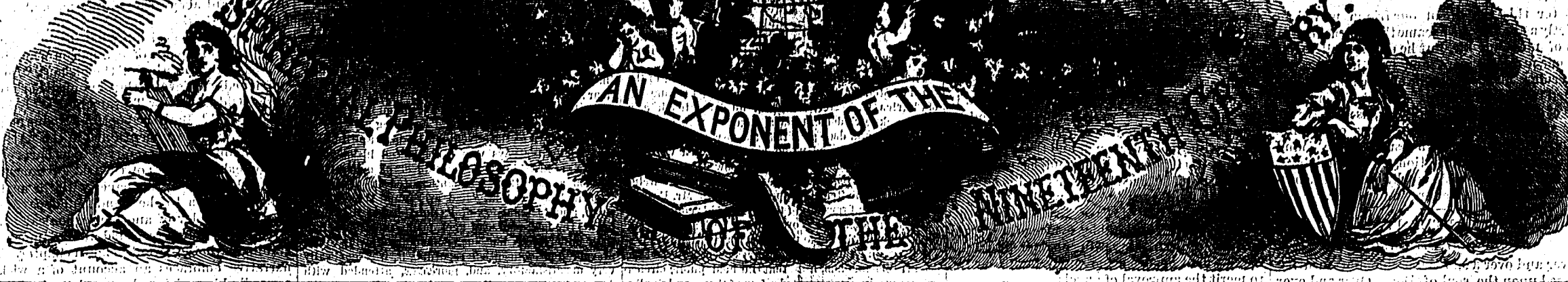


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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REV. J. M. BUCKLEY, D.D., ON PRESENTIMENTS, VISIONS AND APPARITIONS.

BY EXAMEN.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

The following excerpts are taken from a paper in *The Century* for July, 1889, signed "J. M. Buckley." The paper is entitled "Presentiments, Visions and Apparitions," and is one of a series. The author, Rev. Dr. Buckley, is the editor of the *Christian Advocate*, of New York, one of the ablest conducted papers of the Methodist denomination. Its editor seems to have had a penchant for opposing Modern Spiritualism for many years:

"The belief in apparitions was universal before the development of the scientific spirit. Scarcely an instance can be given from antiquity of a tale of supernatural events carefully investigated, because to be told of the experience of a ghost excited no more surprise than to be informed of a storm at sea, or of an extraordinary flash of lightning."—p. 464.

"To believe in such cases what antiquity believed, because antiquity believed it, is but to tighten the swaddling-clothes of the infant about the grown man, and force him back into the cradle."—*Ibid.*

"The testimony of a single witness to an apparition can be of little value."—*Ibid.*

"It has frequently been laid down as indisputable that if two persons see a vision at the same time its objective and authentic character is conclusively demonstrated. This by no means follows; on the contrary, a hundred persons may be confident that they see an apparition, and the proof that they do not may be conclusive."—p. 465.

"Mistaken identity accounts for many apparitions." "Jugglery and intentional deception, subsequently confessed, have explained many cases of apparition."—*Ibid.*

We have given these quotations somewhat at length in order to place over against them certain alleged facts received by us from our infancy, by the entire Christian Church to-day, and also by Dr. Buckley himself up to the time, at least, of the development of the scientific spirit."

In the Articles of Religion of the Methodist-Episcopal Church (see Discipline, p. 16, 17) the following section appears:

"The Holy Scriptures contain all things necessary to salvation; so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man that it should be believed as an article of faith, or to be thought requisite or necessary to salvation. In the name of the Holy Scriptures we do understand those canonical books of the Old and New Testament of whose authority was never any doubt in the church. The names of the canonical books are"—[here follow the titles of all the Old Testament books].

"All the books of the New Testament, as they are commonly received, we do receive and account canonical."

When standing before the altar, awaiting ordination by the bishop of the church, Dr. Buckley was thus interrogated by the bishop: "Do you unfeignedly believe all the Canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments?" And Brother Buckley replied: "I do believe them."

Now, in the light of the paper in *The Century* written by Dr. Buckley, from which the preceding excerpts are taken, we desire to present one or two out of the many narratives found in the canonical books of the Old Testament—reserving others from both the Old and the New Testaments for a future paper—and to place them over against these later views and in our judgment, sophistical reasonings of Dr. Buckley:

"And all the days of Enoch were three hundred sixty and five years. And Enoch walked with God, and he was not; for God took him."—*Genesis* v. 23-24.

"By faith Enoch was translated, that he should not see death; and he was not found because God had translated him; for before his translation he had this testimony, that he pleased God."—*Hebrews* xi. 5.

Dear Dr. Buckley, shall we apply to that statement of both the Old and New Canonical Scriptures your statement, that "to believe in such cases what antiquity believed, because antiquity believed it, is but to tighten the swaddling-clothes of the infant about the grown man and force him back into the cradle?"

Again: "The Lord appeared unto Abraham in the plains of Mamre; and he sat in the tent-door in the heat of the day."—*Genesis* xviii. 1-33.

The following, briefly stated, transpired:

1. Abraham ran to meet and welcome them.
2. He entreated them to become his guests, promising water to wash their feet, the shade of a tree under which to rest, and "a morsel of bread to eat."
3. The men consented; whereupon
4. Abraham commanded Sarah, his wife, to "make ready three measures of fine meal, knead it, and make cakes upon the hearth;

then he ran to the herd, fetched a calf tender and good, gave it to a young man and he hastened to dress it; then he took butter and milk, and the dressed calf, and set them before the strangers, and stood by them, under the tree, and they did eat."

6. After eating they said to Abraham: "Where is Sarah, thy wife?" He answered: "Behold, in the tent." She sat in the tent-door behind the men, and heard all that was said.

6. One of the men prophesied that Sarah should have a son born to her. She laughed ironically within herself, for she was old, had long passed her climacteric, and Abraham was over one hundred years old. (See Chap. xviii. 24.)

7. "And the Lord said unto Abraham wherefore did Sarah laugh, saying, shall I of a surety bear a child, which am old?"

8. Then the prophecy was repeated.

9. Then Sarah denied laughing, told a falsehood, saying, "I laughed not." "And he (who?) said, 'Nay, but thou didst laugh.'"

10. Then the men left, taking the road to the valley toward the city of Sodom, and Abraham accompanied them to guide them.

11. Then the Lord discussed the condition of Sodom, and the propriety of hiding his purpose concerning that city from Abraham.

12. The men went their way, and Abraham importuned the Lord for the saving of the doomed city; and the condition of its escape from destruction was that ten righteous men should be found in it.

This story of Abraham, Sarah and the three angels has been taught in all Christian pulpits, families, Sunday schools and in the religious press for at least a decade of centuries, and is lovingly cherished to-day in the hearts of all Christians. Must we apply the rule laid down by Dr. Buckley, and say of this also:

"To believe in such cases what antiquity believed, because antiquity believed it, is but to tighten the swaddling-clothes of the infant about the grown man, and force him back into the cradle?"

Let us proceed:

"And there came two angels to Sodom at even; and Lot sat in the gate of Sodom; and Lot, seeing them, rose up to meet them; and he bowed himself with his face to the ground."—*Genesis* xix. 1-33.

The following transpired:

1. Lot entreated the angels to become his guests.

2. They consented, and he made them a feast, and they ate it.

3. Before they retired the old and young men, from every quarter of the city, besieged the house and demanded possession of the guests in the name of lust.

4. Lot went out, and besought the mob to behave, and to respect the rights of hospitality.

5. The mob pressed upon Lot so heavily as to come near breaking the door, whereupon

6. The angels put forth their hands, pulled Lot into the house, and shut the door.

7. The angels took a census of Lot's family, and he went out to warn his sons-in-law that the city was to be destroyed.

8. In the morning the angels hastened Lot, his wife and two daughters out of the city, saying: "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee; stay not in all the plain; escape to the mountain!"

9. Lot entreated to be permitted to escape to the little city of Zoar, and at sunrise he entered it with his family.

10. "Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven; and he overthrew those cities and all plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities, and that which grew upon the ground."

11. "But Lot's wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt."

Now, Brother Buckley, as both the strange narratives of Abraham and Lot as recited have no proof, save the traditions of antiquity, shall we apply your proposition to them, that "to believe in such cases what antiquity believed, because antiquity believed it, is but to tighten the swaddling-clothes of the infant about the grown man and force him back into the cradle?"

Let us cite another case:

The children of Israel were bond-slaves to Pharaoh, King of Egypt. Moses, whose life as an infant was strangely preserved, was second in power in the Egyptian Court. Aaron, the brother of Moses, was the assistant of the latter. The two were to be the visible means of the exodus of these slaves as a body, their long journey of forty years of desert wandering, and their erection of a new nationality in Palestine.

The narrative commences with:

"See, I have made thee a god to Pharaoh: thou shalt speak all that I command thee. And I will harden Pharaoh's heart, and multiply my signs and my wonders in the land of Egypt."—*Exodus* vii. to xiii.

1. Moses was eighty years old, Aaron eighty-three.

2. By command Aaron threw his rod upon the ground, and it became a serpent.

3. Pharaoh called for his magicians, they threw their rods upon the ground and their rods became serpents also.

4. Aaron's serpent rod ate up all the other rod-serpents.

5. "And the Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart."

6. Moses was commanded to stand on the river's brink and smite the water with the rod; he did so, and all the water in Egypt, rivers, ponds, pools, in water-pots, all was turned into blood, and all the fish in the rivers died.

7. The magicians of Egypt did the same with their enchantments.

8. Wells were dug for drinking water.

9. The rod was again stretched forth over the streams, rivers and ponds, and frogs came up and covered all Egypt.

10. "And the magicians did so with their enchantments, and brought up frogs upon the land of Egypt."

11. Pharaoh begged for respite from the frogs.

12. Moses prayed, and the frogs died, were stacked in heaps, "and the land stank."

13. The relief brought to Pharaoh only caused further heart-hardening.

14. The rod was stretched forth again and all the dust of the earth became lice.

15. "And the magicians did so with their enchantments to bring forth lice, but they could not."

16. The magicians said to Pharaoh: This is the finger of God.

17. And Pharaoh's heart was hardened.

18. Then came a grievous swarm of flies which filled all Egypt; but in Goshen where the tolling slaves lived, there were no flies.

19. More prayer from Moses and the flies departed, "there remaining not one."

20. And Pharaoh hardened his heart.

21. All the cattle of Egypt died of murrain, but none of the cattle of the slaves.

22. Then Moses sprinkled ashes toward heaven, and boils broke out upon man and beast.

23. The magicians could not stand before Moses, for the boil was upon the magicians and all the Egyptians.

24. No Israelite had a boil.

25. Then came hail, and "it rained hail upon all the land of Egypt," and the hail "smote all that was in the field, both man and beast, every herb of the field, and brake every tree of the field."

26. In the land of Goshen, where the slaves dwelt, there was no hail.

27. Pharaoh still held his hard heart.

28. Moses stretched the rod again, and an east wind blew all day and all night and brought an army of locusts; "before them there were no such locusts as they, neither after them shall be such."

29. The locusts ate up everything remaining.

30. More prayer, and a strong west wind blew all the locusts into the Red Sea.

31. "But the Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart so that he would not let the children of Israel go."

32. Then came darkness for three days, such darkness that "they saw not one another, neither rose any from his place for three days."

33. "But all the children of Israel had light in their dwellings."

34. Pharaoh sought a compromise, but failed.

35. "The Lord hardened Pharaoh's heart, and he would not let them go."

36. Then a death angel in the night slew all the first-born of Egypt, old and young, and the slaves fled away and commenced their forty years of pilgrimage.

37. They came to the Red Sea; the rod was stretched out; the waters parted; the slaves went over dry shod.

38. The army of Pharaoh pursued, and when they were in the bed of the sea the rod was stretched out again, the sea returned; the army of Egypt was destroyed.

Thus have we given the narrative substantially as written, though abbreviated, and much of it quoted exactly.

Now, when standing before the altar of ordination, Brother Buckley, in reply to the interrogatory of the bishop: "Do you unfeignedly believe all the canonical scriptures of the Old and New Testaments?" avowed, "I do believe them." How then, my brother, could you write concerning the strange history just recited, that

"To believe in such cases what antiquity believed, because antiquity believed it, is but to tighten the swaddling-clothes of the infant about the grown man and force him back into the cradle?"

Let us briefly examine another narrative found in the canonical book of Judges xiii: 2-25.

1. A man named Manoah, with a barren wife, whose name is not given.

2. An angel of the Lord appeared unto the wife, and promised to her a son.

3. The conditions were that "neither wine nor strong drink," nor "unclean" food, should be partaken of by the wife, and that the child should never have his head shaved.

4. Manoah (whose wife had told him of the prophecy) prayed for the return of the angel, and he came.

5. Manoah asked instructions as to the bringing up of the child.

6. The former orders as to diet were repeated.

7. Manoah pressed his hospitality upon the angel, offering a kid prepared.

8. The angel refused, but accepted a burnt-offering to the Lord.

9. Manoah inquired the angel's name, and was told that it was a secret.

10. "So Manoah took a kid, with a meat-offering, and offered it upon a rook to the Lord; and the angel did wondrously, and Manoah and his wife looked on. For it came to pass when the flame went up toward heaven from off the altar, that the angel of the Lord ascended in the flames of the altar, and Manoah and his wife looked on it, and fell on their faces to the ground."

11. The angel appeared no more to Manoah or to his wife.

12. In due time a son was born to the woman, and they named him Samson.

Would it be in order now to ask Dr. Buckley whether modern phenomena, of less marvelous character, connected with the present ministrations of decarnated "angels" or messengers, attested by a large number of credible witnesses, do not carry with them at least the weight given to this narrative, where only two persons were cognizant personally of the visitation? Or does our very skeptical brother on

[Continued on second page.]

## Literary Department.

### THE EXPERIENCES OF A SPIRIT. "DON;" OR, MASTER OF HIMSELF.

Written Especially for the Banner of Light, through the Mediumship of  
MRS. M. T. SHELHAMER-LONGLEY.

#### CHAPTER III. A NEW CHARGE.

It was the custom of our friend to pass a few moments every morning in conversation with each one of his workmen. He believed in treating them as something more than beasts of burden, and in showing an interest in their welfare. His cordial greeting and pleasant smile proved a tonic to the men who served him, stimulating their efforts to "do well by the boss," as they phrased it, and thus rendering them more faithful in their daily lives as in their tasks; for to neglect their work, to squander their earnings and waste their time in the pool-room and dram-shop, would only harass and wrong "the boss"—a state of mind these men were unwilling to inflict upon their employer.

In any unexpected pleasure or good fortune that might come to any one among them, he was sure to receive the congratulation of the man for whom he labored; and in any grief or disaster the sympathy and practical assistance of the same kindly heart were made manifest. Don was no task-master, but a helpful friend to his employees, though he expected faithful service and cheerful attention to his work from each one, for which he paid the fairest price such labor deserved.

Among his men was one to whom misfortune had been no stranger. Time and again had Fritz been called upon to buffet with stern affliction. Through no fault of his own, sorrow and adversity had fallen upon his life. Sickness and death had entered his home, stripping him of wife and children, leaving but one, a tiny girl, the apple of his eye and the treasure of his heart. At length the man had drifted into the employ of Don, and for two or three years fate seemed to smile upon him. He was a careful, painstaking man, not much given to speech, but his master knew that Fritz would spare no effort to do his best for the interest of the business in which he was employed. One morning the silent German was missing from his post; inquiry failed to elicit any information as to the cause of his absence; and satisfied that it must be for some good reason, Don passed on with his customary cheerful salutation to each of his men.

But the next day and the one following passed with no appearance of Fritz, and on the evening of the third day Don set out to seek the missing man. He found him at his humble home, prostrate upon a bed of sickness, with face and features so swollen by disease as to be hardly recognizable. His tongue was thick, and his speech so broken that it was with difficulty his visitor could understand his words. He had been stricken down thus upon the evening of his last day in the shop. What it was that assailed him the doctor who had been called could not tell, but evidently the case was a very serious one.

Don, alarmed at the appearance of his man, promised to send the best physician he could find—a promise he redeemed that very night. The case was pronounced a malignant type of fever, and the man ordered to be removed from all contact with every human being except those who attended upon him.

At this decision poor Fritz seemed broken-hearted; he clung to his employer, begging that he should not be sent away, and Don promised not to desert him in his necessity, although for the safety of the neighborhood, as well as for that of the sick man's child, now a sweet little girl of six years, it would be necessary to remove him to a more isolated place. The brave, good man possessed an old mill that had fallen into disuse. This piece of property, although situated not very far from the abode of Fritz, was surrounded by green fields and shady trees. In the upper loft of the old building Don had arranged a room for his own private use, in which he had passed many a night. This room was comfortably furnished, and hither he proposed to remove Fritz, where, away from the haunts of men, and surrounded by the favorable conditions of pure sunlight and fresh air, and with careful attendance, the sick man should be given a chance for his life. The proposition was made to the German, and eagerly accepted. The removal was effected in the most gentle manner; and upon a carefully-prepared bed in the old mill the sufferer fought out his battle with the dread disease. It was a difficult matter to find a skillful nurse willing to assume the care of Fritz, but at last the physician secured an elderly woman to undertake the day attendance; another compartment in the old building was fitted up for her special use, where she could retire for rest and recuperation when the evening shadows fell.

The struggle was a fierce one, and those days of summer heat—tempered by all the comfort that careful thought on the part of his friend could suggest—were filled with pain and bitterness to the poor man, who fought with in-

tense longing for life and health. Night after night, as soon as he could leave his deck in his office, hasten to his private apartments, and take a little nourishment, Don would repair to the old mill, enter a corner closet on the lower floor, divest himself of clothing, and put on another suit awaiting him, ascend the rickety stairs to the bedside of the sufferer, and relieve the nurse of her watch. Night after night he sat by that lonely bed, the feeble taper throwing flickering shadows around the spot; and while the day-nurse sought needed repose in her own room, ministering to the sick man with the gentle tenderness, the sleepless care and the faithful devotion of a noble heart.

At five in the morning the nurse would return to her post, and Don, relieved of his watch, descended the stairs, fumigated himself with burning sulphur, re-changed every garment on his person, paused outside in the fresh air for a few moments, then hastened to his home, careful to come in contact with no one on his way, and once there plunged into a refreshing bath, after which he sought his couch for a snatch of sleep. Promptly at nine o'clock he entered the breakfast-room of his hotel, ate his steak and drank his coffee with a relish, and in half an hour was at his post in the office, where the business of a day was to be transacted.

So it went on until the fever burned itself out, and all fear of contagion was removed. But a great weakness had fallen upon the sick man, and it was plain that he could never rally. Don did not forsake him in his extremity, but treated him with the tenderness of a brother. Fritz did not wish to be taken from the old building, but at his request his little Mary was brought to him, and the poor man spent many hours in watching the child as she sat upon the floor by his bed, playing with her blocks and pebbles.

But at last the end approached, and Fritz, as well as his attendants, knew that a change was near. His had been a hard life, not selfish and wicked, but filled with pain and strife and disappointment. He knew nothing of the great beyond, and all the skepticism of the "Faderland" concerning the continuity of life was concentrated in his nature. He did not tremble for himself, believing that soon there would be no part of him to suffer; but his heart was filled with dread and terror at the thought of leaving his orphaned child to the cruel neglect of a pitiless world. For some weeks Fritz gave no sign of his anguish, but at length the kindly eyes of his benefactor divined it, and in that hour Don solemnly promised to care for the child, and rear her in a respectable manner, to provide her with the comforts of life, and to give her the advantages of a good education.

At this promise the sick man raised his hand, and in his broken speech called on God to bless the life of his friend; for although he did not believe in a future life for humanity, Fritz did accept a faith in God as a supreme and over-ruling Being.

With the removal of the burden from his mind, the German seemed to give up all hold on life and sink rapidly, so that in less than a week from the date of his vow Don was called upon to begin its redemption. The last services were respectfully paid to the lifeless remains of her parent, and then little Mary was taken in charge by Don and placed in the care of a plain but kindly woman, whose home in the outskirts of the city had given shelter to more than one weary head. Making terms with this woman for the board and attention to be furnished the child, and with an understanding that she should be sent to school, and in all respects be well cared for, the good man bade his ward farewell, promising to visit her at intervals—a promise which he religiously kept. For ten years Mary remained in this quiet country home, growing in strength and stature, and developing under the genial atmosphere of her surroundings the fairest qualities of her nature. She had inherited sturdy traits of character from her father, and these, mingled with the gentler attributes drawn from her mother's life, made the girl a creature to be admired and respected.

When she had arrived at the age of sixteen, Don, who had watched her progress during the years gone by, removed Mary to a boarding-school in the city, where she could receive higher educational advantages than had hitherto been hers. For three years she studied nobly, winning the highest honors from her preceptors, and was about to graduate with a finished education when a contagious disease that had broken out in the city seized upon her frame, and bore her as its victim to the arms of death. It did, indeed, seem sad that such a fate should overtake a fair young life just budding into usefulness—one filled with the richness of prophecy—for Mary had devoted herself to the study of music, and it was predicted of her that she would carve for herself a name in the halls of composition and of song. Her guardian pondered over the mutability of

life, wondering why such things must be. Though in his quiet regret and sorrow that the blossom could not have bloomed to a perfect flower, he had no tinge of remorse, for not once had he neglected the charge he assumed when he adopted that child from her dying father's hands.

After this, the life of our friend moved on quietly as before; he became the especial guardian of no young life, but he did not fail to aid, by encouraging word and practical gift, any deserving man, woman or child whom he happened to meet struggling against the adversities of time and fate; and thus, as we have before mentioned, the waning years of his life found the man assisting such as he found worthy to higher conceptions of life and duty, and to more favorable conditions for the outgrowth of their best energy and power.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### COMMUNING WITH ANGELS.

Over and over again the problem of futurity pressed upon the soul of Don. Over and over the question, "If a man, die shall he live again?" required to his mind; but with no satisfactory response. Living his solitary life he sought no comfort for his longings from the companionship of others, and the knowledge that some of his neighbors had gained of immortal life proved of no value to his spirit. Of Modern Spiritualism he had heard, but he deemed it a stupendous delusion, such as the weak-minded alone could accept, and he turned away from its promises as something to be shunned and despised.

But there came an hour when conviction of its truth entered his soul, stimulating his entire being with a freshness and vigor unknown to it before. Through the urgent persuasions of a friend, Don consented to visit a medium, whose reputation for holding communion with the dead had become wide-spread; and in that wonderful hour a revelation came to his life. In the presence of that strange woman the past opened like a book to his view; the hands of departed friends rapped their loving greeting to his ears, and penciled such words of identification, and of affectionate remembrance before his astonished eyes as to fill his soul with a new and keen delight. During that one séance Don received enough evidence of the immortality of life and the power of spirit-communion to forever remove all the hard skepticism from his mind—evidence that furnished him with food for thought and reflection for many days. Later, he sought other interviews with the medium who had furnished him such remarkable proof of her occult power, only to receive further messages of love, cheer and of identification from his angel-friends. He journeyed to distant places, entered strange cities and remote towns, calling upon such mediums as he might chance to hear spoken of, and in nearly every instance the same tender greetings, gentle communications, and evidences of personal guardianship were given to him by friends he had long mourned as lost.

Visiting the various media—professional and private of our country—Don came in contact with all phases of spirit-manifestation, collecting a mass of facts such as but few are privileged to receive. Independent slate-writing was furnished him by his spirit-friends times without number, bearing upon its face the evidence of its reliability. Materialized forms in familiar guise approached and whispered in his ear. Figures so ethereal as to seem shaped from a mass of moonlight, so transparent as to be gazed through and through, yet so perfect in their resemblance to the friends he had associated with in other days as to fill his heart with joy, glided to his side and murmured blessings; while trance-mediumship, illuminated by light from celestial spheres, brought to Don the story of his own life, past and present, together with that of his unseen friends, revealing to his understanding scenes and incidents that had been obscure, and making plain places, events and experiences that had long been a puzzle to his mind.

Now more than ever the longing returned to his soul to do some good in the world. Oh! that his life might not close until it had wrought some mighty, useful end! Don held an exalted opinion of those bright spirits who claimed to watch over him. They were pure and harmonious and sweet on earth, he averred; must they not be doubly so in heaven? How could he, all stained and scarred with the battles and turmoil of material life, hope to be judged worthy to join them in their blest abode unless he should do something to prove his fitness for such companionship?

And so Don came to question the spirit-friends who communed with him: "I want to do something for humanity," said he. "Tell me what I shall do to bless the race?" At first his advisers replied: "Do what seems to your own heart to be right. Help your fellow the best you know how as you move along. Do what good you can accomplish from day to day, be it much or little."

But still his cry was: "I want to help humanity; show me the way to do something great." And he went on to say that he would be glad to take a portion of his means and invest it in any manner that would honestly prove a success, devoting every portion of its return to the needs of humanity.

So thoroughly had this desire to be led into ways of investment for such laudable purposes possessed his mind, that the man quite overlooked the fact that in his smaller efforts to give timely help to those who appealed to his sympathy he was day by day effecting the very usefulness he craved to accomplish; and at length a band of his spiritual friends determined to lead him into such experiences as would not only attest his usefulness and earnestness to work for others, but also prove to him that great things are accomplished in humble ways rather than by feats of herculean strength.

And so, through a multiplicity of circumstances, Don was led into certain ventures. The outlook was promising, the conditions satisfactory to his own best judgment. He was a man of keen foresight and of sound reason; neither spirit nor mortal could, even if they wished, induce him to move contrary to his carefully-considered plans, and therefore what he undertook in this line was strictly in accordance with his own judgment and after his own deliberate inspection.

And yet disappointment and disaster came, and what at another time might have proved lucrative, turned out to be loss and failure. Why, we may ask, were these things permitted to reach an earnest, honest life that only wished to do well, if, as they claimed, the spirit attendants held the reins of control in these matters? And we may reply that God's ways are not as the ways of men, and in his wise providence he makes use of his creatures on earth and in spirit-life to work the discipline most needed by the unfolding soul. Thus

Don, in his enthusiasm for a certain idea, would willingly suffer the personal privation and inconvenience, together with the monetary risk he incurred, for the simple hope of reaping such returns as would enable him to effect some gigantic humanitarian work on earth, forgetting that the same amount of time, money, labor and self-sacrifice, if expended in humble ways, far removed from the whirlpool of business circles, might prove a more potent lever toward uplifting and regenerating humanity.

Yet the experience, bitter and severe as it proved, was of rare value to his soul; and in the eyes of those gentle spirits who attended his bleeding feet over rough and thorny places, it shone as a gem of light and beauty. For while it brought needed lessons to his mind—lessons that in ages to come would be understood and prized—it gave to those waiting friends the incontestable evidence that no amount of hardship, pain or loss he might incur would be deemed too costly in his desire to merit the approval of angels.

The world may look upon this experience, and, not properly comprehending its use, misjudge all instrumentalities, spiritual and material, employed in its formation; but the higher powers know that all such discipline wrought in the life of man, singly or collectively, is for the development of grander and more potent usefulness; and what in time may seem to be the greatest loss and failure, may in eternity prove to be the fullest gain and success.

Whatever the disappointment, pain and uneasiness that fell upon Don through his misadventures, he never for a moment wavered in his fealty to truth, or in his confidence in the spiritual forces that surrounded him. That which was obscure he knew could sometime be explained, and there was in his experience that outlined to his mind just how and where the failure could have been turned into success.

During this time, whenever opportunity offered, in whatever city or place he happened to be, Don never failed to seek communion with his beloved guides, and the happiest moments of his life were those spent in tender association with the wise and gentle souls who came to him from worlds beyond. Never once did they counsel aught but the truest line of conduct. The precepts they brought were of the purest class, and sweeter than all earthly odors was the perfume of those spiritual consolations that fell like drops of dew upon his soul.

Once, when in doubt concerning the road to take, a gentle friend from the land of souls approached, and in tuneful voice uttered these words:

"And God shall wipe all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more night there, neither sorrow nor crying, nor any more pain; and only light shall come to those who have entered the kingdom, and peace and comfort to the heart that has been bowed down by sorrow and suffering, for the former things of earthly life will have passed away, and the conditions of the higher existence will open before them, and those who have pressed onward in the good work will receive a crown of rejoicing. For every pang that has come to the heart, for every cloud that has shadowed the life, a bright jewel shall shine in the crown above; for every tear that has been shed, a pearl of wisdom will gleam in the home beyond; and for all the darksome places that have been traversed, the weary, rugged pathways that have been trod, only sweet by-ways lined with fragrant flowers, flooded with golden sunshine, will be presented, for our Heavenly Father's love resteth upon all his children; he folds each one in his arms, and gives them his divine protection. They may not understand it when the clouds of painful experience settle upon them; they may not realize it when material conditions surge around their lives; but above all shadows the golden sunshine still beams, and can never be obliterated; it will make its way through the darkest cloud, and clearly reveal its presence."

So, from the beautiful home beyond that we inhabit, we bring to you this day our blessing and our love. We say that the mists are rolling away; soon they will be entirely cleared from your pathway; then you will see and know and understand all those things which have appeared so strange and dark to you. Have patience, dear heart, for a little while; realize that you are in the keeping of the good and loving friends who desire to bless your life. Understand if you can that they will never, under any circumstances or conditions, leave you, but that their influence will rest upon you through all time, and that they are guiding you for the best. Although there may be a disposition, occasionally, for you to hold back, because you cannot realize whether they would lead you, yet they are guiding you on, and you will yet step out into that very pathway which they have shown to you. Like a little child standing in a darkened room, who fears to go forward because he knows not what may come to him, you sometimes stand faltering. The little one does not understand, perhaps, that just beyond lies the golden light, and if he will but move forward a little he will find its presence; but he waits until some kindly friend takes him by the hand and leads him forward. We are in the sunshine, so we come to take you by the hand and lead you out into the clear light, where you shall see and know, understand and realize that our Father God has held you in his keeping."

And again a sweet young sister from the angel-world with joyful greeting came as follows:

"Tell my dear brother, who is here, we are all by his side, weaving a chain of power that will sustain and bless him through the remaining years of his earthly life; it seems as though we were gaining more strength daily to perform our work, and we are so happy in consequence. Father and mother, sister and I are all united in a harmonious band; our circle is extended also to other dear ones who are with us in the spirit-world, all of whom send their love to you, and bring with it a holy blessing that will uplift your spirit and give it peace. Realize, if you can, that through all the changing events of mortal life you have been sustained and strengthened by spiritual powers, and through all the varying experiences of the time to come you will still be upheld and guided onward. We only pray that the sweetest, purest conditions of life may ever come to you."

With such communings as these, and with the knowledge of the daily companionship and guidance of the pure and good who dwell in heavenly lands, pain and sorrow and disappointment lost their sting, and in spite of its saddest reflections the heart of Don could still rejoice and be made glad, looking hopefully forward to the time when the clear light of immortality should brighten up for him the most rugged discipline he had known.

[Continued in next issue.]

**The Books of Andrew Jackson Davis.**  
The President of Brown University, through an autograph letter, has acknowledged the receipt of a complete set of the works of Andrew Jackson Davis, presented by a friend of his, and a prominent resident of this town. Fifteen years ago the same citizen presented our library with a similar set, and after several months of hesitation on the part of the trustees the books were accepted, but we believe without thanks. The objection on the part of one or two members of the local trustees was based on the opinion that the books were immoral. The highly respectable Brown University accepted the works without any apparent hesitancy, which is an evidence that the writings of Mr. Davis are considered standard, and are appreciated.—*Norfolk County Gazette, Hyde Park, Mass.*

## The Reviewer.

**THE GRAND REALITY.** Being Experiences in Spirit-Life of a Celebrated Dramatist, Rev. David Thorne, the Mediumship of a Trance Medium, and Edited by Hugh Junior Browne, author of "The Holy Truth," "National Christianity," "The Religion of the Future," etc. 12mo, cloth, pp. 720. London: Tribner & Co. Melbourne and Sydney: George Robertson & Co.

The editor of this book became convinced of the truth of Modern Spiritualism through the mediumship of Charles H. Foster, to whom he dedicates it as a public acknowledgment, as a token of "his great indebtedness and deep gratitude to one whose character was grossly maligned when here, by those who did not know him, and who, though now absent in the body, is still frequently present with his grateful friend." Soon after his experiences with Mr. Foster, and strong confirmation of the truth of his conclusions through members of his own family, he learned that a young man by the name of Harris, somewhat illiterate, and living in humble circumstances peculiarly, was a good trance medium, and that he held public lectures twice a week. He attended a few of these, and finally prevailed upon him to hold a séance at his, Mr. Browne's, residence.

The leading control of this medium purported to be one who in this life was a distinguished dramatist. Previous to Mr. Browne's conversion to the truth, the claim that persons who had been notable in this life upon becoming inhabitants of the other gave communications through individuals far below their own intellectual plane, was taken by him as proof of the absurdity of the whole thing. His first request to Mr. Harris's control was, therefore, that he would explain how the spirit of such a celebrated man as he claimed to be came to be connected with so humble an individual as the medium. This was done at considerable length, and in a manner entirely satisfactory to Mr. Browne, who, it is said, is not generally considered to be one who is easily imposed upon in the ordinary affairs of life.

Who the control purported to be may be inferred from the following passages in a communication he gave through another medium:

"To me it seems much to wonder that my name should have been rendered immortal as it does to others. If I had received special advantages in any extraordinary education, I should, perhaps, have been brought to think that these advantages were the cause of my fame; but in starting life I did not possess those of a classical education. I was spiritually controlled, undoubtedly; I was never myself either in acting or writing. Every word of 'King Lear' I wrote, hearing the words clairaudiently. The 'Merry Wives of Windsor' was written by my hand in nearly illegible characters. I had been with Drayton and Ben Jonson, and after a carousal, for it finished with one, I stopped at the inn where it took place, and filled twenty-four sheets of manuscript between 2 A. M. and 4 A. M. I was the 'Merry Wives of Windsor.' I was thoroughly controlled when I wrote, and when any one came in at any time before I was restored to consciousness, they would be struck, and pass remarks about my want of attentiveness; they would charge me with being absent-minded. I put it all down to meditation; I knew it was something beyond myself, but I dared not mention it. I was always deemed eccentric. I was right royal in my friendships, and I was very fond of those for whom I felt a partiality. In fact I was a man of extremes, a sensitive, a term which embraces all the eccentricities of a soul tabernacled in clay."

After several séances had been held at the residence of Mr. Browne, it was proposed by this control that six persons be nominated to meet regularly to listen to a course of lectures descriptive of his experiences and the state of existence in spirit-life. Thereupon Mrs. Harriet Grace, Arthur Devlin, Jr., Richard Moorfield, Mr. Browne, his wife, and the wife of the medium, met twice a week. These, with the medium and a stenographic reporter, constituted, as a rule, all visibly present. Occasionally, however, an earnest investigator was admitted, and a member of the editor's family, a child eleven years of age, who was an excellent clairvoyant, and frequently described minutely the controlling spirit, as he stood by the side of the entranced medium while speaking; she also referred to the method employed by the spirit-guides to pass Mr. Harris into the trance-state by magnetic passes of their hands, to be just the same as that by which a mesmerizer in earth-life puts his sensitives into the mesmeric sleep.

All the séances were held in full gaslight. There were fifty lectures in the series, all but two of which are given in this volume, the omission of these two, Nos. 4 and 5, being accounted for by the unavoidable absence of the stenographic reporter in the one instance and the imperfection of the report made by an inexperienced substitute in the other.

In compliance with a request of the controlling spirit, the name of the dramatist who is understood to be the author is, at his own request, not placed on the title page, the reason given being that, as a rule, people are too much influenced for or against a book by the authorship rather than by its intrinsic merits. There is, however, as we have shown, sufficient data upon which to arrive at a definite conclusion as to the name he was known by when on earth. We have been told many times that it is utterly impossible for those who have passed the boundary line of the two worlds to convey to those who have not done so a true, realizing sense of the actual state of the life beyond; the best they can do is to transmit to us a faint, very faint conception of the transcendent beauty, advantages and happiness of that life to those who are fitted by a life of self-denial and deeds of goodness here to perceive and enjoy them. And it requires a properly developed receptive condition on the part of earth's inhabitants to clearly perceive the truths communicated. Hence it is inevitable that but in a work like this there should be portions that many will fail to comprehend, perhaps reject as untruthful; but which, nevertheless, may be true.

The first lecture was delivered Dec. 4th, 1874, the last Sept. 26th, 1875. In the opening lecture the control announced it to be his purpose to avoid the use of flowery language and ambiguous terms, and to be as clear and concise as possible in giving an account of his experiences and observations since leaving the earthly state, for the benefit of those who wish to learn something of a path that sooner or later all must walk, and an existence of which they are to become participants. The narrative commences at the period when he began to realize that the ending of this life was the beginning of another, with all its faculties intensified. After describing his sensations upon finding himself lying upon a couch surrounded by many he had known on earth, he says:

"I put my hand out to try if I could really grasp something firm, something that I could touch. I touched my spiritual body, and found it was as firm and perceptible to my spiritual touch as my earthly body was to my physical senses. I moved my fingers and found that they vibrated at my will, with just the same action as they did when upon earth. I found also that by exercising my will-power I could move, and move them, as I pleased."

When he arose he found himself in a purer and finer state than any he had ever before experienced. He questioned the many friends he met whether he was really dead, or whether he was dreaming. He soon became assured there was no dream; that it was to him, as to others, a living, enduring reality. Upon awakening after another season of repose, he felt stronger, and was seized by a burning desire to become fitted for brighter spheres. He describes many experiences and the lessons imparted to him by his guides during them. Of one of these experiences, that recalled those he had been familiar with on earth, he says:

"Some of my old friends led me forth into what seemed a strange, brilliant, and beautiful place, with meteor-like beauty. From thence they conducted me to what, judging by the exterior, appeared like a temple, or place devoted to acts of worship; I was in reality in a temple, for here was I placed upon a pedestal, and the best of the old dramas which I had in the earth-life delighted to read. I was in ecstasies to find that my elysian avocation of earth was represented in spirit-life—that I could participate, as of yore, in those enjoyments which were the height of my ambition. I entered that building, and there I found an immense concourse of spirits assembled to witness the efforts of some of the great poets and philosophers toward bringing into a state of greater perfection the best of the old dramas or plays which are enacted upon earth. I looked on with wonder and amazement. How could I avoid such feelings? For I had fancied that I should reach heaven; but there, in that city, I beheld a scene, the counterpart of some of those whose object of lives in the physical sphere I had devoted my best energies. No wonder that feelings of surprise came over me as I looked upon that scene—a scene I had

little thought of witnessing in the spirit-world. No wonder that I felt as though I had been led to that city should have been a passing charm for me after witnessing the grand elysian manifestations within that building, which, in my simplicity, I had mistaken for a temple. There I felt at home—I had been welcomed to a city where I had such an extent as to cause what I had seen to drift past my vision like the wind across the sky on a summer's day."

Of the expected opening of free intercourse between spirits and mortals, the communicating intelligence says it was "one of the principal topics of interest and consideration in the sphere; not that it was yet inaugurated, but it was foreseen that the period was near at hand when this auspicious movement would take place." But as no dates are given it is impossible for the reader to determine how long anterior to what is known as the advent of Modern Spiritualism what the writer says was denominated in spirit-life the "New Era" became the subject of general discussion among those who anticipated its approach. "Spirits," we are told, "had ever found their way to earth, and to some few of its inhabitants they had, during the long course of ages, made themselves partially understood; but such communion, owing to the prevailing misconception regarding it, was generally very unsatisfactory, and, moreover, attended with danger to those on the mortal side who were the media for it, the penalty of that physical disunion known as 'death' being enforced upon all who dared to hold converse with those who had passed to the inner sphere of life."

Inclined by the accounts given by those spirits who had traversed the path that was eventually, as in these days, to be followed by millions of spirits, the author of these lectures became very desirous of returning himself, and did so. Of this he says: "At the time to which I now allude spirits were taking greater delight in returning to earth in anticipation of the 'Era' which present intelligences had foretold was approaching—the era of rational spirit intercourse as manifested during the past few years. From the degrading shackles of superstition and ignorance, which have repressed the highest and most sublime powers of mankind, the bright and exalted spirits were anxious to free the race; they were desirous and determined to release the human mind—to encourage it to aspire to free and unrestricted inquiry. This great and momentous question was frequently discussed in the lower spheres as well as in the higher; for numbers of the denizens of the lower spheres were anxious to communicate with those whom they had left behind; not animated, perhaps, by the exalted motives which stimulated the hopes and desires of their higher or more developed brethren, but animated simply by a desire for ordinary converse."

I, too, was very anxious to return to earth, but the power to do so I had not yet acquired. The old sage, my friend, came to me and said that he had often tried to do so, but that he was unable to reach the earth-globe, and as I was now qualified to return, he would accompany me to the planet which had given me birth, and that there I could behold the place which I had used as my home; and that it would be even possible for him to show me the place where he had yet to go. My thoughts turned toward the miniature-looking sphere, and my friend, perceiving my agitated frame of mind, took me a little space and said: "Look yonder! Behold yonder little star! That is the planet upon which you are about to land. Behold the path which leads to a distance." I somewhat impatiently said: "There are paths leading to it, he returned; 'but I do not promise you that you will succeed in making yourself known to your friends, or to any one in the physical state. I used my spirit powers, and I held converse with those who were coming over me, and my companion, to suppress it, agreed that we should do so without much delay, in some few hours, so that we might visit the globe as an auspicious time—evening. We went; I used my spirit powers, and I used a multiplicity of others of an apparently similar nature, dotted the regions of boundless infinitude; and in a lapse of time no greater than that which occupies the rolling ball of globe."

On entering the atmosphere which envelops the earth I experienced a choking sensation which caused me to cry out to my guide to tarry until I became more comfortable. He said: "Hasten! Hasten! For the sooner you pass through this the sooner will you be relieved of that choking sensation." It was as he had said; for, that stratum traversed, relief came. Once again I beheld the houses, churches, spires, woods, valleys, and the earth—that earth which I had been so long separated from. I had reached a limited portion of which I had dreamed, and for a brief space I became bewildered. "Here," said my friend, "come forward. I will show thee what thou hast been desirous of beholding."

I was brought into a room, in the house which I once inhabited, and there I beheld some of my friends—my relations. But with all the powers that worked within me, I could not correspond or even make my presence known. I clasped my hands; I beat the air with them; I used my spirit powers, and I used a multiplicity of others of an apparently similar nature, dotted the regions of boundless infinitude; and in a lapse of time no greater than that which occupies the rolling ball of globe."

The anguish of feeling experienced by me when in the same apartment with the loved ones—to neither of whom could I suggest my presence felt—induced a sensation of sickness; my I became sick, sick of earth, and I wished to return to the Spirit-land, there to remain until a channel was opened, which would allow of an instant system of communication could be made manifest. Until that period arrived, until the 'Era' spoken of was ushered in—I never wished to again tread the path to earth, but a return to which had been marked by so much mental suffering to myself."

The book is one that will find many deeply interested readers; but chiefly to those who have been more or less familiar with the revelations of the past forty years will it prove acceptable. To others, particularly those who judge of a matter without having first investigated it, and as Mr. Browne says in his preface, "whose prejudice forms a barrier to the reception of any newly-discovered truth which does not sustain popular, scientific or religious views, its statements will doubtless prove of little interest, unless it be for the purpose of holding them up to derision or of casting ridicule on those who have acted more reasonably and philosophically in the matter than they have, by investigating first and judging afterward."

To the latter the book is submitted by its editor, who entered upon the investigation of the subject upon which it treats strongly opposed thereto; but proof after proof of its truth appealing to his better judgment, overcame his prejudice against it and led him to become one of its most earnest friends, warmest advocates and eloquent defenders.

#### NOT LOST.

"No Mortis Ne Sont Pas Perdus."—*Etudes de la Nature*—St. Pierre.

Ah, no! our dead they are not lost,  
Death's river only they have crossed  
To realms sublime.  
On those serene, celestial strands  
They beckon us with spirit-hands,  
To guide us o'er the trackless tide,  
Who linger on the mortal side.  
A little time,  
Not lost! but saved forevermore  
With loved ones who had gone before;  
Weary and weak, the faint and great,  
Their eager spirits could not wait;  
They saw before life's stormy path—  
What strife and tears the journey hath—  
Hard to endure.

Then far beyond death's turbid stream,  
They saw a light whose heavenly beam  
Shone on the path—  
With faith the river they did brave,  
And vanished on its soundless wave.  
We know they reached the other shore,  
Where hushed the winds of sorrow,  
Their peace destroy.

We should not weep, for never there  
Shall sorrow come, or tears, or care,  
Or death's fell shade.  
No, no, no! that glorious realm within  
Shall come the blight of mortal sin.  
No tempest there, no chilling night,  
But shines an orb whose golden light  
Will never fade.

Our selfish sorrows take away,  
Oh God! until the heavenly day  
Succeeds the night.  
Although their forms no more we see,  
None need we grieve, for they are free,  
And this should tears and grief remove;  
Death makes no breach in hope and love,  
Though he doth smite.

And though no sound our ears may reach,  
There comes a spiritual speech  
From that far shore.  
It bids us hope and tell in faith,  
And to the doubting soul it saith:  
"Soon shall ye reach the heavenly plain,  
And see your loved and lost again,  
But lost no more."

—*De Witt C. Sprague, in the Evening Star, Washington, D. C.*

The manner of giving shows the character of the giver more than the gift itself.

[Continued from first page.]

matte of modern, spirit visitations to earth place this story of Manonah and his barren wife in the category that "to believe in such cases what antiquity believed, because antiquity believed it, is but to tighten the swaddling-clothes of the infant about the grown man, and force him back into the cradle?"

In the latter decision what becomes of our good brother's vow of ordination wherein he replied to the question of the bishop: "Do you unfeignedly believe all the Canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments?" "I do believe them?" Both the book of Exodus and the book of Judges are mentioned in the "Articles of Religion" already referred to as parts of the Canonical Scriptures of the Old Testament.

We shall finish this paper with the analysis and application to the wonderful departure of Brother Buckley of another canonical narrative. It is found recorded in I Samuel, beginning with the twenty-eighth chapter. The narrative embraces an account of a wicked, cowardly king of Israel named Saul. Within the limits of his kingdom were numerous persons, possessing what is now termed mediumistic powers. These he put to death, or banished from his dominions. The following events are narrated:

1. Samuel, the medium prophet, was dead.  
2. The Philistines, an opposing nation of warriors, gathered an army and advanced as far as Shunem.

3. Saul collected all the fighting men of Israel and pitched his army tents in Gilboa.

4. Saul inquired of the Lord, but obtained no answer, "neither by dreams, nor by Urim, nor by the prophets."

5. Getting no answer through the ordinary mediumistic sources, he inquired for a medium having "a controlling spirit" who could manifest through "materializations" or "etherizations."

6. His servants, evidently better informed than himself, told him of a woman medium, having "a familiar spirit" living in Endor.

7. Saul disguised himself and went to the medium's house by night, taking with him two men servants.

8. Upon making his application for a "séance" the woman, not knowing him, recounted his own acts in removing mediums from the land, charging him with setting a snare for her life.

9. Saul took an oath in the name of the Lord that no harm should come to the medium.

10. "Then," said the woman, "whom shall I bring up to thee?" And he said: "Bring me up Samuel." And when the woman saw Samuel she cried out with a loud voice.

11. She said to the king, "Why hast thou deceived me? for thou art Saul."

12. Saul allayed her fears by promises of protection, and asked, "What sawest thou?"

13. The woman answered, "I saw gods ascending out of the earth."

14. Saul asked, "What form is he of?" and she replied, "An old man cometh up; and he is covered with a mantle."

15. "Saul perceived that it was Samuel, and bowed himself to the ground."

16. Samuel interrogated Saul, "Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up?"

17. Saul answered Samuel, "I am sore distressed; the Philistines are upon me; God is departed from me and answereth me no more; neither by prophets nor by dreams; therefore I have called thee that thou mayest make known unto me what I shall do."

18. Samuel replied charging that the Lord had departed from Saul, assigning the reasons therefor; in that Saul had not obeyed the voice of the Lord, nor executed his fierce wrath upon Amalek."

19. Then Samuel prophesied that Saul would be beaten in the approaching battle; that, "on the morrow, Saul and his sons" would be with him (Samuel) in spirit realms.

20. The cowardly Saul fell upon his face, refused to eat, but was constrained by his own servants and by the "medium," who prepared food.

21. Saul was defeated in the battle, as Samuel had foretold, and asked his armor-bearer to kill him; the man refusing, Saul fell upon his own sword, and died the death of a coward and a suicide.

22. His three sons and his armor-bearer all died, and their spirits were, on the day of the battle, with Samuel, in spirit-realms, as he had foretold.

Now, Brother Buckley, we have briefly related a narrative of Canonical Scripture which is open to the inspection of all who can read. Did not your ordination vow cover your "unfeigned belief," or faith in that narrative? It is a genuine narrative of ghost-raising through mediumship, or it is a myth, a story, a falsehood. Apply all your special pleading relating to ghosts in that Century article, and what is your verdict upon this canonical narrative and upon your own article? Does this narrative prove what you assert, to wit: "That ghosts do not come to those most interested in them, and seldom or never to any who long for them," and has this "been a matter of note from the earliest times?"

If Saul called Samuel from the supernatural side of life, talked with him and received a statement of facts which would transpire on the next day, and which did so transpire, will our Brother Buckley say of these witnesses of Samuel's return in ghostly form, as he says of others in his Century paper: "If they had nothing to give us but the fact that they saw a person alive who had been dead, it would be necessary to reject it on the ground that it is far more probable that they were deceived than that such a thing occurred?"

If you are right now, where is the sacredness and the authority of these "Canonical Scriptures" of the Old Testament, which, before your ordination as their expounder you solemnly avowed your "unfeigned belief" in them all?

Or does our good brother of The Century article, who seeks to wield such a trenchant pen against Spiritualism, place this narrative of ghost-raising, found set forth in extenso in one of the canonical books, in that sweeping category already more than once quoted, that "To believe in such cases what antiquity believed, because antiquity believed it, is but to tighten the swaddling-clothes of the infant about the grown man and force him back into the cradle?"

There are other and many narratives of seemingly supernatural events found recorded in both the Old and New Testaments, which in the light of Dr. Buckley's new position, should be examined and criticised by Christian students and thinkers. It is a grave question whether, assuming his present views to be correct, the whole foundation of a supernatural religion, as set forth in the "Canonical Scriptures" of the Old and New Testaments, is not swept away. The philosophy of the Nazarene, if not spiritual life, is his own life, is a sham. Doctors of the philosophy of the Nazarene seem to us to be blind leaders of the blind," when they exalt material laws to the throne of supreme authority and criticism, and bring the supernatural and spiritual to that standard.



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## Religion in the Public Schools.

Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, in a mixed discussion, called a symposium, of the above subject in *Public Opinion*, an eclectic journal of Washington, D. C., lays down the assertion that an education that improves the mind and memory, to the neglect of moral and religious training is, at best, but an imperfect and defective system. He says it is not enough for children to have a secular education; they must receive a religious training as well. Religious knowledge, says the Cardinal, is as far above human science as the soul is above the body, as heaven is above the earth, as eternity is above time. By secular education we improve the mind, by religious education we direct the heart. The religious and secular education of our children cannot be divorced from each other without inflicting a fatal wound upon the soul. They must go hand in hand, otherwise their education is shallow and fragmentary, a curse instead of a blessing.

Piety, continues the Cardinal, is not to be put on for state occasions, but is to be exhibited in our conduct at all times. Our youth must put in practice every day the commandments of God as well as the rules of arithmetic. He would like to know how they can familiarize themselves with those sacred duties if they are not daily inculcated. He says the weekly Sunday-school instruction is not enough. He thinks it important that children should breathe every day a healthy religious atmosphere in schools in which not only is the mind enlightened, but the seeds of Christian faith and sound morality are nourished and invigorated. His conclusion is, that the combination of religious and secular education is easily accomplished in denominational schools. Of course he means such as the parochial schools. He admits that it is a grave problem and beset with difficulties, and very hard to be solved, to ascertain how far religion may be brought into the public schools without infringing the rights and wounding the consciences of some of the pupils.

The other writers who participate in this discussion are Dr. Thomas Hill, ex-president of Harvard University, Rev. M. J. Savage, and Prof. W. T. Harris, editor of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*. The plain question before them was whether religious instruction in the public schools is expedient, and if so, what should be its character and limitations.

Mr. Savage argues that there cannot be a more odious tyranny than that of compelling children to submit to a teaching that, to their minds, entails such horrible consequences as the eternal ruin of their souls; and in the case of those who do not believe that the endless welfare of their children is at stake, compelling them to submit to the teaching of a religion they do not believe is a waste of time, and subjects them to the influence of what are regarded as hurtful superstitions, which hinder true learning, impart false theories of life and duty, and so interfere seriously with the happiness and progress of this world, if not of the next. In either case it is a tyranny.

He says additionally that the public school is supported by the equal taxation of people of all beliefs, and exists and has a right to exist simply for the sake of such education as fits for citizenship, and so is for the public good. The church and the home, says Mr. Savage, give ample scope for all individual peculiarities of belief. The public school is for the people, and for

all the people; let it be kept true to its own high and sacred mission.

In commenting editorially on Cardinal Gibbons' position, the *Boston Herald* considers the fatal defects in his argument to be the assumption that it is not possible for proper religious instruction to be obtained by the young unless it is given to them at school. One may readily agree with what he says about religious training, and still disagree wholly with the proposed method of applying his views on the subject. For example: it is firmly of the opinion that physical training is an essential feature in the development of youth, and that a sound and strong body is in many ways essential to a sound and strong mind; but it can readily conceive of an educational system in which these two classes of instruction are entirely divorced, without the least injury to those who are brought under them.

If we take, says *The Herald*, the three classes of instruction which nearly all will admit it is desirable that children should receive, namely, physical, mental and spiritual—one to be acquired in the gymnasium, the other through the secular schools, and the third either at home or through church influences—Cardinal Gibbons would hardly maintain that religious and physical education "must go hand in hand, otherwise the result is shallow and fragmentary, a curse instead of a blessing." Surely, a boy may worthily develop the muscles of his body without so much as thinking of the catechism. And it cannot be why he cannot learn to add, subtract and divide, and commit to memory the names of the capitals of the various states and nations, without the least thought of dogmatic theology, or what might be called sectarian morality.

Perhaps it is true, as Cardinal Gibbons asserts, that instructions "given once a week in our Sunday-schools are insufficient to supply the religious wants of children," but in that event *The Herald* thinks such instruction should be increased so as to include other days in the week; and rather than have denominational schools, it would prefer that the hours of attendance in our public schools should be reduced to four hours a day, so as to allow the children of parents who desired it to have an hour to devote to daily religious instruction. In any event, it cannot see why the two should be associated, or why it should be assumed that, because the spiritual ignorance of children requires enlightenment, those who so enlighten them should assume to direct their mental and physical development. Nor, indeed, can we. It is the ecclesiastical policy of Catholics and Protestants alike to get control of our public schools, but it is only for their own ends, and not for the advantage of the schools.

## Liberality at the Colleges.

In the thick of the baccalaureate sermons and alumni addresses delivered at the various colleges of the country during the recent Commencement period, we note an address before the alumni of Tufts College by Hon. N. P. Frank, of Portland, Me., on "The Ideal and the Real," which carried a number of fresh and liberal thoughts and awakened very agreeable reflections. The speaker observed that although we live in a material universe, the material is but an insignificant part of existence. That which now is and is yet to be born, is not of materiality, but comes in some mysterious way of the invisible. The invisible, the ideal, antedates the material, and is the genesis from which spring all the varied forms of material existence. It is when this ideal assumes tangible form that we call it the real.

A single condition is sufficient to enable the ideal to find expression in the real, and that is that it be founded on truth. This is strikingly illustrated in the sphere of man's moral and spiritual development. A secluded soul conceives the idea of man's direct accountability to God. It contains the element of truth. It takes form and substance, and the religious thought of Europe is revolutionized. Another mind conceives the idea of freedom of conscience, and across the trackless deep in the wilds of America a new nation is born dedicated to this idea. In the past, man's elevation has been achieved through blood and carnage, but now the conflict of ideas is upon us. The final victory is to be with those who best support the principles and adopt the truths that have contributed to the elevation of man in the past; and these truths, according to the speaker's views, are liberty and learning. By and through these instrumentalities men advance in truth, in virtue, and in happiness.

The ideal of man's possible attainment is almost infinite, but in order to realize this sublime ideal, the means of knowledge must be made universal, and freedom must everywhere prevail. Hypocrites and tyrants invariably oppose the progress of high ideas. Insincere people cannot form correct ideals of truth, duty or accountability. It is the men of learning, and therefore of liberality, who are to be the heroes in the strife of ideas. Man must be freed from the thralldom to which he is still subjected. The fetters of conscience must be broken, that every man may see for himself; and then he will at once rise to the dignity of his nature and shape his conscience according to the dictates of enlightened reason.

President Hyde, of Bowdoin College, delivered a baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class, on Science and Religion, in which, he stated at the outset that Science had superseded Caesar as the great secular authority; hence the text he employed read this lesson: Render unto Science the things that belong to Science, and unto God the things that belong to God. Accept, said he, every fact; respect every hypothesis based upon facts which physical science offers, and permit no authority to interfere with your investigation or influence your conclusion on these matters. The Bible never was intended to teach science, and any conflict between them is due to the stupidity of modern readers.

Render to the science of biblical criticism, he proceeded, the date of the books of the Bible, their authorship, their mode of composition, the source of their materials, and the principles of their interpretation. That is a poor sort of faith in God which thinks his cause is coming to naught when the props and fences are withdrawn which tradition has set up around it. And social science, he added, is the sole authority which has a right to tell us what functions belong to the State and what to the individual; what shall be embodied in the constitution and what taught in the public schools; what kind of property shall be taxed, and what uses shall be made of money raised by taxation.

Whatever order social science may declare the best, whether it be individualism toned down to generosity by profit-sharing, voluntary cooperation and extensive organized charities, or socialism toned up to self-reliance by do-

vinces not yet discovered—or a compromise between the two—there will always remain a great gulf fixed between the private interest of man merely as an individual and the public interest of man as a member of human society. And the only power capable of bridging that gulf and identifying the interest of the individual with the interest of his fellows is the religious motive.

Thus we see the horizon widening around the field of discussion at our colleges, showing beyond all further question the expansion of current thought among educated men, enabling them to take large and more comprehensive views on the various themes that press for treatment. In this view, who can fail to see that the advent of Modern Spiritualism was divinely timed; and therefore that the New Dispensation is bound to be irresistible in its teachings?

## The Work of Spiritualism.

Tremendous has been the advance made by the New Dispensation since its advent among men! To gain a measurable insight into its rapid spread in all classes of society; it is only necessary to reflect upon the influence which its sublime revelations naturally exert upon those who dare approach the subject and investigate its claims.

Such students, if following their quest honestly and in honorable consonance with their best convictions, find the whole field of the Spiritual Philosophy so immense that they are staggered at the outset, and need to carefully feel their way along by personal experiences—taking nothing on faith and making sure of each step as they progress.

They realize as never before, and of necessity, how little they know of or comprehend concerning either the Infinite Mind or Spirit, and his works and laws, or man, the immortal, his nature and relationships in the present, and in the life to come. Truly has one said: "The philosophy which tangibly unites two worlds—the seen and the unseen—and brings incarnated spirit into the atmosphere, presence and palpable knowledge of spirit yet in the mortal environment, revolutionizes all creeds and philosophies of the past." Such a philosophy indeed must from its very essence change entirely the popular conception of "death" which the foreworld has handed down to our times—demonstrating as it does that this life is but the prelude to one as natural, to be continued after death, so-called, in a world that is naturally, not miraculously, fitted to the best ends in the way of human progress along spiritual lines.

## An Experiment Worth Trying.

In a thin little volume published from this office sixteen years ago, entitled "The Life," whose author's name was not given and was pledged never to be given, the advanced spirit communicating remarks that, in a survey of the known history of the past, it is to be noted that those differences which caused so much bloodshed, tyranny, oppression and vengeance were differences of mere dogma, differences concerning the things which in their nature were incapable of ascertainment and clear solution.

The rule has been, that just in the ratio in which the dogma was remote from possible solution and further from reach by reason, were the rigor and intolerance the greatest. Amidst all this, the plain, practical, recognized virtues, such as gentleness and charity, assistance and kind aid to starvelling, and help to get away from ignorance, debauchery and positive vice were trampled under foot.

Now, says the spirit, let the world give one century of fair trial to a practice of these things which we know. Let us permit, for a season, the dogmatic differences to slumber—differences which we can never reconcile by argument or establish by illustration. They have had the throne for centuries. Let us slip in one little era of works of kindness, without demanding faith in dogmatic assertion. Just one little era. If that little era does not put to shame the exactions of zealots who have warred to the knife, to insist that miracles must be believed, that apparent inconsistencies must be accepted by the reluctant brain of man—then we are, at liberty to return to the cruel and meaningless old idols again!

## Best Light for Materialization.

A correspondent of the *Medium and Day-break* replies to an inquiry as to the best possible light for a materializing séance. He began experimenting for the purpose of deciding the question in 1873, the sum of all which he now states as follows: "Having witnessed the phenomenon in all its phases, and in all kinds of light—candle, oil, gas, the magnesium and lime-lights, with green, red, blue and yellow; in the 'sweet silver light of the moon,' as well as in the bright sunshine of a midsummer day—I have no hesitation in saying that in my experience, as in that of many others of both ancient and modern times, daylight or twilight is the best."

His conclusion seems to be quite reasonable; for, if these forms are to appear to us in our homes in the ordinary light of day, as has been frequently asserted, employment of that light in the present séances, which, unquestionably, are largely experimental, is a very desirable prerequisite to that end. Such light can be graded to the varying conditions, from weak to strong, of the manifesting spirit, its generally diffused character, with no approach to sharp angles and direct rays, being greatly in its favor.

The brief mention recently made in these columns of Mr. A. P. Miller's excellent volume, "CONSOLATION AND OTHER POEMS," has awakened an interest in it that will increase as the book becomes better known. Few if any who scan its pages will fail to receive that which its title leads one to expect by its perusal. It is pervaded with fine spiritual thought charmingly expressed, and will be esteemed as a treasure no one will willingly part with when possessed. For table of contents and price, see advertisement.

W. J. Rand writes us that the story headed "A Skeptic's Testimony," as published in *THE BANNER* of the 20th inst., "is a narration of facts which took place at Conservatory Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., Tuesday evening, May 21st. This is one of many tests received that evening through the mediumship of Mrs. ADA FOYE." We are very glad to make this statement in justice to this worthy lady, whose medial powers are beyond question, and whose work is an honor to the cause.

We received a pleasant call recently from Mr. F. J. L. Fanning, a magnetic healer, of Houston, Tex. The gentleman was then in Boston en route to Onset Camp-ground, where he was to make a brief stay.

## A Talk With Red Cloud.

A Pine Ridge agency special to the Philadelphia Press presents the following as the result of an interview with Red Cloud—in which the old chief gives his reasons for not desiring the sale of Indian lands:

"I have made four treaties with the Great Father—in 1851, in 1855, when we gave up our grounds; in 1868, when we received our annuities, and in 1876, when I gave up the Black Hills. At every treaty we signed giving up our land we had many promises made us about the great many things we were to receive and the big amount of money we would get if these promises had been filled. We were made to believe that we would now be wealthy like the Indians of the Indian Territory, who have plenty of money to spend, but as it is, we have no money in our pockets and are poor in lands, and we will soon have nothing at all left for our support."

"What is your opinion of the present bill?"

"It is a good bill—the best the Great Father ever offered us, but it is not good enough. It does not give enough for our land. The land is worth more and will bring very much more money in a few years, so I want to wait. When I shall sell we will be richer than we are at the present. My best friends advise me not to sell now."

"What is the second reason why this bill is disagreeable?"

"When the commission came here at our first council I asked that all the half-breeds and white men and Mexicans who were not in the treaty of 1868, but who had married into our people, should be allowed to sign the bill, although, without our full consent, they had no right here. This was granted by the commission. Instead of these men waiting the action and listening to the chiefs they at once undertook to run everything and dictate to the chiefs. The other chiefs what we should do, when they really had no right to say anything. The commission permitted this and it made us angry."

We are in receipt of a letter from Dr. T. A. Bland, thanking *THE BANNER* in the name of the National Indian Defense Association, of Washington, and of the Indians themselves, for its editorial, June 29th, on "The Sioux Agreement." In the course of his epistle Dr. B. speaks highly of Red Cloud as an incorruptible patriot, who urges his people not to sign the proposed agreement unless it can be shown in black and white that the Government does not intend to allow it to be construed to their injury. This—we are informed—Red Cloud is doing at the risk of losing some four thousand dollars which the treaty, if ratified, provides for him in payment for various property taken from him by the troops. "I will not," says Red Cloud, "sign a treaty that is unjust to my people because I would get a few thousand dollars for myself."

There speaks a sentiment worthy of being entertained and patterned after by many men in every department in American national life!

The daily press of the country takes occasion every now and then to join in a walling "Jeremiad" over the decadence of the church systems—and the religious papers, so-called, are not far behind in admitting the deplorable state of affairs—looked at from a theological standpoint: These solemn-faced gentry are quite ready to admit that their more practical brethren of the secular press are correct when they recommend doing the Lord's business on business principles, viz: that the number of churches devoted to hair-splitting creeds, which cost too much money to keep them going, should be reduced; when over one-quarter of those who are nominally religious are now drifting outside the churches, and the great mass of the people are not reached at all: "Superfluous ministers should be relegated to secular affairs, small societies consolidated, rival lines leased, the theological rolling-stock reduced to the minimum, and the machinery be run at maximum speed." Whatever means, however, may be used, nothing can now prevent the rapid decadence of the ecclesiastical system, since Reason has come to claim its own, and the era of blank Faith, unsupported by evidence, has forever departed.

A Boston lawyer, who is a careful reader of this paper—and has been one for many years—informs us that he highly appreciates the answers to questions by spirit-intelligences—which are published weekly in these columns—given at our Public Free Circles through the mediumship of Mrs. M. T. Longley, whom he considers one of the best in this country in her phase. He says that she has improved wonderfully within a year or two as the mouth-piece of wise spirit-intelligences. We may safely add, in this connection, that Mrs. B. F. Smith, through whom incarnated individuals give messages of a personal character—many of which are verified from time to time—is also a good, honest test-medium, and the proprietors of this paper have engaged her services for another season.

We shall print next week the *verbatim* report—prepared especially for our columns—of a discourse delivered Jan. 20th, 1889, by the guides of Mrs. H. S. LAKE, in the Spiritual Temple (Newbury and Exeter streets), Boston, having for its title: "GOD IN THE CONSTITUTION."

[Order *THE BANNER* containing it from our wholesale agents.]

NEW THOUGHT, published by Moses Hull, in Chicago, copies in full, with due credit, *THE BANNER's* recent editorial reply to the *Boston Globe's* singular statement regarding Spiritualism and its tendency to promote suicide—which we indignantly deplored. The article is applicable to all localities where this stock accusation against Spiritualism is sought to be ventilated.

Mr. and Mrs. James Priest will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage Monday afternoon, Aug. 6th, 1889, at Derry Depot, N. H. Mr. Priest has for twenty years been a subscriber to *THE BANNER*. We extend to these friends an earnest endorsement of all the kind wishes which we know will be expressed to them at this coming "golden wedding."

By reference to what is said elsewhere under the "July Magazines" head, it will be seen that the English Royal Commission for a consideration of the value (?) of vaccination, threatens to turn out to be a "Seybert Commission" in disguise—hence a very weak affair.

A. P. Miller, Esq., formerly editor and publisher of the *Worthington* (Minn.) Advance, has an article on our third page regarding his experiences with the medium C. E. Watkins, to which the reader's attention is specially called.

There are in Paris, says *London Light*, three Spiritist societies, and five journals, two magnetic societies, a magnetic hospital, and three journals devoted to the subject, and also a Society for the Study of Physiological Psychology.

## Spiritualism in France.

Until quite recently the attitude of the newspaper press, both religious and infidel, toward Spiritualism in Great Britain, the United States, the Australian Colonies, and Continental Europe, says the *Harbinger of Light*, was one of blind, bigoted hostility. The phenomena were ridiculed by anonymous writers who were profoundly and pitifully ignorant of the whole subject; and every person professing his belief in the possibility of intercommunication between incarnate and incarnated spirits, was looked upon as deserving of confinement in a lunatic asylum. Now, however, some of the more enlightened journalists on both sides of the Atlantic are beginning to acknowledge with respect to Spiritualism that "there is something in it," and that its manifestations rest upon a body of evidence too strong and too solid to be gainsaid. As an illustration of the change which is coming over the minds of men of letters on this subject, let us take an article in *Le Temps* of the 11th of April last. It occupies upward of a column and a half in space, and it is awarded the honor of the largest type. That journal, we may remind our readers, is one of the most seriously written of the Parisian broad-sheets, and occupies much the same rank in France that *The Times* does in England. The writer of the article is Hugues Le Roux, who declares that he is not a Spiritualist, but narrates the following facts as they are within his own knowledge. He was intimately with one Cahagnet, a master magnet, who was also a clairvoyant, living at Argenteuil, near Paris. Cahagnet was very intimate with a young sculptor, who was then studying in Rome, and to whom he addressed the following letter, the exactitude of which is vouched for by M. Le Roux:

"My Dear Friend—I am far from, and yet near you. My mind seeks you out many times a day. At this moment I am by your side. Continue your labors, and do not be discouraged. You have worked well this winter. That little shepherd returning from the fountain will make you a name in the world; and the group you will execute hereafter will most assuredly cause you to triumph. The agony of a mother, with her children around her, what an essentially melodramatic subject! It needs all the elevation of your heart, and the truth of your emotions, to produce such a work of art as I see there."

The sculptor was stupefied when he received this letter. He had just returned from a journey, and the only work in his studio was the young shepherd so accurately described by Cahagnet. Years passed away, and the letter was gradually forgotten. Then a heavy bereavement befell the sculptor. His wife lay at the point of death, and her two little children hung themselves in an agony of grief upon the body of their beloved mother. Even in the midst of his anguish the spirit of the artist was strong within him, and he saw in that group a touching subject for the sculptor. He was haunted by it, indeed, and executed it as a labor of love and as a memorial of affection after the death of his wife, and it gained the highest of honors in the Paris Salon. Nor was it until the death of his friend Cahagnet that the sculptor examined the letters of his departed correspondent and found the one containing this remarkable prevision. At the present moment, M. Le Roux tells us, the artist is one of the most celebrated members of his profession in France.

## Sign the Petitions!

Parties who are citizens of Massachusetts, on visiting Onset Bay, Lake Pleasant, or the Harwich Port Camps, should make it a point to go to headquarters, and affix their signatures to the petitions which have been placed there in remembrance against any such "Regular" medical legislation in this State as was advocated by the Massachusetts Medical Society at its recent annual meeting.

Those who own or lease cottages at either of these camps are requested to call the attention of their guests to these petitions.

The managers of these meetings are also requested to help on the good work of preserving the people's liberties by advertising to the matter on their public platforms.

## Enforcing the Doctors' Laws.

The Meadville, Pa., *Tribune-Republican* of July 20th reports the arrest of Dr. H. C. Hyre, of Cleveland, O., for "practicing medicine and surgery" in that city, though he claims to use no drugs or surgical instruments in his treatment of patients, relying entirely on the power of magnetism. How it can be proved that he "practiced medicine" without medicine, or surgery without surgical instruments, remains for the prosecutor, Dr. John C. Cotton, of Meadville, Pa., to show. W. R. Bole is counsel for the plaintiff and A. B. Richmond for the defendant. Dr. Hyre's arraignment resulted in an assignment of the case to the September Court of Quarter Sessions, when it is expected some rather interestingly unique proceedings will take place.

## Review and Addendum.

By reference to another column, the reader will find an announcement that Mr. A. B. Richmond's standard production: "A REVIEW OF THE SEYBERT COMMISSIONERS' REPORT," has now been bound in one with his interesting ADDENDUM to that work—making together a volume of 407 pages, which deserves to be circulated by thousands among the thinking minds of the world.

Our old friend, Robert Cooper, whose active interest in the promotion of Spiritualism when in this city a few years since will be remembered by many of our readers, is prosecuting the same good work in Eastbourne, Eng., which is now his home. His latest move for the Cause is the publication of a series of "Religio-Liberal Tracts." These are similar to those of the American Liberal Tract Society, of which institution Mr. Cooper was Secretary when in this country. In a letter to the *Two Worlds*, Mr. Cooper says: "The distribution of good, truth-telling tracts, that put the matter in a plain and intelligible manner, is, in my opinion, an excellent way of imparting knowledge to the people—in fact I know of no better; and by the expenditure of a few shillings, and the judicious distribution of them, a vast amount of good may be accomplished." Mr. Cooper gave a lecture on "Nineteenth Century Miracles" in Eastbourne July 1st to an interested audience that included two clergymen. Applause followed its delivery.

THE NATIONALIST.—O. F. Willard, in the July number, in an article upon "The Great French Centennial," sees encouragement to hopefulness for mankind in the Paris Exposition, which opened on the centenary of the fall of the Bastille, July 14th, and, though boycotted by monarchical governments, is the greatest industrial exhibition the world has ever seen. The two combined as one he looks upon as an epoch-making event, the precursor of a revolution—though not by force of arms—that shall end in the emancipation of labor from the slavery of oppressive laws. Edward Bellamy contributes to this number a paper upon "Our Prospective Sovereignty," and other able writers map out paths for the advance of the army of progress. In the department "News of the Movement" it is stated that at the opening of the next term of Harvard College a Nationalist Club of twenty-five or more students will be formed, a temporary organization being already made. Boston: Nationalist Education Society, 9 Hamilton Place.

Samuel B. Bancroft, librarian, etc., of Children's Progressive Lyceum No. 1, of Boston, forwards us a report of the action recently taken by that organization regarding the decease of Past Commander Col. Charles L. Rothenburg, of Frederick Hecker Post 21, G. A. R. We shall print the account next week.

The *Harbinger of Light*, Melbourne, Australia, republishes, in its June number, the account given in our columns, March 23d, of "A Remarkable Séance" in this city, of which Mrs. H. C. Stafford was the medium, but by some oversight fails to give credit for the same to the *BANNER OF LIGHT*.

Mrs. Jennie R. Warren, a noted test medium will be at Lake Pleasant, Mass., for two weeks.



## Message Department.

It should be distinctly understood that the Messages published in this Department indicate that spirits are coming from the other world, and that those who pass from the human sphere in an undeveloped condition, even in the case of those who have been in the world for many years, are not in a position to receive the full measure of the light. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in this column that does not comport with his or her reason. All events as much as truth as they are able to communicate. It is our earnest desire that those who recognize the messages of their spirit-friends will verify them by informing us of the facts for publication.

Letters of inquiry in regard to this Department must be addressed to COLBY & BROWN, proprietors of the BANNER OF LIGHT, and not, in any case, to the mediums.

### The Free-Circle Meetings

Held at this office have been suspended for the summer. They will be resumed, as usual, in the fall—Mrs. Longley beginning her sances on Tuesday, Sept. 17th, and Mrs. Smith on Friday, Sept. 20th.

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

Report of Public Séance held April 23d, 1880.

#### Questions and Answers.

Ques.—[By Mrs. E. D.] A lady medium who is much opposed to Jesuitical power frequently sees Jesuit spirits in her home; they do not attempt to harm her, but appear to converse together in quiet. Can you tell us why these spirits should be attracted to her when she is opposed to them?

Ans.—Sometimes the very opposition which is aroused in the mind of an individual against certain spirits, or classes of spirits, forms a connecting link between that individual and the spirits thus opposed. If the lady was in mind tranquil and undisturbed concerning this class of spirits, probably she would not have been molested by them. But your correspondent says the Jesuits who come to her do not molest her; they seem to be friendly, and engaged in quietly pursuing work of their own, therefore it is strange they should be attracted toward her atmosphere. It may be that there is something in her life or in her atmosphere which throws out a magnetic light to those spirits who approach and perchance they are bigoted, if they hold to the opinions which controlled them and regulated their conduct and life when on earth, they may be gaining some experience, some form of instruction, or some information concerning the progress of humanity, or especially of religious life on earth, through the very agency of her spiritual atmosphere, and so this lady may be serving as an instrumentality of helpfulness to those spirits whom she desires to dismiss from her home.

We must remember that not all of those spirits who once held to any particular form of religious observance, who were narrow-minded and perhaps bigoted in their opinions and assumptions when on earth, still continue in that line of thought on the other side; many are so constituted, perhaps, that they cannot readily throw off their old opinions, but still are weighed by them; many perhaps are still anxious for the promotion of their own special ideas, which were gained while in the body, to still uphold the supremacy of that particular religion which they professed, holding away over the minds of the people; but there are many others who once held similar opinions, who observed certain ceremonies, who followed special lines of religious thought, who speedily outgrew their condition; on entering the spirit-world they became aware of the fact that what they held was erroneous, that they were pursuing the wrong path, and they are anxious to reach the light, and to grow; therefore ask for and desire instruction and assistance on the other side of life, which instruction and which assistance are gladly afforded them by wise and exalted intelligences.

There are many spirits in the other world who were once Jesuitical in their opinions and in their mode of life; they were honest and sincere workers for the Catholic church and for the promotion of their own special ideas; they were secret in their observances, in many of their forms and movements, but they were sincere, and felt that really the light of observation should not perhaps be let in upon those, to them, sacred things. On the other hand, they believed that the end justified the means, that it was perfectly right for them to pursue certain movements and lines of conduct, because of the great and good end which they had in view, and they were in error. They were bigoted and were probably self-opinionated, cramped by creeds and formulas and dogmas which they themselves had erected, but being honest and really anxious to know the truth, after they had sloughed off the outward form and the old conditions of earthly life, they were prepared to enter a school of instruction where they might begin again their study of life and its destiny. Such Jesuits as these do not long continue in the old line of thought and labor; they outgrow that, and, becoming open to the reception of truth, they desire to bring a knowledge of it to those who will hearken to them.

Now it is possible that those spirits whom the lady dislikes, whom she sees around her, are of this latter class. They may have been Jesuits while on earth, they may now be enlightened spirits who are anxious to be useful, to do good, and possibly they are attracted to her because of her opposition to them, wishing to have her understand that they are not bigoted and unenlightened spirits. Such spirits as these are anxious to reach those other spirits of the world beyond who are still cramped by dogma and creed, who are self-sufficient, satisfied with that which they have formed for their own line of conduct, and anxious to maintain the hold which superstition has given them over the minds and the hearts of the unenlightened ones of this day.

There are two classes of spirits in this connection, those who are gaining in wisdom and enlightenment and those who cling fast to the old, refusing to be taken up and strengthened by the new, but undoubtedly the former class, those who are reaching out seeking to learn the truth, will by-and-by overcome with their influence the latter class, which is bigoted and superstitious, and by the potent force of its illuminated light and knowledge give to that class the instruction and assistance which it needs to break its bonds.

Q.—[From the audience.] Have the spirits of Washington and of the early fathers who framed the Constitution of the United States passed on, or are they still cognizant of the affairs of this nation to-day?

A.—The spirits of Washington and of the early founders of this nation, the apostles of freedom, who fought for liberty and light and justice, that here might be planted and maintained the standard of freedom, are still interested in the affairs of this nation, and are constantly exercising their influence from the spirit-world to assist those on earth who are seeking to lift this land that which is beautiful and fair to behold. Washington and his colleagues do not consider this country to have gained the height of its unfoldment and grandeur; they behold much that may be remedied and improved even in the very stronghold of the nation, and they are seeking ways and means to bring forward this improvement and this remedy. It can only be done by influencing minds on earth that take a position to do forth a noble and uplifting magnetism. Washington, Jefferson, Clay and other spirits, whom we might mention as at work, not each one separately, but as a whole. We find the bright and beautiful spirit of Charles Sumner sending out an influence constantly toward those high in office, in the governmental affairs of this nation, seeking to inspire them to new thought and new effort in directions that will result for good to the community at large, and such advice as will be in the fair land. The affairs of State and office; they are keeping watch over the movements of the country, realizing its condition, knowing just where it may be improved, where it is weak and needs strengthening, and they are not anxious to press out to

worlds beyond, from which they will not care to return, or from which they may not be able to realize the movements and conditions of this land, because they feel that their interests are here, their work is here, and that their influence should be exercised in this direction.

We find the country moving steadily on; the nation is constantly bringing new elements forth, which are bounding in the people, and yet there is much of persecution and oppression, much of slavery, much that is detrimental to the highest progress of the race. Right here in your very midst there is much of bribery and corruption in the offices of state, where there should be only integrity and honor and a desire to serve the best interests of the people; but on the whole we find this country, like the world in general, marching on, gaining knowledge by experience, ripening its interior forces and bringing them to light, and thus becoming more receptive to those higher influences and grander intelligences that are working diligently for the best good of the people, and will not rest from their labors until they behold this land really what it claims to be, a home of the brave and a land of the free; until they realize that there is not one slave of any sort within its dominions, but that man and woman are accounted equal and free, and in a condition to drink in all those fair and exalted elements of life and happiness which shall make of them progressive and exalted human beings.

Not only are those high spirits who once sought to administer the affairs of state and country to the best of their ability, who have now passed on to other scenes of observation and of labor, interested in what is taking place here in your midst, but there are hosts of other ascended souls, whose names are unknown to fame, whose spirits are earnest, whose hearts are strong in love for humanity, exercising every portion of their being out of their magnetic forces to the people of this land and also to those of other lands, to assist the conscientious and strong-hearted people everywhere to speed onward with their messages of cheer, or with their movements and measures for the improvement of their kind, until victory shall perch upon the banner of progress and of freedom.

Q.—[By W. S. Page, Decatur, Neb.] Is the description of Noah and the ark, as found in the Bible, correct?

A.—In one sense, yes; in another, no. In the first place, the idea that a general deluge came to the earth, sweeping every portion of its surface, so that no land could be seen for a number of days, is an erroneous one, a false representation of that which actually occurred. But we must remember that the historians of ancient times knew very little about the surface of the earth; he did not realize the extent of this globe and its various climatic conditions, and therefore those who have handed down legends and traditions, or fragmentary accounts of what occurred, really believed that the world only consisted of that portion of it which they were familiar, or of which they had heard. We have no doubt—for there are historical records in the other life to that effect—that not only once, but many times, different portions of this earth have been flooded, and all vestiges of land in the localities where these floods occurred have for a time disappeared. We have no doubt—for history records the fact—that a certain portion of the earth once received a deluge; it is not, however, the deluge of the mighty deep; so that every dwelling and every living thing that came in contact with these waters vanished and were known no more.

We believe that a certain individual—what matter whether his name was Noah or not—existed in those times, who was highly meditative, who had that peculiar gift which the Scotch call second-sight; he could predict certain events which were to take place in his own life or in the life of his people, or in the life of his country; these were borne in upon him, and he had to speak of them, so that he became known as a prophet by those around him.

Thus it was with Noah; and we believe there came to him premonitions and also actual statements of that which was to occur, and that these were given by spiritual intelligences who could read the signs of climatic disturbances and understand that atmospheric changes were to take place about him; so he was advised to build a certain vessel that would stem the waters—one large enough to hold him and his family and such as he could take with him, and thus preserve their lives until the flood should recede and the waters of the great deep be broken up. Therefore the man, with his helpers, went to work and built this vessel which he called the ark, and as such a fashion as would enable it to stem the tide and rise high upon the waters as they began to swell. The ark completed, he took within it those who would go, and also certain forms of animal and of bird-life for their sustenance until the waters should recede. The rest can be easily traced out as you read it in the Scriptures, only the deluge should not be considered as referring to the whole earth, but as that which actually came to a portion of it and to a certain tribe of human beings.

Q.—[By G. H.] I often see bright lights floating in my room after I retire at night; can you give me any explanation about them?

A.—The individual is undoubtedly clairvoyant. He perceives these bright lights floating around him in his darkened room because his spirit vision is somewhat aroused. These lights are probably produced by some spirit attendant, who desires not only that he may know of its presence, but perhaps wishes to develop his mental powers. The faculty of clairvoyance exists within him, and he is anxious to be developed to enable him to perceive something more than the lights flashing around him. If it is properly unfolded he may behold the spirit-forms of human beings who approach, and perhaps it will bring to him scenes and visions of the other life, of the homes of his spirit-friends, and those objects which surround them in their exalted existence.

The friend is undoubtedly a medium, and if he should form a circle and sit with congenial friends, who have the requisite elements to make up a battery of power for the use of his spirit-guides, he would undoubtedly find his mediumship developing and his clairvoyance becoming increased, so as to enable him, as we have said, to see spirits, to behold scenes in the other world, and perhaps to give such descriptions of his visions as will bring evidences of immortal life to those with whom he comes in contact. We should certainly advise him to pursue his investigations and seek the development of the mediumship which is his.

Q.—[By S. E. W.] Why is it that in our sittings with the mediums we can get communications from only one spirit, who has come at all times and places, for the last three years, to our family? This spirit brings only confusion and distress whenever he comes.

A.—There must be a cause for this, some bond of attraction between the spirit and some member of the family to which he comes, or with some association affecting the family. The spirit, your correspondent says, brings confusion, and really is unwelcome to those whom it approaches. Now perhaps if they would receive that spirit in a kindly manner, reason with it as they would with one on earth who tried to annoy and to molest them; he might be brought to a better condition; he might perceive that it was wisest and best for him to remain away; but if, on the other hand, he is received with contumely, or it is made known to him that his presence is distasteful, this may be as positive in his will-power he determined to annoy these individuals just because of their manifested dislike to him. It is always best to receive a spirit in a friendly manner, to speak lovingly and kindly to it; even if you cannot assimilate with that spirit, it will do you no harm to try to educate him, to make him see the error of his ways, and learn that it is best for him to pursue other methods in his work for his own and for the happiness of others. It is always best to seek to do a returning spirit rather than drive it away, and thus you will create for it an atmosphere of sympathy and of kindness which it cannot help but imbibe and be benefited by. Undoubtedly an annoying spirit is a positive one, determined to work out its own ends, and it will be best either for those who are afflicted by it to receive it as

we have spoken, trying to reason with it and bring it into another frame of mind and conduct, or else to refrain for a time from visiting mediums, or from holding sittings of their own, to cut off, so to speak, all communication with the other world until the spirit shall become wearied of its effort to reach them and take its departure. Perhaps if the first course is followed the spirit will remodel its conduct, will become better disposed not only to keep from molesting those with whom it has been in contact, but also to assist their own spirit-friends and loved ones by its positive, electrical power, to come into communication with them.

On the other hand, if he is not so disposed, it will be well for the friends on earth to refrain from sitting for communication until he does take his departure, when perhaps at a later period, if they wish, they may receive personal messages of comfort and visits from their own loved ones in their home.

Q.—[From the audience.] We read of the lost continent, Atlantis. Can you tell us where it was located, and what was the condition of the civilization existing at that time?

A.—So far as we understand anything of the lost continent, Atlantis, it was located not far from that portion of the world called Central America, a continent not vast in its domain nor very extensive in area, yet one which afforded such means of habitation as to provide the elements of life and of comfort to quite an extended race of people. This continent, as we are taught, was inhabited by a race peculiarly organized, cultivated, and highly intelligent, who were versed in the arts and sciences, and who to-day are considered among the highest and most advanced. These people derived their sustenance largely from fruits and grains; they did not partake of animal food. They had their colleges, their institutions of learning such as graduated young men and maidens of accredited ability and mental skill, and these pursued their employments of a peaceable nature, reaped their experiences upon the earth, and passed on to other scenes in the spiritual world.

It has been a great fortune to meet with more than one spirit who claims to have once lived on the lost continent, Atlantis, therefore we speak to you as having some little knowledge of this subject. These spirits are, in the other life, somewhat exalted; by nature they are progressive; they eagerly seek to understand the laws and secrets of the universe; they are not interested in political affairs to any extent, nor in scenes of discord and strife such as those which we witness to-day in connection with various portions of this earth and have their political machinery at work. Those intelligences who once dwelt on the lost continent are of a peaceable nature, students, seeking to understand the electrical laws of the universe, so as, through the knowledge they derive, to devise ways and means of inventing mechanical appliances that will enhance the comfort, convenience and interests of those who dwell here and elsewhere. We believe these spirits will be able to communicate with earth relative to their lost continent, and concerning the life and habits of its people, and the progressive institutions which were once maintained upon it, through such agencies as they are seeking to develop, among your own kind, for their service.

### SPIRIT MESSAGES, THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF Mrs. E. F. Smith.

Report of Public Séance held April 26th, 1880.

#### Elijah Blake.

Friends—for such I find each one before me to-day—it is with the greatest pleasure that we announce ourselves from this platform. How many times do we take our stand here, thinking perhaps we may speak, but turn away with a disappointed feeling. There are various reasons why we cannot speak to our loved ones when we see them present. It is not because we lose any of the affection that we hold to the dear ones left in the mortal; it seems to me that affection is much stronger than it could be while we dwell on earth.

I have often stepped into the hall in Springfield, but have failed to make myself known. I feel they will understand, when the message shall reach them, that I have tried various times before to give out something to prove to them that heaven is not so far off as many have thought. The whole world is all that separates us from you, dear friends. I shall be remembered in Springfield, where my home was, as Elijah Blake. Also would I send greetings to New London and to Cummingtown, Conn., where I have friends. If you mortals could but know the anxiety that springs from our spirits as we step upon the platform, and speak to you, although there are no kindred present! We feel as we come before you that we are friendly with the whole world, and we should be the feeling of mortals toward all returning spirits.

I am greatly obliged to you, Mr. Chairman, for placing upon paper the few words that have been spoken to-day, feeling not only that I will gain a benefit from it, but that some loved one will be glad to hear from me.

#### Horace D. Kent.

I came upon this platform and gave a few words some years ago through another medium, and I have been more anxious since that period, if possible, than I was before to reach friends and kindred, all of whom come up before me, seemingly, as if I was at home. I feel grateful that all are privy to my speaking here, although we must wait our turn. How grand it is to know the reunion is to come, as one and another drops out, only to join us where there is no more separation. Oh! how beautiful the thought with you and the knowledge with all! Often we hear mortals speak thus: "I hope I shall find them all." If it were not for hope we should be indeed miserable.

It is some four or five years, as near as I can reckon mortal time, since I gave out a few words to you, my dear wife Martha, and I know it was a comfort to her and the children to feel that I had gained power enough to speak here.

I am waiting patiently for others to learn something this side. It is not kindred alone that draws us here; the attraction is strong toward some others. A little while since I saw some changes, for as we visit earth we know of what transpires; and how blessed we are to find that we can link our mortal bodies with you may ask: In what way can we assist you? Through the influence that we may bring and leave with you, and you mortals have need of our assistance from the spirit-side; yet while you dwell in the physical realm will you really understand of what benefit we are to you. As I look back I understand now, in many instances, where I have been aided by the spirit-band that came around me, by loving ones that had realized the boundary termed death, but I did not realize it at the time.

I wish to say to the loved ones in the home in Kentville, Ind., I am often with them. It seems to me not a day passes but I come; also we never fail to be with you when there is a little trouble or when trials come; the attraction is much stronger at those times. Horace is with me to-day; he has grown and is growing in the spirit-life. We shall all come together again. How grand it is to feel there will be no link that will separate us from each other. Be patient, dear ones; in a little time will the veil be drawn aside, and we shall clasp hands together again. Horace D. Kent.

#### Leonard Swain.

This is not the first time I have entered this room, Mr. Chairman. In the mortal life I should not have been found here. You may ask me if I have changed my views, and I say to you, sir: Yes, very much; or I have learned that to be true which is vastly different from what I believed in the mortal. Old theology held and bound me closely in the life. Now all I can do is to acknowledge we have found things very different from what I ascribed; and it is very right, it is just to you in the mortal that I should make this acknowledgment. I was connected with the Central Congregational Church in Providence, R. I., for many years; in fact, I was the shepherd of the flock, but fed to them the "Bread of Life" as I chose to give it. But I find now there are

many errors mixed with creeds. I find also that our lives in the mortal build our spheres yonder, or as we term them, our homes; therefore would I urge it upon you, each one, to learn something concerning that country to which you are traveling, as the door of communication is open and you have privileges on every side. Why should you make the excuse that you do not know? I did not have the privileges that are granted you to-day—that is no excuse for me, for I heard these things spoken of many times, but they did not mix well with my belief. I find now I was groping in the dark.

As the spirit was taking its flight, it seemed to me that heaven was brought clearly to me, but it was only the outline of what I have been permitted to see since leaving that old, worn body of clay. We do not ask to return to stay, but would love to come into communication with the dear ones. My sainted mother waited and watched for my coming, and oh! how beautiful it was to look upon that face again which had been secluded from me for many years! I beheld her again in perfect form, fashioned in the likeness that she wore here.

Bro. Williams is here to-day, and coincides with me in what I say. How glad also to be remembered to the people in our place, knowing this message will reach some of them. It will be said: "I cannot believe Bro. Swain would come into one of those meetings." You mortals make mistakes, not knowing of the spirit-law that has brought us here to-day. I feel grateful in my soul that there are channels where we are permitted to speak with you. It has been said many times by mortals: "How strange it seems that we do not come right to me, instead of going to strange places." I may use the term, with you in the mortal. I would ask you to let the light shine; open your spirit-doors wide, and allow us to come in and commune with you. You will be happier, you will feel the burden of life lifted, as you come into communication with sainted mother, darling child, or wife, or husband. A filmy mist is all that separates us from you. I would say again, learn, learn while you dwell here. Leonard Swain.

#### Willie Ireland.

The Spirit Chairman said I might come as quick as the last gentleman was through speaking. I just want to tell you I came in the last meeting, but I did not say a word of it. I came close, and I touched her, but she didn't look at me. I expect she couldn't see me. She's a nice lady, but she didn't see me. The Chairman says I must excuse her, and I will.

[To the Chairman:] Do you want me to tell you where I lived? I lived in Cincinnati when I went away. That seems only a little way now. I do want them to know I come into the Lyceum, I come into the hall, so many times, and I want them to know I come into the Lyceum, I want into a Lyceum meeting in Philadelphia, but nobody said anything to me. I suppose they couldn't see me.

I want them to know that Bernie Shaw helped me to come here to-day and to get so I could talk a little. I never talked this way before, but I have in little meetings. I am not going to stay very long, because there are people waiting right up beside me. You can't see them, can you, because you ain't like me? I want you to write my name as Willie Ireland.

#### Susan Searles.

Many years did I dwell in the mortal. When I passed out I was what you term old. I feel young again now, and I know my spirit was young, but the body had reached the age of eighty-two years. A long time to dwell in the flesh. I was glad when Samuel beckoned me on, on, up higher, but Sarah and Jane held me a little to earth. Dear sisters, how little you knew you were holding me here, when others were calling me from the spirit-side. Our mother welcomed me to the spirit-home, and all were anxious to take my hand again. Jane, you know you are an instrument for the spirit-world—that the Great Father has seen fit to give you these talents. Although it is but a little while since I threw off the old mantle of clay, you have felt me with you a great many times. I cannot just tell you, Mr. Chairman, how long it is, but I should hardly think it is twelve months since I passed over.

How glad I was when I found they were beckoning me up higher! I have been with them much in the Lyceums; I have been with them at the Good Samaritan, and I have heard my name spoken there. Sometimes they have wondered if I found it as beautiful as I thought I should. Oh! much more beautiful! It is not possible for spirits to picture to you the beauties of spirit-life; they may draw the outlines, but they will fall in the attempt to depict a full likeness of it. I am happy in my spirit home, dear sisters, and you think, sometimes, perhaps Samuel is with me all the time. No; we go and come as the spirit leads us; wherever there is an attraction do we go in earth-life, and it is the same in spirit-life, where the loved ones gather around us, and are glad to welcome us. There are some I have not met with yet, but shall in time. It is this way, they tell us; if they were not present when we passed over, they know not of our coming until they meet us on the other side. When we are in earth-life we know all about you, but the Great Father in his wisdom has so ordered it that we cannot take earthly affairs away with us; if we did where would be our heaven? My home was in Cleveland, O. Susan Searles.

#### William Kemble.

I hardly know, Mr. Chairman, whether I can give a message or not, but I am going to make the attempt. What difference does it make where you went out from? What difference does it make how long you have been gone? Whether it is one day or sixty? I guess I'll get started all right, by-and-by. I am going to say just one thing, and that's a fact: When I went out of this life, I didn't go. I suppose you'll make out of it that I wasn't dead. I guess I wasn't dead. I found it out, too. They said my body off into the water, but I wasn't dead, sir, no more than you are this minute. However, I didn't come here to find fault with anybody. I guess that old body has made food for the fishes, and all right now, and I'd like to get hold of the hand of Commodore Rogers pretty well. I just want to let them know of all that came up in the last few hours before they said a few words over me, when the brave sailors stood round, when the tears dropped for me; it wasn't all moonshine, by any means. I know they'll say they couldn't keep me longer. I am all right. I've got into a better country, and I've got aboard a better ship. I don't think that I have any fault with the President. I guess the name of the vessel I just want them to know—it's a pretty hard work for me to say it—they had a suspicion, a fear that I had not got quite out of that shell, because I spoke to 'em two or three times after they said I was dead. I suppose I was in what you call to-day a trance state. I want them to know, also, away off at the Western Islands, where our ship was, I was conscious of what was passing, but I lost the power of saying anything to them, so I don't think that's a pretty hard case, don't you, to go out after you get out of the body? But now it ain't. I was very glad they didn't bury the body in the ground, because it sent me out a little easier, slipping me from the plank into the water. Never did you see any more sober countenances than were there—those old sailors' faces, that had braved the storm—when the few words were spoken over William Kemble.

Over glad that he passed, some of the old time old Cap's have said, but don't doubt very much about their getting it on the square; we may try to reckon up our life here, but we fail—get too much or not quite enough. I died, to all appearances; everything was satisfactory as far as my officers and messmates were concerned. No one was at fault. It was on board of what you call a North American frigate, away at the Western Islands, where I slipped the body off. I told 'em to be just and to be honest, and I'll promise you they were pretty good for a while after that; they were pretty well shaken up to know a "dead man" spoke. A dead man! More alive than they was, any one on 'em! I had some trouble with the lungs—what you call here, I guess, when you use a kind of a refined word, hemorrhage. I speak it

plain! I bled at the lungs. That's good enough for me. I want them to know, besides, when the light came on I was there. I suppose if I had kept in my hammock, as the surgeon told me to, perhaps I'd have stayed a little longer. I was there at the gun as quick as the rest of 'em. You see the light was in me.

I never talked this way before. Those are pretty nice. [Referring to the flowers on the table.] We don't get them, you know, when we are on the water. I'm feeling first-rate now, and I don't know but I've got just as good a home as any of the old Commodores or old Cap's. Perhaps you'll think I'm trying to make out I was a pretty good sort of a fellow here, according to what the others have been talking about the homes. There's one thing about it I do the best I know how, and that's all that's asked of anybody.

#### Belle Hempstead.

As I saw the gentleman stepping upon the platform I hardly thought he would be able to control the medium, but a great deal of will-power was expressed by this person. As he says, it is a long time since he passed away. He has been wandering from place to place, hoping he might control some medium; so you will readily understand, dear friends, we are not attracted into one place only; we are attracted to many.

I have often wished I might touch one that was speaking, just enough to have it announced that I was present, but I have failed in so doing, and find it is much better to speak for myself. How sweet it is to look upon these little faces, for you must readily understand there are many spirit-children here in your audience to-day, all eager to give out something, to let the dear, loving mother or father know they are present. I have heard the words spoken: "Why does not my son come?" Why do not my little children come?" Dear mortals, how eager they are to prove to you they live and are beside you! but you, being hampered with earthly affairs, know very little of their coming. Do try to come into communication with them.

I have often wished I might make my presence felt at home. You dwell here wonder many times: "Where are the loved ones tonight?" Is it possible that they do visit us, as has been said, through what are termed mediums? It is true, dear friends, we draw near you, oh! so many times when you know not of it, and then disappointment comes to our own spirits as we realize this. It is many years since I passed out of mortal life, but oh! think of the visits I have made you. I have come so often.

Once in a meeting I felt assured they sensed my presence. I have loved ones in the city. I have some in East Boston, and I think they would be glad to hear from me. I was in a meeting but a little while since—as near as I can estimate the time it was perhaps two or three weeks—and I felt then I should give my name; but I failed. It was in the presence of a lady medium. I thought perhaps if I could get up close, as many spirits do, I should be able to leave the impression upon her spirit that I was there, but I turned away disappointed. I have not a lengthy message to give. I only wish to prove to them that I do come often, for I hear my name spoken at times, and I wish them to feel that I keep my promise that was made years ago. Belle Hempstead.

#### Rhoda Chandler.

As I came near the medium to-day I felt perhaps I might crowd some others, but a kindly voice said to me: "Speak for yourself; you may be able to give out a word to some one who is waiting to hear from you." We are all attracted to our own first, but when we find that others whom we know not need our influence or assistance, we come to them.

George, I know you have often thought: "Where is mother?" I hear from father, but not mother. I don't understand why, and you have wondered whether we are together all the time, or how it is.

No, dear child, not all the time, any more than we would be in mortal life. Oh! how gladly would I reach out to the others, for there was a large family of us. Hiram has said: "Mother, we have learned patience, and in time they will learn a little something," but it seems strange that there is only one out of a large family I can reach or come into communication with. I think they will understand, when they see the message, how anxious mother is to reach the other children.

Jane also closes the doors, but sometime she will learn a little something this side. What you do not learn here you must learn in that beautiful home yonder, through what is termed progression. How many times, as we look around, we see some loving one coming, anxious to send greetings to the dear ones at home. Newton is here. William says he will speak in time when he gains power enough, but not he-time, or I will be remembered to each one. Leora sends greetings, and will speak as soon as she gains permission. Oh! how sweet it is to have you feel us in your home, George and Abbie, for we love to come. The spirit-art is not through with his work yet, there is something more to be done. We do feel at home there; but with the others we do not. Will you be so kind, Mr. Chairman, as to put me down as a resident of Tyngsboro', Mass.? Rhoda Chandler.

#### Joseph Pond.

While the lady was communicating I came up so close I thought perhaps I should be able to speak for myself, but when I saw the children coming I hesitated. I was thinking perhaps I had better wait, but the chairman said: "Now is the time; go and speak, if you wish to." How kind it is in him to assist us in coming into these channels to reach our friends.

I feel a little weak and tired just now from coming in contact with mortals and with earth, but no suffering; the sensation merely runs over us, the same as when we passed away. I am so happy that I can come and speak here; although when in the mortal I should have hesitated a great deal in regard to so doing, yet when we find it is a channel provided for us to reach our loved ones, we take advantage of it gladly.

I have felt many times, mother, how I wished you knew I was there. Yet I know it is impossible for you always to know. I have seen the changes that have come to you, especially of late. I know you do not make your home permanently in New York, for I could see some changes that were there with you also. I am grateful for the few words you have spoken through a channel once before, not spoken in private, and I knew it would reach my own dear mother in time. Mr. Hollis wishes to be remembered to the family, as he stands a little way from me wishing to speak. But he says: "Not yet; in due time will he give out a message for those in the homes who will feel better for his speaking. I am very grateful for the privilege of speaking here to-day. Luella sends greetings. They keep coming up around me wishing to send a word to friends. That is similar to mortal life; when we find we can send a line by some neighbor, we are glad to do so. Joseph Pond. I hope this may reach my friends in New York; also my friends in Allston, this State.

#### Alden Loomis.

I have been here, Mr. Chairman, five different times, and got up as near the instrument as I could, thinking I would speak, but have failed. The sixth time I have really got started. I have a great deal to say to them at home, and that is in Brookfield, Vt., for I am changed there a great deal of time. I can see the preparations they are making for a meeting pretty soon, not exactly in that town but in the surroundings, and I shall be one of the number who visit them.

Jacob is here, and wishes me to speak of it. They often wonder when so many of the old townspeople have gone out, or as they say are dead, why they do not manifest and make themselves known from this place. For various reasons, as I have said before, I wish them to know I am a mortal, and I have to meet of the world, and that I do visit them at home. Luella is here close by me, not a relative, as they will understand. We shall attend all the gatherings that they have, whether they call them camp-meetings or conventions, or by any other name. I have been with them, and

I promise them we shall be able to make some manifestations at home, to prove to them that Alden Loomis is there, and his brother Jacob. I am very glad that I found it more of a truth than what I thought. I always hoped I should gain heaven, but as for coming back and speaking of spirits are permitted to it, it seemed to me that was an impossibility, but I find now we are anxious to make ourselves known.

**Charles Hunt.**  
I am very glad that this gentleman spoke, for I have found him here several times, earnestly desiring to give out a few words. To-day he has succeeded by the help that is given him on each side, and the same aid is extended to me. Some need a great deal more than others, and how happy we are when we feel that other spirits are near. Here are the old folks, on the spirit-side, to assist us when we fail in giving our messages as we wish. It is quite a while since I felt I would speak, but failed to take control. Then the chairman said to me: "Because you failed to speak once, do not lose your courage; you may make the attempt again," therefore as soon as the gentleman ceased to speak, I came into the same channel. I am very glad, sir, this channel is open and that it is free for all to come in and make themselves known. Many years ago, I should judge it to be nearly eight, a kind-spirit spoke to me here at that time, I said, "Mother, I am not far from you. I am with you very much now. As one and another have dropped out of the home, how eager we have been to clasp the hands in spirit-life."

In all the changes that come to you I am interested, and eight or nine years bring many changes into the homes we leave. How hard it was for you to part with Charlie then; but when you came to find us all in spirit-life, how grand will be the reunion. Mountain Cove West Virginia was my home while dwelling in the mortal, and it is where I am attracted much of my time, hoping to be of assistance to some who are groping in the dark. How strange it seems when one and another, wishing to know whether their loved ones live, still close their doors more closely every day, while at the same time they are surrounded with privileges. Now I say, open your doors and allow the dear ones to come a little closer to you. I am happy in my spirit-home, but there are attractions that draw me to earth much of my time. Think not, mortals, we are confined in any one location; we go as we will, wherever the laws of attraction call us, and do the work allotted to us. You will find, as you enter spirit-life, your work is as varied as it was in the mortal, and you will be glad to do it. We work no more with the hands, but with the spirit continually. Charles Hunt.

**Freeman Hatch.**  
I have watched others, and have felt that I might draw magnetism from each one present. To you, dear wife, I am in spirit, and I feel, but it brings back the feeling of the mortal as I make the attempt to speak here. I could not do it, only as the guides assist me. The red men come beside me, helping me to-day, but in time, dear, loving wife, I will give out more. Not a day, not an hour in the day has passed, but I have come into our home, and not a day shall pass but I will come. Be patient; in the angels' own good time will they open the door and you will be drawn aside, and you shall behold your own Freeman again. We will come together, and I will be with you day and night. We have no nights with us. When the Angel of Life came and beckoned me on, up higher, you little thought I was to leave you so soon. No; let me take that word back again, not to leave you. I am happy, and I promise you I will await your coming. I could not have said what I have, only for the assistance of others. Dry your tears; no tears in heaven. Freeman Hatch, of Hyde Park.

**Controlling Spirit.**  
That gentleman worked hard to speak. The guides came so close, the dear Indian, chiefs Tecumseh and Osceola came, one on each side of him, and assisted him to speak. Then, as he looked into the audience and saw the loved one here, it gave him more strength to come. I have been in your meetings nearly every time since the form was changed to the immortal, trying to make them know he lived, and was willing whenever there was power enough granted him to speak here.

We thank you, dear friends, for your kind attention; also for giving your sympathy and your magnetism to us, for these have helped each spirit as they came before you.

**TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.**  
May 2.—Joy H. Brown; Sarah C. Charlton; Mrs. Dr. Lucina Pitts; Brad. Williams; Josiah Lane; Fannie Oles; Zachariah Ashworth; Willie Camp; Oliver Le Forrest Guss.

**The Gist of Man-Made Theology.**  
We beg pardon of Margaret Eyttinger for turning her sonnet, "A Home-Made Soiree," in St. Nicholas for April, into a channel utterly foreign to her purpose; but as a clear digest of what human creed-building accomplished in "the childhood of the world," and still continues to do by entanglement in modern days, the illustration is too good to be lost; so here goes:

"Carl was a jolly little fellow,  
With eyes of blue and curls of yellow,  
And rosy cheeks, and just the chin  
To hold a pretty dimple in.  
He found himself alone one day,  
And wondered what 'twas best to play  
While his mamma remained away.  
Pencil and paper soon he saw,  
And seized them both. Said he: 'I'll draw  
An ogre like the one so grim  
Poor Jack heard growling 'Fee-fo-fum.'  
First, he's his forehead full of bumps,  
And then his nose with three big humps,  
And then two ears of 'magnificent size,  
And then a mouth from ear to ear,  
With long, sharp, teeth-like tusks.  
The artist, with eyes opened wide  
In fright, gazed on his work and cried:  
'Mamma, mamma—come, come, please do,  
I'm very lonely without you;  
And oh! mamma, I'm so afraid  
Of this old ogre that I've made.'"

**July Magazines.**  
THE VACCINATION INQUIRY remarks that the interest in the Royal Commission to consider the value of vaccination and the advisability of modifying the laws in relation to it dominates all others. It seems to have been formed in the same manner that the Seybert Commission to examine and report upon Spiritualism was. In both cases it was and is easy to determine the result. In the present case the anti-vaccination advocates, together with the anti-vaccinationists, are questioning whether it is advisable to appear before such a Commission. The *Inquirer* says: "We know perfectly well what the report of the majority will be and must be, and could have printed it, had we been so minded, in this number." The fact that it will collect a large amount of evidence is looked forward to as the only good that will come from it. London: E. W. Allen, 4 Ave Maria Lane.

THE PHENOMENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—The "Notable People" of this month are John Stephenson, the Car. Builder, and Bernard Hammer, President of Switzerland, and of whom portraits and short biographies are given; Laura Bridgman receives similar treatment. "Delirium," "Faith and Providence," and "Two Evolutions," are dealt with in articles that follow.

THE INDEPENDENT PULPIT for July contains its usual variety of articles in advocacy of a more rational religious belief than characterizes the popular religion of the times. "Junius" contributes an excellent one upon "The Johnstown Horror," reflecting upon those who in such emergencies listlessly trust to all "divine power," rather than exercising their own physical strength and energy. Waco, Texas: J. D. Shaw.

Port Huron has a man whose forehead is so low that when he weeps the tears run down his back.—*Globe*.

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