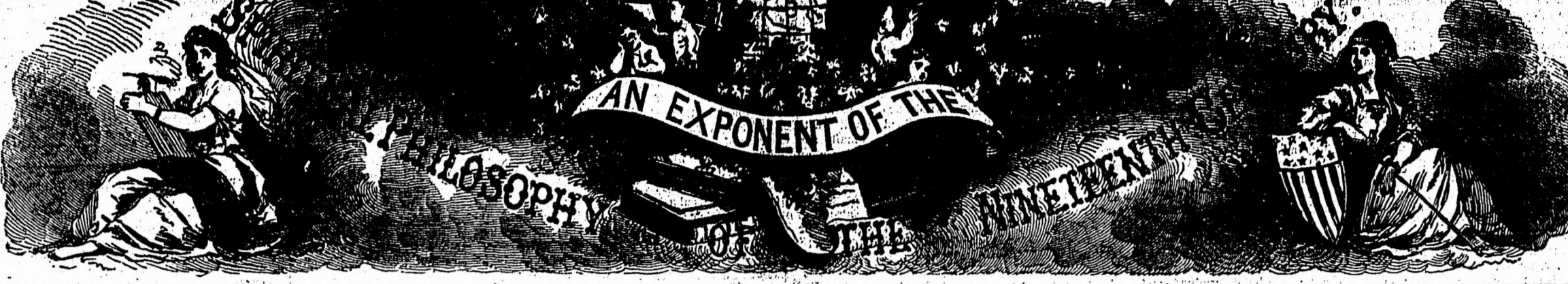


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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(From The Hartford (CT.) Daily Times of May 31st.)
IS IT OF SATAN, OR OF GOD?

A Reply to Rev. W. W. Andrews on the Source of the Spiritualistic Phenomena.

To the Editor of The Times:

My attention has been called to the reply of "W. W. A." published in *The Times* of the 22d inst., to the Rev. Mr. Savage's Easter sermon upon Modern Spiritualism, which has attracted so much attention; and I learn from your editorial notice of the same that your correspondent is the Rev. W. W. Andrews, of the Catholic Apostolic Church. I have no intention, in this communication, to defend the views of Mr. Savage as expressed in his interesting and able discourse—that can be better done by himself—but, waiving the many issues involved in Mr. Andrews's letter, to present a few observations in regard to the position which he assumes as to the agency concerned in producing the spiritualistic phenomena.

Mr. Andrews, it seems, unlike so many others, is willing to accept the testimony of good and intelligent persons as to the reality of these phenomena; and on that testimony (he refers to no experience of his own) he bases the strong statement, "The facts of Spiritualism are true"; that is, the alleged phenomena upon which Spiritualism, as a belief, or a system of truth, is founded are real. But he adds to this important admission the dogmatic statement, "The source is evil." He says, "I do not believe these phenomena to be wrought by disembodied human spirits, but by Satanic power." We thus see that this representative of the Catholic Apostolic Church takes the same position in regard to the spiritualistic phenomena of the last forty years as that of the Roman Catholic clergy—these phenomena are real; they are not delusions or hallucinations or tricks, but are, as claimed, due to outside invisible, supernatural, or preternatural intelligent agents; and these agents are not, as they invariably proclaim themselves to be, "disembodied [excarinated] human spirits," but are the "fallen angels" who are "struggling to thwart God's purposes of mercy toward mankind."

This, let it be observed, is Mr. Andrews's belief; while he asserts positively that the phenomena are real. It is upon this point alone that I wish to offer a few observations.

Do facts show that the source of spirit-manifestations is invariably evil, or Satanic? We can judge of the tree only by its fruits. If that which comes from the manifesting invisible intelligences is good, as judged even by the Christian standard of goodness—if that which is accomplished by this spirit-agency, including what are called "physical manifestations," is clearly for a good purpose, and with a beneficent result, how can the agency be Satanic, or absolutely evil? If it can be shown that the general result of these demonstrations of spirit-power and intelligence (as the Rev. Mr. Andrews admits that they are) has been the same, precisely, as that which, in the New Testament, Jesus announced to be the purpose of his mission to the world, can that be attributed to a diabolical origin and design "to thwart God's purposes of mercy toward mankind"? except, indeed, as illustrative of the same spirit that prompted the Jewish ecclesiastics of Christ's time to say, even of him, "He hath a devil, and is mad." It has "brought life and immortality to light," preaching the glad tidings of a demonstrated future life; and has not this fact, proved to the conviction of millions of people, previously without consolation under the severest bereavements, truly "healed the broken-hearted"? Has it not, through its thousands of healing mediums, and in some cases in the name of Jesus of Nazareth, given the blessing of health to the sick—a work peculiarly characteristic of the Christ, for he knew that bodily disease and soul-sickness are closely allied? and have not those who have been restored through these spiritual applications been, to a considerable degree, they whom the ministers of materialistic therapeutics had given up as beyond any relief which they could afford? Moreover, has not Spiritualism, through its wonderful phenomena (real and genuine, Mr. Andrews says), spiritually, at least, "restored sight to the blind," by rescuing them from the blighting darkness of materialism, and opening their eyes to the grandeur and glory of the spiritual world?

How much mistaken the believers in that Satanic personality must be as to his true character, if all these blessings have been brought by him to the children of earth! And what kind of merciful purposes of God must they be which this beneficent Devil is thwarting by these means? Why should this foolish, shortsighted, wicked Being be so eager to prove to

mankind the reality of the world beyond—its retributions and its rewards? Why should he be so zealous in revealing to them the horrors of remorse for a sinful life in that world in which conscience "resumes its reign" and the perfect happiness that is the lot of those who have lived a pure and good life here? This is what has been done by thousands of manifesting spirits, all, Mr. Andrews says, the emissaries and servants of Satan—the perfect personification of unmixed evil. Why should these "fallen angels" inculcate, as they so frequently do, the cardinal principles of Christ's teaching—the "fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man," and, with as much earnestness even as the Apostle John, insist upon the Gospel of love to all, bringing the same message as the angels of Bethlehem—"Peace on earth, good-will to men"? Mr. Andrews is evidently the victim of prepossession, imperfect information or misinformation in regard to these manifestations of the spirit, or he would not have placed them all in the same category, and pronounced upon them the same condemnation as Satanic or evil in their origin and of course in their character.

The great diversity in spirit-manifestations and communications requires that, in the study of this comprehensive and profound subject, we should never intermit the exercise of judgment and discrimination. We are presented in this, as in everything else, with the evil and the good, and must learn to choose between them. Spirits are not infallible, nor are all the spirits that manifest their existence to mankind pure, good and truthful. If Spiritualism is correct in its facts, as Mr. Andrews says it is—and in saying this he but echoes the conviction of millions of people probably as good, wise and true as himself—there must be the two orders of spirit-intelligences that are recognized in the ancient Scriptures, both the Old and New Testaments—those "of God" and those "not of God"; in other words, the good and the evil. Such are the embodied spirits in the earthly life, and such must be the disembodied [excarinated] spirits in spirit-life, without any regard to what are called, in the parlance of theology, "fallen angels"; for Spiritualism does not admit (cannot, from its "facts") any such thing in the spirit-world as retrogression, involved in the term *fallen*, but only progression, upward and onward toward the Great Supreme forever. There must be, therefore, good and evil spirits in the spirit-world, for death is but transition, and all bear away with them their moral and spiritual characteristics, leaving only the physical behind and all its incentives to corruption. To make progress the spirit must pass from the plane of corruption to that of incorruption (*aphtharsia*), which is the term used generally in the New Testament for immortality; for in spirit incorruption alone is unchangeable and therefore immortal. It is one of the strongest presumptive evidences of the reality of Spiritualism as the doctrine of an intercourse between the "living" and those who have departed from this life and passed to the "world of spirits," that the communicating intelligences are so perfectly human in what they do and say, and manifest so many degrees of knowledge, of moral purity and spiritual excellence. To say, then, that the source of all spiritualistic phenomena is evil, or Satanic, is so great a slander that only imperfect information can, in any degree, excuse the utterance. In its highest and best teachings and by these it should be judged) Spiritualism does not antagonize, but it is coincident with, *essential Christianity*—not with any of the denominational creeds, it is true, but with the Christianity of the Christ. "Tell the world," said the eminent Dr. Eliotson, of England, to his friend Benjamin Coleman, an earnest Spiritualist, "that I deeply regret my folly in so long resisting the truth. When I leave this earth, I shall die a Christian, and I owe my conversion to Spiritualism." In his letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, a few years ago, the Rev. Maurice Davies, D. D., for thirty years a clergyman of the English Church, said: "In the course of my protracted investigations I have met with men of eminence, who, from blank materialism, have passed *persuatum* to a belief in God and immortality by means of a system thus curiously fitted to meet them on their own ground."

It is true that the result is not the same in all cases. The character of the mind, its prejudices and prepossessions, its kind and degree of culture, and its associations and habits, determine in a very great degree the result of an acceptance of spiritual truth, and, indeed, of every kind of religious doctrine. Do we not see an example and illustration of this in the case of the Rev. Mr. Andrews himself? How different with him and the Rev. Samuel Watson, or the more recent convert the Rev. Sidney Dean, or the Very Rev. J. P. Newman, or the Rev. Heber Newton of New York, or the Rev. M. J. Savage of Boston. They see the light of God's truth, and an indication of his goodness and wisdom in this spiritual dispensation—the divine answer to a present need in support of spiritual truth against the spread of atheism, irreligion, agnosticism, and the rankest scientific materialism, or mere *sensatism*, now rampant in the civilization of this time; while the Apostle Catholic sees only the malevolence of Satan, trying to thwart—indeed, to a very great extent actually thwarting—God's beneficent purposes.

What a conception of the divine character and power does this present to a reasoning mind! How greatly is a theodicy needed against so really impious a stigma upon him who is declared to be infinite in power as well as in love!

Mr. Andrews justly arraigns the Christian Church for "shutting her eyes to the most pal-

pable facts" of spirit-manifestation, and "closing her ears to the testimony of competent and truthful witnesses," and "resorting to all sorts of dishonest evasions and Jesuitical quibbles to keep herself at ease in her impoverished and beggarly condition." In regard to the spirit. He says the Church should accept spirit-manifestations as a reality, but preach that they have "neither a divine nor a merely human, but a Satanic origin." In a similar manner Professor Phelps, some years ago, enjoined upon his clerical brethren to preach the reality of the phenomena of Spiritualism and attribute them to the devil; but the Rev. Dr. Buckley sought to show, in the *Christian Advocate*, the impolicy of such a course, which, he wisely said, would be essentially giving up the contest; since those who heard the messages and communications could not possibly believe them to emanate from a Satanic source. Thus "evasion" and "quibbling," and bold denial of "facts," are all that is left to those who are determined to reject the modern spiritual revelations. Hence, Dr. Austin Phelps's injunctions were unheeded, as those of the Rev. Mr. Andrews will be. It is obviously not a question of truth, or the preaching of truth, but of finding the means to sustain ecclesiastical institutions in which great worldly interests are involved. Was it not this that caused the rejection of the Christ by the upholders of the Jewish Church, and led to his cruel and ignominious execution?

Mr. Andrews has, in most caustic terms, denounced the course of all other churches than his own in regard to Modern Spiritualism; but it is a curious fact that one who sees so clearly the important office performed by the *charismata*, the spiritual gifts of the early Christian, so emphatically commended by St. Paul, should indiscriminately condemn the same gifts when exercised now!—as if the spiritual laws of God were not as operative at this time as in the past. Logically, Mr. Andrews will be obliged to review either his opinion as to the source of Spiritualism, or as to the character of his Satanic Majesty.

HENRY KIDDLE.
New York, May 25th, 1889.

The Reviewer.

RAYS OF LIGHT. Two Chapters from 'The Book of My Life. With Poems. By R. Shepard Lillie. 12mo, cloth, pp. 220. Boston: John Wilson & Son, University Press.

This narrative of the early life and gradual development of the media gifts of one of the best instruments employed by the spirit-world to transmit to mortals their knowledge of a future life, related by herself, will be welcomed by hosts of friends who have been instructed by the public efforts of her spirit-guides, or in private circles assured of the continued existence and love of those whom the world has termed dead, through her mediumship.

Mrs. Lillie had in early life what is termed "a religious training," and the particular section of "the army of the Lord" that as the result thereof mustered her in, was the Methodist division; not, as she says, from any understanding she had of its creed that led her to subscribe to its articles of faith; but, as with thousands of other youthful recruits, because it was her father's church, and his memory was very sacred to her. But she did not long remain within its fold. She could not long harbor the thought that many of her dearest friends were to suffer an eternity of misery because they did not believe as she had professed to, and she rebelled.

She tried to find relief in the Universalist church. Soon after Prof. William Denton gave a series of lectures on geology, and from them she derived more rational views of God than her church offered. The series closed with his very effective lecture in response to the oft-repeated inquiry: "Does Death End All?" and this led her to a consideration of Spiritualism. She was invited to attend a circle, and concluded to, saying: "I am going just to see what they do." She attended three times, and then found she was the medium of a class of manifestations that had not previously appeared there. Then she became frightened, feared it might injure her health, and went home determined to have nothing to do with Spiritualism.

Upon reaching her room every piece of furniture she touched became animated. Upon retiring, she could not sleep; her spirit-sight was opened, and her room from floor to ceiling was filled with a sea of faces. She says: "The faces of all I had ever known, and who had passed away, looked down upon me. I thought I must be crazy, or that this was the wildest imagination; and I felt I would give much could I blot out those three nights spent in those circles." I lay most of the night with my hands resting on my body, being afraid to let them touch the bed, for fear it would be shaken up or walk off with me. Finally, toward morning, completely exhausted, I fell asleep.

The next morning she was in her normal state, and questioned whether, as her hand was influenced to move everything, it would not, independent of her own volition, move a pencil to write. She tried it, and a message was written, signed by her mother's name, requesting her to go again to the circle. She complied, and the results were pleasing and satisfactory. Shortly after she became entranced; was clairvoyant and clairaudient; and her father promised that within five years he would place her upon the public platform. A little over four years from that time her work began in the place of her residence, Minneapolis, Minn., and soon after she commenced her career as a public speaker. Her friends, who know nothing of the source of her power, laughed at her, and said: "Oh! you'll be back home, sick enough, inside of two weeks." "They could not fully understand," she says, "that I had heard a voice saying unto me: 'Take no thought how or what ye shall speak, for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall say. For it is not ye that speak, but the spirit of your father which speaketh in you.' This was literally true in my case: it was the spirit of my father and a few other faithful spirits who were leading me, and I feared not to follow where they led." Mrs. Lillie's course since those initiatory steps is too well known to require any recital at this time.

The latter portion of the book consists of poems heard clairaudiently by Mrs. L. and written down in private, or improvised in public by various spirit controls, the occasion that called them forth being in most cases stated.

The volume is tastefully printed and bound, and frontispaced with a fine photographic portrait of Mrs. Lillie.

Literary Department.

WILBRAM'S WEALTH.

Written Especially for the Banner of Light,
BY J. J. MORSE.

Author of "Righted by the Dead," "O'er Sea and Land," "Cursed by the Angels," "A Curious Courtship," "Two Lives and their Work," "Ione: the Fatal Statue," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

Various matters of business detail were then considered, after the conclusion of which the two men sat in mutual conference for several hours. Mr. Wilbram unfolded the various plans he needed Frank's assistance in. Never did madman dream more rapidly than did this sober-minded man talk. Frank, all amazement at first, ere long became infected with the elder man's enthusiasm, and the two became the maddest dreamers, but earnest and honest dreamers, full of determination to make their dreams realities. In substance this madman's dream was thus unfolded:

"You have seen," said Mr. Wilbram, "the general conditions prevailing here. The land, as you know, comprises three townships, and is my own personal estate. Much of this land remains uncleared still. You see I located Wilbram City on the river's bend, so as to use the advantages such location offers. As the works extended I had the number of houses increased to meet the needs of workers as they came in from time to time. It is a little less than a dozen years ago since the town commenced to grow. You will have observed each house stands on its own plot of ground, our streets run east and west, north and south—intersecting at right angles. Every house is thoroughly supplied with all sanitary appliances, and the rent is based upon its actual cost, the estimated expenditures needed to maintain it for thirty years, and a certain percentage of interest per annum on the gross amount, which is made up on the cost of rebuilding a like edifice at the end of the term; the gross amount is divided by the number of years in the term, and the result is the annual rental charge. The needful repairs, and the rebuilding of each house whenever necessary, are thus provided for in each case. I do not, however, put the proceeds into my pocket, but invest the entire rents in the mills, and the sum there earns an interest that is shared, as you know, among us all. The management of the city is in the main similar to that of any other place, the money needed for public works being raised by a yearly levy of which the mills contribute an important percentage. We have the usual commercial facilities. We have no liquor bars, for the simple reason that there is no demand for them. All this has grown up with the mills; before these were built there was not so much as a shanty on the ground. We are prosperous and healthy; have no loafers, criminals, or lunatics; seemingly all that *he* could do has been done to make us a model community, but I am not satisfied. Not I am not satisfied, and shall not be until we are converted into a cooperative city! Then we shall ALL be owners, provide for ourselves, buy for, and sell to, ourselves—supply all our own requirements. My plan is this: that at a suitable time the people shall be invited to consider a proposal by which they can become a cooperative corporation, with full and unrestricted powers to hold, use, but not to sell, the land and buildings of Wilbram City; to conduct its various departments of work: to provide its light, fuel, water, transit, food, clothes, dwellings—thus as a body corporate doing for themselves all those things and matters they now allow individual enterprise to do for them. We can then introduce various industries that create a city's supplies, and our surplus productions will find a market outside.

"My plan is that every responsible occupier of a house and lot, male or female, shall be entitled to one share representing its actual value at the time, thereby becoming a proprietor. As the land and buildings are to be unsalable to any party but the city itself, there can be no speculation or gambling in real estate, for the city will only purchase at the face value of the bond. Rent, as such, would cease; and every person would be required to keep in good order and proper repair his house and lot, and in such state that there would be no disgrace or discredit attaching to it. To avoid poverty in old age, a system of assurance would be created, by which every individual would be credited with a certain sum upon the Corporation's books as would continue him a competent living when incapacitated from age, accident, or sickness from further work. For our own internal use 'money' would not be required. Under the usual arrangements service results in money; under my plan we shall create our own currency in the form of 'debts' and 'credits' upon the Corporation's books. As thus: as one man's services to the city, its industries, or another man, are to be paid for, his pay can be either in 'notes,' or in a 'credit,' entered in his favor upon the books of the Corporation. In this latter case he can request service from the city, or any other person or industry, to like amount; he can be paid his dues, or allow his credits to accumulate and ultimately exchange them for our currency, which will be receivable in payment for all things and matters within our limits. The shares of the share capital—the creation of which I will presently describe—will entitle all holders to an equitable distribution of the profits made by the various industries established here. We have land enough upon which to raise the farm produce we require; indeed, we can raise a surplusage when it is in full cultivation. All productions that are sold beyond our limits will be disposed of at an advance of their gross cost of production, and that advance becomes money earned, and divisible among the shareholders. All building, making of roads, transportation—in a word, everything needed will be obtained, distributed and administered by the Corporation, so that, in effect, Wilbram City shall be a colossal Cooperative Union. As equality is an idle dream, I substitute equity in its place—an equal distribution of profits would be unjust, but an equitable distribution is possible, necessary and right. I take the talents of the workers and the capital of the Corporation as one, and therefore entitled to dividends proportionate to the results of their several applications. Each citizen will have a vote as an holder of a house and lot, each holder being a voter upon all matters that concern the city. The finances of the Corporation will all centre in one department, and will rest upon, so far as our currency is concerned, a just proportion of the value of the entire estate, its volume increasing as the value of the city increases. As the entire matter will be directly under the government of the citizens themselves, and there being no advantage to be obtained by wrong-doing, lobby will be impossible, wire-pulling unnecessary, and hon-

esty will be practically assured. The Corporation will build and maintain a public library, reading-room, a museum containing suitable halls for lectures, concerts or other meetings. Also a suitable block for public offices, the needed public schools, a theatre. As the entire city is public property, it would be manifestly unfair to erect any edifices for the benefit of any particular class or classes, so no distinct buildings will be erected for purposes of worship. Citizens can hire and must pay for the use of any hall required for religious purposes; but the Corporation will neither pay nor help support members of the cloth as such. Nor will the charter permit any charge for admittance to any devotional or doctrinal meetings. But liberal provision will be made for the soundest and most complete education of our children. Our hours of labor shall be limited, and, as far as practicable, Sunday shall be a day of rest. I have but given you an outline, it is true; but you can partly judge my desires?"

Frank's attention had been fully absorbed in all he had been listening to, and rising from his chair he paced the room for a while before he spoke:

"Your plan is a noble one, sir. It will meet many of our daily difficulties; but will it not destroy all competitive exertion? Will it not stifle that enterprise which alone makes a city prosperous by destroying all desire to make money? There are many advantages belonging to it; but, sir, do you not think it is before the time? Will it not cut Wilbram City off from the rest of the country? Outside of us, what will be the value of our 'notes,' or stock-shares, or bonds? If, at times, some desire to remove from here, how can they utilize our 'notes' in other places where they will be looked at as mere paper? I am a little dull, no doubt, but the plan is so startling and so novel that you must pardon my ineptitude if I fall to grasp it all at once. Will you, sir, go a little more into detail?" said our hero as he resumed his seat.

Mr. Wilbram, nothing loth to continue the subject of his remarks, then proceeded:

"Of course you will understand, my young friend, that the first element in the problem of life is land. Then come produce and manufactures, in which are included labor. From these arise adjustments of values, distribution of products, and equitable return for services rendered."

"Yes," said Frank, "I follow clearly so far."

"But land as land, my friend, is comparatively worthless until it is used for productive purposes. That use demands labor, and as there is no indefeasible first title in land that can go back of use, it must follow that the use of land by those living upon it is cause for their right to it, and gives the true value that attaches to it. Yet productions, as such, are valueless unless suited to certain needs—grapes or grains would be useless productions if no one needed them. Also, if all effort—labor—was confined to agricultural pursuits and productions, the diversified needs of human life could not be ministered to. Consequently the manufacture of produce into clothes, foods and shelter, all demand diversified industries, and lead up to the establishment of special pursuits, trades, outside that of agriculture. So long as the man who builds can draw upon the farmer for food, and other manufacturers for other goods and materials, and in so doing get all the 'pay' he wants, all is well. Presently that becomes impossible; then a system of relative values has to be devised, and the services of the worker have to be requited with something that carries an agreement upon it that it will obtain for its possessor any other thing or article that this unit of value, or any number of such units, shall be an equivalent for. As certain things move more rapidly than others through the community—the relations roughly being food, clothes and dwellings—it follows that as it is impracticable for a man or a family to store up all such that may be required during life, labor must ensure the continuance of food, clothes, furniture and other necessities needed to sustain the worker; here, then, are money and wages, and here the question of equity obtrudes itself. The state of affairs now supposed is that of a community; the land is the foundation upon which that community rests; the labor and intelligence manipulating the products of the land have created the commodities required to sustain the community. As a means of effecting distribution, an unit of value is created; this unit is given in return for service and accepted in exchange for commodities. Land, labor and intelligence are the potencies represented alike in the commodities and units of value. As labor, then, is the virtual creator, therefore labor is entitled to an equitable share in the results it creates. Thus a community based on these first principles is virtually the cooperative corporation I have previously sketched."

"In practice, of course, matters practically express the foregoing facts—but by an inequitable system of adjusting values a series of artificial values is created. Labor is thus placed upon the basis that it must be paid for at the minimum, and its products sold for at the maximum—but beyond its wage labor must not have any share in the margin! As land and labor are the base and cause of all wealth, my idea is that no one person should own the one or control the other. Therefore I want Wilbram City to be the property of all its citizens, as a corporate body, the citizens to employ and pay themselves! To effect this my plan is to convert the city into the actual property of the men who have created it, and to this end I intend devoting all the wealth I have accumulated. I purpose to make my fortune the capital stock of the city. The land is divided into lots, and upon their estimated value, including all buildings now thereon, I will issue bonds as the representatives of the entire estate—money, land, buildings, trade-value, all. These bonds shall be distributed as previously stated, but they shall be subject to all charges for improvements, extensions, the educational and general requirements of our community. As the people are assured of homes, work and pay, the surplus, after paying all expenses, will become the interest on the bonds, and as but one bond can be held, the interest the holder will receive becomes, collectively, the net financial result of each year's labor. The bonds are redeemable at their face value by the city, but they must in all cases be held by residents of the city. After the first distribution of shares and bonds, all who desired to hold such would have to acquire them by purchase at their face value. The city's 'notes,' or the credits for service, would be taken as payment, and in amounts con-

venient to the purchaser. The gross value of the entire undertaking being a most substantial security, our notes would even circulate outside our limits at their indicated value.

"Of course I know," said Mr. Wilbur, "that this is really giving away all my wealth—land, money, the results of all my labor—but remember, Mr. Winfield, I did not make the land, nor could my unaided hands have raised all that is here. Labor has done it; skill and devotion have done it—we have all, by long-continued effort contributed to it, and I feel it a sacred duty to see that justice and equity shall hereafter prevail over the distribution of the fruits arising from the toil expended here; that there shall be one place where a man shall be sure of a home, just returns for his labor, provision for age and sickness, freedom from grasping monopolies, disgraceful city rings, and the inequitable service of murderous competition. My aim is commercial equity, industrial evolution. When I can see these, and other things, accepted, and actually at work, and Wilbur City a practical example of integral cooperation, then my work will be done; and I can pass from here in peace."

Much more these two men talked, but enough has been recorded to show how mad this good man must be. Are we not all just what and where we should be? Is not capital our master? Is not labor our servant? Is it not a libel to say of corporations, "they have neither bodies to be kicked, nor souls to be—ahem, saved! But, ye sons of men, there are evils that twice about you like slimy serpents. There are vested interests that are veritable 'old men of the sea,' to whom you are as was Sabinus. Dives waxes fatter, Lazarus becomes leaner. Corruption thrives, municipal and national. A very Witches' Sabbath is impending, when it comes, may mean blood, death and temporary chaos, with misery and loss untold and untellable. Welgwood Wilbur, mad or dreaming, strikes a key-note, the tone from which all rises and swells is: Let cities, communities and nations do for themselves and by themselves all those things now left to enterprising speculators, rings, or grasping corporations, thus reaping for the general good all profits and advantages now diverted to the coffers of the few."

Walking homeward under the starlit sky Frank pondered deeply and earnestly over all he had heard. He marvelled much, but his soul was touched, his mind inspired, and in innumerable ways he dimly saw how grand the project might become. Thereafter, as he mastered the Wilbur plan in full, he entered into it heart and soul, and his voice and pen became powers of no mean importance in helping forward all his patron desired to see accomplished. Welgwood Wilbur chose wisely in making Frank Winfield his private secretary.

But, reader, is it not, after all, a madman's dream?

CHAPTER VI.

SHOWS HOW CARMER PROSPERED, HOW JANE WAS JILTED, AND HOW FLORENCE CONTINUED TO ENJOY LIFE IN THE WALWORTH ROAD.

"Time and tide," the proverb tells us, "wait for no man," and Zebedee Carmar found the truth thereof forced upon his dull brain by many circumstances that could not be gainsaid. The two years that have passed since we last saw this good man have left traces upon his features as if care had sat upon his noble brow; indeed, he began to look in appearance as if anxiety, or some other subtle spirit, had assailed his billowy department, thereby showing that a certain troublesome member of his anatomical assembly was seriously deranged, to the obvious detriment of his ordinary state of mind. Outwardly his manner remained much the same. He was still the same smooth, unctuous, feline personage of old. Business had prospered with him. The "Emporium" had annexed the houses on either side, and it now rejoiced in an array of plate-glass, polished brass, mahogany, and gilded fittings, that made it the admiration of the immediate neighborhood. Indeed, trade was and had been wondrous good, and our good friend Zebedee had exhibited an amount of dash and energy which in him seemed almost miraculous. It was rumored that he was a large investor in a certain Cornish tin mine, "The Wheal Block Adventurers," while it was openly known that he was a director on the board of "The First Blinker Land and Building Society," which had been promoted and established by an affluent member of the chapel Mr. Carmar worshipped in, and of which he was now senior deacon. The sun was shining upon Zebedee, but the good man was not elated. No! He walked humbly, thoughtfully, with due—some said overacted—circumpection, but, as this history has elsewhere shown, all good men have their detractors, so Carmar must, of course, have had his.

The assistants of the "Emporium" were increased in numbers, but their lives were no happier than when we first discovered them. Long hours, poor food, prayers at morning now, as well as evening. For, like many others of his nature, Carmar felt that as his own comfort and prosperity increased he must render an increase of thanks to the Giver above; and innumerable custom has it that the more unlovely your gratitude can make other lives, the more conspicuous will your thank-offerings be when they reach the throne of grace. Indeed, it might as well be at once admitted that, between prosperity and piety, our good friend was rapidly becoming so capable a manufacturer of misery for all beneath him, that those dependent upon him sometimes profanely thought he was using Heaven's livery for the service it should least engage in.

Yes; Carmar was prospering. Is it true that to all of us comes a time and an opportunity in which to do some good while here on earth, to be a means of help or healing to those less favored than ourselves? May it be that the dull souls that see in money the one thing needful to their own selfish happiness are tried by a curious Providence that loads them with the means whereby, if they would, they could do so much good? and when these favored ones fall to see their duty, or blindly and willfully turn away from it, does this curious Providence develop in such natures the avarice that forces such on to greedy grasping, which sometimes loses all by clutching at too much, or turns them into cunning misers, whose gold-lust as surely infects their souls with its sordid hue as does jaundice men's mortal forms? Was it some such curious Providence that caused Zebedee Carmar to invest his money by degrees in Cornish tin and Blinker's shares? and that caused Ruggleston, of the mines, and Blinker, of the Building Society, to be frequent and honored guests at Carmar's table?

Prosperity had not improved Miriam Carmar, though one result had been that she ceased to pervade the shop. She was now confined to a little office wherein she kept watch and ward over the various departments, and no Gorgon ever looked more bony, glum and vicious. By her side, as cashier, sat Florence, patiently and faithfully doing her duty, but doing it with an air of waiting and hoping. But for what could she be waiting? None but herself could say. She was as kind, active and helpful as ever, and as much beloved. Had she been asked for what she was waiting, her answer would have been for a letter from across the sea. She had been so favored but twice since Frank parted from her. Often in the quiet night she had asked herself why this silence? True, eighteen months is not a great length of time; but to her, whose heart was hungry and whose life was barren, it had seemed twice told in years. Her sterner sisters might rate her as low in the scale of culture, and have urged that her duty was to utilize her present occupation as a means of fitting her to stand alone, enabling her to earn her own livelihood and so rise superior to so contemptible a feeling as "love"—itself an abstract emotion that should never be permitted to interfere with the mind or digestion of any well-regulated woman. But Florence was one of those ill-regulated women that Dame Nature persists in producing in spite of the opinions of certain amiable or unamiable enthusiasts, who assert that all such individuals are utterly useless. Being such a personality, Florence was possessed of feeling, tenderness and keen womanly sympathies, thinking that home, husband, family were sacred watchwords which called to life all that is best and noblest in our common nature. Sentimental? Yes; utterly so, no doubt. But then she was not a heroine, and, having no mock heroes, she was, the author thinks, so much the better. Yet being anxious, because in love, she wondered why Frank was silent for so long.

Before considering Florence's perplexities further, this history must turn back and announce two hitherto unrecorded facts. First, that partly owing to the enjoyment of Miss Carmar's personal favor, but mainly owing to her actual ability, Bertha Black had been promoted to the position of head saleswoman in the Carmar "Emporium," and consequently she was now in the receipt of a fair salary. This position enabled her to obtain a very complete insight into the nature and extent of the Carmar business. Secondly, this young lady had actually fallen in love herself! This last fact was, in itself, a complex cause, that, as it worked its results, produced a series of far-reaching effects—one good result being in the complete change of Bertha's opinions in general, and upon Miss Carmar in particular. Each of the foregoing matters arose out of the circumstance that as the Carmar business extended, its worthy proprietor found it needful to employ a superintendent—a certain Mr. Watterson being appointed to that position. Now Mr. Watterson was an ideal superintendent; strict, but not severe, exacting, but not tyrannical—seeing that all fully performed the duties of their allotted stations; greatly disliked at first by the entire staff, but after a few weeks all found that the system and regularity he enforced lightened their labors so much that he was now a prime favorite to nearly all. He was a tall, dark man, cool, cautious, but determined—and secretly bent upon becoming a partner in the concern by making himself indispensable to its proprietor, which secret determination was perhaps the foundation of his scrupulous attention to the duties of his position. Without appearing to do so, he rapidly mastered the details of Carmar's commercial standing, with but one exception. Being a suave and courteous man he succeeded in attaching himself to the family, so before long Jane Carmar began to feel a decided interest in the good-looking superintendent. So marked on her part did this exhibition of interest become that Mr. Watterson could not avoid noticing it, and that astute gentleman saw a method of entering into the business by an easy road. He cautiously felt his way, and finding encouragement, he too began to be somewhat marked in his attentions to the amiable Jane, so much so that in less than three months that fair damsel had virtually admitted her feelings to him, while he, with commendable prudence, avoided committing himself, not yet being assured of her parents' approval. Jane, seeing the superintendent growing more and more amiable, deluded herself into the belief that "her Watterson" was all her own. Alas for her future joys! Bertha Black was a matter to be reckoned with. Bertha had herself fallen in love with the handsome-looking superintendent, and intuitively divined, as in such cases women do, the state of feeling her dear friend Jane was in. Bertha being a comely little lass, quickwitted, and now much improved in manner, had, unknown to herself, found favor in Mr. Watterson's eyes, but so far he had wisely kept his own counsel on the matter. Then, the sad fact must be admitted that a dash of spitefulness was an ingredient in Bertha's nature, and as she found that as the prosperity of the Carmars increased Jane manifested a strong disposition to cast her former friend and ally overboard, she determined upon winning in the end. Bertha quietly submitted, meanwhile biding her time for reprisals hereafter. Her time came ere she anticipated, but it found her fully prepared. The agent that played into her hands was Mr. Ruggleston, of "The Wheal Block Adventurers," who, calling upon Zebedee Carmar, held a conversation with that gentleman, which being overheard by Bertha, gave the final turn to the events of this history that was needed to work out the questions now involved.

Late on a certain Monday evening Mr. Ruggleston called upon Mr. Carmar, asking for a private interview with him. The twain adjourned to the private sanctum of the head of the house. In this chamber there was a large cupboard, in which was stored a variety of boxes containing documents of a commercial and private nature. Upon the shelf in its upper part were also many bundles and packages of like nature—the room being half smoking-room and half office—the place where Carmar transacted all his private business. Possibly very much on the principle of running with the hare and holding with the hounds, it happened on this particular evening that Mr. Watterson had been indulging in a little mild flirtation with Bertha upon the stairs leading to Carmar's private room, for certainly there they were as Carmar and his visitor prepared to ascend. At this point Mr. Watterson, not at first seeing who was coming, advised his companion to doze into the private office until the coast was clear, he in the meantime descending the stairs to delay those coming up until her concealment was effected. This he accordingly did, giving Bertha ample time to slip out of sight, but to that young lady's utter consternation she heard Carmar say:

"Well, well, come into my little room, and we can there talk undisturbed."

Quick as thought the cupboard occurred to her, and in mortal terror of being discovered, she ineffectually squeezed into it, closing the door just a moment before the two men entered the room.

"Now," said Carmar, after seating himself with his back to the cupboard door, "I don't understand this. I went into those mines solely upon your advice. Now there seems every likelihood the affair will turn out a dead loss!"

"No, my dear sir," said Mr. Ruggleston, "not quite that yet. You know we hold the largest interests. Well, now, the amount needed is but small. The board is willing to act under my advice, and if we each put in half the amount needed, why the mine is virtually ours—a fortune for us both, certainly—absolutely certain."

"It is impossible," said Carmar, adding, with rueful visage, "I have not a penny I can touch!"

"Then?" was his companion's ejaculation, "now, how's that?"

Leaning over the table in an attitude of caution, Carmar said, in a low voice:

"The fact is I have put all my available cash into this mine and Blinker's Society. Just now several heavy acceptances are about due, and how I am going to meet them is by no means clear to me."

"Well," said the man of mines, "I am afraid it is all up. Your money and mine is gone. For unless the money is raised crash is the word, my friend—crash, and only crash. Now it is a woe of pity!"

"Yes, it is a woe of pity," but 'pity' is no use here. I have already sunk £5000 in it, and just now it is impossible for me to raise another thousand. My credit is pledged right up, and until this affair, or Blinker's, brings me some return I am cornered."

By this time the good man had turned pale, his lips were bloodless, his tongue was dry, and an intense nervous anxiety expressed itself in his every action. Instinctively he saw his all trembling in the balance, while the knowledge that his present trouble was the outcome of speculations that others would describe as much like gambling, caused him to feel that somehow he was being beaten, though just how he was then unable to decide.

Giving him time to think a little, Mr. Ruggleston presently said, "I will get you the money. If you need more I will help you as far as I can."

Astonished beyond measure Carmar could only gasp, "God bless you," at which his companion smiled grimly.

"Stop a moment, there are conditions. One concerns your security for the advance, the other is about your niece. For security take me into partnership, and the money shall simply be a loan, free of interest, secured upon the stock—"

"But my niece?"

"Simply this: persuade her to accept me for her husband, then the money shall be absolutely yours."

What need is there to tell how this precious pair completed their bargain? It is enough to say that the terms were duly agreed upon, the money advanced, and the secret stipulation regarding Florence duly attended to. Before all these things fell out, other matters occurred though. First of these matters was that as soon as the two men left the room, Bertha, who had been thoroughly startled at all she had heard, in emerging from her hiding-place, bumped her head against the shelf above. This caused a small package to drop into her hands, and being nervous, and a little "off her head," as the saying is, she, unthinkingly, thrust the packet of letters, for such it was, into the pocket of her dress. Cautionously retreating from Carmar's sanctum she finally reached her own room in safety, undiscovered by any one.

Several days later she concluded to venture the dress she had upon the evening of her adventure just described, and upon reaching it from its hooks she was puzzled to find there was some bulky object in its pocket. What her astonishment was can be readily imagined when it is stated that on examining the package she found it consisted of a number of letters, all opened, all from America, and all addressed to Florence Lenton! But why should they have been in that cupboard—for Bertha now remembered how they came into her possession? Either Carmar had intercepted or stolen them, hiding them in the place where they had so strangely fallen into her hands. Her first impulse was to hand them over to Florence. On second thought she remembered the circumstances under which they came into her hands, and being afraid to risk any explanation of how she obtained them, she determined to wait and think matters over before doing anything. Finally she determined to take counsel with Mr. Watterson, and during her subsequent conversation upon the matter with that gentleman she narrated to him the circumstances that led to Frank's expulsion, whereat Mr. Watterson expressed a decided opinion at the absurdity of an apprentice aspiring to marry into a rich and prosperous family like Carmar's, which caused Bertha to saucily say:

"Ah, yes! If it is rich. I have my doubts."

"Your doubts," said Watterson, smiling, "and pray what do you know?"

"Well, I know that Carmar is in a tight place for money. His mining speculations are almost total losses—will be quite so if he fails to find £1,000 immediately."

"Oh!" said Mr. Watterson, with a slight whistle of surprise, "mines, is it?" Then after a brief pause, "but how do you know this?" In response to his queries Bertha narrated all she had heard while concealed in the cupboard.

The day after the above recorded conversation, Mr. Watterson requested a few days' leave of absence, pleading urgent family affairs as the cause. His real object was to obtain some reliable information upon the spot concerning the "Wheal Block Adventurers" tin mine, which required a journey into Cornwall, while he also made some very searching inquiries regarding the character of the First Blinker Building Society.

On his return to the "Emporium," he had determined upon two lines of action as a result of his information obtained in Cornwall and London. First he had decided to resign his appointment, and to himself establish a rival concern on the other side of the street, immediately opposite. Secondly he concluded to offer his hand and heart to Bertha Black, justly arguing that her intimate knowledge of Carmar's business connections would form a useful fund of knowledge they could jointly profit from.

In due course Zebedee Carmar received the courtously worded resignation of his able superintendent, which, of necessity, he was compelled to accept. He then adroitly compassed a farewell chat with the impressive Jane, who learned that urgent private affairs were taking from her her latest charmer, who protested his great respect for her, and asserted he would ever remain her friend in all things. So pleasant became her part that Jane felt her loss was even greater than she could bear, and when her companion expressed the hope that he would receive her congratulations upon his approaching marriage, Jane could only ask in tones of sympathy:

"May I ask who the happy lady is?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Watterson. "She is a lady well known to you, Miss Jane—one whom you value and appreciate; one who has sat at your table, been your friend, enjoyed your confidence—"

"Oh, Mr. Watterson! You do not mean—that is to say, you—I—ah!—oh!—I really do not understand—that is, do you mean that as an offer?" said Jane, with an assumption of coyness that seemed like a painful burlesque.

"Oh! no, Miss Carmar. I did not so mean it at all. Indeed, if anything on my part has seemed to imply such an idea, I am truly sorry; for the fact is the young lady in question is your old friend, Miss Black."

"Then this is part of your reason for leaving us?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Mr. Watterson, I am surprised at you. You have treated me most unbecomingly. I am insulted, sir, and will tell my pa. You have encouraged my feelings, and now, like a mean, spiteful brute, you tell me to my face you are going to marry another. You shall be made to suffer for this. I'll see to it, you disgraceful creature," and with tears of rage, vexation and wounded vanity Jane Carmar bounded out of the room.

As sometimes happens in such characters, this ill-disposed girl really did feel something akin to love for this man, more so than she had felt for any of her previous flames—more than she could ever feel again. Her inordinate vanity had caused her defeat in the one decisive engagement of her life. Vanquished, hurt, humiliated, she quitted the field with an aching bitterness in her heart that soured her after days, made her shrewish and caustic, and changed her into an object of mingled derision and pity. Jane Carmar had sown; and now was reaping. Her harvest grain was harsh and bitter indeed.

Six weeks later Bertha Black became Mrs. Edward Watterson.

And Florence? During all this time as patient and gentle as ever. Yet the clouds surrounding her were often black and heavy.

Three weeks after the interview between Carmar and Watterson the clouds gathered around poor Florence darker and heavier than before, indicating a storm of most alarming dimensions. It was now needful for Carmar to do his best for his friend Ruggleston, being now indebted to him to the extent of one thousand pounds. So, with the purpose of providing an opportunity at which Florence could be approached by her would-be suitor, Zebedee had decided upon a quiet little dinner, at which the family, Ruggleston and Florence should be the company. Therefore the dinner was arranged, and the prospective husband duly invited. It was in truth a dull affair, in spite of the efforts Mrs. Carmar made to make it agreeable. To Florence it was dreary beyond all endurance. Mr. Ruggleston paid her marked attention, and generally conducted himself in a manner that frequently bordered upon the offensively familiar.

The dinner at last being over, an adjournment was made to the drawing-room—the dining-room was the old-time private room, wherein we first met this gentle household in its domestic privacy. By a little adroit maneuvering of Mrs. Carmar, Florence was presently left with Mr. Ruggleston to look over a collection of photographic views, to which, out of courtesy to her uncle's guest, she endeavored to devote her somewhat wandering attention. After some moments thus occupied her companion remarked:

"You have a keen sense of the beautiful, Miss Lenton."

"Thank you."

"No, but I mean it. You have a very nice judgment."

"I know what I like."

"Have you seen any of these places yourself, Miss Lenton?"

"No. That is to say, not any outside of London."

"You would like to, of course."

"Yes."

"Perhaps your uncle will take you to visit them, sometime?"

"Perhaps."

"I should very much like to visit these places—there, Paris, Scotland, Berlin, New York, Richmond,"—said Mr. Ruggleston, making out a startling list of contrasted localities, "but I am a busy man, Miss Lenton, and traveling alone is very dull—very dull."

"I have never traveled, but to me it seems traveling could never be dull. It must be a panorama of ever-changing scenes. I could not think of it as being dull."

"Ah, Miss Lenton, if I had such a companion as you to travel with I believe your sympathetic nature would make the most tedious journey almost a fairy dream. But there, I am all business, at least my friends say so—but they are wrong, Miss Lenton, utterly wrong. I have a heart Miss Lenton, one that can feel, one that responds to—to to nature, yes, responds to nature, that admires goodness and worth," then dropping his voice a little, he asked, "Do you know, Miss Lenton, why I have been so long a visitor here?"

"I believe my uncle is engaged with you in some mining matters, therefore I presume you came in consequence."

"Yes, but that is only one part of my reason—do you know the other?"

"I do not."

"It is you, Miss Lenton!"

"Me! Mr. Ruggleston?"

"Yes, you, Miss Lenton. I have long admired you at a distance, long longed to see you in secret, and I am here to-night to offer you my hand and heart. I am well-to-do, can give you a good home, your aunt and uncle approve my suit"—he called it "suit"—"will you have me, Miss Lenton? Come, say yes, and make this the happiest day of both our lives!"

"Mr. Ruggleston," said Florence, who had divined the purpose of the dinner, "it is impossible. I do not feel the slightest inclination in the direction of your proposal. It is impossible; aunt and uncle both know that."

"But think, Miss Lenton, think of the opportunity you are losing! I don't mind telling you I am soon about to retire. I have been successful, very. In a few months I shall be as rich as any man needs to be."

"Mr. Ruggleston, once for all, I cannot consider this subject. It pains me. Do not compel me to be unwell or unkind. Believe me, I have good reasons on my side; and let me say that they do not in any way reflect upon you."

"You love some one else?"

"Sir, you have no right to ask that."

"Well, excuse me; never mind. You refuse me, then?"

"If you put it that way, then, yes!"

"So be it, then. I am afraid some folks will rue it, that's all."

At this stage Carmar softly stepped up to them and blandly asked: "How are you passing your time? Pleasantly, I trust, my good friend?" Then pausing, as if in expectation of hearing a hoped-for announcement, he turned to his niece and affably smiled upon her, as if to encourage her to speak. To his confusion, however, Florence said:

"Mr. Ruggleston has just asked me to be his wife, and I have declined, as you remember I declined months ago when you first put the subject before me."

"I am very sorry, my dear, very sorry. Your aunt will be very sorry, also. I will not praise my friend to his face—evidently you do not know how estimable a man he is. May I ask why you refuse such an excellent chance—that is, so estimable a man?"

"Yes, since it is the reason you are already aware of—my love is pledged."

"Oh—ah—yes—that scamp Winfield, I suppose. But there, we will not hurt my friend's feelings by discussing an idle, roving vagabond who forgets the woman he loves after he turns him from his doors. But, my dear niece, I am sorry you have refused this offer. You will be sorry, too, I think, and soon, too, perhaps. The turn affairs took now effectively broke up the pleasure of the evening, and very shortly after the foregoing conversation Mr. Ruggleston took his departure.

Late that night a council of war was held, the court consisting of Miriam and Zebedee Carmar, the culprit being Florence. Her offense was contumacy in refusing the hand of her uncle's friend, and the alternatives were submission to her guardian's wishes, or otherwise she must for the future take life upon her own shoulders, for her uncle and aunt would not be bound to maintain her longer! A compromise, by Carmar, was at last decided upon: Florence should have one month to think matters over in, and her decision should then be final.

The month passed—four weeks of petty spite, in which each day was a record that would have made malicious spirits smile with admiration at how much torture good people can inflict upon their fellows in their efforts to vindicate their rights. The end of these four miserable weeks came at last, closing with the anticipated interview. Zebedee was stormy, Miriam cold and harsh, Florence indignant, for she instinctively divined some selfish object in her uncle's desire to see her married.

"I am your niece," she told him. "You have fed me, clothed and sheltered me. In return you have had my services, at least of some value. I have tried to do my duty to you both, and am indeed grateful to you for all you have done for me, and to prove it I am willing to do anything in reason you ask me; but accepting Mr. Ruggleston is impossible; you know, and aunt knows my feelings were—"

"Oh, yes," interrupted Carmar, "we know you were to be still thinking of that scamp who turned from the house. But how much does he care for you? How many letters has he sent you? Bah! You can be quite sure, my dear niece, that shiftless ne'er-do-well has long since forgotten you."

Then arose the good Miriam:

"Florence, take heed. My patience toward my dear sister's child given its limits. You are ungrateful to us. You set yourself against Providence. I am hurt, my child, more than hurt. It is clearly your duty to take this step, and if you refuse, I shall deem it my duty to see that for the future you take the getting of your livelihood into your own hands."

"Aunt, uncle," appealing to each in turn, "I have always obeyed you willingly; but you both know this cannot be done. I never can like Mr. Ruggleston enough to be his wife, nor need I deceive you, as you know my heart is pledged to Mr. Winfield. I do not pretend to be able to explain his shape; you or uncle may be able to do so." [Here Carmar winced a little.]

"I cannot. In my heart I am sure he is faithful, and rightly or wrongly—rightly, I feel—my choice is fixed; if it parts us, it must be so. I have done you no wrong, but you are cruel to me in trying to force me into this marriage. But I will not be a burden to you any longer. I have borne more than I can or will bear again. I will seek employment, and with what little money I have, sustain myself until I find a situation." Quietly, calmly and with sustained dignity and purpose all this was said, and once again love triumphed over prudence, faith was trusted and discretion discarded. A week later Florence was installed in an humble lodging in a side street in the Walworth Road, and her uncle's house knew her never again.

Just at this time a curious thing happened across the road, immediately in front of the Carmar "Emporium," and to the wonderment of the Carmar staff. No less a thing, indeed, than the appearance of a force of builders' men, who proceeded to erect an hoarding in front of the three opposite houses. This was followed by the raising of scaffolding, the appearance of bricklayers, plasterers, carpenters, glaziers, plumbers and painters. After the manner of such they made the neighborhood hideous, first with dust, then with uncounted sounds of hammers, saws, all sorts of tools and much conversation in strident tones, the character of which was more forcible than elegant. Naturally much speculation was indulged in as to the use the building was to be put to, but so far it remained a profound secret.

Florence essayed to find employment, but seemingly in vain. At times it almost appears that Fate forgets the needy to favor the well-to-do; so now Florence began to feel depressed, for having "no references," her task was likely to prove a hard one. Plainly, but neatly dressed in black, with pale face and anxious looks she was passing along the Walworth Road and had almost reached her own street turning when she encountered Bertha—or as we must now call her, Mrs. Watterson; she tried to pass her unnoticed, but Bertha was not to be eluded, for she had heard from old friends of the rupture, and to Florence's surprise tendered her the warmest sympathies over her trials, and in so sincere a manner that they could not be questioned. She insisted upon Florence going home with her, they were living close by in the Kensington Road, and as Florence was reluctantly compelled to assent, she presently found herself in the Watterson establishment.

During the evening her plans were discussed; of course our hero Frank came in our consideration, and his long silence was considered, to the manifest discomfort of Florence, who was startled almost out of herself when Bertha emphatically asserted that she did not believe Frank had either been silent or forgotten. Having gone so far, Bertha thought it best to narrate the cupboard incident, and running from the room she presently returned with the packet of letters, in which there was found a letter received the very day of Bertha's advancement and improved position at Wilbur City; of all which the reader is already aware, interspersed with many words of affection, exhortation to patience, and a declaration of his intention ere long to come over for the pur-

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"I do not."

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In quoting from the BANNER OF LIGHT care should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and the communications (condemned or otherwise) of correspondents. Our columns are open for the expression of impartial free thought, but we decline to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondence give utterance. No notice is taken of anonymous letters and communications. The name and address of the writer are in all cases indispensable as a guaranty of good faith. We cannot undertake to return or preserve manuscripts not used. When newspapers are forwarded containing matter for our inspection, the sender will confer a favor by drawing a pencil or ink line around the article.
When the post-office address of the BANNER is to be changed, our patrons should give us two weeks' previous notice, and not omit to state in full their present as well as future address.
Notices of Spiritualist Meetings, to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Monday of each week, as the BANNER goes to press every Tuesday.

Banner of Light.

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

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For the purpose of inducing parties who are non-subscribers to obtain an experimental knowledge of its practical value as an exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy in all its various phases,

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Another Pulpit Popgun.

"We do not need Spiritualism to convince the Christian of immortality. Our faith is better founded." So said Rev. Thomas A. Reeves in the pulpit of the Presbyterian church in Woonsocket, R. I. He was preaching on the much-worn theme of "The Witch of Endor," making it one of a series entitled "Night Scenes from the Bible." The awful message of Samuel to Saul is a warning, he said, against seeking illicit intelligence. From the story he drew the following conclusions: that King Saul is not a good model to follow; that the witch was a fraud; that God's will in respect to communications through spirits between the future world and this is silence; that those who enter "the obscure realm of Spiritualism" place themselves helplessly "under the crafty influence of malign spirits"; that the deceptions of Spiritualism have been a thousand times exposed; and that it is desecration to tamper with our sacred dead. The word of God, he added, is all-sufficient to teach us immortality and to guide us to heaven. What he would call the "word of God" is a term so vague and meaningless as to have become a mere shibboleth of superstition.

It fairly tries, even if it does not exhaust, the patience of those not wholly mummified with bigotry, to read or listen to the cheap and voluble utterances of men of this common stamp from the pulpit. The question forces itself upon us, whether they expect and desire to live and die within such narrow limitations. If they appear to be wholly satisfied now, can it be possible that they always will be? How easy for one who actually knows nothing about Spiritualism, yet would be thought to possess a familiarity with it that breeds contempt, to rattle off a list of empty and dogmatic utterances in regard to it that are so utterly vague and formless as to defy the intellectual grasp necessary for a reply. What volubility such a person employs in delivering himself of opinions that have cost him neither investigation nor thought; that rest on no knowledge of the subject whatever; that are proclaimed purely for the purpose of prejudicing the public mind, and in which he is a notoriously incompetent, because an openly interested witness! Yet it is just this style of person who makes a business of denouncing Spiritualism, and thinks that his mere occupancy of a church pulpit makes his denunciations the equivalent of testimony that is the product of close and serious investigation.

Scanning the newspaper report of this preacher's discourse, for instance, we note that he asserts that "God gives us revelation of the future world in his Word, and he will not have it confused, discredited, injured by a great mass of spiritual communications, trivial, idle, senseless in innumerable instances." Now as to the alleged revelation of the future world in the Bible, which is of course meant by God's "Word," we defy him to produce the first proof of it in the Old Testament, or to satisfy any intelligent professing Christian of such a revelation in the New. We refer him to the Episcopal Bishop of Rhode Island for a very candid opinion on this subject. But one book in the Bible is called a book of revelation, the Revelation of St. John, and it has been agreed by the oldest Christian council known to call that apocryphal. It actually reveals nothing of the future world, any more than Genesis embodies a real account of creation. There-

fore if no revelation has hitherto been made, is there any reason to conclude that in the fullness of time one will not be made? And is any one man, or any number of men, to presume to declare that the present is not the period chosen for making it?

God's will in respect to communications between the future world and this is silence, says this preacher. How should he know so much more concerning God's will than the rest of us? His theology, which is nothing but speculation, certainly does not tell him. What then does? Is it the known will of God to be forever silent on a subject concerning which he has planted such yearnings in the human heart? In that case he has done it only to mock us. This minister insists, too, that all Spiritualists are influenced by malign spirits. Ah! but that declaration gives his whole case away. If spirits of any class whatever can communicate with and influence mortals, then assuredly there is no good reason why spirits of every character cannot. If evil spirits, then good spirits also. It is not for the advocate of a narrow creed, who openly earns his living by preaching it, to draw the line. He cannot claim to be precisely omniscient. In pretending to know so much about it, he advertises himself as knowing just nothing.

To show the capacity as well as the candor of his mind, he cites the notorious Seybert Commission's report on Spiritualism, declaring that "it drags into the day the simple mysteries of slate-writing, spirit-rappings, sealed envelopes, spirit-photographs, flower-scences, and cabinet materializations. It turns," he adds, "the light of fair and scientific investigation upon all the clumsy artifices which have deceived so many, and reveals the effrontery of their barefaced and shallow trickery." This from a man in a church pulpit, who would have his hearers believe he hated and despised nothing so much as trickery, when it was perfectly easy for him to satisfy himself that the very composition of this commission was a piece of trickery, that its professed investigation was another piece of trickery, and that its preconstructed report was still another! Yet he presumes in the same discourse with such a statement to decide that none but evil spirits, if any, can influence mortals, and that God's purpose on the whole subject is to maintain the mystery of silence! It is perfectly evident that the pulpit's hostility to Spiritualism is based on different grounds from those it openly alleges. It sees in the steady development of religious conceptions which is to supersede its own influence and authority altogether.

A Progressive Divine.

Rev. Dr. Bray, of St. Louis, has requested his own deposition from the ministry at the hands of the Episcopal Bishop of Missouri, on the ground of the entire incompatibility of his present religious belief with the accepted creed of the Protestant Episcopal Church, of which he has long been a distinguished minister.

In the course of an interview with a newspaper reporter, Dr. Bray explained that a good many people thought his course not only astonishing, but shocking; nevertheless he considered that the views held by him were identical with those held by the Broad Church of England, which is a highly potent factor in the Episcopal Church. While he knew there were many who hold similar views, he also knew that they lacked the courage to avow them. He said that the spirit of unbelief was widespread. He had had many clergymen admit their unbelief to him. He had had avowals of doubt from preachers of many denominations.

Dr. Bray said that in the places in which he had been he had found some preacher, who, when taken to task by him for certain utterances, confessed that he did not himself believe in what he preached. That, in fact, is the motif of the widely read novel, "Robert Elsmere." "There is one man who is now a bishop with whom I was intimate," said Dr. Bray, "who told me candidly that he did not believe the doctrines of which he was an exponent."

In reply to the direct inquiry as to what his real belief is, Dr. Bray answered that he was satisfied of one thing, namely, that God fills the universe; that force is the measure and the ultimate of matter—the measure and the ultimate of all existence; that God is universally extended, conscious force, filling the whole; and that there can be no point in space, no spirit, essence, or atom of matter which is not full of deity. For if God be not everywhere, then we have something greater than God—space; and to acknowledge anything greater than God is to acknowledge that there is no God. "I am an atheist," added Dr. Bray (in the direction of belief in an anthropomorphic deity), "and that is all I am."

Yet he said he entertained a well-grounded belief in immortality, because it was reasonable. The conscious force in man made him what he is, and it was far more plausible to think that this force underwent in death a differentiation than to hold that it was annihilated.

So here is a case of avowed unbelief in a personal God, in the bosom of one of the leading churches of the country, in addition to a candid confession that there are many more ministers in that and other denominations who are in the same condition of unbelief. What more or better proof is needed, that the creeds are falling apart of their own dead weight, because they wholly fail to satisfy the craving of the human spirit for what old theology, now infected with a dry rot, never can supply.

And what further evidence is needed to show the time ripe for the advent of Modern Spiritualism, which harnessed the alphabet to the phenomena and thus made them legible to common intelligence? Dr. Bray is willing to believe in immortality because it is reasonable; but Spiritualism reinforces reason with indisputable knowledge, even as it subordinates all forms and measures of force to the universal presence and operation of power.

The Intelligence who answered mundane questions at our Public Circle April 2, '89, said he believed the time would come when even an earth advanced mind would arrive at the conclusion that man is in himself an epitome of ALL THAT HAS BEEN, and OF ALL THAT EVER WILL BE; that he possesses in his own nature the forces and capabilities of even an infinite mind. This is just what we have believed for a long time.

Rev. Ira Pettibone, another of the old original Abolitionists who stood by the side of Wendell Phillips in the darkest hour before the triumph of that cause, has joined the great majority in spirit-land.

Get Hudson Tuttle's new book and read it carefully. The author is a fine spiritual medium, and derives his great store of information from the higher life.

Spirit-Birthdays.

Is not every day a birthday of the spirit? asks Rev. Mr. Chadwick, of Brooklyn, in a recent discourse; for does not everyone bring in its train fresh opportunities to tread our baser passions down, to practice self-denial, to refuse the worse and choose the better way? If we kept the anniversaries of all the days that saw us somewhat advanced upon the path of truth and holiness, or slipping back upon some lower plane, there would not be a day in all the year that would be wanting in its hour of private gladness or of secret shame. Happy are they who find the latter so outnumbered by the former that their lives with no uncertain motion tend to higher levels. It is no matter of mere chance whether it shall be so with us or not.

There are men and there are books that are friends and aids of those who would live in the spirit. We can draw near to these. We can subject our spirit to their plastic stress. And from the men, the books, the circumstances that we know are calculated to depress our moral sentiment and make slack our moral fibre we can resolutely draw apart. We know these things, and happy are we if we do them. How can we be too grateful to the books and men that have emancipated us from mental bondage? or how keep too sacredly the days or seasons that recall our first or best experience of their incalculable addition to our stock of spiritual life? On the affectional plane, the birthdays of the spirit are those days that stand for great experiences of friendship, love and death. Happy are we if we can name the days on which such good things came to us as decisively as those which bring to mind the birthdays of our friends.

The birthdays of the spirit on the moral plane are those days which have had a determining influence upon our character and life. The turning of the tide does not effect itself with a more noiseless quiet than these turnings of the moral life. We cross the line that separates our good and evil tendency as unconsciously as a ship crosses the equator; but once crossed, what daily battles are there to be fought, what daily victories to be won! There may be many birthdays of the spirit that in our experience stand out from all others, and when we can fix their date we may keep their anniversaries with no outward demonstration, but with deep inward joy.

What shall we do, asks Mr. Chadwick, to make our birthday anniversaries, in the natural order, milestones of progress in the spiritual order of our lives? This, among other things, is obviously important, that we must cherish these secret anniversaries of the heart which bring to mind their holy sorrow and their unspeakable delight; which enable us to live over again, in happy recollection, those undimmed hours when something lifted us into a more intimate communion with the true, the beautiful and the good. So there haply shall come to us new birthdays of the spirit, in whose radiant mornings new purposes and aspirations and resolves shall be born to us, that we may not willingly let die.

A Complaint that is a Shame.

Nepotism is a charge to bring against any government or administration that ought to make those responsible for it thoroughly ashamed. It is a charge brought against the existing administration, and unfortunately with much more truth than will warrant a denial. A President who possesses a truly refined and clear perception would never distribute offices among his family relatives and business associates. He would as carefully eschew it as a judge on the bench would refuse to soil the purity of his ermine with taking bribes. There is always a certain something in character, though esteemed volatile, yet firmly fixed, that indicates not merely the direction it will take but the errors it will instinctively avoid. In a public servant, entrusted with power and patronage, it is naturally to be expected that official favors will not be bestowed for private advantage. He ought no more to think of distributing them among relatives, friends, associates and dependents than he would think of farming them out for his own profit.

A great deal could be said on a subject so little agreeable, but it ought rather to be regarded as a public scandal that it is necessary to say anything at all. It was this, above all other faults, that impelled Bishop Potter recently to make so pointed a reference to the President and his administration as he did. One cannot help putting himself the question: Would Washington or Jefferson have thought of employing his position for so debasing a purpose?

It is not the money value of the favors officially bestowed in this way by an administration that is the object of concern; that is a mere bagatelle in comparison with the loss to the country in another direction. That loss occurs in the insensible but no less certain lowering of the standard of public morality. The fine sense of propriety and justice is fatally wounded. That devotion of the public sentiment which forms the strongest pledge of a perpetuation of a free government is dangerously lowered. There is a sacred reserve in the national as in the individual character that cannot be disregarded or thrown away. To get out of the reach of its necessary influence is to give up all. When a whole people wink at practices which they instinctively know to be improper and corrupt, the fatal work of demoralization has surely begun. There is no less need of integrity in affairs of government than in affairs of business. If any citizen of the country ought to preserve the purity of his purpose, above the furthest reach of suspicion, it assuredly is the President of the United States. Can he do it and make his family the selected almoners of the nation's bounty?

The editor-in-chief has nothing whatever to do with the management of the business department of this paper, whether in regard to advertisements or books. That is managed entirely by his business partner. We have been written to many times by interested parties, (and are still questioned in regard thereto), which fact has often put us before the public in a false position, to our great annoyance in many ways, and we are now obliged to make this statement in order to be fully understood and justified.

As THE BANNER endeavors to impartially represent all the Spiritual Camp-Meetings, it desires the managers of these associations to make it a point to circulate this paper as fully as possible among their visitors, as the old saying holds good in this case, namely, that good deeds should be reciprocated.

Dr. J. W. Owen, late of Hyde, Manchester, England, is in town.

Cremation.

The United States Cremation Company (140 Nassau street, New York) and the New York Cremation Society (80 Fulton street) at the commencement of the present year addressed a letter of inquiry to a large number of well-known ladies and gentlemen, for the purpose of obtaining their views upon cremation as an improved method of disposing of the remains of the departed. In that letter it was said that the work of combating the arguments opposed to the much-needed reform has ended; that one after another the religious objection, the legal objection, the sanitary objection, the sentimental objection and all other objections have been overcome, and to-day hostility to it maintains its existence alone on prejudice, false sentiment or blind conservatism.

Replies favorable to cremation were received from a large number of individuals, one hundred of which have been published in a pamphlet of sixty pages for the purpose of informing the public of the process of cremation, erroneously supposed to be a burning of the body, but which is properly and strictly incineration, or a reduction of it to ashes, and absorption of all the gaseous elements, conducted within a fire-clay retort, three feet in diameter and seven feet in length.

One cannot fail, upon reading the opinions given in this collection, to become favorably impressed not only with the desirableness but with the imperative necessity of a general adoption of this method, which, though seemingly new, is as old as history. Edward E. Hale says he advocated it more than fourteen years ago, and that he has no doubt it will work its way into general favor. M. D. Conway approves of cremation for the reason that he regards "the wholesale poisoning of the earth and its fountains by dead bodies as the survival of a grossly materialistic conception of the future life." Rev. R. Heber Newton says that having tried to make his life one of usefulness to his fellows, he objects to the possibility of injuring any one after he is dead. The thought that what he cannot take with him to a higher form of life is to be left as a means of poisoning other lives, is abhorrent to him. Rev. Phillips Brooks believes there are no true objections to the practice of cremation, and many excellent reasons why it should become common.

Among others whose letters approving of and recommending cremation are given, are Rev. C. K. Adams, President of Cornell University; Lucy Stone, of the Woman Suffrage Association; Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, Luther R. Marsh, Edgar Fawcett, Hon. Abram S. Hewitt, Rev. J. W. Chadwick, Dr. Felix Adler, Cassius M. Clay, Josiah Quincy, Kate Field, Chas. A. Dana, Editor New York Sun, Charles Francis Adams, Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Prof. C. E. Norton, of Harvard College.

Appended to the collection of letters are given particulars relating to the two New York cremation institutions and information for those who may desire to unite with them or avail themselves of their services.

Alleged Indian Outbreak.

The N. Y. World sometimes tells the truth. Here is a case in point. It says:

"The outbreak of the Chippewa Indians in Minnesota, which has resulted so far in the killing of some Scandinavian laborers, and which may develop into a small war, was, as usual, the consequence of bad faith and encroachment on the part of white men. Promises made by Congress have long remained unfulfilled. Distrust has been created, and when certain contractors proceeded, against the protest of the Indians, to dig an irrigating ditch from the lake on the Mille Lacs reservation, the latter thought their fishing resources would be destroyed, and made an attack. These aborigines are not wholly an admirable set of people, and of course they will be put down and punished more or less, but they are a hundred times more sinned against than sinning."

A new church has been started in Uxbridge, Ont., whose proclamation of purpose is at least unique even for these latter days. Its members profess not to believe that God or the Bible has changed "to suit the fashionable tendencies of the age." They insist that there must be an entire renunciation of all sin—"all principles, maxims, policies, fashions, and practices which are not strictly Scriptural"; that they must reject tobacco and intoxicating liquors, the wearing of superfluous ornaments, and fellowship with unconverted men in secret societies. They insist on a thorough change of heart, and the entire sanctification of the nature. They refuse to resort to worldly policy in order to sustain the gospel, such as selling and renting pews, picnics, Christmas trees, festivals, lotteries, fairs and donation parties. Neither do they tolerate any form of worldly amusements. They endeavor to promote spirituality and simplicity of worship, and prohibit performances upon musical instruments and choir singing. They oppose extravagance, worldliness and pride in church architecture. And they make a stand for the most liberal form of church government, the laity having an equal voice with the ministry in all church councils, all offices being elective.

The descendants of Rebecca Nurse, the woman who was hanged in Salem as a witch (?) in 1692, by the self-willed religious bigots of that day, had a reunion in the vestry of the First Church, Danvers, Mass., June 17th. Dinner was served early in the afternoon, followed by an interesting meeting at which George A. Tapley of Danvers presided. Rev. Charles B. Rice, D. D., pastor of the First Church, delivered the principal address, followed with remarks by George A. Tapley, Charles W. Steele of Salem, Sylvanus Newhall of Danvers, Aaron Nurse of Salem, who submitted a financial report of the Association. Among the number were Rev. F. B. Mott of Salem, Carrie Brown of Lynn, William Nurse and wife of Lexington. The Association voted to hold its next reunion in Salem.

The country press has been justly lavish in its praise of the course of the Boston Daily Globe in consequence of its merited and successful opposition to the medical monopoly bill which was defeated at the last moment by the good sense of the Senate, although the House passed the obnoxious measure. But when it says that THE GLOBE is the only paper that took action against the "Doctors' Plot," it is simply mistaken, as THE RECORD took ground against the bill, as well as THE BANNER. We have fought these "regular" would-be monopolists for twelve years, and beat them every time, simply in the interest of the liberties of the common people, and at a cost to us of hundreds of dollars.

The New Hampshire State Spiritualist Association held its fourth annual meeting at Keene, June 7th, 8th and 9th. A report of the proceedings, furnished by its Secretary, Geo. D. Epps, will appear next week.

Leprosy and Vaccination.

William Tebb contributes to the *Homeopathic World*, London, an article in which he claims that vaccination in the British West Indies has caused an increase of that fearful disease known as leprosy, and corroborates the truth of his claim by citations from authorities that cannot be questioned. He says:

"As far back as 1871, Dr. Hall Bakewell, Vaccinator General of Trinidad, testified before a Select Committee of the House of Commons that there was a very strong opinion among medical men in the West Indies that leprosy was communicated by vaccination; he had seen cases where vaccination seemed to be the only explanation. In the 'Leprosy' report of an inquiry made by the Royal College of Physicians, some years ago, evidence of a similar character was disclosed. . . . Dr. B. J. Bechtlinger, who has devoted twenty-seven years to the study of this branch of dermatology both in the East and West Indies, in South America, and the Sandwich Islands, writes that he considers the serious increase of the disease to be 'largely due' to vaccination. He has often been consulted by parents whose families were entirely without taint of skin disease, where one of the children has been inoculated in this way. The present medical superintendent of the Leper Hospital, Malacca, British Guiana, Dr. C. F. Castor, in his report to the Surgeon General for 1887, says, 'a most probable means of communicating leprosy is by vaccination,' and adds, 'it ought to be known far and wide, in countries where leprosy is endemic as with us, that there is every certainty of inoculation through vaccination.'

Though there is scarce any liability to a transmission of leprosy in this country by vaccination, the facts Mr. Tebb has stated, fully sustained by the reliable testimony of physicians, go to prove that vaccination increases disease in any community where it is practiced; and it is reasonable to conclude that a large proportion of the diseases with which the American people are afflicted have originated in that practice. It is a sad comment on the wisdom of our legislators that the laws they have made compel every child to have its blood impregnated with disease before it can be entitled to a common school education.

A lecture upon EVOLUTION before the Cleveland Progressive Lyceum, and an ORATION delivered at the Celebration of the Forty-first Anniversary of the Advent of Modern Spiritualism in that city, both by J. J. MONSIE, have been published in a pamphlet of thirty-six pages, by F. Muhlhauer. Thomas Lees, at 108 Cross street, Cleveland, O., has it for sale, together with other spiritual books, magazines and papers. As to the merit of the lecture and oration, nothing need be said—it being well known that whatever emanates from the source they did is read with interest and spiritual profit, and is sure of being in demand.

The Glasgow (Scotland) Association of Spiritualists held a social gathering on the evening of June 6th as a parting token of their interest in Mr. George W. Walround, its Corresponding Secretary, who with his family was to embark for this country on the 13th inst. A writer in *The Two Worlds* speaks very highly of Mr. Walround as a speaker and test medium, and of his success in disseminating a knowledge of Spiritualism during the past three years in Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen, the North of England, and elsewhere.

W. J. COLVILLE writes to *Light* that he expects to be in England next October, and "is desirous of taking in London a class for instruction in the theory and practice of 'Spiritual Science.'"

J. Q. A. Hill, East Wakefield, N. H., will please accept our thanks and those of the spirit-guides, for a choice floral contribution to our Circle-Room table.

Attention is called to the advertisement of the Onset Bay Short Line horse railroad via East Wareham to Point Independence.

(From the San Francisco Chronicle, June 2d.)

A Woman's Gift.

VALUABLE DONATION TO THE SPIRITUALISTS.
Property worth \$40,000—The Mountain View Ranch of One Hundred and Thirty-Six Acres.

Mrs. Eunice S. Sleeper, a well-known Spiritualist, has contributed from time to time gifts to the value of \$25,000 to the Spiritualists of the coast. Mrs. Sleeper was left a fortune of \$100,000 by her husband, now deceased. The property consisted of a large ranch at Mountain View, in Santa Clara County, and numerous houses and lots in San Francisco.

The local organ of Spiritualism, the *Golden Gate*, announced in its issue of the current week that Mrs. Sleeper was about to donate to the cause one hundred and thirty-six acres of the choicest fruit land on this coast. The market value of the land in bulk is about \$250 per acre, but with improvements in contemplation the property will be worth in the neighborhood of \$40,000. The property is located within six miles of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University at Palo Alto.

The late Mr. Sleeper was a leading citizen of Santa Clara County. He was a thrifty, intelligent farmer and a careful business man. At his death Mrs. Sleeper succeeded to the estate. A large portion of the community property she gave to her husband's relatives. About three years ago she gave improved city property valued at \$15,000 to the Society of Progressive Spiritualists of this city, from which the society derives a revenue of nearly \$200 a month.

After donating the proposed gift of one hundred and thirty-six acres at Mountain View, Mrs. Sleeper will still retain a small section of the ranch for a summer residence. She will also maintain a comfortable life in this city, and will have a moderate life annuity, ample for her support.

Mrs. Sleeper is at present visiting friends on Fremont street in this city. A *Chronicle* reporter called upon the lady last evening and asked as to the truth of the statement regarding her \$40,000 gift to the cause of Spiritualism.

"The announcement is somewhat premature," she said, "but the deeds and papers are now being made out. There are certain provisions that the recipients of the gift must comply with before I will sign the deeds to the property. I have already given about \$25,000 to the cause I love so dearly, and the proposed gift of the Mountain View property, with proper management, will be worth \$40,000."

Mrs. Sleeper intimated that the plan was the establishment at Mountain View of a camp-meeting ground, summer school and retreat for Spiritualists, something after the plan of the famous Chautauque Assembly. As soon as the conveyance of property is recorded, the details of the proposed scheme will be made public.

The Doctors.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
The one hundred and eighth Anniversary of the Massachusetts Medical Society convened in Mechanics' Building, Boston, June 12th. H. P. Walcott, M. D., delivered the annual discourse—his remarks showing that the recent defeat of the effort to procure the passage of a law "regulating" the practice of medicine in Massachusetts had no effect on the mind—but that like Ephraim he is yet "joined to his idols." This Society, he declared, was organized for the purpose, among others, of making a "just discrimination between such as are duly educated and properly qualified for the duties of their profession, and those who ignorantly and wickedly administer medicine."

The entire drift of his remarks favored the strictest "doctors' plot" legislation, and he spoke approvingly of such States as had passed these restrictive regulations. His remarks showed conclusively that that Society still stands firm in its original position regarding all "regulars."

All Spiritualist healers and clairvoyants (who exercise a power which no diploma can bestow, but which comes to them from an outside source because of natural fitness or hereditary transmission) and all of the so-called "irregular" school will still be forced to maintain strict watchfulness in the future, that no effort be successfully made to deprive them of their legitimate right to practice, or to prevent the people from exercising theirs to employ them.

ANTI-MONOPOLIST.

Message Department.

FREE SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

These highly interesting meetings, to which the public is cordially invited, are held at the Hall of the Banner of Light Establishment, ON TUESDAYS AND FRIDAYS, AT 3 O'CLOCK P. M.

The Hall (which is used exclusively for these meetings) will be open at 2 o'clock; the services commencing at 3 o'clock precisely.

Mrs. M. T. SHELLHAMER-Longley will occupy the platform on Tuesday afternoon for the purpose of allowing her spirit guides to answer questions that may be propounded by inquirers on the mundane plane, having practical bearing upon human life in its departments of thought or labor. Questions can be for the most part answered by the medium to the Chairman, who will present them to the presiding spirit for consideration.

Mrs. B. F. Smith, the excellent test medium, will on Friday afternoon entertain the audience by giving incarnated individuals an opportunity to send words of love to their earthly friends—whose messages are reported at considerable expense and published each week in THE BANNER.

It should be distinctly understood that the Messages published in this Department are those that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether for good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere to earth-life may feel that they are actually progressing to a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All queries as much as possible should be referred to the medium.

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

Natural flowers for our table are gratefully appreciated by our angel visitors, therefore we solicit donations of such from the friends of the Banner of Light, and in return a pleasure to place upon the altar of Spirituality their floral offerings.

Letters of inquiry in regard to this Department may be addressed to COLBY A. RICH, proprietors of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and not, in any case, to the mediums.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED. THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF Mrs. M. T. Shellhamer-Longley.

Report of Public Sance held April 2d, 1889.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh! our dear Father in Heaven, we bless thee for this occasion, for the opportunity that thou hast given thy immortal children to return from the land of souls and communicate their love and blessing unto their friends on earth. We praise thee for the gates are wide open, and that no power, no thought or superstition can close them, but that forever they shall remain wide open for these angels of the higher life to come on their mission of good-will and peace to man. Oh! may thy mercy and love be multiplied on every hand. May those who are inspired to give the word of cheer, the message of consolation, the instructive word, gain strength and power to fulfill their mission, and may others be raised to do like service unto thee and the humanity.

Oh! we praise thee for the blessings of life, for all those experiences which are vouchsafed to man, even though sometimes they seem bitter and hard to bear, for we know that discipline is good, and that through it the human heart may expand in love, in kindness, in sympathy, and the human mind may be stimulated to new inquiry and the attainment of new knowledge; that the spirit itself may round out in the graces, in strength of character, in all that is lovely and beautiful to see; so we praise thee for the discipline of life, for the shadows as well as the sunshine, for all that seemeth dark and dark, even as for that which is bright and sweet.

We know that sorrow and pain and anguish come, we know that death has robbed families of their beauty and bloom, but we also can realize that these shadows and this death itself has been sent in love by thee to teach thy children of immortal truth, to bring them up to higher planes of existence, to give them the light to uplift them to a grander, more beautiful world of light—so we praise thee; and we ask for thy blessing to continue with us each and all, now and forevermore. Amen.

Henry C. Wright.

I give you greeting, Chairman. From time to time during the passing years I have been privileged to take my place on this platform to say a few words to friends and to fellow-workers who are still in the body. I have, on a number of occasions, spoken through the lips of this medium on the recurring anniversaries of our Modern Spiritualism and its appearance to the earth, and to-day I feel like saying a few words once more through these lips, for even though I may at times use other instruments, yet I feel at home here, and especially at this hour.

You have recently observed the forty-first anniversary of our Spiritual Cause, and I have seen its power and commemoration in many places, for with the far-seeing eye I have beheld hundreds, even thousands of human forms, sending out their recognition of this truth and their thoughtful attention to this date, and I have been pleased to notice that Spiritualism to-day stands as firm and secure in the hearts of humanity as it did when I was in the body.

I was a man of peace. I did not believe in acting on the defensive or in assuming an aggressive attitude. I believed that peace and love will conquer every foe and will level every human ill. I believe now, as I did in the past, that peace and love are the rule, the guiding principle, and that the world will grow brighter and sweeter when these attributes are cultivated and inculcated more universally than they are even at the present time. I may call myself a veteran in the spiritual cause, a veteran who stood by the banner of truth, and was proud to see it unfurled to the breeze; and as I return here to-day to speak the word of cheer to my fellow-laborers who are still struggling along, sometimes passing over thorny pathways and battling themselves against great bowlders of opposition, I come to them to say: "Dear friends, take hope and courage; the years are passing, each one with its burden of toil and pain, but each one leaving something of sunshine and appreciation in your hearts."

There are the old pioneers, a few of them still remaining on earth, who have struggled along over the rugged path, and whose heads are now whitened with the frosts of many winters. They are growing weary, sometimes, with the burden of the pain that they have borne, and strengthened by the knowledge that from the beautiful home of the soul come blessings, tender and sweet, to brighten their way. The angels beyond are not standing idle, indifferent to the wants and to the welfare of their fellows on earth, and singing their eternal psalms and praises to the Great Supreme. The Great Supreme has no need of these; his will is law, his ways are wise and just, he knoweth the wants of his children, and he has appointed his agents to minister to those wants.

Can we not believe that the Great Supreme Spirit of all is more pleased when his angels are going about ministering to the suffering, bearing light and consolation to those who mourn, bringing instruction to the ignorant and uplifting the fallen by their blessed influence, than he could possibly be by listening to their words of adoration and praise? I believe this, and I believe that there are countless numbers of ministering spirits, coming forth to give tidings of great joy to the world at large.

This is our time of rejoicing, for at this season of the year there came to earth the great tidings of joy and peace and good will to men, sung by personal spirit friends to the hearts they loved on earth, and from that time to this the song has gone ringing forth, falling in music upon the ears of many weary ones that have grown brighter and happier, and have been ready to catch the inspirations from beyond, just because these immortal anthems that have reached them from the higher life.

In my day Spiritualism swept like a tidal wave over the earth, and especially over the various parts of this country, bearing its impress of truth into each hamlet and community, finding its followers by the score and by the hundred, even in isolated places, and the world was astonished, and questioned, "What of this thing?" To-day it is known far and wide, and looked upon with some favor by those who are intelligent, by minds accustomed to reason and to pass judgment for themselves.

It has been whispered by some that Spiritualism does not seem, at the present day, to be so well followed and so widely understood as it did in times past; but that is a mistake. The tidal wave has receded. Very true. But it has moistened every place that it came into. It has enriched every heart that it has met. In these places and in these hearts have sprung grand results which are beautiful and which shall always bloom in beauty and in love, which shall always be a time when men may think and reason and ponder upon these manifestations that have come and are coming from the spirit-

world, and when they have appropriated these to themselves, made the spiritual instruction and word of counsel and philosophy a part of their own knowledge and of their own life, when they have learned just what the manifestation has meant, and how it expresses the power of spirit over matter, then will they have been prepared to receive more widely the knowledge the world beyond has to give. I bring my greeting to my friends, and I wish them to know that I remember each one, Henry C. Wright.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Now Mr. Chairman, we will attend to your questions.

Ques.—A correspondent writes: "In a recent number of the *Alcyon* I find the following questions from the pen of Hon. Warren Chase: 'Can the Controlling Spirit of the BANNER OF LIGHT Circle give us light on these questions? 'I do not know whether the body which the mind uses after death is objective and permanent, or subjective and transient, put up by the mind and ephemeral like materializations, or is a permanent entity, a substantial organism; as many suppose, of eternal duration. I should like to know what is its condition when the mind of a spirit holds possession of the brain and body of a medium, especially in cases of obsession, when the spirit will not surrender the control of brain or body to the mind of the medium.'"

Ans.—Perhaps it would startle many of our friends on earth should we affirm that while the body taken up by a spirit after its passage from this one of earth is objective, can be handled, seen, and even weighed, if necessary, yet that it is not as permanent as your correspondent perhaps imagines. This spiritual body which you are to use after passing from the corporeal frame is composed, as we have before said, of the elements and atoms not only that pass off from your external nature and organism, but during your existence on earth, those which are of a spiritual, magnetic quality, both from the spiritual environment and atmosphere in which you dwell, these bodies shape themselves, and your spirit is ready to control them when it has finally loosened its hold upon the material form. Well, you ask, shall we continue to make use of or hold control of these forms through eternity, or will they come into disuse, the same as the physical bodies we have controlled on earth?

It is our belief—and we have very good reasons for accepting this belief, having given observation and study to the subject—that in the spirit-world a time will come to every spirit when it has made use of the body that it took possession of in passing from earth as far as it possibly can. While that spirit can gain experience through such a body, can come in contact with the external surroundings and associations of its life in the world contiguous to this called earth, then for that length of time shall the spirit continue in possession of that form.

But we must remember that eternity opens before an advancing soul, that a universe is spread out for its exploration and learning, and that, if it is confined to any one world, to any one position in space, there must be very much in the universe which it cannot learn or understand. We believe that a spirit will occupy its body, the body composed of such elements and atoms, and being or are co-existent with the particular world in which he dwells, while he can gain a discipline, and extract information, knowledge and experience from that world. It may be for many centuries; it may be for a long series of years that such a spirit will derive knowledge and happiness and information by remaining in contact with one particular world, and by controlling the body which he has taken up after passing through physical death; but the time will come, perhaps, when he will find his inner powers so expanding, his aspirations so reaching out, his desire for knowledge so enlarging, that the body he has possessed seems limited and becoming outworn, he cannot longer hold control of it, nor does he desire to do so; he sloughs it off and takes upon himself one which is new and grand and fresh and beautiful, rising to higher planes of existence and of unfoldment through this process.

You will say, then, we have death in the spirit-world. Well, if you please to call it death. We do not mean it to be merely a process of change; change everlasting, taking place throughout the universe, bringing the new from the old, bringing that which is fresh and sweet from that which has become of but little use. It is merely transfiguration from one condition or appearance to something higher and better. Therefore we have no service for the word death; it has no place in our vocabulary.

After we have gained an extended experience in the other world, we may behold our friends taking leave of their forms and passing on to higher unfoldments and associations; we shall not grieve, because we know this is only in accordance with the divine law of progression, and we also know that as we personally gain all that we can do, as we profit by our instruction, and expand our natures, we may follow after them, and become reunited in higher worlds under grander conditions.

The spirit itself in a measure materializes its own covering, since its efforts to express itself stand through its efforts to express itself here in contact with the physical organism, throwing off from the external certain emanations and elements which it utilizes for the up-building of its spirit-body; therefore it is a process of materialization, if our friend Chase is pleased to call it so.

But this spiritual body is created under the operation of natural law, just as truly as are your material bodies; therefore as these elements, these particles, atoms and molecules come together, they do so because of that interior and divine attraction which causes them to coalesce, and form that spiritual body of which we speak.

A medium, when under the control of an obsessing spirit, is not so thoroughly possessed by the spirit as to make it necessary for that intelligence to dissipate and cast off its spirit-body. There is an attachment formed between the medium and the spirit, so that the latter adheres closely to the former, but the latter has still possession of the body which he took upon himself on entering this life.

An obsessing spirit is always a carnal-minded, undeveloped and, in a measure, ignorant intelligence, since he desires more fully to follow the outward attractions of physical life, and, to if possible, enjoy the sensual pleasures of this world through the agency of some individual existing here, rather than to lay these aside, and to search for the joys and the duties, the employment and the associations of the spiritual world. So an unformed intelligence will possess a body that is somewhat crude and misshapen, one that is not etherialized and refined; but he does not lay this aside when he comes in contact with and in control of a medium of earth; on the contrary, he still continues to inhabit this, and he operates through the psychological power which he of positive will brings to that medium, subjecting his or her forces and mental attributes to his own dominant power.

Q.—[By the same.] We know the condition of the medium's body as it is controlled by the spirit; but we do not know the condition of the medium's mind in such cases; and yet we know the mind is an organic entity, with or without an organic individuality. If the mind after death is an entity, and the form merely subjective as our forms in dreams are, it would dissolve when the mind took possession of a medium; but in the other case, I should be glad if some advocate in spirit-life of the other theory would tell us about the state of the mind in these cases of obsession and medium control.

A.—Well, we have said that the state of the spirit's body is precisely what it was when he took possession of it after passing from earth; he has not loosened his hold upon it, nor has it dissolved into the atmosphere. To our mind and understanding and experience, the spirit-body is not a subjective thing to be formed and dissipated according to the will, to be materialized and dematerialized as the fancy of its spirit or possessor should dictate; it is an objective form, composed of tangible, substantial atoms and elements, as governed by the form of the obsessing spirit, then, is still controlled by its owner, by the indwelling intelligence, he who, in turn, operates upon the mind and will of his subject. You know very well that the mind of the mesmerist does not

dissolve the organic body, even though he to all intents and purposes takes possession of and controls the body and will of his subject. You know very well that a powerful mesmerist can so operate upon a sensitive mind as for the time to make that mind his own; it responds to his will, spoken or unspoken; it performs his will, not precisely as he intends that it should act, or as he would wish his own body to act in similar circumstances, yet he still retains control of his own organism; he has only psychologically attached himself to the system and mind of his subject for the time being. So the obsessing spirit continues to control his own body, but he has psychologically attached himself to that of his medium, and he makes use of that medium for his own purpose, precisely as the mesmerist makes use of his sensitive at his own will.

Q.—What is to be the result of the present scientific effort to supplant Spiritualism by Hypnotism and its derivatives?

A.—We do not see any alarming result to mankind arising from this scientific attempt, so-called, and desire to supersede Spiritualism and its claims by the practice and the promulgation of Hypnotism and its derivatives; on the contrary, we believe that as scientists continue to extend the wonderful realm of occult law, and as they become more interested in its operations, especially as they are connected with humanity, they will be gradually and quietly led into the exploration of Spiritualism and its claims. Why? Because Spiritualism deals with the innate nature of man—and so does Hypnotism. Spiritualism claims that man is a spirit, possessed of forces and powers that are far beyond those represented and manifested by the external organism; that a spirit man exists independent of the material form; that as a spirit he is all intelligence, consciousness and potential force; therefore, if man is a spirit of this kind, certainly he has within himself occult forces that may, under proper conditions, be demonstrated. Certainly these forces cannot express their full quality and power through the physical organism, but they may in a measure be awakened and exercised through these external forms of yours. This strange manifestation, we believe, is standing to those scientists familiar with its workings, who are now attracted to its law called Hypnotism—is merely the manifestation, to our mind, of the spirit within making itself felt and understood in these mysterious ways. Well, here we come into the realm of psychology, of mesmerism. We find that one mind may be acted upon by another mind; this is done when both parties are in the body. If we can prove that intelligence exists outside of the material frame, then why may it not be that this same intelligence can exercise power upon mind, even though the subject be an individual of earth, and the operator an unseen but potent spirit?

Hypnotism and its study, with all the deductions that can be made from these, can only bring good results to the spiritual cause, because these things set men to thinking, and intelligent minds are taking hold of them. We desire these minds to get into the habit of thinking of these occult laws of science and of things generally, and to lead them to the realm of spirit, and will in time, we believe, prove to those who study them that mind is immortal, that spiritual intelligence cannot be destroyed, and that man possesses powers, forces and possibilities such as have not yet been understood, but which in their operations can awaken vast results. We believe the time is coming when even here on earth your advanced minds will come to the conclusion that man is in himself an epitome of all that has been and of all that ever will be, that he possesses in his own nature the forces and capabilities of even an infinite mind.

Controlling Spirit, for Charles.

We must speak for a spirit who is pressing close to the medium, very anxious to manifest, because he feels that a friend on earth is filled with despair and great anguish. This spirit craves the opportunity of saying a few words to that friend, as follows: "You have lost all hope, and can see only darkness and sorrow ahead, but I want you to feel this is only the hour that comes before the light. I know the way is hard and the cross very heavy to bear, but, dear friend, wait in patience a little longer; do not take the step which you feel you must do; hold on, and we will surely bring to you that assistance which you need. I know that in a little while you will find the way to lead you out of this old condition. You will go from this city into other lines and meet new faces; you will gain strength and peace. Wait but a few weeks longer, and I am sure the way will open to you. There is one in this audience who will understand, and be able to carry this brief message to the friend. The spirit gives the name of Charles."

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF Mrs. B. F. Smith.

Report of Public Sance held March 20th, 1889.

Mary Ellis.

It is with a thankful spirit that I enter this room to-day and step upon this platform, for many loved ones have asked mentally if I would speak a few words, that they might have them to read over and over again. I have tried before, but have failed, as we often do in trying to control a human organism.

How strange it seems, as we stand close beside those we love in mortal life, or walk with them, and they know it not.

I would say to them: Sit down by yourselves, and see what we may be able to give you in your own homes. The question has been asked: If we come, why can we not get power enough to manifest in our own homes? Various reasons we would give you. It is because we do not try, not because we are not anxious to speak to you in your own rooms, for we are attracted there, and we often make some little sound, but more times you pass them by without notice than you pay attention to them. Now, dear friends, every little sound means something, as we must speak through sounds.

I know in Connecticut they have not forgotten me, and I am very anxious to make myself known. I have stepped into their meetings, their halls often, and have been in other surroundings, hoping I might take control, or give some message that would reach my own. We are all naturally attracted to our own first, but we must use the channels that are provided for us.

Al! how many times, as we have listened to other spirits speaking here, has the thought penetrated our own spirits, gladly would we speak if we could. Do not blame us, dear mortals; we do all we can, and we are as anxious to commune with you as you are to listen to our voices.

How beautiful is the spirit-home! I have often felt if we could picture it to you, you would exclaim: "Let me go to-day." Wait patiently, dear ones, and it shall be opened to you plainly in the angels' own good time. George is here, too, and sends greeting to those in the mortal. Mary Ellis.

William R. Mann.

I have stepped upon the platform, Mr. Chairman, feeling that I might give out some words of cheer to father and mother, who are waiting patiently to hear from their children. They understand of our coming, but they would like to have a message from this place. I understood a great deal before passing over, and I know the angels made it plain to me very near the long time to dwell in mortal life. "I was one year, seems a short time to stay here," I was young, active and full of life, but the dread disease consumption claimed me, and as the bright, beautiful angels came to welcome me over, dear brothers came also who had been taken out of the home. The angel of life came for the third time when I was summoned, and left my parents almost alone, childless, so far as the mortal goes, but my dear mother understands perfectly well of our coming into the home. I had learned much before passing away, and from the angels also; for the blessed spirits did come to me often, as I had a great deal of mediumistic power, and I was perfectly willing to go, as they beckoned me up higher. But a little while before passing over they came

around me so near I could behold their angel forms standing by me, and knew it was to help me in the suffering. There was no realization of suffering in passing over—that was before; all was beautiful; oh! how beautiful the vision that came to me previous to the spirit's taking its flight. I will remember of something being said in regard to feeling as if I was safe; and the answer came in my soul that I was satisfied with the teachings I had received in this life.

Dear friends, I know, do not mourn me as dead, but still there is the vacant chair in the home. I have tried several times before to come near enough to speak, but have failed. I have been in these meetings; we are anxious to come to your meetings; we listen and learn a great deal by what other spirits say. It is not over one twelvemonth, as near as I can count mortal time, since I threw off the mantle of clay and put on the bright and beautiful garment of immortality. I observed this State, I lie, as they called me generally. I have been asked by some friends to speak here, and answered as soon as the privilege was granted me I would try to do so. I am happy, and we are all together the most of our time. We all send love and greetings to the dear ones at home. I know they sense our presence much of the time. I thank you kindly, Mr. Chairman, for the permission to speak here to-day. I also return thanks to the Spirit Chairman.

Mrs. Mary Martin.

I like to see the young people coming into this meeting, it carries me back so far; and I wonder, sometimes, how it is, when so little will snap the cord of life, that I lasted so long. Eighty-two years of life were given to me in the mortal; I did not understand that I could come back to earth and speak in this way. I believed I should find the loved ones in heaven. But oh! how strange everything seemed to me as I entered the spirit-side. Oh! the beauties of spirit-life! I wonder now that it is not given to us to have a plainer understanding of them in this life. I was not what you call a Spiritualist, but I did believe spirits were near us. I find now that all there is is spirit. The dear Father God has given me a good home, one of the mansions he has promised his children if they are faithful. I look back to my younger days, and I see the teachings that were given to me then that I never could get away from. I can see now that they only held me back a little; I did not advance as much as I should if I had learned something of the spirit-side, but in my early days we knew nothing of this that you term Spiritualism. I am happy in my home, but still things seem different from what I expected to find.

Richard is with me, and we are happy together. He said to me: "Mary, we have much to learn in spirit-life." I find it for only a few months has passed since I laid off the old form and put on the new. I feel young as I come here. I don't realize the weight of years, as I did in this life. I wish to say to my dear friends, I would not return to stay, but I would come; I would try to make my presence known in the home. I have an interest for you all in Chatham, N. H. Also I wish to say to many of the dear friends, not kindred, that I am satisfied with what I have found on the spirit-side; but they tell me it is a life of progress, and I know it is a life of labor. We are all willing, a desire comes from our spirits to do our work, and the work is as varied as it is in your own mortal life. Oh! how strange it seems to me to hold this control over one spirit in the form; but they told me what I must do to take control of the person. How kind it is in you, sir, and the dear lady, to place on paper what I am saying to-day! I know there are some church people who will say: "I can hardly believe Mrs. Mary Martin would come to this place and speak." They know not what they will be glad to do when they have laid aside the old form, how anxious they will be to learn something.

I saw others wending their way here, and I came in to see where they were going—not to-day, but many meetings ago. Then when I came to learn what it was all about, and what we could do, I was as anxious to send a few words as the others; but I had to wait until a proper time, am very grateful to you here in the mortal for listening to what I have said.

Charles H. Rogers.

As I look into this audience it gives me a great deal of strength. You mortals little understand how much you give out to us as we attempt to speak here, through the magnetism just beyond you, and we are glad to reach out to us the land of welcome. I did feel an interest in all that is good of what is termed Spiritualism, and I feel an interest now, if it can be, greater than I did when in the mortal. For a long time here my health failed me, and I felt that the boatman was coming for me, but for many, many months did he leave me here to stop with the dear friends in the home. Sarah, I know of all the sadness that overshadowed you when you knew I must leave you. I was drawn from my spirit home, but it gives me so much happiness when I can enter the meetings and the Lyceum, for I still find my interest is strong for them there. Dear friends, I say place your children in the Lyceum, where the influences may be given out so strong from the spirit-side.

How many times have I stood within the hall and listened to the children, and I have listened to Brother Lees; I have heard what he has spoken, and have felt encouraged. Remember the spirit band is working with you in every good cause. Now go on, dear mortals, and do what you can to assist in the work. I look at it in this light: To be a Spiritualist means something more than a name; it means to go to work and do your part. I have felt such an interest for them in our own home, also here in your city. In Cleveland, O., I know I shall be remembered; that is where, when I speak of the Lyceum, it carries me back so strongly. For a long time I have watched the course of things, and I know, through the spirits' help, they have been prospered in their own meetings; also I see the addition of new ones to the number.

It is blessed to feel that when you throw off the old mortal form, your Lyceums are not done with. In spirit-life we feel the same interest for them. It is a blessed thought that after this life we are to find not only our own, but that many, many friends and old neighbors come to us and give us a warm shake of the hand. How gladly do we reach out to each other, not only in spirit, but in interest with them here. I am very grateful for the privilege granted me to-day. Do not think, dear mortals, this is my first appearance here. I have been in your meetings many times, and have felt an interest in your work here as well as that at home. Also I have visited them in other surroundings, in New York, in Philadelphia, in Cincinnati, where the good work goes on. We are very grateful, Mr. Chairman, if you will remember my name as Charles H. Rogers.

Mary Jacobs.

We are all anxious, Mr. Chairman, to reach our friends on earth, and we seek this channel for that purpose. Sometimes we come into their homes, and make some slight sounds; at other times we whisper, hoping they may know it is from us. Oh! how good it is that we are privileged to come back to earth and speak. We say back, as it seems but a step from the spirit-side. There is not one mortal before me but that some loving spirit comes nigh; some are little children, who with upturned faces are anxious to make you know they are here. You may say: "Why can I not see them?" You try to behold them with mortal eyes. We look at you with the spirit-eye, and we see you plainly, when we have an instrument to use. It is a satisfaction to us even to look into your faces.

But a little while since I entered a hall in Springfield, this State, hoping I should make

them know I was there, but I failed. The greatest disappointment we meet with is when we enter earth-life, and fall to make you know of our presence. You mortals well understand what disappointments are; then think for a moment how we come and come so many times, and you need us not, many of you. Some will try, with all the power that is given them, to learn of our coming, while others shut us out, feeling it is wrong to call us back from heaven. Dear friends, you cannot call us back. The dear Father in Heaven has given us power to come; all are given power, but the desire of some is much stronger than that of others. I am very grateful for this privilege, for, as I stood so near the gentleman who was speaking, I felt almost to say I'd not make the attempt to-day, but I shall progress faster for improving the time allotted me here. Mary Jacobs. I lived in Springfield, this State.

Caleb Cook.

I am very anxious, Mr. Chairman, to have dear friends in Salem, this State, know that I have not got so far away but that I feel an interest in them in the home. I also feel an interest in the old place. I have been one of the visitors in their meetings, and as I have heard mortals speaking name after name, I have come up as near as possible, but still I could not get quite power enough for them to speak my own. Oh! how good it is to feel you are not a dead man. I don't know, hardly, how it would be to feel that you were dead. I haven't seen any dead people since I crossed the river; more than that, they tell me we are never to find what is termed death. I really think the word ought to be blotted out and I substituted for it, for certainly we just continue to live as we throw off the old form of clay and put on the new garment. I consider it just like changing your coat, putting on your best one and leaving the old one for the moth to eat. In mortal life I didn't understand this thing, by any means. I used to hear it talked of, and I did a good deal of thinking that I didn't do out loud, and I find now it would have been much better for me, and for all of you, to learn all you possibly can with the reason that has been given you, while you dwell on this side, unless you wish to commence with the A B C class and go to school again.

I am happy in my spirit home, and wish not to return to stay, but we do wish to come into communication with some of the friends, and unless we make the request, we find they take very little pains to talk with what they call dead people. I am glad that people are getting more and more enlightened and interested in this one great theme, I see things so differently from what I beheld in mortal life. Caleb Cook.

Sadie Hadley.

Coming on to this platform, I hardly felt that I could gain power and courage enough to speak here, but as the Spirit-Chairman has given me a great deal of help, and the guides that come by me also are aiding me, I am encouraged to make the attempt. I wish to say to loved ones at home, Sadie is not so far away as they have thought.

Sometimes, I know, as Frank has spoken to you in regard to spirit-return, you have thought it strange that such things could be, or that a spirit could control me in the flesh; but you know that Frank has been given out through his organism, although it has been but little. I wish that you would, in some way, come near enough, so that I might speak to you by myself privately. I hesitated at first about coming in public, but I see I can only come into communication with loving friends at home by coming here, and it may open the channel a little for them there. I know they have not forgotten me. I can sense it in my own spirit, but still there is a vacancy as of one gone out from the home. I wish, whenever there is a channel open, you would seek it and see what we may be able to give out to you.

Dear old Grandma Hadley has said if they would listen they would hear us. They are looking more to see us; but in mortal life you cannot have all the senses of the other side, and the little sounds that we may make will give you to understand that we are present. A vast number have crossed the portal termed death, but I do not feel as strong in coming here as I do in my spirit-home. I have passed a little of the old trouble that I passed away with. I wish them to know I am happy. I send my love, which is the greatest gift I can leave with them; also the dear friends that come with me send greetings to the home. Please record my name and also the place, Ware, N. H., where I resided. Sadie Hadley.

Franklin Burdett.

I have made an attempt to speak in this meeting four times before, and have failed every time. I am very glad that this institution exists, and I wish that all spirits are welcome to enter here that come near us. As I look into these faces here before me, I see that all are anxious to learn something of the beyond. It has been said by many mortals that I have heard speaking: "Why does not such and such a one come here?" Dear friends, the very ones you ask for may be present, but there is always a reason why they do not speak. I have stepped into many meetings, many different walks, hoping I might give out something, but I have failed every time before to-day.

I would say to Marys before to-day, you; but mortals, I find, are not so far from you away; that is, if they think of us as in heaven, they put it too far off. Now, what is heaven? It is a place of happiness, as I look at it. But I find many different heavens; that is, your life builds your heaven, therefore it stands us in hand here to build it pretty well; if not, we must build it over through progression, which is a beautiful privilege that is granted us. I am glad while since I got a new name, that all that was permitted me was just to give a name. That satisfied me as far as it went, but I wish them to know I had something more to say than that I was present.

How beautiful are our homes in spirit-life, where we find our own. There was the dear old mother, that I had looked upon for the last time with falling tears, hardly feeling that I should find her there again. At such times, mortals, what is life worth? At such times, amount to if there is nothing beyond? This life, as I look at it, is a life of probation; shadow; our life is forever. There, father, mother, sister, brother, all are reunited. What thought can be more beautiful! And not only that, but all strife, all sickness, aches and pains are banished; all is harmony, love and peace in that heavenly land. Then strive, dear mortals, to buy your homes as beautiful as it is your privilege, where the good work goes on. Please, sir, to record my name as Franklin Burdett, of Fitchburg, this State.

Hermann Ehle.

Dear friends, I looked at what you term death like stepping from one room into another. It seemed to me that I communed with the angels daily and hourly. I know now it was a truth; and oh! how comforting it is to feel that they will be there to meet you when the pale boatman shall come with muffled oars. How silently does he ply them, and row you safely across. I said at first, how good it is that there is a name is one thing about which there is no doubt, and that is the change. If you could learn a little concerning spirit communion, how much happier would you be while you dwell here, and how much happiness you may give to the loved ones that have gone before; for it is a blessing to them also on the spirit-side. Then do not close the door, but open it wider and wider, and say: "Come in, and we will commune with you." Why! we are people the same as you, mortals. Don't think for a moment we do not possess bodies that are perfect as yours. You read in "the good book" that our bodies shall be fashioned like unto those we wear here.

For a long time before I shed the old garment, I held sweet communion with those who had gone before, and felt of a surety that they were coming for me. And they came, every day, a little nearer. Oh! how many times have they touched me as they have been in the room that they were in. It is so beautiful to feel that only a veil separates them from us, that they walk with you daily, and that they are trying to influence you for the good and the right, leaving impressions with you from the spirit-side. Who is sweeter than to feel that you are not alone in

BY ALBERT MORTON.

DR. HUDSON TUTTLE

A full account of the tricks and confession then given, concluding with the following:
 "But this genius no longer adorns the scenes of his triumph. 'J—', says the *Spiritual Scientist*, has

Letter from Paris, France.

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SOME EXHIBITION AND OTHER NOTES.

—
BY HENRY LACROIX.

It is, beside, in perfect unison with his rôle as popular general. Ambitious he no doubt is, but traitor he cannot be called—until he proves himself so. So far, his programme and activities have been uniform and simple, in perfect keeping with the public weal. The Revision of the Constitution and the Dissolution of Parliament form a double-edged sword that the brave general wields over the heads of those now in power. The antecedents of the members of the present ministry are far from being spotless. Rochefort, in his paper, the *Intransigent*, has

Spirit Kettle King.
Paris, 5th June, 1889.

Spiritualistic Meetings in New York.

tion will be, when we realize there is no death or separation from our loved ones.

The next Meeting for Spiritual Meditations in the afternoon was opened by the congregation singing: "Scattering Seeds of Kindness." Miss Maud F. Pleasant sang. Mrs. Brigham delivered an address on "Practical Spiritualism" that was well received, and left a lasting impression on her hearers.

Rev. Henry J. Newell made pertinent remarks, well illustrating the difference between belief and knowledge, as applied to Orthodoxy vs. Spiritualism.

Mrs. M. E. Williams spoke in a pleasant and forbidding manner of the increase, growth and strength of

Spiritualistic Meetings in Boston.

Spiritualistic Meetings in Brooklyn.
Johnston Building, Flatbush Avenue near Elk

ten.—Brooklyn Progressive Spiritual Conference every Saturday evening, at 8 o'clock. Samuel Bogart, President.

Bro. Morse has only two more Sundays with us,
after which our meetings close for the season.
June 17th, 1889. BEDFORD.

Worcester, Mass.—Sundays, June 2d and 9th. Dr.

Helen Perry; song, 'Consider the Lilies,' Mrs. Stella Perry; 'Dumb Bell Exhibition,' in national costume, Myrtle Hastings, Lula Isaacs, Hattie and Mamie Smith; banjo solo 'Lilla Waltz,' Alice M. Reynolds; recitation, 'The Flower Girl,' Mrs. H. W. Hildreth;

Middleton, Mass.—Friday evening, June 14th, J. Frank Baxter lectured again in Middleton. Many from Reading, Danvers and other near-by places were

of songs, poem, lecture and mediumship. Mr. Baxter's lecture was a critique of the critics and a con-

RELIGION.

A Lecture delivered before the First Spiritualist Society in
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