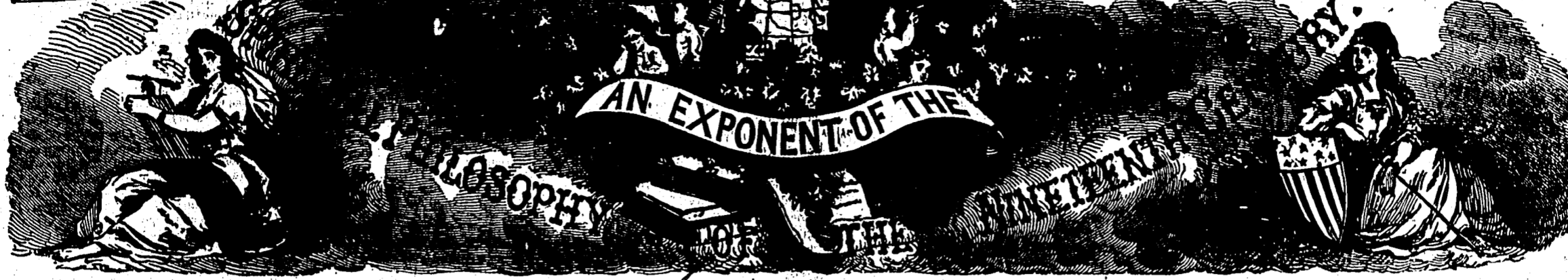


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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"I've a perfect antipathy for the mountains," said Mrs. Gush to Mrs. Parvannu, as they sat talking together on the summer hotel piazza. "Have you?" said Mrs. Parvannu. "Well, I've an Alpine atoll," and the man said it was just the thing; but I'm sorry now I didn't buy an antipathy like yours."

Original Essay.

THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have encountered in my reading an article headed "The Angelo Theory," appearing in a contemporary publication; the perusal of it has given rise to a few thoughts which I should be pleased to express through your columns. The following excerpt will give an idea of the general drift of the communication in question:

"But there is vastly more reason why unseen and unknown powers should not be admitted without scrutiny. It is true, we may 'entertain an angel unaware'; so also we may entertain an imp of darkness unaware, or a fool. There is another reason, in addition to the obscurity of spirits, why it is best to distrust and watchful concerning their manifestations. The investigator soon notices that the guides and 'hands' of mediums are made up mainly of uncultured people, a large proportion being American Indians. It is said that Swedenborg has explained the necessity of this in one of his books. He describes the class of spirits closest to us by saying that it is composed of the most crude and undeveloped of the departed, together with those who have died while laboring under a sense of disappointment. Ignorant spirits, colored or white, may be honest, faithful and useful, and a disappointed spirit may not be a rascal, but, alas! they are not angels. They are not even wise men and women, and it would be unjust to judge them by the fruits of wisdom."

I do not single this out to make it simply an individual matter of remark, but as a series of texts it comprehends much of the spiritual short-sightedness that we see manifested in many directions at the present time. I shall not note the author's ideas in regular order, but take them as best suits the occasion.

"He (Swedenborg) describes the class of spirits closest to us by saying that it is composed of the most crude and undeveloped of the departed, together with those who have died while laboring under a sense of disappointment."

I make no question here as to the reliability of the "Swedish Seer" as an infallible guide in all things pertaining to the spiritual philosophy, but I am taught by many well-tested instructors from across the vale that one important spirit axiom is: "Like draws or attracts like." In this regard "nearness" may depend more upon the status of the individual in the flesh, spiritually, than upon the actual distance between the mundane magnet and affinalizing spirit-fellowship attracted.

If an earnest soul calls prayerfully for the presence of a pure, bright spirit, that cry will echo far off into the Crystal Land, and an answering messenger can as quickly attend the summons as could a near-at-hand lingerer of the more material cast.

"It is true, we may 'entertain an angel unaware'; so, also, we may entertain an imp of darkness unaware, or a fool." (The italics are mine.)

Just so; and I do not know of any ethical law that forbids the spirit out of the flesh bearing this same trite apothegm in mind. Without incurring the dreadful imputation of being "sentimental" or "mystical," I hold that there is a high, holy meaning to the word "angelic," and however much the carping cynic may sneer, or the supercilious scold scoff, there is deep down in the soul of humanity a spark that, once awakened into a living flame by the influx of pure spirit love and beneficence, thrills with a holy glow as naught but a jet from the Infinite fountain of all good can. The bearers of these heavenly inspirations, be they whom they may, are surely angelic, and I know that this earth-plane, as well as the realm beyond, holds hosts of them.

Now comes the point which is most likely to move the hearts of all true mediums; as well as the thousands—ay, tens of thousands who through these divine instrumentalities have had manifested to them the reality of a tangible existence beyond the grave, and been brought face to face with the denizens of that onward land:

"The investigator soon notices that the guides and 'hands' of mediums are made up mainly of uncultured people, a large proportion being American Indians."

This statement is as wide from truth as it is void of true spirit logic. The "hands" of mediums are not made up of Indians, except in a very few cases. I have met with many mediums personally during the past twenty years in various localities in these United States, and I have yet to find a single case of a fully developed medium—or one of any grade—whose "band" was composed of Indians; but I have never met a medium who had not for his or her "guardian" the spirit of a North American Indian. At this moment of my writing I feel a strong applauding thrill from my own dark-browed protectress, and the sentient knowledge of her angel presence is to me the very key of heaven.

The use of the word "uncultured" in the sense above is too puerile a piece of prudery to deserve a moment's notice. Material culture is a hybrid of whose darker nature the world has had enough during the past few centuries to assure a diligent spiritual student that it has but little to do with spirit purity and knowledge.

The North American Indian! Why is it, I have heard asked over and over again, that all your protecting spirits, or most of them, are Indians?

Who and what are we? What is this land upon which we strut and swell with so much egotistic pride? A great host now roams the Happy Hunting-Grounds, who, if they will it, could sweep down upon this fair country and claim it as the home of their fathers—outnumbering the pale-face ranks as do the forest legions the scattered foliage of the planted park. Science proves this to be the old world, and not the new. If the Infinite has left the Silurian, Devonian, Carboniferous, Permian and Triassic pages open here for finite study, and carried on life above them through long sequences of development, until this became the broadest and richest garden spot of all the earth—was there no ultimate design? When this grand, out-stretching Eden was fit for human habitation, is it not possible that he breathed the breath of life into that higher

order of existence among its embowering shades?

Of the aborigines of America nothing is known so far as this earth's history is concerned. Millions of "big suns" have shined down their seasoned courses upon the dark monarchs of these broad wilds.

I do not forget that Ethnology has bridged over the deep North and opened a way there for nomadic ingress across the frozen strait. That point is a matter of no moment here. Ontology most assuredly affirms that after ages of occupancy in fixed geographical localities, Nature twins man with his surroundings. Admitting this far-off source of origin—to hush cavilling—for all that, the breath of life that made the North American Indian was inspired amid the grand old fortresses of this, his God-given land.

Nobly speaks the translator of "Rottsch's History of the World," in a note at the close of a chapter in that work upon the "Aborigines of America." Here it is: "It may not, perhaps, be improper to express an opinion here that some of the preceding remarks will hardly apply to the North American Indian, at least. From personal experience I know that the Indian is far superior to the lower ranks of civilized society. The red man, the proud 'stole of the woods,' is a barbarian, it is true, but the noblest of barbarians; the best friend, and the worst enemy. He is neither the slave of tyrants, nor a priest-ridden fool. His religion is enough to make the whites ashamed of their ancestors, at least. His God is the Great Spirit, and that alone—no cat nor monkey."

To these golden words not another syllable could be added to enhance their merit.

Who and what are we? Go back in thought along the stream of past ages, and you cannot rest upon one eminence of any marked historic note but what you there witness the throes of that current which was mingling its turbid waters with the onward flowing tide that now makes up the proud humanity of America. We are—whether we admit it or not—cosmopolitan. We are kindred to every nation upon the face of the globe. We are here by force. The irresistible billows of evolution have thrown us upon these shores.

What is this land? It is the land of all lands that green with their verdure the breast of earth. Compared with the arid, sterile sweeps of its fellow continents, it is a world of potency within itself: a fertile leviathan resting in the embrace of two mighty oceans.

Whose is it? "Ay, there's the rub." I do not question what particular class of mortals may at this or any other tick of eternity's dial hold the transient scepter of temporal power in these domains. I am writing by no rush-light. The glow that guides my pen gleams down from a higher fount of illumination. As a great garden, in which the real, the spirit man, is to be watched and nurtured from age to age, and engrafted upon a nobler stock of fruitful bearing! Into whose keeping has the Master of Life placed this ground? The spiritually wise will pause ere giving reply.

Neither the Optimist nor the Pessimist need speculate in these premises. Here we are, and here is to be the battle-ground. Marshaled in the higher realms are two distinct forces, yet warm and loving allies, who are sure to bear the victor's wreath. They now have a grasp upon the children of earth; that no power can loosen. It is the grasp of pure charity; and broader will grow its hold until all nations shall acknowledge its sway. The guiding and leading power in those supernal ranks is of the same nature, by common origin, as is the great mass of human entities whom they are striving to lead up toward the threshold of celestial light. The truly good, great, wise and just of every age and every nation make up their legions.

The protecting power, yes, the spirit muscle, refined into an element of love and benevolence toward its veriest enemies, rests with the North American Indians, both brave and squaw.

Borne from age to age amid the wild adornments of nature; free from all those passionate vices that have ever cursed the realms of civilization; growing in the physical as true to Infinite law as the stalwart shades about him; hanging no witches (mediums); roasting no heretics; torturing no victim to agonize forth a lie; having no Jehovah to enrage; no Sodom or Gomorrah to call down Almighty vengeance; no dazzling stores of wealth and art tempting the soul by greed of plunder—and ever following his higher intuition and heeding voices from the spirit-land, harmoniously worshipping the only true God, the Great Spirit, the Indian has paddled his canoe across the river of Death! The pale-face may not be partial to his mode of life; may not be in sympathy with his taciturn and stoical nature; may not deem the contour of his dark features a model of Hellenian grace; but remember, it is purity of spirit that molds a graceful mien upon the other side of life.

Keep open your gateway 'twixt the two worlds, dear BANNER; let those who wish cry out "Solence," still is the good work going on. Strange, is it not? millions are being quietly brought to the light, while the same snarl whines out in certain quarters: "It must be tested by science (i. e., our caliber of thought) else the world will not accept." The chemists of the higher heavens hold the alambics that are to clarify this thing. They are to test us, as well as we try them.

EVEN CONN.

"I let not the cloud-bound materialists confound the spirit-muscle here spoken of with that transient force which, for a moment, the embodied spirit can throw into 'that good right arm.' A demon or a Hercules enters the spirit-world in swaddling clothes."

The size of a yacht this season seems to be capsize.—Washington Critic.

Literary Department.

WRITTEN FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

THE SPIRIT OF THE STORM.

BY MISS M. T. SHELHAMER.

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

CHAPTER X.

CLARA DISAPPEARS.

Scarcely had Madam Moore, Mrs. Lawrence and daughter secured a comfortable home in the great city and were able to see their way clear from pressing want, than they were advised by their spirit band to leave the place and go among strange people. Their names had become known to those who were anxious to learn something of the great beyond, and the time of these mediums was fully drawn upon by visitors who demanded sittings. The pecuniary results of these seances were satisfactory and sufficient to give them relief from the stings of anxiety or want, and it was hard to have to give up what seemed a security for an uncertainty.

The voice of the spirit had never deceived them, so when the word to "Go!" was emphatically given, they prepared to do so without a murmur. But whether? was the important question, and the guides replied, "To the West; you have a mission there; write to Mr. Brown and ask him what the prospect is in his city for the exercise of mediumship."

Mr. Brown was a wealthy iron merchant in the West who when on a business trip to New York had called upon these mediums, and received such evidences of the presence and identity of his spirit friends as to fill his soul with joy. The letter was written and dispatched, and in due time Madam Moore received an answer that decided the future movements of the family.

"There is need of mediums in this city," wrote Mr. Brown. "Spiritualism is but little known here. The people are liberal and disposed to investigate whatever appeals to reason and common sense. I am sure you will do well here. I shall be only too happy to be of service to you in any way."

This letter was what induced the mediums to become established in a busy thriving western city. Mr. Brown proved true to his word, for it was through his assistance that the mediums secured the neat little dwelling on Carver street and entered upon a career of spiritual work that for six months enlightened the minds of those who sought their marvelous revelations. While the clairvoyant and the writing medium devoted their time exclusively to their mediumship, Mrs. Lawrence took entire charge of the household affairs with care and precision, so that no jar disturbed the harmony of the family or the spirit band.

From the first the work proved remunerative and successful, and the mediums thought it was for this that their guides had brought them to this far-off place. In their new prosperity they did not forget the needs of the wretched poor, and exerted themselves to benefit them in some practical way. They found that the Western people were fair-minded, unbigoted, and liberal in spirit and purse. It was not a matter of doubt whether any philanthropic scheme would be encouraged. In less than four months Mrs. Lawrence and Madam Moore interested a party of progressive ladies to look after the squallid children of poverty and vice. A large room was rented, in which a score or more of ragged urchins were gathered, and daily, for a few hours, received moral and intellectual instruction from the lips of a young teacher, who had herself known poverty and bared her own shoulders to the cold winds of want. The ladies who established this school were fortunate in finding such a helper in this young teacher, for in a very few days she had won the attention and respect, even affection, of those poor rude children who had never before known any one they could love. It was surprising to see how soon they became interested in the simple studies, made as attractive to them as possible, and to notice how the rough speech gave way to gentle tones and more agreeable manners. At first the pupils came in rags and dirt, but they were speedily taught that cleanliness was necessary, and soon they were treated to soap and water and comb before taking their lessons. In a little while there ceased to appear any children who had not first been thoroughly washed; and then began other renovations.

The ladies who had established this school formed a Benevolent Band, the members of which gave a weekly literary and musical entertainment, the tickets to which their husbands, fathers, brothers and friends were expected to purchase. The proceeds of these meetings were devoted to the needs of the waifs of the school. Material for clothing was also bought. The ladies met Saturday after-

noon to make the goods into garments for the needy children. In addition to the clothing thus supplied, the little ones also received, before going to their homes at night, a bountiful supply of bread and milk, and a handsome apple or other kind of fruit, so that a supper was assured to all the well-behaved deserving ones.

Madam Moore and Maysie both devoted the proceeds of their seances, one day in the week, to the furtherance of this noble charity, and Mrs. Lawrence donated many a loaf of sweet bread and basket of apples as her share of the work. At Christmas time the children were delighted with the evergreen decorations of their school, while the green tree laden with useful gifts and gaily colored fruits and bags of candy was the delight of their hearts.

Clara Benton had not called on this family during these busy days; but on a chilly morning, two days before the close of the year, she wended her way to Carver street and received a warm welcome.

The heart of Clara was sad; yet she was brave, and did not display a sign of the uneasiness she felt. Her errand was to inform the ladies that she had settled her business as far as she could, and that all the property so long withheld from them was in readiness to be transferred into their hands. On the morrow her lawyer would call on them and settle all necessary details, and surrender all to their possession. She advised them to retain the lawyer, at least for a time, to manage their affairs, as she believed him to be an honorable and a competent man.

Mrs. Lawrence was in heartfelt sympathy with this noble orphan, and earnestly begged her to remain with them until the lawyer should arrive. But on the plea of other important business to be attended to, Clara declined the invitation and shortly after took her departure.

On the morrow the business was completed that transferred to Mrs. Lawrence all the stocks, securities and other property, representing the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, together with the deed of a valuable piece of land in far-off Australia. Much to her surprise, she found that even Bijou Cottage was included. She decided to see Miss Benton at once and return this piece of property to her. She instructed her lawyer to have the deed made out to that effect.

New Year's day dawned mild and beautiful, and Mrs. Lawrence prepared for a ride to the suburban home of Clara. On her way she had certain misgivings, or a vague feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction, for which she could not account, and therefore it was with trepidation that she rang the door-bell. It was answered by a stout, red-faced girl, whose swollen eye lids and distressed features showed that she had been crying.

"I would like to see Miss Benton," said the visitor, viewing the girl with surprise.

"She is not here, ma'am—she left last night."

"Not here! Why, where has she gone?"

"I don't know, ma'am. Miss Clara told me night before last that she was going far away. There was nothing to keep her here, now her father had gone. All day yesterday she was busy looking over papers and burning them, packing boxes, and doing other things. She never said a word, but she looked so white and my heart ached to see her. Toward night she called me and said that I must stay here till the lady who had taken the place came to look after it, and that she had packed a few boxes with books and pictures, and little things that no one else would want, and that they would be taken away and stored in the city till she called for them. Her trunk of clothing was strapped up, and she said she was going to leave Springfield by the evening train. She talked beautifully to me before she left—and I cried all night. It was no use, ma'am, I could not make her stay by anything I said, and she went off with nobody but Bruce to look after her. Yes, she took the big dog with her, but I'm sure I don't know what she'll do with him. Anyhow, it's a sorry new year to me, when I can't see dear Miss Clara, nor tell where in all the wide world she is!"

[Continued in our next.]

A Women's Memorial in the form of a drinking fountain, of the late Henry Fawcett, the blind Postmaster-General of England, and the earnest friend of woman's rights and political enfranchisement, was unveiled by Lady Louise Goldsmid, July 27th, with simple ceremonies on the Thames embankment east of Charing Cross, London. The fountain is of granite, the basin bronze. Above the basin is a bronze medallion, bearing in relief an excellent representation of the head and face of Mr. Fawcett. The artist was Miss Grant. Mr. Fawcett, as Postmaster-General and M. P., not only did chivalric service in behalf of women, but also in improvements in the Postal Department of Great Britain, and appropriately a woman, Lady Goldsmid, drank the first glass of water from the fountain, and a postman in uniform the second.

A lady recently sought to instruct her little grandchild in relation to the provident care of heaven. "Who gives you your daily bread?" asked she. "God," replied the child, "but Uncle John puts the butter and sugar on."

Written for the Banner of Light.
THE CHAIN OF LIFE.

BY EMMA TRAIN.

Oh! a wonderful chain is the chain of life,
And drawn close are its links of gold,
Reaching out from the lowest of mortal strife
To the highlands of glory untold.
There's no link that is broken, though marred oft-
times
By the dampness and rust of care,
And though dragged through the cesspools of sins and
crimes,
Still the brightness lies hidden there.
The great central links of this wonderful chain
Are the masses that surge to and fro;
And the lower links are the want and pain,
And the falsehood, and sin, and woe;
While the upper links grow near and more near
Through the gardens by angels trod,
Till they reach to the purest and highest sphere,
And are held by the hand of God.
As the good by the power of its truer strength
Ever draws toward the realm more high,
So the evil is felt through the whole chain's length,
Holding back from the love-lit sky.
As the currents thus vibrate from end to end,
They mingle in chemical change,
And the forces of goodness and evil blend
In the phases of life so strange.
From this beautiful chain no link can be lost,
Else the whole might with rust decay,
Though oft bronzed by the action of sin's hoary frost,
Still the gold is but hidden a day.
Were it not for the links trailed in wrong and crime,
In the lowlands of sadness and tears,
We could never discern their beauty sublime
Reaching out to the infinite spheres.
So whenever we look to the discord and woe,
To the falsehood, and crime, and disgrace,
Let us purst of charity ever bestow,
For each Judas of earth has a place.
Though it be but to bring out the spirit of good-
ness by the contrast with that which is wrong;
If the saddest of lives were but well understood,
Might they not be a beautiful song?
Let us look 'neath the bronzing of earthly care,
'Neath the shadows of wrong that enfold;
For we may find an angel all pure and fair,
And we may trace a link of gold.
Oh! we feel that our God from one end of the chain
Could not gather these links of life
Did the other not rest low in sorrow and pain,
In the desert of discord and strife.

Letter from Dr. Willis.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have been an interested reader of the correspondence published in the BANNER purporting to have taken place through the mediumship of Mr. J. V. Mansfield, between the spirits of the Harvard Professors and others, and my old and esteemed friend, Allen Putnam, Esq.

I cannot understand how any candid, fairly-disposed person, who knew the individuals claiming to have dictated those letters that appeared in your issues of May 22d and Aug. 7th respectively, can read them and not admit that they bear marked evidences of characteristic individuality.

The communication in the series published May 22d, signed James Walker, is, I think, plainly stamped with his individuality. It contains what is to me a remarkable test-proof of the genuineness of its claim.

Spirit Walker says: "Dr. P. (Rev. Dr. Putnam) and Thomas Starr King called on me just prior to King's leaving for the Pacific coast, to, if possible, convince me of my wrong toward young Willis. Their arguments confounded me, and yet I was obliged to sustain my position or lose caste with the public."

I know this to be a fact, and a fact known only to the participants in the event. Both Dr. Putnam and Mr. King requested President Walker to regard this interview as confidential, and nothing was known of it outside of the parties concerned. This Mr. King told me when he informed me of the interview, and assured me that I had nothing to hope for from Dr. Walker or any other member of the Faculty, save Dr. Francis, who felt very kindly toward me, but whose influence was entirely overborne by the others.

I am positive that this fact could not have been known by Mr. Mansfield, the medium. I am equally sure that it was not known by my friend, Mr. Putnam.

The assertion made in these communications that through hasty, injudicious action a great wrong was done me, is corroborated by a fact which may have escaped the memory of Mr. Putnam, but which I think he will readily recall.

In the freshness of the excitement caused by the action of the Faculty toward me, one of its members, in a conversation with Mr. Putnam, not knowing that he was a friend of mine, told him that if action had been delayed two or three weeks the result could never have been what it was.

In the communication from Spirit James Walker to which I have already alluded, he makes a statement not warranted by the facts of the case. I ought to have replied to this point before, as it has misled many, some of whom have written to me in relation to it; I neglected it, or rather shrank from doing it, because it is so exceedingly unpleasant for me at all times to renew psychometric relations with that painful epoch of my life; but in justice to myself I cannot let it longer pass.

I quote that portion of the sentence containing what, with all due deference to Spirit James Walker, I must designate a misstatement:

"For not more than two years after young Willis's permission to resign (for that was really all that it was). The italics are mine.

On the evening of the mock trial to which I was summoned from a sick room by the Faculty, with President Walker at their head, they allowed me, a weak, defenseless young man, to be insulted and browbeaten in their presence by my accuser and the man acting as his counsel, until my friend Rev. B. F. Harrington, who went with me simply as a friend, not expecting for a moment to be called upon to act in my defense, protested against the proceedings as an outrage upon justice. This broke up the convocation before Prof. Euclid had finished reading his accusations, which were drawn up in writing.

The next morning President Walker sent for me to come to his study, and there in the witty, shrewd, diplomatic manner so characteristic of him, with all the savvy possible to imagine, he informed me that the investigation of the "grave charges" brought against me, held the previous evening, was not of such a nature as to warrant their pronouncing me either innocent or guilty; that they had come to the conclusion that they were not the proper tribunal for investigating the matter; that until I could appear before such a tribunal and vindicate my innocence, I was requested to withdraw from the school.

When I replied that I should most certainly

not withdraw from the school, thus confessing myself a rascal; that every criminal at the bar of his country had the right of being deemed innocent until his guilt was proven; that they had constituted themselves the proper tribunal for investigating this matter by admitting to their presence my accuser, with a man to act as his counsel; that until they had pronounced me innocent or guilty I should resume my position in the school at the earliest opportunity, then they passed a vote of suspension on terms that made it in every sense of the word an expulsion; terms upon which they well knew I could never return. They would have ignominiously expelled me had it not been for a vigorous protest against the entire transactions of the evening alluded to from Rev. H. F. Harrington.

This certainly does not look much as if a "permission to resign" was all that it really was.

It was the action of the Faculty in the face of their avowal that they could not pronounce me guilty that gave me the sympathy of the entire press of Massachusetts, and in fact of all New England, with the single exception of the Boston Courier, which was manipulated by the Harvard Professors and their sycophant, Lynt.

It is said that an open confession is good for the soul. If these men who put such a cruel blight upon my young life have repented of the wrong and injustice done me, and have found solace and comfort in making these posthumous declarations, I am very glad.

Well might Spirit James Walker say in his communication: "And yet one-half of our maneuvering never came before the public." If the whole story of this outrage could be placed before the world, I think no one could blame me for asking in bitterness of spirit as I read those communications: What of compensation is there in all this for blighted hopes, broken friendships, and long years of physical weakness?

In consequence of the cruel injustice I received, and the infamous attempts that were made to break down my moral character, and the kindred and friends who forsook me and fled, I laid at death's door for days with a terrible brain fever. I rose from that sick-bed gray and bald, with my nervous system irrevocably shattered, and I can say truthfully I have never seen a well day since. I have borne as patiently as possible for twenty-nine years the, at times, almost insupportable burden of physical infirmity.

It has crippled my whole life, made it impossible for me to give myself to intellectual pursuits, and kept me from achieving what I might have done in my profession.

I confess as I look back over the vista of the past upon the blighted hopes, the broken friendships, the wrecked health, the effects of which have remained indelibly stamped upon body and spirit, it is very hard for me to feel angelic enough to accord to these men full and free forgiveness for the great wrong they inflicted upon me.

They all lived in the mortal long enough to realize the injustice done me, and yet not one of them had the grace by word or sign to make to me the slightest acknowledgment while thus living.

Nevertheless I have found these communications most interesting reading, and feel happy to express my appreciation of the remarkable medium through whose instrumentality they come.

DR. FRED L. H. WILLIS.

Letter from W. J. Colville.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

It seems a long time since I last wrote to you concerning the work in which I am still engaged on the Pacific coast. Your extreme kindness and courtesy in publishing my last letter in so conspicuous a part of your valuable paper (which I am happy to say is widely circulating and exercising a powerful influence for good here on the Pacific coast), has been the means of correcting a gross misapprehension which had arisen in the minds of some uninformed persons concerning the real nature of the work accomplished through my mediumship.

As so much is said lamentably about the divisions and inharmonies in our midst, I feel strongly impelled to call the attention of Spiritualists and inquirers everywhere to the important fact of harmony and good will prevailing among the bulk of the people, the discordant agitators, though very noisy, being comparatively few in number. Since I have been on this coast I have, under influence of my guides, addressed thousands and thousands of persons, the great bulk of whom have given the most respectful and appreciative attention to all that has been uttered in their hearing. Here and there a solitary individual has striven from some personal motive to "raise a tempest in a teapot," but instead of receiving the support and sympathy of the community, he has turned the tide of feeling decidedly against himself. Neither my inspirers nor myself claim infallibility or infinite knowledge, but I am happy to say no spirit ever influences me who deems it necessary to vilify persons for difference of opinion, or to strive to put a gag in the mouths of all who dare to think outside of its own individual conception of the here and hereafter.

A very happy combination of circumstances placed a man in every way adapted to the position in the presidential chair at the Oakland Camp-Meeting. Mr. Amos Adams, who presided regularly, made a model chairman; he conducted all the meetings with dignity and kindness, and to him may, in large measure, be attributed the really phenomenal success of the enterprise. If we could get many such gentlemen to the fore we should soon see the public advocacy of the cause look up in every quarter. Mr. and Mrs. Elliott of the Henry House, Oakland, were also indefatigable in their exertions, and to them and many others united with them an eternal tribute of thanks is due, for the influence exerted on the camp-grounds is one which can never die away, though it of course requires unflinching effort to keep the ball of public opinion continually rolling in a forward direction.

Since the camp-meeting closed I have been located in San Francisco. Metropolitan Temple has been the scene of great activity and some excitement. Sunday after Sunday large audiences have gathered three times a day, and the amount of good feeling in the meetings is such as to make me feel no little sorrow at the thought of their suspension. Mr. and Mrs. Owen, editors of *Golden Gate*, have been kind to me; they are delightful people; to know them is to love them. I can say the same with all heartiness of Mr. and Mrs. Schlesinger of the *Carrier Dove*; they are both good, earnest souls, and need and deserve richly all the support an intelligent and progressive public can give them. The *Spiritual Offering*, in Iowa,

has also been very friendly. Its talented-editor, Mrs. Nettie Pease Fox, is now in California. I trust it may soon be my good fortune to share my platform with her.

The San Francisco Chronicle has published many excellent reports of our meetings; and the secular press, generally, has been very kind. I have on three occasions divided an evening with Mrs. Ada Foye, and I must say, of all the public test mediums I have ever met she is the most convincing; in private life she is a most genial and interesting lady, possessed of an unusually large amount of executive ability.

Mr. Albert Morton, who has conducted all the business of the meetings in the Temple, has worked in perfect harmony with my guides and myself. I have spoken under his individual auspices; he has dealt handsomely with me, and I trust he feels as satisfied with my conduct to him as I feel with his to me. On Sunday, Sept. 5th—which, by the way, is my birthday—we open meetings in Odd Fellows Hall, one of the largest and finest in the city. Mr. Morton has assumed full charge of the business management there, and a very large number of friends, many of them prominent and influential citizens, have taken reserved seats. In Friendship Hall, in the same building, we have had no end of pleasant meetings. I can in truth affirm that I have never been anywhere where so many friends have been gained in so short a time. Many and urgent are the invitations I am constantly receiving to remain permanently on this coast; but my movements are now, as ever, entirely in the hands of my guides, who will, I suppose, in their own time, duly notify me of their intentions.

Some very good but rather over-zealous friends got up a Convention at Alameda Aug. 9th and following days. It opened rather inauspiciously, but prospects soon brightened, and we had, on the whole, an enjoyable and profitable time. I wish to publicly proclaim my positive hatred of sensational advertisements when I am announced to speak. I trust my friends and the public at large will please to remember that my sanction is never given to any such announcements. I trust some good influences may take possession of the minds of those who get up future Conventions, impelling them to state plain facts in moderate language.

Fearing I have already trespassed too far upon your crowded columns, I will now, though only at the beginning of my story, abruptly conclude with the remark that the weather is delightful and California a charming place to live in.

With many, many sincere good wishes and kind remembrances to all our mutual friends, from each and all of whom I am ever delighted to hear, believe me, your sincere friend and co-worker,

W. J. COLVILLE.

413 Leavenworth street,
San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 14th.

[From the Independent Pulpit, Waco, Tex.]

An Orthodox View of Spiritualism.

Rev. S. A. King, D.D., pastor of the Presbyterian Church in this city, has been preaching a series of sermons on the parable of Lazarus and the Rich Man, in one of which he gave his views on Spiritualism. After making a liberal allowance for deception, fraud and trickery, the doctor concedes the genuineness of what are called spiritual phenomena. He thinks they cannot be explained on any other hypothesis than that of spirit return; besides, the Bible, he says, justifies the hypothesis. He argues that the Spiritualists, while true, is nevertheless a work of the devil, and that only evil spirits have access to this world. In proof of this position he cited Abraham's refusal to allow Lazarus to return at the request of the Rich Man, who desired to warn his brethren of their danger! In the course of his remarks, the doctor emphasized his disapproval of Spiritualism by advising his hearers not to have anything to do with it.

According to this view the materialized forms that visited Abraham while he lay in Mamre were wicked spirits. Abraham addressed one of them as Lord, and most of our theologians have agreed that he was the Lord, but if Dr. King is correct, that must have been the devil and two of his imps, for surely the Lord would not be traveling over the country and calling on his saints in company with wicked spirits. The angels who visited Lot and warned him to leave Sodom were, according to this view, wicked spirits. Dr. King may escape this conclusion by assuming that these were good angels and not spirits, but what will he say of the spirit of Samuel that appeared to Saul in a séance with the woman of Endor? Was Samuel a wicked man? We grant that he did some very wicked things, but when compared to the generality of biblical saints he was one of the very best; besides, Christians generally look upon Samuel as having been a good man. Now if only wicked spirits return to the earth, we must conclude that Samuel was a wicked man, and at his death he entered at once into the service of the devil and his mediums. While on this subject, we will remind the doctor of that memorable séance held in the mount, in which the circle consisted of Jesus, Peter, James and John. The spirits that materialized on that occasion were Moses and Elias. Now, if it had been David and Solomon, or if Moses had appeared by himself, we might conclude that the doctor's view is the correct one, but Elias is one of the very few good men of old, who was not guilty of some great iniquity. Will Dr. King contend that Samuel, Moses, Elias were wicked men, and that their spirits are wicked spirits?

To say that Spiritualism is a work of the devil, and that only wicked spirits return to the earth is to accuse all spiritual mediums as being in league with the devil. It is equivalent to saying all who adhere to Spiritualism, and participate in spiritual séances, are in fellowship with the devil and his angels. To those of us who do not believe there is any devil, or that there are any devilish angels, this charge is harmless, and only amusing; but to those superstitious people who depend on Dr. King for their spiritual guidance, it is more serious. How can we be the impression on their minds that the Spiritualists are a wicked and immoral class of people. Now, we are not a Spiritualist, but from what we know of them the Spiritualists are just as sober, honest, virtuous and good as the Presbyterians, or any other class of Christians. The Spiritualists of this city are certainly equal to the Presbyterians in point of honor, intelligence, business and respectability, and we believe this may be said of them everywhere.

We do not know the number of spiritual mediums there are in the United States, but we suppose they are equal to the number of Christian ministers, and yet we will venture the assertion that Dr. King will find in our State Prisons five ministers to every one medium. If he thinks we are in error in this, we hope he will institute an investigation. If the doctor is correct in his view, it will go far to exonerate the author of the long standing charge of being the author of all the wickedness in the world. Judging the two by the adherents among men, it seems that the devil is as good as the Almighty.

If Dr. King is correct in assuming that only wicked spirits, guided by the devil, have access to this world, and have power to communicate with mortals in the flesh, then we must conclude that the omnipotent God, who, according to the Orthodox theology, can do whatsoever he will, has given them quite an advantage over the good men. Justice would demand that if the wicked spirits be allowed to come back and communicate with the good spirits should be allowed the same privilege. According to Dr. King's view, the devil can fill the world with wicked spirits, and by mediatic control lead men astray, and the good spirits are debarred the privilege of counteracting their influence. The Spiritualists give us a far more rational theory than that presented by Dr. King. They tell us that both good and bad spirits visit the earth and communicate with men. They judge the spirits just as they judge

men by their teachings and work. They are more consistent than Orthodoxy, and more in accord with some scripture commands. For instance, the scriptures seem to indicate that both good and bad spirits have access to the world, hence they command us to "try the spirits." Dr. King does not give them any trial, but simply condemns all who come, and says none but wicked spirits have access to this earth.

Now, we do not know anything about the spirits, and will not attempt to instruct our readers in regard to their powers. We have criticized our friend not as a Spiritualist, nor as an anti-Spiritualist, but simply as an investigator, a truth-seeker. We think the doctor's views are very illogical, not to say absurd. They involve the Almighty in a very unjust discrimination between the good and bad spirits, and they reflect very seriously upon a large class of people who are just as good as he or any of his Presbyterians. We are not convinced of the truth of Spiritualism as held by the Spiritualists, but we are convinced that Orthodoxy is much in its favor. Whether it is correct or not, it is a decided improvement on Presbyterianism.

Theodore Parker.

Although there is a growing sentiment among humanitarians against building expensive monuments to the dead, while the living—those who do the work of the world—are unsheltered, unfed, unclothed, yet we who have known and loved Theodore Parker, who are indebted to him in a measure for the religious liberty we enjoy, naturally desire that his last resting-place should, in some fitting manner, show that he is remembered and appreciated by us. A time has come when some permanent enclosure is all that is proposed, for among his last requests he desired to be interred where he died, and that a modest stone only should mark the spot. Resting alone in the cemetery at Florence, a stranger in a strange land, that eloquent voice silenced forever, we would add to his idea a medallion of his head, and some sentiment from his pen, carved in enduring stone, as an inspiration to many a traveler in future generations to review the life and labors of this great man.

In the midst of the intense excitement in Unitarian circles, occasioned by Theodore Parker's sermon on the "Permanent and Transient in Christianity," I visited Boston for the first time, and witnessed the fierce conflict in religious opinions, between those who clung to the dying theologues, and those who with higher light began to test all dogmas in the crucible of reason and common sense.

Reading that sermon to-day, we wonder that it could ever have called down on its author such ostracism and persecution; closing against him the doors of a large circle of friends and nearly every Unitarian pulpit in the land. The social and religious ostracism that he endured for years passes the comprehension of the present generation. Yet he walked bravely through it all, impressing his enemies and friends alike with the majesty and force of his intellect, his moral courage and self-reliance, the dignity and modesty that invariably mark well-balanced characters. His large head, compact form, elastic step, positive manner and speech, his mastery in his mental and physical characteristics, were one of the impressions that all his forces were readily concentrated at his will on any given point; in a word, that he was always master of himself. So clear out and to the point were his sermons, that a popular audience could follow him with ease.

No one ever misunderstood Theodore Parker, for he told his people what he thought, in plain, unmistakable language; no sophistry, no hedging, no half concealing his highest thought marked his ministrations. No wonder that when he appeared, time-servers and Pharisees gathered about him as tightly about them and walked on the other side, for here was a man without fear of his fellows, or of one page of his own record in the past, a man who would sacrifice anything for truth, but never one of his own convictions for the greatest worldly advantage.

Soon after going to reside in Boston, in the winter of 1842, Mr. Oliver Johnson, then full of youthful enthusiasm on the questions of anti-slavery and a progressive theology, knowing that I was in a transient state of thought, called one evening to know if I would like to attend the first of a course of lectures that Theodore Parker was about to deliver in Marlboro Chapel. Grateful beyond measure for this opportunity to see and hear the hero of the hour, one excommunicated by the church and Society at large, I gladly accepted. The old chapel was packed to its utmost capacity, and from the moment he appeared on the platform until he retired, he held the rapt attention of his audience.

Though he read from a manuscript, and had none of what might be called the graces of oratory, yet he was the most impressive speaker to whom I had ever listened. The repose and simplicity of his manner and language, while hurling such thunderbolts of denunciation and defiance at the old theologues, carried his audience along with him, quite unmindful of the havoc he was making of time-honored creeds and opinions. I felt the same regret at the close of the lecture, so intense had been my satisfaction, that I experienced the first time I witnessed a dramatic performance by the glorious Fanny Kemble.

For two hours so profound had been the silence that one almost feared to breathe lest some brave word should be lost or mistaken. Though New England audiences in those days were very undemonstrative, yet when he unveiled some of the hypocrisies of the day, and pricked some of the popular bubbles, a gentle ripple of satisfaction ran over the audience, more impressive than loud applause. We watched him in his course, and through sleep and snow went night after night to Cambridgeport to hear the same lectures repeated. For two years afterward each returning Sunday found me a faithful listener in his vast audience.

To have seen Theodore Parker in his home, in all his household gods about him; to have enjoyed the attention and courtesy he manifested uniformly toward women; to have listened to his words of wisdom in public and private, I count among the greatest blessings of my earlier days, and to have his essays, sermons, prayers, and the beautiful tributes of loving friends to his memory, in my own library, adds to the happiness of my later years.—Elizabeth Cady Stanton, in the Index, Boston.

August Magazines.

THE INDEPENDENT PULPIT.—Editor Shaw is this month outspoken in defense of the free school system on a non-sectarian basis. The opening article of this magazine for August is the first part of a consideration of "The Conflict between Christianity and Civilization," by W. S. Bell. Major John Duran writes out some of the incidents of "The Santa Fe Expedition" in 1841; he being one of the ill-fated number. The pages that follow are less devoted to polemical articles than usual, travel and adventure taking their place. "Perusia" writes from France and Switzerland, W. Algie from Canada, and "A Freethinker on Ship-board" gives some incidents of an ocean voyage. Waco, Texas: J. D. Shaw, editor and publisher.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED has for its frontispiece a finely colored lithograph of single hyacinths, followed by an article upon spring-blooming bulbs, of which, as the time of fall planting is approaching, a descriptive list of varieties is given. Correspondence, Foreign Notes and Pleasant Gossip in their several departments are replete with instruction. Rochester, N. Y.: James Vick.

THE BIZARRE. NOTES AND QUERIES.—Delivers in search of the quaint and curious in folklore and mysticism, and the solution of puzzling problems in literature, art and science, will find ample means for gratifying their tastes in this month's issue. Manchester, N. H.: S. C. & L. M. Gould.

The bravest are not always the tenderest, as the poets sing. There is the red game rooster, for instance; he will fight a bird of double his weight, but he outs up tough in a pot-pie.

When you see a man take off his hat to you (it is a sign that he respects you), but when he is seen diverting himself of his coat you can make up your mind that he intends to try to make you respect him.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter*.

Verifications of Spirit-Messages.

ANGELA.

In the BANNER OF LIGHT of July 31st is a message given by the controlling spirit for one called ANGELA, "to friends in Santa Barbara, Cal." The control described this spirit as "a female, tall and slender, yet well rounded, with a delicate, oval face, olive complexion, dark hair of almost purple black, and large dark eyes." And then added: "This spirit did not live to be more than twenty summers old, and has been several years in the higher life. She holds up before us an object of quaint workmanship, made of steel, and richly engraved or patterned. It is in the form of a hook, and yet one end of it is sharp, like a knife. We do not know what it is designed for, evidently some weapon or utensil used by the girl when on earth, or by some friend to whom she comes."

I was very much interested in reading this message, for the description corresponds exactly to an Indian maiden whom I saw quite often when I was in Santa Barbara, in 1873, and who attracted my attention by her refined and intelligent looks, and the sympathy all good Spiritualists feel for the wronged Indian race. I had no social acquaintance with her, but used to see her almost daily as I passed the hut where she lived near the beach. Now a word about "the hook," which the spirit said Angela held in her hand. An article of quaint workmanship, made of steel, and richly engraved or patterned, in the form of a hook, and yet one end of it is sharp, like a knife, as in the message described, is a tool used to loosen the Abalone shells, which adhere below water to the rocks of the Islands of the Pacific Ocean, opposite the coast of Santa Barbara, Cal. Perhaps this Indian maiden lost her life in that employment—which may of the laboring class, male or female, and remunerative. I am so strongly impressed that this spirit Angela is, or was, the Indian maiden I saw when there, that I verify the message.

FRANKLIN HAASE.

National Military Home
Montgomery Co., Ohio, Aug. 3d, 1886.

CHRISTOPHER WILSON.

In the BANNER OF LIGHT of Aug. 7th is a message from CHRISTOPHER WILSON, which will be recognized by his numerous friends. I have known him nearly forty years; he always aspired and labored for higher and better conditions socially and spiritually; he was identified with associative communistic movements going on over forty years ago.

On my way to New York in the winter of 1885 I called on Bro. Wilson, and was much amused at his earnest advocacy of what seemed to me the vagary of Spiritualism. His good wife said to me: "Thomas, you are going to New York, and if you have a chance to learn of this New Dispensation, investigate for yourself, and if you get convinced of its reality you will be an earnest advocate of the cause." To please the good lady I promised to look into the matter if I had opportunity.

I arrived in New York at the time the Davenport Brothers first visited the city to exhibit their remarkable mediumship. It fits the eye of Ira Davenport he will remember the stranger from the West who got such strong proof of the truth of spirit-communication, in company with Charles Partridge, Professor Mages, Dr. Gardner and others. When the light of spiritual truth came to me I gave freely to others.

In 1887 I sailed for England, carrying with me a large bundle of the first volume of the glorious BANNER OF LIGHT. Arriving in London, I sent the BANNERS out on their mission, and I was besieged by investigators, who eagerly listened to my experience of two years among Spiritualists.

Christopher Wilson, M. A. Townsend and others were identified with me in the settlement of Ancora, N. J. What a joy it is to feel that I shall meet with these and other reformers after my labors are done here.

THOMAS W. TAYLOR.

Homestead, Pa., Aug. 10th, 1886.

LIZZIE MILLER.

I notice in the BANNER OF LIGHT of July 24th a communication from LIZZIE MILLER. The message I recognize as very characteristic of a young friend of mine who passed on from New London several years ago. I am glad to read the message, as will also many of her near friends be, who have the evidence that dear Lizzie has often visited them in their own homes. God bless the dear BANNER and its Messengers, which will ever continue to bring light and happiness to earthly homes.

Very truly yours, DR. H. F. MERRILL.

OVID BUTLER.

I was acquainted with OVID BUTLER, who passed away about five or six years ago, whose message appears in the BANNER OF LIGHT, July 31st. He was an eminent writer of the Christian Church; was wealthy; employed most of his wealth to the building and endowment of a University near Indianapolis that now bears his name; and the statements in his message concerning it and himself are true. I am glad to hear him say: "I have found that nearly my entire line of thought concerning immortality and the condition of the departed has been at variance with the reality."

A. H. NICHOLAS.

Bronson, Kan., Aug. 2d, 1886.

New Publications.

A HAND-BOOK OF ENGLISH HISTORY, Based on the Lectures of the late M. J. Guest, and Brought Down to the Year 1880, with a Supplementary Chapter upon English Literature of the Nineteenth Century. By Francis H. Underwood, A. M., with Maps, Tables, etc. 8vo, cloth, pp. 614. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The contents of this volume were first delivered in a course of lectures before the "College for Men and Women" in London, and it is the most interesting, complete and impartial work of its kind published. In order to present the topics and events in a fresh and entertaining way, the author sets aside the abstracts and digests of previous writers, and brings to his aid citations from the old chroniclers, with which the book is largely filled, thus carrying the reader back to the original sources of information. The Chronological Annals and a copious Index at the end of the volume add much to its value as a standard book of reference and authority.

THE RECORD. A poem.—Illustrating the Philosophy of Life. 22mo, cloth, pp. 305. New York: John W. Lovell & Co., 14 and 16 Vesey street.

There are two features common to poetry in this production, to wit: the lines contain an equal number of syllables and each commences with a capital letter; all others are wanting. That we may not be thought to err in our view of the "poem," we give a few lines quoted at random from its three hundred and odd pages:

"I was most thoroughly alarmed, and going back
To my room, put on my dressing robe—a long sack
Of night-blue cashmere, which I hung over my chair
At night—a habit acquired when I had the care
Of mother, James was yet up. I told him to run.
To the nearest physician, no matter what one,
Only I said in a tremulous voice—'Be quick!
And tell him a gentleman here is very sick,
And needs immediate attention!'"

ADAM HEPBURN'S VOW. A Tale of Kirk and Covenant. By Anne S. Swain, author of "Al-derside," etc. 12mo, cloth, pp. 244.

BY FIRE AND SWORD. A Story of the Huguenots. By Thomas Archer, author of "About My Father's Business," etc. 12mo, cloth, pp. 256.

WHO IS GUILTY? By Philip Woolf, M. D. 16mo, cloth, pp. 247.

The above novels from the prolific press of the enterprising publishers, Cassell & Co., New York and London, are of that high order of merit which characterizes their publications. They can be obtained in this city of Estes & Lauriat, Washington street, and Cleaves, MacDonald & Co., 181 Tremont street.

Japanese paper handkerchiefs are found satisfactory for drying wounds.

Hale's Honey, the great cough cure, 35c; and H. Glenn's Scleroderma Remedy, 25c. German Corn Remedy, kills Corns and Bunions. H. H. Hale and Whittaker, Dry-Block and Brown, 50c. Hale's Toothache Drops cure in One Minute, 50c. Dean's Rheumatic Pills are a sure cure, 50c.

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1 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 impartial free thought, but we cannot undertake to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents give utterance.

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

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

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

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

3 Shall our Government remain Secular or become Ecclesiastical?

We made brief reference in last week's **BANNER** to the out-and-out advocacy by President Seelye of Amherst College in the July issue of *The Forum* of operating our free government in accordance with theological methods, and quoted several papers to show the tenor and spirit of their comments upon it. It is a subject that well deserves to be returned to as frequently as possible, that the enemies of free government may not sow tares while the rest of us sleep in a false security. The *Index* takes up the cudgels against this President of a New England College, saying that he attempts to show that the State should teach religion, and that he repeats the old arguments which have been refuted again and again. President Seelye, says *The Index*, "is one of the prominent representatives of the party which is working to secure, by constitutional amendment, national recognition of the Bible as the supreme law, and Jesus Christ as the ruler of nations," and remarks of him that his ideas respecting "the State" and of "its subjects" are "more in consonance with the despotism of Russia than with the principles and spirit of the American Republic."

That President Seelye may not be misunderstood, this is just what he does say in his article in *The Forum*: that "religious instruction of a people is indispensable to their very existence"; that "the family will not provide the religious instruction needed, and indeed cannot do it"; that "the Church is confessedly not doing this work, and unless you give the ubiquity and power to the State, the Church neither can nor will do it"; and "hence, that the State should provide for instruction in the gospels for its own preservation; if the conscience of its subjects approve, well; if not, the State will be cautious, but courageous also, and if it is wise it will not falter."

There is the whole scheme in few words. The State is summoned to teach religion, which means simply that it is to sustain its teaching with absolute power; and "if it is wise, it will not falter." It will be "cautious, but courageous also." The spirit of absolutism speaks in such words; and it is an absolutism which the world has been centuries in shaking off—the absolutism of ecclesiastical power, the cruellest, most searching, most unrelenting of all power.

The *Index* meets President Seelye's assumptions with argument like this: "What right has a State to exist if it is not founded upon the conscience of its subjects? and who are the 'subjects' but those from whom the State derives its authority and power—the people who elect from themselves men to make and to execute laws for the public good"? But it adds that President Seelye believes nothing of the sort. His position is "that governments derive their authority not from the people but from God; that the Bible is his revealed will; and that our government should be made to conform to its teachings, whether the conscience of its subjects approve or not." It has no idea, however, that these views will make any headway in this republic; but theoretically and practically they are yielding rapidly to state secularization in the countries which have tried them and have been cursed by them. It is only surprising that they should be thus boldly blazoned by the President of a prominent New England College in the year 1886.

The New York *Sun* also comes to the mark and utters the plain truth in response to this bold proposition of President Seelye. We gave its closing paragraph, which contained the conclusion of the whole matter, in our last week's issue. We repeat it now because it cannot be repeated too often, in the face of this theological assumption. "The State can have nothing to do with religious education," says the *Sun*, "but must leave it entirely to the Church, unless indeed Church and State are united; and President Seelye's argument is really an argument for such a union." Seelye cannot conceive of education without religion; but the *Sun* pertinently inquires, what religion shall the State teach? President Seelye lays it down that it "should provide for instruction in the gospels for its own preservation." He sees no reason why the life of Jesus Christ should not be taught in our schools as well as the life of Julius Caesar.

To which the *Sun* aptly and conclusively replies: "This would all be very well if the peo-

ple who make the State were agreed as to the religion of Jesus, and the proper manner of teaching it, or if the vast majority of them were so agreed. But in the first place, a large part of the inhabitants have no belief in that religion. There are Jews, Pagans, and Infidels, and they refuse to accept the 'general historic accuracy' of the gospels, though President Seelye says 'it is no longer doubted by intelligent persons.' Then there is the division between Catholics and Protestants, and the Protestants are subdivided into numerous conflicting sects. They all believe in the gospels, it is true, but they differ radically as to their interpretation and the methods of teaching them. Catholics would rather have their children go without any education at all than send them to schools in which the religion of Jesus was taught otherwise than in strict accordance with Catholic doctrine; and Protestants, of course, could not endure schools that would satisfy Catholics."

There it is; and there is no getting away from it. The fortunate conception of a free government for us was that it discovered all the old relations, expressed or implied, that existed between Church and State. Governments by ecclesiasticalism had proved the curse of the centuries, and by extinguishing the love of knowledge in the human breast, left the dismal trail of the Dark Ages across the history of the human race. We set out with entirely opposite views in this country. The founders and fathers laid down the premises that, for all the purposes of public government, the ecclesiastical power should forever keep off its heavy hand from this new and free system. They did not object to religion, but they left it a fair and open field, untrammelled by any political conditions. In like manner they left government a fair field, unrestrained by any of the subtle powers of ecclesiasticalism. They were not moved by any sentiment for religion to mix it up with moral government and good citizenship. They left each to go its own way undisturbed; and we have grown and expanded as no other nation before us ever did, in consequence. It is no time now to propose a return to the system that has hindered the progress of the world for a thousand years, by suppressing the spread of knowledge, on the pretext that it would be a detriment to religion.

It was many years ago when the **BANNER** opened the war on these abettors of ecclesiastical rule and theological supremacy in this country, and it rejoices to see itself so powerfully supported to-day in its original position by the press of the country. If the light is to come, let it come now rather than later; and now is the time for all who have no fellowship with such despicable politico-theologic schemes to define their position and to show their colors.

The Wonders at Onset.

By request of President Crockett, Mr. George A. Bacon, of Washington, D. C., presided at the meeting held Tuesday afternoon, 17th inst. Mr. B. is well known in Boston and vicinity as an excellent presiding official, having often served in this capacity. In a few well chosen remarks he introduced as the lady speaker of the afternoon, Mrs. Nickerson of Detroit, Mich., who after an inspirational song, (accompanying herself upon the organ) announced her subject to be "Connecting Links," which she proceeded to elaborate in a pleasing and instructive manner. Concluding her address, she wove several appropriate subjects, furnished by the audience, into an inspirational poem of considerable merit. This is the lady's first visit to Onset. She possesses mediumistic gifts of a varied and excellent character, and is destined in the future to do a notable public work. The chairman then introduced Mr. A. A. Wheelock, who proved himself a Boanerges of a speaker, his voice being distinctly heard for a considerable distance from the grove. In his opening remarks he incidentally observed that he hardly knew upon what theme to speak, when a voice called out, "Give us your best thought," which he instantly caught up as his subject, and upon which he made an uncommonly interesting address. During its delivery he paid a glowing tribute to the immense work accomplished by the **BANNER OF LIGHT**, that called forth a spontaneous burst of applause from the large audience present. Mrs. Wilson Porter then publicly "read" very successfully ten or twelve persons taken indiscriminately from the audience, which evoked much interest. She is an excellent test medium. Altogether, this meeting was one of the very best of those held at the Grove this season, not excepting the Sunday gatherings.

We never experienced a happier time at Onset than during our recent visit. We noticed in our last issue the fact of having had a sitting on Sunday with Mrs. Diss Debar. Several days afterwards she invited us to again sit for the picture and portrait manifestations, remarking at one sitting that she wished us to fully ascertain whether we considered her a fraud, as had been intimated by some people, or not. Our experience with this medium, under the most crucial test conditions, obliges us to acknowledge her a most wonderful medium in her specialty. At an unexpected sitting on the 17th, she placed in our hand a blank card, which we thoroughly examined and satisfied ourselves that nothing was upon it. Two minutes after we had held it by one corner to our head as directed, she placed before us a hand-mirror. "What do you see?" she asked. We replied that we saw the head of apparently an Indian, with trees and shrubs in the background. Then she directed us to take hold of the left corner of the lower end of the card.

Instead of doing so, as directed, however, (as we held our eyeglasses in the left hand,) without thinking of the consequences we inadvertently laid the card on our knee in order to shut and put in our pocket the glasses, thus liberating our left hand, when the medium suddenly exclaimed: "There, see what you have done! You should not have done that. The picture has faded out of sight!" Sure enough! Not a vestige of the drawing could be seen; the card was as smooth and white as when first placed in our hand. "Now hold it to your head again," she said. We did so—this time with both hands—when in less than three minutes, to our utter astonishment and to the surprise of several witnesses, a portrait appeared, in colors, purporting to represent George Washington. We think it resembles his likeness somewhat, but we shall leave that question with the oracles to decide. At another time she placed two slates in our hands. They resembled any common slate—such as those used in schools. No marks could be observed upon them. We wrapped them closely together in several thicknesses of a newspaper, and held them in our right hand. In a moment afterwards we could hear distinctly (as could others present) a sound resembling that made by a graver upon at least one of them, which proved to be

the fact; as when we examined the slate marked upon—the work upon it being accomplished in about five minutes from the time we had wrapped up the slates—to the astonishment of all present there appeared graven into the slate three outline sketches of human figures, representing two male and one female; also on the left of the figures is to be faintly seen a vase of flowers. Underneath the figures, in deeper outlines, the following words were engraved, exactly the same as though they had been written upon the slate with a pencil:

"We are with you in the good work."
W. AND P."

And this is not all we witnessed. The next day as we were passing Mrs. Debar's tent, she called us, saying, "I want you—give me your hand—look!" On the chair sat a blind man, holding upon his forehead a blank cardboard. Presently we saw appearing upon it in all colors a beautiful female portrait, with trees and shrubs in the background. "Isn't it splendid?" the medium involuntarily exclaimed. Then she immediately added: "This is holy work. Poor blind man! the angels are giving him a delightful picture which he cannot see! But his spirit senses it, and that is gladness enough." Then addressing the sitter she said: "It is completed—take it home with you—there is nothing to pay—you are entirely welcome to it."

On a subsequent occasion, we being with an excursion party on board a small steam yacht down the bay, Mrs. Debar sitting in the bow facing the company, drew from a reticule a blank pasteboard card, 4½ inches in size, and held it by one corner in her hand, when gradually appeared upon it a crayon drawing of a storm at sea; the waves in boisterous commotion beating against a mammoth rock. Pressing or beating up against the rock was part of the mast of a wrecked vessel, from the cross-tree up; there could also be seen several figures in the foreground, which were not distinct enough to describe. But the strong point in the picture was the clear-cut profile of a human face, the full size of the left side of the rock, with the dark storm-clouds in the distance.

Other parties received satisfactory pictures similar to those we have thus attempted to faintly describe. What is the hypothesis? How is it done? continually arises in the mind of every beholder. Some call it the "black art"; some "art magic"; some "occult force"; some "esoteric power"; while those who are the best posted, designate the wonder of wonders simply "spirit-power," produced by the blending of the spiritual and the material forces by and through this highly sensitive medium.

It should be distinctly understood that we have simply spoken of Mrs. Debar's mediumship—nothing more, nothing less.

Infants in Old Theology.

The disposition of innocent infants by the theologians has given them no little trouble in these liberal and more enlightened days. It is noticeable that the subject comes up to perplex them with almost the same regularity as sunrise. Not that the ministers who still profess the old and rigorous creeds rise up to assert and affirm afresh the hideous dogma of infant damnation, but rather that they are anxious to be counted among the deniers that any such dogma ever was included in their creed! They stopped preaching it long ago—that we all know; now they are engaged in denying that they ever preached it at all! Humanity has proved itself master of theology, and has driven this detestable cruel dogma out of the pulpit, though not yet out of the creed. And it is Spiritualism that has been so largely instrumental in bringing about so salutary a change, inculcating as it does a broader humanity and teaching the truths of a common brotherhood. Spiritualism, it is of no use to deny it, has forced creed religion to become more humane; and we are in confident expectation of seeing the day when Orthodox, or Presbyterian, preachers will get up and vociferously deny that their professed creed ever taught a literal hell!

The Boston *Herald* has felt constrained, by these recent ministerial denials, no doubt, to enter upon a special demonstration to convince these deniers that, whatever the tenor of their present preaching, the theological creed which they continue to profess does contain the now largely repudiated dogma of infant damnation. It quotes the Brooklyn *Eagle* as saying that, "a while ago, Rev. Dr. Talmage offered one thousand dollars reward for any proof that any creed, officially or unofficially related to Presbyterianism in any age, or to any denomination of evangelical religion, ever taught what the Boston *Herald* says was taught." It seems that Dr. Talmage had said recently that all persons who die in infancy, even in heathen lands, "go straight to heaven," and the *Herald* remarked upon it that "it is a vast gain upon the creed that found expression in the saying that 'In Adam's fall we sinned all,' and the theology that doomed unbaptized babes, 'dying in their sins,' to eternal misery." The above quotation from the Brooklyn *Eagle* was the prompt response. Upon which the *Herald* goes to work to show that "the theology to which Presbyterianism has given assent, and to which other evangelical denominations have subscribed, has taught the damnation of infants," and that it "is an historical fact, too well attested to admit of successful dispute."

The *Herald* admits gladly that this horrible doctrine is no longer preached by these denominations; but that it was held by Calvinists and Lutherans, and is still implied in the Westminster Confession and in the articles of faith in many Orthodox churches, is easy to prove. And in order to prove it, the Augsburg Confession is quoted from; and Luther's own views written "for the comfort of Christian mothers"; and Dr. Philip Schaff, an eminent Presbyterian theologian. And then comes an extract from the Westminster Confession and Catechisms, which settles the dispute against Dr. Talmage, whatever he concludes to do with his thousand dollar offer of a prize for such proof. These Westminster Confession and Catechisms are pronounced by Dr. Schaff to be "the ablest, the clearest, and the fullest statement of the Calvinistic system of doctrine," which he declares to have been "adopted not only by Presbyterians but with some modifications on church polity and the doctrine of baptism, and with a reservation of greater freedom, by the Orthodox Congregationalists and the Regular, or Calvinistic, Baptists in Great Britain and America." At the synod of Dort the Swiss theologian declared that "there is an election and reprobation of infants no less than of adults," and that God "loves and hates unborn children."

We respect you all the more, Dr. Talmage, for revolting at such damnable doctrines of the

eternal condemnation of innocent infants; but there is no need of your going back into the black forest of the cruel old creeds to defy anybody to find such doctrines there. As we said before, the reason why they are no longer preached in their horrid nakedness is because civilization will not stand it. Advanced humanity refuses with indignation to have such a delirium of old theology thrust in its face. The age is a new one. Men and women more clearly comprehend their spiritual relations to this life and the next. And we may be very certain that the theologians will change their preaching first and their creeds afterwards to suit the acknowledged change in public sentiment. They only work at their trade, and must do work that is popularly acceptable or else give way to those who will. Infant damnation is gone, and hell is following after.

Phenomena in London.

At a séance of Messrs. Hask and Williams in London, August 3d, one of the manifesting spirits sang a song in Lancashire dialect, and a lady and gentleman from Italy held a conversation in three different languages, the spirits speaking in their own independent voices; no one present except the interlocutors knowing the languages, which were Italian, Danish and Dutch. Mr. Joseph Armitage, who reports the séance to the *Medium and Daybreak*, further says that while his hand was joined with the hand of the medium, Mr. Williams, an iron ring was put on his arm. "I felt," he says, "the ring being manipulated over my hand and Mr. Williams's, and it seemed to expand until it passed over our hands; then it passed over my coat sleeve, up above my elbow, and there it remained until the close of the sitting."

J. Clegg Wright Going West.

We are informed by a correspondent that the recent labors of this eminent apostle of the New Dispensation at Saratoga Springs have been much appreciated by the friends in that locality. Mr. Munger and family, of Newton, Kan., are at present at the Lake Pleasant camp-ground, being much pleased with their visit. One of the results of this journey has been that Mr. Munger has, in the interests of the Spiritualist Society of his town, secured the services of Mr. Wright as settled speaker in Newton, for six months, commencing December 1st, 1886.

Mr. Wright goes next to Queen City Park (Vt.) camp, thence to that at Natick (Ct.), and later to the new grounds at Parkland, Pa.

San Francisco, Cal.

Albert Morton has taken the large hall in the Odd Fellows (new) Building for September. It is the finest in that city, seating 1400 people. W. J. Colville is the speaker engaged, and the (former) Temple organist and soloist are among the attractions. The enterprise, which shows the determination of Bro. Morton to keep abreast of the times spiritually, cannot fail of proving a grand success.

The Southern Camp-Meeting.

The Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution of the 19th inst. says that most of the prominent Spiritualists of that city are sojourning at the Camp-Meeting on the summit of Lookout Mountain. It reports the attendance at the meeting large, persons being present from all parts of the South.

THE SPIRIT MESSAGE DEPARTMENT (on our 6th page) offers the reader a choice installment of interesting matter, opening with a soulful invocation: Questions are answered by the Spirit President regarding the locality of the soul prior to birth into mortal life, future life for animals, the inhabitants of other planets as compared with those of earth, clairvoyants and the range of their powers, the state of mind of parents in the other life regarding the troubles of their offspring yet in this state of being, "insanity," "Theosophy and Spiritualism"; John Pierpont speaks feelingly of the demise and return of Stephen Pearl Andrews; Lizzie Ostrander Bliss voices cheer and encouragement to her brother and sister mediums; Bertha French brings a loving message to her mother in Boston; and a controlling intelligence speaks for Judge Edwin Lawrence, of Ann Arbor, Mich.; A. W. Sears, of Plymouth, Mass. (who desires to communicate with James Sears); George W. Simmons (who has pleasant words for his friends in Boston and vicinity); Wm. Lakey, of Pawtucket, R. I.; Carrie Fogg (who wishes to come into closer communion with her people in Boston); David Brewster (to friends in Bangor, Seaport and Kittery, Me.); Sarah Ford, of Boston; May Wheeler, of Philadelphia (to her mother); James Oldham, of Baltimore; and "Lilly Bell" to her medium.

MRS. RICHMOND'S DISCOURSES.—The latest numbers of the series are: No. 22, "What Am I? Whence Am I? and Whither Am I Going?" No. 23, "The Devil: His Origin, Mission on Earth and Final Destiny." The former was delivered at Eddyville and the latter at Friendship, N. Y., July 25th and Aug. 1st. These "Discourses" are published in pamphlets of eight octavo pages each, by the Spiritual Publishing Co., 64 Union Park Place, Chicago, Ill., new ones appearing every Saturday.

THE IOWA MEDICAL LIBERTY LEAGUE is now in full operation. Those wishing to know of its aims and purposes can address its President, Perry Engle, M. D., of Newton, Ia., or its Secretary, Dr. J. W. Scott, of Des Moines. *The New Thought*, which has done valiant service in fighting the "doctors' plot law" in Iowa, publishes the Constitution and By-Laws of the new Society in its issue for Aug. 21st.

THE VERY LATEST INFAMY.—The daily press alleges that it has been discovered that Indian children, whose education has been paid for, have been farmed out and neglected by a Philadelphia Institution. What next, we wonder, in the way of injustice to the red race?

Gen. Francis J. Lipitt and N. Frank White, of Washington, D. C., have made us pleasant calls of late. The foot of Time seems to fall lightly at the National Capital, if one may judge by the buoyant personal appearance and bearing of these veteran Spiritualists.

We shall print next week a lecture delivered at the Lake Pleasant Camp-Meeting Ground on Sunday, Aug. 17th, by Charles Daborn of New York, entitled "POSSIBILITIES OF SPIRIT CULTURE."

Any one having a copy of "ART MAGIC," in good condition, to dispose of, can address, stating lowest price, P. O. Box 34, Boston, Mass.

Read the call issued by the Wisconsin Association of Spiritualists, fifth page.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Life is too short for any bitter feeling:
Time is the best avenger, if we wait;
The years speed by, and on their wings bear healing;
We have no room for anything like hate.
This solemn truth the lowly minds seem revealing
That thick and fast about our feet are stealing—
Life is too short.
—*Ella Wheeler.*

A Pittsburgh builder of cheap houses uses matched flooring instead of lath and plaster. On this cotton cloth is glued, and on the cloth wall-paper is pasted. This he claims is better and cheaper than plaster, and thus houses can be built in cold weather.

A severe tornado devastated Southern Texas, Aug. 20th-22d, whereby thirty-eight persons were killed and a property loss of \$5,000,000, inflicted. Galveston suffered severely. Never before, it is said, was the lower coast of the Lone Star State visited by such a terrible conflict of the elements.

Book-binder.—Will you have it bound in Turkey or Morocco? **Purchaser.**—Oh! mercy, no. What is the use of sending it away off there? Have it bound in New York. —*Tid-Bits.*

Congressman C. S. Voorhees, of Washington Territory, says our thanks for public documents.

The Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor is to be unveiled, with appropriate ceremonies, sometime about the last of October.

In the opinion of a naturalist, the lion will be extinct in one hundred years. It would be better for the morals of the country if the tiger were to become extinct in that time. Men fight the tiger, but they very seldom molest the lion. —*Norristown Herald.*

Gloucester, Mass., tourists on the brine assert that they have seen the sea-serpent. He was on view off that port Aug. 23d. He had two eyes, and "dived" out sight with great celerity.

"Little girl, do you know whose house this is?" asked a solemn-looking old man of a bright child seated on the church steps. "Yes, sir, it's God's. But he ain't in," she added, as the old gentleman was about to walk up the steps, "and his agent's gone on the Continent."

Honorary degrees have been conferred by the University of Heidelberg—which has just reached the 500th anniversary of its founding—upon Prof. Alexander Graham Bell of Washington, Prof. Edward D. Cope of Philadelphia, Prof. Othello Charles Marsh of New Haven, Prof. Simon Newcomb, Superintendent of the *Nautical Almanac* at Washington, and Prof. John W. Powell, director of the Geological Survey.

Investigation by American naval officers shows that the Canadians are suffering far more by the enforcement of the 1818 treaty than are the American fishermen.

A new mineral has been discovered in Missouri which cuts steel with great rapidity and yet retains a keen edge. It is called adamscoobite.

Two hundred lives were lost by the burning of a passenger steamer on the River Volga, Russia, on Saturday, 21st.

A. S. Hayward of Boston, a well-known magnetic physician, is in town. —*Saratoga Eagle.*

An extradition treaty has been concluded with Japan which includes the following offences for which extradition may be asked: Murder, counterfeiting, forgery, embezzlement, larceny, burglary, entering public buildings with intent to commit felony, perjury, arson, piracy, manslaughter on board ship, malicious destruction of or attempts to destroy railways, vessels, buildings, when the act endangers human life, and fraud by a bank trustee or director of a bank or trust company.

There has been great loss of life and property at Mandalay, caused by a flood.

Down in the heart of the bottle green wood
The shadows are shifting and long;
And over the pool in the butternut tree
The chickadee rattles in song;
And then like a rasp comes a flutelike cry
That echoes through mountain and vale,
And you know that some small boy has hurled his dog out
In the green-coated pond by the fall. —*Puck.*

A fire in the business section of San Francisco, Saturday night, Aug. 21st, did damage estimated at \$2,000,000.

The names of 267 women have been added to the St. John electoral lists as qualified to vote at the next civic election. The "horrid men" down that way may well tremble for their sovereignty.

Editor Cutting has been released from custody, and we trust the "Mexican war-cloud" has collapsed.

"The poet is born, sir," said a man laughingly, as he received a roll of manuscript from the editor with a shake of the head. "Oh! is he?" replied the editor with a pleasant smile. "Well, when he gets old enough to write something, tell him to come and see me. Good-bye," and he resumed his labors. —*Washington Critic.*

The old William and Mary College in Virginia, which is dead in all but name, is keeping its privileges by a curious custom. Every morning the aged President rings the college-bell, and, though not one student responds, the college is open and its charter is not revoked.

The agricultural distress in Germany is so great that it is proposed to divide large estates for planting in the colonies among German peasants.

VERY CLEAR.—*Counsel for the defense.* "Gentlemen, the jury, if it were ever with a case which, more than any other case, challenged careful comparison with similar cases, this case is that case." —*Flying Blade.*

Zenas T. Haines, whilom of the Boston *Herald*, has assumed the editorial chair of *The Phonograph*, the local journal of Phillips, Me., his native town.

"Do you realize, sir," said the long-haired passenger, "that there is One who sees and hears all we do, who can solve our inmost thoughts, and before whom we are but crabs and worms and worms?" "Give us your hand, stranger," replied the other. "I know just how you feel. I'm married myself." —*New York Sun.*

We are in receipt of specimens of the new "United States Letter Sheet Envelopes" which are now being introduced by the Postmaster-General. They are prepared by a two-cent stamp representing Gen. Grant, are ingeniously arranged as to sealing and writing space, and seem to offer quite a "labor-saving" opportunity to the general public.

Herbert Spencer is seriously ill at his residence in London, suffering from nervous prostration and insomnia.

The **BANNER OF LIGHT** comes freighted each week to us with a host of news deliverances for Spiritualists to read and ponder over. Its facilities for obtaining the latest and best news render it an indispensable organ for the true interest of our philosophy, and is, without a doubt, "ahead of them all." \$3.00 per year. Colby & Rich Publishers, Boston, Mass. Subscriptions received through this office. —*The Eastern Star, Glenburn, Me.*

The landlords are again working the "eviction mill" to the great sorrow of Ireland's poverty-stricken peasantry.

Prof. Calvin E. Stowe, formerly of Andover Theological Seminary, husband of Harriet Beecher Stowe, died at Hartford, Ct., Aug. 23d, 1886, aged 84 years and 4 months.

Highwaymen are beginning to be altogether too common in the streets of Boston. Brace up, Messrs. Commissioners. —*Record.*

The cholera is once more devastating Italy.

The programme of European changes up to date may be set down as a revolt in Bulgaria; the abdication of Prince Alexander; and the opening up in a new form of the ever-recurring Eastern question, with Austria and England on the anxious seat.

The town of Veszprém, in Hungary, has been burned. The origin of the fire is not stated, but it was probably caused by friction among the letters of the name. —*Portland Argus.*

The island of Malta, but ninety-five square miles in extent, is declared to be the most densely populated part of the world.

"THE SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF SPIRITISM," by the late Esq. Sargent, called out the warmest encomiums at its first appearance, and the rapid consumption of the edition, which have followed, has demonstrated that there has within it an element particularly grateful to the popular appetite regarding spiritual things. For sale by the original publishers, Colby & Rich, at the *Banner of Light* Bookstore, No. 9 Bowdoin street (formerly Montgomery

W. H. FARMERSVILLE, N. Y.—We have repeatedly warned the public against the "particular", if not brilliant "Starr" you speak of. Inquirers who value their time and money will let such severely alone.