't allow
them to sell salt to "the Yanks."

Twelve prominent people were injured, July 23d, by
a railway accident between London and Portsmouth,
England.

Of the party of members of the U. S. R. that left
this city on the afternoon of July 21st for San Fran-
cisco was Mr. T. J. Cary, who has been connected
with the Fire Department, Engine Co. 6, the last eight
years. As the train was crossing Hudson River, Mr.
Cary, while standing on the platform, in some manner
missed his footing in the darkness, and fell through
the trestle-work into the river, seventy-five or eighty
feet below, and was drowned. An incident in con-
nection with this sad event, the spiritual significance
of which our readers will not fail to observe, was stat-
ed in *The Journal* of this city the morning after its
occurrence, as follows:

About 5 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, long before
the accident could have happened, a woman giving her
name as Mrs. Hibbs called at Engine House 6 and inquired
of Mr. Cary where the engine was. He told her it was
in the river, and she remarked that she had heard that he
was dead and buried. The engineer also claims to have
dreamed, just before the engine started, that he had
turned in, that he went down to light up his engine and
stumbled over a dead body.

The New York World says people love to be hum-
bugged. Is that the reason it has such a large cir-
culation?

Persecution is often the wind that scatters the good
seed of the kingdom.

If confashes are placed in one corner of the fowl-
house they will be eagerly used by the fowls to keep
themselves free from vermin.—Toledo Blade.

Franklin Smith of Dedham, Mass., wishes to get a
copy of Y. H. Carr's "Philosophical History of the
Origin and Development of Vegetable and Animal
Life," published several years ago. Address care of
this office.

A mellowing rigorist is always a much pleasanter
object to contemplate than a tightening liberal, as a
cold day warming up to thirty-two Fahrenheit is much
more agreeable than a warm one chilling down to the
same temperature.—O. H. Holmes.

Coals of the same chemical composition do not
always give out the same amount of heat. This fact
has puzzled chemists for a long time.

To stop the bleeding of cuts, bind on fine powder of
tea, or a cobweb.

Minister's Wife (looking over the paper): "You are
referred to in this morning's paper, my dear, as a
distinguished clergyman." Minister: "H'm. I
thought that my sermon yesterday was a good one. I
thought it was published in full, or at least a synopsis given."
Wife: "Neither. You are spoken of as a 'disting-
guished clergyman' in connection with that patent-
medicine testimonial you sent to Dr. Quack."—Chicago
Times.

Attention is called to two races of men which must
soon become extinct—the Maoris of New Zealand, now
reduced to less than 45,000, and the Laplanders, who
number only 30,000.

An old lady on her death-bed, in a penitent mood
said: "I have been a great sinner more than seventy
years, and did not know it." An old colored woman,
who had lived with her a long time, exclaimed: "Lor! I
knew it all the time."

The capital of the Third National Bank of Cincin-
nati, \$1,000,000, is mostly owned by women.

Melodized is the new name of a musical bicycle
lopede that the rider can kick out melodies,
waltzes and reels as he travels along the road.—New
York Sun.

"My dear children," said Deacon Buerger in his ad-
dress to the Sunday school, "since my last visit I
notice many new faces among you, and it fills my heart
with joy. Can you tell me, dear children, what it is
that has caused this growing attendance? What is it
that brings these bright young faces to the Sabbath
school? What it is that—" "I know," interrupted
an excited little boy on the front row, "it's the picnic
season!"

CONDOLENCES.—"My poor friend, you loved your
wife much! This separation must cost you dear-
ly!" "Enormously. I have paid all her debts."—
French Fun.

The gift of a Cardinal's hat will cost Archbishop
Gibbons of Baltimore from \$20,000 to \$25,000, part
of which will go to pay the expenses of the official who
brought it over. That amount would have taken
many Catholic paupers from our poor-houses.

Pleasant words are as an honeycomb—sweet to the
soul.

Light in the West, of St. Louis, Mo., devoted to the
cause of Modern Spiritualism, which has appeared
semi-monthly, is now issued weekly. It is a most
excellent paper, and therefore, deserves abundant
success.

As Plink has put his own extravagant political the-
ories into the mouth of Bocrates, so has John the re-
ported author of the Fourth Gospel, put his Alexan-
drian philosophy and apparently distant vision into
the mouth of Jesus. There may have been some ele-
ments of the true Bocrates in the former, and some of
the true Jesus in the latter; but no alchemy will be
able to extract the pure essence of Bocrates nor of
Jesus.—W. Newman.

Truth, being founded on a rock, you may boldly dig
to see its foundation; but falsehood, being built on the
sand, if you proceed to examine its foundations you
cause its fall.

Summer Camp Meetings.

Onset Bay Camp-Meeting.

The interest in the meetings at Onset seems to be as
great as ever, and the spirit of investigation and de-
sire to understand more of the beautiful and cheer-
ing philosophy of Spiritualism suffer no diminution.
Many mediums are on the grounds, and nearly if not
all phases are represented. At the Facts Meetings
held on Monday and Tuesday last, the audience ex-
periences, and comparing notes, both to leave even after
the meeting is dismissed. There is increased inter-
est in the mental phenomena, though physical mani-
festations are occurring at many of the cottages.
On Sunday morning a large audience greeted Mr.
Charles Daburn, who, after the usual admirable in-
strumental concert of the Middleboro' Band, and the
congregational singing, under the efficient lead of
Charles W. Sullivan, proceeded to address the assem-
bled multitude, taking for his theme, "What is Man's
Position in the Scale of Creation?" Said this compe-
tent and genial lecturer, let us not be recipients of
thought only when it comes to us from the other
world, but let us be active in the world of the
immortal being, man's prerogative alone, must not
rest upon verbiage or arguments from the inner side,
as spirits frequently flatly contradict each other, thus
presenting us with a bewildering maze of opinion.
The question is, whether man alone is immortal, or if
animals lived before their present life. There was no
law in nature for man's exclusive benefit. All forms
of animal life came under general laws, and in certain
cases animals, reptiles and insects were the superior
of man. It is not in the least surprising, therefore,
in a manner that man could not do in any way. Citi-
zens from savage life were made, showing that some
races of men are more deficient in intellectual devel-
opment than certain tribes of ants. A certain form,
language and reason, not to be boasted too loudly
for he has his peers in the lower kingdoms around
him. Basing his remarks upon a statement regard-
ing a recent discovery of the development of the
brain by a Frenchman, and the fact that the organ-
ization is built and developed, Mr. Daburn
elaborated an interesting and cogent argument relat-
ing to our ultimate development in the "spirit" world.
Dealing with "spirits" and "spirit" world, Mr. D.
defined such as being not a condition, but a state,
but actual and real in themselves. A pregnant sug-
gestion concerning the physical aura enveloping us,
its nature and capabilities, with a powerful appeal to
the inspirations of progress, closed a lecture that for
originality of statement, reasoning and apt
definition left nothing to be desired.

Mr. Joseph D. Stiles then gave one of his inimitable
test séances upon the platform, the descriptions and
recollections being such a surprise to strangers
and gratification to Spiritualists.

The afternoon meeting was duly opened at the
speakers' stand, but during the performance of the in-
strumental prelude, a shower drove the company to
the shelter of the roof of the building. The singing
congregational singing led by Mr. C. W. Sullivan, and
the usual notices, Mrs. J. W. Wickett's Island,
Onset Bay, sang "The Whispering Tide," to the ap-
proval of the audience, when President Crockett in-
troduced Mrs. B. A. Little, and also the Rev. Mr.
who on rising, under control, announced the desire to
deal with questions submitted from the audience. The
following questions were then offered: "What is
harmony?" "The Trinity of Faith, Hope and
Charity?" and "The Final Home of the Soul?" The
control asked, "What is harmony?" He would answer
it in a single thought: It is the outgrowth of com-
munion. Whenever disturbances are exhausted, their
comes a period of rest, no matter which the depart-
ment of life concerns, and the same is true of the
discord in Spiritualism. There was no cause for
fear. When the camp-ground was first taken in hand,
timbers, planks, lumber, and all the needful things for
building, were brought upon the ground, and a first
dirt and gravel road was made. The last of the
was evolved, and the beauty and symmetry that we
now presented in the various buildings became de-
veloped. So eventual harmony will come to this
camp, out of the labors and the sweat of the brow.
Dealing with the question of the final home of the
soul, the control said he was ignorant of any final
home. There were infinite realms yet unexplored in
his life. There were theorists in spirit-life as in mor-
tal life, but with them the question of the final home,
eternally and finally were as undetermined and un-
determinable as among mortals. There are beings and
states, said the control, far beyond me as spirit-
stages are above mortals. But, after all, spirits are
but mortals on another plane. The control then en-
tered upon an illustration of reincarnation or re-
 embodiment, the substance of which was, that he had
attached himself to mortal conditions as represented in
his relationship to his medium, in his contact with ma-
terial conditions, while he was in the body, and that
his being born again into a physical body through
ordinary parturition processes. The teachings of re-
ligion, science and Spiritualism, regarding God, force
and spirit, man and his position, and the nature of
the soul, the final home of the soul, urged the speak-
er, is in the home of God. Concluding the control
said of the next home, we shall there take up all
we lacked in this; all we have missed here we shall
find there, and in the end, we shall have a control
will transcend all our present anticipations. Mr.
Little resumed her seat amid demonstrations of ap-
probation from the audience, which had given her
a close and undivided attention during her en-
trancement.

Mr. Joseph D. Stiles gave another of his mar-
velous and convincing test séances from the platform,
but what can be added to what has already been said
of his marvelous medium? He is *not* a genius; that
covers it all.

The Berry Sisters give two séances each day, which
are well attended, and of which favorable mention is
made. Mrs. Bliss, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Huston and others
give regular séances for full-form materializa-
tions.

On Thursday Mr. J. D. Stiles gave names of eighty-
eight departed spirits in forty-five minutes, most of
which were recognized.

A theoretical explanation of materialization, given
by Mrs. Whitlock, as the teaching or opinion of her
guides, which was pronounced a clear and lucid one,
was a feature of the Thursday meeting.

Psychometric readings and descriptions of charac-
ter, by Mr. D. W. Davis, and the handling of the
counters of phenomena seen by Mrs. Stiles of Onset
and tests given by Mrs. Ida Wilson-Porter (daugh-
ter of the late E. V. Wilson), were listened to with
marked attention.

Speakers are present from all parts of the country
and manifestations of spirit-presence and power, as
shown from the Pacific Coast to the Cape, are com-
pared and talked over with pleasure and profit.

Mr. Daburn was invited to examine and handle the
cabinet at any hour, previous to or after the séance,
in the most thorough manner. Mr. Whitlock sat with
in five feet of it during the séances. After many forms
had appeared, then at a time having just been told,
Mr. W. asked "Bright Star" the control, "where
were they kept, when she replied, 'Come in and
see.'" He followed them instantly into the cab-
inet, finding no being there except the medium in her
dark dress, but, on looking at it, was instantly fol-
lowed by a form clothed in white.

The regular Facts Social at the Temple on Wednes-
day evening was very enjoyable and well attended.

"Kaboom" was there to "open the meeting" Mrs. Ida
Wilson Porter gave a fine lecture, and the band
impromptu the band played, which was much enjoyed
the gentleman who "wanted to see how it was." Mrs.
J. W. Wickett, from the Home at Wickett's Island, Charles
Sullivan, Dr. Rottemel, with his famous har-
monica, Cook, with his cornet, and other friends
contributed their quota of music, and the
promenade concert was very pleasant.

A reception was tendered Mr. J. H. Harter at the
cottage of Dr. and Mrs. Pratt. The usual flow of soul
and kind expressions rendered the evening a most
well attended and much enjoyed by all concerned.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. S. Butler gave an Assembly at the
Favillon on Friday evening, particulars of which
are given in another column.

Mr. Weeks once a Methodist, now a powerful me-
dium for physical manifestations, gives séances in his
cottage, built, he is informed, on the spot where the
earthly remains of his Indian guides were buried. We
understand the manifestations were very strong and as
startling in their nature to the medium as to others.

Mr. W. O. Taiman of Somerville was at Onset last
week, and was warmly welcomed.

Mr. May and Mrs. Low of Chelsea are here, enjoy-
ing the opportunities for spirit-communion, as they
seem always to do.

Mr. T. Ranney of Newton neglects no opportunity to
speak a good word for mediums whom he has proved.
We understand Mr. Bridge, the young medium, was
placed in a canvas bag, strapped at the neck, and
yet the usual manifestations of writing, bringing flowers,
etc., were not wanting.

Stratton, the writing medium, is kept busy con-
tinually. We have heard that he has been called from
her hand which seem precious to their recipients.

by Mrs. B. Shepard Little, who prefaced her remarks
with an aspirational invocation filled with pathos,
and then announced that she would devote her time
to the consideration of questions to be submitted by
the audience. Among the topics to be considered were
"The Possibility of 'Now,'" "Are present day
inventions received from the spirits of a former en-
lightened age?" "Spirit-life," "Why is it that com-
munications through our mediums are so far beyond
the power of the human mind?" "The future of
intelligence while in spirit-life?" and the "Future of
Spiritualism." Mr. Joseph D. Stiles then followed
with eighty-six recognized tests.

Mrs. Andrews and Carrivante, from Jackson-
ville, Fla., with friends, arrived at Onset on Friday
last, and will be in the city on Saturday.

The Saturday evening hop at the Temple was fully
attended, hundreds of spectators as well as more ac-
tive participants being present. Mr. Cassell of Chelsea,
who is the popular floor manager, endeavors to make
everybody happy on these occasions.

Mrs. Fay, the excellent materializing medium, has
arrived, and is giving séances in Maj. Griffith's new
séance room.

On Sunday evening a concert was held at the Temple,
under the direction of Mr. Whitlock, at which the
following friends assisted with piano solos, songs, tests
and readings, viz.: Miss Grace Pratt, Miss Bennett,
Mrs. Whitlock, Miss Baldwin, Messrs. Sweet, Union,
Stratton, and Stiles. The concert was very successful.
These evening entertainments are intended to be held
every Sunday during the season.

Extra trains will run from Provincetown and Plym-
outh next Sunday, Aug. 1st.

Speakers for this and next week at Onset are: Chas.
Daburn, of Onset, and his friends, viz.: Mrs. D.
Mr. A. B. French and Mrs. A. M. Gladstone, Sunday, Aug.
1st; Mr. French, Aug. 3d and 5th; Mrs. M. B. Wood,
Aug. 7th.

A BALL AT ONSET.—Quite a noticeable event
transpired at Onset, on Friday evening, July 23d, in
the form of a high class private ball given by Mr. and
Mrs. Wm. S. Butler of Boston, Mass., to their personal
friends and acquaintances. In the building known
as the Onset Pavilion, the most beautiful and most
profusely decorated for the event. Upwards of four
hundred invitations were sent out, and over three
hundred of the invited were present in response. The
company present, many handsome couples among
them, the music was furnished by the Onset Band, and
the fair sex and the masculine element was all that
could be desired as to appearance and manner. Music
was furnished by the celebrated and efficient Middle-
boro' Band, under the able leadership of Mr. Carter.

At an early stage of the proceedings Mr. Butler re-
quested Mr. J. J. Morse to extend a welcome to the
friends present, and to bid them enjoy themselves as
far as possible. To thank the directors of Onset Bay
for the magnificent and beautiful grounds, and the
prior of the Casino in the same direction, but as Mr.
Neale had made the arrangement for the use of the
pavilion first they were met therein. Mr. Morse in
his remarks, in a felicitous and happy manner dis-
charged the duties of the occasion, and also the
ladies who had assisted in decorating the rooms
with the flowers, flags, birds and banners that
were so liberally disposed around, and after, by
the presence of the friends, and the happy and
generous hostesses' provision for their pleasure, he
on behalf of Mr. Ford, Onset's florist, presented Mrs.
Butler with a handsome bouquet of flowers, retiring
afterwards to the pavilion.

During the evening a ship of flowers was presented
in a neat and appropriate speech by Mr. A. A. Whee-
lock, of Westport, D. C., to the members of the New
England Yacht Club, on behalf of the Boston Yacht
Club, to which they were invited to the annual regatta
at Onset, on August 1st.

Supper was served at eleven o'clock by Caterer C. H.
Neale of Hotel Onset, after which dancing was resumed
and continued until the "wee wee wee" hours of "dawn-
ing morning." A most enjoyable season was spent,
and the friends returned home with a happy and
altogether pleasant reunion, every detail of which
reflected the greatest credit upon Mr. and Mrs. Butler.

Among the company present was the President and
Pastor of the Church, and many from East, West, North
and South. The Onset Band, of Onset, Mass., New
York, Boston and Kansas City, among other places
being represented.

HEATHER BLOOM.
[Our correspondent appends a long list of names of
representative Spiritualists from various States and
Territories, which we are unable to find room for in the
present crowded state of our columns.—Ed. B. of L.]

Lake Pleasant.

Next Sunday the annual convocation of the New
England Spiritualists' Association will open a five
weeks' session in this grand old grove. It will be the
thirtieth series held in this temple of the Great Spirit
and the most important of the season. The association
is to that great and best of all laws, *Change*,
there has been a growth, a development and an influ-
ence which must be placed with the things which can-
not be counted, and which are ever unmeasured.
From that little gathering of earnest men and women,
to the present, what a record of
eloquence, inspiration, music, friendly greetings,
congratulations, and glimpses through the "Gates
of Light" to everything else, there have been the
hand and the foot of the sun and the moon, and the
have been days of sunshine and of shadow, but the
balance is on the side of sunshine.

The meeting of next Sunday, Aug. 1st, will be opened
by a prayer service by the Fitchburg Military Band.
Dr. Beals, President of the Association, will extend
cordial greeting to the audience, and Hon. A. H. Dal-
ley, of Brooklyn, N. Y., will give the address of the
morning.

Appropriate improvement to the camp: B.
Buddington has put in a set of bath-rooms, on
Montague street, with both hot and cold water. Mr.
Buddington should be well patronized. Cleanliness is
new coolness, and in some cases ahead.

From that little gathering of earnest men and women,
to the present, what a record of
eloquence, inspiration, music, friendly greetings,
congratulations, and glimpses through the "Gates
of Light" to everything else, there have been the
hand and the foot of the sun and the moon, and the
have been days of sunshine and of shadow, but the
balance is on the side of sunshine.

The meeting of next Sunday, Aug. 1st, will be opened
by a prayer service by the Fitchburg Military Band.
Dr. Beals, President of the Association, will extend
cordial greeting to the audience, and Hon. A. H. Dal-
ley, of Brooklyn, N. Y., will give the address of the
morning.

Appropriate improvement to the camp: B.
Buddington has put in a set of bath-rooms, on
Montague street, with both hot and cold water. Mr.
Buddington should be well patronized. Cleanliness is
new coolness, and in some cases ahead.

From that little gathering of earnest men and women,
to the present, what a record of
eloquence, inspiration, music, friendly greetings,
congratulations, and glimpses through the "Gates
of Light" to everything else, there have been the
hand and the foot of the sun and the moon, and the
have been days of sunshine and of shadow, but the
balance is on the side of sunshine.

The meeting of next Sunday, Aug. 1st, will be opened
by a prayer service by the Fitchburg Military Band.
Dr. Beals, President of the Association, will extend
cordial greeting to the audience, and Hon. A. H. Dal-
ley, of Brooklyn, N. Y., will give the address of the
morning.

Appropriate improvement to the camp: B.
Buddington has put in a set of bath-rooms, on
Montague street, with both hot and cold water. Mr.
Buddington should be well patronized. Cleanliness is
new coolness, and in some cases ahead.

From that little gathering of earnest men and women,
to the present, what a record of
eloquence, inspiration, music, friendly greetings,
congratulations, and glimpses through the "Gates
of Light" to everything else, there have been the
hand and the foot of the sun and the moon, and the
have been days of sunshine and of shadow, but the
balance is on the side of sunshine.

The meeting of next Sunday, Aug. 1st, will be opened
by a prayer service by the Fitchburg Military Band.
Dr. Beals, President of the Association, will extend
cordial greeting to the audience, and Hon. A. H. Dal-
ley, of Brooklyn, N. Y., will give the address of the
morning.

Appropriate improvement to the camp: B.
Buddington has put in a set of bath-rooms, on
Montague street, with both hot and cold water. Mr.
Buddington should be well patronized. Cleanliness is
new coolness, and in some cases ahead.

From that little gathering of earnest men and women,
to the present, what a record of
eloquence, inspiration, music, friendly greetings,
congratulations, and glimpses through the "Gates
of Light" to everything else, there have been the
hand and the foot of the sun and the moon, and the
have been days of sunshine and of shadow, but the
balance is on the side of sunshine.

The meeting of next Sunday, Aug. 1st, will be opened
by a prayer service by the Fitchburg Military Band.
Dr. Beals, President of the Association, will extend
cordial greeting to the audience, and Hon. A. H. Dal-
ley, of Brooklyn, N. Y., will give the address of the
morning.

Appropriate improvement to the camp: B.
Buddington has put in a set of bath-rooms, on
Montague street, with both hot and cold water. Mr.
Buddington should be well patronized. Cleanliness is
new coolness, and in some cases ahead.

From that little gathering of earnest men and women,
to the present, what a record of
eloquence, inspiration, music, friendly greetings,
congratulations, and glimpses through the "Gates
of Light" to everything else, there have been the
hand and the foot of the sun and the moon, and the
have been days of sunshine and of shadow, but the
balance is on the side of sunshine.

He is an efficient officer, and has the best interest of
the camp at heart.

The Post-Office is now open, hours 8 A. M. to 3 P. M.
Mr. James H. Turner, editor of the Post-Office,
Dr. T. A. Bland of Washington, D. C., editor of the
Council Fire, occupied the platform here yesterday
morning and afternoon, in the interest of the National
Indian Defense Association, of which he is an official
member. The addresses were devoted to a consideration
of the Indian question and to his experience in
several visits which he had made to the Pine Ridge
Agency and other reservations, including the reception
tendered him by Agent McGillicuddy, who has
since been removed. From a long observation of the
matter he considered that the Indian is not a savage,
but intellectually and socially the peer of any white
man, with large self-esteem and more respect for honor,
truth and nobility than any other race on earth. In
his visits he had studied them as a philosopher and
phenomenologist, and comparing them with the white
man, he considered Chief Red Cloud the peer of any
man in the United States Senate. He had shown
marked intellectual ability in the government of his
people, always advocating peace when he could do so
without a compromise of principle.
J. M. Y.
Lake Pleasant, Mass., July 28th, 1886.

Memorial Day Observance.

In pursuance of a widely-given public call by a num-
ber of prominent friends of the cause, a meeting of
New York Spiritualists was held at the Fitchburg Mount-
ain Home, Summit, N. J., on Wednesday, July 14th,
which proved to be a very interesting occasion. A so-
ciety was organized in the name of "The Memorial
Day Association of New York Spiritualists," whose
purpose was defined as follows:
"The object of this Association is to encourage the
observance annually of one day in the flowery month
of June as a day of pleasant and grateful remembrance
of those Spiritualists, who came to us from their prom-
ised land, and who have passed over to the other shore."

The following officers were elected for one year:
Henry J. Newton, President; George D. Carroll, Vice-
President; S. Maynard, Treasurer; Samuel H.
Terry, Secretary.

In the crowded state of our columns we have not
room to print the remarks of the President and the
several speakers on the occasion.

The Camp-Meeting at Oakland, Cal.

The recent meeting at Oakland is very highly spoken
of by a correspondent, Eliza L. Whipple, of Turlock,
Cal., who, alluding to the location, says: "It was a
most beautiful spot, on the west bank of the prettiest
lake I have ever seen. The shores presented a great
variety, from rolling hills to gentle undulations, and
were skirted with fine dwellings, grassy lawns, live
oaks, willows and eucalyptus trees. A little beyond,
the foot of the hills, the view of the coast range
afforded a delightful prospect to the eye. I especially
admired the live oaks that skirted the camp-grounds.
They presented the appearance of an ancient orchard.
Such grand old monuments they were, they seemed to
carry my mind back, and link it with the ages past."

Our correspondent writes in enthusiastic terms of
the lectures of Mr. Colville, characterizing his Fourth
of July oration as "a superb effort," adding that when
he was announced to speak the people often filled the
pavilion an hour before the time of service.

Foreign Notes.

[Translated Expressly for the Banner of Light.]

FRANCE.

Le Messager reprints from different numbers of the
BANNER OF LIGHT messages obtained by Mrs.
Thayer, the excellent independent state-writing me-
dium of New York. Dr. Slade, upon his arrival in
Paris, most interestingly informed the "Scientific
Society of Spiritualism" of the fact that he would fur-
nish them sittings at one-half the usual price, ten
francs. The Society immediately voted an acceptance
of fifty tickets, which were to be given gratuitously to
those interested in the marvelous phenomena occur-
ing through his mediumship.

La Revue Spirite gives notice that an interest in
Spiritualism in Christiania, Norway, is increasing, and
that a spiritualistic society has been formed. The so-
ciety cherishes the hope that Dr. Slade will pay them
a visit, enabling them thereby to convince skeptics.
The work of translating Allan Kardec's "Heaven and
Hell" has been commenced, and other important
works are to follow. At Reims "L'Union Spirite" is
about to reorganize, and is desirous of giving new zest
to our cause.

Le Moniteur, apropos of Dr. Slade, thus expresses
itself: "Dr. Slade is an honorable man, whose only
object is to prove the immortality of the soul and its
possibility to communicate after death with those who
were beloved during their terrestrial existence."

GERMANY.

Sphinx. Herr A. Hüll