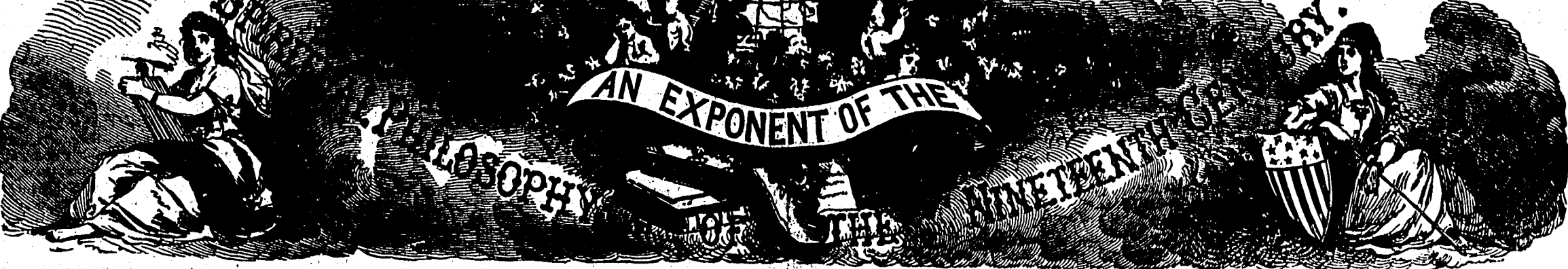


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Spiritual Phenomena.

### Reminiscent Phenomena.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
I feel it a duty to put on record an account of some manifestations which occurred under crucial test conditions in years past, and of which there is not a doubt as to their origin being with disembodied spirits. I will relate what I heard years ago, and which has been corroborated recently by the man who witnessed them. The medium was Capt. G. O. Ayling. The gentleman who witnessed the phenomena referred to has devoted some thirty years to teaching in Boston, and is often summoned to appear as an expert in writing, in courts where alleged forgery is claimed to exist, which shows that the man is good authority for what I am about to relate.

Capt. Ayling in the year 1857 discovered an improvement in a quadrant, by which he obtained as good (or better) results in the cabin of a vessel by light from a lamp, as did Capt. Whitcomb and Lieut. Miller on the deck of the same vessel by the sunlight, they using the old-fashioned quadrant. Capt. Whitcomb, of the U. S. Revenue Cutter, tested the quadrant in Boston harbor, at the time mentioned, a report appearing in the *Courier*, during that year, with the results described above.

A trick was attempted upon Ayling to see if he could be deceived in the results of the workings of the quadrant, but the new invention was not to be so deceived.

Capt. Ayling passed on to higher life many years ago, and what promised to be a very valuable improvement for the use of mariners in cloudy weather has, up to this time, failed to take on practical shape. Without question, Capt. Ayling was assisted in discovering and developing the invention, as far as it went, by spirits gone before.

Capt. Ayling was a singular instrument for spirit-control. The writer has seen him held for hours by a power which he could not resist; he being like a child in the hands of a strong man. The gentleman previously mentioned had him visit his residence for the purpose of investigating the intelligence that worked by, in and through his organism. There was no one present save Capt. Ayling and his friend, and they would place paper and pencil in a table-drawer, the gentleman sitting at the opening side of the drawer, and Capt. Ayling on the opposite side of the table; under which circumstances writing would be produced.

Another test was the placing of flour, with smoothed surface, upon a plate, when hands recognized as those of departed friends would leave their imprint upon the flour as distinctly as they could have done had they been present in the material form.

Another proof of an independent intelligence operating at the time was that of placing a blank card and pencil on a door some ten feet from where they were sitting, when there was found upon the card a rough sketch or likeness of Capt. Ayling holding his quadrant, with the words written below indicating what it was and the Captain's name also.

Let it be remembered that there was no one present at the séance save these two men; that the room was lighted sufficiently to see one another, and that they sat at the table opposite, holding one another's hands. These manifestations occurred in the winter months of 1857 and 1858. The gentleman who had the experience is still in active life, and doubtless will take pleasure in corroborating the above statement to any one interested who would rather have the information from an eye witness than from others. It is needless for me to add that this investigator was convinced that the manifestations were produced by spirit-power.

I have the permission of the gentleman to give his name and place of residence, in case anyone is interested and desires to have the statements above made corroborated by an eye witness, hence I leave the information with the editor of the *BANNER*. A. S. HAYWARD.  
Boston, June 22d, 1887.

### Interesting Physical Manifestations.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
With your permission I will give your readers some account of the physical manifestations produced by Mr. Johnson, a medium who has been developed by George T. Albro, manager of the Berry Sisters' materializing séances.

At these physical séances the room has to be darkened to totality, and until I attended one I did not suppose they would have very much interest for me, but I have found that—even as regards the identification of spirit friends—they are quite as satisfactory as the materializing séances, inasmuch as at them you obtain letters from those friends, with exact personal descriptions of them while they stand about you, and can feel the hands of those who, at the materializing séances, are unable to take on visible form.

Although the room is totally darkened, there appears to be no chance for deception. The doors are locked, and any one is at liberty to search the room. Mr. Albro, who also manages these séances, sits in the circle, as does the medium, each joining hands with those next to him on the right and left. Of course Mr. Albro remains standing until he has turned off the gas, but he then goes directly to the chair that has been left vacant for him—as far from the medium as it can be placed. The table is of heavy oak; one of the longest extension dining-tables—single leaf of it having no light weight. Upon it are musical instruments of various kinds: a guitar, tambourine, harp, and piano, etc. Also lead, pencils, and blocks of paper. At intervals the gas is lighted,

to give opportunity to read the notes that have been written, and to change the position of the medium, so that each in the circle may in turn sit next to him and hold his hand.

No sooner has the gas been turned off than the manifestations commence. Tambourines begin to jingle, are pushed about upon the table, then go dancing around the room, knocking against the side-walls, bounding up to the ceiling, and down and around again till you have had enough of that kind. At the same time, some seemingly reckless spirit-hand twangs the guitar, and perhaps a little harp, and will give forth a few plaintive notes. Sometimes a spirit-friend indicates his presence by patting you with a tambourine upon your head, and if you are holding the medium's hand he will tell you who he is.

It is while you hold the medium's hand that he describes the spirit-friends who are about you, giving also their names and sometimes perhaps a message for some one who is not there. In my own case I have been given the names of six different persons who were about me at three of the séances I have attended and of five at the other. Little hands have patted my face, and a woman's soft fingers have been drawn gently across my forehead, as is often done to relieve an aching head; while more masculine palms—those of my father and my son—have grasped my disengaged fingers in loving salutation, as their names were given to me by the medium.

At times a white, egg-shaped light, evidently electrical, is waved rapidly to and fro, at various heights, then starts up and down; and in the intervals of all these—which, however, are few and brief—the rapid movement of pencils may be heard, and the rendering of the written pages as they are torn from the sheets beneath them. Once the spirit-son of a lady who was present, and who said he had been a musician, favored us with "Sweet Home" upon the harmonica, which was so soft and sweet as rendered by those spirit-friends that it seemed more the music of heaven than earth, and, complying with our request, he played it again.

One of the most remarkable things I have there witnessed was the coming of a luminous spirit-form—the form of a woman—plainly seen by all, but unable to be ethereal rather than material. It seemed to float in the air, just back of and above the two gentlemen, one of whom afterwards came to fulfill a promise that had been given to him. It came very gradually, and remained visible two or three minutes when fully defined.

Other manifestations were so violent as almost to cause alarm, the table being wrenched till it seemed as if it would go down, or at least be made loose in the joints; and when the gas has been lighted after one of these table-wrenchings some one of the circle has been found sitting in his chair upon it—the spirits, in the fullness of their strength, having placed him there.

At one séance two men were thus transferred, one of whom was said to weigh more than two hundred and forty pounds. He had told a lady in the circle that no spirits could ever put him on the table, so she said, and when she saw him there her mirth knew no bounds.

The last manifestation at each of these séances that I have attended was by no means the least—the taking out of every leaf in the table, while our joined hands were resting upon them, and piling them against the wall behind us, with such noise and clatter as to make it seem that several spirits were engaged in the work and enjoyed the fun.

Such are some of the manifestations I have witnessed at these "dark séances," as Mr. Albro calls them; but, interesting as they have been, the written communications I have received have had greatest value for me. In the first there were allusions that no one but my spirit-son could have made, and which assured me beyond all doubt that he still lives. Such letters do not come from mortal hands, nor are they dictated by mortal minds. W.

### His Dream Fulfilled.

Warren Chipp, father of the late Lieutenant Charles W. Chipp, of the navy (who was lost, with his boat's crew, during the retreat after the wreck, died at Kingston, N. Y., recently. His death calls to mind a remarkable dream or vision which he had, indicating to him the loss of the United States steamer *Jeannette*, on which his son was one of the officers. The *Jeannette* started on the expedition for the North Pole in the summer of 1879. She became imbedded in the ice on September 4th of that year, off Siberia, and drifted with the ice-pack until June 18th, 1881, when she sank. No word had been received by Mr. Chipp from his son after the time the vessel entered the Polar sea. On the night on which the fatal disaster occurred to the vessel, he was more restless than usual, and falling into a doze he saw vividly pictured the steamer in the ice, her appearance when the catastrophe came, the abandonment by the crew and the sinking and disappearance of the *Jeannette* from sight. Mr. Chipp told his dream the next day, giving the circumstances as they had appeared to him. No one thought much of it at the time, but when the news came months afterward and the details were read in the newspapers it came back to those who had heard the dream, and they were startled at the exactness of the picture as presented to Mr. Chipp in his slumber and the facts as they were reported from the actual occurrence.—*Port Jervis Gazette.*

**MAGNETIC TREATMENT FOR RHEUMATISM.**—The German Empress Augusta has for many years been under "magnetic" treatment. It is given to her by an old woman of the Silesian peasantry, now more than seventy years of age, who is never allowed to be long away from the court, traveling with the Empress, has her entire life spent at all the court ceremonies from some quiet corner, and is allowed to bring her daughter to the palace to see her, rather than that she should absent herself for a journey to her native place.—*London Life.*

## Literary Department.

### AN ARTIST'S STORY.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light

BY

JOHN WILLIAM FLETCHER.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### A Visit to the Country.

It was just at the close of a beautiful day in the latter part of July, 1880, when Cyril Manning stepped from a carriage as it drew up before Raglan Court, in the south of Wales. He had a fair, handsome face, tall, well-built figure, and that indolent air which imparts such an indescribable charm to some people. He might have been a man of fashion, for his clothes were more than well made; or a man of letters, for his face was most intelligent. He was, however, one of England's most distinguished portrait painters, who, now that the London season was over, had come down to Wales to paint the portrait of Sir Charles Fitzherbert. He had looked forward to this visit, not only because he was weary with the jargon of town life, but also because of the keen enjoyment which the delightfully picturesque country in and about Wales would give to his artistic temperament.

Forsaken as the country is for eight months in the year by the gentry, who spend in town the money so hardly earned at home, the hill and plain, lake and valley now put on their sweetest aspect, the flowers their brightest colors, and the trees seemed to reach out their branches like great loving arms to receive their children, while the winds, first with quivering softness, like a mother's voice in which lurks the suspicion of a tear, then with louder and sweeter intonation fairly shouted their warm and earnest greetings.

To handsome, indolent, artistic Cyril Manning the prospect of passing three months in this country home, which, like all English country houses, was a little world within itself, possessed a nameless charm; for an hour's employment is called work, and the remaining time is happily passed in hunting, fishing, or making one's self agreeable in the drawing-room or in that sweet solitude where Nature from without and within the man forms a new alliance impossible to discover or to cement in the heartless, soulless tumult of the busy, money-getting world.

The drive from the station had been delightful, and he lighted from the carriage to greet Sir Charles, who, accompanied by his young son and two beautiful stag-hounds, came down the drive to meet him.

"Welcome, welcome, my dear sir, to Raglan Court!" exclaimed the host, whose well-preserved face was wreathed in smiles of genial good humor.

The artist heartily grasped the extended hand, and then patting the soft cheek of the boy, looked admiringly at the stately hounds and the picture before him. A residence old in its architecture, yet modernized by the alterations made by the respective generations occupying it, each seeming to have improved upon its predecessor, as education, art and instinct must ever cultivate the broad and liberal-minded. Those who knew the race of Fitzherberts, the sturdy, honorable old grandfathers and the winsome, gentle, petite wife, the merry, beautiful children, and nothing of the intervening generation with its mixed blood and deplorable estrangements, could easily fancy that each stone of the massive wall had a chivalric history, and each soft sunbeam flitting through the stained glass windows an imprisoned smile of the winsome lady, or the sweet, soft glances of her happy sons.

Entering the house, already crowded with visitors, Sir Charles escorted his guest up the long staircase into the east wing of the mansion, where, reaching an apartment most quaint in its furnishing, he threw open the door, and bade Cyril enter, saying, "This will be your room, my dear Manning, for a few days only. The house is so full we could not give the apartments that you will occupy a little later; but this is a quiet corner, and you will want a few days' rest before you begin work, also time to study just the style of portrait you will make of me. Your luggage will be here in a few moments, and we dine at eight." A moment later the door closed, and the artist stood alone in the quaint old tapestried room of the east wing of the mansion. It looked very inviting. The high-posted bed, the deep crimson curtains, the large bouquet of flowers on the stand, and the warm air coming in through the half-open window, made the chamber very attractive. He moved toward one of the windows, which, strangely enough, was heavily latticed, and looked down, not upon a bright garden, but upon heavy rocks, for at this side of the house the landscape had almost a wild appearance. Then, wandering about, he looked here and there, smoked a cigarette, hummed a tune, and shortly was interrupted by the arrival of the luggage. He dressed himself with great care, looked at the reflection of his well-built figure approvingly, fastened a flower in his buttonhole, and, as the dinner-bell sounded, went down prepared to meet the assembled company.

They always dined well in an English house, as dinner plays a very important part in an Englishman's worldly happiness, and he gives himself up to the enjoyment of red mullet and oysters with an intensity which, in another cause, would redeem the English character from the charge of stolidity. Around the table only pleasant things are heard, each guest feeling it incumbent upon himself to contribute something to the general amusement. Manning was of that type of stolid Englishmen who seem trebly blessed by inheriting from nature not only a calm, even and practical disposition, but a clever genius, and from relatives a large fortune. He had already made himself famous by painting a really wonderful portrait of the great English Premier, and was consequently everywhere received with all the distinction accorded by well-bred society to rank and genius.

Mothers with marriageable daughters angled for him with undiminished courage, season after season, and ladies of uncertain age and abundant vanity, although too discreet to openly admire him, made earnest inquiry after "his health, his happiness, and his ambitions," and with an intensity worthy of better purpose begged that "they might be like a mother to him should misfortune ever cross the now radiant lines of his life."

In fact, his coming down to paint the portrait of Sir Charles was a condescension, for which the sum of £2000 and an escape from the disagreeables in society might be regarded as a small return.

He was treated with unusual attention, and as the hours waned away toward midnight, and he had said good-night to his hostess and the ladies, Sir Charles extended his hand, saying: "It's your first night here, dear old fellow, so do not forget what you dream. Are you the least superstitious?"

"I am superstitious?" laughed the guest; "never a bit. I sleep like a top, and the ghost of Sybil herself could not arouse me," and with a merry smile and another "good night," he bowed himself from the room, and sauntered away toward the quaint old chamber. Here he found everything arranged in that perfect order known only to well-trained servants.

The slippers on the polished fender, the snowy sheets turned down with inviting tastefulness, and his own equally white night-linen placed where he could most easily touch it; and, in fact, all but that deliciously refreshing rest that slumber alone can bring, was offered him with lavish care. Lighting a cigar he sat by the window and viewed the beauties of the night; the moonlight lay like a mantle of glory over the bright green earth, and the high bowlers beneath his window seemed like so many grim sentinels keeping watch over the castle. His cigar had long been out before he drew the curtain, threw aside his clothes and extinguished the candles; soon after this he was sailing far away over that silver ocean which we must ever cross ere we enter the land of slumber.

It might have been an hour later when he was suddenly awakened by what seemed to be the presence of some one in his room. There was a long drawn sigh, which was followed by the rustle of a silk dress, as some one softly and leisurely moved across the floor.

At first he thought he was in the main building, and possibly in the crowded condition of the house some of the gentlemen were obliged to pass through his room in order to reach their own apartment. Strangely enough for one of his temperament, the words of his host rang in his ears: "Remember what you dream! Are you nervous, or superstitious?" and brave and careless as he was by day, he found himself trembling like a frightened child, and unable to awake from what he firmly assured himself was the effect of too hearty a supper. For a moment he held his breath, and then resolutely opened his eyes and looked toward the window. The moonlight was streaming through the half drawn curtain, giving strange shapes to distant objects in the room.

Then he thought the wind was moving the drapery and caused the rustle, but this idea was soon dissipated, and he distinctly beheld a dark shadow glide quickly about the room and stop at the window. It threw out a long, bony arm, half thrusting the curtain aside, and the moonlight fell full upon a woman's face.

For an instant only did she stand thus, revealing a terribly thin, haggard countenance; then turning around she looked intently toward the bed.

One gaunt arm and hand still held back the draperies, while the other was thrown forward as if for protection. Suddenly she raised both hands high in the air, and uttering a low, fiendish laugh, disappeared—apparently through the window.

For a moment Manning was unnerved, and a cold sweat stood on his brow; then springing out of bed, he rushed to the window. Leaning as far out as the lattice would allow, he intently scanned the rocks below, fully expecting to see the mangled corpse of the woman that had stood before him. The moon still shone peacefully; the night was tranquilly itself, and the rocks as clean and unstained as before he had gone to sleep.

He rubbed his eyes and pinched his flesh to make certain he was quite awake. There was no doubt of it.

For once in his life his stolidity failed him,

and his previously overwrought nerves left him trembling like a child. Throwing a long dressing-gown over his shoulders, he sat down to wait for developments. If it was really a mystery, little use attempting to penetrate it alone and at such an hour; if an accident, the house would doubtless soon be astir.

Notwithstanding his excitement, he was tired after his journey and exhausted from the recent stirring events, and sleep soon overcame his resolve to watch until sunrise.

The breakfast-bell being the next appeal to his consciousness, he hastily rang for his servant and his bath.

It seemed impossible to realize what had occurred, and had he not awoke to find himself sitting by the window in his dressing-gown, he would have laughed heartily at his nightmare vision; and he determined to beware of too much wine or an over-strong midnight cigar in the future.

It is so easy to forget the fancies of the night with the morning sun shining full in one's face, that he soon dismissed the subject from his mind, but not until he had dressed himself and resolved to visit and inspect the rocks below his window. Hastily as he dressed, Sir Charles was already in the garden before him, accompanied by his magnificent hounds, who were not the least intelligent of the inhabitants of Raglan Court.

"Ah, my dear Manning, good morning. How fresh you look," said the host; "you must have slept well, if your bright face is an indication of rest."

"Good morning, Sir Charles; good morning, mine host; so you are going to walk with the beauties," replied Manning, evading a direct response; and he patted the beautiful stag-hound caressingly. "Shall I go along, too?"

"Certainly, certainly; but not for much of a walk, though; only just for a turn around the garden before the ladies come down."

Sir Charles eyed his guest curiously, and there was the least twinge of nervousness in his manner as, after some idle conversation, he said: "Did you sleep well? Come, be communicative, and tell me what you dreamt."

Manning half stopped and looked Sir Charles squarely in the face as he replied: "I dreamed nothing—at least nothing that I now recall."

Here the breakfast bell summoned them into the bright, pleasant room where the ladies in charming morning *nightgowns* and with many smiles of welcome greeted them and began laying the plans of the day. There were drives to the old abbey, three miles distant, a sail on the lake, and a dozen other things to do ere the day had passed.

Manning heartily joined in all their plans, yet more than once during the summer hours that followed he found himself reverting to the occurrences of the night and to his host's apparent interest in his dream. The hollow laugh of the strange apparition seemed at times repeating itself in the gay laughter of his companion, and, do what he could, the horrible impression of the night would not be shaken off. He made up his mind to invent some excuse, if necessary, and visit London the next day to see his doctor, for ghosts and a sound physical and mental condition were very antagonistic, as far as his experience and education had taught him.

He still felt the same earnest desire to visit the rocks beneath his window, and yet he found himself originating one excuse and another, and calling himself a fool for each, until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when, stepping out of the room, he determinedly went through the garden, around to the east wing in which his room was situated. It was some moments before he came out on the side of the grounds which presented a striking contrast to the spot he had just left. At the right was a thicket, with a walk in and through it, called "The Maze," while far above him was the narrow, latticed window of his chamber. At his feet were the huge, rough stones, covered with clinging vines. They looked less picturesque in the sunlight than they had the night before. Curiously he looked about, as if expecting to see the crushed remains of his ghostly visitor, but there was absolutely nothing to remind him of what had occurred, save unaltered memory, which persistently haunted him; so, hurrying away, without even a backward glance, he entered the drawing-room just as the ladies were having their afternoon tea.

Although somewhat paler than before his visit to the mysterious spot, it had greatly relieved his mind, and soon, under the pleasant effect of the tea and the stimulus of a little good-natured chaff for being dull and absent-minded, the general serenity of his nature asserted itself.

It seemed simply impossible that he, a man at peace with himself and the world, with no more voices than society votes agreeable, should, at his time of life, dread anything more than a slight attack of affection or indigestion.

Although an artist, and accustomed to mingle with people of vivid fancies, he was quite the reverse of imaginative or sentimental, and being an Englishman, prided himself upon being indifferent to all agitating subjects upon his physical bravery and mental self-control.

His theory was that every man ought to eat, drink and sleep well, and that if he did not do so it was *chicfy* his own fault. As the rich can never fully understand the trials of poverty, neither can those who are strong and robust ever fully appreciate the great misfortune of physical weakness.

As evening approached he determined to prepare for whatever real or imaginary horrors this second night at Raglan Court might bring.

He could not rid himself of the belief that the circumstances so clearly and forcibly presented to his mind had some foundation in reality, and were, therefore, as likely to take place in some form upon the coming night as upon the night before; so, the duties of the evening over, he retired to his room, carefully locked the door, closed the window and drew the curtains open. For an hour or more he searched every nook and corner, closet and panel; he explored behind paintings, for hidden springs and hollow walls and unexpected traps, but all in vain; and having put the furniture about the room so that if any persons should by chance be walking in their sleep they would stumble against it, he undressed and composed himself for the night.

At first his slumber was disturbed, but later he sank into that heavy dreamless sleep seldom experienced by those of uneasy conscience or unclean mind.

How long he had been sleeping he could not tell, but when he awoke it was with a start, as he became conscious of a hand of icy coldness resting on his forehead.

A cold breeze, seemed sweeping about him, and a voice, in low, wailing tones, said, "Perdition is mine! No rest for a sinful soul!" Then followed the silence of death. If before this

he was in a half-comatose state, he was now decidedly wide awake, and springing half up in bed, he beheld the moonlight streaming on the same dark, sombre face, and the form of a woman, standing by the window. She was looking intently out of the window, probably on the rocks below. Controlling the weakness and tremor of his body, Manning was about making a spring to grasp the figure, when it turned, as on the night before, then raising its arm and clenching tight the uplifted hands, uttered the same terrible laugh, and disappeared, apparently, through the window.

This was too much for the stolid Englishman. Unlike the previous night, he now had complete possession of his wits, and he saw at once the absurdity of thinking that a solid, material figure, could jump through the finely latticed iron work that very effectually prevented the opening of the window.

Sleep was now out of the question. He got up and tried the door; it was firmly locked. He went to the window, stumbling on the way over the chairs and tables he had placed to trip up another, and this was as he had left it. With all his strength he pulled, and pounded, and twisted the iron work of the lattice, but it resisted all his efforts.

He saw no sensible escape from the conclusion that some restless denizen of the world beyond had found her way back to earth again; for, like all others in a similar plight, he was firmly convinced of the evidence of his senses. Hastily donning his dressing-gown, he paced back and forth in his room until the gray light of the morning streamed in at the window, and the sound of an awakening household was heard.

Solitude and serious thoughts may have a good effect upon the mind, but they certainly have an opposite one upon the appetite, and with this matter no sensible man allows any interference; so, finishing his toilet, Manning hastened out into the fresh, clear morning air, to shake out, if possible, the tangled mystery of the night.

In the garden, sauntering as usual at this hour, he met Sir Charles. The latter observed at once the artist's pale and languid appearance.

"My dear fellow," he exclaimed, with real earnestness, "what is the trouble with you? Surely, you could not have slept well."

"You are right. I have slept very little for the last two nights—very little indeed," replied Manning.

"That is a great shame; really a very great pity!" replied Sir Charles. "How can you account—what reason assign for it? Why, I thought, old man, that the Seven Sleepers found their most formidable rival in you."

Seeing that Manning hesitated, he nervously kept on: "Not one of the ladies, eh? or any old affair of the heart, revived by their careless banter? Or, possibly, some lonely ghost wandering about the old east wing?"

As on the previous day, Manning turned, squarely facing Sir Charles, and said:

"I dreamed nothing, and I do not believe in ghosts."

At this moment they were joined by the baronet's young son with the stag-hounds, and the current of conversation changed to livelier subjects, as they passed slowly along the rose-tree walk to the morning-room.

During breakfast he made up his mind to fathom the mystery first and see his doctor afterward, and also to say nothing of his troubled visitor to any one. During the day he kept much by himself, and determined when he went to bed to put something under his pillow, which, should the figure reappear, would serve the purpose he had in view.

[Continued in our next.]

For the Banner of Light.

CAMP-MEETING TIME.

My heart is a-thrill, and I long to sing  
With the birds in your green tree,  
For the joy of the summer is here with me,  
Like the summer birds, I too, am free—  
Unfettered and free to take my wing  
Where the white tents gleam and the waters glide,  
And all God's landscape smiles clear and wide,  
There to linger and write my rhyme,  
Or weave new songs for camp-meeting time.  
For of course I shall take my soul along—  
My tired soul, so glad to go  
Where green trees wave and the waters flow;  
So glad the peace of sweet hours to know,  
And the clasp of kindred hands and strong.  
And oh! how my soul will listen and catch  
The sound of the angels uplifting the latch  
Of the door between us and Heaven's clime,  
All in the glad camp-meeting time.  
I'll meet my loved as I meet them not  
In this narrow groove of daily life,  
There where nature and love are rife,  
Far from all sordid care and strife;  
On holy ground in some sacred spot,  
The spirit-people shall speak to me,  
And give me again my own to see  
Till I quaff to the utmost "love's full red wine,"  
All in the glad camp-meeting time.  
Oh! haste, then, summer, all daisy-dressed,  
And crown my joy, as you surely will,  
Till my soul, like a lyre no longer still,  
Swept by invisible hands, shall thrill  
With wonderful music well expressed,  
To join the chorus, inspired and sweet,  
Of hundreds of waiting hearts who meet  
On a plane of jubilee sublime,  
All in the glad camp-meeting time.  
New York, June, 1887. AUGUSTA CHAMBERS.

Passed On.

Wm. F. Lyon, who has been well known for many years as a prominent Spiritualist, both in California and Michigan, passed to spirit-life from his home in Adrian, Michigan, Feb. 20, 1887, aged 75 years and 8 months. He leaves a wife, three sons and one daughter. He was born at Chatham, N. Y., and at the age of 21 married Miss Catherine Palmer, with whom he emigrated to Wisconsin in 1838, where he passed a busy life, taking up land, building mills, engaging in a mercantile venture, being at times prosperous and at other times meeting with reverses. At one time he accepted a license as a Methodist preacher, but, however, feeling "strong in the faith," he about 1850 he became interested in the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism. After a somewhat extensive investigation he became convinced of its naturalness and planability, and since that time has been an earnest advocate and worker in the promulgation of its teachings. In 1853 his pioneer disposition led him to emigrate to California, where, during his residence in Sacramento, he aided in founding and maintaining for years a Progressive Lyceum of free thought. It was there he wrote a work entitled "The Hollow Globe," which he published in Chicago, also "The Gospel of Nature." At one time he was President of the State Spiritualist Association of Michigan, since when he has traveled extensively through Wisconsin, Michigan and Tennessee, lecturing on his favorite theme. While in later years failing health compelled him to remain at home, he was industriously employed in writing, endeavoring to explain and elucidate the principles and philosophy of Spiritualism. He wrote mostly by inspiration. He was ever modest and unassuming, unwilling to claim any credit not justly his due. An affectionate husband and kind father, he provided with a liberal hand for his family, and was ever ready to give aid to the poor, even beyond his means. His charity extended to all mankind, always finding an excuse for the erring ones in their organization and education. Years ago his wife became developed as a speaking medium, and he afforded him great pleasure to sit in the family circle with a few friends and hear her converse with the departed ones. And now he comes to us through the name of the departed, and we are glad to hear that he is at last at rest, and that he has passed on to the other side of the veil.

The Favorite Washing Compound of the day is JAMES E. LEE'S PREPARED. It cleanses the face without injury and without the laborious scrubbing necessary with ordinary soap. For sale by grocers.

## The Reviewer.

THE HIDDEN WAY ACROSS THE THRESHOLD; or, The Mystery Which Hath been Hidden for Ages and from Generations. An Explanation of the Concealed Forces in Every Man to Open the Temple of the Soul, and to Learn the Guidance of the Unseen Hand. Illustrated and Made Plain with as few Occult Phrases as Possible, by J. C. Street, A. B., Fellow of the Order S. S. S., and of the Brotherhood Z. Z. R. Z. Z. 8vo, cloth, pp. 387. Boston: Lee & Shepard. For sale by Colby & Rich, 9 Bowditch street.

The broad field of occult study entered upon in this book is sufficient to engage one's entire lifetime on earth, and even then the ground will not be covered, the task scarcely begun. The magnitude of the truths it embraces, their height, depth and profundity, at first sight overcomes the student with a doubt of his ability to comprehend them; he soon, however, learns that it is only by slow processes he can do so, and proceeds accordingly.

The work, which is a compilation rather than the product of any one mind, opens with the axiom frequently reiterated of late, that the two vital truths that should underlie all religions are the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. It looks upon the existence in all religious systems hitherto presented, of a misconception of God's understanding of man, a belief in the divinity of one revelation, and the infallibility of the intelligence that inspired it, as vital errors, which the light of a new era of thought and inquiry is destined to destroy. It claims that the religion of the future will be practical love and good will. "It will be noble, broad, comprehensive, grounded in science, philosophy, the divine revelations of Nature and the teachings of exalted angels."

Add that religion has already commenced its reign. "The overture of the angels," we are told, "is heard afresh in new anthems, and the heavenly hosts are marshalled for a conquest which will be complete and for all time." They have issued their manifesto that man shall henceforth be free, mentally and spiritually, that creeds and dead forms shall no longer shackles him—free, perfectly free to do right, to think right, to live right, and be his own prophet, priest and king."

We are given a long chapter upon "God and the Divine Image," but though interesting, and possibly instructive, in so far as it presents in condensed form the views entertained by the philosophers of past ages, back to the most remote periods of human history, the reader at its close is forced to the conviction that all attempts to comprehend the Incomprehensible—for such "God" must be, else he would not be God—are vain and futile.

Much has been written of late regarding the astral body, very little being generally known thereof, hence the chapter herein given relating to it will be perused with much interest and serve to enlighten many upon what is to them at present a very dark subject. The importance of acquiring such knowledge is evident if the claim be true, as made by Mr. Street and others, that this astral or star magnum, known and used by mystics in all ages, is an important factor in all spirit phenomena that occur in our midst.

The astral body is said to be the body of the invisible self, "the quintessence of matter, and the principle of organic life; the agent of all sensations of the outer life." "The magnetic and astral body are the same, being the *Dual Asaya* or *Life-fluid*, the astral being that life-fluid which spirits use as their means of coming in contact with matter," and by which they manifest their power and make themselves visible.

Observation has shown us that the astral body at death disengages itself slowly from the body. During the first few moments which follow dissolution, a soul does not usually clearly understand its own situation. One does not think himself dead, for he feels himself alive. He does not know where he is, yet he does not understand that he is separated from it, and, according to the spiritual growth of the soul, this state of indecision, or else a numb numbness, may last for some time, and during this time the slightest connection between body and the astral. We know that in proportion as the soul progresses, the essence of its astral, which is of the finer nervous fluid, becomes more etherealized, and the more it follows that the influence of matter diminishes in proportion to the advancement of the soul; that is, the astral becomes less material, and the more the disposal of the limb after separation from the body affects the patient agreeably or otherwise solely through the action of the astral. The experience is well known to surgeons, and several instances of the kind are related. It is stated that the astral body encloses the soul of each individual like an atmosphere, upon which is impressed a full record of his life, and not only that but the motive that impelled him in every act. Medi-umistic persons have often been shocked by the disclosures thus made to them. An explanation of appearances occasionally seen over newly-made graves is suggested to our minds when we are told, on page 118, that the astral body has frequently been seen by attendants leaving the earthly body at the moment of dissolution, and that at times, when there has been a desire not to die, and the attractions of the individual to earth have been strong, the astral body, in the form of a column of thin, ethereal, violet-blue vapor, has been seen over and about the upper part of the corpse, there remaining until the form had entirely returned to dust. To this is attributed the high estimation in which the ancients held cremation. Said one whose name is enrolled among those of the philosophers of old: "I pray you, my friends, if you indeed love me, see to it that my body be burned into dust, that the vestal fire of the soul may pass on its way rejoicing."

The position of this book, that it will greatly interest the majority of our readers is that which treats upon "Adept, Seer and Mediumship." "To lift the veil, the mist of obscurity which hides the secrets of nature and conceals the future from mankind, has been the desire of people in all ages, but reached only by the few sages and prophets in the past. They mean serious and arduous work, the possibility of communion with the departed, the so-called dead, burst forth like the first rising of the sun, before which all lesser lights grow pale. To become a medium of spirit communication, to be able to see and feel the vibrations of spirit and matter, and to reach the third state of being, a state between sleeping and waking—trance—a condition coequal with death."—p. 102.

The phenomena of Spiritualism are its indispensable basis. Without its vast array of phenomenal facts, Spiritualism would be no better than the speculative systems of philosophy and ethics that have preceded it. But the foundation is not the structure; and though phenomena may be the *alpha* of Spiritualism, they are not the *omega*. Hence there is not in all this volume a more truthful passage, or one that every individual convinced of the truth of spirit-communication should take to heart and be governed by, than the following:

"Spirits are in our midst for something more than to prove their existence and present wonders to marvellous eyes. They mean serious and arduous work for human enlightenment and progress. They come to teach a truer and better philosophy of life than the world has had; to aid us in the solution of the great problems of our being; to inspire us with higher aims and nobler efforts for our own and others' good; they come to give us the benefits of their higher unfoldment and larger experience, that we may be incited to make the most and best of our earthly presence, and to do what they can to correct our errors and educate us for the practical duties of both the present and future life. In fact, their purposes for our good are manifold, beyond the demonstration of their presence; and those investigators who stop short with phenomenal manifestations, and do not make them stepping-stones to the great temple of spiritual truth, build upon them, are but the architects of a 'dumb show' that may amaze and perhaps amuse them for a time, without adding anything to their mental or spiritual growth."—p. 135.

The erroneous impression that mediumship is new and rare is corrected by the remark that "it is neither," and that from the first birth into spirit-life the first man on our planet, there was spirit-communication and mediumship, which is equivalent to saying that it has been coexistent with the human race; not only eternal, for who shall say when the "first" was, or how that which has no ending could have had a beginning.

Our author does not believe that mediumship is a "special gift" bestowed upon a comparative few, but rather that it is a natural gift belonging to all. Hence he says: Cease your dependence upon others to demonstrate the fact of spirit-life and to bring you in communion with your departed loved ones; rather about your table in the home sanctuary, and the results will be, sooner or later, all the most inspiring can hope for.

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Of entrancement it is said there are three kinds: I. The psychological or overshadowing, during which the astral and soul of the medium are controlled by a human being.

II. Sleeping, while the soul rests from the solar plexus, releasing the brain of the medium for other influences to use, during which the soul of the medium remains at home in its own body, while some intelligence, usually of a high degree, comes as a visitor and communes and takes charge of the organism by request of its owner.

III. The pilgrim-age or voyage of the soul, while the entire body may rest or be used by another intelligence, the soul taking a flight to distant points, supported and overshadowed by a guiding spirit.

Against the treatment accorded to mediums, the following eloquent protest is made: at no time in all the history of Modern Spiritualism more emphatically called for than now:

"We do most solemnly protest against the merciless crusade and tyranny of test-conditions; against unfair treatment on the part of so-called scientific men, who claim attention from the world as honorable men, yet endeavor to place obstacles and religious dishonesty and in their investigations of spiritual laws. Shall Negatives and Spiritual Mediums continue to sin and suffer and become victims of blind forces, while the scientific men, who claim to be the most advanced, stand aloof, on account of intolerance and ignorance? God never discloses himself directly, save through some medium. To the common mind mediumship may seem to be only as vulgar as the conjuring tricks and religious imposture of the mob; but to those who have ripened into an illumination of mentality, and been transformed by a renewal of their minds, mediumship gives ample proof of visible advantages commencing from out the great crowd of the invisible majority on the other side of life, and also of the immortality of the soul."—p. 207.

It is urged that what is needed to-day is cool, calm, dispassionate investigation, and this must be a personal matter with each individual. "Psychical Research Societies cannot do our work for us. It is not for any set up a body of men in a new chair of authority and how to their dictum as though they were the special oracle of heaven." "Scientists," continues the writer, "can be and often are as tyrannical as priests, and many materialists and agnostics are as bigoted and intolerant as the most arrogant and dogmatic churchman." The fact is, the individual's inherent nature and disposition govern his words and acts in whatever situation he may be placed, and be he the most devoted believer, or the most irreverent skeptic, it inevitably shows itself.

In regard to Adeptship, it is remarked that the Adept of India and the Seer of our Western hemisphere are the same, the only difference being in the mode of attaining the end. In India it is thought that climbing the paths of wisdom through reducing the animal nature and repressing all physical desires is the best course to pursue. In our land the preferred method is to unite and centralize the dual forces of the individual, under control of the will, thereby converging to a pivotal point with the astral and human forces; the first is the Wisdom path, the other the path of Love. The end to be attained is the illumination and ripening of the soul, or inner nature; and it is a matter of choice with each which path is followed.

In the chapter upon "The Cultivation of Spiritual Gifts," valuable advice is given, not only for the development of visible powers, the germ of which exists in some degree of unfoldment in every individual, but to those who would witness the phenomena or avail themselves of the knowledge produced or revealed by the exercise of those powers. The directions for the formation of home circles and the course to pursue to attain the most satisfactory results, are minute in detail, yet clear, concise and comprehensive. Of mediums it is very truthfully said that they are often misunderstood by their most intimate friends; that their feelings should be respected when they manifest an aversion to sitting with any individual, in any particular place, or at any given time, because the reluctance they exhibit doubtless arises from an impression made by their spirit-guides for the purpose of protecting them from injurious influences.

We have touched upon only a few leading points in this remarkable book, alluding briefly to subjects with which the generality of our readers are somewhat familiar; and unable to scarcely more than refer even to these. Its remaining themes are "Sacred Symbols," "Man, and the Opportunities of His Life," "Soul and Spirit Soul," "World's Religion," "Spiritualism," "The Prayer of the Heart," "The Prayer of Thought or Expression of Faith," "The Path of Evolution and Involution," "The Great Mystery," "The Hidden Way," "The Many Manifestations," "The Temple Within," "Gathered Sheaves," and "Across the Threshold." In "Translations of Thoughts from Other Tongues," are given pages from the "Secret Writings" of the Abbot La Cour, "The History of Spirit," after the text of the Abbé de Villars, including "The Prayer of Savitri," "Notes from the Divine Pyramider of Hermes Trismegistus," "Fragments from the Hermetic Philosophers," "The Song of the Egyptian Harper," in the time of Rameses II., B. C. 1850, recently discovered at Karnak, Definitions of Cabalistic Names, "The Smaragdine Table of Hermes," said to have been found in the valley of Ebron after the flood, etc. A number of fine engravings are given in illustration, the frontispiece being one of the formation of a circle at Delphi in Ancient Greece, under the voice and direction of the Oracle of which the nation was more or less influenced and ruled for upward of a thousand years.

The following passages from the closing chapter, "Across the Threshold," will illustrate the style of its composition, and serve as an appropriate ending to this review:

"You feel no sense of weight nor bonds to earth, but float with wings on high, propelled by will, through space and light through space; or, like a bird, sail on the buoyant waves of ether. Then, plucked by concentrated will, you pass like lightning through the shortest space, finding no boundaries, but moving across countless worlds, stars that are numberless, trackless regions limitless; while through and over all God's presence and tender love penetrate and overshadow like a great benediction. Hearken! from far adown the great corridors of space, comes floating upward a joyous song: 'Death is swallowed up in victory. Peace upon earth, good-will toward men.' Then, bursting forth the anthem, 'Death is swallowed in the Absolute Love.' Now, you awaken to the knowledge that music has speech, and explanations, which, combined with Spirit, forms a language in which the highest heavenly glories of the universe can be revealed. Some faithful angel guide, of whom you had at times glimpses while on earth, comes in majestic form, in noble form, in noble form, and stands beside you, listening to the heavenly anthems. As the mother watches her first-born, so he watches the surprises of your enraptured soul."

Lovingly embracing you, he welcomes you home with gentle words: 'This is thy soul's rest from its standing in pilgrimage, the peace that passeth understanding. Now fly, my dear child, weary pilgrim, loose thy well-worn sandals and rest in peace; thou art at home.' Home, home! how young and bright are all your old loves and the dear friends to you now! The very air makes the pulses quicken and the heart leap for gladness, too full for utterance. With tears of thankful love to the dear God, who has given you the victory, and with an overflowing heart, you kneel in grateful rapture in the bosom of your angel guide, making every effort to express your murmured thanks, for his guiding hand, and faithful Spirit that has been the ladder on which your soul has risen, you strive in weakness to return a little love for love as he tenderly leads you to rest amid the echoing anthems of an angel's song; home and peace at last forever. The vision of this one fair, hour remains in memory through eternity."

From Colby & Rich, Boston, comes "Unanswerable Logic," which is a series of spiritual discourses given through the mediumship of Thomas Gales Forster. The book is made up of twenty-four of these discourses upon the various questions pertaining to "Spiritualism," first defining what is meant by the term, then dealing with the "Spiritual Body," the "Analogy between the Facts of the Bible and the Facts of Spiritualism," the "Philosophy of Death," "What Lies Beyond the Veil," "Spiritualism of the Apostles," and many others of similar character, all questions of vital interest and all discussed from a standpoint different from that occupied by the Orthodox churches of the day. It is a most refreshing reading, whether according to the convictions of the reader or otherwise. —*Toledo Blade*.

Our informant meets with a great deal of pleasure in the worst that yet is from a correspondent of the Boston Gazette, who calls him "the Thaumaturgus of the Century."

## Free Thought.

WAS IT MIND-READING?

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

While reading A. E. Porter's article in a recent BANNER, "A Few Suggestions upon Mind-Reading," I was forcibly reminded of the following facts in my own experience: I would like to state that I have read the BANNER not quite a year; that all the knowledge I have of Spiritualism, or any occult force or science—outside of my own experience—has been gained from that source. It has been less than three years since I became interested in this subject; previous to that time my ignorance was only equalled by my indifference, for I had an unexpressed feeling that I was superior to any and all superstition.

When I was eighteen years of age—I am now fifty—a young man, who was studying in a university fifteen miles from my home, which was also his, called upon me one morning, expecting to give me a surprise; instead of that, I said:

"Why did you not come in last evening? I expected you."

"Why, how could you have heard that I was coming?" he replied.

"I did not hear that you were coming, but I did hear you singing the 'Mariner's Song,' and I thought a lady was singing with you."

"I do believe you are a witch," he said, "for there was a lady in the coach and we sang a long time; and," he added, "I thought she did not sing nearly as well as you."

I have forgotten whether I was right about the particular song mentioned.

Hearing the rumble of the coach, as it passed over a piece of ledgy road some two miles away, brought my friend vividly to my mind, as that was the only means of public communication between the two towns. It was just at that point that I became conscious of his approach.

Although I had listened to the distant rumble of the coach many times before, and did so many times after, still that was the only time in which I ever recognized a passenger two miles away.

Our paths in life diverged. Two years later I married and went to live in a small inland village, remote from large centers and railroads. I knew but very little of the questions that agitated the great world so far away from my small one. The young man married a year later and went West; where, I did not know, and I never heard from him in any way. Four or five years, more or less, passed away, when I said to an elder sister who was visiting me:

"May I do not know what you can think of me, but I must tell somebody. T—[calling the young man by name] is dead, very sick, or coming home. His coming home is improbable, and I think we shall hear of his death. For the past two weeks he has been in my thought constantly, asleep and awake. I have tried hard to put it away, but I cannot. For the past two days it has seemed to me that by turning my head I could speak to him. To-day," I said, struggling hard to keep back the tears, "I am almost beside myself, his presence is so real! I must be near me in some way."

Two hours later my husband returned from a business trip. While relating the incidents of interest that had befallen him, he turned suddenly toward me and said:

"E—, who do you suppose I met on the train this afternoon?"

I did not have to "suppose," for I knew. Without waiting for an answer, he informed me that he had met T—, and that this person had made some inquiries concerning the family, etc. The question is with me, now as then, how did I know these facts concerning this one individual, and why should I not know about others as well?

E. H.

PROF. KELLAR A MEDIUM.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

As I read with considerable interest an article in this week's issue of the BANNER, entitled, "Prof. Kellar and His Claims," I am induced to add a few words concerning my own observations in regard to the subject. I think that Prof. Cadwell is correct, but does not cover the ground. That Kellar is a conjurer, and does much of his stage performance by sleight-of-hand, is of course admitted. That he professes to "expose" Spiritualism is also well advertised, and although I have witnessed several of his entertainments I have failed to find that he ever made any exposure of the phenomena, or that any explanation of his methods was attempted on his part.

He tells his audience that "it is all done by tricks." In the absence of any proof to substantiate it, the assertion may be taken for what it is worth.

The claim, made by Prof. Cadwell that the hands of the performer are not securely tied may be all true, but admitting that, any close observer must see that, with the hands free, it will not account for many of the manifestations from the cabinet.

There is apparently the same force in operation that is observed in genuine productions of physical manifestations of spirit-power. By what art or magic is it possible—under the ordinary test conditions, apparent to the senses of the audience, but more particularly to the committee called to examine—to make a simultaneous showing of more than one pair of hands or arms, with but one in the cabinet? Besides, it must be admitted that similar exhibitions occur after the occupant leaves the cabinet and stands near it.

Neither would the theory of trickery account for some of the other phases, such as slate-writing, which has every apparent evidence of being independent. A verse being selected at random from a book of poems by one of the audience, is reproduced on closed slates, previously clean, and held in sight by a third party. I am impelled to say that I regard Mr. Kellar as a medium, whatever motives he may have to disown it publicly, to the contrary notwithstanding. And he is not necessarily aided by the higher grade of spirits.

Other conjurers have had the gift of spirit-control, and have combined the genuine manifestations with mechanical and sleight-of-hand feats. Prof. Robert Heller's performances bore, in some respects, similar characteristics—whether he ever admitted it or not in earth-life I am not able to say; but I may be permitted to refer to a communication received from him, dated New York, 1886, in which he, Henry Kiddle, purporting to come from him, claiming that he was a Spiritualist, and plainly intimating that in his mortal life he was subject to spirit-control, and so amused the people.

If this conclusion is not a rational one, I do not know where it would be possible to draw the line between the genuine and the false, and I have

## THE LAND WHERE OUR DREAMS COME TRUE.

Far over some mist-blown river,  
And under a moon that shines  
Where the rain never falls,  
And our loves never weary or die,  
Where the flowers never fade, but in changing  
Their radiant hues of enchantment—  
Lies a land where our dreams come true!

By mystical symbols and tokens  
We know of that beautiful land;  
But alas! on the threshold of manhood  
The frailties of our human nature  
And the wild river wanders between us,  
The white gates are hidden from view,  
And only in sleep we remember  
The land where our dreams come true!

We shall find the lost treasures we seek for  
Revealed in that wonderful sphere;  
All the aims and the dreams of the bygone,  
All the good that eludes us here;  
The innocent faith of our childhood,  
The one flawless friendship we knew,  
Arrayed in our vanished illusions,  
In the land where our dreams come true!

We know in divestment of all  
Our vain hopes and our vain fears;  
The jewels we mourn here are hoarded  
Where the moth and the rust cannot come;  
And oft when the sunset is fairest,  
We catch the gleam of our true love,  
A far-away glimpse of the glories  
Of the land where our dreams come true!

There are garnered the prayers of our mothers,  
And the soft cradle songs that they sung;  
There they moulder in the midst of white garments  
And faded immortality;  
And out of the midst of that river  
Their sweet hands shall reach us the clue  
That leads through the valley of shadows  
To the land where our dreams come true!

So, weeping, we lay down our idols  
And bury our loves out of sight,  
Though we know, in our hearts, we shall find them  
By-and-by in the mansions of light;  
And the salt tears that fall on our ashes,  
And blossom in pansy and rue,  
Even there shall be lilies immortal  
In the land where our dreams come true!

## Banner Correspondence.

## Colorado.

SILVER CLIFF.—G. O. Howard, Secretary, writes that nearly a year ago Mrs. Mary Jane Russell (formerly of Council Bluffs, Ia., more recently of Los Angeles, Cal.) came to "this mining camp an entire stranger to us all, but full of zeal to live and promulgate the soul-inspiring precepts of the Spiritual Philosophy. She is in the hands of spirit-controllers of a high order, and possesses pronounced gifts in the way of clairvoyance, inspirational speaking, psychometric reading, magnetic healing, etc. She has come to stay, and has brought a good home.

A few weeks since she opened her parlors to the friends and organized "The Silver Cliff Philosophical Society of Spiritualists," which already has a very encouraging number of subscribers to its declarations of principles. Herself and Mrs. Rose Gregory of this place, (a very successful healer), have united their efforts, and now give each Sabbath very interesting inspirational discourses. They have also organized a public developing circle, the entire proceeds of which will be devoted to the purchase of spiritualistic books for a free circulating library. They have both performed some remarkable cures, baffling the skill of Old School physicians. We are greatly pleased with their present and prospective success, and shall do all we can to appreciate and materially reciprocate their noble efforts in behalf of our cause.

DENVER.—A correspondent forwards us the following tribute to the ability of G. H. Brooks as a platform advocate of the spiritual dispensation: "We have formed an organization to be known as 'The First Spiritual Society of Denver,' which for several months past has been addressed by G. H. Brooks, under control of his guides—his discourses being mainly upon topics furnished by his audiences; his lectures have evinced scientific acumen, the intelligent application of the principles of logic, and a burning earnestness to advance a knowledge of the Spiritual Philosophy among men.

After the delivery of his remarks, generally three or four psychometric readings are given by Mr. Brooks—the individuals favored therewith being united in praise of their correctness.

The subjoined resolutions, passed unanimously at the close of his last lecture here, demonstrate the standing of the man (and his controls) in this community:

Resolved, That this Association appreciates the independent, outspoken course of Mr. Brooks at all times and places, and that it is its duty to give him the aid of its influence in the cause of right and truth.

Resolved, That we appreciate him as a gentleman and an ardent worker in the cause of Spiritualism.

Resolved, That during his short stay amongst us, he has given us much food for thought, and secured in our memories golden sayings of guidance and love.

Resolved, That our best wishes go with him to his home and family, hoping his beautiful and interesting mission will be successful in the near future."

## Pennsylvania.

SCRANTON.—W. S. Hagitt writes: "On the 10th and 10th of June Mrs. Stoddard-Gray and son, of New York City, presided as mediums at two materializing circles at the residence of Mrs. Fanny W. Sanburn, in this city. About twenty persons were in attendance, some of whom were skeptical regarding the truth of spirit-return, while others were believers in the facts of spirit-communication and materialization.

The conditions of the circle were not favorable for the best results; however, the séances proved quite satisfactory to those whose experience enabled them to judge of their merits. More than twenty forms were visible to the different members of the circle during the séance, and they certainly had the appearance of being what are commonly accepted as materialized spirit-forms, but, as far as the writer was enabled to judge, were crude in comparison to what he has witnessed in presence of the same mediums at their home in New York City.

There were a variety of apparitions, some appearing as mere children, two being seen at the same time, while others represented persons of mature age and form. One of the mature forms referred to was said to be an ancient spirit. He came to where I was sitting in the circle, full fifteen feet from the cabinet, and called for pencil and paper, which being furnished he wrote a communication of seven lines in what appeared to be Roman characters, while I held a pad on which the spirit laid the paper while he did the writing. On comparing this communication with one I received in September, 1880, through a trance-medium, I find the characters used in both messages identical, and I distinctly recollect that the trance-medium wrote the characters very rapidly and from right to left, but cannot say that the materialized form did so write. Another form, said to be Fannie A. Conant, called me to the cabinet, and when I returned to my seat, a form came out in whose I was sitting, and taking one of my hands in each of her own, returned to the cabinet and disappeared, I retaining her hands until they apparently melted into air.

The above is as truthful an account of the two séances as I can well make."

## New York.

BROOKLYN.—W. J. Jones writes: "Those who assembled in Everett Hall, 308 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn, on Saturday evening, 9th inst., to listen to Charles R. Miller, were not disappointed in hearing an excellent address. Mr. Miller quoted extensively from Prof. Wallace's address delivered in California, and also related recent experiences with independent writing on folded paper inside a box. The lecture was very interesting and gave entire satisfaction."

Mr. Miller has lost none of his interest in the cause of disseminating spiritual truth. His address was fully supplemented by Messrs. W. O. Brown, Eastman, Ellsworth and St. John. The exercises closed with songs by Mrs. Lewis."

NEW YORK CITY.—A correspondent writes that on Sunday, July 16, the afternoon exercises at the People's Spiritual Meeting consisted of a poem, by Horace M. Richards; piano music by Mrs. E. E. Washburn (reading of the Declaration of Independence, by the Rev. Dr. J. J. Smith); short and lengthy addresses by Dr. E. E. Washburn, Mr. O. B. Anderson and Mr. Philip H. Jones; and a singing of "The National Anthem" by the audience;

after which the following: Recitations of three original humorous pieces by Mr. James Charters of Brooklyn; song, "Star Spangled Banner," by Miss Doolittle; instrumental music, "Musical Rhapsody," by Mrs. Washburn, and an address by Mr. Philbrook. Sunday afternoon, 10th inst., Mr. Philbrook again addressed us, or his guides through him, in a logical and effective manner.

Mr. Dawbarn gave us a grand and instructive address in the evening. Theme: "The Lesson of the Hour for Spiritualists." Miss Edith Mason, the musical prodigy, (so styled) gave a fine rendering of a song, and Prof. Keenan read "The Bells of Shandon," which closed the services of the day.

## California.

BROOKS.—Ira Henry forwards a personal experience as follows: "Some months ago myself, my mother and sister were returning from Woodland to our home in Capay Valley; darkness overtook us when about five miles from home, and not quite to the site of a now extinct village. It was so dark that I could not see more than fifty feet before us to distinguish another vehicle.

The road had lately been worked, and, being somewhat rough, we were going rather slow, when my mother said: 'Ira, turn out; there's a team.' I turned to the right, giving about three-fourths of the grade, and the team (which seemed to be a one-horse buggy without top) turned out naturally, but when it was nearly up to my horses' heads it backed again and my near horse shied at first, but as soon as it was even with her pad no more attention to it. I could not make it out clearly, but could see it was no buggy after all, but had the appearance of a large man. It passed the horse's head, ran against her shoulder and seemed to steady itself an instant, then sank down to the ground. This all occurred in a very short space of time. When it ran against the horse (which never flinched) my impression was that it was some one in want of money or valuables, and I reached for the whip, but it then disappeared and I stopped as quickly as possible, for fear of running over some one. But we could see no more of our wayfarers. We made search around in the vicinity of his disappearance, but it was not there. We were positive, however, that it was not an optical illusion, and my mother and sister, both Orthodox, said 'if there ever was such a thing, it was surely a ghost.' Many were the ways by which it was sought to be explained to us by those to whom we told the experience. A minister said to me that 'if we only knew, there would doubtless be a good, philosophical, scientific explanation.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'perhaps more scientific and philosophical than you are aware of.'

A short time ago I attended a private circle, and, my Indian guide controlling, I asked him during our conversation if he could explain this matter. After a moment's silence he said: 'Yes, I see 'em. He a little short man and ride a little horse. You didn't see 'em good. He used to live down there (pointing toward the extinct village) only a little way. He was shot down there long time ago, and he no feel right. I can't tell his name.' This is the most probable theory I have yet heard. The place referred to was noted as one of the bloodiest frontier towns in the State many years ago."

## Oregon.

EAST PORTLAND.—M. F. Moore writes, July 1st: "I wish to state a fact in regard to Dr. J. C. Stansbury's late writing: On Sunday, June 26th, at New Era Camp Meeting, my wife wrote a few questions on a slip of paper, folded it, put it in her purse, and crossed over to Dr. Stansbury's tent to have them answered by independent slate-writing. She placed the slip of paper, as she supposed, upon the slate, and turned another slate over it. Soon the writing commenced, then came the raps, signifying that the unseen ones had finished. The top slate was removed, and the slip of paper fell upon the table. She took the slate to read what was written, and to her surprise found the following:

"You cannot travel to heaven on this pass; neither can you reach there upon any merits of others, but by your own. Your spirit-friends are preparing a beautiful home for you."

My wife had a railway pass in her purse, and by mistake put it between the slates, instead of the questions she had prepared."

## Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE.—Wm. G. Wood writes that the materializing séances of Mrs. Allen, in this city, are successful and satisfactory. He adds: "I have verified the truth of the BANNER message purporting to be from JOSEPHINE WOOD, once of Providence. She was no relative of mine here, and it was quite a long time before I could discover any one who knew about her; but the matter is correctly put." He also endorses, from practical experience, the magnetic powers of Dr. Caleb West, of Providence, also the test and other medial gifts of Mrs. Beckwith, of the same city.

## Maine.

GARDNER.—A correspondent writes: "Spiritualism in Gardner is alive; although we have no regular meetings, yet there are very many here who are greatly interested, and embrace every opportunity for investigation. We have enjoyed a much treat for the past two or three weeks in the mediumship of Mrs. A. K. Cunningham, of Boston, a fine test medium, who has been visiting friends in this place. She has awakened an unusual interest in our midst, and we shall look forward with pleasant anticipations to her return to this city in the early fall."

## Massachusetts.

LAKE PLACANT.—Dr. W. L. Jack writes: "The genial and gentlemanly representative of the BANNER OF LIGHT, J. Milton Young of Haverhill, Mass., is editor-in-chief of the spunky little paper of our camp, The Wildwood Messenger. Himself, and his most estimable wife—whose sweet singing has been heard by many of our campers—are pleasantly fixed at their Daisy Dell cottage on the Highlands."

A Medium Addresses Boston Firemen.

Among the pleasant memories of last "Decoration Day" may be recorded the service held at the lot in Forest Hills Cemetery, in respectful memory of Boston's deceased firemen.

The members of the Veteran Fire Association, the Charitable Association, the active members of the present Department, and many friends participated in the exercises with the deepest feeling.

The firemen's lot was transformed into a floral bower by the roses and other offerings of the various companies, organizations and individual friends present.

The laudable undertaking was, in the main, arranged by Captains William H. Cunningham, John B. Damrell, William T. Osgood, Samuel A. Abbott and others, and proved a credit to its managers and to all concerned.

The procession arrived at the lot shortly after 12 M., and, after a dirge by the band, appropriate vocal selections by the Temple Quartette, and prayer by Rev. William Ingraham Haven (who also delivered an original poem as the closing feature of the meeting), Capt. W. H. Cunningham made a brief address, setting forth the object of the large convocation, giving a brief history of how it came to pass that a firemen's lot had been secured in Forest Hills Cemetery, and honoring in eloquent and burning words the brave men therein interred, who had passed from earth-life while fighting, like soldiers in the field, "the public enemy."

A vocal selection by the quartette introduced an oration by Capt. John B. Damrell, in which he spoke of the establishment of the firemen's Charitable Association and the good work it had done, and praised the noble achievements of the fire department as something which would be cherished in the grateful recollection of this community for all time.

Another musical selection was given by the quartette, when Miss Lucy Barnbrook, of the Tremont street Boston, well known throughout New England as a good trance-medium, a gifted pianist and an eloquent speaker, was introduced to continue the exercises. Miss Barnbrook is a granddaughter of the deceased Miss William Barnbrook, of the old days of Boston's department, of whom it was said during the meeting that he "was loved and respected by all

who had the honor of his acquaintance. As chief of Boston's fire department, he endeared himself to all classes of our citizens, and possessed the confidence of all who served under him. Though gone, his spirit lives, and his name is to-day a household word." She was present by invitation of Capt. J. S. Damrell, Ex-Chief Engineer, and President of the Veteran Association, to perform a unique portion of the ceremony, i. e., the reading of the names of the thirty-three deceased firemen and officers interred in the lot, together with eulogistic notes regarding their individual services. Her remarks were not, however, confined to the texts given her, but throughout this touching service original tributes of her own were ever and anon inspiringly added in memory of the brave.

As she read each name, a young lady dressed in white stepped forward and deposited upon the grave designated a splendid floral tribute.

The names read and the words expressed regarding each would of course, if published, make too great demands upon our space, but we cannot refrain from quoting the tribute to the son of our old friend, Prince, of East Boston:

"In memory of John Prince, Jr., who was cut down in the prime of blooming manhood at the fire in Hancock street, July 27th, 1873. Guided by up, a warm and generous heart and endowed with undaunted courage, he proved to be the worthy son of a veteran fireman. His many qualities won the admiration of all who knew him, and his death was a great loss to the fire department. We spoke, at the time, of the tragic death of this brave young man, and sent a special reporter to prepare a sketch of his funeral services at the 'Church of Our Father,' wherein the late Rev. Warren H. Cudworth delivered a funeral discourse filled with spiritual light to a large assemblage.

The Boston papers of May 31st spoke of Miss Barnbrook's portion of the exercises as 'by far the most interesting part of the programme, and there were many wet eyes in the crowd as the ceremony proceeded'—which facts we feel to largely ascribe to the earnest bearing and eloquent remarks of the gifted lady who presided over it.

## Mrs. Ada Foye

Before the Young People's Progressive Society. To the Editor of the Banner of Light: For many years Chicago societies have endeavored to advance and extend the cause of Spiritualism by the introduction of home talent. A few adherents have been procured by this method—many of them free thinkers, and those inclined toward what has been termed infidelity; but very few Christians have ever come forth and given their aid in behalf of our great cause—although it is understood that many are in truth Spiritualists.

The Young People's Progressive Society is, perhaps, the first of late to break this long-standing rule and supply the need of the cause with a most surprising result. Mrs. Ada Foye, who has lectured and given tests before this Society for the past three Sunday evenings, has not only revealed to the community the great utility of the cause of Spiritualism, but has captivated many of them by her unity of Christianity and the teachings of the New Dispensation, and by so plainly dealing with the subject has won the admiration of many Christians and unbelievers.

"The Uses and Abuses of Spiritualism" was the subject for last Sunday evening. Over three hundred people were present, although it rained during the evening.

The séance which is given after the lecture is almost characterized by the prediction of the most startling tests—names are given, and messages from departed friends make joyous the hour which is devoted to these manifestations. Many are rendered happy by the comfort and cheer, and many skeptics are baffled by the wonderful power of the spirit through the mediumship of Mrs. Foye.

A private reception was given in honor of the lady on Friday evening, the residence of Mrs. Foye, 100 Franklin Avenue. Nearly fifty invited guests were present, and many prominent Spiritualists of Chicago. Col. Bundy, of the Religious-Philosophical Journal, extended the most cordial welcome to the lady, and the friends of the Society to the lady; to which expression of friendliness Mrs. Foye made an eloquent reply. Several speeches and recitations followed, interspersed with tests of the most reliable kind. One of the most pleasant evenings was enjoyed, and many were the compliments given to Mrs. Foye and the Young People's Progressive Society.

Many are the requests here and elsewhere that her serious illness has obliged the return of Mrs. Foye to San Francisco. Chicago, Ill., July 23d.

The Mississippi Valley Association of Spiritualists Commenced its Annual Camp-Meeting the first Sunday in August at Mount Park, Clinton, Ia., and will continue during the month.

W. J. Corvill, Dr. Samuel Watson, Prof. J. S. Lovejoy, and others, will be the lecturers, and J. H. Randall are the speakers. Other speakers and a number of prominent mediums for varied phases of the phenomena Good food, board and private home accommodations can be had at moderate expense.

For the most complete and reliable information, apply to the Secretary, J. H. Randall, Secretary, M. P. F. Association, Clinton, Ia.

Just Received from England.

Spirit Workers

IN THE HOME CIRCLE.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHIC NARRATIVE OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA IN FAMILY DAILY LIFE EXTENDING OVER A PERIOD OF TWENTY YEARS.

BY MORRILL THEROALD, F. C. A. Some of the most astonishing phenomena in the history of Modern Spiritualism are recorded in this volume, the detailed and accurate account of a marked degree of infidelity to detail and effort to corroborate their truth by unimpeachable testimony. They include independent writing, materialization, and other phenomena, in and out of the home, and on note books in locked desks, lighting of lamps and fires, filling of bottles with water, and making preparations for the dead, even to cooking food, making tea, etc. "Laying the table," organ playing with no one visibly present; materialization and dematerialization of forms and articles of dress, and other phenomena, in and out of the home, and on note books in locked desks, lighting of lamps and fires, filling of bottles with water, and making preparations for the dead, even to cooking food, making tea, etc. "Laying the table," organ playing with no one visibly present; materialization and dematerialization of forms and articles of dress, and other phenomena, in and out of the home, and on note books in locked desks, lighting of lamps and fires, filling of bottles with water, and making preparations for the dead, even to cooking food, making tea, etc. "Laying the table," organ playing with no one visibly present; 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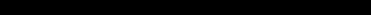


### Onset Bay Camp.

Bell Rock Cottage is occupied by Mr. Julian F. Bigelow, wife and family, also the camp-meeting veterans.

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1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 277: 1033-1036.



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