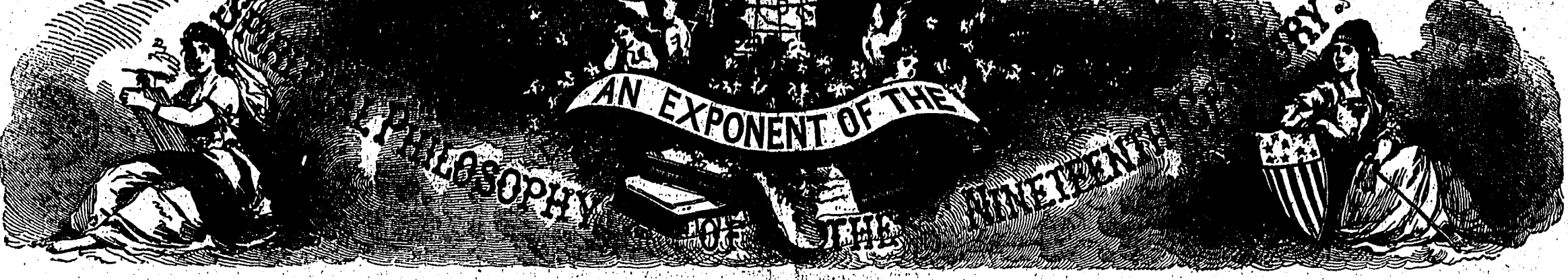


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The Spiritual Rostrum.

The Teachings of Spiritualism.

A Lecture Delivered at Onset Bay, Sunday,
July 28th, 1889, by
HON. SIDNEY DEAN.

(Reported for the Banner of
Light.)

HERE are two things which modify or control our judgments of facts, laws, and our relationships.

The first is our confessed finite or limited powers. This is as universal as the race. Whatever we may think ourselves to be, in comparison with any and all of human kind, the fact still remains that we are finite and limited both in knowledge and in power. The wisest of us all are children in the comprehension of laws and forces which, lying beyond our powers, seem to belong either to the domain of the infinite, or to a possible order of beings existing and acting in a sphere broader and higher than our own.

For instance: we know of life through its manifestations, but we know nothing of its nature, its essential spirit, whence it came, or whither it goes to reach its ultimate. In our finite knowledge, in the very outermost courts of our consciousness, we cannot reach the soul or spirit of life, and rest in the fact that we know because we have learned it all. The intellectual and moral machinery of man seems not to have been made or adjusted to the comprehension of life as an essence or principle—certainly not in this stage of man's existence. Hence, of all men in the world, philosophers and students of large acquirements should be the most modest and the least dogmatic.

The second thing relates not so much to our intrinsic nature and limited finite powers, as to our human or earth-environment.

In Nature everything seems to be and to be peculiar to itself: In the nature of the seed from which it sprung; in the soil—if it belong to the vegetable kingdom—from which it derives its life-forces; in the atmosphere which it absorbs; in its relationships to every other being, thing, or force in the universe; in its root, shoot, trunk, limb, leaf, flowering and fruitage; in its veins, arteries and circulation; in its progress, development, culmination; in its descending grade to decay, death, disintegration and absorption into other elements and organized forms and forces.

So, also, with the race of human kind. No two persons are placed exactly alike in the womb, or beyond it on its passage to the earth-grave which awaits the mortal-born child. No two educations are alike, for no two students passing through their educational processes are exact duplicates. There are no exact duplicates in the family nor in society. Each individual receives his or her life without solicitation, accepts it as it is in nature and environment, and works it out to its earthly close. It is his or her own life, and not that of some one else. His earth is under his feet, his sky over his head; the sun is his, and the stars also are his; all for his own use. Others may be joint partners in earth, sun, sky and stars; others may have their oceans, rivers, lakes, forests, flowers and fruits of earth; others may inhale the perfume of rose, balsam and pine; and these others may be in number beyond his power of mathematical computation, yet though these others partake of all yet are they his, because they are all within the orbit of his conscious life. He never has been, is not now, and never will be some one else, so far as his consciousness teaches him. What lies beyond the orbit of his consciousness is of no account to him in the evolution of his life from the cradle to the grave. And I include in man's consciousness his own mental or intellectual processes and conclusions, for unless he be conscious of these as of all else which comes to him by intuition or through the senses of the body, they are of no possible value to him in the development of his life.

Now I assert that, primarily, our limited nature, finite in character, does modify, condition and even control our judgments, conclusions, beliefs of facts, laws and relationships; and that, secondarily, our environments in life make this great observed divergence of intellect, knowledge, judgment, belief and comprehension of laws and relationships the more marked.

What, then, must be our logical and reasonable conclusions from such premises when applied to man as a social being, an independent

integer in human society? If each person is a world, a kingdom, a life in himself, and is developing that world, kingdom or life according to its nature and environment, and a multitude of these spiritual planets come into a constellation or society, each with its own individual endowments, how shall it move? by what law or laws shall each be governed so as to prevent not only a destruction of the life itself, but of that which makes life really worth the living? Ah! this question is as old as the race itself.

In the early historic stages of the human race it was settled by that law of brute force through which or by which the stronger dominates and controls the weaker. It is the law of the unreasoning brute kingdom to-day as of yore. It is the destructive and not the conserving law of life, and from its universal observance in all departments of life below man, Darwin constructed his theory of "the survival of the fittest." He should have called it "the destruction of the weakest," thus blotting out all rights, even the right to live, of those who by birth or environment in life seem to be below some arbitrary standard fixed by the wiser or stronger. It is the rule by which tyrants have occupied thrones baptized in human blood; by which the Neros, the Robespierres and the slaveocrats of every age have crushed every right of humanity; crowding it in masses into the long trenches of the dead with which the earth has been furrowed. When there has been a combination of tyrants, an agreement of these human beasts who wield brute force in unity against the masses of humanity and their natural rights, then the earth has become a sickening scene of suffering, despair and blood.

It is only through a uniting of the masses upon some broad principle or principles of social and civil equality in rights that this abuse of brute force has been checked. History discloses the fact that tyrants have succeeded best in their purposes when the masses have kept society disintegrated through a too zealous regard for each one's individual rights and opinions. The unity of the people has been the destruction of tyrants. A quarreling and discordant nation invokes the base ambition and the iron hand of the despot.

And this plain fact finds exemplification in all departments of human society, and in all associations of men where many are combined for a common end. It is brute force or reason, it is despotism will or the moral force of right and wrong as applied to all the component parts of such organizations, the end sought and the means used to secure the end, which marks the character, as well as the success or failure, of such combinations. When Cincinnatus restored liberty to the Roman people, and returned to the pursuits of agriculture—himself an equal citizen with the humblest Roman; when Washington returned to Mount Vernon proud of his equal citizenship with his neighbors than of his Presidency at the capital of his country, they each disclosed the true supremacy of the moral over the brute-force in society. When Napoleon blotted out the republic of Venice, and made its citizens the vassals of a member of his own family, and, after filling Europe with terror and blood, bore his ensanguined banners across the frozen plains of Russia for conquest and subjugation, he disclosed the brute. He was in history the incarnation of the brute-force in society.

It is pitiful to acknowledge, but it is true, that if man is God-like in his nature and attributes, so is he a beast. And his birth, environment and will often make the beast in him the incarnation of beastliness—and history proves it.

It is useless on so thickly-populated a planet as earth to say that these living, individual, human spheres should not cross the orbits or tracks of each other. We must impinge upon each other. We must cross the line of each other's individual sovereignty. We are so constituted that we must form societies. Our natures are so constructed that the family must be. Not alone for the propagation of the race, but to meet an essential want in every independent nature—and that want social and intellectual as well as physical—is the family founded. And the family is the true basis of society. It is the aggregation of contiguous families which makes society; and society in its wider development underlies the State or Nation, and gives it character.

It is useless to say, because you are a world in yourself, that you will live a hermit and cast all of your kind out of your life. It cannot be done without relegating you to the beastly level. That which is the glory of intellectual, moral and social manhood would be lost out of your life. Hermits as a rule are something more than fools. They are generally unclean, devoid of true culture, and dwells in everything save the stature of their animal natures. There are exceptions, but the rule obtains. It is because they violate one of the fundamental laws of their own creation, and existence.

It is as useless and more criminal to say that because you are an independent soul, living your own life and fashioning your own character for a continuous existence beyond the life of the material body, you will form it as you please, irrespective of well-defined law, moral, intellectual, social and personal. Law is supposed to carry with it the punishment of violation and the reward of obedience. The law of fire is to burn, and if you, knowing the law, choose or will to thrust your hand into the flame, the law will not be suspended, but its violation will be avenged by the smart and pain you will suffer. No exterior or ulterior punishment inflicted by some extraneous or outside force will be found necessary. If, then, we insist upon our right to violate any law

of our being, and pugnaciously or otherwise carry our purpose into effect, we shall sooner or later learn that law is not advice, nor entreaty, nor exhortation, nor a chameleon of change, but a fixed, uniform and unchangeable method of procedure. If we deposit a worm of vice in our character and add to its virus and power by our lives, when we pass from the mortal to the immortal side of the veil, in the hell of the earth-sphere we shall find the worm at its work justifying the majesty of the law. The virus of our crime against the law can only be expelled by the true reformation of our character and the consecration of ourselves to obedience to law. These are the higher teachings of Spiritualism from both the material and the spiritual side of continuous life.

Following our line of thought I wish to present several practical suggestions:

1. That which is plainly within the scope of our powers of investigation and analysis is to us a proper subject of investigation, and gives promise of reasonable conclusions. Where the intense creedist demands an unconditional faith, the honest Spiritualist demands investigation. Our endowment of reasoning faculties, no matter how weak or strong, how untrained or cultivated, marks our rank in the creative scale, and this endowment was not made subordinate to the credence or non-credence of the soul. In fact, every nature demands that its credence in anything shall be reasonable as well as consistent with itself and everything relating to it. How, then, can we give our credence or faith without first investigating? Our reasoning powers should not be playthings of our emotional nature, but rather its guide.

But in our investigations of that which lies within the orbit of our powers we should not unjustly nor unfairly discriminate. He prostitutes his reasoning powers who examines *ex parte*, who only looks upon or examines one side of a subject and refuses whatever of true weight may lie upon the other side. He stands confessed to himself an unsafe reasoner, and liable to erroneous or false views and conclusions. All truth, all law, all fact in the universe of mind and matter, is not self-evident. Truth is disclosed through investigation, and the more able, free and unbiased, the more honest and patient and painstaking the investigator, the greater the probability of the correctness of his conclusions.

2. It is time and effort wasted when we attempt to solve the unsolvable, to reach after that, or a knowledge of that which, in its very nature, lies beyond the orbit of our finite powers. The domain of the unknowable is a vast field, and only the imagination can revel in its outskirts. It is the region of fiction to us and not the region of fact, and the unbalanced enthusiast revels in its possibilities. It is a prolific field for the investigations of the half-fledged metaphysician, who will talk profoundly of the infinite whyness, of the infinite whatness, and lose his added brains in a search after the infinite whereness. It furnishes no data for the logical processes of the intellect, and is, to a sane mind, like the dreamy visions of a sleeper who has a disordered stomach. It is the domain of speculation, and there is no solid ground under the feet. Those with large organs of marvelousness spend their earth-lives in conjecturing what may be, and often find their hallucinations and speculations crystallizing into empty and profitless philosophies and creeds.

The domain of the knowable is practical, and every department of it yields rich returns to the patient investigator. It not only covers the material field but it sweeps that portion of the spiritual field in which we live, and whose laws and uses are necessary to human development. Beyond that line the mind may not travel with an assured certainty. Where that boundary line lies we may not know for another, but can approximately determine for ourselves. With the more spiritual and cultivated it lies far in the depths of the spiritual; with the more material and dense, in whose natures the material, the sensuous predominates, the boundary line lies very near the earth or material plane. Both philosophy and sound common sense dictate that in all our investigations we should keep the practical always in view. As in the illustration of life, as an essence, a principle, if it is hidden from us, and by us is relegated into the region of the unknowable, still its forces, its attributes, its processes, and the results of its being, like the attributes, forces and processes of the infinite, are seen, and are proper matters for human investigation. And the more we logically investigate, the higher and broader our stature of true manhood.

We cannot comprehend First Cause, God; we cannot postulate and define, step by step, the orderly processes of law as evolved from the eternal mind; we cannot go back beyond the material universe with its design evolved from the infinite creative energy and will; we cannot even comprehend how he, the Infinite, "dipped his fingers in chaos" and formed suns and planets and spheres. It is to us the region of speculation, the domain of the unknowable. Theories and negations are "as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa," but they are of no possible value or utility to us.

3. The third fact suggested is that in our investigations we shall not necessarily pursue the same methods, reason with the same powers, nor in the same lines, neither shall we of necessity reach the same conclusions. Each person enters upon the investigation of himself, the facts of his conscious life and all his relationships, from his own standpoint. He differs in mental, temperamental and psychical structure and development from all other investigators. He must use his own powers as a mechanic uses his own tools. If I am a black-

smith and you a watchmaker and jeweler, we cannot interchange either tools or skill. My enlarged and toughened muscle would, through clumsiness, destroy the delicate machinery of your valuable chronometer, and your delicately-attuned muscle would fail to lift my heavy hammer or beat the rattling tattoo upon the anvil. Hence difference in processes as in powers, and corresponding differences in conclusions, are to be expected. There are no fixed and arbitrary rules; there are no tyrants or masters controlling the gateways of investigation into truth or fact or philosophy. It is a free field, and it is free because the investigating mind is free.

The race, however, has not been exempt from a class of mental and intellectual tyrants who have sought to dominate the mental processes of their age, and to dictate what conclusions shall or shall not be reached by the investigator. In the early ages of this era the Latin church assumed censorship of the intellect for the protection of its dogmas or creeds, as instanced in the case of Copernicus and Galileo, his disciple, and the true theory of the movements of the stellar universe, born to the knowledge of the race through the patient investigation of these early sons of science, and instanced also in this country by early Puritan laws and their administration over individual intellects and consciences. But the age of dictation is fast passing away, and already the age of equality in mental rights has dawned. Nay, it is to-day stretching upward to its meridian of power and glory. Here and there can yet be found, among all sects, all associations, all schools of philosophy and religion, a dogmatist, an intellectual tyrant, who claims that his views, or the views of his particular school, his processes of thought and his conclusions, are infallible. His sense of liberty and the equality of mental rights is equal to the spirit of charity which possesses his soul, and both are an infinitesimal quantity. The motto of the age is: Down with all tyranny, or assumed tyranny over intellect and soul; let the free thought forces of the world obey the law of their endowment; for in the evolution of knowledge truth shall be disclosed, fact established and mystery and superstition banished.

4. Up to the limit of individual capacity, each person is responsible for the honesty of his investigations and conclusions. If we refuse to investigate we are responsible, which is simply saying that we are responsible for our choices; for our power of choice is free, and choice lies at the foundation, and is, in fact, the foundation of moral character. That responsibility is not to his fellow-mortals, but to himself and to his creator or the author of his life. And if the law concerning character is both universal and continuous—as we believe it to be—then it covers every individual, and will abide as the law of character forever. We are not to be held responsible for the use of any powers we do not possess, and in this respect Adam and his entailed gift is simply a myth born of the ignorant, honest, but uncultured, natures of an age long past, and only embalmed in an historic creed. We are only responsible for the talents conferred with life, and for their proper use, whether these talents be two or ten. Any other view, it seems to me, weaves a scarlet thread of injustice into the golden web of harmonic creation, law and administration, and destroys my conception of the nature of the infinitely loving All-Father, to whose care I gladly trust my all of continuous existence. "God is love," says the Book, and our conception of infinite love is that it must be without the stain of selfishness, or the least taint of injustice in nature, law, or administration.

5. Again. In matters or laws fundamental to society man is responsible to society also, if he disregard them. Any creed or ism, any faith or philosophy which either proclaims or defends that which would destroy good society or relegate the race to barbarism and the disintegration which a pure selfishness or a low animalism always produces, must receive the condemnation of the pure, the honest, and all who acknowledge the orderly processes of law.

Spiritualism, as a distinct religious philosophy, is taking higher ground concerning man, life, society, and all kindred personal and relative matters clearly under the domination of law. Modern Spiritualism, like all other religions, commenced with phenomena, and did not discriminate as to the source of the observed phenomena or the quality of its teachings. It was years before the law of the phenomena was either systematically studied or carefully observed and analyzed. It was crude in theory, and a broad and destructive license was taught and believed by the credulous. That era has passed. The acknowledged fundamental law of spiritual life is purity, followed by harmony of the nature and life, and this by as full a development of all our powers in this life as is possible to man. We gain power and strength of character by the use of such powers as we have, according to the true law of our natures, and we lose by their non-use or neglect.

Character survives earth, and, with the ego, or me, consciously abides through eternal ages. To build a true spiritual character, one which will be at home amid the surroundings of an eternal purity and harmony on the spiritual side of life, is to build a character which pure discerned intelligences will most gladly visit under the lay of "like to like," and their visitations and their teachings will be alike elevating and ennobling to character. We need not wait for our own deification to enjoy the society of the pure, the loving and the harmonious, for those whom our character and our pure love attract will bring to us while in the mortal the availing harmonies of the celestial life.

To know is to be developed. To act is to increase force or to destroy power. To love is to become unselfish. To hate is to incarnate self and crown it with the imperial attributes of ungodliness. Let us each enter upon our celestial life by a wise building of character, and a sublime devotion to the welfare of our fellow-men.

(From the Boston Herald of Aug. 22.)

DEATH OF HORACE SEAVER.

A Champion of Free Thought for Fifty Years.

Life and Work of a Man Who Rose from the Printer's Case to the Editorial Chair—His Warfare Against Priestcraft and Superstition—Some Characteristic Utterances.

Horace Seaver, the well-known editor of *The Investigator*, expired just before noon yesterday at his residence, No. 2727 Washington street. He had been troubled with an affection of the heart for a long time, and for some six months past had been confined to the house. The immediate cause of his death was dropsy.

The deceased gentleman was born in Boston on Aug. 25th, 1810, and would thus have been seventy-nine years of age had he lived until Sunday. He was of New England stock, and the second son of Nathaniel and Hannah Seaver. From the first a bright and promising boy, he early gave evidence of an ability that made him conspicuous among his companions. Young Seaver was educated in the Boston public schools, and his readiness to promote and defend them in after years showed how grateful he was to his alma mater. After leaving school he went to Plymouth, and there served an apprenticeship as printer. It was during his stay in this town, and through his attendance at the meetings of a local debating society, that his first doubts regarding orthodox views in religion seem to have been suggested. How much these doubts were intensified when, as a journeyman, he traveled to Albany, and there heard the famous Robert Dale Owen, is shown by the fact that after this experience Seaver found it necessary to reject the clerical and retain only the pagan element of his name. Up to this time he had a congenial work as Horace Holly Seaver—Holly having been conferred in memory of a once famous Unitarian minister—but after his change of convictions, the young man not only decided to reject the Holly and remain simple Horace Seaver, but also gave up all aspirations after the ministerial career, to which it appears his parents had destined him. In 1837 an incident occurred which determined in an important manner all the subsequent course of Seaver's life. He came to Boston, and joined *The Investigator*, a composition. The time was an exciting one, for then the editor of that journal, Mr. Abner Kneeland, had just been prosecuted, convicted, and sent to jail for the crime of blasphemy. Seaver visited the editor in prison, and his experience during this episode gave the finishing touch to the convictions of the young rationalist. The compositor, full of hatred, not for men, but for priestcraft and superstition in all their forms, slung and hurled out into a contributor as well as well as striking was his literary work, that when, in 1838, Mr. Kneeland retired from the editorial chair to go West, Horace Seaver was promptly invited to guide the fortunes of *The Investigator*, and he accepted the proffered position. At that time Mr. J. P. Mendum had assumed control of the paper, and Mr. Seaver's installation into the editorial chair was the beginning of that remarkable partnership between the two men which has lasted, without the slightest break in the pleasantness of their relation, for over half a century. Under Mr. Seaver's care *The Investigator* took on improved literary features, and has remained the outspoken advocate of every movement calculated to advance freedom and unfetter the human mind.

The late Mr. Seaver was a man of commanding presence, dignified in manner, able in debate and wholly free from the weaknesses of slang and colloquial humor. He loved discussion even with his opponents, for like Socrates, he regarded it as a prime factor in the promotion of truth. Hospitalier Hall in the earlier days often resounded with the worthy struggles in which he measured his powers with those of oratorical antagonists, while, associated with this and other halls, still linger the memories of his victories. He was prominent in quite a number of free-thought conventions, and when, at one of these held in Albany, it became a question whether the free-thinkers of America should accept of their "infidels" as a proper designation of them, it was Seaver's influence which determined the reply given in the affirmative. The man who was not afraid to be called an infidel did not hesitate to discharge his obligations as a free-thinker, and much of his life was passed in the office of *The Investigator* in the midst of the books and exchanges he liked so much to peruse. Either here, on public platforms, or in private as a welcome guest, he met and came into intimate and friendly relations with reformers like Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, Charles Bradlaugh, Holyoke, Ingersoll, Parker Pillsbury and many others. In his private life Mr. Seaver had many qualities that made him lovable. His charity was too unstinted and impulsive to be wise in the worldly sense, and his interest in schemes of benevolence was great. Of his life work it has been said that he molded liberal thought and modified Puritanic ideas to an extent impossible adequately to describe, while his writings, in the words of Robert Ingersoll, "have liberalized a continent."

It will be of interest at this time to recall the salient points of a characteristic address, in which Mr. Seaver gave an account of his early career and of the circumstances which led him to renounce Christianity. He was, on Nov. 22d, 1838, lecturing in Faneuil Hall, on "Fifty Years' Experience in Liberalism," and he began his address by stating that he had not always been a liberal and an infidel. He began life, he said, like most of them, as a Christian, but, fortunately for him, he got emancipated, and had never regretted it. His first ambition was to be an actor. His parents, however, thought he might make a good minister, and he went to West, like Horace Greeley. Happily he became a printer, and if there was one mighty business in the world, it was that of printing. To be a printer was greater than to be a sailor or a soldier, or even a minister. The public could do without ministers. If the sun were to rise to-morrow upon this land without ministers and without churches, and only the press should remain, people would be far better off than they would be were the case reversed. The whole of theology was founded on conjecture and guesswork. What people wanted was knowledge. It was need that caused so many able men to remain in the church. A clergyman once prophesied that the speaker would be a bright and particular light in the church. If only that minister could see him now, he would recognize that he was not much of a prophet. The first liberal lecture Mr. Seaver ever heard was by Robert Dale Owen, and it was delivered in Albany.

(Continued on fifth page.)

Original Essay.

THE NEW DISPENSATION.

ATTUNED ATONEMENT, IN CO-OPERATIVE HUMAN AND DIVINE LIFE.

BY JACOB EDMON.

THE New Dispensation involves and evolves a belief in the uncreated, perfect cause of all causation, so related to all effects as to constitute a perfect Providence, competent and all-controlling, to guide, direct and overrule all things for the perfect good of all concerned. All that have entered or are entering the New Dispensation are children of this Providence, of small or larger growth. As children with toys and playthings we have rested in the arms of Providence, relying upon Father, Mother-God to do for us what under other circumstances we might and ought to have done for ourselves. This childlike simplicity and trust is hopeful and prophetic. It bespeaks growth, Godward. Childlike, we hope to become full-grown men and women as we advance in the New Dispensation and put away childish things.

We cannot have too much faith or trust in this perfect cause or Providence, but we should realize that we are unfolding effects of this cause, individual parts of this Providence, and may, under God, good men and angels, become centres around which circumstances may be made to move, and move straight. We may not succeed as we expect, we cannot fail. Law, God's eternal standing-stool pricking and pinning us when we lean, stumble or fall against it, must in the end teach us to stand erect.

We trust in God, the absolute Soul of the Universe, its love, will and wisdom—its justice, mercy and truth; its eternal energy and coöperative eternal life.

We believe that law in its best sense is the will of God. We would study especially the higher law as the will of God, with the intent of executing His will here on earth as it is executed in spheres above. We say His will, because God to us is a personality, the All in All of life, as near and essential to each and every one of us as we are to ourselves. Not that God is personal in the same sense that we are personal, but rather in the sense that we—finite outbirths of the Infinite (God, good men and angels helping us)—hope and expect to be.

Living faith in the personality of God, the uncreated Cause; its divine presence; spiritual perception of the truth involved, constitutes the anchorage of the Mind, renders apparent and objective the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not surely seen, and opens up in the individual man the presence-chamber of the soul, its absolute personality—the living God, which, as we understand, is the spiritual fruitage of eternal life.

To us, the Father, Mother-God is a dual personality, the source or fountain of all life and evolution. As no stream rises higher than its source, or no effect is greater than its cause, and as we, progressive effects of the uncreated cause, are personal, it follows conclusively that Father, Mother-God may be more than personal—cannot be less.

It is himself, his personality, that is to be evolved within us; it is our dual Father, Mother-God that is subjectively within us, and is to be evolved, made apparent, objectified, which is the sum and substance of all teaching. In proportion as we make it the object and aim of life, we pass the spheres of discord, contention and strife, which involves spiritual travail and birth. It is the better way in which Jesus, in whom the Christ-principle obtained, opened the door Godward and traveled therein, and is now considered by many in the New Dispensation their Saviour. We see no distinguishing difference between what has been called salvation and what is now known by enlightened, loving souls to be spiritual evolution.

The earlier forms of expression that have been, were true to the day and dispensation in which they were made—they were religious and useful. The truth now seeks a more exact and comprehensive expression. The former were expressions of belief and faith, the latter expressions of hope and trust, which blend into knowledge and ultimate in growth Godward. Nature, God's mode of evolution, is a continual opening up of life through discreet conditions of good and use; death to the old, involves life in the new—the progressive soul dies daily. We are told by some philosophers that there is no personal God or Saviour, except our inmost better self, upon which we must rely if we would be saved. Irreligious and skeptical as this statement may appear, there is some truth in this direction. All mature, enlightened, thoughtful souls will agree that there is no conflict between exact science and true religion; that enlightened human love is, or is to be, the saviour of the human race; it used to be called "shed blood." It is now known by the spiritually enlightened that God is love, that love is to the soul what blood is to the body, or what sap is to the tree—the life thereof; and that God, or love, in its best estate, coursing through our affectional nature, regeneratively transforms the differentiated soul, from the animal through the human, into the divine department of eternal life.

The statement made by thoughtful and mature friends of superior ability, well-wishers of the human race, that there is no personal God or Saviour except our inmost better self, and that if we would be educated or saved we must educate ourselves, embodies a part but not all of the truth involved, and is to us unsatisfactory. We appreciate self-reliance and persistent endeavor; they should be encouraged, but there are times, states and conditions—environments over which we have little or no control—that "try men's souls." Smoking flax and broken reeds bespeak the fires of nature, disaster and apparent death to the external soul; crucial tests, difficulties apparently insurmountable to our better self, when we must, seemingly, utterly fail, and might, were it not that we know by observation and experience, by precept and example as well as by theory and practice, that our Father, Mother-God is at the helm of Church and State, with innumerable hosts of good men, angels to coöperate with, guide and protect us through the voyage of life. Verily within our inmost, our better self, in the presence-chamber of the soul, our uncreated cause, the personal Christ—subjectively or objectively as our state and condition may be—is. It is not us, not a part of us, it is within our better self, like Lazarus in the grave waiting to come forth; it is, or may be, as distinct and different from us as the infinite, the eternal cause, can be from its finite effects. Not only it, the Christ-principle, but all that are in harmony and coöperate in it, are saviours in proportion to service rendered.

Salvation as taught and practiced by the literal church is a misnomer, and becoming obsolete; it does not save; the shedding of blood for the remission of sins does not remit; vicarious atonement does not atone; the doctrine is too superficial to be believed; too cheap to serve in the new dispensation; what we need is attuned at-onement. Spiritual enlightenment eliminates ignorance, the occasion of sin, and frees the enlightened soul from superstition, bigotry and crime, for the glory of God and the good of all concerned.

We are God's embryo; through the execution of the law it is to be demonstrated. Soul has been defined as mind, the immortal part of man; in the light of this definition there can be but one soul, one mind—all else are but expressions, outbirths of the absolute soul. We believe that considering our knowledge of heredity, prenatal conditions, laws of life, and evolution, with the experience we have had in producing seedlings, etc., in the different kingdoms—especially the animal kingdom—that it is easier, and much more satisfactory to breed up than down; and it is particularly that so little has been attained in this direction, especially in the human department of animal life.

We believe that in the light of the New Dispensation, its inhering divinity, the essential Christ, our Saviour, will so obtain in the love, will and wisdom of the race, that depravity, with ignorance its occasion, will be dispelled as mist before the rising sun, and children, because of their heredity and environments, be born preëminently divine, God-like in their nature and tendencies. Then will the essen-

tial Christ of Christendom be seen and known to be the uncreated and indwelling Saviour of the race.

It may be necessary, in order to unfold the kingdom of heaven here on earth, that we should do more and better for others who are less enlightened or spiritual, than we would want or allow them to do for us. When the kingdom of heaven is opened up in the heart and conscience of the race it will be seen and known that self-denial or sacrifice may consist more in not doing, in not suffering, than it does in going without what we really need for ourselves.

The correction of any system of theory or practice lies not so much in the denial of the principle involved as it does in the further unfolding and harmonious elucidation of the same, its corollaries and all states and conditions pertaining thereto. We are spiritual as well as physical beings—dualities—sons and daughters of Father, Mother-God. Did we not on our Father's side inherit eternal life? Is it not within us an expectancy? Did we not on our Mother's side obtain states, conditions, environments through which this eternal life is to be evolved? For aught we know, may there not be millions upon millions of unfolding spiritual entities occupying every conceivable standpoint in the discreet degrees of spiritual evolution, from the lowest all along up the spiral stairway, in the spiritual sunship of the living God?

The improvement of ourselves and race is a glad, joyous study; it has to do with our affectional nature, the receptivities of the soul; it unfolds the subjective world, its exhaustless energy, and demonstrates the personal existence and all-controlling power of God in the transformation of the human race.

The New Dispensation supposes a change of base for coöperative human and divine action that is radical and effective. In the old, the declining dispensation, the inspiring motive for action was selfish, upon the animal plane; how much money is there in it? or how much can I make for myself? is the question asked; it was suicidal; its adherents cut their own throats in cutting others. In the new, the incoming dispensation, it is still for self-interest, but it is a larger self—it includes the whole human family, the brother and sisterhood of man as well as the Father, the Motherhood of God. In the incoming, the New Dispensation, the question is not how much money may be acquired? how much can I make out of it? but rather, is it good, right and proper? is it the best for all concerned? how much good can I get and give or do for the human family? In brief, it is the practical recognition that the world is our home, God our Father and Mother, and all mankind are our brethren.

Awake! glad morning dawneth,
Its light comes on apace;

Be up, reflect its glory;
Inspire the human race.

There is no time to idle,
To loiter by the way;

For God, good men and angels
Bespeak the coming day.

Boston, Mass.

Written for the Banner of Light.

ONSET-BY-THE-SEA.

BY MRS. HATTIE E. CAIR.

The summer days, they pass too soon

At Onset by the Sea.

Mid scent of woods, and waving grass,

And birdsongs blithe and free.

Within the shadow of these trees

Low whispering to the wind.

The spirit finds companionship

With those of kindred mind;

And drinking in old Ocean's air,

I think: What can with this compare?

I lean upon the earth's warm breast.

Where solitude is found,

And feel a subtle sense of good.

That wraps me all around;

And looking o'er the waters blue,

Where boats their anchors weigh,

I float in thought from sensuous things

Away, ah! far away;

And leaving all earth's cares behind,

A sense of peace and rest I find.

Where can you find a fairer spot

Than Onset-by-the-Sea?

Its bluffs where cooling breezes blow,

Its waters glad and free;

Its pleasant walks and shady paths,

Where fleeting hours are spent,

By tread of slow or eager feet;

On thought or pleasure bent;

In converse with the lost and loved,

Or by some happy impulse moved!

Fair Onset! Mecca to the throngs

Whose pilgrim footsteps come

From far and near, for light and strength

To carry to each home;

To bless them in the afterglow.

When shadows shall grow long,

When they no more as pilgrims here

In spirit shall be strong,

And with the throng that's gone before

Shall come again to Onset's shore.

Onset, August, 1889.

PILGRIM PENCILLINGS.

NO. VI. AND LAST.

(Specially compiled for the Banner of Light.)

BY J. J. MORSE.

Five months, with all their weight of work, have rolled away since the Pilgrim compiled his former Pencilings for THE BANNER's pages, the said compilation having appeared in this journal on the 9th of March, of this year. It is over three years and nine months since the first of these papers appeared, the initial one being printed in THE BANNER of October 3d, 1885, detailing its writer's experiences since landing in this city some two months previous. Ah, yes! four years have now sped past us since our landing, during which our feet have stood in many strange cities, and our road has been over many thousands of miles.

First let a brief chronicle be made of duties done since the point reached in the former contribution, which narrated our Western trip, terminating at our return East, in November last.

The first point of labor was at Paterson, N. J., where a noble few had banded together to maintain a season of seed-sowing on as poor soil as one could find. All honor to those earnest friends of Freedom, and their liberal supporter, Brother Doherty, who of his ample means—unlike so many—was willing to supply the "stew of war" to carry on the good fight. As host, Mr. Doherty is genial; as a Spiritualist, rational and progressive; as a man, eminently successful, owning a large silk mill and employing a great number of work-people. English, as also is his kindly-natured wife, the Pilgrim found under their roof a pleasant resting-place. The lectures were successful, audience good, and all seemed pleased. A subsequent social visit to the pleasant home of Mrs. Hayes and her father, Mr. Noble, enabled him to view a wonderful specimen of Wella Anderson's mediumship, and gain a knowledge of some items of early American and English Spiritualism, that were well worth the knowing. So passed November.

The Pilgrim next labored in this city for December, and again received a warm welcome from his Brooklyn friends, who turned out in force. Conservatory Hall was the scene of operations, and its earnest proprietor, Mr. J. W. Rand, the director. Brooklyn was now no society that promotes Sunday lectures on as poor soil as one could find. All honor to those earnest friends of Freedom, and their liberal supporter, Brother Doherty, who of his ample means—unlike so many—was willing to supply the "stew of war" to carry on the good fight. As host, Mr. Doherty is genial; as a Spiritualist, rational and progressive; as a man, eminently successful, owning a large silk mill and employing a great number of work-people. English, as also is his kindly-natured wife, the Pilgrim found under their roof a pleasant resting-place. The lectures were successful, audience good, and all seemed pleased. A subsequent social visit to the pleasant home of Mrs. Hayes and her father, Mr. Noble, enabled him to view a wonderful specimen of Wella Anderson's mediumship, and gain a knowledge of some items of early American and English Spiritualism, that were well worth the knowing. So passed November.

The first two months of the present year were devoted to Philadelphia, Pa. This society is about as active, well-organized, and its services as largely attended, as any organization in the East. Its morning meetings average two hundred attendants, while some four to six hundred are generally present at night, the number depending much upon the attractiveness of theme and speaker. Modesty compels reticence; suffice it to say, that with two exceptions, the Pilgrim's audiences, in point of intelligence and numbers, were all the most exacting could demand. Bro. W. H. Jones, as Treasurer, Capt. B. F. Benner as Chairman, and Bros. Thompson, Bronson, Capt. Keffer and hosts besides, were brimming over with those kind attentions that make a sojourn in their midst a perpetual pleasure. On the final Sunday evening the Society presented the Pilgrim with a U. S. A. Silk Company banner, as a token of esteem, accompanying the presentation—which was

handsomely done by Capt. Benner—with many warm words of honor and praise far beyond the Pilgrim's deserts, to the Pilgrim. The audience was enthusiastic, and it surely must be about the first case on record where John Bull accepts the stars and stripes from Cousin Jonathan! The two months were passed with the genial family of Mrs. Lydia R. Chase, and right pleasantly the Pilgrim was therein housed and entertained.

The next move was on to Cleveland, O., where on arrival the Pilgrim was fully greeted by the ever-active Thomas Lees, who has so long served our cause in that city. But, alas! how can one appreciate anything if there nestles, in all too friendly closeness, upon one's neck a big, brutal carbuncle, owing a central cavity, and seven minor holes faintly ranged around it? So fared the Pilgrim, and after a night in the sleeper he felt that life was not worth living, if sustaining "bundles was to be his future duty! But the visitor was taken and duly landed at his host's, Mr. E. Muhlhauer's elegant home on Walton Avenue. There, tired, sick and dejected, the poor traveler arrived, to be at once taken in charge by Mrs. Muhlhauer, who is alike a most excellent medium and a charming hostess, as well as a truly motherly-hearted lady. The spirit-doctor came, treatment was given, and in twenty-four hours the "bundle had sold out! The Pilgrim was thankful—very.

Again large audiences, excellent lectures (one upon "Evolution, Spiritually Considered," has been published in pamphlet form—on sale at THE BANNER office) and fine enthusiasm marked the month's work. This being the month of March, the anniversary was celebrated during the Pilgrim's stay, on the last Sunday of the fact—Mrs. C. E. S. Tving, Mrs. E. Anne Hinman, Thomas Lees and the Pilgrim being the talkers, and several youths and maidens the poets and singers of the day; this engagement, as also the anniversary celebration, being under the auspices of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, of Cleveland: The Pilgrim has gotten fairly used to shocks and surprises, after over twenty years of public life, but the Cleveland friends "put it up on him" rather badly at the close of the anniversary services, for, after temporarily closing the curtains across the prettily-decorated platform, there was disclosed upon the stage a very striking tableau consisting of Miss Pearl Lees as "Columbia," waving the stars and stripes, supported on one side by Master Muhlhauer attired as a sailor, waving the Union Jack, and a fair little girl on the other side carrying a British ensign. Mr. Lees then advanced to the front, making a highly eulogistic speech, all about the Pilgrim, his guides, their work, Columbia, Britannia, and lots of other patriotic and personal things, concluding by grasping the staff of a handsome American flag and inviting the Pilgrim to ascend the rostrum and accept it. The Children's Progressive Lyceum, of Cleveland, Ohio, then sang the Pilgrim was surprised is but to mildly express the situation. The enthusiastic plaudits of the crowded auditory, coupled with the most generous sentiments extended by Brother Lees, were literally overwhelming. To reply as one felt was out of the case. When the heart is full, speech is almost impossible. The flag is a beautiful specimen, manufactured to order from domestic silks, the blue union having the stars in gold, as is the inscription blazoned on the field. It is one yard and three-quarters by one yard and one-quarter, edged with a handsome amber fringe, and attached to a fine polished staff surmounted by a gilded finial, and extended wings. Again the Briton received another stars and stripes to carry home with him, and another valued and highly-prized tribute fell to his share from the good friends of the great country wherein he has passed so many pleasant hours during the visit now swiftly drawing to its close.

Eighteen hours, and once more in New York City, to fill an engagement with its First Society for the month of April, on the rostrum good and faithful Mrs. Brigham has so long occupied and adorned. The hospitable doors of Mr. Henry J. Newton again opened to the Pilgrim, and many a pleasant talk with that veteran of the Cause, and his "control," as he discreetly describes his amiable wife, afforded many pleasures. A first class picture of the Pilgrim was obtained in Mr. Newton's private studio, a copy of which is in THE BANNER's sanctum, and as Mr. Newton is a past-master in Photography, as well as President of the Photographic Section of the American Institute, the excellence of the work in question is assured. Excellent success attended the work here, and many regrets were expressed at its being the closing labors with the Society.

During his stay in New York, the members of the American Spiritualist Alliance, by unanimous vote, elected the Pilgrim an honorary member of the same, and graciously put him in possession of a handsome certificate of membership. Also the Pilgrim had the pleasant fortune to lunch and spend several hours with Professor Henry Kiddle, whose earnest devotion to our Cause is so well known, as are also the high literary attainments with which he has adorned his invaluable services to our work. His many contributions to our own and outside journals have been of marked service to the progress of our work.

During May the Pilgrim was for the third time in Washington, D. C., as before, so again the guest of George W. Wolf, President of the Society. Meetings were held in the new G. A. R. Hall, and the lectures were supplemented by the services of Miss Maggie Gaule, of Baltimore, Md., as test medium, and most ably and acceptably were those services rendered. The young lady deserves a place in the front ranks of her profession. Accident prevented a call on Bro. G. A. Bacon, which was much regretted—though we exchanged notes—but nevertheless a good season was spent. Large and enthusiastic audiences, much kindly feeling, and every beautiful comfort from host and hostess, and all the friends, coupled with the rousing farewells, rendered the time speed past all too quick. But every morning has its evening, so all pleasures must have their endings. The friends in this city have a fine Lyceum, and its successful management reflects the utmost credit on all concerned.

During June a return visit was paid to Brooklyn, N. Y., the Sundays being filled at Conservatory Hall again. Being a month beyond the regular season, the attendance was but moderate. Most of July was utilized for needed rest. A visit was made to Richmond, Va., as the guest of George W. Close, chief steward of the Steamship *Old Dominion*, upon which vessel the journeys down and up were made. Capt. Couch and Purser Col. J. M. O'Shaughnessy, as well as host Close, did all that could be done to give the Pilgrim a pleasant time; and in spite of the heat, which ran up to 106 degrees, the voyage was most beneficial in resting and refreshing the tired traveler. Another grateful rest was had at the summer home and farm of Judge A. H. Dailey, of Huntington, L. I. Some ten days were spent at that charming retreat, much to the enjoyment of Mr., Mrs. and Miss Pilgrim. Then came work again, commencing with the sailing of calls for camp duties at Lake Pleasant. A right warm reception from officers and campers, many generous attentions and much cordial good-will, made a necessarily brief stay full of sunshine. Dr. Beals, the worthy president, J. M. Young, the courteous clerk, the Pierces, the Wilsons, the Tices, the Joneses, the Rhyuses, are all gratefully remembered; while the marked improvement on all sides clearly shows the success and popularity that this oldest-established camp is plainly the recipient of. From there to Onset, where another truly gratifying welcome was accorded by old friends and admirers, a fine camp, splendidly located, commanding enormous patronage and liberally attended by mediums of all sorts, it presents attractions unequaled in themselves. Immense audiences, more than enthusiastic, greeted the Pilgrim, endorsed his work and filled him with the pleasure of their sympathy.

While at Onset the Pilgrim met the well-known disciple of Liberal Theosophy, Dr. Elliott Coles, with whom a pleasant interchange of thought was had. The "determination of the personal paradox," as the professor described it, was mutually pleasing, and as both are philosophers in their way, the two Pilgrim and Pilgrim—agreeing to differ on conclusions, each determined to find the truth as best he can.

A night in Boston, the guest of the ever genial Col. W. D. Crockett, Onset's president, and his warm-hearted wife, a flying visit to the good BANNER's home, where its veteran editor was found, and with whom a memorable visit was had, and then off on the "Limited" for New York, reaching home at 10 P. M., wound up the first part of camp work, leaving Cassadaga and a return visit to Onset to complete the four years' work, and no doubt these visits will be as pleasant as the rest.

Now, as the Pilgrim lays down his pen, just a few words as concerns his present visit to Columbia's shores. The unseen ones laid it out for four years. Their plans were given us—ere coming, and all has been fulfilled, in some cases with even startling singularity. Wherever the Pilgrim has gone he has had warmest welcome, unstinted kindness, every sympathy and support. He feels it somewhat hard to go, but it is so ordered. In going he looks with a grateful heart for all the kindness given him and his to THE BANNER, for its unwavering friendship and support; to the officers of all the associations with whom he has labored; to the innumerable host of friends he has met and made, he here records his deepest thanks, joined to the hope that if, hereafter, he is to return, he may be treated then as he has been now.

On Thursday, Aug. 20th, at nine A. M., the steamship *State of Indiana*, of the "State Line," will head out of her dock for the wide Atlantic, laying her course for Glasgow, Scotland's capital, where, at the special invitation of the Society, the Pilgrim and his family will land. As these shores fade from our sight, and the silence of the deep swallows the roar of the city, we shall see in the eye of the soul the faces of our dear good friends who are leaving, and with the inner ear shall hear their ever-remembered voices. Adieu to you all, East, West, North and South. May the good angels bless and guide you all in ways of peace and joy, and may the record of the Briton's labors be the proof of his sincere service to that Cause, unfolded first in far Columbia, and by her sent to Britannia on her sea-lane, and last, good friends, perhaps we may meet again—if not here, certainly in that brighter world our philosophy has opened to our knowledge.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

A MORNING IN NORTH CAROLINA.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light.

What a lovely morning!—away down in North Carolina, in the sleepy old Moravian town of Kernersville!

About the year 1790 this place was selected by Caleb Story, an Irishman, who, it is said, bought four hundred acres for four gallons of rum. It has the highest altitude of any non-mountainous point in the State, being eleven hundred feet above the sea. To the northwest Pilot and Sauratown mountains tower, about thirty miles distant; while on a clear day, against the horizon line, can be seen the peaks of the Blue Ridge. The unobstructed elevation gives a pleasant breeze for the hot days of summer, and the nights are refreshingly cool.

It is a roomy town, with wide, straggling streets, boundless shaded by sycamores, poplars, oaks, elms, maples and overgreens—not planted in orderly rows, but grouped and scattered in the delightfully haphazard, but harmonious, fashion of the spontaneous forest. As you walk the narrow footpaths bordering the grass-grown streets, sweetbrier and honeysuckle reach rough and over the fence they have almost buried from sight to detain you. Old-fashioned gardens with box-bordered walks, hollyhocks, "old man," marigolds and luxuriant rosebushes surround old-fashioned houses, with their dormer windows, projecting gables, low roofs and wide porches.

Fruit is plenty, both cultivated and wild. Yesterday I was in an orchard where I waded about in the long grass from cherry tree to peach, and from peach to plum, so utterly oblivious of all save the mellow, sun-fattened fruit that I almost stumbled over a "fritter." Now if there is anything in the insect kingdom I dread familiarity with, it is the busy bee and his yellow-jacketed cousin, the wasp. We do not seem to understand each other.

One of the latter ones flew into the room where I was sitting, when I started for the door. Some one cried, "Let him alone and he won't touch you. Don't be a coward." Now I do not like to be called a coward, so I stayed, and the result was a lump the size of a goose-egg, that ought to have been on my mentor's head instead of mine. I am sure I did not wish to touch that wasp, but somehow he seemed to construe my frantic efforts to keep out of his way into a desire to fight, so he fought and—conquered. Remembering this, I hurriedly and stealthily stole away from the orchard, leaving the bees in undisturbed possession of their fruity pasture-land.

Early in the morning when the shadows are stretching westward and the dewy coolness of the night yet haunts the air, along the country roads come sunbonneted, barefooted figures bearing baskets, wooden buckets and tin pails filled with "dew-berries." A few hours later the same figures may be seen leaving the town with brown-paper parcels protruding from baskets and buckets. An exchange has been made, and the "pickers" of the morning ward with a new calico dress, a few pounds of coffee and sugar, or an ounce or two of snuff, while the merchant retails the "dew-berries" at three cents per quart.

One of the features of the highways is the long scow-shaped canvas or cotton-covered wagons that come toiling slowly over the white road line through the shady streets, and after a lengthy pause at the "general store," away out again toward the green stretches of fruitful field and fallow land.

Another feature that does not confine itself to the highways, but marks alike the meadows, the orchard, the mountain and the valley, the forest and the open, is the host of song-birds. In the cool of the morning and evening the "Bob-White," the robin, the cat-bird, the pewee, the mockingbird, and many others whose names I do not know, hold the most delightfully informal praise meetings, where every one flits about at his own sweet will, and every pair of wings covers at once a priest and a worshiper.

Last night, sitting in the moonlight on the wide porch of the hotel, I was first startled and then charmed by a low, sweet plaintive voice in the great cedars overhead, softly crying, "Whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will!"

And those cedars! said to have been planted by the redoubtable Caleb himself more than a century ago—two rows of them, forming as grand a cathedral aisle as ever the blue sky arched! And beneath them such a queer, quaint, odoriferous, old-fashioned garden! "Box," fifty years old, sweet jasmine, honeysuckle, sensitive tree with its fuzzy bloom, and roses—climbing roses and hedge roses, red roses, pink roses and white, large and small, clambering over the deserted cabins, which in ante-bellum days were the "quarters," and shrouding in gracious loveliness the dilapidated picket fences—lovely, fragrant roses everywhere!

HELEN STUART-RICHINGS.

Southern California.

The *Saturday Evening Spectator*, Minneapolis, Minn., recently contained a letter from the pen of the poet James G. Clark, wherein were made the following references to Santa Barbara and Sumnerland:

"The most magnificent stretch of ocean-shore scenery I have found on the Pacific coast is in the vicinity of Santa Barbara. It is a wonderful picture, in which the massive mountains roll away to the northeast and the arms of the mainland stretch out on either side into the sea, while in the foreground at the southwest the islands lift their brown heights above the warm, blue and shimmering waters to an elevation of 2,500 feet. This is the picture which Nature hangs out in sight of the dwellers of the Santa Barbara coast. I sometimes wonder if they appreciate it."

In the very heart of the picture is located the "Chautauqua" of the Spiritualists, beautiful "Sumnerland." Being—as my friends know—an "Eclectic" in theology, and finding something good in all systems which dignify human existence through a rational faith in the soul's indestructibility and endless progression, I do not aim to tear down any; but rather strive to help and aid in the development of the good in all, trusting in the survival of the best.

My association and acquaintance with our Spiritualist friends, especially those who live above the mere phenomenal or elementary plane, has led me to love and respect them for their sympathy with all true reform, and their practical illustration of the Christian graces. I find less of the spirit of social caste among them than I do among the average members of any of our great denominations. I am glad that in their new and fifty-named "Sumnerlands" they have at last established a rallying point and home of their own, near matchless Santa Barbara, where they can secure cheap lots for dwellings, and hold summer and winter camp-meetings, and like our church friends, blend pleasure with utility, in search of higher life, growth and expression."

Cleveland Notes.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light.

The dearth of Spiritualistic news during the summer vacation must be my excuse for the absence of "Cleveland Notes" lately. True, the two societies on the west side of the city have kept their meetings running all the summer, but it was rather from fear of incurring the difficulties of reorganizing after a vacation than any particular interest manifested in summer meetings.

The *Spiritual Advance Thought Organization*, presided over by Mrs. Helen S. Parker, meets every Sunday afternoon on Pearl street, in a new furnished hall, nicely located and well adapted for such meetings.

The *Spiritualists' Progressive Thought Society* meets in Probeck's Hall, Franklin Avenue, near the Circle. A Sunday School has lately been organized. It meets every Sunday at 1:30 P. M., and is followed at 3 o'clock by a lecture. Mrs. Mary A. Conble, trance-medium, Mr. C. C. Stevens presiding, the services usually with a séance or circle; but societies are for the development of home-mediumship. Considering the absence of so many Spiritualists from the city, and the "ennui" incidental to summer-time, the meetings are fairly well attended.

The *Children's Progressive Lyceum* will resume its meetings in Memorial Hall, Sunday, Sept. 1st, 10:45 A. M. Already the new Conductor-elect, Mr. L. W. Pope, is preparing for that time by holding a series of informal meetings every Sunday morning, in the ante-room of the hall, at which suggestions are received and acted upon from all who are interested in the work who may be in attendance. Mr. J. W. Pope, formerly of Chagrin Falls, O., but now a resident of this city, although entirely new to the Lyceum work, is eminently well qualified for the position of a genial gentleman with a well-qualified and experienced medium, and capable of imparting to others all he knows about it, or anything else, a man of ideas and language, and being above all of kindly disposition, and a lover of children, he will no doubt add great strength to the cause in his new official duties, and build up and popularize the Spiritualists' Lyceum in this city. In assuming the arduous duties of Conductor, Mr. Pope earnestly desires the coöperation of all the Spiritualists in Cleveland. Friends, let us have it, for without it success is impossible. Our Lyceum is nearing the completion of its first quarter of a century's existence. Let its celebration next January mark an epoch in its history worthy of its founder, (A. J. Davis) and stimulating to all Lyceums in the country and the cause at large.

The *Advocate of Scientific Spiritualism*, proposed giving a course of Sunday lectures during the coming season, the time, place and speakers not yet fully decided on. In *Memoriam C. Frank Rand*—Boston's grief is shared by Cleveland. It was with sorrow we learned through the BANNER of the death of our friend and our friend's friend, C. Frank Rand, a Spiritualist without a single doubt, and who was a religious and thoughtful man for many years. His death was a great loss to the spiritual world, and his passing has been made happy by her kindness and generosity. A large attendance was present at the funeral services, which took place at the family home on Euclid Avenue. The

muscle and flowers were worthy of that world to which she has gone. For some reason unknown to the writer, the Rev. Dr. C. H. Bates, of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, officiated. The funeral ritual he read seemed sadly out of harmony with the occasion—jarring on those of her friends who had enjoyed her acquaintance and partaken of the spiritual feast she frequently spread for them.

Still Another Transition.—Gilbert W. Henderson, aged thirty-nine, a victim to consumption. In his death he passed away a brilliant mind and a noble spirit. He was a valuable friend, being the editor-in-chief of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, his thorough knowledge of the Spiritual Philosophy and belief in it made him of great value to the movement here. From his pen came the best reports of Spiritualism ever made in this city. Mr. H. died at his home in Cleveland, Ohio, on the 28th inst. He was a man of great force and helped many to the victory over the press we had so long fought for. His able reports of our fact meetings three years ago were copied extensively by other papers in the States. He will be missed before his place will be as well filled. Yet

"Rest in peace! We would not cut thee back
To know the grief that comes with riper years."
Fraternally yours,
THOS. LEES.

Banner Correspondence.

Massachusetts.
ONSET.—Mrs. Flora B. Cabell (of Washington, D. C.) writes: "Capt. Cabell and myself arranged with Mrs. Ross for a private seance at nine A. M. on Tuesday, July 23d. We sat in the centre of the room, and spirits came out to us in groups, two or three talking to us at one time. Of those who came were Capt. Cabell's father and mother, my own parents, sisters and brothers and colored servants; at one time there were seven spirits with us at once. This was the first time my father ever came. At the suggestion of one of the spirits we all knelt together in prayer—white and black, master and slaves. My dear father knelt by my side. I held his hand, which I could recognize by its peculiar form. He knelt slowly and stiffly, as if weighted with his eighty years of life. During my conversation with the colored servants, one, who gave the name of 'Eliza,' whom we had owned in the days of slavery, said, in answer to my question whether they were black in spirit-life: 'Our souls are white; we are not slaves; we are free here. My two children who loved you so well are also here in spirit-life with me.' Here she brought forward her daughter, who came up to me and saluted me. She called me by an abbreviation of my given name, by which our servants were accustomed to address me at that period of my life. She said: 'You have the bills of sale for us at your home.' This is the case, though no one here but ourselves knew the fact. In the course of our conversation these spirits fully identified themselves by reference to many things in the past only known to us.

A number of old acquaintances materialized, and proved their identity. Gen. John G. Foster and Gen. George P. Estey came in their military uniforms, giving their full names. Col. Clarence Prentice, the son of George Prentice, of Louisville, Ky., came with his wife. Col. Prentice was with my husband in the late war, and spoke to him of circumstances connected therewith.

A colored man servant, named 'Charley,' who had been my husband's trusted steward on board the boat, came forward and manifested his devotion as of old, and fully identified himself. He said: 'Master, I am still watching over your interests as I ever did.' This was characteristic of him; we always found him honest and faithful, and a deep and true friendship seemed to exist between my husband and this humble individual.

I had a brother who was killed in 1840 in a political difficulty between himself and another editor. He came to me and fully identified himself, giving me his name and the location of the bullet-wound that caused his death. He also gave the name of the man who killed him, and described the fate that subsequently befell him. My brother at his death was engaged to a young lady who some years afterward followed him to spirit-life, still unmarried. At this seance he brought her with him and told me that he had changed her name from Caroline to Lily, because she had been faithful to her vows, and they were now walking hand-in-hand together in spirit-life.

These friends who came seemed to be fully conversant with our daily life at home. They met us with all their old affection and regard, showing that the change called death does not sever the chain of love nor the familiar ties of friendship and kindred, but that these continue without a break. Of this we receive proof on such occasions as this—here record, when friends return beyond the veil to greet us with the old familiar words of greeting and the warm hand-clasp of love."

BOSTON.—A correspondent desirous of giving credit to whom it is due, writes: "It is alleged that Senator Gleason, an allopathic M. D., of Plymouth County, did as much as any one member in that Legislature of this State to defeat the doctors' plot law. He was wont to remark that he had all the practice he wanted; and when his brother Senators came to him to ask about the necessity of a restrictive law, he would inform them that he did not and should not advocate it. This one word from a doctor like him was sufficient to settle the question with many not as well informed on the subject as himself. Plymouth County could not do better than to return him to the General Court as a Senator."

TAUNTON.—"A. W. L." writes: "Hon. Joseph B. Hall, who passed from this sphere of existence on Friday, the 5th of July, at his home in Presque Isle, Me., was long a true and able expounder of the fact and philosophy of Modern Spiritualism. He had been the editor of several papers, and while such never allowed an opportunity to pass unimproved to advocate and defend what was to him a truth of inestimable value. At a time when Spiritualism was very unpopular, and many who knew it to be true shrank from publicly acknowledging their belief, Mr. Hall stood before a large audience in a public hall in Augusta, Me., and clearly stated that he was glad to say he was a firm believer, having been convinced of the truth of Spiritualism by manifestations of the presence of spirits and their power to communicate with friends on earth, which he could not for a moment doubt. He was at that time Secretary of the State of Maine, and his bold avowal had great weight among a class of intelligent people who had hitherto thought the subject unworthy their attention.

Mr. Hall led a very active and useful life, and filled many offices of trust and honor in his native State (Maine). His last services were given to the railroad enterprise known as 'The Direct Line'—the N. & A. Railroad—now fast approaching completion.

Three months previous to his departure from us he had a premonition that his earth-life was nearing its close, and alluded to the expected change as one naturally would who understood death to be simply a passing to a higher state of living.

His faith in Spiritualism was to the last his crowning blessing. He experienced great solace and comfort in communication with his friends in the Summer-Land. My angels bless and strengthen his dear companion and children, who are left to mourn, yet not without the light that sheds its beams from the constellation of spirits. They know that he is with them still."

Canada.
MONTREAL.—Geo. Dawson writes, Aug. 6th: "The platform of the Religio-Philosophical Temple was recently occupied by G. W. Walrond, a fine trained speaker, who has arrived in Canada from Glasgow, Scotland. Mr. Walrond is a retired officer of the British Army, and evidently a man of intelligence and ability, as well as a zealous and energetic advocate of Spiritualism. Judging from notices of his work which have appeared in the *Two Worlds*, he has done good service to our Cause on the other side of the water. I trust that an opportunity will soon be afforded him of doing a similar work here in Canada. Mr. Walrond arrived in Montreal quite unexpected, and gave the Spiritualists an agreeable surprise. To say that his address, alluded to above, gave universal satisfaction, would be to but feebly express the feelings of all who had the pleasure of listening to his first public effort on this side of the At-

lantic. He resided at present at 170 Park street, Hamilton, Ont."

Ohio.
CINCINNATI.—"A Student of Nature" writes as follows upon "The Phenomena of Sound": "Sound is the voice of Nature speaking aloud. If we study the mixture of voices many incongruities occur through the intermingling of sounds set in motion in the forces of nature by our ideas, voices and work. We often understand the voice differently from the meaning expressed by the person, or misunderstand the person when we do hear the words correctly.

That sounds are very deceptive was illustrated to me a few evenings ago, coming up the street of Columbia. Listening to music playing about a square back, I suddenly heard a hand heard playing the same tune, yet with all the distinctness of separation. It was so distinct and positive that it surprised me. As long as I listened without change of thought it remained so, but the moment I questioned or sought an explanation I found it dissolved into the sounds of a church choir a square ahead. My mind being intent on the band and the volume of sound much stronger, it intermingled with and swallowed up the distinguishing intentions of the church choir. I have several times noticed in passing the same spot while the choir was singing, that the music sounded positively as though inside of a large barn on the opposite side of the street, some hundred feet this side the church.

Phenomena means unusual or new, and the term should be used with great caution, as our sense of feeling depends upon a correct interpretation with ourselves. If we understand somebody in conversation to say something not agreeable to us, how quick a hurtful feeling permeates our whole system. If we find in truth that sounds have deceived us, we as quickly recover our equilibrium of ordinary flow of a peaceful life. This shows that the great power of success is in governing ourselves, as we far more often make our own misery by anticipation or by receiving sounds as facts without duly considering whether we may not be mistaken, than we do by the faults of others.

May not much of what are supposed to be voices, be germs of thought already planted in the general mind, forcing their way through our physical soil, in a growing voice?"

Maine.
CORNVILLE.—Samuel Woodman writes: "While many are skeptical of immortality and others believe without evidence, it seems wise for all individuals to summon what of evidence they may gather of the fact. Tangible evidence is what all should seek. Would we prove the truth of immortality, let us do as we would with a case in court, by stating what we believe, what we have read in a book or some other person has told us, but by stating what we know.

Thirty years ago I was told by my wife (in spirit-life), through a writing-medium, that I should hear her spirit-voice and see her eye to eye, with other of my spirit-friends, in the progress of this glorious light. Five years ago last May I met my wife, as she said, I should. Two days later I met my sister Sarah, who passed to spirit-life Nov. 12th, 1833, at a seance of Mrs. Fay, in Boston. In that seance of forty strangers I was called to the cabinet and told that Sarah was there. Very soon she came out and greeted me very cordially, more so than ever any one in mortal life. She took both my hands in her own and drew me into the cabinet, where she placed our hands on the medium's head. A day or two later (same place) she came to the cabinet and stood before me, appearing desirous of making her self look as natural as possible, and, after standing a minute or two, dematerialized outside the cabinet. A skeptic might question the fact of the spirit being my sister. My only reply is that if it was some one else, I know intelligence was there, which answers my purpose of the proof of immortality all the same without the confirmation given by herself in *The Banner of Light* of May 10th, 1889, and published in *The Banner of Light*, every word of which is true to the letter."

Connecticut.

NEW HAVEN.—E. P. Goodsell writes: "The religious teachers of the people declare they cannot assure them that they are immortal; but all earnest inquirers must wait for a solution of that important question until the resurrection of their bodies from their graves. These same teachers must know, through their own reasoning powers, that at that indefinite time in the future their physical bodies will have mouldered to dust and been taken up and assimilated by living bodies. Hence a physical raising of dead bodies is impossible; and the preachers know it to be so. Thus the future life hidden from the people, forces them into materialism and belief in annihilation, as the result of the present life. But for their opposition of the spirit-world, the people would know that they have a spiritual body, and that their own life is now and ever will be continuous. The physical body is but a temporary while, but the spirit is the life thereof. I deem that ignorance in the present age of investigation of spiritual facts which prove immortality is inexcusable. Let the teachers inform themselves of spiritual facts, and thus be qualified to teach. Immortality is a truth not to be ignored, nor much longer hidden from the people."

Pennsylvania.

SCRANTON.—S. J. Higgs writes, Aug. 16th: "Mrs. C. H. Loomis-Hall, of Boston, made a brief visit to this city last week and held a private seance. It is hoped she will soon repeat her visit and give an opportunity to others to witness the remarkable phenomena produced through her finely-developed mediumship."

New York.

SAUQUOIT.—Joseph P. Smith writes commendatory of the general tone and policy of the *BANNER OF LIGHT*. "It speaks," he says, "in no uncertain tone, and is doing valiant work in the demolition of moss-grown citadels of error, and dark and dismal Bastilles of false religion."

THE RIVER.

I dreamt that I saw de ribber ob life,
Dat flows to de Jaspah sea;
De angels war wadin' to an' fro,
But none ob 'em spoke to me;
Some dipped dere wings in de silv'ry tide,
Some wore alone, and some side by side;
My time to cross 'd come, some I could see,
O' dat ribber ob life,
De ribber ob life,
Dat flows to de Jaspah sea.

I see quine to ford dat ribber ob life,
An' see de eternal day;
I see quine to hear dem heavenly bands,
An' feel de tech of one-time hands;
Dat long hab passed away,
Dars crowns ob glory fo' all, I'm told,
An' lubly harps wud strings ob gold;
An' I know of dars peace beyond dat sea,
Wid res' fo' de weary, dars res' fo' me.
Beyond dat ribber,
Dat flows to de Jaspah sea.

—New York *Witness*.

Facts for Married Folks.

At the request of many of our readers, says the *New York Journal*, the following order of weddings is published:
At the end of the first year—Cotton wedding.
Second year—Paper wedding.
Third year—Leather wedding.
Fourth year—Wooden wedding.
Fifth year—Savannah wedding.
Sixth year—Woolen wedding.
Seventh year—Silk and Fine Linen wedding.
Eighth year—Crystal wedding.
Ninth year—China wedding.
Tenth year—Silver wedding.
Eleventh year—Pearl wedding.
Twelfth year—Ruby wedding.
Thirteenth year—Diamond wedding.
Fourteenth year—Diamond wedding.
Fifteenth year—Diamond wedding.

The Indiana Association of Spiritualists.
of Springfield, Ill., at Westernfield Hall, Anderson, Ind., at 10 o'clock A. M., on Thursday, Sept. 26th, and continue four days.
There will be a number of good speakers and test mediums in attendance, among whom are Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Bates and Mrs. Colby-Luther, well known to Spiritualists, who will contribute largely to the work and entertainment.
A most cordial invitation is extended to every one to come and participate in this religious and earnest appeal to aid in giving an impetus to the spiritual work in Indiana. Board and lodging at the Hotel House for 75 cents to \$1.00 per person. *CAROLINE HILLGOMBS, Sec'y.*

LIFE AND LABOR

IN THE SPIRIT-WORLD:

Being a Description of Localities, Employments, Surroundings, and Conditions in the Spheres.

BY MEMBERS OF THE SPIRIT-BAND OF MISS M. T. SHELIAMER.

Medium of the *Banner of Light* Public Free Circle.

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BEING THE BOOK OF THE ILLUMINATIONS OF ANNA (BONUS) KINGSFORD.

EDITED BY EDWARD MANTLAND.

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BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

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What is Spiritualism?

In answer to the question: "Is Spiritual Science hostile to Religion?" in his book on "The Scientific Basis of Spiritualism," Epes Sargent declares that "Thought is the supreme factor in the universe. Thoughts are not mere evanescent nothings. They have an almost objective force. They build up and shape the fabric of our minds, as snowflakes make the avalanche. Even the thoughts of delirium, though we may not be responsible for them, leave their impress. All that we are is the result of what we have thought. . . . To drive out bad thoughts by good, error by truth, and to give our best, most unbiased thinking to the cause of truth, is the road to the gate of heaven. This is the great admonition which we get from Spiritualism. . . . To those who have surmounted the perplexities, abuses and misconstructions, the ennuis and the disaffections which beset one's way to it, and which are all accounted for by eternal laws operative both in the sensual and supersensual spheres, it is the summit of all earthly content."

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond discoursed on this high question: "What is Spiritualism?" in the latter part of July, and said that to tell what Spiritualism is would be to give the entire spiritual or religious history of the world; not its creeds, formulas and dogmas, for these belong only to a particular age or period; but the spirit of religion must be spiritual, and if there is spirituality it must emanate from God, who is spirit, and from His ministering angels and spirits. This is Spiritualism; that God is spirit, and that He employs angels and spirits to minister to mortals according to His wish and their needs.

Orthodox Christianity is a formulated system of belief, but unfortunately it predicates its belief more upon the testimony or translations of men than upon the teachings of Christ. If Spiritualism is in accord with the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, it must differ from the accepted doctrines of the orthodox Christians. If there were but one creed in the world, and there were no differences among the Christians, one might the more readily believe that the forms accepted by evangelical Christians are the ones essential to human salvation; but there were no established formulas and creeds until three hundred years and more after Christ. This formulation did not take place under inspiration, and the compilation of the books that form the Bible was entrusted to some two hundred persons, all of whom could not have been inspired, and therefore could not have selected from the number of writings presented precisely the ones intended by the divine spirit to be used. To suppose that their translation of that compilation, too, was in exact conformity to the will and wish of God, is to suppose what is not claimed and what no reasonable man can accept.

And it seems incompatible with the teachings of Christ that the Jewish Bible should be claimed by Christians. The Hebrew religion was a separate and distinct religion. Paul was trained a Jew, and was the only educated man among the apostles; and he translated the teachings of Christ according to his previously conceived opinions. Jesus, himself, was a Nazarene, one of the most despised among the tribes of Israel, living apart, and refusing to observe the external forms of the orthodox Jewish church. Hence there is no reason why the Old Testament, made up as it is of Jewish books, should be made a part of the Christian

Bible. As the Jews refuse to accept Jesus, and the Jewish religion is separate and distinct to-day, it is preposterously absurd that Christians should claim the Hebrew Bible as a portion of their sacred Book, especially as the New Testament distinctly declares that it is a spiritual revelation, and that Christ was a new light come into the world. But it is not so strange, either, when we come to consider that the practices in Christian countries are much more in keeping with the Jewish law than with the mild and gentle teachings of Christ. The foundations of the Christian governments of the world are Jewish, and not Christian.

But humanity is better than its dogmas. Few, if any, orthodox clergymen dare preach openly the dreadfully cruel tenets of John Calvin. The world has outgrown the horrors of such a so-called religion; the creed may remain the same, and the forms also, but a milder and humaner interpretation has followed. Why such a monstrous and intricate theological creed should have been evolved or constructed upon the Sermon on the Mount, is beyond human comprehension. The life of Christ has been complicated into one of the most mysterious and impossible things for man's acceptance, while in the record which is claimed to be authority in the Christian church it forms the simplest and most easily understood religion, is the purest and most exalted, is unattended with any horrors, and is only a blessing, a light, and a divinity.

The Roman Catholic Church has kept alive the essential fires of inspiration by permitting and recognizing the power of spiritual gifts. Sometimes it put to death those persons for exercising spiritual gifts whom it subsequently made into saints to be worshiped. So, too, Protestantism has put to death, persecuted, or socially ostracised those whom it afterward turned and clothed with the highest honors and reverence it could bestow. But now Spiritualism sweeps in between intelligence and bigotry, enlightenment and dogma, the church and materialism, with testimony from the only realm that can declare anything about man's immortality—the life, the light, the power of the spirit-world. It meets that materialism which the creeds have been unable to meet, with the only evidence that the world contains of man's continuous life hereafter, claiming that the living testimony of departed spirits and the manifestations of the present hour are God's present testimony to man. Spiritualism is the new inspiration of the present hour. It offers the open door of spiritual communion.

It comes not to destroy the spirit of Christ's religion; but just as he set aside the forms of the Jewish church so do Spiritualists outgrow all that cramps and hinders in the creeds and forms of the Christian church. It declares that God is a God of love, that Christ is a Saviour of mercy and love. It proclaims a milder faith, a more perfect truth. It teaches that angels and ministering spirits have not left the earth, and that the gateways of the spirit-world have not been closed for a thousand and more years past. It tells us that we are not permitted by any thin film of creed, or any small measure of atonement, or even by any death-bed repentance, to enter into a state of spirit-life higher than our life here has prepared us for. It offers the hope and promise and certain salvation to the whole world by earning it, and not before. It teaches that mere belief is of little consequence, but that a pure life and good and kind actions are the only salvation. It says that moral infirmities are like diseases that must be cured by the great healing power of knowledge, and wisdom, and love. It conquers death and its terrors, draws aside the veil that separates from the invisible realm, and teaches that the kingdom of heaven is the entire universe of God.

Sir John Franklin.

In our issue of July 20th we gave some account of a spirit manifestation in England, detailing specific directions whereby, if followed, the fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions might have been discovered nine years before it really was. The full details of this manifestation were the subject, as we have stated, of a volume by a clergyman of Liverpool, Rev. J. H. Skewes, published last spring. Subsequently Sir Leopold M'Cintock, who was in command of the expedition of 1847, in a letter to the *Liverpool Post*, denied the truth of the statements made by Mr. Skewes, and said that Miss Cracroft, Lady Franklin's niece, had authorized him to appeal to her in support of his denial. Mr. Skewes immediately wrote to Miss Cracroft to learn how the matter stood—whether she was or was not willing to endorse M'Cintock's avowal that Mr. Skewes had fabricated a fiction; but Miss Cracroft maintained a sphinx-like silence.

Mr. Skewes, it will be remembered, previously said he had in his possession the original letters of Lady Franklin and Miss Cracroft, substantiating to the fullest extent the truth of all his statements regarding the spirit revelation given through the media agency of a child of Capt. Coppin. Since Miss Cracroft, by her silence, refused to affirm or deny, Mr. Skewes, in defense of his character, determined upon publishing these letters; but this he was prevented from doing by a notice to the press from Miss Cracroft's solicitors, forbidding their publication or even extracts from them. Under these circumstances nothing remained for Mr. S. to do but to make a general reference to the contents of the letters. This he has done in the *Liverpool Post* of July 19th, wherein he states that on June 11th, 1850, six days after the sailing of Lady Franklin's first expedition, Capt. Coppin, the father of the "little child," received from Lady Franklin a most important letter. In connection with this letter he challenges Miss Cracroft or Sir Leopold to deny the following: That her ladyship received from Capt. Coppin an account of the "revelation"; that she firmly believed it; that her belief was so strong that it could not be set aside by all the Arctic authorities; that this revelation she deemed to be supernatural; that, as such, she gave instructions to Capt. Forsyth and his chief officer; that she had less faith in Forsyth's carrying out her instructions than in his chief officer; that she went to Liverpool and saw the Messrs. Horsfall on the subject of assisting her; that, as believers more or less in the revelation, they promised a ship as a consort to the Prince Albert; that she and the Messrs. Horsfall agreed not to make known to the merchants of Liverpool the supernatural aspect of the case; and that she waited with anxiety to know the results of the efforts founded on the revelation.

Mr. Skewes offers £500 to Miss Cracroft or Sir Leopold if either can show that the above statements are not true, and he thinks it rather singular, if they are not, that so much money should be spent to prohibit the appearance in public of the letters which would place beyond all dispute the facts in the case.

Horace Seaver.

THE BANNER joins its voice with the many now being raised in appreciation of the life-work of that veteran apostle of Free Thought, the late Horace Seaver, a brief account of whose life and report of whose obsequies will be found on the first and fifth pages of the present issue.

Mr. Seaver was our life-long friend; we have for years admired his unflinching attitude regarding the theologic creeds which New England has so persistently buttressed with forms of law and sentimentality with the shibboleths of social custom.

Mr. Seaver rose from the printer's case to the editorial chair, and left a noble record in whatsoever department of life he devoted his energies.

Although he held the views of a non-immortalist, he was nevertheless open to consider all things pertaining to human welfare; and has frequently in public and private taken the broadest views along humanitarian lines; glimpses of his inner nature have longed us to feel that within his heart of hearts he was a conscientious agnostic concerning, not a bald denial of, the possibility of a continuous, conscious existence for the fellow-men whom he so much loved and strove to benefit while in mortal life.

Mr. Seaver was a close reader of the BANNER OF LIGHT, Mr. Mendum, the publisher of *The Investigator*, (himself an old personal friend of ours), once stating to us that when a number of THE BANNER was missing, Mr. Seaver seemed disappointed, as it was invariably perused by him on the Sabbath, as a sort of "Sunday Bible."

The following editorial remarks from the columns of a Boston daily so clearly meet our endorsement that we append them as a fitting close to this appreciative word: Preferring (as we have mainly done in our report elsewhere) to use the terms of the secular press in this regard, in order that our readers at distant points may attain to a conception of the standing Mr. Seaver won in this community through a perusal of the language used regarding him (at his decease) by men, the great majority of whom may be safely counted as his very antitheses in conviction and belief:

"There was so much sterling goodness of mind and heart in this eminent and self-made free-thinker [Mr. Seaver], and his opinions have been so honestly and fearlessly expressed for the last fifty years, that he has commanded the respect of even those who differed from him. He always hit square from the shoulder, and you always knew where to find him. What was weak in the forms of Christianity with which he was most familiar he did not hesitate to expose, and it was easy to see why, as a very pronounced individualist, taking a not uncommon view of a certain type of Christianity as a representative of the Christian religion, he was led to glory in being an 'infidel.' He belonged to a group of men who, fifty years ago or less, were come-outers from orthodox Christianity, and felt that they had reason to justify their action. Among them were Garrison, Phillips, Parker and Pillsbury. These men were reformers in politics and in religion, and had great influence during the 'reform era' in New England life. Society is changed to-day from what it was when these men held forth most successfully, but forty or fifty years ago the services to society at large which these men rendered cannot be too highly appreciated, and among them Mr. Seaver held a high and honorable place."

The Obligations of Civilization.

In a recent lecture of Mr. Charles Dawbarn, on the "Obligations of Civilization in the Nineteenth Century," he stated that the field of human knowledge is wider now than it ever was before, and that it is taking into consideration phenomena and facts that a little while ago were neither known nor comprehended. The experiment in hypnotism, instituted and carried on by Dr. Charcot and other physicians of Paris, was a case in point. Hypnotism is merely another name for mesmerism, and is a condition of sleep, a semi-trance, in which sensitive persons are completely under the control of the operator.

When in England, last winter, the lecturer spent some days with a Methodist clergyman in a little seaport town, who related to him the following story: His little girl of ten years was one day taken with what the family thought was a fit. She came out of it, and after a few days had a similar attack, when she began to talk in an unknown tongue. The family were greatly mystified with what they heard. A vessel came into the port one day, having some Russian sailors on board, and one of them happened to stop at the minister's house while the little girl was talking in the unknown tongue. The sailor at once recognized it as correct and elegant Russian. He translated what she spoke as she went along. The spirit controlling the little girl gave the whole story of his life, telling where he was born, where he lived, where he died, and all the circumstances of his career. Subsequent investigation made in Russia revealed the accuracy of the statement, the story of the spirit being confirmed by his family in all its parts.

Thousands of facts of a similar nature, said the lecturer, serve to show that the horizon bounding the vision of mankind is constantly growing wider, and that facts hidden from human vision hitherto are coming into view. He spoke of the folly of wasting time in studying ancient systems of thought and religion, and in poring over dead languages, when the knowledge of the present day is so much better. When Christ came preaching the gospel of love and unselfishness, living an almost perfect life, and helping poor suffering humanity wherever he could, it is no wonder that the people turned from their fiendish, blood-stained gods, and "heard him gladly."

We in this age are inheritors of all the past. We live in the light of a knowledge which that world never knew. We do not need to cling to the past in anything. We do not need the religions of the past any more than we need its fashions for our daily dress. We are only to act up to our opportunities, living the very best lives we can live, not giving any thought seriously to "death," for there is no death. And so living, we shall do good while we are in the world, and leave it at last in peace.

The Boston Spiritual Temple Society will, on Sunday, Oct. 6th, commence its eighth lecture season, in Berkeley Hall, corner of Tremont and Berkeley streets. Speaker for October, Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, to be followed by Mrs. R. S. Lillie for the month of November.

We shall print next week an essay from the pen of J. WILLIAM FLETCHER, entitled "THE CAUSE OF SUICIDE."

Warren Chase pays a well-merited tribute of recognition to Hudson Tuttle's latest work—see seventh page. The book is a standard one, and deserves an extensive sale.

Tips for Paid Services.

The editor of the *Century Magazine* has come down in deserved phrases of censure on the detestable practice of "tipping" waiters and others, which is rapidly becoming a practice that not every one who condemns it can nevertheless withstand. It is indeed a nuisance, and there is neither sense nor justice in it. In European countries it is silently assented to and universally provided for among necessary expenses. But it is a bad practice all the same, and ought never to be allowed to prevail in this country. People who refuse to comply with it are considered stingy and treated accordingly by those who are employed to serve them.

The practice becomes still more offensive when it exposes, as it often does, an employer to the suspicion of being a party to it himself, by compelling those he employs to make up their wages in large part from the tips they may receive. This practically makes it a conspiracy. Nobody can really say what share of the total gratuities—they would better be called collections—goes to the landlords. They may count on eventually losing the patronage of people in ordinary circumstances, who pay what is asked for what they get, and do not wish or expect to pay any more. So that it is more likely to be a loss than a gain to them on the whole, as it honestly deserves to be.

The practice is wholly un-American, and ought to be discarded on that account. It implies distinction in classes by outward tokens, which is intolerable in this land of professed and practical equality. Those who cannot afford to indulge in so needless and expensive an attention should not be made to feel a sense of social inferiority for so cheap and vulgar a reason. A man's bill at a public table should include all charges against him, leaving nothing to be implied. If he discharges that, he is socially on an equality, so far as that single act goes, with every one else who does the same. Employers owe it no less to themselves than to the public they serve, to put an immediate stop to what may become a practice corrupting to all. It is demoralizing to servants, who cannot be expected to be faithful to any but themselves.

Hon. Sidney Dean.

A correspondent writes from Lake Pleasant, Mass., as follows:

"Hon. Sidney Dean gave an able discourse, August 24th, at the camp-meeting at this place, which was well received by an appreciative audience. His lecture was historical, treating of the religions of the past, and contrasting the old theological doctrines with the truths inculcated by Modern Spiritualism. It was a masterly production, and I trust it will be transferred to the columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT, as it furnishes a whole army of facts suitable for use in meeting the needs of inquiring church-members and all earnest seekers after truth."

Mr. Dean has accomplished excellent work at the spiritual camp-meetings this season, more especially with those of his hearers who are studying the principles of the Spiritual Philosophy.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond.

We are informed by Mr. Andrew Cross that this talented lady has been induced to favor Portland, Me., with a flying visit during her period of work in Boston, and will lecture there on the 18th, 19th and 20th of September. This announcement—we feel sure—has but to be made to command a large attendance in that city.

Between Two Mountains.

We shall print next week the report of an address (titled as above) delivered in Boston, June 10th, by Spirit HENRY CLAY, through the mediumship of Mrs. M. T. LONGLEY.

A writer addressing the editor of the *Devon (Eng.) Evening Express*, says that six years ago a young gentleman, known among Spiritualists as a medium, whilst walking in South street became entranced. In that state he proceeded to West View Terrace, entered a room where the writer was conducting a meeting, delivered an impassioned address to those assembled, then left the meeting and returned to South street, where he came to himself. He was then accosted by a friend who had witnessed his movements, but he had absolutely no knowledge that he had gone from the spot. "This," says the correspondent, "is but one of very many instances I have witnessed of the operation of an unseen power making persons speak and act independently of their own mind and will."

The *Deutsche Zeitung*, of Aug. 24th, contains an article written by its editor (Franz Melchers, Esq.) from Chattanooga, Tenn., in which, after describing the beauties of Look-out Mountain, he speaks in the highest terms of the Spiritualist camp-meeting now being held at that place. The portion of the article relating to the camp-meeting occupies nearly a column. He states that the Natural Bridge Hotel, owned by the Spiritualists of Chattanooga, (now under the management of Dr. George A. Fuller,) and which was purchased by them two years ago for seven thousand dollars, is at the present time worth more than four times that amount, "twenty-five thousand dollars having recently been offered for it," and the offer refused.

Not long since a Catholic gentleman put up at one of the hotels in Onset; but he remained there only one night. He gave as a reason that during the night he saw a light moving around his room, which caused him at first to think some one was there for no good; but upon lighting his lamp no one was seen. He then extinguished it, and again retired to bed. Soon, however, the light again appeared, which so frightened him that he kept his lamp lit until morning, when he settled his bill and left. Query: Was it a spirit-manifestation, or not? If not, what was it?

S. Wheeler, Esq., of Philadelphia, Pa., who is known to our readers as an occasional correspondent—called at our office on Tuesday last, en route to his home from the Verona Park (Me.) Camp-Meeting, which has just closed with good success—some forty well-attended sessions having been held during the season. This is his first visit as far North, and he represents himself as much pleased, alike with the country and the people he has met during his stay.

L. Hakes—a whilom correspondent of THE BANNER, and a magnetic healer of excellent local reputation—passed to spirit-life from Westbury, N. Y., Aug. 8th, aged 87 years 11 months.

George Dawson writes of Mr. Walron's services in Canada, on our third page.

Bro. J. J. Morse has a farewell word on our second page. *Bon voyage!*

Special Notice to Patrons.

Sept. 2d being a legal holiday, the BANNER OF LIGHT establishment will remain closed on that date.

Read the announcement made in the name of the Indiana Association of Spiritualists, on our third page.

Attention is called to the change of address in the card of Prof. Campbell, seventh page.

A New Work by Mr. Colville.

W. J. Colville will shortly place in our hands for publication, the MS. of his new work, "THEOSOPHY A STUDY OF MAN AND THE UNIVERSE." It will extend to about 450 pages, and in style of binding, etc., will closely resemble his translation of Kardec's "Genesis." The retail price will be \$1.50. Subscribers who send us \$1.10 immediately will have this valuable work mailed to their address as soon as it leaves the press.

Due notice will be given in the columns of THE BANNER from time to time as to how the work progresses, and when it will be issued.

The following is a synopsis of its contents: Theosophy, or the Wisdom Religion, what is it and how did it originate?

A critical study of all the great religions of the world, their points of unity and difference.

Spiritual Anthropology, a study of man here and hereafter.

Spiritualism in all countries and ages; the identity of Spiritualism with the truth in all religions.

Practical Theosophy, or spiritual knowledge applied to government, industry, health and social life.

Reviews of all important works treating on Theosophy, Spiritual Science, etc., etc.

Practical directions and advice for the cultivation of the intuitive instinct, and the prevention and cure of moral, mental and physical discord.

This work is specially intended for busy people and investigators, and will be a fearless, non-partisan review, of this great subject, entirely unbiassed by the peculiar notions of any particular school.

A "Haunted" Elevated Railroad.

New York papers say that manifestations of spirit-presence are noticeable on the Fifth Avenue branch of the Brooklyn elevated railroad, the operator being supposed to be a workman who fell from the structure, and thereby sustained injuries that passed him to the other world. The manifestation is said to resemble the striking of a heavy hammer upon an unfinished portion of the road. A number of persons testify to having heard the sound. A man by the name of Mooney one night ascended an incomplete stairway, and walked along the track for a half-dozen blocks. He says that he heard the click of the hammer on every side of him, and once it sounded as though it was directly under his feet. He is firmly convinced that the sounds are produced by a spirit.

Says the Press: "Among others who claim to have heard the sound of the hammer are Thomas Nolan, Joseph Coyne and Max Weber, all well-known and reputable citizens; and Night Watchman Hogan, at Deacon Richardson's car stables, says any one who doubts that a spirit is at work can have his doubts set at rest by visiting him any night after twelve o'clock."

Caned at Cassadaga.

As Bro. J. J. Morse was leaving the camp at Cassadaga Lake, N. Y., at the close of his late engagement there, in fact, just as he had boarded the train, he was the unexpected recipient of a memorable caning, at the instance of his old friend and co-worker and fellow-countryman, Walter Howell.

The said caning was, however, purely fraternal, and was administered in the form of a handsome ebony cane, surmounted with a massive gold top, upon which Brother Morse's monogram had been elegantly chased. Walter Howell was moved to this exemplary act by feelings of sincere esteem and friendship for Brother Morse, who in days past, in the old country, took him, Brother Howell, by the hand when he first came out in the work. Such an instance of fraternal courtesy is pleasant to record, and is an example of sympathy and appreciation between two prominent workers that is creditable to them and the Cause. May neither gentlemen get a worse caning hereafter, and may the genial recipient feel that his caning was as deserved as THE BANNER feels it was.

Physical Proofs of Another Life.

The action of the Seybert Commission, which some thought detrimental to Modern Spiritualism, has proved quite the opposite, in that it has called forth a vast amount of positive evidence of its truth, and that the phenomena are as real as anything that appeals to human sense to establish its verity. Of collections of such evidence the "Physical Proofs of Another Life," given in letters to the Seybert Commission, by Francis J. Lippitt, will be found of much value for general circulation and placing in the hands of those who are skeptical as regards materialization, independent state-writing and similar phenomena. An advertisement in another column gives information of its price, etc.

The Magnetic Congress in Paris.

Magnetism's partisans of all the schools have decided to hold an international congress—in order to study the adaptation of magnetism to the sick, etc.—in Paris, France, from the 21st to the 27th of October. Among the members of the committee are MM. l'Abbe de Melissas, le Comte de Constantin, Docteurs Puel, Huguet, Gérard, Chazarnin, et al. Subscription, fixed to fr. 10, will give a right of participation in the different labors of the congress, and receiving publications and reports.

Adhesions, memoirs, attestations, etc., must be addressed, before the 1st of October, to Mr. Millien, Secrétaire Général, Place de la Nation, No. 13, or to *Journal du Magnétisme*, 23 rue Saint Merri.

A Souvenir of Cassadaga Lake.

The Herald Printing and Publishing Co., of Erie, Pa., has issued the above, an attractively gotten-up pamphlet, containing a history of the origin and growth of the place as a summer resort of Spiritualists, portraits and brief biographies of persons prominent in its affairs as officers, lecturers and mediums, and pictures of various points of interest.

SIR JAMES FITZJAMES STEPHEN (of England), the judge who presided over the trial of Mrs. Maybrick, and whose charge to the jury went far to produce a verdict of "guilty" in her case, is said to be one who has no fear of the popular indignation so freely expressed regarding his action in the line of his duty—as he conceived it to be. As a specimen of his fearlessness, it is recorded by *The Herald* that in his work "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" he deliberately defended the crucifixion of Christ by Pontius Pilate, on the ground that, as a Roman official, it was a proper thing for him to do, and that an English governor in India would, under similar circumstances, act in the same manner.

According to Munhall's "Balance Sheet of the World," every day the sun rises upon the American people it sees an addition of \$2,500,000 to the accumulation of wealth of the United States, which is equal to one-third of the daily accumulation of all mankind outside of the United States.

A HAUNTED HOUSE at GREENWICH.—We have received several newspaper cuttings reporting a case of spontaneous spirit-manifestations in a private family. Rappings were heard, which were so loud and inexplicable that the listeners were frightened. Surely it must be a joke by Prof. Huxley! Has he let his big toe loose to go snapping around, frightening these good people out of their wits? Some one in the crowd that gathered interrogated the "rapper," and it is said the haunting spirit declared that murder had been committed in the house years before. The "ghost" would not answer frivolous questions. A writer in the *London Evening News* and *Post* takes advantage of the excitement to instruct the public in the methods of communication by forming the spirit circle.—*Two Worlds*, Manchester, Eng., Aug. 10th.

Cloth, pp. 130. Price \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.
For sale by COLBY & RICH.

Message Department.

It should be distinctly understood that the Messages published in this Department indicate a spirit who carries with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether for good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, and who are in a higher state of existence. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All extra-sensory communications are to be received on their own merits, and not as a means of proving the existence of the spirit world. It is our earnest desire that those who recognize the messages of their spirit-friends will verify them by informing us of the facts by which they have been verified.

Letters of inquiry in regard to this Department must be addressed to COLBY & RICE, 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 sittings 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 Sance held May 28th, 1889.

Questions and Answers.

Ques.—[By W. A. L., Dayton, Ohio.] Is it possible for one class of spirits to so monopolize a medium as to prevent any and all other spirits from communicating through said medium?

Ans.—Yes; it is quite possible for this to be done. Sometimes a selfish spirit of dominant will and positive mental force may come in contact with a medium, and, by its influence, so sensitive of who may be subjected to its influence, and so he begins to operate upon the media powers of that individual, throwing around him or her his psychological influence, drawing the instrument under his own personal power. Very well; if this is done, the spirit may so thoroughly psychologize his instrument as to bring her completely under his dominion; he may so saturate her atmosphere with his own magnetic influence as to make it a part of himself so that other spirits, more benevolently inclined, perhaps, cannot approach and use her instrumentally for higher work, even if they so desire. Now, if such a class of positive-minded, dominating spirits takes a medium under its own influence and protection, it may be almost impossible for other classes of spirit-intelligences to operate through that instrumentality. Certainly before this can be done the psychological, dominating influence of the spirits in power must be broken, and this can be accomplished if friends on this side of life would do their part in the work. There must be called together a number of positive-minded, spiritually-inclined individuals, who will take the medium under their own protection and exercise their will-power and thought upon her and upon the encroaching spirits with the desire to break the control and to free the instrument from its power. Let this form of procedure be followed for some length of time, let the sitters come together in a quiet, reverential mood, invoking the presence of the higher powers, and let them persist in their work until they see some evidence of the result which they desire. By coming together in this way the mortal friends will form a battery of electrical power, which may be taken hold of by spirits of a higher order, who may desire to free the sensitive from the encroaching influences of the selfish spirits, and take her under their own supervision for better and for grander work.

Q.—Some astronomers believe that there is a grand central sun, around which all the heavenly bodies in space revolve, and in which the great God of the universe has his abode. If this is the case, is there any probability that any of the residents of earth will ever reach there and be enabled to see God?

A.—We believe there is a great truth in this astronomical idea, for it seems to us that there must be a central orb of light and power, from which all potentiality may flow, and we may if we wish call this central sun of light and power the abode of the Great Supreme; and yet we do not think any great supreme mind is enthroned there in the likeness of a gigantic individual, nor do we believe that in this great central luminary will be found any more of the Celestial Spirit than may be found throughout every sun and star and world in space.

But, granting that it be so, that the Divine Intelligence has a specific abode in that central sun of light and power, your correspondent wishes to know if it is likely that man, who finds his dwelling place here, will ever under any circumstances reach that great luminary and behold the presence of God.

Who can tell what is impossible, or who shall limit the possibilities of human progress and advancement? First, we must remember that eternity is promised to mankind, not promised by any special authority or personal power, but it is the conviction of the human heart that man is immortal, and that eternity stretches before him. Very well; if, then, we have eternity through which to grow and advance, who shall say that we may not yet find an experience and take up an abiding place upon the various planets and worlds and stars and suns which people this vast universe of ours? Surely, if eternity belongs to us, it is sufficient for us to explore every world in space, every star and planet, if the impulse and the will be within us to do so; and if it be so that we shall pass from sun to sun and world to world, we may at some time come to this vast luminary and explore its depths, learning more and more of the creations of life, of the vast possibilities of existence, and of our own eternal natures. But when that time shall come man will not be considered any more a finite creature, for he will have gained the best of knowledge and experience which will have made him likewise powerful and grand.

Q.—[From the audience.] Is animal food conducive to spiritual or intellectual growth?

A.—We do not think that animal food is especially conducive to spiritual and intellectual growth, and yet such is the state of physical environment and heredity at the present time that many natures depend very largely upon certain forms of animal growth for the maintenance of their vitality and physical health. We believe the time is coming when man will not partake of animal food as he does to-day, and when he will look back upon his predecessors somewhat as we look upon the cannibal in his savage state, because in that high stage of human advancement it will seem to man that one who could have partaken of animal food must have been very near the savage, brute existence of mankind; but in the present day there are natures so dependent, as we have said, upon the food of which they partake, that if they go any length of time without a certain portion of animal food becoming a part of their dietary system they grow debilitated, nervous, and generally unsteady in the physical organism. This is partly a result of custom and partially a result of inherited conditions, which come from a long line of meat-eating ancestors, who have transmitted to their children habits and customs, and also tendencies and appetites. Now this appetite for animal food is an inherited one; it is a relic of a savage state of existence, when the cave-dwellers sought through the forest for food; and when they slew an animal they did not wait to build fires and roast the meat, but sucked the blood and drew marrow from the bones, and felt that they had a good enjoyable meal. To-day you would look upon such individuals with disgust; yet the only difference is that you cook your animal food over the fire; you partake of it even as did your savage ancestor, from whom you have inherited the taste and appetite for this form of food, and sometimes, if you are deprived of it, you feel weak and debilitated, just as the man who has inherited an appetite for strong drink feels growing at his vitals, craving for something which must supply him with strength and activity when he is deprived of that strong drink which he craves. By-and-by, when man has become educated, and has gradually grown out of these inherited conditions, when he has learned that it is better for him to live upon the fruits of the trees, the grains of the field and the vegetables which come to growth above the ground, he will emerge from this condition,

gain a higher knowledge of existence, and undoubtedly the intellectual and spiritual attributes of the race will assume a higher form, a grander development, than they can possibly do in the present age. But that awaits us in the time to come; the world is yet young, humanity is still pressing on, and the heights of perfection lie beyond.

Q.—[By Inquirer, New York.] In the spirit-world have you ever seen a spirit who has been reincarnated, or who has, in other words, inhabited two different bodies in this mundane sphere, and been known as two distinct individuals in time and space? or have you seen a spirit who has seen such a thing?

A.—Well, perhaps we shall startle your correspondent and also many others if we declare that we have. And we do so declare. We have seen not only one but a great many intelligent individual human spirits who claim to have been, and who, we believe, have been, incarnated in more than one human form upon this planet, not to speak of having lived in other worlds.

Then your correspondent will ask: "If this is so, who is the spirit ultimately in the spirit-world? Is he Thomas Jones or William Smith or perhaps Francis Brown, if he has been known on the earth, through his various incarnations, by these names?" Let us reply that in the spiritual world proper, that grand and glorious world that is beyond this planet and its material conditions, the spirit is not known by any of the names by which he was designated on the earth; he has no need of these cognomens; he is recognized by a spiritual name which properly belongs to him, and which he is adapted. We could not mention these names to you here, because you would not understand them, nor realize just how they are applicable to the spirits that wear them; consequently this has nothing to do with our question. The spiritual entity is always the same, and this is what lives and moves and breathes and labors in the spiritual world. The organic form of clay has no part or portion in the great scheme of life beyond; therefore it matters not whether that organic form of clay was known as Thomas Jones or William Smith, because its time and place of labor have been fulfilled, and it belongs to the earth.

"But," you will say, "if the spirit has passed through several incarnations, who, then, are its relatives? who will it claim as its dear ones on the other side, when it has passed through these varied experiences and has gone on to some world beyond?" Those which belong really to the spirit, those which are spiritually akin, will be claimed and known in that spirit world. There are relationships on earth that do not belong to the spirit; they are cold, they have no power in the real, vital life of the individual. We see sometimes even brothers of one family who are at variance, who have no desires in common; there is no real sympathy between them; and even if they are separated for a long term of years, neither one of them will be unhappy and restless because he is not with the other; each will go along his own way, pursuing his own work, almost indifferent to the welfare of the other. These are not spiritual brothers, they have no real affinity between them, and they will not claim kinship in the other world. Each of these, however, will find relatives and spiritual friends beyond with whom he can affiliate, who will be very dear to him.

We must not forget that it is the spirit, the interior man, that lives and is immortal, and that these bodies of clay on which we gaze are merely the outer elements, that are inhabited for a time, that serve the purpose of the spirit, and finally are yielded up to decay, which is the work of nature in her rejuvenating field of labor.

But this question of reincarnation is not understood, nor can it possibly be understood in the present age. Man has not developed to receive it, he cannot utilize it, or indeed come into harmony with the thought. It is only now and then one, perhaps, who can see a great truth in the midst of this question, and realize that the spirit being immortal, may expand itself through infinite ways, yet ever remain the same, ever possess its loves and its attractions, which will unerringly guide it to those who are its own.

We give this merely as our own thought; it has nothing to do with the mind of the medium whom we employ, or any other individual. We say that we have seen spirits who have been incarnated more than once; as this is from the spirit-side, we know what we speak. Those who come to you and say they have seen or conversed with such a spirit, give you of their own knowledge. This is merely negative evidence; it does not disprove the existence of a law which, however strange it may seem, if it exists, must have been provided in the wisdom of infinite intelligence for wise and useful ends.

Q.—Can the Controlling Intelligence give any rules for the development of second-sight, or clairvoyance?

A.—It may take a long time and much patience and perseverance in sitting for development, before one discovers whether he possesses this gift to such a degree that it may be unfolded while he is in the body, but the development is worth the time and patience because it will give him a spiritual sight, because this is the faculty of the spirit, it is the faculty of the interior man. None are spiritually blind, although the organs of vision may be defective while the spirit is tied to this body of clay. However, it is possible to develop this clairvoyant sight, and one who desires to do this should sit quietly and patiently. Experience will teach him whether it is best to sit alone or in the company of a few friends who are harmonious, who are equally desirous of unfolding any mediumistic quality he may possess; sometimes the presence of two or three friends who are well-disposed and congenial. A company formed of an equal number of positive and negative natures will make up a battery through the aid of which spiritual attendants may accomplish their work. And on the other hand it is sometimes best, for a seeker after development to sit alone, because the spirits can utilize his own forces best in this way. Experience and trial will determine this fact. It is best to sit quietly and regularly, at a stated hour, in an apartment well ventilated and of comfortable atmosphere. There are no stated rules that will apply to every case, but where clairvoyance is to be unfolded a dimly lighted apartment, or even one totally dark, is better than a brilliantly lighted one. The sitter must be patient, be free from anxiety, should not have partaken of food for at least three hours before sitting, should try to maintain a passive state of mind so that his spiritual attendants may operate upon his inferior sight and do the best they can for its unfoldment. This is all that we can give, but we think after a little while the sitter will begin to see lights or vaporous substances, or even objects not visible to the normal sight in the apartment. If this be so it will be an indication of development. We should encourage him to continue his sittings even if they should extend into months or years, because undoubtedly they will, in time develop something of a practical nature in his mediumistic unfoldment for the benefit of his friends.

Q.—[By Investigator, New York.] In passing from physical life to the spirit-world many present appearances are disappearing. Are any conscious of it at the last moment?

A.—It is very rarely the case that a spirit, in passing from the body at the last moment, is conscious of such suffering. There may be evidences of a struggle in the physical contortions that are taking place, and this may appear to you as proof of great suffering; but yet it is generally only the material that is passing through this experience. The spirit, in sloughing off the outward form, withdrawing its nerve forces for the use of its own spiritual body, must of necessity not upon that organic frame somewhat as the galvanic battery will act upon you when in full operation, and therefore you will perceive convulsive movements, contortions, with perhaps a rolling of the eyes and a general appearance of disturbance or suffering. However, nature has well provided for the comfort of her children in this extremity, and generally, we may say almost universally, at the last moment when the separation takes place between spirit and matter,

the spirit itself, or the vital consciousness, is so thoroughly magnetized by the surrounding conditions of the unseen world, and those spirits who have been unprepared to attend the newly arisen soul, that it becomes oblivious to external sensations, to that which is taking place in the fibres, atoms, and various component parts of the physical frame. Therefore we see no way of proof that your friend, in passing from the body, is suffering painfully because such may seem to you to be the case, on account of those convulsions and contortions of which we speak. You must know that in these throes of the physical there is usually an evidence that the material elements and atoms are being thrown off, discharged by the ardent spirit and cast aside. There is a clinging even then of the physical to the spiritual, because in every atom and fibre of the organic frame there is a certain percentage of life and activity, and this is so, there may be going on a commotion in some part or portion of the human frame, but the spirit itself is arising and becoming freed from these external limitations, while at the very moment that it seems to you your friend is suffering great distress, the spirit may be triumphant, and glad to think that it is overcoming the material and entering the spiritual conditions of life.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF

Mrs. B. F. Smith.

Report of Public Sance held May 31st, 1889.

John E. Lyon.

[To the Chairman:] They tell me you welcome all spirits into this room. I am very glad, sir, that I feel this freedom coming to me to-day, for I have been a listener here at different times, and I have felt almost like speaking, when the thought would flit through my mind, perhaps I would gain more to listen to what others might have to say. While dwelling here in earth-life I knew very little in regard to spirit-return. As many spirits have announced here, I felt they were not far from us; but I did not understand that they were able to control one in the body and send kind, loving words to their dear friends here. How grand it is to feel that we are welcome, and that we are not forgotten by our loved ones! How strange it seemed to me at first, when I found I could enter earth-life and give out a few words. I know many times they have asked mentally, "Who are the friends, that they do not make themselves known?" In this good city I feel I shall be remembered, also in surrounding towns.

Kind friends, while you are given the time this side, make good use of it; learn what you may from the spirit-side. Not one within the hearing of my voice, but some loving one is anxious to speak to you that you may know we are not far from you and hold an interest in you here. I shall be remembered in Plymouth, N. H., where I passed away. John E. Lyon.

Dr. John Grinnell.

While we look down into the audience and behold some familiar faces, it seems strange to us we may see you so clearly while we have a medium, but in our homes here we cannot behold you so plainly. I have often been in the meetings, thinking through some channel I might be able to make some dear friends know the Doctor was present, but I have failed in every attempt but one, when I felt that I stood very close to did sense my presence, and I was able to feel it only by the sensation that went through my spirit.

How strange it seems as we walk with the dear ones day by day and hour by hour and they know so little of it; although at times, as I said, they seem to sense our presence, at other times they are too much engrossed in material affairs to do so. As I made this attempt to speak it was with a great effort I stepped up so near, and a still greater effort was required in taking control to speak in public. I hoped I might reach some of my friends by coming here to-day. In the last meeting I was present, and when the dear spirit was permitted to speak, (although weakened by the way he passed out,) by the kindness of the guides who assisted him, I felt that if I failed in the attempt I should be assisted also by the guides; and I do thank the Great Spirit that these channels are given that we may meet together, the friends yet dwelling here and the loved ones who are waiting on the other side, that bright and beautiful shore that knows no parting. I was well known in Boston and vicinity. Dr. John Grinnell.

Matilda Burnham.

I am here, Mr. Chairman, hoping to reach my dear friends in Waverly, Mass. I have often felt as I have stood so near them, why was it they did not know I was there? Why was it, when only a thin veil separated them from us, they could not feel we were there, instead of saying we were dead? Why not "only passed out of our sight"?

George, but a little while since I was near you, and while speaking of one and another, I knew my name was spoken. But it does not satisfy my desire to speak our names; there is a continual reaching out from our spirits for something more. We do love to come into conversation with the dear ones yet dwelling in earth-life, and I have hoped through some channel that I might be able to converse with my dear friends. As I came into this hall I found one and another of the invisibles, as you term them, coming here rapidly, some to speak for themselves, and some anxious to listen to what others might say. Little children, also, looking so eagerly for some one to clasp their hands and speak to them. How beautiful it is to feel that you will find your own; not one will be missing there. As I have said many times to the dear old mother, how strange it is that we are not taught these things differently while we dwell here.

I say to you for the children: open your spirit-doors wide, and commune with us when ever you have an opportunity. It will give us as much happiness as you will gain yourself. It is blessed to feel that in a little while ye shall clasp hands together where there is no separation. Matilda Burnham.

John L. Severance.

For many years, Mr. Chairman, I have been a dweller in spirit-life; but do not misunderstand me and think I have never visited the earth. I have made many visits, and I have felt at times that they were realizations, my presence with the dear ones in Cleveland, in Cincinnati and in different surroundings where I was known.

My business was that of a banker, and you will understand that it required a constant exercise of the powers of the mind.

It is twenty-five or thirty years, as near as I can reckon your mortal time, since I laid off the garment of flesh, and I have never had any desire to return into the old tenement that I had left. Oh, how grand it is to feel the freedom that is given us in spirit-life! I can look backward and see many instances where I felt that the loved ones who had gone on before were but a little way from me; but where, I was unable to tell. On entering the spirit-life it seemed to me like stepping out of one room into another. Nothing very strange came over me in feeling. There was much suffering for a little time before I passed away, but in passing over I realized none whatever, although some of the dear friends thought they looked upon the face that I suffered at the last. I say again, I realized no suffering.

I am happy in my spirit-home. In spirit-life we have what are seemingly buildings—houses dotted here and there, not built with hands, but eternal in the heavens; they need no repairing—these are our homes. But we are often attracted back to the handful of loved ones yet remaining.

My grand was the meeting! And then how sweet was the welcome from many spirits, eager to give me a friendly shake of the hand. What is more beautiful than to feel you lose none of your identity, and that you can form acquaintances more real and true than you can in mortal life?

I have hoped many times, as I have entered the halls in Cincinnati and Cleveland, that they did feel that the old banker was not dead, but that his presence could be sensed there.

have felt many times, also, as I have entered into the camps and drawn near where so many mediums were gathered, that seemingly they ought to realize that many dear spirits were attracted there. We feel a freedom in going there to the camp, as much, and I think a little more than you mortals do, because it is all free, without money and without price. Also, we feel that we could gladly converse with the dear ones if they could only lift the veil just a little and behold us there.

I am looking forward to the time when the few that are left will be welcomed into our spirit-home, and the number made whole again. I shall be better remembered in Cleveland than in Cincinnati. John L. Severance.

Harriet Symmes.

I am very anxious, Mr. Chairman, to make my friends know that there is no death, only just a change, and that seemingly so slight a change really renders life so beautiful. Why I am many respects it seems to us, as we come so close to you, that we have hardly gone out of the physical body. As we control we take on earthly feelings, but as we leave you we become of the spirit, spiritual. Oh! how beautiful to feel the welcome in this room, that spirits and mortals may come into cooperation, and that you meet us here with a good feeling, trying to come into a passive mood that you may assist us more. You little understand what an effort we make as we approach so close and try to take control. I have noticed many times spirits, thinking they would take control, but failing to do so, turning away disappointed because they could not send a few loving words to dear ones here. How little you know, as I said, of the effort we put forth in endeavoring to make ourselves known, not only here, but in the homes, for we feel they are as much our homes as you do in earth-life. Our work in spirit-life, I find, is varied: one has an attraction for one kind of work and another for another; and then we feel we may hold an interest and an influence with dear friends who are attracted to the same kind of work. You little think, as we come near you and try to throw our influence over you, or leave it with you, how hard we work at different periods in so doing. Our life in the spirit is a life of labor. You, dear friends, will find it so as you reach the spirit-side. Think not for one moment it is a rest—and yet it is, in one sense, a resting from pain and sickness and from the material; but we work with the spirit, not the material.

I am only too glad, Mr. Chairman, to announce myself here to-day. Many miles from this place I passed away. At one period I felt that I made my dear husband know I was by his side, and it was a blessed moment with him to feel that Harriet had not left him, but had been able to make her presence known, although not to converse with him. To-day, through the kindness of the guides of this circle, I have been permitted to speak. In so doing I know how these few words will reach my dear friends, also would I ask them to try in some way near home to come into conversation with me privately, for I feel it will give me as much gratification as it can them, and by trying, in time I shall be able to control some medium nearer home. Coming here to-day has given me a great deal of strength and also happiness in being able to speak. Harrison, I know, will be glad to learn of my coming. I have made the attempt once before, but failed. Harriet Symmes.

Mabel Bradley.

These few words are for dear Harry. I hardly know how to take control, but they are giving me all the power possible. My darling children come before me and make the attempt to speak. It is only a few short months since they said I was dead. I have been here in nearly every gathering that you have had, hoping I might, without speaking, reach my friends through some kind spirit.

Harry, I am not dead, only gone a little before you. I have asked the dear Father and the angels to take care of my little babes that I left here in the cold, cold world. I know, dear husband, it has been hard for you; it has been so dark since dear Mabel was dead. I am only gone out of your sight. I have been conscious of all that has been transacted in the home since I left you. You know in your soul I am not far away. I cannot leave you and my little ones. When I knew the Angel of Life was coming to take me up higher, I asked permission to leave a kiss upon them. Dear little babe! I know God will care for it.

Will friends, think for one moment of the anguish of the soul of the mother when she knows she must be separated from her little babes. Oh, how hard the struggle! I was willing to go when the messenger came, but with a mother's love I could not help looking back for my children and you, dear Harry, and I know you will seek some avenue in Buffalo, N. Y., that you may come into communication with me, if it is only for a few moments. Do try and seek some channel, that we may come together again.

I know, Mr. Chairman—for the guides have given me this information—that through your paper my message will reach my loved ones. Not that I am unhappy in my spirit-home, but through the love I bear them I am attracted so much to earth. In my spirit-home it is beautiful, and I know through progression I may build it on and on—still more beautiful. Dear old grandma came with outstretched hands and begged me to go up higher, and the angels stood beside me to help me as I was to cross that beautiful shining river. I feared not to change; but the loved ones held me here to earth.

I thought as I came upon the platform it would only be a few words I should have to leave, but one word brings another, and seemingly I cannot say enough to my dear husband. I am happy, and I will visit him often; my darling children will I watch over with a mother's care, and never leave them. I will send forth love to them, and through the guardianship of the angels that they may walk hand in hand with you, dear Harry, and at last we will come together. Mabel Alice Bradley. My husband is Harry Bradley, Jun.

G. W. Lawson.

It is a long time since I left the body, yet it seems to me but a little while, and although I have made the attempt to speak at different times, or to announce my name, I do not feel satisfied, for after you have announced your name you would like to give out some thoughts to the people, and when you look upon the faces of your dear friends it draws you closer and closer to earth-life.

It was what was termed an avowed Spiritualist, and I am proud of the name to-day. I understood much of spirit-return, and it was meat and drink to me, years ago, and since I have left the old form the advancement I made here has been of great assistance to me, and still there is progression in spirit-life.

I wish to be remembered to Brother Reed, particularly, a dear old friend. Many have crossed the portal since I left the form, but a few of the old friends are yet dwelling here in Salem, Oregon. Quite a long distance, but it makes little difference whether we go thousands of miles away from this place or one mile, distance has nothing to do with us, and we feel such a sense of freedom coming over the spirit when we stand upon this platform.

Now, I was prefaced to my name while dwelling here, and a little does not amount to anything, and, on entering spirit-life, it is your life, not the position you held in the body, that is of consequence. I am happy in my spirit-home, but I am not bound there all the while; there is freedom. We go wherever we will, and there is much for us to do, much for us to give out to mortals dwelling here. How many times have I heard the assertion: "It was through a word that some kind friend dropped here in earth-life that I was led to search into the future." Why do you say, learn to know something of yourself? That is what I should say. It is a great thing for a man to know himself. Try to learn while you dwell here. You won't learn any too much, I'll assure you, but learn by the light of that reason which the great "I am" hath given you.

While dwelling here in the form I did enjoy holding sweet communion with those who had

crossed over—many old neighbors, friends and relatives, no matter who, I always felt to welcome them. Away, far away, as I said to you, I was one of the first Spiritualists that was known there, and I feel proud to make that assertion to-day. Hon. G. W. Lawson.

Nathaniel Soule.

To-day, Mr. Chairman, I have been invited to speak, and I hope to reach some friend who has been waiting patiently to learn where Nathaniel has gone. Oh! how little do they know how close we come beside them. I have heard the assertion many times: "No, I do not believe that spirits come to earth." I want to ask you, dear friends, what proof you have that spirits ever leave the earth, before you begin to talk about their coming back. You have no proof of it, not at all. I will say to you in this wise: if spirits do not return again, they never leave you. You can have it all your own way. You will find, as you enter spirit-life, you will see them moving about continually, as you do here, and I think it will puzzle you a little to tell them from mortals, for we are permitted to walk here upon the earth the same as you are, only we do not require so much space as you do.

It is grand to feel you have got rid of that old body, in which so many aches and ills are sure to overtake you, and you hardly get rid of one before you find get another. In your new home you find the spirit-form fashioned the same as the one you left here, only it is perfect. How sweet it is to feel that you are held in memory by the dear friends left upon the mortal shore! I am so thankful, Mr. Chairman, that there are institutions open where we may come in and speak for ourselves. I said institutions, but I don't mean you to think for a moment that I find them very plenty like this; I find assemblies sometimes where we may be able to announce ourselves and to give forth as I am permitted to to-day. I am very thankful for the privilege, I assure you, and I feel confident my message will reach some of my friends in Plymouth, this State.

I am very glad, sir, that your doors are open, free to all who come, and to all spirits who wish to announce themselves also. But there is system, order; you must not think for a moment we can rush in haphazard; we have a system about these things, and can come only as we get permission.

I have been here before, not being able to say one word, but I was very grateful for the allotment to to-day, and I think I shall not again; whether get power to speak or not, I shall come to your meetings, and be only too glad to do so. Nathaniel Soule.

Sarah asks me to say she is present too. I see they don't any of them want to be left out in the cold. There are many standing about me.

Rose Chick.

While the gentleman came up so close I stood looking at him in wonder; it was a mystery to me to know where he obtained so much power, and then as I looked I saw four guides standing by him, and the red-men, so you will understand they give out the great deal of spiritual power to mortals and spirits; their work is not confined to earth-side of life. Oh! how grateful I am for their kindness. It has many times been said, if the white people had been as friendly with them as they are with the pale-faces, there never would have been so much trouble in earth-life. I do love them for their goodness. I see also they are able to give out largely of their power to mediums; nearly every medium, and I might say nearly every person, receives strength from the red-men who come to them.

As I have stood here listening to many that have spoken I have felt like saying: Is it so long since we laid off the old form that the friends who loved us so much have forgotten us? Oh! no; I take that back; they have not forgotten us, but they place us too far away. We were taught in childhood that heaven was a far-off country. I well remember when a mere child of hearing the preacher say that heaven was a far-off place, so far that I feared but few would reach it, yet I found it very near when I crossed the boundary termed death.

I wish to reach Winthrop, and say to my dear husband, I have known of the changes that have come to you, and the many sad moments you have had; I know you miss me, and I have been thankful that Sadie was with you, for it has helped to lift the burden in one way from your shoulders. Now, as other changes are coming to you, you hardly know what to do, and what change to make for yourself. Don't be in too much of a hurry; things eventually will work out right.

But you say to me: "Rose, can you see it will be happier in the future?"

I know the changes will work out for the best. You cling to the dear old home; but remember it is only a little while before you will join the dear ones gone before. You may ask me again if Jennie is here. Yes, and she asks me to remember her to you. I know you have loved enough for both. Say to Sadie, also to Frank, we come often to visit you, and notice the meaning when I say to him I have noticed the changes that he had thought of making, that he did not make; also, I have been with him in the schools.

I promise you, Winthrop, I will not leave you. Your dear angel-mother, Mercy, stands beside me and sends greetings to her children to-day, knowing she can reach one—the others close their doors, in consequence of teachings that were instilled into their minds in younger years. I am very sorry to be able to give out these few words to-day. I have not noticed ant here in your meetings to listen to what others might say. Dear husband, I know you cling to the old home, but other changes, as I said, will come to you. Whatever they may be, I will never leave you; I will be one of the guardian spirits that remain around you. I wish to be remembered to the gentleman who has been so kind to you. Please send this to Winthrop Chick, of Ellingham, N. H. Rose Chick.

Annie Burbank.

[To the Chairman:] While the lady was speaking I asked the gentleman if I could not talk a little while, and he said I might.

There is a sweet little girl coming to you [addressing a gentleman in the audience]. She puts her hands on your face and says: "Papa, I didn't go only a little way. Grandma is here, too." She is coming up close by you. She has a lovely white flower, a lily, in her hand, and wishes to tell you she will make you know this very night that she is in the home. I saw the sweet little girl, and could not help speaking of it. The little girl is going. Grandma now is close beside you, and she says to you: "Never fear, because you are here alone." She puts her hand on your forehead, and says blessings she brings you, blessings she leaves with you. I suppose that means something, because she's a good lady. I can see her right there.

I want to tell that lady, three seats straight from me, there's a young lady coming by the side of her, and she wishes me to tell her Mary is here. You know she ain't got into the chair, or hat I have. She puts her hand right across here [the forehead]. She felt bad there when she went away, but don't feel it now.

[To the Chairman:] Do you know where I lived? I didn't tell you, did I? I'm going to, surely, I won't forget it, because I want 'em to know I've come here. I want "Minnema"—that's my grandma—to know. One of my grandmas is here, too, right beside me. Grandma Burbank is here. I go to all the meetings, and I have a lovely time. Why! what do you think? I've been way to New York. I went there with a lady.

I want to tell them I feel so bad because I can't talk to my mamma. I'm not going to cry, (the child seems much affected,) but I would like to talk to my mamma. She thinks perhaps I don't come, but Aunt Lydia knows I come. I wish papa and mamma would just let me talk a little while. I don't see what's the reason I can't talk to them. I live in Cleveland, Mass. I want 'em to know Annie Burbank. She is here, and she spoke just four or five words here, but that wasn't enough. I wanted to talk a whole lot. I know the lady that was speaking just before me. I didn't know her here when I was like as you are, but I do in the spirit-life. She's a lovely lady.

Grandma Griffith, she's here, too. I want you to tell 'em that I said all this myself. Oh!

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