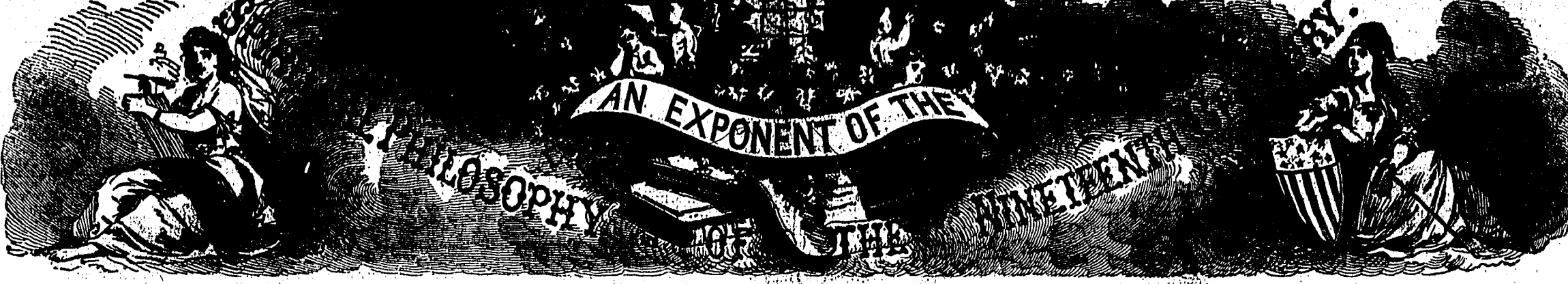


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

**FIRST PAGE.**—What Distinguished Clergymen and Eminent Scientists are Thinking About To-Day. Searching for a Soul. Literary Department: Wilbram's Wealth.

**SECOND PAGE.**—Poetry: Lines. The W. Irving Bishop Case. Spiritual Phenomena: Fred Evans in Australia; Dr. Slade in England in 1876. New Hampshire State Convention, New Publications.

**THIRD PAGE.**—Banner Correspondence: Letters from Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York, New Hampshire, Ontario, Massachusetts, District of Columbia, and Oregon. Poetry: The Dream of the Star. Juno Magazines, etc.

**FOURTH PAGE.**—How Best to Help Others. A Struggle that has no End. Character and Capital. The Soul and the Scandal. The Slout Agreement. International Spiritual Congress. "Pre Natal Conditions—Hereditary," etc.

**FIFTH PAGE.**—News Notes and Pithy Points. Movement of Platform Lecturers. New Advertisements, etc.

**SIXTH PAGE.**—Message Department: Questions Answered through the Mediumship of Mrs. M. T. Sheeham-Longley; Spirit Messages given through the Mediumship of Mrs. B. F. Smith.

**SEVENTH PAGE.**—Spirit Messages. Mediums in Boston. Book and Miscellaneous Advertisements.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—Free Thought: The Great Conspiracy; Prof. Huxley's Church. Spiritualist Meetings in New York, Boston and Elsewhere. The Camp Meetings, etc.

## What Distinguished Clergymen and Eminent Scientists are Thinking About To-Day.

The Methodist Episcopal Church of Rhode Island has been electrified by a discourse from the Hon. Sidney Dean, of Warren, formerly a Member of Congress from Connecticut, pastor of several churches in that State, and latterly in charge of the Broadway and Matthews Methodist Church and the Warren Church. Mr. Dean spoke for two hours, and held the large audience spell-bound. He announced that he had for the last ten years been investigating phenomena which he often saw in the Methodist meetings forty years ago, and that he was convinced of their nature and importance by trance and hypnotic experiences in his own family of a most startling kind.

His topic was: "If man is immortal, where does he live, how does he live, and what power does he possess?" After quoting from the Old and the New Testament the miracles of the prophets of old, of the apostles and of the Nazarene, to show by the exact Biblical language that the soul was called upon to enter, was incarnate again, to prove that the soul was not in a far distant realm but near by, the speaker said that the spirit-life, like the natural life, has its laws, and grows in harmony and beauty, and possesses a consciousness of sweet content. It is a spiritual body, then, and is not subject to the material laws and will not die. Paul says, "there is a spirit body," not that there will be. Why, then, not believe the creed and accept the truth? The spirit body will have all the powers with which, as mortals, we have been clothed. It is two thousand years since the Nazarene walked this earth, and taught us the nature of the Creator, but out of his simple and beautiful language and teachings have been wrung and twisted all the creeds and theology which have swallowed up those simple teachings. Commerce now rules the earth, and lust of earthly gains rules commerce, so that we see that those who pretend to-day to follow the teachings of the Master, and who are the makers of creeds, are full of lust in their hearts, and it is they who make up the commerce. Not a drop of the oil of charity exists in commerce; it is the shrewdest and strongest who win, and the weakest and defenseless ones who go to the wall. Priests and Levites are plenty, but the Samaritans are scarce. Has there been no progress in spirit power and manifestations in the last two thousand years? Yes, from the time the Nazarene was on the earth down to 1884, when the Council of Constance ordered the body of one man to be taken from its grave and burned, because of the man's heresy, down to 1860, when, on Boston Common, Mary Dyer was hanged by the Puritans, because she believed in the communion of the spirits, there has been progress. It was Mary Dyer, who counseled her persecutors, even when the halter was about her neck, to forswear creed—it was of her that Theodore Parker spoke when he said that the tree of liberty grew out of her grave. There had been later progress, when Roger Williams was driven from Massachusetts by a set of men who had framed laws that even a savage would be ashamed of.

The speaker denounced the charlatans, who simulated phenomena for gain of pelf, and closed his address by asking if the great mental, moral and physical changes, which the world had seen in the last three centuries, were to be confined to the living, or whether the spirit-body grew in the same ratio as the mortal body progressed. He could not believe that the spirit-body would be dormant and senseless for centuries, awaiting the trumpet which should announce the end of this earth, but that the spirit-body, living in this earth-realm, within the earth's own ether space, would grow and improve as God caused the mortal body to grow.

Rev. Mr. Rice, at the Church of the Reconciliation in Utica, N. Y., laid down for the leading premises of his discourse that it was not to indiscriminate believing that Christ and the apostles called men, but that they bade men to try the doctrines; and the preacher insisted that this admonition is as applicable to-day as it was in apostolic times. Therefore he openly asks, in the interests of real truth, is the so-called orthodox creed Christian? For the most part, said he, the creeds of Orthodoxy were formulated in an age of cruelty and hatred; and, as creeds invariably reflect the thought and spirit of the age in which they were framed, it may well be asked if they do not contain serious errors. By creeds, he meant of course the accepted beliefs of Christendom.

He then took up and examined the well-known Orthodox doctrines of predestination, of total depravity, of the atonement, and of everlasting punishment. The dogma of predestination, said he, so far from being Christian, maligns the character of God by making him out a monster rather than a loving Father. It simply elects some, without their knowledge and without regard to their conduct, to everlasting joy, while others are elected to damnation, through no choice of their own, God having foreordained this before the foundation of the world was laid. And this, in the words of the creed, to the praise of his glorious grace and his glorious justice.

The doctrine of total depravity, said the preacher, in the light of Christianity, is an insult to man as well as to God. As to the doctrine of vicarious atonement, it pictures an implacable God, filled with infinite wrath, demanding blood, having to be interceded with by Christ, and at last appeased by an innocent person suffering in place of those who deserve to suffer. It is like a parent taking his own obedient child and punishing him for the disobedience of his brothers, and then forgiving them. Is it Christian to believe that God's anger is so much greater than his love? Must Christ

plead with him before God is ready to forgive? Will God allow the infinite injustice of an innocent person suffering for the punishment of the guilty?

The doctrine of eternal punishment is scarcely to be seriously considered. It certainly is unchristian in the light of the nineteenth century and the dawning of the twentieth. All these leading doctrines of Orthodoxy, said the speaker, are borrowed from the heathen world, not from the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth. He thought we ought to pray for the time when, Christianity shall be christianized, and when Christ's simple precepts, and not dogmas, shall become the only accepted creed of Christendom.

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D. D., Dean of Westminster, an eminent and eloquent preacher of the English Episcopal Church, in addressing the Episcopal clergy of New England, said:

"The crude notions which prevailed twenty years ago on the subject of Bible inspiration have been so completely abandoned as to be hardly anywhere maintained by theological scholars. . . . The doctrine of the atonement will never again appear in the crude form common both in Protestant and Catholic churches in former times. A more merciful view of future punishment and of a hope of a universal restitution has been gradually advancing, and the darker view gradually receding."

Rev. David Watson, a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman, in a discourse to the Young Men's Christian Association of Paisley, said:

"The great, the wise, the mighty are not with us. The best thought, the widest knowledge, and the deepest philosophy have discarded our church. They deprecate what they call the inhumanities of our creed. They are instinctively religious, despite their renunciation of our theological creed. They are big with a faith in the ultimate salvation of man. And yet these men—the master-minds and imperial leaders among men—the Comtes, the Carlyles, the Goethes, the Emersons, the Garissons, the Alcotts, the Humboldts, the Tyndalls, and Huxleys, if you will—are called atheists by us, are pilloried in our Presbyterian orthodoxy as heretics before God and man. Why are such as these outside the pale of the Christian Church? Not that they are unfit, we own that, but we are unworthy of them, and by the mob force of our ignorant numbers have driven them out. They shun us because of our ignorant misconceptions and persistent misrepresentations of heaven and man and God."

Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, in an article in the *Princeton Review*, says:

"How many men in the ministry to-day believe in the doctrine of verbal inspiration which our fathers held, and how many of us have frankly told the people that we do not believe it? . . . How many of us hold the everlasting punishment of the wicked as a clear and certain truth of revelation? But how many of us who do not hold it have ever said a word? . . . There must be no lines of orthodoxy to divide the lines of truth. We find that you are playing with them, and will not believe you even when you are in earnest. The minister who tries to make people believe that which he questions, in order to keep them from questioning what he believes, knows very little about the certain workings of the human heart, and has no real faith in truth itself. I think a great many teachers and parents are now in just this condition. . . . It is a most dangerous experiment."

Rev. Baldwin Brown, a minister of the Congregational body, recently gave utterance to the following:

"The popular theology that countless myriads of human beings are brought into existence generation after generation with the clear certainty that the vast mass of them must spend an undying existence in fearful anguish for want of saving faith in a gospel which many of them had no chance of hearing, is a picture too horrible for credence. Belief in this terrible doctrine is no longer possible. To insist upon preaching it, and to insist that your teachers shall preach it, is to drive men—the great world to which you preach—into open infidelity."

The attitude of science with relation to religion is simply at heart the inevitable protest of the honest, human intellect, fairly awake and energetic, against a narrow, selfish and exclusive, and therefore wholly incredible theology."

Rev. Dr. E. P. Parker, a distinguished orthodox clergyman of Hartford, has just preached a sermon in which he treats of "Diversity of Christian Service." It is able and interesting, and it is also highly heretical, according to accepted standards. Mr. Parker takes Henry Ward Beecher, Emerson, Herbert Spencer and Charles Sumner as examples of diversity in Christian manifestation. Mr. Beecher, of course, he has little difficulty in canonizing, but he puts the others well beside Mr. Beecher in fitness for the kingdom of heaven; Emerson, because of his "simplicity and purity of character, of his good-will to men, of his radiant life and fragrant memory." "Can we think of him as outside the kingdom of heaven—that giant with a child's heart?" eloquently asks Mr. Parker. Herbert Spencer he loves, saying: "A sweeter, gentler, kinder life one seldom sees. The pure in heart shall see God sometime and somewhere. And in comparison with that purity of heart of how little consequence is doctrinal deficiency, and even a present agnostic mind!" Charles Sumner he finds singularly constituted, "with no adequate basis of faith, and very little religious feeling." Yet he says further: "Did not Charles Sumner's love and service of humanity, together with a pure life, constitute a very great service? yea, and a pretty solid and unquestionable sort of religion in the sight of God? To that question I am bound to answer so far as answer is demanded of me, yea and amen!" Dr. Parker's sermon has in it the elements to add to the fermentation going on in the denomination to which he belongs.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, who now occupies the pulpit-platform of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, as the lineal successor of Henry Ward Beecher, says:

"A new theology maintains that the object of forgiveness is not the remission of punishment, but the remission of sin. According to the old theology, redemption is deliverance from punishment by the substituted punishment inflicted on another; according to the new theology, it is deliverance from sin by the love of God working out humanity's salvation by entering into its suffering, and becoming participator therewith. This redemption is adoption into the household of God. It is becoming heir of God, inheritor of his nature, and therein joint heir with Christ. It is coming into the joyful assurance that all things work together for good to them that love God; that sorrow is his best and supremest gift, the thorn-crown, the divine coronation. It is God in the present and hope for the future; the banishment of remorse for the past, of self-condemnation in the present, of fear for the future." Dr. Abbott cites a characteristic quotation from one of the famous sermons of Jonathan Edwards, to show what views were held by old theology. It declared that "God may be merciful, but must be just!" "New theology believes that God is love, that his mercy endureth forever, that it is justice rather than mercy that is to be regarded as temporary. It insists that to take this God out of the

Bible and put another in his place, to dethrone love and enthroned justice, manifesting itself in wrath and vengeance, is an un-Christian, and anti-Christian theology—an ancient paganism lingering in churches from which Christian teaching has not expelled it."

John W. Draper, the eminent scientist, historian and philosopher, says:

"That the spirits of the dead occasionally visit the living, or haunt their former abodes, has been in all ages a fixed belief, not confined to rustic, but participated in by the intelligent. . . . If human testimony on such subjects can be of any value, there is a body of evidence reaching from the remotest ages to the present time, extensive and unimpeachable."

Says Prof. De Morgan, at the time President of the Mathematical Society in London:

"I am perfectly convinced that I have both seen and heard, in a manner which should make unbelief impossible, things called spiritual, which cannot be explained by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence or mistake."

Says Dr. Robert Chambers, the distinguished editor and literature:

"I have for many years known that these phenomena are real as distinguished from impostures."

Says Prof. Challis, Plumarian Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge, Eng.:

"I have been unable to resist the large amount of testimony to such facts. In short, the testimony has been so abundant and consistent, that either the facts must be admitted to be such as are reported, or the possibility of certifying facts by human testimony must be given up."

Prof. C. F. Varley, F. R. S., C. E., the eminent English Electrician, says:

"I know of no instance, either in the New or the Old World, in which any clear-headed man who has carefully examined the phenomena has failed to become a convert to the spiritual hypothesis. That the phenomena occur there is overwhelming evidence, and it is too late now to deny their existence."

The testimony of these great literary and scientific lights might be supplemented *ad libitum* by the equally positive statements of Profs. Crookes, Edmonds, Barrett, Uriel, Wagner, Zollner, Perry, Boutleroff, Aksakof, Gregory, Mages, Hare, Sargent, and many eminent philosophers and scientists, together with avowals of belief from distinguished authors like Trollope, Thackeray, Browning, Victor Hugo and a hundred more brilliant stars in the literary firmament.

Whatever may be its mission, Spiritualism has come into this world to stay. Not all the Pilates and Herods that have combined to slay it; not all the chief priests and scribes that have shouted, "It hath a devil, crucify it, crucify it!" not all of the proud magnates of materialistic science that have cried "humbug," "fraud," "jugglery," "electricty," "involuntary muscular action," "od force," "unconscious cerebration," "psychic forces," "etc., etc., and etc.," not all that pulpit and press combined have said against it; not all the "free love" and "frauds" of its unfaithful agents and mis-representatives; not all these obstacles together have stopped its triumphant career! In the graphic and eloquent language of Mrs. Emma H. Britten, "East, west, north, south, its viewless lines have run, with mental science, burning oratory, triumph over pain and death, trust in God and hope for man, have followed in its march. To count up its triumphs, do faintest justice to its treasures of hope, consolation, moral improvement or spiritual elevation, would be as impossible as it has proved for the puny arm of a man to stay its progress."

"New times demand new measures and new men," says a modern philosopher; and it is our conviction, based upon the analogies of history, that the life and power of this New Dispensation will, in God's own good time, evolve an organism of its own commensurate with its intrinsic capabilities for establishing a higher civilization, a larger liberty, a greater equality, a deeper, broader and higher education, and a religion that shall be—what existing ones are not—the will of God "done on earth as it is in heaven."

## Searching for a Soul.

Materialism cannot furnish a more complete explication of its spirit and meaning than it did in the case of the three doctors who sought to discover the secret power of Bishop, the noted mind-reader, at the point of the scalpel in the hands of the operator. They adroitly went at their work before the soul could fairly be supposed to have left the body, apparently in search of the soul itself, as if to question it concerning the mystery of its lodgment and the secret of its control. It might perhaps be regarded as a case of evidence for the discovery of the spirit before it had taken its leave.

They could have sought for nothing more than material evidences of the spiritual functions in the human body, and thus far, though the circumstances were unparalleled in autopsical history, it has not been disclosed that their strange efforts were rewarded with the least success. They made one thing certain, that the man was dead when they had got through with him, which is not generally believed to have been the case when they took him in hand.

The preposterous thing about it is that they should have expected to discover the secret of the phenomenon exhibited by Bishop by an examination of material organs of his body. If they did not expect that, then why make the autopsy at all, and why, of all other things, make it in such haste as to horrify every one who has heard of their conduct? It is a clear case of materialism probing for the living principle which more materialism need never hope to find. The method pursued, too, was strictly consistent with materialistic theories. It assumed that in spirit the principle of all life is something that can be handled, measured, weighed and treated after a material fashion.

But, happily for us all, life is something that can neither be comprehended nor investigated in a material way. It is not less real, either, because it is so utterly elusive of sense. Man is not so low and mean as being the animal the materialists believe him to be. There are facts in man's existence which none of the so-called scientific theories can ever hope to explain. The materialists might as well try to see with the ear or hear with the eye as uncover the spirit with a scalpel. And a person blind from birth might as well undertake to deny the existence of light and color as materialists to deny the existence of a soul.

An accident on a Western railroad stretched one of the employes lifeless, it was thought. A physician knelt beside the unfortunate man, lifted an eyelid, and saw a dull expressionless orb. "Yes, he's dead fast enough; take him away!" exclaimed the doctor. The supposed corpse suddenly began to move its lips. The startled surgeon listened, and this is what he heard: "You old fool, that's my glass eye!"

Female physicians have carried the day in Paris, and henceforth ladies are to be recognized in that city on equal footing with the males.

## 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," "Curled by the Angels," "A Curious Courtship," "Two Lives and their Work," "Tone: the Fatal Statue," Etc., Etc.

### CHAPTER VII.

SHOWS HOW FRANK WINFIELD RETURNED TO ENGLAND, TELLS SOME THINGS HE DID WHILE THERE, DESCRIBES HOW HE INCREASED HIS RESPONSIBILITIES, AND CLOSURE WITH SOME OBSERVATIONS UPON PIETY, PORK PIES AND PORTER.

Once again our hero finds himself upon the heaving bosom of the waters. The coast-line of his adopted home has faded from his sight, the unbroken horizon is now, and for some days yet will be, the only boundary line on the tossing main. This time he travels with all the comfort the saloon can give. Stewards, in anticipation of tips, are anxious to attend to all his needs, and he is on an equality with the best among the score of other folk who daily dine upon the good ship *Ocean Monarch*, as she steams toward her English port. A worse man than he, having an equal amount of this world's wealth, would just as easily command similar attentions. Roguery, decently clothed, and duly gilded, ruffles itself at times in the saloon, while honesty, poor, often penniless, can but ill afford the poor comfort the steerage provides.

However, suchlike reflections did not occur to our hero's mind, for his heart was full of hopes and fears of other matters. He was on his way home. Yes! But what did home mean for him? He was an outcast from his father's house, he had no "home." Tears filled his eyes as he thought that in all Abilene's white-rimmed isle he had no lot nor part, no home, no father's love. As he thought, a prayer went up from his breast that a father's heart might be softened, and that his father's love might yet again be his. For himself he had resolved his father's roof should be the first shelter he would seek on landing on his native soil.

Then his thoughts reverted to the one topic ever uppermost, yet upon which he was sore perplexed. Need it be said that fruitful topic was Florence Lenton? His letters remained unanswered—why? Surely she was not ill, dead—no, nor faithless, if living? Over and over again he debated the matter as he paced the deck in the fitful moonlight, until at one time he could have sworn he heard a voice like unto his sweet dead mother's whisper in his ear, *She is true till death!* It may have been but fancy, but from that fancy sprang assurance which never wavered in all the after years.

On sped the brave ship. Mornings, noons and nights, with their dawn, fullness and silence, rolled away into the past, and steadily the vessel daily neared her goal, until at last her panting heart stood still as she swung to her anchor in the stately Mersey's stream, and shortly after Frank was once again within his native land. True to his resolve he was, within an hour of landing, being borne over hill and dale toward his father's home. He reached his journey's end as the sun was sinking in the west, entered the old familiar house, and with all his love toward his stern-minded father, exclaimed in tones tremulous with emotion:

"Father! do you not know me? It is I, Frank."

His father looked at him, with his face betokening astonishment, anger and irresolution. "Father, I am your son, Frank; have you no welcome for me?" Looking furtively at him, all the irresolution vanishing, his face turned hard and cold, his father said, with cold severity, "No, none! You have disobeyed alike the commands of God and man. A curse is upon the disobedient child. Go back to those rebels and unbelievers in your heathenish land. You have disobeyed and dishonored your father; go, I have no welcome for you. I must bow to heaven's chastisements; do not seek by your presence to increase their bitterness."

The man was but true to his life of stern harshness, which was to him the proper service of his gentle Master. Alas! that prejudice, intolerance and stubbornness could have so completely warped his natural affections! Appeal was useless, and bitterly crushed in spirit, sorely sad at heart, Frank sought refuge for the night at the hotel attached to the station.

Frank's journey to England was in the interests of Wilbram City, for the purpose of obtaining certain machinery that could not be otherwise procured. This, of necessity, would take him to London, while, independent of that, he had the great incentive of seeing Florence and persuading her to become his wife, so that he might take her with him on his return to his distant home. Early the next morning, jaded and tired from a restless night, he entered the train for London, where, some three hours later, he duly arrived. Several hours were devoted to his particular business, so that it was somewhat late in the afternoon before he found himself in the well-remembered Walworth Road. He was greatly surprised at the enlargement of the old "Emporium," and still more so at the glittering "Palais Royale" across the road, mentally noting that it meant uncompromising opposition to the elder concern. Without pausing longer than was needed to note these changes, he entered the Carmer establishment, inquiring for its proprietor, with the result of presently being ushered into the presence of that amiable worthy.

"May I ask the favor of your name, sir?" said Carmer in his old-time gracious manner.

"Certainly, sir," said Frank, at the same time handing him a card inscribed

FRANK WINFIELD,  
WILBRAM CITY, O.,  
U. S.

Carmer, seeing Frank well-dressed, evidently in easy circumstances, and thinking civilly safest, quietly inquired his business.

"That," said our hero, "is to see Miss Lenton."

"I am sorry to say that is impossible!"

"And why?"

"She is not under my roof!"

"Is she—married?"

"I do not think you have any right to ask that, considering your continued neglect of her?"

"What in the—ah—do you mean?"

"Well, my young friend, if you will so permit me to call you, as she has never heard from you, it is but natural if she thinks your fine promises were only words, and as she is no longer here, perhaps you are the most to blame for it." The oily slanderer of a

loyalty he could not understand, his life was to come home to him yet; but, continuing, he said: "Now she is not here, and I decline to give you any information as to her whereabouts. I am too busy to talk to you longer, so please go. There is the door. Good-day to you." So Frank, having a singular itching in his right foot, went out of the place. Here was a second rebuff for him since his landing.

Moodily brooding over his late interview, in a state of mind better imagined than described, Frank mechanically crossed the road, went through a side street, and so into the Kennington Road. Wrapped up in his perplexities he strode on, and impatiently pushed his way without much consideration for other pedestrians, until his thoughts, more deeply engrossing his attention as he walked, he blunderingly ran full force against a natty-dressed little woman, knocking a bouquet of flowers she was carrying to the ground, where she certainly would have followed if Frank had not caught her by the arm just in time. Proceeding to offer a suitable apology in terms of great regret, he paused in the midst thereof, exclaiming:

"Why, bless my heart! isn't it Bertha Black?"

"No, sir; that is—why, aren't you Mr. Winfield?"

"Yes, certainly," said Frank; "but I really took you for Miss Black, one of Mr. Carmer's assistants."

"Well, I was Miss Black, but—"

"You are now—"

"Mrs. Waterson," replied Bertha.

Then Frank, remembering the name of the firm opposite Carmer's, asked: "No relation, I suppose, to the opposition shop?"

"Yes," demurely answered Bertha, slyly adding, "partner," whereat our hero looked as astonished as he undoubtedly was. Recovering himself, he next asked:

"Can you tell me anything about Miss Lenton? I have just been to Carmer's, and beyond telling me she is not there, and refusing to say where she is, I can get nothing further from him; though, added Frank gloomily, "he implied she was married. If so—" he paused at a motion from Bertha, who asserted that: "Carmer is an unmitigated humbug. If you will come with me I will show you Florence herself, leaving her to tell you about marriage, and some other things here. Will you come?" she asked.

"Do you really mean to say you know where she is?" asked Frank, visibly brightening.

The foregoing conversation had taken place while they were walking along the road, and for an answer to Frank's last inquiry Bertha pointed to her home, at which they had now arrived. "Here is my home," she said; "come in, do as I bid you, and within an hour you shall see Florence."

Entering the house, our hero was ushered into a little sitting-room, wherein he was bidden to remain, some refreshments being presently sent to him. While waiting, he fell to thinking over matters: What did it all mean? Bertha, as he used to know her, was a little sour and rather sharp-tongued young person, while now she was all smiles and sympathy, and in some inscrutable way a friend to Florence! Perhaps she was now a ripened apple, while in other days she was only the green fruit. But she was the wife of the proprietor of the "Palais Royale"—how came that about? That glittering commercial monument was undoubtedly an opposition concern; clearly, then, she and the Carmers could not be on friendly terms. Had she protected Florence? What had happened? No, turn it all over in his mind how he would, he could not make much out of it after all. Three points, however, he did discover: Florence was not with the Carmers Bertha knew where she was, and he was presently to see her. Finally the clouds of masculine density were penetrated by a brilliant idea. "By Jove," said Frank, "I believe she is in this very house!" and like many others of creation's lords, who are as quick as thought in piercing commercial problems, but dulcet dunces in mastering a woman's *finesse*, he had, after an hour's hard thinking, stumbled upon the truth.

Soon after this a servant entered and requested him to accompany her. On so doing, he was shown into the drawing-room, being received by Bertha and, as he rightly conjectured, her husband, who cordially grasped our hero's hand, expressing his regret at keeping him waiting for so long; but it was necessary to prepare Miss Lenton to receive him (thank God! thought Frank, she is Miss Lenton still), and even yet a little longer delay must be endured, as it was needful to inform him upon a matter that no doubt had perplexed him considerably—the long silence of Florence. Briefly the story of his stolen letters was related to him—how they came into Bertha's hands, and how she at last had handed them over to their rightful owner; "but," said Mr. Waterson, "the details of the matter and the cause of her being under our roof, no doubt Miss Lenton will tell you herself." At this point Bertha slipped out of the room, and her husband, continuing, said: "My dear sir, that fellow Carmer is a scoundrel, and, if I am not mistaken, almost a bankrupt." Here the door was opened, and there entered Bertha and Florence Lenton.

Oblivious of everything else, the reunited lovers stood still in fervent embrace, tears bedewing either face. Bertha and her husband quietly withdrew, while for two all too short, but oh! such happy hours the lovers sat and talked. Florence told him how her aunt and uncle had tried to force her into marrying Ruggleston, and how, unable to endure the life they led her because of her loyalty to him, she had left them, determined to earn her own bread, living on in the hope that some lucky chance would bring her tidings of her absent lover. Later on they both learned how she had been a stake that Ruggleston of the mines was playing for by his advantage over Carmer's financial needs. Frank nursed his wrath as best he could, thanking all the lucky stars that she was free from the old miserable set, and, growing calmer, came by degrees to serious talking, as thus:

"Florence, darling, in four weeks I must return to Wilbram City. Will you go back with me, dearest, as my wife? I can give you all life needs now. Do not let us part again, sweet, but as man and wife, let us bear all and enjoy all that life can give us, dear." As he thus spoke in tender tones, sweet and low, as he stood by her side, she, with all her love and sweet-



ness, the outcome of her perfect trust, but her hand in his and his in hers.

"Frank, my husband, I am thine, and I am true till death!" Whereat Frank pressed her to him, as he did so he unduly remembered the voice that whispered to him on the waves, as he was borne toward his old-time home; so remembering, he pressed her the closer to his breast and did those things that lovers do, and which, in such cases of like true love, become over-remembered incidents of a day that never has a parallel.

The next few weeks found our hero a frequent visitor at the house in the Kensington Road, during the earlier part of which he paid a certain needful official visit to the clerk of the neighboring parish church, and one might have thought that, to judge by his nervous and agitated manner on that occasion, he meditated laying violent hands upon the communion-plate at the very least. The next thing noticeable was that he took an absorbing interest in an acute attack of millinery and dressmaking that suddenly broke out in the temporary home of his future wife, while yet a little later he nearly worried the life out of a mild-mannered maker of traveling trunks, as he sought for suchlike suitable traveling appendages. These, and the various business matters entrusted to his care, kept our hero in a state of constant activity, so much so that the weeks of his stay sped past with lightning swiftness, until at last the hopeful hour was but three days distant. As they were all, on this particular evening, cozily seated in the sitting room, Mr. Watterson proceeded to enlighten Frank upon the true cause of Florence having found rest under his roof, and as our hero heard how Carmar had pledged her for his own profit, made a chattel of her, as though she was his own, he waxed righteously indignant, and had our dear friend Zebedee been there he would undoubtedly have come in for further chastisement at the young man's hands. The position that Carmar was in, how he had been led on in tin and shares, how Ruggleston had him in his power, and how he, Watterson, knew that "crash, sir," was to be the word ere long, so he had started the "Palais Royale," and was prepared to buy out the Carmar concern when it came under the hammer, as told it certainly would, this and more besides was our hero. Then Bertha told her interested listeners how her husband had been sought by Jane Carmar, how he had refused her, how Jane had ill used her, and how she had made things even all round for herself by marrying the one-time superintendent of the "Emporium." Thus Frank learned of the rascally tactics of the unscrupulous uncle and the acrimonious aunt, but being with a generous soul, he was finally content to let time and circumstances do their parts toward that worthy pair.

A clear and sunny day; a day of promise rather than of summer's fullness. Light fleecy clouds, gold-hued in the sunlight, sailed across the blue of the upper sea. Just the kind of day for the celebration of the event impending. Plainly dressed, slightly pale, her lips tremulous with feeling, Florence stood before the altar, and at her side—proud of look, happy and resolute—stood Frank, now quite unlike the willful lad we first encountered. The ceremony concludes, two freshly-written names are inscribed upon the registers, and then out into the sunshine, out into the honest light of day, out among their fellows, out into the world before all men, as man and wife, for good or ill, to do, bear and share as do loyal hearts ever—out stepped Frank Winfield and his bride, and the sun shone not that day on two truer, purer loves than theirs. That night they listened to the murmur of the sea as it dashed upon the historic beach of Penveney, some seventy miles from Carmar's great Emporium in the Walworth Road, and which temple of fashion they never saw again in the glory it had worn so long. Yes, truly, Frank had indeed increased his responsibilities.

This narrative being useless unless veracious, must, therefore, return to the Carmar family, though even long now such necessity may finally disappear. Until then justice must needs be done. Florence had sent her aunt an intimation of the time and place of her wedding, but that lady had refused it the slightest notice. Yet upon the day itself she manifested an excess of her usual sternness of manner and acerbity of speech, which sadly disturbed the peace of all about her. At night time, at the usual prayers, she prayed with fervor against the sins of ingratitude, disobedience, worldly-mindedness, the lusts of the flesh, and the wiles of the devil. Yet it seemed that her prayer was more in the nature of an indictment, changing as it proceeded into the character of a judge's charge, and in its closing sounded like a sentence delivered upon some unrepentant culprit. Bitter and venomous were her words. Cruel and unforgiving, she had confessed her dire defeat in a prayer that was at once a mockery and an insult. Surely there are some prayers so full of rancor, spite and malice, that, starting upon their road to the Great Ear, cannot ascend thereto by reason of their evil density, and therefore fall back a crushing curse upon their utterers. Of such a nature seemed Miriam Carmar's prayer that night. Unhallowed must indeed have been the petition, and sadly warped the mind of her that made it, in her pitiable desire to invoke the chastisement of the Great Arm upon her dear sister's child. Prayers are finished, and the principals repair to their private apartments. Jane prepares her mother's place at table, striving to make the evening meal a solace for her own much-tried temper.

Now Miriam Carmar, after the manner of the flesh, had two besetting sins, or weaknesses. She was indolently fond of a choice make of pork pies, and a particular brand of porter wherewith to wash down the aforesaid succulent viands. Jane had seen to it that these articles were provided for her mother, possibly hoping thereby to smooth her parent's ruffled state of mind. Mrs. Carmar seated herself as if grateful for the provision made for her comfort, invoked her usual dry and formal blessing, and then commenced her meal. Now those who know the value, as a tonic, of good London-brewed porter will not be surprised to learn that as Mrs. Carmar felt the effects of that excellent beverage upon her spirits, she gradually descended from her devotional frame of mind, and as she became more worldly she devoted increasing attention to the rich, indigestible but succulent pies before her. Indeed, the demands of exactitude compel the statement that she consumed more, far more, than a lady of her years, constitution and condition of body ought to have done. Happily she felt no immediate ill effects. In fact, her state might be aptly described as an attempt to attain Paradise by the aid of pious, pork pies and porter!

Supper is over, the table cleared. Zebedee smokes his cigar, slips his favorite confection. Jane retires, as presently does her mother. A little later Zebedee seeks his couch, and the large building is left to silence and the night watchman. In the cold gray of the early dawn Zebedee was awakened by low, dull groans and moans. To his terror he found his wife writhing in the agonies of a mortal sickness. Hastily medical aid was summoned. Some relief was thus procured the sufferer, but a fit of excessive and prolonged vomiting utterly prostrated her, and she became unconscious. All attempts to rally her failed, and toward noon the final collapse occurred, and Zebedee Carmar was then a widower. Yes, Miriam Carmar was dead. Gone from the world she knew so little how to use aright, gone to that other life, where, let us hope, the errors and the evil of our present courses are purged from us. Her prayers, her piety—the grim travesty she made of religion, left behind her. She was, though, but one of many Miriam Carmars; let us hope she may learn beyond the law of love the ignored whills here. Ah, yes! Perhaps she was but one of the Gads' fair flowers planted in an unfruitful soil, destined to wither for lack of nutriment, moisture, air and light—hence her buds were blighted and her fruits were sour. No such thoughts were in the widower's mind, but in their place was a nameless fear and an abject terror at this mystery of death. Yet, good man, he wore his outward grief and resignation as befitted his station and the sad occasion—for was he not a deacon and an elder? Alas! Carmar, you are no worse a cheat, no more base user of outward seeming, no more mean-minded or grasping than thousands of your fellows. In one thing only art thou lacking—brains! This want and thy greedy cunning will yet unmask and unmake thee.

Miriam Carmar was buried, but not mourned. Those who knew her best were most grateful her reign was done.

## CHAPTER VIII.

CONCERNING WILLIAM CITY, AND MARRIAGE HOW IT WAS INAUGURATED. IT ALSO DISCLOSES THE CONTENTS OF A PATERNAL LETTER RECEIVED BY OUR HERO.

Once more we are within the precincts of Wilbur City, wherein many changes are noticeable. How true it is that within our breasts is at times a restless spirit which makes us subjects of its will. Yet from that same restlessness how much of good has come to human life! Adventurous pioneers have tracked the pathless seas, traversed forest fastnesses, delved, felled, settled, founded, and raised monuments to labor the wide world over. Sometimes this spirit of unrest has made man discontented with those things to which use and wont had long accustomed him, urging him, then, in seeming wantonness, to change the order of the centuries. While it has happened, too, that this restless spirit has summoned riot, rapine and ruin to its aid, and fair cities and verdant plains have been deluged with blood, and a carnival of cruelty has been enacted to the horror of after ages. But this unrest becomes in turn a noble discontent, aiming to better that which is—as those who live it feel it falls to give them all they need. And when thereto is added the light and power of reason, reforms become reconstructions upon broader and surer bases. Such a noble discontent had found lodgment in Welgood Wilbur's breast; had guided and inspired his hand and thought, as he persevered steadily onward to the end he was determined to attain. In many minds, without doubt, his experiment was a huge mistake. Professional politicians, wire-pullers of all sorts, mammoth worshipers and monopolists indulged in a united chorus of derision, and their various journals echoed and amplified the arguments of the upholders of the God-given rights of capital. Their columns denounced in no measured terms the subversion of all those time-honored principles of commerce which bear such beautiful results in selfishness, lust, crime and poverty, filling jails, poor-houses, hospitals and asylums, at times even supplying the gallows; for certainly, if Wilbur City succeeded the old order of things was doomed! Therefore as the day on which this experiment was to be inaugurated drew near, these manufacturers of public opinion, at so much a line, became increasingly virulent, scornful or sarcastic, as they saw there need was, save one or two of the public prints, which—more enlightened or more astute than their contemporaries—urged that the experiment should be tried first and judged afterward, and as the managers of the enterprise neither courted publicity nor replied to criticism, they ought to be left alone to enjoy their undoubted right to experiment with their own as best they pleased.

Two years have passed since the return of Frank and his gentle-natured wife. One sturdy little fellow he was to cheer their lot, happier now than they ever dared to hope. Florence had been of great service to their beloved friend, Welgood Wilbur, for, like our hero, she had entered fully into the great project that was on foot. She had devised many able rules in relation to female labor, and in many ways her influence was used for good, to say nothing of the love and strength she gave her husband from her own unselfish nature. Many legal details, much necessary readjustment of various interests, the holding of many public meetings for the full consideration of the entire project, the erection of buildings and plant for new industries, had taken up the time and heed of all concerned. But now the last touches were being applied, the last deeds were drawn and awaiting signatures, and the one GREAT DOCUMENT wherein, as so contained, it was recited how Welgood Wilbur conveyed absolutely to the trustees of the citizens all that hitherto had been in his own name, right and title. This instrument was engrossed at last, and the renunciator's name was alone needed to make it valid.

At last the ever memorable day has come—a bright and glorious summer day—while without any being able to say how it came about, a common assent had selected the ever-glorious Fourth. Wilbur City was bright and gay with flowers, evergreens, emblems, arches and suchlike adornments; but, singular to say, there was not a single flag of any nation. In place of flags there was a plentiful display of a snow-white banner. In the centre of which was emblazoned a flaming sun, on which was a blood-red heart; above these was the motto "Equity," beneath a device of two clasped hands, the entire design being the city's seal. This was felt to be a day on which a display of flags of blood-stained memories was not desired. None has come. The vast pile of buildings known as Citizens' Halls, in the centre of the city, is decorated with flowers, banners and shrubs, looking handsome indeed. Within, the magnificent hall was filled with its full five thousand of happy men and women—the citizens of the day. The spacious platform blazed with its floral glories; singers were there, musicians also, and right in the midst of the flowers, high up upon the platform, was an oblong something covered in a wrapping of balza. Now the immense concourse of expectant faces is turned toward the platform, for the exercises of the day are about to commence. The platform doors are opened, and first to enter are the lady members-elect of the new city council—a ringing cheer salutes them. Then enter the working chiefs of the various industrial departments, who are also warmly welcomed. Next come the male councillors-elect, who, being a free city's free choice, are greeted heartily. After these come sundry legal gentlemen—now the auditors are warming to their work, and enthusiasm is running high. Again the doors part, and now there enters the city's secretary—and leaning upon his arm his wife comes with him. Cheer upon cheer rings out, hats and handkerchiefs are waved, and it seems as if enthusiasm could no further go. Florence, with tears in her lustrous eyes, quivering with emotion, stands overwhelmed. Dressed in simple white, a pink sash at her waist, a blushing rose upon her breast, as she stands there she breathes a prayer of gratitude that her noble-hearted husband is so beloved, all unconscious, in her pride of him, that she is included in the welcome ringing in her ears. In a moment, after falling his wife, Frank retires. A mighty hush then falls upon the eager multitude, for they know who next is to come before them. Once again those doors swing wide, and then appears the silvered head and sturdy form of Welgood Wilbur. A moment's silence, as like the hush before the tempest's fiercest blast, then arose a mighty whirlwind of delight, honor, love and greeting all in one, the like of which no one there had ever heard. Strong men wept like children, shook like saplings in the storm. Hands were clasped, and with one common instinct all arose upon their feet, and again and again cheers of welcome to the man they honored and loved the most, rolled forth in thunderous volume. When the noble tumult at last subsided, the sweet strains of inspiring music floated upon the air, and the assembled multitude gradually abating their welcome, order was restored at last.

Our hero coming to the front, stated to them that as the purpose of their assembling was well known to them all, it was but for him to ask their silence while the ceremony about to be performed was duly accomplished. He was, himself, too overpowered to address them then, but they all knew his deep undying interest in the work now begun. He could ask the legal gentlemen, whose task it was, to read to them the DEED OR GIFT, whereupon the legal light in question—whose private opinion was that Welgood Wilbur was an ass—duly came forward and read the contents of the deed he held in his hands.

Stripped of all technicalities and lawyer-like verbiages, the deed said in this effect: That all lands therein described; all interests therein expressed; all moneys or their equivalents therein specified, were "hereby" unreservedly conveyed to certain trustees elected by the citizens of Wilbur City for the sole use and purpose of founding a new city, "to wit, Wilbur City, as aforesaid." The election, duration and functions of the trusteeship were then detailed, and the character of the commercial and industrial methods to be pursued were fully outlined, and it was set forth that from the signing of this deed of gift the citizens would be in all respects, the actual owners "of all lands, buildings, enterprises, businesses, undertakings," and have "the management, direction and control of all employments and of everything done or used, now existing or hereafter to exist," within the limits of so-and-so, "as recorded herein," and so forth, and so on. The reading of the deed occupied quite half an hour, but complete silence pre-

valled, as was fitting to the reception of such a noble trust. When the reading was done, the aforesaid legal light handed a quill pen to the great philanthropist who was about to lay his all upon the altar of human good. Firmly stepping to the table, amid a deathlike silence, Welgood Wilbur took the pen in his hand, and there, in full sight of the assembled thousands, bent his venerable head and affixed his name to the deed which gave his all to Wilbur City and its people.

[Concluded in our next issue.]

## LINES.

Written by Thomas W. Parsons, of Boston, and read by John S. Keating, of Charlestown, at the dedication of the Memorial Tablets in Winthrop Square, June 17th, 1880.

"These tablets, in grateful recognition of the patriotic soldier of the continental army who fell June 17th, 1775, were erected by order of the city of Boston, June 17th, 1880."

Under the golden dome where laws are made,  
The stones of heaven and that once around the base  
Of the ancient column in that place:  
And on those graven tablets is displayed  
A record of the mighty truth  
Of great events the following fast  
Through seven long years of watchings and fears,  
Throes and unutterable strains—  
In God's ripe season led at last  
Our land to glory through that vale of tears.

And this, moreover, the stones have said:  
While from this eminence you survey  
Scenes of luxury, gardens of wealth,  
Homes of labor, industry and health,  
Till and orchard, uplands, plain,  
And clovered meadows reaching far away,  
With hills of learning laid in elmy bowers  
Like that where the great ones have been,  
Whither of republics may have been  
Spoken aforetime, the imputed sin  
Of thoughtlessness must not be ours.

From the golden dome where laws are made  
There went a mandate forth:  
On vantage ground looking to the north  
Let the best man in building skilled  
A tower of rocks to the high heavens build,  
To stand at once a monument and shrine,  
Like that where the great ones have been,  
Set on the Gaditanian shore,  
Crying to tyrants, Come no more!  
And the fire in the crescent that flamed of old,  
Beneath the mariners up Boston Bay,  
Shall burn forever from this new tower,  
Like a ruling star of benignant ray.

For every people to behold—  
A watchfire in the purple west,  
Steadfast and strong, for all the oppressed  
To fly from tyrants and to stand  
New England's air was never tainted long  
With the stench of a crime vile  
Breathed from the ill-fated West  
Into those English hearts and minds  
A new-born sense of space that made more strong  
The best man in building skilled  
And for high ventures reached each daring breast,  
Our fathers always had been free.  
Those men who freedom's battle fought,  
Holding all things but One in scorn,  
Though they were slaves, they bought  
Your freedom, were free-born  
And Carolina's and Virginia's blood  
Tempered to like disdain of shackled thought,  
Beat with one pulse when liberty's glad morn  
Alike to North and South broke o'er the Atlantic flood.

Why should the Muse on dreadful details dwell,  
To make a calendar of her lyre?  
Is it a story of no renown—  
The redoubt, the frigates, the blazing town,  
The frigate, the frigate's fire?  
How regulars rushed and the yeomen fell,  
Butts and bayonets plying as well;  
Rolled and trod in the crimson mire  
Of the dust and blood beneath?  
Close quarters, for a captain cries—  
As the troops marched up—"Let them come night!"  
Hold till you mark the whites of their eyes,  
And the gleam of their British teeth."  
Ah! many felt, as the bullets flew,  
We fight for Englishmen in fighting you.

On from that dread to this triumphant June,  
And with the brave, our country's heart,  
That children hereafter may come to spell  
Prescott and Warren and all who fell,  
Hard by, on that bitter afternoon,  
Bearing on history's page so proud a part,  
We have the blood of our country's heart.  
Not for the splendor of the slain,  
Not for the number of the slain,  
Not for the day's defeat and flight,  
But for the final crowning of the right,  
And mankind's measureless gain.  
This other commonwealth of light,  
Born here on Bunker's heights,  
Close quarters, for a captain cries—  
Like a banner of light,  
Beyond the Tiber, by Peter's throne,  
Beyond the hills of Mars,  
As those elder freemen, through every zone  
Of blood and battle, reached our wings  
And blazoned S. P. Q. R.

Say, then, O poet, when ages  
Shall renew the tale relate,  
Not for a thousand ages  
Was a little battle so great;  
Yea, write, besides, on your pages,  
With an adamantine pen,  
Not for a million ages  
May such battle be fought again.  
Remembering what our statesmen said,  
"That the blood of your fathers may not have been  
shed."

For human kind in vain."  
Up with your tablets to grace the dead!  
And while you hang them, let great London hear  
Little Boston's exultations;  
Let all nations far and near;  
Let sacred Italy and Spain,  
Norway, Denmark, and the men  
We love in Germany, and France  
Rejoice at this day's doings. Then  
"Advance, ye future generations,"  
And lead the world's advance!

## The W. Irving Bishop Case.

The Irving Bishop case has attracted the attention of the London *Lancet*, and a leading article in that paper comments as follows upon the necropsy of the deceased mind-reader: "If it be the fact that in a case so peculiar a necropsy was made, it is a fact that the deceased died, and that without any attempts at restoring life, and even without the application of any of the well-known tests of death, a most serious departure from the correct course has been pursued. In such a case four hours devoted to efforts for reanimation would have been time well and properly spent, and, if all had ended in failure, four days more at least ought to have been allowed to elapse in order that every possible proof might have been afforded that death was absolute."

Then, referring to the subjects of study involved in the case, *The Lancet* alludes to a topic raised by Prof. Gairdner, namely, whether true catalepsy can ever so closely simulate absolute death that a skilled and careful practitioner can really be deceived. "Dr. Gairdner thinks not, and we are inclined to agree with him," says *The Lancet*. "Such a case must be so rare that probably at the present hour there is not a practitioner living who could give, from facts written faithfully down at the moment of observation, a record that would carry home conviction to any half-dozen colleagues in medicine duly qualified to analyze the proofs adduced."

ADVERTISING TO SOME PURPOSE!—If the gentleman who keeps a shoe shop with a red head will return the umbrella of a young lady with an ivory handle he will hear of something to her advantage.—Ez.

## The Wonderful Carlsbad Springs.

At the Ninth International Medical Congress, Dr. A. L. A. Taboldt, of the University of Pennsylvania, read a paper stating that out of thirty cases treated with the genuine Imported Powdered Carlsbad Sprudel Salt for chronic constipation, hypochondria, disease of the liver and kidneys, jaundice, diabetes, dropsy from valvular heart disease, dyspepsia, catarrhal inflammation of the stomach, ulcer of the stomach or spleen, children with marasmus, gout, rheumatism of the joints, gravel, etc., twenty-six were entirely cured, three much improved, and one not treated long enough. Average time of treatment, four weeks.

The Carlsbad Sprudel Salt (powder form) is an elegant Aperient and Laxative and Diuretic. It clears the complexion, purifies the blood. It is easily soluble; pleasant to take and permanent in action. The genuine product of the Carlsbad Springs is exported in round bottles. Each bottle comes in a light blue paper cover, and is labeled "Bayer & Mendelsohn Co., Sole Agents, 8 Barclay Street, New York on every bottle. One bottle mailed upon receipt of One Dollar. Dr. Taboldt's lectures mailed free upon application. Mention this paper.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

### Fred Evans in Australia.

Says *The Harbinger of Light* (Melbourne) for May:

"Mr. Evans has not given any public demonstration of his powers during the past month, but has been fully occupied with private sittings, giving numerous tests. Mr. Houshaw obtained writing between two slates purchased and screwed together by himself, the slates never leaving his possession till he unscrewed them (with a screw-driver carried by him for the purpose), and found the writing on them. Mr. Overton obtained no less than eight slates full of writing (six of these his own slates). Two of the slates were produced; one message was from a friend who had been accidentally killed fifty years since, and referred to the circumstance of his death. None of the slates left Mr. Overton's sight from the commencement to the end of the séance."

In the same issue of *The Harbinger* its editor gives the following interesting account of an experience of his own with Mr. Evans:

"For six weeks past I have had periodical sittings with Mr. Evans with a view to obtaining permanent proof of the passage of matter through matter. At the conclusion of the fourth sitting, held on the 12th of April, I was told by the spirit-guide, John Gray, to bring a pair of slates with me the next time. Easter holidays intervening, I did not go up for my fifth sitting till the 26th, when, being busy till past the usual time, I hurried away with my box containing the objects to be acted upon, but forgot the slates. It was not known either by myself or Mr. Evans for what purpose these were wanted, but as I could not go back for them, two new slates were taken from Mr. Evans's stock, and after being wetted and rubbed with a small duster under my immediate supervision, a piece of slate pencil was put between them, an elastic band round them, and they were laid on the table against the small boxes on which my hands rested. We continued on various topics (Mr. Evans sitting on the opposite side of the table) for about twenty minutes, the slates not being touched by either of us. At the end of that time Mr. Evans reached across the table, took the band off the slate, and with a look of pleasurable surprise exclaimed: 'A spirit-photograph!' All that appeared visible to me at first glance was a glazed square about 4x6, in the middle of the slate, with writing all round. On holding it to the light, however, three distinct forms were visible. One of these I at once immediately recognized as D. D. Home, the celebrated English medium; the others I did not recognize. Here was a marvel. Not only had the shadows of these forms been cast by some mysterious process on the interior of the closed slate, but the chemical and varnishing matter had also been introduced and used in a space not exceeding a quarter of an inch, whilst the rims of the slates fitted so close together as to exclude the introduction of a slip of white paper. The messages around the picture are from four relatives, and one from John Gray, the guide, which reads: 'Friend Terry, we have given you this as a test of spirit-power.' The picture appears to be the work of the artist who generally draws or paints through Mr. Evans, having his signature in the corner, 'St. Clair.' There are four names written upside down on the top of the picture, one being D. D. Home's, but the others do not appear to belong to the portraits.

On the lower slate was the following message: "Friend Gray—Owing to the peculiar atmospheric changes in your climate, we have found it very difficult to succeed in giving you either the Ring or Leather test. We have first to dissolve the materials in order to encircle them together. Twice have we succeeded in doing so, but at the last time we found the parts, instead of remaining united, have dissolved again into their former state. But if you will have sufficient patience to sit, I am satisfied that we will eventually accomplish these tests."

Your friend, JOHN GRAY."

Any photographic expert or press representative may see this remarkable production at the office of this paper. W. H. TERRY."

### Dr. Slade in England in 1870.

At the time Dr. Henry Slade was passing the ordeal of persecution and prosecution in London (1870) at the hands and at the instigation of certain gentlemen of "the learned professions" who suddenly became self-appointed guardians of the common-sense and reasoning powers of the people, Charles Blackburn, one of the earliest and most active of English Spiritualists, then residing at Manchester, was unexpectedly visited by him one Saturday evening. No séance was intended; it was simply a flying trip to pass the Sabbath outside of London; but of what came of it Mr. Blackburn wrote at the time as follows:

"During the evening of his arrival a few of my usual visitors played billiards; then we had several sittings with Slade; all were disbelievers. The power was very weak; nothing but short sentences in answer to questions; no chair lifted, or bell dashed about, but merely faintly disturbed—owing to traveling and the unsettled anxiety of all the skeptics to find out some trick, but none was discovered. The company said that what writing was done was inexplicable, but that they would not own it as 'spiritual power.' 'Very well,' said Slade, 'call it what you like; but I do not do it. Many times I have no power whatever, and visitors have to come again another day; at other times my system becomes fully charged with some power which the spirits use to write with, or disturb objects; they will smash a slate sometimes into a thousand pieces entirely against my will; and in further proof that I do not do it, they sometimes write in French, or German, or Latin, or Greek, not one sentence of which I did know in my life.'"

The company all came to the conclusion that Dr. Lankester and Donkin are off their heads altogether, for what they had just witnessed was different entirely from Lankester and Donkin's representations. One gentleman had his handkerchief snatched from his lap whilst Slade was holding a slate with one hand and I held his other on the table; the handkerchief suddenly appeared upon my knee, with two large knots upon it, and Slade's feet in view all the time."

### New Hampshire State Convention.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:  
In response to an invitation by the friends at Keene, the Seventh Annual Meeting of the Association was held in that place June 7th, 8th and 9th. The Convention met in Liberty Hall, and was called to order at 2 P. M. Friday, June 7th, by the President, N. A. Lull, of Washington, N. H. An opening song by George D. Epps, "Home so Blest," was followed by conference, in which Mrs. A. M. Stevens of Washington, Frank C. Alington of Boston, Miss Jennie B. Hagan, and Mrs. Shirley of Worcester took part. Mrs. Stevens made a happy allusion to the name of the hall as in harmony with the occasion. Mr. Alington gave, as the motto of the hour, "The Thoughts Our Fathers Had are Not the Thoughts for Us." He also gave tests, among them one from Col. B. F. Purpee of Manchester, one of our charter members, who passed on a few months since. Jennie B. Hagan, after referring to the white-haired friends of old friends, gave a poem on "Charity."

Where or we stay, where'er we go,  
As it is needed most, we'll all be so.  
Mrs. Shirley made an earnest plea for the benefit of our example before the world in meeting the daily duties of life.

Evening.—Mrs. Stevens, after a brief invocation, spoke in relation to the subject of the day, and was presented by the audience. A poem by Miss Hagan. Mr. Alington's controls held the closest interest of the audience till a late hour with answers to questions and personal tests.

### SATURDAY, JUNE 8TH.

Morning.—Stormy weather, but an increased attendance. In the audience were Mr. and Mrs. Lamb, of Bellows Falls, Vt., who favored us with musical selections during their stay. Miss S. Lizzie Ewer, of Portsmouth, gave a reading of the spiritist's lesson of the weather as an emblem of life. Mr. Stevens spoke of our duty as being not so much to destroy existing conditions as to show better. Mrs. S. B. Craddock, of Concord, spoke of the work of the spiritist, and gave a reading of the spiritist's lesson of the weather as an emblem of life. Mr. Stevens spoke of our duty as being not so much to destroy existing conditions as to show better. Mrs. S. B. Craddock, of Concord, spoke of the work of the spiritist, and gave a reading of the spiritist's lesson of the weather as an emblem of life. Mr. Stevens spoke of our duty as being not so much to destroy existing conditions as to show better. Mrs. S. B. 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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 to the expression of unusual free thought, but we decline to endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents 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 guarantee 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 Spiritualists Meetings, to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Monday of each week, as THE BANNER goes to press every Tuesday.

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## How Best to Help Others.

In his seventh sermon in the series on "Helps for Daily Living," the special topic being "Helping," Rev. Mr. Savage offered his hearers some excellent and sound advice. He set out with saying that to believe the world will be looked out for if every man looks out for himself was the very quintessence of selfishness. While the natural law of battle for life and the survival of the fittest in all its rigor may have prevailed in the days of human individualism and barbarism, with the growth of love between man and woman, with the development of the family affections, there comes a change, and selfishness ceases to be the dominant characteristic of the individual life. As the family enlarges to the patriarchal tribe, feelings of sympathy and helpfulness mutually prevail among the members. Next comes a union of those who live within certain territorial limits, who are thenceforward looked upon as one people. It is this one people against the world—against other people supposed to be antagonists and rivals. We have risen at the furthest no higher than patriotism; it is still our country against the world.

There are still many people who think we ought to let the older and lower law of natural selection have free play in everything; that we should let the weakest go to the wall and be weeded out, as the best way to dispose of poverty, vice and crime and weakness of every kind. It is possible that such a process would yield us the finest type of animal the world has ever seen, but those qualities which are in the highest degree and peculiarly human would be destroyed in the process. We should be grand animals, with large brains and muscles; but heart, moral nature, tenderness, sympathy, love—all the finer spiritual intuitions and aspirations—would have been extinguished; animals would live, but men and women would die; there would be no more humanity, in the higher sense, on the face of the earth. We are so bound together and so linked with our fellowmen; we are so much one as a race that we cannot shake off the obligation of being helpful toward our fellow-creatures without ceasing to be sons and daughters of God. We are never to forget that we help men most permanently when we help them in the higher ranges of their being instead of the lower.

In a very few cases only is the real need and want of the world cured on the lower plane. We may feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and alleviate all forms of suffering, and do it over and over again, but it will not cure. The best help that can be given is on the higher plane, in the direction of creating a self-controlled manhood and womanhood. We are to help such as need it to think correctly, to feel nobly, to master themselves, and to become masters of their surroundings. All the vice, said the speaker, nearly all the crime, nearly all the suffering, has its source, not primarily in physical evils, physical wants, physical sorrows, but in thought, in character. It is the making of mistakes, the lack of moral fibre, the lack of self-control, the lack of foresight, the lack of developed brain power to seize opportunities to control and shape conditions—it is these in which the evils of the world have their source; and if we can help people in these higher ranges of life, help to be men and women, we make them capable of feeding and clothing and sheltering themselves. And then we help them to

become supreme masters over their destiny, and capable of wisely wielding success if it is attainable.

While conceding all that it will properly bear to the claim that the existing evils in the world afford so many opportunities of spiritual and religious culture, Mr. Savage urged the consideration that this indiscriminate charity has been carried to an excess which has resulted in the greatest evils. Indiscriminate charity, said he, always nurtures pauperism. Still, he insisted that we must help as we go, not forgetting the higher work that will bring about the more permanent results. One of the difficulties about helping in the higher range is that people resent the teaching attitude of some person who assumes that they are in the wrong. There is only one thing that we can afford to pledge allegiance to, and that is Truth. In religious training, people are not taught to seek for truth, but are rather taught certain ideas of their fathers and teachers as God's truth. It is very difficult to find out how much we have helped on the higher plane. But we may feel certain that we help chiefly by being—by what we actually are.

## A Struggle that has no End.

Here is an extract from Froude's History of England, that describes the irrepressible conflict ever going on between spirit and form, thought and expression, life and environment, in the clearest and most felicitous manner. We commend it to the perusal of all idolators of the external and symbolical, to all who superstitiously venerate fixed habits after the meaning is gone out of them, and those who practically believe that there can be life without progress and growth without change. Says the eloquent and penetrating historian:

"As the soul is clothed in flesh, and only thus is able to perform its functions on this earth, where it is sent to live; as the thought must find a word before it can pass from mind to mind; so every great truth seeks some body, some outward form in which to exhibit its powers. It appears in the world, and men lay hold of it, and represent it to themselves in histories, in forms of words, in sacramental symbols; and these things which in their proper nature are but illustrations, stiffen into essential fact, and become part of the reality. So arises in era after era an outward and mortal expression of the inward immortal life; and at once the old struggle begins to repeat itself between the flesh and the spirit, the form and the reality."

"For a while the lower tendencies are held in check; the meaning of the symbolism is remembered and fresh; it is a living language, pregnant and suggestive. By-and-by, as the mind passes into other phases, the meaning is forgotten; the language becomes a dead language; and the living robe of life becomes a winding-sheet of corruption. The form is represented as everything, the spirit as nothing; obedience is dispensed with; sin and religion arrange a compromise; and outward observances, or technical inward emotions, are converted into jugglers' tricks, by which men are enabled to enjoy their pleasures and escape the penalties of wrong. Then such religion becomes no religion, but a falsehood; and honorable men turn away from it, and fall back in haste upon the naked elemental life."

There could not be a more graphically plain description of the manner in which changes in the forms of life and progress in the modes of thought are brought about; new ways encountering the resistance of those who adhere to the old ways that are no longer serviceable, against the protests of those who think that the breaking-up of their accustomed mental habits means the destruction of the fabric of religion and society together. It is not a new thing to witness these hostile manifestations when the great deeds of human thought break up preparatory to taking new and larger forms; as the human mind is constituted, it is to be expected that it should be so. We are in the midst of the epoch of one of these reformations to-day, and Spiritualism is a powerful factor in the liberalizing work now going on.

## Character and Capital.

"Character," says Mr. Edward Atkinson in a paper published recently in *The Forum*, "character counts for more than capital in getting a living. He lives best, even in a material sense, and earns the most leisure for himself, who, by the use either of his brain or his capital, while serving himself at the same time, raises the earnings of the workman to the highest point by reducing the cost of production to the lowest. The dollars of the gain which the capitalist earns under these conditions are but a tithe of the service which he has rendered to all."

He announces his belief in interdependence much more than in independence. He declares that upon the former rests not only the individual wealth, but the common welfare of men and nations. It amounts to the same thing as saying that socially capital and labor are twined and cannot be separated except by the destruction of both. However, character counts for a great deal more than it is credited with in getting a living. It takes the place of capital, where one is not the possessor of the latter. It is true enough that the capitalist is doing his full part when he is engaged in producing at such figures as practically increases the purchasing power of the workman's wages; but it is yet more true that the workman, by putting character into his work, employs his brain to a higher advantage still.

To attain what is called independence is the ambition of almost all men who are governed by any true ideas of life; but that is reached, when it is reached, only to show the more conclusively that the whole social system is one of interdependence alone. Every man's interests lap over, are interwoven with and belong to the interests of other men. It is no more true immediately than it is remotely. No one spends his money on himself alone; he cannot do it if he were to try; all that goes forth from him, whether in work or in expenditure, contributes to the common welfare, and thus puts just so much character into the community as goes with the effort connected with the act.

The workman, of whatever class or station, who understands his position and appreciates his opportunity, will not fail to improve every chance that offers for him to assert himself all the more strongly by putting the largest amount of character into his work. No matter what that work is, let him esteem it highly enough to put just as much of himself into it as it will bear. Even if for a time he is not able to realize any visible advantage, he may be sure that he is helping to increase the common stock of character by which all things are held up, and as an interdependent being is surely strengthening his own position both socially and industrially. And he is certainly increasing the power to use what he has to better advantage.

The biased and untruthful report of a Seybert Commission, and the failure to make a promised report by the Professors of Harvard University, not only give evidence of weakness of mind, but dishonesty of purpose also.

## The Soul and the Scalpel.

In another part of this issue we copy from the *Boston Daily Globe* an able editorial criticizing the action of the three doctors in the Bishop case. The *New Orleans Picayune* had previously expressed itself in open condemnation of the indefensible precipitancy of these physicians, and emphasized their utter failure to corner a soul with the point of the scalpel.

If the three doctors who dissected Mr. Bishop were searching for his secret, in other words for material proofs of the immaterial functions, both intellectual and spiritual, they were, in quest of a discovery which mortals can never hope to make by such a method as the one they were pursuing. Assuming that he was not yet dead—while all the circumstances of the case will readily permit, but that his life was destroyed in the process of dissection—these doctors were evidently searching for the connecting link between soul and body, otherwise there could be no pretext for their unseemly haste in proceeding with the autopsy. They surely could not have expected to make a discovery of such a character after they were satisfied that life had left the body, and the functions of the spirit had ceased. Thus far, no case is recorded of the discovery of any material evidences of a mortal or spiritual intelligence by dissection and microscopic examination. As well undertake to find out the mysterious nature of magnetism by the same process.

Then if the scientific materialists are baffled in their search for the principle of life by dissection and analysis, why do they not pluck up courage and openly affirm that no such principle really exists? They profess to believe in nothing but what can be proven to the senses, and hence they should discard all faith in spirit, which they have never yet touched with scalpel nor viewed with microscope. They must do this in order to be consistent. The common belief is that spirit acts upon and through the material body, precisely as magnetism acts upon and through the material needle. But it would be just as rational to declare that there would be no magnetism without the needle as that there would be no life without the body, which is but one form of its material manifestation. These men can assuredly know no more of life than they know of magnetism. What folly, then, and worse, for these three doctors to think it possible for them to discover Bishop's peculiar faculty of mind-reading by an examination of the material organs of his body, made before the actual evidences of its death could be collected.

There is purposely placed in life a mystery so far beyond the reach and comprehension of investigators of the materialistic kind, that it is impossible to tell when it has taken its final leave of the body except by the decomposition of the latter itself. That is the only test on which material investigation can rely. It is only by taking into account this fact of the secondary and subordinate part which the body plays in life, that we are readily able to conceive of the possibility of one mind's communicating with another mind without the intervention of the body. It will at once be understood by first seeing and acknowledging that it is not the body, but the spirit, that plays the important and superior part.

## The Sioux Agreement.

At time of going to press, still hangs in the balance, as to its acceptance by that devoted people. The National Indian Defense Association at Washington (of which Dr. T. A. Bland is agent) has done what it can to prevent the Sioux from being led into endorsing by their signatures any scheme whereby they may prove the losers. One of the chief difficulties in the case is set forth in an address by this Association to the Sioux nation to the effect that there is danger that the United States government may construe the law so as to make the Indians pay for the twenty years of schools, for agricultural stores, stock, etc., which the government itself owes them, for, out of the money they are to receive from the said United States government in payment for their land!

"If [says this document, which bears the signature of Alexander Kent, President] they [the Commissioners sent to them] tell you that the schools and other things mentioned in sec. 17 of the agreement are to be paid for by the government under the treaty of 1863, and not out of the money you are to get for the lands you are selling now, ask them to show you a paper from the President which says so. If they do not show you such a paper it is because the government intends to make you pay for these things out of the lands you are now about to sell."

The present incumbent of the Indian office at Washington has repudiated the position of the Association, and declared his full endorsement of the Commissioners—which leads this useful organization to retort:

"If we understand his attitude in this matter, it is based upon the idea that the government is incapable of wronging the Indians. In the light of the history of Indian treaties this position is untenable. Surely the Secretary has not read 'The Century of Dishonor,' nor can he be familiar with the official history of the recent efforts of Congress and Secretaries of the Interior, his own predecessors, and of government commissioners, to rob the very people now under discussion—the Sioux—of the eleven million acres of land he is now proposing to negotiate with them for."

Every friend of fair dealing must see that the N. I. D. A. is right in its warnings and demands. We trust that justice will be attained in this case, but past experience has proved how weak indeed is the red man's claim for his rights when his powerful white brother is intent on doing him a wrong.

Our thanks, and those of the spirit intelligences visiting our séances, are herewith returned to the following named friends who have recently made generous donations of flowers for our Free Circle table: F. H. Spalding, Norwich, Conn.; Mrs. G. M. R., Rome; Mrs. Mallie Bryant, Brockton, Mass.; L. M. Webster, R. E. Clement, North Adams, Mass.

We shall print next week the *verbatim* report (prepared specially for our columns) of a lecture delivered by J. W. Fletcher before the Spiritual Temple Society, Berkeley Hall, Boston, entitled "SECRET OF THE POWER OF THE ANCIENTS."

The Quarterly Convention of the Vermont State Spiritualists was held at Tyson, June 7th, 8th and 9th. A report of proceedings from the Secretary, Luther O. Weeks, will be placed before our readers in next week's BANNER.

We shall print next week the interesting statements of Mr. H. J. Newton in regard to materialization of spirit-forms, contributed to the *New York Press* of June 23d.

## International Spiritualist Congress.

THE BANNER has recently given several notices regarding the intention of European Spiritualists to hold a Convention in Paris next September. We are just in receipt of a letter from P. G. Leymarie, editor and publisher of *Revue Spirituelle*, in regard to this highly important movement, which we append. It will be seen that Mr. L. alludes to its correspondent in Paris, Henry Lacroix, of whom our readers no doubt will be pleased to learn that he has been officially elected a delegate to the contemplated Congress by the American Spiritualist Alliance—as set forth in the Report of its Corresponding Secretary, Mr. J. Franklin Clark, which appears in another column of this issue:

Messrs. COLBY & RICH—Brothers in the Great Cause:

Mr. Henry Lacroix, the representative of your paper, the delegate of your Society, is always near us, and as delegate he will attend the International Spiritualist Congress at Paris, Sept. 9th, 1889.

I have the honor of informing you that, except at public meetings, everything of interest to Modern Spiritualism will be discussed in the assistant sub-committees of the Congress in the order in which they are presented to the committee before the 15th of August next.

Have the kindness, I beg of you, gentlemen, to announce in the name of the Executive Committee of the Congress, for whom I write you, that the request is made to all American Spiritualists who wish to visit Paris for the Exposition, that they make the time of their visit agree with that of the Congress, which will commence Sept. 9th and end the 17th or 18th.

Do you think, gentlemen and brothers, that any of the American mediums will be here, to be of good service in the Cause? If such is your opinion, let us know in what form we shall present the remarkable subjects in which you have such a great confidence. We rely upon you, brothers. Accept our cordial sympathy. For the Committee, P. G. LEYMARIE.

Paris, France, June 18th, 1889.

In answer to the above query we would state that we are not prepared to say at the present date that any public American mediums contemplate visiting Paris in September. If any there are who intend to be present, we would be pleased to have such communication with us at once, as the time is brief in which to consider the matter as requested by Mr. Leymarie.

We are further informed that a call is made by their French brethren on the believers in Spiritualism resident in America, for financial aid in conducting the affairs of the proposed Congress with a dignity which shall comport with the importance of the Cause. Any donations which may be sent to this office for the purpose will be at once acknowledged in these columns, and duly forwarded by us to Mr. Leymarie.

## (Official.)

Spiritist and Spiritualist International Congress of 1889, Paris, France.

On the 24th April, 1889, eighty delegates, representing over thirty-four groups or societies (Spiritist, Theosophist, Kabbalist, Philosophic, Swedenborgian, Theophilanthropist, Magnetist, Spiritualist), met together to constitute an Executive Commission to organize the *Spiritist and Spiritualist Congress*, which will take place in Paris the 9th September, 1889, and end on the 15th.

Fourteen Spiritist and Spiritualist reviews and papers have already lent their adhesion to the Executive Commission.

The Congress will affirm the two following fundamental points:

1st. The persistency of the consciousness of the individual after death, or the immortality of the soul.

2d. The rapport between the living and the dead.

All questions that divide us will be set aside. We are to prove to the world that we are progressive, friends of truth, of free research, who recognize in man an immortal element, absolutely contrary to the annihilation doctrines.

That element is the fundamental basis on which to establish the union of all Spiritualists, Philosophers, Theosophists, Spiritists, Swedenborgians, Theophilanthropists, etc.

We make an urgent call to all Spiritists and Spiritualists, to all organizations, groups or societies, papers, reviews, devoted to our cause, to give the greatest publicity to this Address, asking them to send us, as soon as possible, their adhesion, addressed to the office of the Commission, No. 1 rue Chabanais, Paris, France.

We pray them also to transmit to the Executive Commission all documents and remarks relative to the questions which may interest the Congress, at a date prior to the 15th Aug. next, the final date for receiving.

All Managers and Editors of papers, Spiritist or Spiritualist, belong to the Executive Commission by right; also delegates from all groups who will have given their names prior to the 15th Aug.

The Board named by the Commission: Dr. Chazarin, President; Messrs. P. G. Leymarie and Arnould, Vice-Presidents; Messrs. Delanne, Papus and Camille, Secretaries; M. Mongin, Recording Secretary; M. C. Chaigneau, Treasurer; Messrs. Baissac, Warschawsky, J. Smyth and Henry Lacroix, Translators and Interpreters.

## The Phenomenal Mediums.

The following sensible and truthful remarks were embodied in a lecture given by Mr. J. J. Morse, and recently published in THE BANNER. They will, however, bear repeating:

"Discontinuous phenomena if you will, make the profession of public mediumship discreditable if you choose, from the army of public workers down, close up the avenues between the two worlds in this regard, and then how much of comfort will you get? Oh! you will have your private mediums, will you? Yes, you will have your private mediums, and hungry outsiders will want to come into your houses and invade the privacy of your domestic circles. But you will exercise judgment, you say. Oh! yes, of course. Your house is private, your domestic circle is sacred, and you have none but your own particular friends and immediate acquaintances that you benefit and improve. And these hungry people, what are they to do? Won't you take them in? Do you know anybody that will? Few if any will let everybody come freely into their private homes. So you will be wrapped in the selfish enjoyment of your own spiritual communication, and hungry strangers who are outside may faint and fall by the wayside before you will extend comfort to them. Destroy to-day the army of public phenomenal mediums, root them up and drive them forth, and you will deprive yourselves of the most powerful agent in the propagation of your philosophy and the explanation of your cause that it has possessed up to the present time."

A veteran Spiritualist, who was intimately acquainted with WILLIAM WHITE, our former partner, writes that the spirit communications in THE BANNER of June 8th were unusually interesting, especially the one addressed to us from Brother White. Our correspondent says: "It seemed to me just like him—just what his calm, candid spirit would normally say to you who were so closely allied with him in spiritual work for so many years. The communication must have given you great comfort as well as encouragement to toil on at your post until called up higher," etc. Yes, it was indeed an encouraging message, and highly appreciated by us, especially at this time when so much antagonism confronts us in various ways. Being fully conscious of the importance of our position and the integrity of our motives, however, we are willing to suffer if mankind can be ultimately bettered thereby.

As July 4th is a legal holiday, the friends are hereby notified that the counting-room of the BANNER OF LIGHT will be closed on that occasion.

Parties having advertisements for the seventh page which they wish to renew in THE BANNER for July 6th must make application by Friday afternoon, June 28th, or they will be too late, as our first forms go to press one day in advance of that issue.

Those having notices, reports, or new advertisements which they wish to have inserted in THE BANNER for July 6th, must have them at this office early on Monday A. M., July 1st, as the paper will be put to press on the afternoon of that day.

## "Pre-Natal Conditions—Hereditry."

The second number of *Psychic Studies* treats upon "Pre-Natal Conditions and Hereditry," one of the most important subjects claiming the attention of the thinking public, and so far as permanent improvement to the entire family of mankind is concerned, the most important. Very truly does Mr. Morton affirm that instead of conjuring up schemes for further trials as reborned spirits—for some innocent person to be offered as a sacrificial, vicarious atonement—or any other senseless plan to evade the consequences of our personal shortcomings, we must look within; study the laws of pre-natal conditions and hereditry, and so live that the children of each succeeding generation can enter upon the conditions of personal embodiment better prepared than we have been for the great duties of life. "We need," he continues, "expand no thought on salvatory plans for regeneration. If we are fitted for proper, reasonable, healthy generation, there will be no need of regeneration, physically, mentally or spiritually."

The importance of the subject upon which this valuable treatise dwells is forcibly presented when the writer says:

"If the means expended in reform schools, prisons and whisks crime factories could be diverted to the education of parents in the natural laws of reproduction of the species, and convincing evidence be presented to them, showing that every excess or abuse of their powers reacts upon themselves, and is inevitably followed by punishment and dire consequences to their innocent offspring, the next generation would have little need of reformation, and the second generation would usher in the millennial period so graphically and, let us hope, prophetically, delineated by Edward Bellamy, in 'Looking Backward.'"

This essay occupies the major part of the July number of *Psychic Studies*; a few minor articles follow. Albert Morton, 210 Stockton street, San Francisco, Cal.

## Special Notice.

The editor-in-chief has nothing whatever to do with the management of the business department of this paper, whether it be in regard to advertisements or books. That is managed exclusively 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.

A representative of the Atlantic (N. J.) Mirror had a brief interview recently with Prof. Alexander Wilder, of Newark, who had been spending a few days with Dr. J. M. Peebles. Here is what the writer had to say in our learned friend and occasional correspondent:

"The Professor has all the bearing of a life-long student. He was in the long ago a reporter in the New York Legislature, and afterward member of the Assembly; he was thirteen years on the staff of the New York Evening Post; he was elected and served as an Alderman of New York City; he graduated with honors as a physician and surgeon; he was the editor of the American Academic, and is now Secretary of the National Eclectic Medical Association. A scholar, writer, author and authority in Oriental literature, he has a national reputation. Dr. Peebles remarked that: 'When I visited him, a while since, in his library-room, I imagined or was reminded of Bacon, in his scholastic retreat; of Kant in Königsberg; and of Socrates in Athens.'"

It is reported that President Eliot, of Harvard College, told the regular doctors June 13th that some sort of legislation ought to be had to protect people from quacks. To which the bright little *Evening Record* of this city replied, with much vim and common sense, as follows: "Inasmuch as none of the 'dear people' appeared at the State House asking to be protected, while thousands of them signed remonstrances against it, and the only advocates were the paid attorneys of the 'regulars,' it looks as if the learned President was trying harder to please his audience than any one else."

The advocates of capital punishment claim that its infliction is an example that prevents others from committing the crime for which it is the penalty: whereas a telegram from Aberdeen, Miss., June 11th, says that while an immense crowd was around the gallows to witness the execution of Sylvester Clark and Harrison Blackburn, Alfonso Webb fired five shots at Ed. McCoy, a policeman, three of which took effect, and McCoy died almost instantly. How about the example in this case?

When people die of diphtheria the Boston Herald puts it that they have been "swept away." The question is, Why do n't the "regular" doctors, who presume to know all about medicine, while they aver others do not, cure diphtheria? They do n't save one case in four hundred, while the healing mediums scarcely ever lose a patient—that is, when they are called upon, which, we are sorry to say, is not so often as should be, owing to the stiff-necked bigotry of those who oppose the Spiritual Philosophy.

We recently received a pleasant call from Dr. J. W. Owen, late of Hyde, Manchester, Eng.—one of the board of directors of *The Two Worlds* newspaper—who brought with him words of appreciative endorsement from our esteemed friend Emma Hardinge Britten, editor of that useful journal. Dr. Owen, we understand, will make his home in America for the future.

We shall, in our issue of July 13th, further continue Dr. F. L. H. WILLIS's interesting series treating of "THE SPIRITUAL FACTS OF THE AGES," by publishing No. 6, on "OMNIA AND THIERET." These valuable papers, we understand, may possibly be brought out hereafter in book-form.

Mr. J. Wm. Fletcher intends to locate in New York City, for a time, after July 1st. His post-office address will be given in a future issue.

A GRAND BOOK—Mrs. E. Shepard Little's—titled "The Religious Conflict of the Ages," etc.



## Mrs. R. S. Little in Michigan.

Mrs. R. S. Little writes us from Cheesaning, Mich., under date of June 20, that the Spiritualists have had of late been highly favored by two eloquent and eloquent lectures from Mrs. R. S. Little, of Boston. As usual with her, she gave forth beautiful thoughts, clothed in clear, pleasing and forcible language—completely captivating her audience.

"From the subject of 'Friendship, Friendship, Friendship and Our Home,' given her by the people present (says our correspondent), she gave a beautiful impromptu poem. Only words of praise are heard on all sides—the church people, liberals and all agreeing that the religion she teaches is grand, comforting and inspiring. Should she be permitted to come to us again, she will find many warm friends and ardent admirers to greet her."

**Boston Spiritual Temple, Berkeley Hall.**  
—On Sunday, May 26th, this Society closed one of its most successful lecture seasons. Services will be resumed after the summer vacation, commencing Sunday, Oct. 6th. Engagements have already been effected with some of the most eloquent and talented speakers in the land to occupy the platform for a portion of the coming season, we understand.

The Trustees have recently come into possession of and safely invested the five thousand dollars' legacy under the will of their late valued associate member, Col. Moses Hunt, and they sincerely trust that it will prove a nucleus to which will be gathered the voluntary donations of the liberal-minded friends of the Cause, by aid of which the Society may in the near future be enabled to erect a commodious place in which to worship, where the principles its members cherish may be disseminated without money and without price.

Pennsylvania has the strictest medical law of any of the States, gotten up by the old M. D.s for their especial benefit. Dr. H. F. Crane, V. D., graduate of the American Health College of Cincinnati, O., is practicing with great success in Bradford, Pa. The M. D.s therefore combined to crush him—so we are informed—raised money, employed counsel and had him summoned to appear in court for practicing medicine without having his diploma registered. The people were with Dr. Crane, and he proved by his patients his wonderful cures. The court and jury decided, on documentary and other evidence presented by Prof. J. B. Campbell, the College President, that Dr. Crane and all Vitaphic physicians have full State and United States rights to practice their profession without hindrance from State Medical laws.

Dr. Jeremiah D. Moore—who was well known among the attendants upon the spiritual meetings in Boston, and who took a prominent part at the hearings of the proposed "Doctors' Plot Law" in Massachusetts the present year—passed to spirit-life from the City Hospital on the morning of Monday, June 24th, at an advanced age. He was stricken with paralysis while addressing a meeting held at the rooms of L. L. Whitlock, in the Berkeley building, on Saturday evening, June 22d, and was subsequently removed to the hospital. His remains were taken to Springfield, Mass., for interment.

A memorial service in tribute to his life and labors will be held at the Ladies' Aid Parlor, 1031 Washington street, Boston, on Sunday afternoon, June 30th, at 2 o'clock.

At the annual meeting of the Boston Spiritual Temple Society, held on Wednesday evening, June 6th, the following officers for the ensuing year were unanimously elected:

President, Richard Holmes; Vice-Presidents, Dr. J. C. Street, Mrs. Lucy A. Miller, Recording and Corresponding Secretary, Oscar L. Rockwood; Treasurer, George S. McCallis; Finance Committee, George C. Paine, David W. Craig, J. M. Foster, Mrs. Olive E. Holmes, J. M. Ordway, A. L. Knight, Albert F. Ring, Mrs. A. A. Torrey, Mrs. Kate A. McCallis, Miss Martha Moore, Dr. J. C. Street; Trustees, Richard Holmes, George S. McCallis, Mrs. Lucy A. Miller, Eli W. Smith, F. A. Gould, Mrs. Harriet McCallis, Mrs. Mary B. Smith, Mrs. Ida F. A. Whitlock.

The First Society of Spiritualists of New York City closed its Sunday meetings for the summer on the 16th inst., after a very successful term. We understand that these meetings will reopen in the fall under more favorable auspices if possible than ever, which is a very gratifying fact to know, especially while our Cause and our speakers and mediums are so shamefully calumniated by bigots and sensational secular journals. Mr. H. J. Newton deserves much credit, as under his judicious management the First Society is placed on a solid foundation.

We regret to learn of the bereavement of H. K. Morrell of Gardner, Me., formerly editor of the *Home Journal*, of that city, whose wife passed to the higher state, June 15th. Mr. Morrell has been for many years a believer in Spiritualism, and the consolations which its truths bestow in hours of trial will be his in the present, serve to lighten the burden he is called upon to bear, and cheer him with the assurance that the "departed" will be ever near to aid and bless him.

J. Frank Baxter informs us that he has not an unsecured Sunday for a year to come—and this without solicitations on his part. This is an encouraging statement, in these days of personal recrimination, alleged exposures, and repeated declarations that the spiritual platform-work is in its decadence!

A. S. Hayward, magnetic physician, of Boston, intends to be at the Washburn House, Onset, on the opening of the camp-meeting. His letter address will continue as per advertisement in the *BANNER OF LIGHT* during the summer months.

As will be seen by her card on our fifth page, Mrs. C. B. Bliss is at present at Onset, whether she arrived from Allegheny City, Pa., where she has, we are informed, experienced much pleasure and success the past winter.

Augusta Dwinells will spend the summer at Exeter, N. H., at the old Treadwell Farm on High street, Hampton Road—the direct route to Hampton Beach—where she will be pleased to meet all true investigators.

Attention is called to the advertisement of Mrs. Stoddard-Gray on our seventh page. Herself and son, DeWitt C. Hough, will be at Lake Pleasant, Mass., Camp during the month of August.

The advertisement on our seventh page from H. C. Wright, should read "No. 4 Elizabeth street, West, Detroit, Mich."—not as printed.

## Acknowledgments.

Since my last report I have received toward my cottage fund: From Bro. J. J. Morse (collected at Washington, D. C.), \$11.65; James A. Blood, Carpenter, Cal. (via BANNER office), \$20.00; Philip Sommers, Evansville, Ind., \$5; Mrs. L. D. Durkee and Mr. Haswell, Portland, Ore., \$5; Dr. E. G. Bartlett, New York City, \$2; total, \$43.65; making to date in all, \$454.65. The cottage will be completed by July 1st, and the cost, as usual, will exceed the estimate, but we have "faith like a grain of mustard seed," and are assured by our spirit friends that all will come out well. The evening shades of this life look pleasant, and promise a bright and glorious morning in the next.

Cobden, Ill., June 20th, 1889. WARREN CHASE.

Our old friend, Dr. Albert Morton, is in the field with an excellent little monthly publication entitled *Psychic Studies*, devoted to Spiritual Science. It is issued from his office, No. 210 Stockton street, San Francisco, at \$1.00 per year, or ten cents per copy. He intends to publish it for one year positively, and continuously if he finds that it has come to "fill a long-felt want," which we are inclined to think it has. For the first year all subscriptions will commence with the first number, so all are sure of getting the magazine for the time they pay for. The leading paper in the initial number is entitled, "God—Our Relationship." Then follow an able "Editor's Table," on "Stupidity of Scientists," "Fashionable Christianity," "Spiritualism," "Ancient Myths Resurrected," "Reincarnation," "Theosophical Teachings vs. Practice," etc. Single copies may be had at this office.—*Golden Gate.*

## NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

"Advertisement Still Advertise!"  
"I got advice from you!"  
"But when you advertise, you advertise!"  
"And likewise where?"  
"And last and chiefest, how?"  
Advertisement in the *BANNER OF LIGHT*.

There is a great deal of truth in the talk about the evil of the money-power in politics, but the *New York World* carries the matter too far, says the *Rome Sentinel*. A rich man can be honest, and every man who has money does not come in the *World's* category of "Plutoocrats."

There is talk of the reopening of the American fisheries question. It is to be hoped that it will result in something more definite than mere "talk."

Rioting was still going on, June 21st, at Kladno, Austria. The mob wrecked the municipal buildings and law courts. The residence of the director of the mines was attacked and the furniture destroyed; the house was then fired. The house of the mayor was treated in a similar manner.

LACK OF EXPERIENCE EVIDENT.—Old Physician.—"What! You called in Dr. Blank during my absence? Why, he's just out of college." Patient.—"Indeed! He certainly is not a young man." Old Physician.—"No; he's of middle age; but it's plain to see he's new to this business. Why, I saw him this very morning looking down in the mouth just because he had lost a patient."—*New York Weekly.*

Many wealthy people in this country are flocking to Europe, while thousands of European paupers are landing on our shores.

Mediums in this city should be on their guard. It is said there is a conspiracy on foot by "white-caps" to injure them, if possible.

Now they say that Horace Greeley's two daughters are absolutely penniless, and that they need help to get along. What became of Greeley's interest in the *Tribune* we do not know, but if the paper, instead of devoting itself to raising a fund to build a monument to Greeley, would turn the funds over to keep his family out of want, the change would be appreciated.—*Boston Record, June 18th.*

There is evidently some mistake in regard to the above statement, as Miss Lida Greeley, the eldest daughter, passed to spirit-life several years ago. She was married, and resided at Saratoga, N. Y., and was, at time of her decease, in good pecuniary circumstances.

Our ghostly contemporary, the *BANNER OF LIGHT*, has lots of handsome things to say of *The Globe* for its defeat of the doctors' monopoly bill, and incidentally remarks that *The Globe* is a very liberally-inclined secular journal. It is nice to earn praise, especially from a paper that appears to be in intimate relations with the next world. There's nothing like having a "friend at court."—*Boston Globe.*

Following upon the July chapters of "The Life of Lincoln"—which, as already announced, describe the President's renomination, and Mr. Greeley's self-suggested peace trip to Niagara—there will probably be only six more installments of this remarkable history in *The Century* series.

"What's your hurry, Lou?" asked one Chicago girl of another. "Oh! the Theosophy Club meets at our house to-night, and I hustled out to get some sausages for refreshments."—*Toledo Blade.*

Horses are our willing servants, and should always be treated kindly. The great majority of them always try to do what is right; but how can we wonder that, with one torment and another, such as check-reins, blinders and sopping stalls, the unfortunate animals sometimes have a nervous crisis that is too much for them, and break out at all once into unaccountable and incurable fractiousness?

THE SUM OF IT ALL.  
The boy that by addition grows,  
And suffers no subtraction,  
Who multiplies the thing he knows,  
And carries every fraction;  
Who well divides his precious time,  
The due proportion giving,  
To sure success aloft will climb,  
Interest compound receiving.  
—*Dr. Ray Palmer.*

Well, what I do not understand about Columbus discovering America is, how he knew it was America when he'd never seen it before.

Stranger [in Hoffman House, New York]—Is there a man stopping here by the name of "Clerk?" Clerk—No, sir. Stranger—But I see his name here on the register. Clerk—Yes, but he overleapt himself this morning, and the doctors cut his head off.—*St. Paul Pioneer-Press.*

The "sea-serpent" season for '89 is "on" at the watering-places, as will be seen by the following:

Stranger [in seaside hotel proprietor]—"I heard you had a sea-serpent down here this year, and I thought I'd run down and see it."

Hotel Proprietor—"Yes, sir. The bar room is just down that hall. Ask for a glass of Sprig's XXXXX, and then go directly to your room, and wait ten minutes."

A servant girl writes from New York to her friend in Bangor, Me., that she works in a house called flats, and that they go from one story to another in ventilators, and send their washing to the foundry.

Why do we always talk about putting on a coat and vest? Who puts on a coat before the vest? We also say shoes and stockings. What's the matter with us, anyhow?—*Philadelphia Call.*

Keeper of Niagara Falls Hotel [to clerk]—"Mr. Flash, I see there is to be an eclipse of the moon next Sunday night." Clerk—"Yes, sir." Keeper of hotel—"You will add two dollars to the bills of all the guests Monday morning. That eclipse will be visible from this hotel."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Some ex-reverends turn out to be very poor shocks. The last one is Wm. E. Howard, the electric sugar swindler, who has been sentenced in New York City to hard labor in the penitentiary for nine years and eight months.

"I don't see," said Mr. McGuire, as he sat in the stern of the vessel, "how the captain can find his way across the ocean. If he was going the other way, all he'd have to do would be to follow that white streak behind there, but in front there's nothing to point the way."—*Harpers's Bazar.*

Rich men in Newport don't want horse railroads on the streets where they reside, a street car being too vulgar for their use. But the "common herd" mean to be heard in this matter; and it is high time they should.

A Baltimore Baptist clergyman has been commenting bitterly on Cardinal Gibbons's advice about reading the Bible. These men profess to worship "the Prince of Peace," you know. Do they?

Under the traditional policy of the United States the Indian Agent was a Minister resident to a "domestic dependent nation."—*Gen. F. A. Walker in Council Fire.*

A Catholic church in Newton, Mass., has just been destroyed by fire. The cause a mystery.

Two thousand doctors—"regulars"—are to be at Newport, R. I., this week. They will probably discuss grave questions.

"John" Chinaman is a shrewd fellow every time. A friend of ours who knew "John" in San Francisco, seeing him leave Park-street church the other day, asked him what he was doing there. John, it seems, was not backward in informing our friend. He replied, "I go to Melican Sunday-School. They spect I go for 'ligion! but (shaking his head) I don't care a— for it; I go get Melican talkee, that's all!"

The whistler whistles from week to week, From day to day, from hour to hour,  
And vainly we seek for a dynamite brick  
To cut him off in his manhood's flower.  
—*Merchant Traveller.*

exposure of the terrible condition of the water fronts of the narrow island has great significance. A pestilence, once started in the midst of such a swarming population, would make quick work of slaying many thousands.

Mackerel are schooling off our coast. The fish are of good size.

We have recently heard of a man whose tongue was so accustomed to maligning that the malignancy affected his tongue, and cancer necessitated its removal.—*St. Louis Medical Journal.*

It is said that there is a colored man living in Lynn, Mass., who is one hundred and twenty-five years old.

In Amesbury, Mass., every morning, noon and night "there's a music in the air."

'Tis now the pleasant month of June,  
But Babcock's whistle's out of tune.

One of the notable incidents growing out of the Johnston flood was a concert given at the Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, at which Apostle Cannon, a Mormon, and Rev. Mr. Hill, a Methodist, officiated. The receipts amounted to upward of \$8000, three-quarters of which were devoted to Johnston, and the remainder to Seattle.

"Howard" in the *Globe* talks about the dirty hives in New York where allens swarm.

The *New York World* is a flimsy sheet. It is reported that it sends out a great many more papers than it sells.

Pennsylvania has decided against prohibition by 180,000 majority; New Hampshire, by 5,000; Massachusetts, by 45,000; Rhode Island, by 20,000.

The two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the first school in Dorchester was celebrated last Saturday. It is claimed (though not thoroughly substantiated) that this was the first public school not only in this country, but in the world—the first school in which the children of the rich and the poor were to receive simultaneously a schooling at public expense.

The man who "bit the dust" lost one of his eyes.

Heyer Brothers' toy and fireworks establishment, on the corner of Summer and Hawley streets, Boston, was the scene of a most disastrous fire late on Friday afternoon, June 21st. Five of the employees on the fifth floor were either burned to death or killed in jumping from the windows. Many of the others had hair-breadth escapes. Two men secured release by crawling along narrow ledges in front of the building, and two others by sliding down the elevator rope. The continuous fusillade of the crackers, bombs and rockets gave the character of a mimic battle to the scene, and drew a dense crowd about the building. Great credit belongs to the fire department, headed by Chief Webber, for the admirable manner in which the spreading conflagration was handled, the whole fire being under control within an hour after the first alarm, though it took all the force to do it.

The following story is told at Ypsilanti, Mich., concerning Miss Mary Richards, the Johnston victim. During the past winter Miss Richards was troubled with frightful dreams. In every instance she imagined herself crushed to death! The trouble became so great that the young lady refused to go to school, and her friends determined to send her to Johnston to visit her sister. . . . Hers was one of the first bodies recovered.—*Boston Journal.*

**Movements of Platform Lecturers.**  
(Notices under this heading must reach this office by Monday's mail to insure insertion the same week.)

Mrs. Ada Foye, lecturer and platform test medium, has decided to remain East of the Rocky Mountains for another year. Spiritual societies desiring her services will please address her immediately at Chicago, Ill., P. O. Box 517. She is a grand medium. Secure her services forthwith.

Mr. Frank Algerton, the boy medium, will speak at the Western camp meetings in July: Parkland, Aug. 16th and 17th; Salem, first four Sundays in September; Lynn, Haverhill, Portland and Newburyport up to Jan. 1890. For other dates address 6 Beacon street, Boston, Mass. Independent Lecture Bureau. He also gives work during the winter months in the following places: Me., meeting with fine success.

Rev. E. B. Fairbairn speaks in Salem, Mass., Sept. 20th. Address Lecture Bureau, 6 Beacon street, Boston, Mass.

F. A. Wiggins, inspirational lecturer, will speak in Lowell, Mass., Oct. 10th. Address for the autumn and winter, Lecture Bureau, 6 Beacon street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Addie L. Ballou's address is now at 1021 Market street, San Francisco, Cal.

Dr. J. C. Street, of Boston, proposes going to Europe the latter part of August. He will attend the International Spiritualist Congress at Paris in September, as a representative of Occultism. He will be at the Cassetta Lake (N. Y.) Camp-Meeting for three weeks in October.

Dr. J. V. Mansfield has arrived in Boston from San Francisco, Cal.

Frank T. Ripley, platform test medium, can be engaged for lectures and public tests the last Sunday in June and for the month of July. Address him in care of this office.

Mr. Frank Baxter concluded Sunday last his successful work in Rockland, Me., and will on Sunday, the 30th inst., address the people of Duxbury, Kingston and Pembroke at one o'clock, in Temperance Hall, West Duxbury, and in the evening probably at Kingston. Sunday, July 28th, he will lecture at Wachusett Park, Westminister; Sunday, July 14th, at Parkland, Pa.; Camp-Meeting; Sunday and Tuesday, July 21st and 22d, at Chagrin Falls, O.; and Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday, July 23rd, 24th, and Aug. 1st, at Hasletts Park, N. Y. He will also give lectures at Hantua, O., and Camp-Meetings at Cassetta Lake, N. Y., Natick, Ct., Lake Pleasant and Etta, Me.

Miss Knox, of Boston, occupied the platform of the First Spiritual Society of Portland, Me., June 8th. Her address will be Bangor, Me., until July 1st. Would like to make engagements for platform work for the summer months in that vicinity.

Joseph D. Stiles of Weymouth, Mass., will speak in Middleton, Mass., Sunday, June 30th.

Frank Winfield Baker occupies the rostrum of the Spiritualist Society at Good Templars Hall in Waltham, Mass., Sunday afternoon and evening, June 30th. He is ready for calls in the Eastern States for lectures and platform tests. Address in care of this office.

Prof. J. W. Kenyon is reengaged by the First Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., to serve during the month of July. He lectures at Queen City Park, Saratoga, N. Y., the 4th and 6th of August; at Sunapee Lake, N. H., from the 10th to the 20th of August; at Albany, N. Y., during September; two Sundays in October at Stafford, Conn., and two in November at Norwich, Conn.; at Bridgeport, Conn., the last two Sundays of December. Societies desiring his services can address him at 40 Woodland street, Worcester, Mass.

Bishop A. Beals was reengaged to speak in Bradford, Me., Sunday, June 23d; will speak in West Hampden July 7th. Address, Bangor, Me.

Mrs. H. W. Cushman has gone to Lake Pleasant, Mass., for the season, where she can be addressed for business the same as usual.

Mrs. E. Cutler, platform test medium and psychometric reader, can be addressed for the months of July and August at Eden Post Office, Parkland, Bucks Co., Pa.

## For Sale at this Office:

THE TWO WORLDS: A Journal devoted to Spiritualism, Occult Science, Ethics, Religion and Reform. Published weekly in Manchester, England. Single copy, 5 cents. **THE PATH.** A Monthly Magazine, devoted to Universal Brotherhood, Theosophy in America, and Aryan Philosophy. Single copy, 20 cents.

THE JOURNAL OF MAN. Monthly. Published in Boston. Single copies, 20 cents.

THE GARDEN OF KNOWLEDGE. Published weekly in San Francisco. Single copy, 5 cents.

THE BAZAAR. NOTES AND QUERIES, with Answers in all Departments of Literature. Monthly. Single copy, 10 cents.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL. Published weekly in Chicago, Ill. Single copy, 5 cents.

THE NEW SCIENTIST. Published weekly in Chicago, Ill. Single copy, 5 cents.

THE WATSONIAN. Published monthly in Fort Wayne, Ind. Single copies, 10 cents.

THE TWENTY-SEVEN. Published weekly in New York. Single copy, 8 cents.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published monthly in New York. Price 10 cents.

THE THEOSOPHIST. Monthly. Published in India. Single copy, 50 cents.

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Each line in *Agate* type, twenty cents for the first and every line thereafter on the fifth or eighth page, and fifteen cents for each subsequent insertion on the seventh page.

Special Notices forty cents per line, Minton, each insertion.

Business Cards thirty cents per line, *Agate*, each insertion.

Notices in the editorial columns, large type, headed matter, fifty cents per line.

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Only small and light cuts will be allowed in the advertising columns. When accepted, our rates for that portion of the advertisement occupied by the cut will be one-half price in excess of the regular rates.

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The publishers reserve the right to reject any and all electrotyps.

The *BANNER OF LIGHT* cannot well undertake to vouch for the honesty of its many advertisers. Advertisements which appear fair and honorable upon their face are accepted, and whenever it is made known that dishonest or improper persons are using our advertising columns, they will be at once interdicted.

We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover in our columns advertisements of parties whom they have proved to be dishonest or unworthy of confidence.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. 13w\* A6

Andrew Jackson Davis, Seer into the causes and natural cure of disease. For information concerning methods, days, terms, &c., send to his office, 63 Warren Ave., Boston, Mass. A6

Men suffering from Nervous Debility should send 10c. to Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Glenora, N. Y., for a book setting forth an External Application. A positive cure. Mention *BANNER OF LIGHT*. 19

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H. A. Kersey, No. 3 Bigg Market, Newcastle-on-Tyne, will act as agent in England for the *BANNER OF LIGHT* and the publications of Colby & Rich during the absence of J. J. Morse. 26w\*

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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ONSET BAY Short Line via East Wareham, Onset Bay and Point Independence Horse Railroad. The Cars of this line will leave Onset Bay for Wareham, Onset Bay and Point Independence at 10 A. M. and 2 P. M. Fare 10c. For tickets and information apply to the Ticket Agent, Onset Bay, or to the Ticket Agent, Wareham, Onset Bay and Point Independence Horse Railroad. 26w\*

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BY ABRAHAM PERRY MILLER.

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## The Free-Circle Meetings

**QUESTIONS ANSWERED,  
THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF  
Mrs. M. T. Shelhamer-Longley.**

### Questions and Answers.

Under these conditions man would learn no wise lesson through experience; he would become careless and irresponsible in thought and deed; there would be no progress for humanity by such a course.

moment's warning. 'Time is of no account to high spirits, and distance does not interfere with their travel; therefore, being in sympathy with all that is born of sorrow and pain, they will be ready to sympathize with you, and be speedily at hand to minister to the suffering, and to befriend the needy. Such hands as spirits were attracted there to extend their magnetic influence over the place, so that those spirits who *could* be freed from the flesh might be removed at once, and those who were to linger in agony for a few hours and then pass out might receive magnetic ministrations and be brought under such an influence as would prevent their being fully conscious of the great agony and the vast change which had to come to them. Hence the spirit world has a powerful hold in that direction, mesmerizing, so to speak—or psychologizing—thousands of spirits who, had they not come under such a power, would have become almost unbalanced by the great calamity which has burst upon them. In addition to these there were hundreds of personal attendants of spirits—friends as guides—fathers and mothers, companions, sisters and brothers—waiting for the various ones who were to pass out, and such personal guides and helpers came and accompanied the spirits, and, of course, the spiritual homes, where they would be provided for by wise and loving hands and hearts.

Just for a moment realize, if you can, what would be the result of thousands of individuals

The friend also desires to know if any great sensation was produced at the moment in the spirit-life? Yes: in certain circles where the news spread forth that a great and awful calamity, physically speaking, had fallen upon a mortal community. All those who had friends dwelling in that vicinity were much excited, and the news spread far and wide; and others who had no personal friends, and acquaintance, were there were excruciated by this report, and they wished to know more concerning it, so that there was in certain quarters just the same kind of a sensation produced as you had here when something of the great horror came along with the report, because many were so sympathetic and thought so strongly of those who were bereaved on earth. To others no horror came, only a glad surprise that the friends they loved were coming to them, and the thought that they must hasten and give them greeting and prepare for their reception.

Many times, Mr. Chairman, have I stood close beside loved ones here in your own good old city, and I know there are some who will be glad to hear I have ventured to speak from this place. I have wished to before, but there are various reasons with us in the spirit why we do not often speak. In time I trust we shall all be able to give out to our loved ones something that will not only satisfy but highly gratify them from the beautiful beyond.

Nathan is with me, also little Tad, as we used

**Henrietta Chittenden.**

**George Hardy.**

I want to say, too, that you in the mortal never can understand how much comfort and happiness it gives us to be able to send a few lines to some that are left here. A short time since I visited a place that is called a Lyceum, in Cincinnati, and I was pleased to see how they are teaching the children—the growing generation—to know something of the beyond. I want to speak a good word for the Lyceums; I don't care where they are. I say, Put your children there, and they will get good influences; and not only that, they will learn something in regard to the beautiful Summer Land. I am happy to be able to give out something here. At first, as I entered the hall, I came like many others, to listen; but as the privilege was offered me, I gladly accepted. George Hardy,

**Mrs. John Harvey Humphrey.**

I wish to speak here, not only for myself, but for my husband. These words will be for my dear children who are still in mortal life. Oh! how glad I was to find it all so beautiful. I was no stranger to what is called Spiritualism, for I did believe I should find the dear ones that had crossed over the shining river; but I never felt they were calling me day by day. It was not until I knew, for it was a knowledge that they were calling me on the other side. I said many times, "I feel they help me every day." Yes, dear

Report of Public Séance held April 5th, 18  
Henry Simmons.

Many times, Mr. Chairman, have I stood close beside loved ones here in your own go-



you little realize how much assistance you gain from loving ones that come to you every hour in the day. You are never alone; loving ones are drawing near to you. We walk together just as the desire of the spirit moves us; and it is so beautiful to see the little groups of children gathering flowers in the bright Summer-land. Oh! how many times have I said while in the flesh: "I can almost hear their little childish, prattling voices!" although passed beyond our sight, they would come so near to us. It is blessed to feel that the children compose a part of heaven. I see the children gathered here, walking up and down in the aisles, going first on one side then on another; for there are very few in this audience but have placed away some little bud, with a sorrowing heart.

My dear daughter, I wish I might come into communication with you in Philadelphia, for I know there are some I might speak through there, and it will be a help to you; a comfort to speak with me, although I have thrown off the mantle of flesh and put on the bright and beautiful garment of immortality. Oh! how good it was in the dear Father to make these wise provisions that His children on both sides of life should hold sweet communion together. John, my husband, stands beside me. Dear children, your father sends greeting to you to-day, and wishes to be remembered also to some loving friends in this good city, where I know we are not forgotten; also, as I said, in Philadelphia, for formerly we lived here in Boston. Mrs. John Harvey Humphrey.

**Freddie Tansy.**

(To the Chairman.) The gentleman over here said I might come and tell a short story. I am not going to stay so long as that lady stayed, but she's a nice lady. You let little boys tell the same as you do the big people, don't you? (Yes.) When you come our side I'll make some pictures for you, pretty and nice ones. I went into one of the meetings a little time ago, and all the children there carried flags. They were walking and they kept a nice step, because there was a gentleman that sat up a little higher on the rostrum playing the music, so they kept walking. And then what do you think? There was some big ladies that walked with them, and they carried flags just the same, right on the top, and on the top of the pole they had some yellow flags, some white ones, and red and blue ones. What do you call that meeting? (A Lyceum.) Oh, yes, that's what it was. There was one little bit of a girl there. She couldn't hardly carry it. I suppose the spirits helped her. It was nice. I wish you had been there. You'd better go some day, and you'll find I have told you the truth.

Oh! you've got some flowers too. We've got more than that where we are. I had a sore throat 'fore I went away, but it don't hurt me much. I got better. Grandpa says I'd better hurry up and tell my story. So I'll have to. I lived in Brookfield, Vt. [A gentleman in the audience brings the child some flowers.] I thank you, and I'll bring some little children to you some day, because you're such a kind gentleman. You wouldn't go to meeting to laugh at 'em, would you? No, you wouldn't do that, because a dear spirit lady comes here every week. Grandpa helps me a little, but I am getting bigger. I got in this chair myself. That's a nice cushion, ain't it? I went in a place one time where there was a convention, and I saw there a lovely spirit; she came right to me and said something she was coming to this place and go to give out a letter to some people, and her name was Achsa Sprague. I didn't know her when she was in this life. She told me that if I was real quiet and good I might come here myself. She's here now, and she says to tell me a story. When I was in the convention—that's a big word—ain't it a meetin'? (Yes.) It seems to be nothing but a meetin'. There was another lady, and her name was Mrs. Howard, calling the spirits' names. Why, if you'll believe it, there was as many as fifty! Ain't that a good many? She didn't call mine. I suppose I was so little she didn't count me. Next time I'm going to stand up high. I got up high this time. The minister said I could get right into the chair. Then I think the people could see me, or hear me, anyway. My name is Freddie Tansy.

(To the gentleman who brought the flowers.) I'm going to do something for you on the spirit side. I'll bring all the angels to you I can. (Bring my children.) They couldn't come all together. One little girl comes now beside you, and she brings a lily in her hand to you. She says that white is an emblem of purity, and of the children who are good and true, and on the spirit side, the little spirits never grow old, they only attain to maturity in the Summer-land. I am so happy to say to you that we can be of assistance to these little children.

In the mortal how many times have the tears coursed down our cheeks as we have looked upon each tiny face, too beautiful for earth, while the angels came and plucked the little ones out of your homes, when your hearts were near to breaking. When you come to learn a little of spirit-land, it takes away that sorrow. There is the empty chair, there is the vacant place at the table, but still you feel that the darlings live, and that they will come to you through the laws of attraction.

(To the gentleman who brought the flowers.) Dear, kind sir, do you think for one moment that those children do not compose a part of your family in your home? Most assuredly they do, and when trials and dark hours have come to you, here they have helped to bring light into the home.

How many mothers have said: "Why did they take my child away?" and have almost felt a hardness springing up in the spirit toward the Great Father for taking them from the home. Dear mother, remember it is but for a short space of time, and then that beautiful child will be given back to you.

Again, the partings are hard, but the reunions are beautiful. I have often thought, since I left the mortal, how sweet it was to know that this life was not all, for I did understand some things of the spirit, although not as much as I wish I had learned. I did realize that the angel-world came very near to me, and when the angel of light beckoned me on, up higher, oh! how welcome was the sound; how dear the voices that had been hushed so long in mortal life. Think, not dear loving friends, that we only come to our kindred; we come to others, trying to leave a good influence with those that need it, and I assure you, mortals, we often find love need it much. I have thought if the loved ones that I have spoked of, Sister Weston also sends greetings. Nellie Kenyon.

**SPIRIT MESSAGES**  
TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.  
April 5.—Hattie Hopkins, William Greaves, Grace Gleason, Hannah Oakes, Mary Flint.

Advertisements.

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MAGNETIC HEALER,  
Office 8 1/2 Bowdoin Street, (Room 8), Boston, Mass.  
Will treat patients at his office or at their homes, as directed. He prescribes and treats all kinds of diseases. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Liver and Kidney complaints, and all Nervous Disorders. Consultation, prescription and advice. Moderate rates for Medicines, when furnished. Magnetized Paper \$1.00 per package. Healing by rubbing and laying on of hands. Parties wishing consultation by letter must be particular to state age, sex, and leading symptoms. Liver, Anti-Dyspeptic, Liver and Kidney, or Strengthening and Soothing Pills, 25 cents per box, or five boxes for \$1.00.  
Office hours from 10 A. M. to 8 P. M.—except on Tuesdays and Fridays, when he attends out-of-town patients. Letter address care of BANNER OF LIGHT. 12w\* Ap6

**DR. F. L. H. WILLIS**  
May be Addressed until further notice,  
Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y.  
Dr. Willis may be addressed as above. From this point he can attend to the diagnosis of disease psychically. He claims that his power to detect disease by combining, as he does, accurate scientific knowledge with keen and searching psychometric power.  
Dr. Willis claims special skill in treating all diseases of the blood and nervous system. Cancers, Scrofula in all its forms, Epilepsy, Paralysis, and all the most delicate and complicated diseases of both sexes.  
Dr. Willis is permitted to refer to numerous parties who have been cured by his system of practice when all others have failed. All letters must contain a return postage stamp. Send for Circulars, with References and Terms. 12w\* Ap6

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Address, Mrs. A. B. SEVERANCE, Centre street, between Church and Pratt streets, White Water, Walworth Co., Wis. 12w\* Ap6

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THE MARVEL OF THE CENTURY.  
SCIENTIFIC fact demonstrated by SCIENTIFIC EX- PERIENCES. Diagnosis of all diseases, acute and chronic, and all diseases of the mind, by the most eminent physicians in their obscure and difficult cases. Send for Circular giving terms and details.  
W. S. ROWLEY, 89 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio. 12w\* Ap6

**HOTEL ONSET,**  
ONSET BAY, Mass., one of the largest and best appointed houses on the coast, also the best location, and most picturesque scenery. Terms \$2.00 per day and upward. Re- ceive food or by the week or month. Special rates during June and September. Address  
CLARK & AINSLEE, Tremont House, Boston, or 129 Reade street, New York, until June 10th, after that date, at the Hotel. 12w\* Ap6

**IT IS A SIN TO BE SICK.**  
We tell you why in our NEW BOOK. This Book should be in every home. All who read it follow its suggestions and live longer and better. State and have many years added to their lives. Send your name at once for our "PLAIN ROAD TO HEALTH," free of all. CHICAGO, ILL.  
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TEST MEDIUM.  
Will hold Test and Message Circles Market Place, rear of 23 Market Street, Lynn, Mass., Wednes- day evenings, at 8 sharp, and Sunday at 2 P. M. Mr. Stiles refers to Dr. J. R. COCKE, by whom he was developed. 12w\* Ap6

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RESTORE lost vision. My Clairvoyant Method of fitting the eyes never fails. Sent by mail for \$1.00. State age and how long you have worn glasses. Or send a 2-cent stamp for directions. Address R. F. POOLE, Clairvoyant Optician, Clinton, Iowa. 12w\* Ap6

**PSYCHOMETRY.**  
CONSULT with PROF. A. B. SEVERANCE in all matters pertaining to practical life, your spirit-land friends. Send lock of hair, or handwriting, and one dollar. Will answer three questions free of charge. Send for Circulars. Address 128 1/2 street, Milwaukee, Wis. 12w\* Ap6

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SEND three 2-cent stamps, lock of hair, age, sex, one lead- ing symptom, and your disease will be diagnosed free by spirit power. DR. A. B. DOBSON, Maquoketa, Iowa. 12w\* Ap6

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The great Test Medium and Clairvoyant, will give whole Life-Reading for \$1.00 and two stamps; six questions an- swered for 50 cents and stamp. Disease a specialty. Address West Garland, Mo. 12w\* Ap6

**The Writing Planchette.**  
SCIENCE is unable to explain the mysterious perfor- mance of this wonderful little instrument, which writes legible answers to every question in 24 hours, or men- tally. Those unacquainted with it would be astonished at some of the results that have been attained through its agency, and no domestic circle should be without one. All investigators who desire practice in writing mediumship should avail themselves of these "Planchettes," which may be consulted on all questions, as also for communications from deceased relatives or friends.  
The Planchette is furnished complete with box, pencil and directions, by which any one can easily understand how to use it.  
PLANCHETTE, with Pentagraph Wheels, 50 cents, securely packed in a box, and sent by mail, postage free.  
ROBERTS & REED, 107 N. 3rd St., ST. LOUIS, MO., and THE PROVINCES.—Under existing postal arrangements be- tween the United States and Canada, PLANCHETTES can- not be sent through the mail, but may be forwarded by express, paid at the purchaser's expense.  
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I WILL give a test of it to any person who will send me the place and date of their birth (giving sex) and 25 cents, money or stamps.  
I will write Holographic and Predictive Letters (from the above data), and also answer any matter in 24 hours. Questions in accordance with my understanding of the sci- ence, for a fee of \$1; Consultation fee \$1; at office, 206 Tremont street. Activities written at prices proportionate to the detail de- manded. Address OLIVER AMES GOULD, Box 1664, Bos- ton, Mass. 12w\* Ap6

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**Vegetable Cough Drops.**  
THE greatest known remedy for all Throat and Lung Complaints. For Croup, Asthma, Colds, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Influenza, Bronchitis, Inflammation of the Lungs. It is free from all opiates and minerals, and any other injurious ingredients; and is there- fore harmless in all cases; likewise palatable and benefi- cial in regulating and strengthening the system; and as a DROOP PURIFIER IS TRULY UNPARALLELED. A box, taken accord- ing to directions, is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or the money will be refunded by the proprietor, DR. M. H. GARLAND, 408 Broadway, Chelsea, Mass. 12w\* Ap6

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Summerland offers all the advantages for such a colony, located as it is upon the seashore, in that unequalled climate of Santa Barbara, and but five miles from that most beau- tiful city—a spot where the sun ever shines, overlooking the ocean, extending even to its silvery shore, with a back- ground of mountains, which form a shelter from the north winds, insuring what that country has the reputation of en- joying—the most equable climate in the world. It is located on the Southern Pacific Railroad, now completed between Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, and on what in the near future will be the main line of that road to San Francisco and the East.

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## Free Thought

## THE GREAT CONSPIRACY.

Determination of the Sunday Bishops to Enforce Special Legislation—Wanamaker to be Coerced.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

The Chicago Herald of June 8th contains the following significant paragraph:

"Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, field secretary of the American Sabbath Union, has been in the city since Tuesday. The purpose of his visit is to further the interests of a movement, already widespread in many sections of the country, to promote the observance of the civil and religious Sabbath, particularly by prohibiting all Sunday work, if possible, in the United States and military posts, in interstate commerce, and in the District of Columbia and the territories."

There are at the highest possible estimate twenty millions of church-members in the United States, against forty millions of those who do not belong to any church and do not care anything about church matters. Of this twenty millions not over one-half do anything more active than to acquiesce in the forms and requirements of their respective sects. Yet these twenty millions, or rather the less than 10,000,000, are assumed to compel, by law, the forty millions to obey their commands. They desire to have Sunday observed not as a day of rest, but of worship, and would force all others to do likewise. It is this minority which makes this a "Christian country," and rules against the fundamental principles of democracy that essays to be governed by the majority. The minority of one-third rules by force of its organization; the majority is ruled over because disorganized and unadvised. Few are aware of the tremendous efforts being put forth to compass the ends of the Sabbath Union. It is not for the Sabbath these ambitious bigots are working. This is the opening wedge to no end of projects to forge the chains of theocratic despotism around the neck of American liberty. Some idea of its extent, and the desperate resolution of its leaders, may be gathered from the sentences dropped by Rev. Crafts at an interview. He said: "The Sabbath question is certain to be the most important ever discussed. It is heartily endorsed by the Southern Baptist Convention and Southern Presbyterian Convention at Kansas City." It has the support of 80,000 preachers. Crafts is busy organizing societies in every town and city, preparatory to a grand coup d'état.

The first point of attack is the post-office. The executive just now is with the cranks, especially the Postmaster-General. The presidential election has been humming very low. He is a pious Sunday-school teacher. It is said he works more hours in his office than any other member of the cabinet. He raised \$400,000 as a campaign fund, for and by which, it is said, he holds his place. He is worth millions. His income from his store is more in a month than his yearly salary. Why did he wish to give up his business to others and take the drudgery of his office? Salary certainly was not a consideration; of honors there are none; of hard work as he conducts business, no end. It was the future! He can now go on and become the champion of the Sunday Union and God-in-the-Constitution bigots. He can lead the reaction against science and free thought, and with a well-trained, compact and unscrupulous organization to back him, has a chance to win in the presidential race. The leaders have already appealed to him: The committee of the Chicago Sabbath Union and Rev. Crafts at the Sherman House (they were all D. D.'s and Rev.'s), prepared an open letter to the Postmaster-General, in which they say: "The American Sabbath Union recognizing the importance of a correct example on the part of the government, as an employer in the treatment of its employees, rejoices over your suppression of Sunday work in the post-office department, and anticipates much greater achievements for the cause of Sunday rest, for the investigations you have undertaken." They then proceed to dictate the terms that will be satisfactory to them:

1. No post-office to be opened at the usual hours of worship.
2. No postal employees required to be on duty at hours that would take from them the opportunity to attend church.
3. Stamp clerks to be entirely free from Sunday work.
4. Mail bearing special delivery stamp to be uniformly held in the office as other mail, unless personally called for.
5. No mail matter except letters to be stamped or sorted on the Sabbath.
6. Any post-office to be wholly closed on the Sabbath where a majority of the people of legal age petition for such closing.

We trust you may be able to find other ways in which to reduce the Sunday work of postal employees, and that you will cooperate with the national movement to secure a law which the Sunday work shall be wholly and permanently discontinued.

How they regard their man may be learned from this suggestive paragraph:

"Postmaster-General Wanamaker, at his own suggestion, stopped Sunday work in the Post-office Department at Washington as soon as he entered the Cabinet. I tell you he is the popular man of the Cabinet in the South; the people are greatly in his position he has taken on the observance of the Christian Sabbath."

No doubt plenty of "other ways" will be found to curtail favor with the bigots who are thus insidiously foisting a system of religious intolerance on this country. It will be observed that all leaders and officers in the movement are Revs. or D. D.'s except a few equally bigoted strikers. The preachers sigh for the good old times when they could preach and listen to the monotonous drone of sermons to seven-tenths. They have nothing but dry straw they have been threshing for centuries, and now that the people prefer the fresh air of a Sunday, rather than the dust from their threshing floors, they are angry and would force them to attend.

All ministers cannot take up the acrobatic business, with falmage, and tickle the ear with the rich eloquence of the end-man of a minstrel show; the dignity of a seven-years' college course smooths them down to commonplace inanities. But if all other avenues of amusement or interest are closed, and only the churches left, a little coercion will bring the people in. Hence the first demand on the pious Postmaster-General is that no post-office shall be opened at the usual hours of worship. It is desirable that the post-offices be absolutely closed on Sunday, but if opened, they must not interfere with church services. Everything must side-track to the church. It has preeminently the right of way. The overwhelming complaint against the Chicago post-office is that it is open during the "morning hours of divine service." Wanamaker must stop all this wickedness. The preachers of this country must have their own way, regardless of the rights of the majority.

The labor organizations are lending themselves to this movement, not because of any partiality for the sacredness of the day, but they desire a day of rest and recreation, and overlook the terms on which it is to be obtained.

There are no associations or organizations whatever to oppose the steady aggression of this Sabbath movement. The press is the only means, and the enlightenment of the people their salvation.

We have no need of prophecy to preface the future, for we stand in the immediate presence of the movement, which has already unmasked itself, and every advantage gained by it, if ever recovered to liberty, will have to be fought for at disadvantage and great cost. Here is in part the programme: Sabbath laws for the District of Columbia, and for the federal offices; the election to office of only those who will pledge themselves to the scheme of the National Reformers; the closing of all places of recreation and instruction on Sunday; the stopping of all Sunday trains and conveyances; the establishment of a national church by the coalition of all the evangelical sects; the conversion of the public schools into parochial, controlled by the clergy and priests, and at last boldly putting forward a church political party with a devout and pious man at the head of the ticket! A great part of this plan may prove impracticable, much of it appear visionary, yet outlines the policy of the leaders, and is to be expected so far as craft and Jesuitical cunning can bring about its accomplishment.

The union of the Protestant sects will be necessary if the Constitution acknowledges the Bible as the source of law, for in that case the book would be obliged to have an interpreter, and no one sect could be chosen in preference to the others. The interpretation would have to rest on the consensus of all, which would cause implacable warfare unless perfect union was effected.

No, not a prophecy! I would it were, for the prophet with clearest vision may be mistaken, but in the presence of facts showing the strength and unscrupulous purpose of a conspiracy such as the history of the last hundred years has no comparison or likeness, there can be no mistake.

## PROF. HUXLEY'S CHURCH

THE BANNER of June 1st speaks approvingly of Prof. Huxley's ideal of what a church ought to be. It is hoped the readers may not be led to believe that Spiritualists make common cause with men who maintain that nothing can be known regarding the destination of man. Spiritualism cannot ally itself with ethical systems that have no basis. The ethics of Spiritualism has a basis, and the moral law is deduced logically and necessarily from its premises, which are the demonstrated facts of immortality, while Prof. Huxley and the other agnostics deny that there is any evidence of a life beyond the grave. It seems to the writer that some unwise Spiritualists are so eager to attack Christianity, or rather the creed of Christianity, that they endorse the conclusions of men who are as bitterly opposed to Spiritualism as to the Christian creed. As regards this Christian creed, no one can deny that it does offer a basis for ethics in its essence, which is believed in God and in a future life. That this essence had been obscured and perverted, or rather misapprehended by theology, is the contention not only of Spiritualists but of great thinkers in general; that both Spiritualists and these great thinkers are making efforts in these times to purify this essence and to restore it to its pristine state is the urgent demand of the age. But some Spiritualists incur justly the allegation that they are enemies to Christianity by their zeal to make common cause with an Ingersoll and with agnostics, men who have no real foundation for their ethical superstructure. These men may have a moral code apparently resembling ours, but we start from premises that are experimentally demonstrated, while they have no such premises. Let Spiritualists, then, not commit this double blunder, namely, to attack indiscriminately the Christian religion, which has a basis for an ethical science, and to fraternize with agnostics, who have no basis at all. Prof. Huxley would refuse to be classed in principle with Spiritualists, and all consistent and true Spiritualists might well exclaim: "God save me from his friends," if they are introduced to those scientific men who have nothing but negative conclusions regarding the destination of man, and who are at bottom uncompromisingly hostile to Spiritualism.

Bradford, Penn.

## Spiritualistic Meetings in New York.

Psychic Society, organized Dec. 17th, 1888, meets every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock, at 510 Sixth Avenue, near 20th street. Its sessions continue until July 24, and resume Sept. 24th, October 1st, and November 1st. A general conference will be held Monday evening of each week at 220 West 34th street, at the residence of Mrs. M. C. Morrell.

Columbia Hall, 878 4th Avenue, between 40th and 50th streets.—The People's Spiritual Meeting. Services every Sunday at 11 and 7 1/2 p. m. Mediums and speakers always on hand. Consultation free.

The American Spiritualist Alliance held its regular meeting on Wednesday evening, June 13th, at the parlors of Mrs. M. E. Wallace, 219 W. Forty-second street, New York City. The attendance was large, and the interest deep and earnest.

President Kiddle called the meeting to order, and stated that this would be the last meeting of The Alliance until after the summer vacation, and a resolution was adopted that, "When The Alliance adjourn, it be to meet again on the third Wednesday of September next, at 8 o'clock p. m., at such place as may be designated by its officers."

President Kiddle read a series of resolutions that he had been requested at the previous meeting of The Alliance to prepare, in regard to the appointment of a delegate to represent The Alliance at the International Spiritualist Congress to meet at Paris September next.

The resolutions and instructions, as read and offered, were adopted, and Mr. Henry Lacroix was duly elected a delegate from the United States.

The formal business having been transacted, the President declared remarks from members in order, and the Alliance was addressed by Mrs. Gridley, Dr. Wilson, Dr. Winn, Mrs. Beach, Mrs. Coleman, Prof. Kiddle, Mrs. Wallace, Dr. Everett and Mrs. Morrell. There was no stated subject presented for consideration, but the theme of most of the speakers was the urgent need and pressing necessity for a more spiritual life on the part of each member of society—a realization in the consciousness of each that the great central principle of all life and being, whether it be called universal brotherhood, charity or love, should be made the rule of each one, that a condition of harmony and mutual helpfulness might be inaugurated and maintained on all the planes of human life and endeavor.

It was the consensus of all present that the accomplishment of these objects was the work that all true Spiritualists should set themselves to do; that while the phenomena of Spiritualism were good and desirable, it was still more desirable that the philosophy and religion of life the phenomena revealed when properly interrogated and their answers understood, should be realized and practiced in the life of each individual.

A sweet spirit of peace and harmony brooded like an angel of light over the assembled members, and seemed to unite them all in the bonds of fraternal love and fellowship.

JOHN FRANKLIN CLARK, Cor. Sec'y.

People's Spiritual Meeting.—Joseph Noble of Paterson, N. J., spoke before the People's Meeting Sunday, 16th inst., upon "Christian Spiritualism." It was an able discourse, and warmly commented upon by Wm. C. Bowen, who followed. Mrs. M. C. Morrell, Dr. E. L. Ellsworth and others took part in the conference.

Mr. W. C. Bowen spoke last Sunday upon "Evolution in Religion," to the gratification of an intelligent audience. Dr. C. E. Weeks, Rev. C. P. McCarthy, Dr. I. H. Gibbs and Mrs. Morrell filled up the allotted time with words in harmony with the speaker of the afternoon.

At the evening session at Mrs. Morrell's, 230 West 34th street, Mrs. M. A. Gridley, of Brooklyn, spoke upon the condition of spirits suddenly bereft of their physical bodies, and gave psychometric delineations pronounced correct by the recipients. Mrs. Morrell followed with remarks corroborating the ideas given by Mrs. Gridley, as they have been given to her by her inspirers. Mrs. Morrell will on next Sunday evening narrate some of the wonderful experiences she has had during her mediumistic work, and give psychometric delineations or tests.

Capt. D. D. Dye, of Brooklyn, is expected to speak in Columbus Hall next Sunday afternoon; Mr. Bowen and others will also address the audience. This will probably be the last afternoon session we shall have until September. The evening sessions will continue during the summer at Mrs. Morrell's, 230 West 34th street.

Arcanum Hall.—The Progressive Spiritualists have held well attended meetings of late at this hall, 67 West 24th street.

The exercises on Sunday, 23d inst., were of unusual interest. At 3 p. m. Prof. Van Horn spoke on "The Experience of a Public Medium." Mrs. Jennie W. Holmes and Mrs. Harriet E. Beach also participated in the services.

At 8 p. m., after an opening address by the conductor, subject of the evening, the Spiritist, Mr. Joseph Loughlin, gave a recitation, and Prof. Van Horn presented many acknowledged tests of spirit return.

Sunday, June 30th, is the last meeting to be held at the above hall for the summer months. At the close of the evening exercises Prof. Van Horn holds a reception. The meetings will resume Sept. 8th. The Professor goes West, and will visit Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Chicago, etc., and Western camping-courses, on his return to this city.

## The Camp Meetings.

## Onset Day.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

All is activity at Onset, in anticipation of the coming camp-meeting.

Some of the summer residents have arrived who have not been mentioned: Capt. Atkins of Provincetown is at his cottage enjoying the sea breeze.

Mrs. J. Q. A. Whittemore and family have moved into the commodious cottage which is in a fine location overlooking the Bay; their home is a gem as to external and internal appearance.

Dr. Pratt, wife and daughter are at their residence; the doctor makes but short stays at Onset, and the family are at their cottage on Pleasant street.

Mrs. Gertrude Berry-Johnson and her husband, late of Boston, have taken Mrs. Bullock's cottage on West Central street for the season.

Miss Helen Perry, late of Boston, is at her cottage. Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Brown are her guests. Mr. and Mrs. Burnham, of Belmont, have taken a cottage on 8th street for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, of Malden, are at their cottage.

Mr. Vaughn and family from Malden have been at Onset for several weeks.

Mrs. Cass of Boston will conduct his Union Villa House on the European plan this season, and has arrived with his family.

Mrs. King has leased the Greenleaf cottage, and it will be carried on in the name of Mrs. King. Mrs. King has taken the small cottage on West Central Avenue for her residence.

Mrs. Malnes will reside in her cottage for the season; her brother is with her as a guest, so also is Mrs. Colgate. Mr. and Mrs. Dean were at their cottage last week.

Bilpha Cooper, of Dorchester, has taken the Nightingale cottage on Longwood Avenue and 7th street for the season. A party of twelve go with her from Dorchester.

Mrs. Cox has arrived and opened her two cottages.

Mrs. Bunker has opened her house. Mrs. Wood, ex-president of the Boston Ladies' Aid Society, was here last week.

Mrs. Nye is stopping at her cottage on West Central Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Sturdevant of Bridgewater are at their summer home.

Mrs. Cass and family of Chelsea are at their fine cottage on West Boulevard.

Mr. Albino has leased the Churchhill cottage; Mrs. Stafford, the materializing medium, is with him.

Mrs. Bliss, materializing medium, is at Onset for the season.

Mrs. Elsie Moss, materializing medium, from New York City, has leased one of Major Griffith's cottages for the season.

The BANNER of Light should have an extensive circulation at Onset; the Spiritualists who have the cause at heart should help sustain it through the insertion of advertisements and the addition of new names to its subscription list.

Frank E. Craze, of Boston, was at Onset last week; he will on the commencement of the meetings, officiate as organist.

Mrs. Sprague, of Boston, has leased the "Blue" cottage for the summer.

Mrs. Whitman, of Boston, was at her cottage at Onset last week.

The Mediums' Home is opened, and several persons are occupying it, free of rent—this noble gift of Major Griffith.

Mrs. W. Sullivan, being previously engaged, could not be secured this season as leader in the singing.

Dr. King and wife, of Brockton, have leased a cottage at Onset.

Mrs. Caroline Crockett, of Rockland, Me., has arrived at Onset for the season.

Mr. Young and family, of Lowell, are at their cottage on Shell Point.

Mrs. Brimwell, of Charlestown, has been at her cottage at Onset for the season.

The Temple will be occupied every Saturday evening during the season, for dancing, commencing June 22d.

The Middleboro Brass Band will furnish music for these occasions and will be present on Sundays at the meetings, also will give concerts on Sundays.

Mrs. Barber, of Hopedale, Mass., has leased the York cottage.

Miss Alice Sinclair, a fine vocalist, has been engaged to sing at the camp-meeting.

Bliss is plenty, and numerous visitors have been stopping of late at the Glen Cove House, enjoying the catch.

Mrs. Elsie Collins, who was one of the earliest as well as most successful mediums in Boston, becoming developed for the work when young in years—will be at Onset during July.

Time Table.—Trains leave Boston, 8:15 A. M., 9 A. M., 11 A. M., 3:30 P. M., 5:30 P. M.; Sundays only, 7:30 A. M., 8:15 A. M., 9 A. M., 11 A. M., 3:30 P. M., 5:30 P. M.; Sundays only at 6:30 P. M., 8:15 P. M.

For the meeting programmes are issued for the season of 1889, and can be had on application to Dr. E. Y. Johnson, Headquarters, Onset, Mass.

## Mississippi Valley Spiritualists' Association.

Meeting to hold from July 27th to August 27th, 1889. Officers: Prof. J. S. Loveland, President, Santa Anna, Cal.; Mrs. Sarah Jenkins, Vice-President, Clinton, Mo.; Dr. J. H. Randall, Secretary, 229 Honore street, Chicago, Ill.; Dr. J. H. Randall, Director, H. H. Roberts, President, New Boston, Ill.; Mrs. J. C. Blodgett, Vice-President, Davenport, Ia.; Dr. J. H. Randall, Secretary, W. F. McCortell, Ottumwa, Ia.; B. B. Hart, Clinton, Ia.; L. P. Wheelock, Moline, Ill.; Dr. J. C. Butler, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mrs. Mary McGowan, Ottumwa, Ia.; President Committee on Speakers, Mrs. A. B. Dobson, Maquoketa, Ia.; Present Committee on Bazar.

Clinton, Ia., is a beautiful town in the Mississippi Valley. Mount Pleasant Park, in the suburbs of the town, was selected many years ago as a spot combining more natural advantages and attractions for a camp-meeting and educational purposes than any other within a radius of hundreds of miles.

The Park will be open to cottagers and tenters from July 1st to Sept. 1st, 1889. The regular season camp-meeting opens Saturday, July 27th, 1889, at 2 p. m.

Clinton is a natural railroad centre, and can be reached by Northwestern, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and C. & Q. Railroad, and their connecting lines.

Representative officials of the railroads connected with the Western States Traffic and Passenger Associations have assured us a rate of one and one-third cents for the round trip, and the rate for the camp must ask of the agent at the several stations where they purchase tickets, a receipt showing they have paid full fare one way.

Horse cars will conduct you from the depot to the park.

Dr. J. Munson, proprietor of the Decker House, Maquoketa, Ia., will have charge of the hotel.

Tents for the season, or lodgings with those who have cottages, are open at the rates of \$1.00 and \$1.50.

Mrs. J. V. Vols, a noted test medium of New York City, has been engaged for the entire season.

Mrs. Mott Knight, of Kansas City, a very reliable test, pellet and slate-writing medium, will be on the grounds.

Mrs. Mary E. Weeks, of California, trance and test medium, well and favorably known east and west, will be on the grounds.

Harvey Mott, the noted materializing medium, formerly of Memphis, Mo., now of Kansas City, will be in attendance.

Prof. A. B. Severance, of Milwaukee, Wis., will teach a class in physical culture.

Dr. J. C. Phillips, the noted psychometrist and magnetizer, of Memphis, Tenn., will be present.

Mrs. J. C. Blodgett, one of the most noted independent slate-writing and platform test mediums, will be at camp throughout the season.

Mr. J. B. B. of South Framingham, Mass., a noted inspirational speaker and improviser, will deliver the opening address on Sunday, July 28th, and remain over Sunday, Aug. 4th.

Mrs. L. S. Little, of Boston, Mass., one of the best and most popular speakers of the spiritualist rostrum, has been engaged for Aug. 7th and 14th.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Glenora, Yates Co., New York, one of the greatest mediums and lecturers identified with Spiritualism since 1854, and widely known for years as the Harvard College student who was unjustly expelled from that venerable institution because of his mediumship, is engaged for the last week, from Aug. 18th to 25th inclusive.

Prof. J. C. Loveland, of Ripon, Wis., will give one public lecture, and at some time during the month deliver to a class a course of scientific lectures.

Dr. Juliet H. Severance, of Milwaukee, Wis., has been engaged to lecture some time during the month.

Prof. J. S. Loveland, of California, President, and Dr. J. H. Randall, Secretary of the M. V. A. S., are engaged to lecture during the season.

Every Sunday during the season, at 9 o'clock A. M., a Progressive Lyceum will be held in the interest of the children, young and old, and young are cordially invited to attend. The services will consist of singing, silver chain recitations, questions and answers, free calisthenics, and the expression of mottoes.

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## California Camp-Meeting.

The fifth annual convocation of the California Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting Association commenced its services Sunday, June 10th, in the tent of the Association, corner of Fell street and Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco. The President of the Association, Mr. J. C. Steele, commenced at eleven o'clock with the singing of "The Loom of Life," by Miss Eva Ballou, after which W. J. Colville delivered a discourse upon the "Destinies of Spirit." The President then gave a lecture on "The Loom of Life," and the audience was highly delighted. At the close of the discourse Mr. J. F. Fleming sang "Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters," his full baritone voice imparting great impressiveness to the sentiment of the words. Mrs. Ballou again delighted the audience by her singing of "The Loom of Life."

Congregational singing introduced the afternoon exercises. Mrs. Caroline L. Downer, taking for her text "The Stars and Stripes," suggested by the flag and followed by Mrs. Upham Hendee with a brief relation of her experience since thirty years ago, she became a Spiritualist. Mrs. Egbert Aitken and Mrs. Edith E. H. Nickless gave tests. The session closed with singing by Miss Ballou, accompanied by Mrs. Hill. In the evening W. J. Colville replied to interrogatories from the audience and improvised a poem, music being contributed by the vocalists before mentioned, whose artistic services are being highly appreciated. The meeting will be continued until Sunday, June 30th, inclusive.

San Francisco, Cal., June 12th, 1889.

[Get the BANNER from our wholesale agents.]

## Queen City Park, Vt.

To all friends who intend visiting Queen City Park camp-meeting this season, I would now say I have purchased fifty package tickets, that will be on sale at the Poland Spring office, 175 Devonshire street, Boston, this week. These tickets are good from Boston to Bellows Falls and return for \$4.55. On arriving at Bellows Falls you buy a ticket to Queen City Park and return for \$4.75