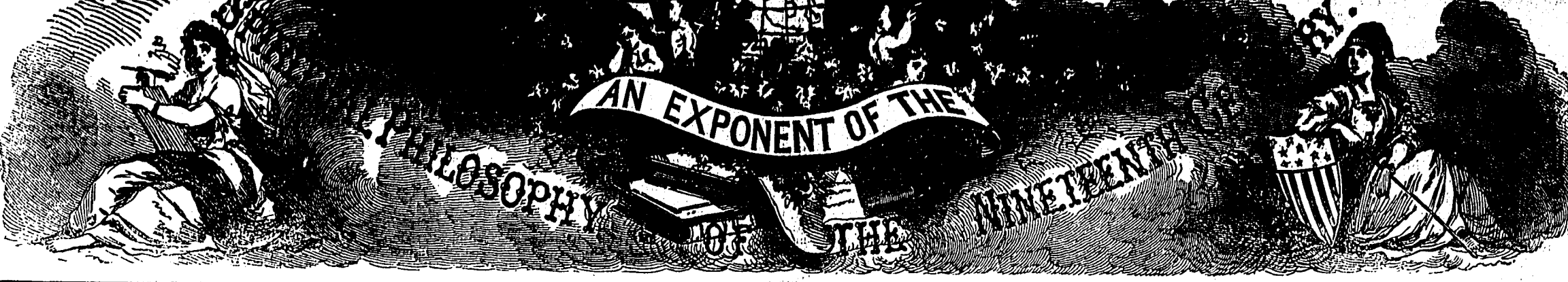


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Banner Correspondence.

New York.

BROOKLYN.—A correspondent who is a healing medium, writes that one who is sick and afflicted with suffering so intense that she cannot describe it, refused help from her because, she said, it was contrary to her faith; her church would not allow her to be relieved of her sufferings in that way. The writer appeals to all Spiritualists to be more active in their efforts to enlighten those who live in such darkness, and to break the fetters that hold tens of thousands in mental bondage.

WATERTOWN.—F. N. Fitch writes, Sept. 9th: "The Spiritualists and Liberals of Watertown, N. Y., are most fortunate in having the services, during time usually considered vacation, of one of the very best speakers in the ranks, Mrs. Abbie N. Burnham of No. 530 Trenton street, Boston, Mass. This lady has a most excellent voice, sweet and harmonious, and so perfect in its intonation that speaking in an ordinary key she can be easily heard all over the Temple. Her manners combine the most exquisite grace and dignity with consummate kindness, so that she gains at once the confidence of her hearers as she discourses of the brotherhood of man, for all feel that she is a sister indeed, and one who would lend a listening ear to any tale of grief no matter how lowly the sufferer. Her invocations are the embodiment of beautiful thoughts, as she addresses the Great Spirit of the Universe, asking blessings not for the sake of a God-man, who needs them not, but for the supplying of the necessities of suffering humanity, the assuaging of the grief of the widow and the fatherless, and the advancement of all on the road of knowledge, which leads to perfect peace.

Her audiences are constantly increasing, so that it is with difficulty all are accommodated within the Temple, which was supposed to be of more than ample dimensions, when erected through the munificence of those veteran Spiritualists, Mr. and Mrs. Abel Davis, and every one listens with eagerness until the last word is spoken. It is her forte not only to set forth the grandeur and beauty of Spiritualism, but in a kindly way, giving offense to none, to explain those things which have come to be commonly believed, so that the seeker of light obtains it, and finding it consonant with reason is insensibly attracted further, and desires to know more of this, the only religion that harmonizes with the teachings of science.

Her tests are always recognized, and are of a character to carry conviction with them, facts being given and incidents set forth. Only last evening she told a lady, casually present, and whom she had never seen before, that she had lost a husband and a child, and repeated the identical words last spoken by the husband before closing his bodily eyes forever. The lady, an orthodox Christian, could not refrain from making a public acknowledgment of the test, which to her was wonderful beyond expression.

The people of Watertown regret that Mrs. Burnham's engagements will permit her to remain but a short time, and when she visits us again she will find loving hands and hearts to greet her, and homes which will be happy to be graced with her presence."

Ohio.

ALLIANCE.—A correspondent writes: "J. W. Kenyon and wife served our Society very satisfactorily during February, March and April of this year. Mr. Kenyon's lectures are of the highest type of inspirational speaking; highly scientific and profoundly philosophic. Mrs. K. gives tests at the close of a very pointed nature. Mr. K. spoke during May, June and July at Mantua Station, to the delight of the people there."

The cause of Spiritualism is slowly but surely growing. Even the clergy admit there is something in it. It is a great loss not to be able to see the logic of a fact till it is fairly forced upon one's attention. There are many who pretend not to see a fact and yet do. If all who know Spiritualism to be true would confess it, the Cause would exhibit a majority surprising even to the faithful. Mr. Barker, at one time an infidel lecturer and debater, who returned to the M. E. Church, was asked why he did so. He answered, because he was convinced that Spiritualism was true, and that he could teach its truths under the name of Methodism as well as any other. Hundreds follow the same course. Two years ago a Jewish Rabbi visited Cassadaga Lake Camp, and was converted to this most glorious of all truths. He said to us: "Now I have a God to pray to and a great truth to preach. I can go home to my people and announce to them a sublime hope; yes, more than hope, for I know my father lives." He is still teaching what he knows to be a truth to his flock."

Massachusetts.

BOSTON.—A. S. Hayward writes: "A lady, not a Spiritualist, but who visits mediums for the purpose of becoming informed regarding Spiritualism, some four months ago called upon one who was an entire stranger to her. The medium among other things said: 'I see that you are to witness a fearful railroad accident. I do not see you in it, but somewhat related to it.' She informed her friends of the prediction, and thought nothing more of it; but when the late disaster at Quincy took place, she was near and saw the first victim taken from the car, and assisted until all the dead

and wounded were taken from the wreck. After the excitement was over, what the medium had told her flashed upon her mind. Those whom the lady spoke to about it at the time it was given, recalled the prediction as having been fulfilled in the events at Quincy."

Pennsylvania.

PITTSBURGH.—Helen Stuart Richings writes, Sept. 8th: "In a recent number of THE BANNER, your correspondent from Lookout Mountain Camp wrote of me as being in trouble while I was there. While I am deeply indebted to Mrs. Fuller for the womanly sympathy she offers me, and am also in her debt for the generous praise she has accorded me and my work at the Camp, through your columns, I cannot feel like permitting this misunderstanding to go uncorrected. Let me explain:

In May last my husband was made the victim of a barbarous outrage in the State of North Carolina, because he lectured on temperance to the colored people in one of their churches. From the physical injuries received he recovered in a few days sufficiently to resume his business, and since July last he has been in good health and in the full enjoyment of a useful life.

The 9th of July I met with an accident in which my left arm was broken. But that healed rapidly, and at no time have I looked on it as 'a trouble.'

During my stay at Lookout Mountain Camp, a period of more than three weeks, I doubt if there were many women more happy than I on the green earth. I think, Mr. Editor, I am constitutionally happy, if there is such a thing. I agree with Lubbock, who says, 'Troubles comparatively seldom come to us: it is we who go to them.'

To-day's mail brought me a letter, the reading of which made me feel the necessity of setting my friends (dear, good Mrs. Fuller among the rest) right in this matter. The letter says: 'I note in the letter from Lookout Mountain, in the BANNER OF LIGHT, Sept. 6th, that you are in trouble, and suffering, I judge, from some special affliction that has come upon your much loved companion; and my heart goes forth in sympathy to you. I am not in trouble, but wonderfully blessed with health, happiness, love and peace; and I wish the same blessing for all my friends—including yourself, Mr. Editor.'

Wisconsin.

OSHKOSH.—Writing from this place "X. Y. Z." says: "Mrs. A. F. Clark is a clairvoyant of remarkable power, and will be remembered as having foretold many private and public events, the truth of her predictions having been substantially verified in due time. Of the latter was her prediction of the fearful yellow fever epidemic at Memphis, Tenn., in 1878, given two months previous to its breaking out. At the time of its utterance many, who from a knowledge of her prophetic gifts confided in her words, left the city, and thus escaped death."

THE SECOND CYCLE OF SHAKERISM.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

"Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?"

I notice in the BANNER OF LIGHT of May 3d, a question about Shakerism, viz.: "What is to be the ultimate of Shaker society? The old laborers are passing on to their final home, and no responsible young people are coming in to fill their places. Is this faith to be retained in its present relationship? or is the Second Advent or Cycle to take on a different phase which will meet the coming necessities of mankind?"

Many, both within and without, are much exercised in their minds over these important queries. Much of the difficulty arises from the premises that some of the old believers assumed as foundational to the system; or, in other words, they did not change enough to become entirely "new creatures" when they entered the New Order. They put the "new wine" into old bottles, and there has been bursting all along the line. With them, the God of Israel was, as he had been heretofore, a jealous deity; Jesus was the Christ; the Bible, virtually, the word of God. The gospel cycle as established was perfect; it was only for people to come to it. It was only one cycle. Consequently, when some believers talk about a "second cycle," they are held to be illogical; they are "stealing somebody's thunder." Again, the founders of the societies were not children; they were the ripened fruit of the tree of humanity—"men and women to be wondered at." They formed no creed. Father James Whitaker prophetically said and declared that "the church would pass through seven travails." That of itself is a most remarkable statement; it shows that some of the founders were, like John the Baptist, capable of seeing beyond themselves, and that truth was dearer than self to their hearts.

The first cycle or travail has lasted one hundred years. It opened with the revelation of God as a dual, not a trinitarian being—as a Father and Mother; God is spirit. Its first doctrine was: to be saved, to be induced with power from on high, individually; to do no wrong, but to possess a conscience void of offense, both toward God and man. Past wrongs were all to be righted; past sins against God or man to be confessed and forsaken. The first practical step, in the new life, was to rise out of generation into the resurrection; that is, to become pure in heart, thought and imagination, instead of having eyes full of adultery; to think no evil, but to die to the generative life of the first Adam, so that there should be neither male nor female, but all should be one in Christ Jesus—living a pure, celibate life.

The next doctrine was, death to the private property principle—mine and thine: no one said of aught that they had that it was their own. Then followed the peace—non-resistance—principle; death to the war element in humanity; neither to give nor to take offense; to love one another—to love their neighbor as they loved themselves, and to prove that love by working for each other; eating together, dressing plainly and alike—having a community of interests.

If, in New York City, a hundred capitalists, worth their thousands, should say to a hundred poor men and women: "We love you as we love ourselves, and will take you into our families as members thereof, to eat and drink, to work and recreate, just as we do"—would the citizens believe them? This is what Shakers have done for the last hundred years, and are doing, believing it to be the kingdom of heaven so long as they live. Are they mistaken? Neither is the statement about the decline true, in the broad manner in which it is made. It would apply externally to some societies

and families, not to all. 'Supposing that there were not a society in existence but Lebanon, nor a family in Lebanon but the North family, what difference would it make to the men and women who are coming from the east, west, north and south, to sit down in the kingdom of heaven order, of whose increase, to order and establish it in justice and righteousness, there will be no end? What of it? Many republics were attempted in past ages; they succeeded partially, and then failed because they were not perfect in their organization as republics, and would not increase with the increase of God and humanity. They assumed to be republics but were not, even as ours is not a true republic, one-half of the population being deprived of their inalienable rights of citizenship, in not being allowed what the other half claim. Therefore, as the new States are progressing beyond the old, so will new Shaker societies progress far beyond the old, and it will only be a question whether the old will come into the new increase or become extinct.

What sensible women will stay in Massachusetts or New York, to be treated as idiots or slaves, when in a week they can be domiciled in Wyoming? If they do stay, it will be to progress Massachusetts and New York up to where Wyoming is, as a republic.

F. W. EVANS.

Mt. Lebanon, Columbia Co., N. Y.

Written for the Banner of Light. PILGRIMS OF THE AIR.

BY REV. E. CASE.

Wild wanderers of the wilderness air,
Where winds your flight afar?
In South-sea isles seek ye a lair,
Or 'neath more northern star?
Our summer days are far too few
For ye to tarry long;
Some sunnier land ye seek anew,
Of fairer flowers and song.

Oh! could I fly, I'd fly with you
To some far home of light,
Where all our lovely ones and true,
Are gone from mortal sight.
In their blue realms there must be hearts
That beat with perfect bliss;
Some might of Love their joy impart
Unknown in worlds like this.

Tell me, ye pilgrims of the wind,
Tell me where is their home?
What fairer clime than ours they find?
Where beckon us to come?
In dreams of night they come to us;
Their voices still we hear,
But in the dawn's auroral light
They fade and disappear.

Lend me your wings, ye wanderers
O'er sunny land and sea,
That I may seek and share their joys
With soul unbound and free,
Eager to find their mystic shore,
Where Life's fresh fountains burst,
To drink and quench forevermore
The soul's immortal thirst.

Our summer winds have swept their bowers;
We breathe the fragrant air
That may have bathed the mattheless flowers
Now blooming where they are.
We gaze into the starry deep
Their glorious forms to see;
Alas! those deeps no record keep
Where they have been, or be.

We turn to fond, fond Memory,
And gaze into her glass,
And try to catch the forms we see,
And hold them as they pass.
We see them, know them as when last
They stirred our heart's deep love,
Yet know they have forever passed
To fairer worlds above.

Beaufort, S. C.

Sitting with W. R. Colby.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

By appointment I met Mr. W. R. Colby, independent slate-writing medium. The meeting was for the purpose of obtaining communications from friends who once dwelt in mortal life but now are inhabitants of what we call spirit-life, by what is known as independent slate-writing. In his room was a table without any covering whatever. The only articles on said table were a pile of some dozen brand new slates about seven by nine inches, and some small slips of blank paper about one and one-half inches by four. The medium left the room and closed the door, that I might not be seen, and no one become cognizant of what I should write on the said blank slips of paper.

When I had finished the writing of some twelve questions to as many different spirits, and so folded them that they could not be read, or one known from the other, Mr. Colby came into the room and sat on my left at the table, directly in front of an open window. I was requested to select one of the folded slips and place it under my left hand. I did so. He then placed his right hand, palm up, over my hand, and in a moment said: "We will give you an answer by independent writing, after the slates have been magnetized." Taking two clean slates, placing them side by side, we each rested our hands on them three times, possibly in all three minutes, when the slates were folded together, without anything being between them, and seized in his left hand were quickly raised and held above his head for less than one minute, and laid down in front of me with the request to examine. On opening I found a message from the spirit addressed on the slip placed under my hand; this message was written in a pale blue color; also the names of five excommunicated individuals, who formerly resided in this town—four of the names were written in what might be called lemon yellow, viz., Ezra Stephenson, M. D.; Wm. Gordon, M. D.; Rev. Jos. Richardson and William Hudson; the fifth was in dark crimson, with regards of Joseph Easterbrook. There was also a slight sketch of a flower in red, yellow and green.

This slate can be seen by any one who will call on me.

EDWIN WILDER.

Hingham, Mass., Aug. 22d, 1890.

Literary Department.

CRIME AND RETRIBUTION.

A STORY OF BOTH HEMISPHERES.

Written for the Banner of Light,

BY CORA WILBURN.

CHAPTER I.

The Disobedient Daughter.

In the home once consecrated by a mother's holy love, the home still hallowed by a father's guardian care and indulgent affection, Rose Palmer paced her chamber floor uneasily. On every side surrounded by the lavish tokens of a wealth whose office was to minister to her alone, she stood upon the verge of renouncing all the ease and luxury of her life, to share the toils and poverty of one in whom her maiden heart was bound.

Rose Palmer, the heiress, the idolized and only child of a most estimable man, was willing to forego the happy condition of the present, for the uncertain lot that the love of Philip Almay would bring; but it was not this that rent the young girl's heart with anguish; it was the thought of secret flight, the sin of disobedience, the dread foreboding of the sorrow she would inflict upon her father's whitening head, that caused her tears to flow, and her heart to throb with violent pulsations.

"Leave him!" she cried; and she wrung her white hands in despair; "he has been so good, so kind, so indulgent a father! Only this once in my life has he thwarted me. He cannot, he will not think well of Philip! He will never, never consent; and to save my beloved from life-lasting misery, I must flee from my blessed home; I must forsake the dear father, who has been mother, friend, guardian, all, all to me! Oh, God! I cannot leave him. I dare not! The searching eye of the Omnipotent is upon me; He will visit my deadly sin with punishment; I cannot go; oh, Philip, I cannot!" She sank sobbing into a seat, and, covering her face with her hands, still murmured between her tears, "I cannot—cannot."

She saw not the tall, manly form that entered noiselessly; she saw not the mocking, cynical smile that disfigured the finely-chiseled lip—the demon triumph in his eye. She was absorbed in her grief, and Philip Almay, standing there with folded arms, regarded her as he would some beautiful picture or some fine piece of sculpture. There was no gleam of honest love, no light of compassion within his restless, furtive, brilliant, night-black eye; it was relentless, cruel; endowed with an evil magnetism, a rare subduing power. His figure, cast in an athletic mold, betokened the habit of command; his face was embrowned, as by the sun of other climes; his handsome features were marked and prominent; his hair was black, curling in abundant masses; and his hands and feet were aristocratically small.

No might he imagine a pirate chieftain, or a robber king. But Philip, in suing for the virgin-love of the beautiful Rose, plead poverty and toil as his portion. He was of humble parentage, he said; but self-taught and ambitious. From her luxurious home he would convey his bride to a cottage by the seashore, while he embarked anew for the perils of the deep and the distant Southern climes. With all the eloquence of which he was master, with all the pleading persuasions of love, he implored her to fly with him; to leave the sanctuary of home, of her father's loving arms, forever. He stood before her as she sat there quietly weeping and articulating faintly, "I cannot—oh, I cannot!"

"Rose, my beloved Rose!" said a voice that thrilled her soul like music, so deep and tender were its tones, "why this grief? wherefore this abandonment? See, I am here to comfort and console."

He knelt gracefully before her, and took her unresisting hand. The sorrowful blue eyes of Rose rested on the handsome face upturned toward her; her filial resolve faltered and grew dim; the spell of his presence charmed away the better angel of her life. For him she would brave the world's contumely, her father's curse, the bitter fate awaiting her; her only compensation would be the love that, dearer than all earthly ties, obscured her very hopes of heaven. Ah, Rose! blinded by a serpent's wiles, what shadows, weird and terrible, arise upon thy life-path, ungrateful daughter, God-forgetting heart!

But it is our duty to narrate the commission of wrong, the unfailing retribution that followed on the steps of sin!

"Will you doom me to isolation, to a blighted, companionless life? Will you think of me as desperately rushing into danger, perhaps as falling into crime, through your denial? Rose, can you cast from you the heart that worships your very footprint, make me an anchorite, or worse, a desperado among men? Rose, you are my first, my only love! See, all turn from me, because I wear not the insignia of power and wealth. You only, rich, respected as you are, have taken the poor stranger by the hand; will you not lead him on, and, as you lovingly express it, upward, now and forever, Rose?"

She bowed her head, until the drooping chestnut curls swept the dark brow of the white pleyder; tears rained on his face, the tears of innocence and youth, but he relented not.

The outward pensive mask veiled the inner and jubilant triumph of the plotters' soul.

"Oh, if my father's consent could but be won! Oh, Philip, I will plead again, and weep in the dust before his feet. My father is not proud, not worldly; he would give me to the poorest peasant in the land, if I loved him, and he were worthy; these are his very words. But he has an unaccountable prejudice against you. He says you are not what you seem; he fears for my happiness; he warns me against you! Oh, Philip, if you truly love me, go and beseech of him as I have done. Tell him the history of your past life as you have told me; surely he will pity, will learn to love you."

"It were in vain; I know Mr. Harold Palmer too well," he replied, with a sneer that escaped the fearful sight of Rose. "He tells you this to soothe you, to win your love from me. Never would the haughty, retired English gentleman, give his heiress to the poorest peasant on his fields; mere matter of speech, that is. What can your father's objections be to me? I am poor; of that sin I stand confessed; what is there else against me?"

"He says," faltered Rose, "that you are a wanderer, of whom no one knows the resting-place; that your birthplace is unknown; your parentage unrevealed. Dear Philip! he cares not that I wed with one of equal standing; but, as a stranger, a new-comer to our neighborhood, he fears, he mistrusts you. He is a dotting father; I, alas, ungrateful that I am, am his only living child! Forgive his tender solicitude, his extreme watchfulness; forgive him, for my love's sake!"

And she clung to his arm, and looked appealingly into the darkening face and on the contracted brow of the man who was already her tyrant and enslaver.

"For your sake all is forgiven!" he murmured, fondly pressing a kiss upon her candid forehead. "But tell me, Rose, tell me all—what does your father suspect? What does he imagine?"

Rose could not refuse the demand of those magnetic eyes and pleading lips. She said, hesitatingly: "He fears, I think, not that he believes—but he trembles, lest—"

"Well, well, lest what, my darling?"

"That somewhere—sometime in the past—you—oh, do not be angry, Philip—you might have been guilty—of crime!"

"Of crime!" he repeated. "And you, Rose? you listened and faltered in your faith? You wavered—in the fear that I—and thus your father has sought to poison your unworshipful ears? No, Rose, I will bear no more; humiliations, threats, all have I meekly endured for your dear sake. But now I can no more! I leave you, Rose; I go back to the world, to my misery and my solitary life: lone, lone, amid the crowd. Farewell, farewell, my Rose!"

The arch hypocrite had calculated on the result. With a piercing cry the young girl barred his way, imploring him, for the sweet love of heaven, not to forsake her. He covered his brightening eyes with both hands.

"Do not, do not leave me!" she wept, and clung around his knees; "without a brother, lone as thyself, amid the surroundings of wealth and ease; unassisted, motherless, I have but thee to love! Oh, go not from me with a wounded heart! I will give up the world, all, all, even the father I shall bring to the grave—but leave me not, my Philip, my beloved!"

"You will renounce this destiny of empty glitter? You will share the humble home I shall provide? You will become my own, my cherished wife? Oh, angels bless thee, Rose, my pearl, my gem, my queen, my love!"

She was weeping on his bosom, and the recording angel had sadly left her side.

"The only time," she whispered, amid the heart-flood of her grief, "the only time my father wore a shadow on his face for me, was when I asked his blessing to our union. 'Never, never, while I live!' he cried vehemently; and then, oh pitying Lord! he kissed me, and his warm tears fell upon my hand, as he told me of the danger I incurred, of the fears he entertained. His words were solemnly warning; they thrilled my soul with terror, Philip!" she cried suddenly, starting from his close embrace, "if you should ever change—if you should become cold or harsh—if—oh, the thought is madness—if you should weary of the faithful love that for you braves even a father's malediction!"

She paused, overcome by emotion. He fondly stroked her glossy curls.

"Am I a monster? Are you not the first and last love of my soul? Do I, like others, woo you for the wealth I see lavished upon you? Do I tempt you to take with you your jewels and costly robes? Do I not ask you only for yourself, and am I not willing to labor for you while strength and health are mine?"

"Yes, yes, I know you are noble, disinterested, honorable. I will trust, I will go with you to the utmost confines of the earth."

[Continued on third page.]

Before the Second Nationalist Club of Boston, at Twilight
Hall, Aug. 25th, 1900.

[Copyright by HENRY AUSTIN, 1800.]



Let us look at it first on its economical side. I would bring to-night only five counts in an indictment against it, though it might be easy to bring more. The first fault that we find with it is its failure to do what it pretends to accomplish—its failure to give employment. We spent in the civil war millions of money and billions and billions of drops of costly blood to prevent certain men from being forced to work; and yet two years ago in Chicago, the queen city of the West, where we are going to hold a Fair

"Abolishes poverty!" "What?" somebody says, "You cannot do that; it never has been done." Now, to say that a thing never has been done is no proof; that it cannot be done by the ablest scientific writers of the time used this objection to argue for the same kind of an answer. The engine employed under Nationalism, to prove that the steam engine could never be practically used; in fact, at this present stage of human development, to assert positively that any thing cannot be done requires a tremendous hardihood of aboriginal dullness. But is the statement true? Has poverty never been abolished? Has there never been a community, an empire in the world, without this evil—this foundation for nearly all crimes?

If you will turn to the pages of the greatest American historian—I sometimes feel tempted to say, the greatest of American writers, William Prescott—you will find that when the Spaniard, greedy for gold and glory, invaded the

The next objection is one that apparently seems very strong, viz.: That to accomplish this change we must change human nature. The people who make this argument have not a very high opinion of human nature, and perhaps from their collisions with it, under the pressure of the present system, they may be somewhat justified in their opinion; but in making this objection they seem to fancy that human nature is a fixed quality, like the color of their eyes. They shut their eyes to the fact that for centuries the springs of moral human nature, while but a constant state of flux, have been evincing a tendency to improvement. It was human nature, at one time, for men to eat each other, and in some distant corners of the world this kind of gastronomy still prevails; but the majority of men now prefer spring chicken or roast beef. Take as an example the change that has occurred lately: One hundred and fifty years ago a man who talked of starting a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals would have been regarded as a first-class crank. Had he been rich, his anxious relatives would probably have had him committed to an insane asylum, while the moral improvement for the last half a century has shown that the human heart has so widened that it embraces in its sympathies not merely sick and suffering humanity, but the brute creation. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is an established fact. I could go on multiplying instances of this kind.

Another most curious objection was made to me in person, I felt good faith on the part of the objector. He said: "I do not see how you bring about this equality in material conditions, you will not only take away the beauty of charity, but you will also because it will have nothing to feed on, that most exquisite of all food—the sympathy." This serene sentimental gentleman did not wish to be disappointed by the woe—somebody else's woe, of course. He honestly thought it was really a wise and beneficent provision of Providence that at Christmas-time some people should be starving and should be cold, so that some other people might have the pleasure of relieving their wants with a supply of coal and turkey, and so that Dickens might have the chance to write those beautiful Christmas stories which have touched so many hearts. He brought the sweetening tears to sea my eyes. This sentimentalist forgot that even if we do away with poverty, if we do away with cold and old and nakedness, and the sense of degradation under the pressure of caste, even if we make men and women materially equal, yet for many ages to come, between the mystery of birth and the mystery of death, rankled muscles wrestle with other evils, and very often be thrown by sorrow into make away poverty and there will still be plenty of sorrow for the world to keep alive the delicious sentimentality of sympathy. There will still be the ache of failure, still be disease, early death, the loss of friends by fallure, still be the pangs of unrequited love.

[Continued from first page.]
"Stop, Rose! Reflect on what you say; some day I may have cause to remind you of these rashly spoken words. Would you brave with me the perils of the ocean? go with me to another land?"

"Anywhere—everywhere!" she cried; and her cheeks glowed with resolve, her woman heart throbbing high with the heroism of devoted love.

He soothed her into calm by his whispered consolations; he kissed her into submissive accord with the demands of his imperious will. He left her with the extorted promise of her flight with him.

"To-morrow at midnight!" he had said.

"To-morrow at midnight!" her quivering lips repeated, and her throbbing heart stood still; the pass-word of her destiny was spoken; an undefinable sense of dread, a presentiment of coming ill, pressed her every faculty.

The next day Rose watched with a silent anxiety every movement of her calm-browed, light and loving father. She stroked the thin, white, whitening locks, and kissed the yet healthful cheeks with an intensity of affection unfeigned before. She looked upon him with worshipful gaze, and when he called her "darling child," and "blessed comfort," she could have knelt to him and prayed for his protecting care against the stranger who had won her from her filial duty. Knowing that his keen sight read every passing shadow on her face, she controlled her surging emotions; she met his eye, not with untroubled calm, but with a tender tearfulness. Whatever pain her pallid cheeks and restless emotions betrayed, he attributed to the sorrowing disenchantment of her love, never doubting that his words had taken effect; unaware that his cherished daughter received the clandestine visits of one he deemed unfitting her society. The idea that his child should leave his roof and trust herself to one she had only known three short months, he would have scorned as unworthy of a passing credence. Fully and unreservedly he trusted this idolized child of the departed; he pitied her as only a father can; and he was more affectionate, more communicative and solicitous than ever, on that last, ever remembered day.

When he kissed her for the night, her emotion was too painful for repression; she burst into bitter weeping and clung around his neck; and he soothed her by his usual terms of endearment.

"You are nervous, my precious comfort," he said; "but my little heart will soon revive. In a month we go to London; then my Rose shall join the gayeties, and see the great world. There she will have suitors that will wrangle for her hand, and worry her old papa to death. She will forget the dream that has cast a cloud upon her way. Now, good-night, my comfort! God bless my darling child!"

"Once more; bless me again, my father!" cried Rose.

"Once more, and every day, my blessed!" he said, half gaily. But his tone was reverential, as he said, "God bless my darling child!" With her father's kiss upon her brow, with a guilty beating heart, Rose stole from her chamber, and passing through the silent halls, crept in the shadow of the house and the blooming summer hedges, toward the garden-gate, where Philip Almay awaited her. She took his arm, and as they hurried on, the midnight bell of a neighboring convent seemed to toll the requiem of her youthful joys. Half supporting her trembling form, Philip bent his head to listen to her incoherent speech.

"Oh, never more," she cried, between her gasping breath; "never more shall I hear that voice—I am no more his 'little heart,' his 'precious comfort.' I am cursed of God and him! Philip!" she cried, standing suddenly still, the moonlight falling on her ghost-like face and spectral-white attire, "let us return! take me back! I hear my father's moans of agony! Take me home, home! Philip, to my duty, to the father, raving, maddened for my loss!"

"Hush, hush, dearest!" he answered, "it is too late now. Hallow, Joaquin! are you here?" He grasped the hand of the approaching stranger.

"Where is the carriage? We have no time to lose."

"Here, sir, close by. Is this the lady?"

"Yes; hush! be quick! take her up tenderly; no, wait; go on before."

Rose lay in a deep swoon upon the gravel path. Philip raised her in his arms and bore her to the awaiting carriage. The man Joaquin mounted the box and drove off; the gallant steeds flew like the wind. Rose Palmer was carried swiftly from her home; and when she regained her consciousness, the dawn was breaking crimson and golden o'er the earth.

At a wayside church, where, from all appearances, previous arrangements had been made, Philip Almay and Rose were united in the bonds of marriage. For two days and nights they traveled at their utmost speed; then, gaining the seashore, they reached a romantic and secluded hamlet, far from the rural town where Harold Palmer's imposing country mansion stood. To a cottage home, interiorly decorated with a prodigal and almost Oriental taste, Philip welcomed his young, confiding wife. Scarcely turned sixteen, her delicate health had kept her from mingling with the gayeties of her station. To this practiced man of the world, many years her senior, she had given the first love of a pure, world-untouched heart. During the journey, he had been so gentle, so attentive, the young wife could not long indulge the violence of grief. As she stepped into the charming little house, and looked around upon the magnificence surrounding her, the wealth of paintings, the ivory and gilding, the costly mirrors and the gorgeous carpets, the china vases and the silken hangings, exceeding even the accustomed splendor of her lordly home, she turned to her husband with a childlike and bewitching smile, her blue eyes wide open with astonishment, as she said:

"You are rich; you are a gentleman in wealth as well as in heart! But why—"

He stopped her mouth with kisses, bade the courtesying maid show her lady to her room, and Rose, following in silent wonderment, felt that her handsome and attentive lover-husband was a mystery.

CHAPTER II.

The Discarded Wife.

land. She usually wore a black silk dress that contrasted finely with the whiteness, the almost transparent clearness of her complexion; her eyes were large, dark, melting and sad; the small mouth never smiled, the pale cheek never colored; the majestic figure, bent as by some crushing woe, was delicate and symmetrical; the raven hair was braided over a smooth and intellectual brow; the delicate hand and tiny foot bespoke her gentle lineage; the small cross of brilliants, pendant from a golden chain she wore around her neck, gave evidence of her former station, but her silken dress was worn and faded; the veil she wore upon her head was rent and mended in many places. She came in a close carriage, attended by a foreign looking man, who carried in his arms a child, the miniature image of the mother. He called the lady Teresa; the little girl Felicia.

They rented the dilapidated cottage by the mill, and improved its interior appearance somewhat by neat but not costly furniture, by the disposal around of a few simple pictures, by plain white draperies of muslin, and by the guitar of the Señora Teresa. Who she was no one knew. She gave no account of herself, and could speak the English language but very imperfectly. Conjecture, rumor and suspicion were rife concerning her. Even the adjacent mansions admitted the prevailing curiosity: the squire and his family, the clergyman and his wife, the aristocratic M. D. of the district, high and low, all wondered who she was, and whether sorrow or repentance was the cause of her seclusion. The kind-hearted village girl who assisted the lady in her household affairs, spoke of her unvarying gentleness. The foreign looking man had left the neighborhood; she could give no other clue.

One day, about three months after the elopement of Rose, a dark-browed man, enveloped in a Spanish mantle, knocked at the door of the Señora Teresa's cottage. She arose listlessly from her seat, and with a faltering "Who's there?" proceeded to open it. As her eye rested on the tall figure at the threshold, she uttered a cry of mingled delight and surprise; she threw her arms around his neck; she called him by all the endearing epithets of love; she beckoned to her playing child, and bade her go and kiss her father. The man returned her caresses coldly; he even unwound her clinging arms from his neck; but he stooped to kiss the little girl with all a parent's fondness.

"My dear Felicia; how she has grown," he said, admiringly.

"And you, Teresa, have you been well?" he inquired. His manner was cold and constrained; he addressed her in the Spanish tongue, the language with which she had received him.

"I well! I happy! when you are away?" she sadly made reply. "Oh, Philip, my husband! once so kind and loving, tell me what means this sudden change? In what has poor Teresa offended? Why do you absent yourself so long from me—from your child—leaving us among these rough people, the wonder and laughing-stock of all?"

"You have not wanted for anything? Joaquin has provided all you needed, has he not?" the man asked, harshly.

"Oh, do not speak so! Your tone is rude. It chills me to the heart! Yes," she said, hesitatingly, "he has provided—by your orders, he said—for food and for the payment of this miserable shelter." Her fine lip curled contemptuously. "But see, Philip, I will not complain; but this and one other are the only garments I possess; my mantilla is worn out. But I will not trouble you with these things; although I did not expect when I left my own dear native land—" she turned away her face to hide the starting tear.

A bitter, triumphant smile, wreathed the mouth of the husband.

"I must have some conversation with you, Teresa," he said, regarding her curiously.

"But you will remain you will not again leave me? At least, not soon?" she anxiously queried.

"I must return this very night," he replied. "So I have not much time to spare."

"Whither must you return, in such haste that you cannot even spend one day with your wife and child? Whither go you, Philip, after an absence of so many months?"

"To see my mother," he responded, averting his eyes.

"Have you not seen her lately? Have you not yet gained her consent to receive the daughter, willing to kneel for her love and pity? Has she not yet given her approval to the hasty marriage formed by her son with the orphan Teresa? Yet why should she withhold it? Am I not of good family? Was not my name honored and esteemed in Cadiz? Am I not rich? or, at least, shall I not be, when my uncle restores to me my mother's portion? He is aggrieved at my marriage with a foreigner—with one not of my faith; but he will relent, and I shall be your proud mother's equal. Why, then, this hesitancy in receiving me?"

The color had mounted to her very temples as she spoke. The haughty blood of her ancestral hidalgos was aroused; she spoke loud and vehemently.

Philip made answer in the low, measured tones, that were without one particle of heart-warmth or sympathy:

"I come not here to have a scene, Teresa. I come for a far different purpose. I cannot answer for my mother's whims; but this I know—she has not yet given her approval to our marriage. I have been engrossed in business, as you know from my letters, striving to regulate my affairs; and all about that cursed property of yours; but, though I have sent your letters, your old curmudgeon of an uncle has not relented yet. I dare not ask my mother for money, so that is the reason you have been put on short allowance, Teresa."

She looked intently in his face, and said in low and thrilling tones, all her former vehemence gone:

"Are you telling me the truth, Philip?"

A shadow rested on his brow.

"Why should you doubt me?" he cried, fiercely, drawing away his hand from hers.

"Because your conduct is strange—is unaccountable. Because you told me when you wooed my love that your mother's heart was womanly and kind; that she would love me as her own, and replace the mother whose sainted face I have no recollection of. Did you tell me false? Why, now, this long-continued estrangement? Why is she so unrelenting in her pride? Or, oh, my guardian angel!" she exclaimed, rising suddenly, and then kneeling on the floor beside him, "have you deceived my trusting heart? Do you no longer love me, Philip?" She raised her pallid face, over which the briny flood of sorrow rolled, as she repeated wildly: "Do you no longer love your wedded wife?"

"Tut, tut! Nonsense, child! Don't be foolish and sentimental, I beseech you! You know it was for your strength of character and firm decision that I first admired you. But I cannot control circumstances, Teresa."

"You evade a direct answer. You do not look me in the eye, Philip! A change has passed over you within the year—a woful, blighting change to me. For a year you were blest and happy, traveling together over the varied countries; then you brought me to England, and left me, and wandered by yourself. And a gradual change has come over you; you no longer return my caresses; you no longer seek my society; in seven long months you have come to see me twice; your letters, even, are cold, devoid of soul! You leave us uncared for, unprotected. You have forbidden me to give my name; to couple yours with mine. Philip! there is a mystery surrounding you; a dire foreboding weighs upon my spirits! You are not the Philip of last year to me. The first year of our marriage was a dream of Paradise! When my child was born, you loved me; but as time sped on, you grew indifferent; the second year was one of doubt and conflict; the third is fraught with desolation; but I shall bring me certainly!"

All of the weak, clinging tenderness of her nature was cast aside. Drawing herself up proudly, with flashing eye and crimsoned cheek, she demanded the solution of the mystery that surrounded him.

His pent-up anger was on the verge of revelation, but he controlled himself by a mighty effort of his iron will. But the threatening gleam of his eye, the sudden clenching of his hand, the compression of his whitening lip, escaped not the watchful eye of Teresa. He said in a bantering, hurried manner:

"Do not be foolish, Teresa. I am harassed with business cares. What else should all me, my good wife? And as for the least change in me, that's all in your imagination, little dear."

"Your manner is assumed; you are not frank, and gay, and natural, as you used to be," she said.

"Ha! ha! ha!" His laugh was forced as his bantering air. "Come, come," he resumed; "I must tell you in a few words what I came for expressly. Let me take Felicia to my mother; the sight of her will move her to a reconciliation. She loves children, and the beauty of our angel will melt her heart at once. What say you, Teresa?"

"That my child shall never leave me for an instant!" she replied, snatching up the smiling prattler who was playing on the floor.

"Is this your wifely obedience?" he cried, mockingly.

"Is it a just, a fair, a human demand?" she retorted, fiercely. "Why would you separate me from my child—the tender child, that demands my care? Why cannot I go with you? Philip, if I knew in what portion of this kingdom your mother lives, I would find my way to her, though I walked every step on foot! You have surrounded yourself with mysteries; your mother's place of abode is unknown to me; you will not even openly acknowledge me as your lawful wife; and now you would take from me my child. But it shall never, never be done!"

"You talk like an unreasonable woman. Can you not trust our child with me?"

"I dare not!" she answered, tremblingly.

"Tell me why! Give me your reason—I insist upon it! Teresa, speak!"

He had grasped her arm, and was looking into her face with all the concentrated magnetism of his glance. There was a stifled fury in his words, but she replied, with the brave mother-love that knows no fear:

"You would never bring her back! She is the only tie that draws you here—you love her wretched mother no longer!" And then, as if struck mortally by the words her lips had uttered, she leaned forward, lividly pale, and sobbing as if her wounded heart would break.

"Will you not trust me—give me this proof of your confidence?" he said. "I forgive your foolish words; but you will let me take Felicia, only for a visit of three days?"

"Ah! lives your mother so near?"

He bit his lips in vexation.

"Give me your answer, Teresa."

She cast herself at his feet, and said:

"Have pity on me, Philip! Pardon me if I suspect you wrongfully; but my brain is whirling, and my heart is ill at rest. Ask of me anything. Here, husband, take this cross, my sainted mother's only relic; take the treasured likeness of my father, and with them buy bread for us, until a better fortune smiles; but, in the name of heaven, by all that is pure and sacred here below, do not ask me to part with my child!"

Again she clasped her to her bosom, and showered her kisses on her rosebud mouth and cheeks.

The pent-up storm burst forth.

"You will not give me the child?"

She sadly shook her head, and looked with tear-filled eyes above.

"Then I will take her!" he shouted; "take her from your very arms, beneath your very eyes! I am her father—I have the right to claim my child. Obstinately and headstrong woman! do you think you can oppose my will?"

"With God and his angels' help, I will!" she firmly said, confronting him, and holding aloft the frightened little one; "only with my life shall you tear Felicia from my arms; while I live I will defend her; she is mine by all the love and agony of motherhood—you shall not wrest her from my grasp!"

He made a spring toward her. He would have seized the child, but she cried loud and piercingly:

"Hear me, Philip! hear the few words I have to say. If you take her by force, my shrieks shall arouse the neighbors. The mill is tenanted—I will call assistance. I will tell my wrongs, even to the rough but human hearts around me. A mother's rights are sacred; they will reverse my claim! Stop and reflect, for as God lives, I dare all things to save my child!"

"Your wrongs? Tell, blab—speak to the surrounding bores of me?" he thundered in her ear. "And what if I tell the story as it suits my convenience? What if I brand your name with infamy, and place you as my mistress before the world—what then?"

"I should denounce your villainy!" she shrieked. "Oh, God! the hour of my disenchantment has arrived; my dread forebodings are realized! But know this, you, vile, bad man! you cannot cast reproach upon my woman's honor. I have the certificate of my marriage!"

"Where—where is it hidden?"

He glanced uneasily around.

struck her in the face, and upon the white, bare shoulders, from which the black silk scarf had fallen; but she never relinquished her hold upon the child. Her dark eyes wildly glaring, her cheeks glowing with the excitement, not pale with fear, she writhed and struggled in his grasp; but his hand was on her mouth, when she attempted to cry out.

"Will you give me the child?" he asked.

"Never!" she responded; "and if you kill me, Philip, I will haunt you to your dying day!"

"Pooh! what a fool I am to waste time and words," said the brutal husband. "I can find other means; and hark ye, Teresa, I shall yet have the child!"

"If you force her from me, I will haunt you to your dying day—remember that!"

"Pshaw! I am a man to be threatened with fear of ghosts, living or dead? Hallow, there, Joaquin!"

"Here, sir," said the officious valet, coachman and multifarious servant.

"Let us go. Is the carriage waiting near the turnpike?"

"It is, sir."

Without another look at his discarded wife, without another glance toward his child, he turned from the house, and in deep conversation with his confidential man, retraced his steps the way he had come.

Teresa, still holding Felicia in her frenzied clasp, sank to the floor in a deathlike swoon, that lasted until the faithful maid, returning, restored the unhappy mother to a consciousness of lost love and impending danger.

[To be continued.]

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

Banner of Light.

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

Re-opening of the Banner of Light Public Free Meetings.

The meetings for the Answering of Questions, and the presentation of Messages from Individualized spirit-intelligences, which have from the foundation of this paper been so important a feature in THE BANNER Establishment, have been resumed at our Public Free Circle-Room, 9 Bowditch street, Boston, for the season of '90-'91. The sessions will occur, as usual, on the afternoon of Tuesday and Friday of each week—Mrs. M. T. LONGLEY being the medium on both occasions.

A True and Right Conception.

That was a truly inspired number of the series of "The Spiritual Facts of the Ages," by Dr. F. L. H. Willis, published in THE BANNER of Aug. 30th, and worthy of many and thoughtful readings. It treated, as our readers know, of "Early Christianity," and formed No. 13 of the series. It set out with accepting Christianity as a new era in the investigation of the spiritual facts of the ages. Describing the life and religion of the era with a few graphic strokes, it asserted that at the birth of the Nazarene all the nations of the earth, Rome alone excepted, had passed into decay, some having even ceased to exist; that Asia, steeped in sensualism, slept a sleep of intoxication; that the grandeur and glory of Greece had departed; that Rome was the proud mistress of the world, although her power was physical, and her vigor the vigor of purely animal life. Hence, too, it was that it soon crumbled within itself.

It was, says Dr. Willis, as if humanity, having passed the period of its infancy, stood waiting upon the threshold of a higher life. A new temple was to be erected in the human soul. A new worship was to be instituted, that of the spirit in spirit and in truth, in which every one was to be his own priest, free from the fetters of the mind to act and work in faith and love.

A new power had made its appearance upon the stage of mortal action, destined to develop a diviner consciousness in the heart of humanity. There is nothing improbable in the idea that those celestial spirits which had watched over the interests of humanity through the ages in one nation after another, perceiving now that a child was born whose perfectly harmonious development of the spiritual and physical was to make him the most susceptible medium of angelic influences the world had ever seen, should break forth in exultant strains of celestial music, singing: "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth to men of good will!"

This seems wonderfully and beautifully natural. It is far from being an isolated instance of angelic music falling upon mortal ears. The mother of Jesus was a medium, and saw and conversed with angels respecting the future of her unborn child. She was governed by no laws that may not govern any other mother-soul. An angel appeared to Joseph, his father, also, in his dreams, and advised and warned, and guided him. Mediums from Chaldea, or elsewhere, were informed by spiritual signs and omens of the birth of the wonderful child, who was to so modify and change the condition of the world, and came to Palestine from their distant homes, bringing with them costly gifts.

From the age of twelve to thirty years nothing is heard or recorded of Jesus. When he was baptized by John, a spirit-voice was heard, and a dove was seen resting upon his head. This may have been either a spiritual emblem which the eyes of all present were open to behold, or a real dove, subject to the spirit-power that manifested itself on this occasion. Jesus, we find, kept his mediumistic powers alive by the same means employed by the more ancient mediums of Hindostan, Egypt, Chaldea, and his own nation. He retired to solitary places to fast and pray. The old prophets of his own

nation did the same. For forty days he fasted in the wilderness. There his spiritual gifts and powers were made known to him. There he wrestled with the mighty temptation that assailed him, to pervert his mediumistic powers to self-acquisition, to personal aggrandizement and renown. There, after the conflict was over, and the victory won over self and selfish aims, angels came and ministered to him, and so strengthened and quickened his powers that he at once began his wonderful mission of benevolence and love. He caused the deaf to hear, the blind to see, and the lame to walk. He restored suspended animation, thus being credited with giving life to the dead.

Dr. Willis at this point proceeds to recite the list of his mediumistic works, commonly called miracles. They were precisely the same as those which Dr. W. has faithfully traced through the ages; neither greater nor less; in no respect different. He finds parallels to all the manifestations of Jesus among the ancient mediums, and among his own disciples and followers for generations after his death. Yet the church insists upon them as proofs of his divinity. This would but prove the divinity of every medium who has wrought similar works, from the earliest record of humanity down to the present day. They prove of Jesus his own inherent spirituality, the susceptibility of his nature, and his power to throw himself into such rapport with the angel-world as to become the medium of its will to the material world.

Then, it will be inquired, if Jesus was no more nor greater than other mediums, in what respect was he greater, or his life of any more value to the world? This is the answer: The world was ready for higher spiritual truths than it had ever before received; and he uttered them with a power and an authority that claimed the attention even of the officers sent forth by the jealous priesthood to arrest him. They returned without him, but with the report: "Never man spake like this man." He was, says Dr. Willis, an unconventional, glorious spirit; a bold, fearless radical. He protested emphatically and indignantly against the arrogance of the priesthood and the most cherished doctrines and dogmas of the church of his day. He was inspired with a diviner, a more glorious and far more truthful conception of deity than the world had hitherto entertained. To him there was no personal Jehovah; no great king personified, and therefore locally limited. His God was the broad, diffusive, all-comprehensive life, power and spirit of the universe. "God is a spirit," was the sublime truth that broke upon the startled ear of humanity from the inspired lips of Jesus.

Jesus, too, first declared the universality of spiritual gifts, which is the supreme revelation made to the world. He first declared it possible for all men to become mediums and work the works of the spirit. "The works that I do," he told his followers, "shall ye do also; and greater than these shall ye do." "Of my own self I do nothing; the Father"—or the indwelling divinity, or spirit-power—"He doeth the works." He often spoke of the angels, and of the legions of them that surrounded him, as if he saw them; and in moments of trial, sorrow and agony, they ministered unto and strengthened him. He taught that those who lived true lives would rise from the dead in purified bodies and become like the angels. His inspired moral precepts were comprehensive and universal. He announced that the days of blind faith, external ceremony, traditionary opinion, and ignorant, superstitious prejudice were over. He introduced a new era, a new power, which gave mankind a tremendous impetus along the pathway of its progressive civilization.

The remarkable events attending his death do not appear at all "supernatural" in the light above given. Indeed, they might rather have been expected. And his spirit-presence to his disciples and to others after death is by no means an incredible statement. We of this age have seen spirit-forms, heard them speak, touched and been touched by them, even as the disciples saw and heard and knew Jesus, their beloved Master. But it would be as rational for us—who recognize that Spiritualism has come to the world to adduce the incontrovertible truth of the soul's continued existence—to worship these phenomena, these manifestations, as it is for those who profess and call themselves Christians to worship Jesus because of his manifestations, and to declare and proclaim him the universal Deity.

Spiritualism and Agnosticism.

A recent sermon by Rev. Dr. Wild, of Toronto, undertook the task of discovering the antagonistic principle of each of these two methods of belief, and contained beside a number of highly pertinent, instructive and impressive reflections. He remarked, among other things, that history and experience very thoroughly show us that man is a worshipping creature, and that no man could isolate himself from the promptings of this disposition. Everybody has it, and everybody must deal with it in some way. All have got to be in obedience to it somehow. It is a basic faculty on which the other faculties very largely depend for their proper and profitable development. Dwarf this religious faculty in man, and you dwarf every other faculty. Develop it grandly and truly, and you bring after it a developing force to every other faculty of the mind.

Excesses of all kinds give birth to their own remedies. Ritualism in the Church of England gave birth to Quakerism. One was at the opposite extreme from the other. Excessive theological education is checked by the Salvation Army. Nearly every society has come into existence to counteract the excesses that existed in the older organizations. Since about the year 1840 there has been a great tendency in theology to doubt the existence of the spirit of man after that physical change which we call death. "Soul-sleepers" say we "go to sleep" at death, and are not conscious till we are resurrected at the "judgment day." They who believe in conditional immortality say that we cease to be at death, but if we believe in the Lord Jesus Christ we will be raised up to live forever; and if we do not so believe, we will be raised up to be judged and again be annihilated. Then comes in the agnostic, who doubts all these spiritual revelations, and thinks we have no spiritual existence, or at least that we have no proof of it.

Against these last appear the Spiritualists, a people not in any church organization, who declare that they have heard, handled, seen and communicated with spirits.

Here are thousands of men, said Dr. Wild, whose great pride is to deny our spiritual existence; and here come millions who say they hold actual communication with spirits. Is it not strange, he asked, that this revival of Spiritualism should come just at the same time

with the revival of the theory of non-existence after death? But it is all as perfectly natural as the centripetal and centrifugal forces in nature. One gives rise to the other.

Yet the Doctor errs, we think, in assuming that Spiritualism battles only agnosticism and materialism. It comes to correct, explode and destroy the old superstitions of self-satisfied theological orthodoxy. It is a power to inspire a new and better belief—because based on actual knowledge—within the churches as well as without. He becomes patronizing, therefore, when he hands over the agnostics to the Spiritualists, and tells them to battle with one another, and so keep things balanced. His notion of the church as a sort of citadel out of the reach of both of these opposing forces, is bred of a religious training which it is one of the special offices of Modern Spiritualism to eradicate.

But he admitted, nevertheless, that such things as the telegraph and telephone are making it much more easy for us to believe in spiritual existence and spiritual force than it was before these were known. They are powers that baffle us, and yet we believe in them. It is not a great jump to take from electricity to a spirit that is invisible, and mighty, and lively. It is not so difficult to believe in mind communicating with mind, and spirit with spirit, when we think of the telephone—how a man can stand hundreds of miles away and whisper into a little funnel, and in some way these words are carried along that invisible track, and the person at the other end interprets them. Science is going on toward spirit and spirit-life. Spiritual things are getting clearer and more distinct, and the agnostics are losing ground every day. Dr. Wild said he believed the time will come when spirit will hold intercourse with spirit by some divinely-appointed means in the millennial day. But he feared men would not make a wise use of this power at the present time. Still, the fact will not wait upon his fear.

Inconsistency of the Vaccinationists.

One of the ablest articles in *The Arena* for September is by Charles Creighton, A. M., M. D., entitled "Vaccination: A Scientific Inquiry." Dr. Creighton is one of the most distinguished Pathologists in England. He is the author of a masterly and outspoken treatise on vaccination in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and of a large octavo volume bearing the significant title, "Jenner and Vaccination: A Strange Chapter in Medical History," which works, says our friend William Tebb, "confirm the strongest indictments ever made concerning the mischievous effects of the Jennerian delusion." Hence it will be seen that the article from his pen in *The Arena* is by one eminently well qualified to write upon the subject, and that what he has written is worthy the consideration of all who in this country have the welfare of the people at heart.

Dr. Creighton opens this "Inquiry" by saying that scientific authority is, in the nature of things, a most powerful instrument, whether it be established in error or in truth. Once established, the authority of science will be apt to secure absolute deference and obedience, most of all from the class who like to express their opinion in all matters non-scientific; and he adds: "The history of vaccination from its beginning to its present position is a refreshing illustration of the truth that medical science is human first and scientific afterward."

The inquiry the writer institutes is with reference to the validity of the claim held by the early opponents of the Jennerian system that cowpox was a disease entirely different from smallpox, "not so much because it occurred in another species of animal, but because it was a strictly local ailment; whereas smallpox was an eruption of pustules all over the body, attended by a fever, and spreading by contagion." This objection was urged, says Dr. Creighton, with conspicuous ability in Paris, by a physician of great experience, Dr. Jean Verrier, but at the same time with scornful brevity, as if he were impatient of the dullness of his colleagues in not seeing at a glance the radical improbability of anticipating the attack of smallpox by the inoculation of a merely local malady of the cow's paps, which had nothing in common with smallpox except a superficial likeness of name. Our author quotes Dr. Verrier as writing at that time:

"The country people in England, as well as the doctors, have represented the vaccine disease to be the smallpox itself. That is a good thing for inspiring confidence; but unfortunately the two diseases have nothing in common, and so the ground of protection falls through, et voilà le fondement du préservatif ébranlé."

The argument of the early opponents to vaccination was, and very justly, that, admitting the old inoculation done by a transfer of smallpox matter to be of any utility (which we do not), the new inoculation done by cowpox was not, as its character and operation was entirely dissimilar. Dr. Creighton remarks:

"If any one supposes that these early critics and opponents of vaccination were 'cranks,' untrained men, capricious, jealous, ill-conditioned, or, as the Jennerians said, 'malignant,' he makes a great mistake. It is true that they were not professors, they were not among the leaders, they were not in the academic 'swim'; but they had qualities which make their writings on vaccination still interesting and eminently readable when the mass of the contemporary books, pamphlets and papers on the subject has become insufferably dull."

But all that was human and reasonable was "speedily shouted down," that a pretentious and assured scientific authority might rule the day; hence, says Dr. C., "the substitute for the old smallpox inoculation was accepted by the authoritative personages in every country of Europe, and in the United States, with an alacrity which surprises even Jenner's biographer, the hero-worshipping Dr. Baron; or, as we may rather say, with a haste and heedlessness which was hardly to be expected in the cautious and judicial occupants of professional chairs and other academic seats. The real conservatives in this business," continues Dr. Creighton, "were the outsiders. The position which they took, that cowpox was a disease wholly unlike smallpox, and that vaccine inoculation was a contradiction of the correct and received doctrine of prophylaxis, is the position to which we are coming back after ninety years of empirical trial."

Mrs. Ada Foye in Denver.

Mrs. Ada Foye is being greeted by large audiences every Sunday in Odd Fellows Hall, Denver, Col., and the interest in her lectures and the phenomenal proofs she gives at the close of each of the truth of her utterances is deep and extended. One result of this is a marked change in the tone of the press. *The Daily News* of Sept. 8th occupying nearly two columns with a report of Mrs. Foye's lecture and tests of the evening previous, the salient portions of which we shall place before our readers next week.

To Sagoyewatha.

The representation of the proposed monument to the memory of this justly celebrated Indian chieftain in the last issue of THE BANNER must have animated many a reader's heart with a thrill of sincere pleasure. The historical explanation accompanying it threw all the needed light on his character and career, besides freshly reminding Spiritualists of his faithful service as a returning spirit to the Cause that is precious above everything to them all.

He was a noble red man in the best sense, while he lived on earth, and he still continues to show himself a rare intelligence since leaving the human to occupy the spirit-form. His advice has ever been and still is of the most wise and practical character. If ever there existed a truly reverent and inspired red man, he is to be named as that one. He spoke freely, always justly, and as a friend.

For the best of known reasons, the North American Indian is the most powerful assistant magnetically upon whom the sensitivities of our time are able to call. He brings the pure and unalloyed strength they of all others physically need. He supplies the inevitable waste of power to which they constantly have to submit, as no other known race in spirit-life has yet done. The red man comes at all times to aid the weary and despondent, those who have lost courage and supplicate for restoring help.

Few Spiritualists but personally are conversant with the Indian's influence and sustaining friendship. He loves, above many other spirits, to return to the scenes in which his life on earth was passed in such uniform freedom from the vices and sins of the so-called civilization that expelled him with violence from his inheritance. The Indian returning from spirit-life is the one who practically renders good for evil.

Medicine in Sickness.

As much difference of opinion prevails relative to the employment of medicines in sickness, the following, given by the guides of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond in her recently-published work, "Psychopathy, or Spirit-Healing," will be of interest to many of our readers. It was in reply to an inquiry whether the Controlling Intelligence, were he in earth-life, would administer medicine in his treatment of disease:

"Most certainly, in the present state of the world. I consider that Nature possesses specifics, especially in the botanical world, for every disease, but that these specifics are contained in a more refined state in the atmosphere and magnetic influences surrounding the human organism; and that if a person is amenable to those influences, it is better to employ the remedies in their more refined state. If these, however, cannot be made available, then I would suggest remedies in their various organic states, carefully prepared; but I would never suggest mineral remedies, for the reason that they have not passed through the proper organic processes to be sufficiently refined to assimilate with the vital organism of man."

The answers to questions propounded in the Circle-Room each week constitute a feature of THE BANNER of the profoundest interest. The contents of this department the present week are of value and importance; and the spirit-messages are succinct, and to the point.

A New "Mind-Reader."

A young man, Paul Alexander Johnstone by name, has, according to press reports, greatly astonished some of the people of Chicago by feats in what is termed mind-reading that, says *The Times* of that city, confront one "by facts wholly beyond man's reasoning or understanding, weird, mysterious and totally inexplicable." Mr. Johnstone is twenty-six years of age, the son of wealthy parents, and does not exhibit his phenomenal power for money or notoriety, but to gratify the curiosity of his friends. His most astounding feat is said to have been the accomplishment of the test of mind-reading, an attempt at which cost Irving Bishop his life. It is briefly described as follows:

"A name was selected secretly and at random in an old hotel register. Johnstone, blindfolded and accompanied by those who were in the secret, drove rapidly through devious streets, selected the right hotel without hesitation, found the right volume of the register without delay—then fainted. On his revival he wrote the right name on a piece of paper, and then fainted again. This time his body presented every appearance of death, but by hard work on the part of physicians he was restored."

"One would suppose," says the *Globe*, of Boston, "that after the tragic fate of Bishop during one of these periods of suspended animation, Mr. Johnstone would feel nervous about dropping into them when there are doctors present."

How to Reform Criminals.

As a prelude to Mr. Colville's lecture in Berkeley Hall last Sunday evening he read and replied to a letter bearing upon the above subject. The writer of the letter took exception to the position advanced by Mr. Colville's guides in their lecture of the Sunday evening previous, namely, that we speak evil of no one, and that if nothing good can be spoken we remain silent. The remarks in answer were listened to with much satisfaction by an audience that filled every seat, and occupied all the standing-room of the large hall. We shall print an abstract of this prelude next week.

TRUE COMMONWEALTH CLUB FORMED.—At Onset on the 8th of last month a number of its citizens met for the purpose of hearing the report of a committee appointed at a previous meeting to draft a platform and constitution of an organization having for its object the education of its members in true social science and sound political economy. The platform presented repudiated the doctrine of the old school of social scientists and political economists, that government is purely a political institution possessing arbitrary powers to be used, first, in defending itself against foreign and domestic foes; and, secondly, in protecting the personal and property rights of its subjects; and endorsed the doctrine of the new school of social scientists and political economists, that government is a social and economic body-politic, a cooperative commonwealth, organized for the mutual benefit of all the people. The platform was adopted, also a Constitution of six articles, the first stating the name of the organization to be the True Commonwealth Club of Onset, Mass. Thirty members were enrolled, and the following officers elected: President, Kice Doane; Vice-President, George W. Nickerson; Recording Secretary, Bertram M. Dimmock; Corresponding Secretary and Librarian, D. N. Ford; Treasurer, J. H. Young.

A "DESERTED VILLAGE."—We shall next week print an interesting narrative of the lapse into a state of almost total desertion of what was once a pleasant and thrifty village in Rhode Island, the change having been brought about by demonstrations of a physical character produced by invisible agencies, and so working upon the fears of the people as to cause them to leave. The story appeared recently in the *Providence Journal*—a paper of marked conservative tendencies, and not given to the "reportorial sensationalism" which rules so frequently in the daily press. Our correspondent, Wm. Foster, Jr., of Providence, has our thanks for forwarding the account.

Mrs. M. E. Wallace writes from New York City: "I want to thank you for the message from my 'LILLIE,' (the beautiful spirit who calls me mother), that was given at the Free-Circle and published in THE BANNER of July 26th. That lovely spirit has endeared herself to many hearts, and the message was warmly welcomed by the entire grateful souls beside my own."

Successful Experiments in Independent Writing.

Dr. W. E. Wheelock called at our office recently, bringing with him two pairs of slates upon which were to be found the results of a double experiment, under what he confidently regarded as strictly test conditions, which he had conducted with two well-known mediums for the phase of spirit-writing and drawing, viz., Dr. D. J. Stansbury, and Mr. W. R. Colby. From his narration we condense the following account:

Desirous himself to have a test of the most irrefragable conclusiveness in this direction, he sought the aid of other parties in the way of suggestion, etc., and as a result a number of ladies and gentlemen convened on the evening of Aug. 6th at the office of Dr. Joseph Rodas Buchanan, of Boston. Some of the party were Spiritualists, but others were most pronounced in their skepticism. Dr. Wheelock, after washing the surfaces thoroughly, and allowing all present to satisfy themselves that the two pairs of slates to be used for the experiment were perfectly clean, and that nothing whatever was enclosed between them, proceeded to fasten the frames in presence of each party, by making four holes in the wood of each pair, into which he forced copper rivets which he subsequently locked or "headed down" in their places with "washers," using in this operation an instrument made for the purpose.

Each end of each pair of slates was then secured by a disc of red sealing wax, upon which, Mrs. Buchanan affixed the seal she used in her personal correspondence; these discs were set before sealing in crevices cut into the matched edges of the frames, so that said seals might not be destroyed by subsequent handling.

The pairs, thus secured, were then entrusted to the keeping of Dr. Wheelock, with the understanding that they were to be by him conveyed from Boston to Onset Bay camp-ground, where he was to make the attempt to obtain writing, etc., on their inner surfaces, in presence of Dr. Stansbury and W. R. Colby, who were then at that place; after the slittings were held he (W.) was to reconvert the slates to Dr. Buchanan's Boston office, where, after being thoroughly scrutinized, as to their outward appearance, by the same party in whose presence they were originally fastened, they were to be opened by Dr. Wheelock himself, before the company.

Taking the two pairs of slates with him our informant went to Onset, as by agreement with the Boston party, and held slittings with the mediums named.

In the sitting with W. R. Colby at his rooms at Onset, Dr. W. held one end of the pair of slates used, while the medium grasped the other. When they had held them in this way for a few minutes, the medium suddenly arose, and declared he was sure that results had been obtained, adding that a flower would be found on one of the slates, and a communication for Dr. Wheelock from his (W.'s) wife in spirit-life on the other. (Which assertion proved to be true, when the slates were finally unsealed in Boston at a later date.)

Dr. W. then made the essay with Dr. Stansbury, at that gentleman's office at Onset, using the other pair of riveted slates, as previously agreed upon. On this occasion he (W.) also held the slates after the manner of the séance with Mr. C. Some twenty-four hours intervened between these two séances.

The slittings having thus been held, Dr. Wheelock repaired to Boston, where in due time all those who had originally entered into the agreement were convened in Dr. Buchanan's office—on the evening of Sept. 2d. Before these parties Dr. W. brought the slates; they were carefully examined by all present, and the unanimous decision was reached that the seals were intact, and that no evidence of "tampering" could be observed on the exterior of the still-secured slates.

Dr. Wheelock then proceeded, with some difficulty, to cut them open in presence of the company. When this had been accomplished, the pair used at the séance with W. R. Colby was found to contain (as that medium had predicted) the following message from his (W.'s) spirit wife, on the inner surface of one slate. Different colors (list subjoined) were used in writing it, although, as stated above, nothing had been enclosed when the slates were fastened together:

My Dear Husband: I am glad to give you this test of my (brown) presence with you, and to assure you of my desire to aid you, but, (yellow) my dear, this evidence can suffice for you alone. "Convince a man against his will, and he remains of the same opinion still." (Green.) Therefore let others seek for themselves hereafter. When they feel the need of evidence they will seek it. (Blue.) With fresh assurance of my presence with you always, I am your loving wife, LOUISA D. WHEELOCK. [Red.]

On the other slate was a sort of vine or plant, profuse in red blossoms (having a waxy glitter when the surface is held to the light) softened by a shading of green. Along the side of the slate, between the wire and the frame, were written the words: "Love," "Peace," together with "Laura," the name of a spirit-relative of Dr. Wheelock.

The slates used at the séance with Dr. Stansbury were found, on opening, to contain on the surface of one a large picture, representing the face of a lady, whose head was wreathed in a many-colored band of minute floral blossoms and leaves; red, yellow, blue, white, and a sort of light blue smoky cloud were among the colors used in producing this likeness. Beneath the picture was written: "Ever thy faithful guide," the face purporting to be that of the spirit-guide of Dr. W. Three short rays, in red, yellow and blue, were drawn above the forehead of the spirit, as if to symbolize the outflowing of an aura.

On the inside of the other slate was written: "Success ever attends the faithful and true. Wm. WHEELOCK." This spirit, Dr. Wheelock says, was his father in earth-life, and he signed his name in this case in the way he always did while in the mortal.

The results of these interesting experiments, we are informed, are regarded as specially satisfactory by all those concerned in them.

A Grand Old Man.

To have lived to ninety years is an achievement that, in the physical sense, is well worth trying for. Especially if that prolonged term of years be filled up with continuous efforts to realize one's ideal, and convert one's aspirations into actual fact by constantly assimilating them with the character. Such a life cannot have been misspent, though crowned at its close with nothing but poverty, nor can it be said to have been to no purpose, though it never received a syllable of laudation from human tongue or pen.

It was a life of this sterling character that was lived by Ared H. Wood, who passed to spirit-life recently at Lunenburg, Mass., at the age of ninety years. Its history contains a moral lesson of the highest value. He was endowed with a rarely fine sense of justice. Whenever he saw persecution using its ugly knotted whip, it was enough to arouse all his sympathies and stimulate all his faculties to the task of contrabaction. Bred in the Orthodox faith, he had but to witness the meanly unjust incarceration of Abner Kneeland for being a Universalist in order to become a Universalist himself. A pro-slavery man by education and habit, no sooner did he see Garrison dragged through the streets of Boston by an infuriated mob of its best citizens, than he joined the Spartan band of early Abolitionists, and became one of the most active and self-denying workers in their cause, advocating their principles on all occasions and in all places.

He became a radical from seeing the injustice with which all forms of radicalism were treated. He hated nothing as he hated persecution. He never became an unwilling witness to the deeds of that spirit through his long life, without going promptly and resolutely over to the help of the unjustly treated and persecuted. This was the rule of his life, and he never found that it led him wrong. Until persecution ceases from the face of the earth, we may be sure that the path he trod will never lead any of us wrong.

Mr. Wood changed all his political views for this sufficient reason: It was for the same reason that he became a friend of the Irish, when he could no longer endure the sight of her perpetual persecution.

Thus once more, as evidenced in the example of Mr. Wood, are we enabled to see how unjust and violent methods continually defeat the ends they seek. They always will do so. They carry the forces of their own destruction within themselves.

Dr. Dumont O. Dake, during the summer, visited Richfield and Saratoga Spas, and effected, we are informed, several remarkable cures. He has returned to his home, 409 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Message Department.

It should be distinctly understood that the Messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether for good or evil. Those who wish to see the message of the spirit in an undeveloped condition, even to progress to a higher state of existence, we ask the reader to receive the doctrine put forth by the spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

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

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

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. M. T. SHELBAMER-LONGLEY.

Report of Public Sance held June 24th, 1890.

Spirit Invocation.

We thank thee, our loving Father, for this beautiful day. Our hearts rejoice with Nature in the fullness of her beauty and bloom. As the glad sunshine streams down upon the earth, bearing brightness unto every leaf, and the soft breeze stirs the leaves of the trees, so may thy spirit descend upon the human heart, bearing comfort and gladness, and all spiritual life. We praise thee, our God, for the fullness of existence, for the opportunities of gaining experience and knowledge, for the privilege of the privilege of unfolding into new power and new effort as the years roll by, thus growing receptive to higher teachings and to grander opportunities.

Oh, we bless thee that we live in this day and generation, that we may behold the unfoldings coming into human life, and the possibilities of power which are awakened day by day. We offer up our grateful thanksgiving for the blessings which at this time are ours, for oh! it is indeed a privilege to be here and to take part in the passing scenes and events of the years. We praise thee especially for the teachings of the angel ones who return from worlds beyond bearing their instructions, and that knowledge which they have received under higher conditions than are here displayed.

We are indeed grateful that the gates of eternal life are wide open, and that our dear ones who are taken from earth may return to loving friends, who receive messages of comfort and joy, and influences of consolation and peace.

Oh! may earth's weary children rejoice, and be uplifted with the thought that there is no death, that life is continuous, and that the message which is sent to our hearts, and the promises which are made to us, will be fulfilled in the life to come.

Oh! we praise thee that the message of good cheer which returns again brings us ever of love and hope and immortality, and we pray that this message may be ringing forth through every land until there is no more ignorance on earth surrounding the future, until there are no mourning hearts, but that all shall really understand that by-and-by the dear ones will be united and gathered safe at home.

We ask for thy presence continuously to rest upon each one, that it may be felt in each heart, and become a part of the consciousness of life, so that all may rejoice and be exceeding glad, and think that they have received that glad tidings which indeed the parent and friend of all. Amen.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Your questions are now in order, Mr. Chairman.

Q.—[By A. Josselyn, Crescent City, Fla.] In a case of exorcism, as described by Spirit John Pierpont some time since, will he please inform us, at the time the spirit leaves possession of the little fetal body, what becomes of the spirit already there?

Ans.—But one spirit possesses a mortal organism in full at any time. We have never seen a case of the incarnation of a spirit where it shared the mortal organism with any other spirit.

I understand us, we are not speaking of the entrancement of a medium by a foreign spirit, which is something very different from the possession of an organism by its own indwelling soul-force. The spirit which belongs to a mortal is that which possesses the organism at all times, but when it comes under the subjection of some other intelligence, so as to be submissive to that foreign spirit for a time, and so as to reflect the thoughts, ideas or movements of the controlling spirit, it is then entranced, or acting as a medium for the incoming intelligence to manifest itself, yet in a case of incarnation or reincarnation there is but one spirit manifesting.

We do not recognize that any spirit has come into magnetic rapport with the fetus except that intelligence which intends and desires to manifest itself through the mortal organism, when it is unfolded sufficiently to be brought into the physical life.

If a spirit, under the operations of spiritual law, is attracted into the atmosphere of a prospective mother, whether that spirit has formerly lived upon earth or not, it attaches itself to the mother, and when the fetus is sufficiently developed comes into magnetic sympathy with that substance. By-and-by the embryo is developed so as to become the organism for a living child, and it is born upon earth, the spirit having gained a more complete possession of it so as to be able to exercise its various parts and functions, and to come into contact with physical life in order to gain needed experience and discipline, so as to assist in the unfolding of its interior as well as its external nature for higher stages of growth.

Q.—[By E. S. Wickerson, Riverton, Conn.] What is the true theory of creation, and the first advent of man on earth?

A.—The true theory of creation is undoubtedly that which has been outlined to you by Darwin and his compeers. We should say "evolution" instead of "creation," because, so far as we can understand, life and its various manifestations are ever evolved from that which has gone before, the complex from the simple, and as that is the rule and line of development in the present, so it has been in past ages; and life, as it has manifested in external form, must have started upon the planet under conditions of development beyond the nebulous state, constantly growing and extending its power through new forms or manifestations, until we have that which we behold to-day.

Man was not created upon the planet as an individualized entity, standing erect in human form, and manifesting his intellectual powers as we observe them to-day. Man, we understand, in the outward form of that form of intelligence and of existence which went before him, that could come into relationship and into being, in contact with the cruder forms of planetary life of its own age, which we may call pre-historic animal existence.

Science has not yet determined where the connecting link may be found between the animal and the human, yet that such a link exists is not doubted by many studious, intelligent minds. In the present age, we behold in humanity, in spite of its unfolded and advanced condition, many indications of its development from the animal kingdom, and this, to our mind, is a beautiful law, and one that appeals to our observation and study, because to realize and understand that the more beautiful, the more intelligent, the more active and useful, and the more intellectual, can develop from that which is below and of lesser degree, is far more beautiful to our mind than the idea that man was created a perfect, being, beautiful in stature, and full of intellectual power and activity, but that he fell from his high estate, and was obliged to grovel even among the beasts of the field.

To trace the process of unfoldment even of a rose in its perfected state, from the crude and imperfect condition of the wild forest to that of the cultivated garden, is an interesting study. Why, then, should it not be more of an interesting study to trace the unfoldment of a human being, as he appears upon this planet, from the lower conditions of life to the present stage of development? Where did the human intellect first begin to display itself? is a pertinent question in this connection.

It is not necessary for a race, or a species, to spring into existence in a single day, in a year, or in a thousand years, because the planet has many ages behind it, of experience and growth, through which it was enabled to put forth its powers of unfoldment and of development. Humanity, in spite of its unfolded and advanced condition, had not reached its final state at once, but gradually, as the form adapted to its expression became more fully unfolded and proportioned, as the individual or the animal, if you like, began, to stand erect and to develop the cranial portion of his system, so that the mind might take possession of it

and manifest, the intellect began to work and to express itself, until after a while the glimmering of human intelligence, distinct and apart from animal intelligence, began to be known.

And so man advances, age by age, from the ruder, coarser appearance and condition of human existence, to higher types and more pronounced stages of men, until at the present time we behold the signs of intellect and of power which humanity affords to the world.

Q.—[By the same.] What is the source of heat? Does it come from the sun, or is it due to electricity being drawn from the earth, and rising in the air where it meets resistance?

A.—While undoubtedly electrical action upon the earth creates a certain portion of heat which is necessary to the movements and well-being of life on this planet, which heat also enters into and assimilates with the atmosphere, yet undoubtedly also the larger portion of that heat which you feel upon this planet is drawn from your solar system, from the sun itself, which is a reservoir of heat and light. Motion is the source of all heat, motion or activity creating heat. The lack of motion, or inactivity, produces stagnation, coldness and death; therefore wherever you find activity—all the molecules and atoms of the atmosphere and of surrounding objects are in motion—there is constant evolution and motive power, creating heat, generating light abroad; therefore, wherever you find heat, you will find activity, and wherever this is found you will find life—potential, useful life—manifesting its power through various forms and avenues; this of it constitutes the great source of energy and of being.

Q.—[By the same.] What is meant by the passage of Genesis which states that the firmament was placed above the earth to separate the waters above from those beneath?

A.—We should take this passage as evidence that he who uttered it knew very little of the real character of the earth, of the form of this planet, or the physical life of this universe, consequently it was only an exhibition of the ignorance of the human mind.

While there were minds in Biblical times who were undoubtedly inspired, under special and favorable conditions, to render certain grand truths and give utterance to instructive knowledge, yet some of those same minds in their normal condition may have been very illiterate and unlearned. They may have been ignorant concerning many studies which to day are open to the young child entering upon scholastic lore, so that we discriminate between the utterances of the Bible which appear to be foolish, and out of accordance with scientific discovery and examination, and those utterances which bear a spiritual character, and which seem to be really useful in instructing human mind how to unfold the best qualities of their interior lives.

Q.—By A. C. Williams, Elk Falls, Kan. We are told that spirits have bodies, much resembling those known to men in mortal life. Now, is it possible for these bodies to meet with misadventures ending in wounds? if so, what would be the effect on the indwelling spirit should its astral tabernacle be thus shattered from injuries received either while in the spirit-world or while this spirit is temporarily on the earth-plane?

A.—The spiritual body is mostly affected by the electrical currents and magnetic atmospheres with which it comes in contact. A spirit-body may be affected physically, and likewise by the atmosphere which surrounds a mortal whom that spirit desires to reach. By coming in contact with certain atmospheres which are repellent to a spirit, he will feel, throughout his entire system, something of that sensation which you feel in the physical when coming in contact with a powerful charge of electricity. Coming also in contact with certain electrical disturbances of the atmosphere at large, dependent of human organizations, the spirit-body may be powerfully affected; not so as at any time to disorganize its members, or to work a disastrous or deadly effect upon it, but to such an extent as to create a sensation of disturbance throughout its various fibres and tissues.

Spirits or spiritual bodies may be supplied with new forces and energetic life-powers from the atmosphere which they breathe, and from the ether surrounding them. This is something that you cannot readily understand, but enable you to do so; yet some of you, knowing what it is to be affected powerfully by coming in contact with certain conditions of your physical atmosphere, and also by coming in rapport with certain individuals on earth whose magnetic aura seemed to flow out toward you and to bring you strength, will understand in a measure what we are trying to explain.

Spiritual bodies do not always—and through eternity we mean by always—remain the same. A spirit on entering the other life finds himself possessed of what appears to be an organic form, fully fashioned and adapted to the exercise and manifestation of his mental and spiritual natures. Such a spirit may, after a while, break away from earthly conditions and enter the spiritual atmosphere altogether. He may progress, and, reaching out to higher knowledge, exalted and high, gaining experience constantly; and as he unfolds, the spirit takes on new powers, and is able to express his energies to a fuller degree as the years roll by, although they may march into the centuries. The spiritual body which he possesses becomes weakened; it is not always to serve that enlarging mind; and after it has done its work, it is gradually and beautifully cast aside, or rather, it is absorbed, and the body becomes so attenuated that it is taken up by the atmosphere, and the indwelling spirit is freed to rehabilitate itself with a new form, a higher, more beautiful shape or organism, which is still better adapted to the wants and expressions of the indwelling mentality. This, you will say, is practically death; and if you must consider it so, yes. You are not to suppose, by any means, that one form will serve a progressive soul through eternity, any more than one organism will serve your advancing spirit for ages.

Q.—[By L. J. Fuller, McMinnville, Ore.] A good Christian or Campbellite minister has said if there is Eternal Life there must be Eternal Death! Now if everything has its opposite, how do you regard this from the spirit-side?

A.—Eternal death, in one sense, yes; in another, not necessarily. Because of eternal life there is eternal change in the universe, and while change is life, change also means death, because without death there would be no change.

What do we mean by death in this connection? That these primal elements may take upon themselves new forms and manifestations of power and utility. This is death, and death is thus only a change. You find death taking possession of a human organism, and you say your friend is dead. But not so. This change has come to him that he may be released fully from the physical environment and take upon himself a new form and new conditions for his higher unfoldment and advancement. The body which he has laid down is subjected to the law of dissolution; that is, the organic atoms and the various component gases and particles of that system are to be resolved back into their primal elements, and these elements are by no means dead or lost; they are extended into the atmosphere and are reconverted into new bodies through which they express their life and activity.

You behold the decay of a tree and you say the old giant of the forest is no more. True, that which you have seen as a tree has gone to dissolution; its various atoms have been taken up and resolved back into the elements from which they sprang; but these elements exist, and are reconverted into new forms of vegetation, and show their beauty of big, grand conditions, while that which marked the individuality of the tree, if we may use the term—the spiritual essence—is also preserved and finds its way to other scenes and states of life, where it also becomes a part of the vegetable growth.

"If there is eternal life," your great preacher says, "there must be eternal death," and

undoubtedly there always will be eternal change of forms, dissolution and re-solution states, where the atom and even the form itself becomes resolved back into primal elements in order that reconverting processes may continue.

We have no doubt of this. You are constantly sending forth from your being emanations that are taken up by the atmosphere and used for utilitarian purposes, and you are constantly receiving into your systems relays of magnetic force from the atmosphere, and from your surrounding associations; so death, and change, and life itself, go constantly on, and probably ever will do so.

The planets roll in space, parting through the processes of friction and motion with certain of their elements, and even of their life forces, and at the same time gaining through the processes of change and growth, new forces and new elements, which give them power and activity. What is true of a world may be true of a forest-tree, of a rose in your garden, or a grain of sand upon the seashore. What is true of a system of worlds may be true of humanity as a whole, or as an individual entity.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF MRS. B. F. SMITH.

Report of Public Sance held June 20th, 1890.

Benjamin F. Brown.

There are some loved ones that will be glad to hear from me, Mr. Chairman, and I am very positive when I make this assertion. Several years ago I was here and gave a few words, which did not satisfy me, and so I make the attempt again to-day, not wholly for myself, but for some friends, and I have many, I trust, in this good city, although some have joined me in that bright beyond where no parting is known.

I have some friends in Newtonville, in Newton and in Newton Highlands. I am glad to speak here, for there are two purposes I have in mind.

One dear friend is groping in darkness, and I feel that the light would be much better for her—that is, it would be well for her to learn something of the beyond. When I entered the higher life those who had preceded me came to meet me, reaching out the hand eagerly to grasp mine.

While on earth my business was that of a druggist, and before I passed on I was connected with the manufacture of blacking. I think it will recur to the minds of some of you, when I announce my name. I shall be remembered in this city, as well as in other places. Mary stands beside me, asking to be remembered to the few kindred yet dwelling in the form. Benjamin F. Brown.

Hulda L. Mack.

It is many years since I put on the bright and beautiful garment of immortality. I always felt if I found heaven it would be through the cross of Christ. I cannot say to you I was happy in that belief, although I knew no other way of reaching my home, and I was right, but still I did not bear anything of spirits returning to earth and communing with their friends yet dwelling in the form. My religion was of the Methodist persuasion. When they told me I was dying I asked them to come around the bed and let me converse with them. I felt satisfied concerning the change. In 1854 I parted with the material form. A long time ago, it seems to mortals, but we take no note of time; one day is as a thousand years; so we read, and so it is.

I am satisfied with my beautiful home, but it would have been better if I could have been educated to know that those who had preceded me to the higher life were with me often; and it was those loving friends who aided me in passing over. It seemed to me but one step, and I was with them beyond.

I dwelt twenty-six years in mortal life, and those years seemed very short to me. Often would I hear my name spoken, but I did not understand it, for I was from the spirit realm. After the change came to me I realized that it was from the angel world. Dear friends, if they told me I was dying I asked them to come around the bed and let me converse with them. I felt satisfied concerning the change. In 1854 I parted with the material form. A long time ago, it seems to mortals, but we take no note of time; one day is as a thousand years; so we read, and so it is.

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Dolly was dead. I heard every word that was spoken, but on account of the profession I had made I felt as if it would be wrong, even if I had the power, to speak to the friends. I was not educated to believe we could come here. I thought if I gained heaven I should wish to stop there, little understanding how selfish it would make one. Only twenty years I dwelt in the form, but as I enter the other-life it seems a long time since I was called to part with the body. I did not fear the change, but loved ones hold me closely. Life was sweet, it was dear, the world was beautiful to look upon, but I was willing to go, for I felt that Christ saved me. I find in the spirit-world that our lives build our homes, as many thousands of spirits will tell you. It seems as if you certainly must believe some of them. Reason must be your ally, but I do not allow you. Then trust us as we come imploring you to learn something of the world where your loved ones dwell. A thin film is all that comes between us, a veil which is over your eyes, not ours, for we behold you plainly.

In Lincolnville, Me., some of my loved ones dwell. I have often heard them speak of me and say: "She is safe in heaven," little thinking I stood beside them. I cannot understand why those teachings should be as they have been, but I do not wish to find fault with them; but I do think in these days of enlightenment we should do a little more thinking for ourselves instead of taking for granted what the minister says.

I was quite different when here. I come the same to-day. When I heard them say: "Dolly Maria is dead," oh, how I wished to say: No, not dead, more alive than I was in mortal life, but no one would hear my voice. "Enough," they said as these words were spoken over the inanimate form: "Blessed it is to die in the Lord." Oh! how little they knew I heard those kind words as the tears dropped for me. Many loved ones felt I was not dead, but they had no idea of where or what heaven really is. I was educated to believe heaven was a far-off country, and that it was a location. It is a condition that you make for yourself. Then try, friends, to make your heaven as perfect as you can. Think not you are placed in this life to live for self alone. No, all are brothers and sisters of one family, God's children. Talk much with the Great Spirit and he will hear your prayer, for prayer is the desire of the spirit. When sufferings came to me, physically, I talked much with the dear, loving Father, the God of Mercy, the God of Love. Commune with Him daily, hourly, in the closet, which you have been taught you should enter in spirit, and pray to the loving God. The closer you get to him, the more you will pray anywhere, anytime.

As I have been an inhabitant of the spirit-world nearly forty years, if I count your time aright, I should have learned a great deal; but there is much more to learn, and much labor to be performed. We do not work materially, as you do with the hands, but continually with the spirit.

Year after year I have been drawn to those I loved. My spirit has yearned for them, that I might see them, that I might teach them something of the beyond, that the scales might drop from their eyes.

I would rather have staid in the form longer, but after the change came I felt it was well. I had much to unlearn of the teachings of earth-life, for I find the truth far different, although I firmly assert to you to-day I do believe the pastor was honest in the words that he spoke to his parishioners, knowing only so far as he had learned. I always felt that the spirit-world, or heaven, as it was then called, could not be as far away as some people thought.

I desire that my words may go to the home where a few dwell, and to the old neighbors whose heads are whitened by the frosts of winter, who will remember Dolly Maria Hea.

Clarence Austin Kenfield.

It seems almost impossible, as I take my stand here, for me to speak in this public manner; but I feel it will be gratefully received by some closely connected with me.

While I look into the audience one face holds me. I will try and not weaken, as I look upon the face, which is the right one.

Often have you said in your own soul: "Where is the boy to-night? Does he come to-day?" Does he come as often as it seemingly comes over me there? I have no answer.

Yes, for there are times when you do not sense me as I would like you to. Friends, dwelling here in this city of Boston, father, mother, sister, these words I give to-day are for you all. I would not leave the kindred out, but these come closer. I feel that I am a part of the one whole. In a little while will one that is connected closely with you, mother, not as kindred, but a friend, be called to pass to the other life. My prayer has been—for prayer is the sincere desire of the heart—that the loved ones she eagerly reaches out for in spirit may be present and assist her.

Our mother, dear sister, yet dwells in the form, while my home is in the immortal; but I am happy. I repeat to you, father, mother, I am happy. You may ask me if I am perfectly happy. I answer, no; not in any spirit. If we were, what need would there be of progression? Progression means reaching on for more light, and I know not toward a higher life.

Dear old grandfather stands beside me, and asks me to say he is present to-day in your meeting. I have been here many times, and I feel I have gained more power, more knowledge by listening to spirits further advanced; those that have been longer in the spirit-world, and have acquired more wisdom.

Mother, you are aware I have made myself known to you many times

guardianship of the angels that you might walk hand in hand with them, that their lives might be a reflection of your own existence, and that you might feel that you are worthy of their guardianship.

I am very thankful for the privilege of speaking here, and would express my warmest feelings, not wholly to the kindred and friends, but to the whole world; and may the time speedily come when mortals may be lifted above the clouds of error, and know more of their friends walking with them daily. CORA S. ABBOTT.

INDIVIDUAL SPIRIT MESSAGES
TO BE PUBLISHED NEXT WEEK.

June 27.—Miss Robinson; Betsey Thayer; Hattie Burdick; Sarah H. Fletcher; Mabel Hatch; Archibald Lewis; Benjamin Macmillan; H. H. Gray; Capt. Elmer Higgins; Olive Stevens; Caroline Hill; Norton Hollis; John Pierpont.

CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR.

Beside the dead I knelt for prayer,
And felt a presence as I prayed—
Lo! it was Jesus standing there;
He smiled: "Be not afraid!"

"Lord, Thou hast conquered death, we know;
Restore again to life, I pray—
This one who died an hour ago."
He smiled: "She is not dead!"

"Asleep then, as Thyself didst say,
Yet Thou canst lift the lids that keep
Her prisoned eyes from ours away."
He smiled: "She does not sleep!"

"Nay, then, though happily she do sleep,
And look upon some fairer dawn,
Restore her to our hearts that ache."
He smiled: "She is not gone!"

"Alas! we know too well our loss,
Nor hope again our joy to find,
Until the stream of death we cross."
He smiled: "There is no such!"

"Yet our beloved seem so far,
The while we yearn to see them near,
Albeit with Thee we trust they are."
He smiled: "And I am here!"

Brooklyn, N. Y. ROBERT W. RAYMOND.

*The language which this poet ascribes to the Martyr of Galilee is the same which returning spirits everywhere in this nineteenth century are proclaiming to the mourning hearts of their beloved yet in mortal life.—Ed. B. of L.

September Magazines.

THE NATIONALIST—"Dr. Leete" which will be recognized by readers of "Looking Backward" as the name of a prominent character of that book, has written a "Letter to Julian West," under date of "Boston, 2001," which finds place in this month's *Nationalist*, as having been "communicated through Rev. Solomon Schindler." It sets at right some misapprehensions of the theory advanced in that book regarding journalistic work, contrasting the newspapers of 1890 with those of the year 2000. Howard Wilcox considers the common objection to Nationalism, that those who hold to its ethics are visionary, and Charles E. Holt gives a "Suggestion" to those who aspire to aid in the development of the Nationalist idea. "The Farmer's Demand for Cheap Money" is the subject of a paper by O. M. Peterson. Editorially a large number of "Current Topics" are ably discussed, respecting one of which it is said, "The legalized taking off of Kennel by electricity sent a shudder all over the civilized world, and probably has done much in the direction of abolishing capital punishment. The opinion seems to be growing that if one man has no right to kill, a collection of men have no right." Mr. Grönlund's "Our Destiny" is continued. Several poems are given, including one by Henry Austin, "The Grand Army Parade," in which he signals the transition of John Boyle O'Reilly as a cloud passing over the event he celebrates. Boston: 77 Boylston street.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.—An illustrated poem, "A Country Courtship," is given on the first page, followed by one by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in her characteristic vein, "As You Go Through Life," Emma C. Hewitt furnishes a story complete entitled "Rebekah Spofford's Theory." A number of serial stories are continued and others commenced, of the latter "Anne's Choice," by Harriet Prescott Spofford. The various departments: "Side Talks with Girls," "Just Among Ourselves," "In Literary Circles," "Mother's Corner," "Knitting and Crocheting," "Dressmaking," "Housekeeper," "All About Flowers," etc., are well filled—a dozen articles in each. Each page is fully illustrated. Philadelphia: Curtis Pub. Co.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.—This is a valuable publication of an astrological order. As proof of which it may be mentioned that among its indications for August was one to the effect that officials in charge of prisons or reformatory institutions in the country would experience during the month unusual troubles with criminals, and would need to be on the alert to avoid conspiracy, surprise and escape. Of course the magazine came out in advance of the month of August, as do others, and the justice of the warning it brought was effectively proved in Massachusetts, at least, by the great and unexpected riot in the Charlestown State Prison late in the month. Published by Grant & Co., Boston, Mass.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED.—A retrospect of the past season's work in field and garden is given in the opening article, and valuable hints for the attainment of the best results during the remainder of the year. Mrs. L. Mance supplies instructions for producing "An Ideal Home Garden," and a full score of subjects in which florists are interested are dealt with on the remaining pages. Rochester, N. Y.: James Vick.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL contains a portrait of the famous novelist, *Julia Verne*, with a sketch of his life and methods of writing for the public. The subject of this month's "Phrenological Biography" is Geo. Combe. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.

Generation after generation have used and blessed Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. Try it.

New Publications.

THE ELEMENTS OF PSYCHOLOGY. By Gabriel Compayre. Graduate of the Ecole Normale Supérieure, Fellow in Philosophy, Doctor of Letters, and Professor in the University. Translated by William H. Payne, Ph.D., LL.D., Chancellor of Nashville, and President of the Peabody Normal College, and author of various educational works. 12mo, cloth; pp. 316, Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Under the treatment here given, Psychology possesses all the concrete interest of physical science, denuded of transcendental obscurity, and brought within the compass of the ordinary intelligence. The reputation of its author as a thinker and writer guarantees this as a work of philosophic insight, correctness of views, and clearness in their exposition. The immediate purpose of its translation has been to provide a class-book for students in the Peabody Normal College, but beyond this to supply the many readers of Compayre's History and Lectures with a companion volume and sequel.

THE FREETHINKER'S PICTORIAL TEXT-BOOK. Designs by Watson Heston. Royal 8vo, bds., pp. 367. New York: Truth Seeker Office, 28 Lafayette Place.

The pictures in this volume, nearly two hundred in number, originally appeared in *The Truth Seeker*, and are republished in this more durable form in compliance with the request of the readers of that journal. They vary in size, many of them being nearly six by nine inches, and are remarkably expressive in their forcible presentation of the radical truths in their purpose to impart.

THE TAKING OF LOUISBOURG, 1745. By Samuel Adams Drake, author of "Burgoyne's Invasion of 1777," etc. 16mo, cloth, pp. 136. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A picturesque grouping of facts relating to a decisive event in American history. The story holds the interest of the reader from first to last. It is illustrated with maps, engravings and a portrait of Sir William Pepperell, and supplemented with notes.

IF THE BABY IS CUTTING TEETH. Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

BEECHAM'S PAINLESS PILLS EFFECTUAL.
WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.
For BILIOUS & NERVOUS DISORDERS

Such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Fullness and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness, and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blisters on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c.

THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES.
BEECHAM'S PILLS TAKEN AS DIRECTED RESTORE FEMALES TO COMPLETE HEALTH.

For Sick Headache, Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, Disordered Liver, etc., they ACT LIKE MAGIC, Strengthening the muscular system, restoring long-lost Complexion, bringing back the keen edge of the appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the whole physical energy of the human frame. One of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PROPRIETARY MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, of LONDON, Lancashire, England.
Sold by Druggists generally. B. F. ALLEN CO., 365 and 367 Canal St., New York.
Sole Agents for the United States who if your druggist does not keep them WILL MAIL BEECHAM'S PILLS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE (Sole A BOX. MENTION THIS PAPER).

Better than Tea and Coffee for the Nerves.
VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA
"Best and Goes Farthest."
Ask your Grocer for it, take no other.

MANY REMARKABLE CURES
Have Been and Are Being Wrought by a Circle of Eminent Healing Spirits, through
DR. G. A. PEIRCE,
Spirits' Magnetic Healing Medium,
Trance, Clairvoyant, &c., for healing sick and infirm people of chronic and other disorders by Letter Correspondence.
DR. PEIRCE will answer orders for treatment, from any distance, by diagnosis the person's diseases, if curable, &c., Prescriptions of simple remedies, with need of advice, and one or more packages spirits' grouped and notified, medicated, powerful Healing Paper, letter or other article, upon receipt of a lock the patient's hair or recent writing, statement of full name, residence, description (which may be all will need to cure), \$2.00; or for a Month Course, \$5.00. Diagnosis Separate, Only Ten Cents. 28 years' successful and extensive practice. Permanent Letter Address, P. O. Box 1135, Lewiston, Maine.
June 14.

EVERYBODY'S MUSIC.
Among the abundant treasures of our immense stock every one is sure to be suited. Please select in time your "intentional music books."

TEMPERANCE PEOPLE WILL LIKE
TEMPERANCE CRUSADE, (35 cts., \$3.00 doz.) Emerson & Moore.

TEMPERANCE RALLYING SONGS, (35 cts., \$3.00 doz.) A. Hall.

Male Voice Choirs will like
EMERSON'S MALE VOICE GEMS, (\$1.29 doz.)

EMERSON'S MALE VOICE CHOIR, (50c., \$5.00 doz.)

The Grand Army will like
WAR SONGS, (50 cts., \$5.00 doz.)

Boys, old and young, will like
COLLEGE SONGS, 82 songs, (50c., \$5.00 doz.)

School Teachers cannot help but like the three books of
SONG MANUAL, (35 cts., \$3.00 doz.) Emerson.

Piano Teachers will like, very much, as the best companion to their Instruction Book,
MASON'S SYSTEM OF TECHNICAL EXERCISES, (\$2.50)

Gospel Singers will like
PRaise IN SONG, (40 cts., \$4.00 doz.) Emerson.

Letters of inquiry cheerfully answered.
Books mailed for retail price.

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, Boston.

DR. F. L. H. WILLIS

May be Addressed until further notice,
Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y.

DR. WILLIS may be addressed as above. From this point he can attend to the most delicate of cases psychically. He claims that his powers in this line are unrivaled, combining, as he does, accurate scientific knowledge with keen and searching psychical perception.

Dr. Willis claims special skill in treating all diseases of the blood and nervous system. Cancers, Scrofula in all its forms, Eczema, Paralysis, and all the most delicate and complicated diseases of both sexes.

Dr. Willis is permitted to refer to numerous parties who have been cured by his system of practice when all others have failed. All letters answered, and a return postage stamp. Send for Circulars, with References and Terms.

July 5.

SOUL READING.

Or Psychometrical Delineation of Character.

MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit her in person, or send their photograph or lock of hair, she will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character and peculiarities of disposition; material changes in past and future life; physical disease, with prescription therefor; what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be successful; the physical and mental condition of those intending marriage; and hints to the infamously married. Full delineation, \$2.00, and four 2-cent stamps. Brief delineation, \$1.00, and four 2-cent stamps.

Address: MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE, Centre street, between Church and Prairie streets, Apr. 8. 6m. White Water, Walworth Co., Wis.

Mutual Life Insurance Company
OF NEW YORK.

THE best investment of the present time is a life insurance policy, maturing in 10, 15, or 20 years, and at the end of that time paying you about 4 per cent per cent. In addition to protecting your life, such a policy will pay for funerals, rates and values, for any age, sent on application to

A. MCGREGOR, Jr.,

95 MILK STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

May 24.

Wm. Thayer, Magnetic Physician,

CAN heal patients of any curable disease by the power of Magnetism. If sympathy can be established between the patient and healer. No medicine given. Receives patients at all hours, or will visit them when sent for. Give him a call. 2 miles south of Corfu, Genesee Co., N. Y.

Sept. 13.

A Reliable Offer.

SEND three 2-cent stamps, lock of hair, name, age, sex, one leading symptom, and I will diagnose your disease free by the aid of spirit power. DR. S. S. WILLIAMS, Lake Geneva, Wis. 4m. Sept. 6.

\$75.00 to \$250.00 A MONTH can be made by persons who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. Life 40 years in town and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va. Feb. 8. 22000v

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by Lock's INVISIBLE TUBULAR EAR CURE. Widespread heard 2000. Portable. Successful where all remedies fail. Sold by F. H. BECK, 618 Broadway, New York. Write for book of proof FREE. Mar. 1.

CANCER Cured. Tumors CURED, no knife; book free. DR. GRATIYAN & BUSH, 183 Elm St., Cincinnati, O. Feb. 8.

MRS. JENNIE CROSSE, Business, Test and Medical Medium. Six questions answered by mail, 50 cents and stamp. Whole array of Magnetic Remedies prepared by spirit-direction. Address 85 Tremont street, Lynn, Mass. 2m. Sept. 13.

ASTROLOGY I practice the science according to the best known rules of the present time. Send for terms address JULES WEHLE, 207 South 3d street, St. Louis, Mo. 15m. Sept. 13.

STELLAR SCIENCE. I will give a test of it to any person who will send me the place and date of their birth (giving sex) and 25 cents, money or stamps.

I will write Biographical and Predictive Letters (from the above data). Also advice upon any matter, in answer to questions, in accordance with my understanding of the science, for a fee of \$1; Consultation fee \$1 at office, 208 Tremont street.

Notities written at prices proportionate to the detail demanded. Address OLIVER AMES GUTHRIE, Box 164, Lynn, Mass. July 9.

DIAGNOSIS FREE. SEND two 2-cent stamps, lock of hair, name, full age, sex and I will give you a CLAIRVOYANT DIAGNOSIS OF YOUR AILMENTS. For terms address JULES WEHLE, 207 South 3d street, St. Louis, Mo. 15m. Sept. 6.

Mediums in Boston.

JAMES R. COCKE,
Developing and Business Medium,
ALSO
Clairvoyant Physician,

No. 1581 Washington Street,
(Third door north of Rutland street.)

Sittings daily from 9 A. M. till 5 P. M. Price \$1.00.

Development of Mediumship a Specialty.

SIX PRIVATE SITTINGS FOR \$4.00 IN ADVANCE.

CIRCLES.

Sunday, at 11 A. M., for Development and Tests. At 8 P. M., for Psychometrical and Trance. Sittings on Tuesday, at 8 P. M., for Development and Tests. At 8 P. M., for Psychometrical and Trance. Sittings on Tuesday, at 8 P. M., for Development and Tests. At 8 P. M., for Psychometrical and Trance. Sittings on Tuesday, at 8 P. M., for Development and Tests. At 8 P. M., for Psychometrical and Trance.

MASSAGEUR.
MRS. HANNUM,
ROOM 21, PELHAM STUDIOS,
44 Boylston Street, Boston.

Swedish Movement Treatments, with or without Electricity, given at home if desired. Mar. 29.

MRS. DR. STEERS,
Medium and Clairvoyant Physician.

CHRONIC and Nervous Diseases successfully treated. Sittings Tuesday and Thursday evenings, 7.30, Friday 7.30. Suite 2, Hotel Glenmont, 282 Columbus Avenue, Boston. Sept. 20.

W. R. Colby,

INDEPENDENT State-Writer, Inspirational Speaker and Platform Test Medium, has taken rooms at 443 Shawmut Avenue, Boston. Will give sittings daily (Sundays excepted). Desires engagements with societies in New England for lectures and platform tests. 10m. Aug. 23.

Miss A. Peabody,

BUSINESS, Test and Developing Medium. Sittings daily, 10 to 12 o'clock. Thursday evenings, and Tuesday afternoons at 3 o'clock. Six Developing Sittings for \$4.00. 104 Washington street, opposite Davis street, Boston. Sept. 20.

E. A. Blackden,

150A TREMONT ST., Boston, Inspirational Lecturer. A Letter addressed during summer, 280 South St., Boston. Will visit the sick by letter appointment, also transmit his powerful healing force by mail through the vehicle of paper on receipt of \$1. Remarkable cures made where medicine fails. July 5.

Mrs. A. Forrester

Will give Trance Sittings daily, also Magnetic and Electric Treatments, from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. No. 181 Shawmut Avenue, one flight, Boston. Do not ring. 4m.

MRS. C. H. LOOMIS-HALL, Business Psychometrist and test medium; magnetic baths; magnetic electric treatment; Trance. Terms \$1. Answered six questions on business by mail, 50 cents. 128 West Brook street, Suite 2, Boston. Circles Sunday evenings. Sept. 20.

S. HAYWARD, Magnetic Physician. A Letter addressed during summer, 280 South St., Boston. Will visit the sick by letter appointment, also transmit his powerful healing force by mail through the vehicle of paper on receipt of \$1. Remarkable cures made where medicine fails. July 5.

Miss J. M. Grant,

TEST and Business Medium. Office Banner of Light Building, 85 Bowdoin street, Room 7. Hours 9 to 6. Sept. 6.

Mrs. Alden,

TRANCE MEDIUM. Medical Examinations and Magnetic Treatment. 41 Winter street, Boston. Sept. 20.

Dr. Fred. Crockett,

CLAIRVOYANT. Diagnostic by letter. Remedies by express. Sept. 20.

W. P. Ware,

MAGNETIC Healer, treat patients at their homes. Address 329 Washington street, Boston, Mass. Sept. 13.

Mrs. Fannie A. Dodd,

MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN and Test Medium, No. 233 Tremont street, corner of Elliot street, Boston. Sept. 20.

MRS. CHANDLER BAILEY, 150A Tremont Street, Room 7, Boston, Medical and Business Medium. Sittings daily, from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. Saturday evenings, Friday at 3 P. M. Residence 26 Cazenove street, near Columbus Ave. R. R. Station. 1m. Sept. 20.

J. P. CHAMBERLIN, F. B. A. S., 150A Tremont Street, Room 7, Boston, Mass. EDR. CHAMBERLIN'S method embraces Therapeutic Surgery, which is the Antiphlogistic System. Reference: Prof. Jos. Rodas Buchanan, M. D. 4m. Aug. 30.

MRS. M. J. BUTLER will receive her patients on Tuesdays and Thursdays, from 9 to 12 A. M., at 375 Columbus Avenue. No arrangement for interview at the store of W. S. Butler & Co. can be made for patients. Sept. 20.

MRS. L. M. VIERGE, Massage and Mental Treatments, also Medicated Vapor Baths. Patients accompanied with names, or listed at their homes. Consultation free. Hotel Albermarle, 282 Columbus Ave., Suite 11. Sept. 13.

Miss Helen A. Sloan,

MAGNETIC Physician. Vapor Baths. No. 178 Tremont street, Boston. 1m. Sept. 20.

Mrs. H. Dean Chapman,

MEDIUM for the sick, 484 Tremont street, Boston, Mass. 9 A. M. to 8 P. M. 3m. Sept. 13.

SIX QUESTIONS answered or reading given by spirit power for 50 cents and two 2-cent stamps. MARGUERITE BURTON, 1472 Washington street, Boston. Sept. 20.

MRS. WEBB,
Astrological Medium
FROM NEW YORK.

Readings until Oct. 21st at 132 CHANDLER ST., BOSTON. Sept. 16th, \$2.00. 1f

SAN FRANCISCO.
MRS. ALBERT MORTON, Spirit Medium, has removed M. to Rooms 36 and 39 Pelham Building, 806 Market street, where PSYCHO STUDIES can be taught, or ordered, post-paid, for \$1.25. 4m. Aug. 30.

Karl Anderson, Astrologer,
ROOM 6, 84 Bowdoin street, Boston, Mass. Office hours, 1.30 P. M. to 6.30 P. M. Evenings by appointment. Feb. 1.

GARLAND'S
Vegetable Cough Drops.

THE greatest known remedy for all Throat and Lung Complaints. For Catarrh, Asthma, etc., etc. It has no equal. It is warranted to cure Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Influenza, Bronchitis, and Inflammation of the Lungs. It is free from all opiates and other dangerous ingredients, and is therefore perfectly harmless in all cases, likewise palatable and beneficial in regulating and strengthening the system; and as a Blood Purifier, it is equally valuable in all cases to give satisfaction, or the money will be refunded by the proprietor, DR. M. GARLAND, 488 Briggs street, San Francisco, Pa. Price, 15 cents a bottle, 25 cents a postage free. For sale by COLBY & RICH.

BOVINE - THE ONLY RAW FOOD. Does not faster than any other preparation. Is retained by the most irritable stomach. Creates new blood permanently cures nervous prostration and debility. Upon it, puny and feeble infants and children and their exhausted mothers thrive wonderfully. Easily assimilated. Indispensable in Cholera infantum and all diseases of children. One bottle contains strength of 10 pounds of meat. We have letters of commendation from the - **BOVINE** - clans, and have authority to use them to confirm our integrity and the merits of **BOVINE**: D. A. K. Steele, M. D., 1801 State street, Chicago, Ill., President of the Chicago Medical Society and Professor in the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Graeme M. Hammond, M. D., 88 West 45th st., New York City, Professor of Diseases of the Mind and Nervous System, N. Y. Post Graduate School and Hospital, and over 100 others. Send for our pamphlet containing them. Prof. A. L. Loomis of the Medical Department of the University of New York, says: "I prescribe Raw Food **BOVINE** and prefer it to any similar preparation." - **BOVINE**.

Mediums in Boston.

Abbie K. M. Heath,
Clairvoyant Physician and Business Medium,
ELECTRIC and Magnetic Treatments and Medicated Vapor Baths; relieves fatigue, invigorates and stimulates. Absent treatments a specialty. All letters \$1.00. Send full name, age and sex. Circles Friday evenings and Tuesday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. Sittings 1 to 6 P. M. Hotel Belmont, 207 Shawmut Avenue, Boston, Mass. 1m. Sept. 20.

MISS KNOX, Test, Business and Medical Medium. Sittings daily. 208 Tremont street, Boston. Sept. 20.

SUMMERLAND,
The New Spiritualist Colony

OF THE
PACIFIC COAST.

Building Progressing Rapidly.

THE site of Summerland constitutes a part of the Ortega Rancho, owned by H. L. Williams, and is located on the Pacific Ocean and on the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, five miles east of the beautiful city of Santa Barbara, which is noted for having the most equable and healthful climate in the world, being exempt from all malarial disease.

THE RECONSTRUCTOR, a weekly Spiritual paper, published at Summerland, \$1.00 per year, sample copies free, will give full details as to the advantages, objects and progress of the Colony. Send for plan of town, sample copies of RECONSTRUCTOR, and further information, to

H. L. WILLIAMS, Proprietor,

Summerland, Santa Barbara Co., Cal.

THIS Magnetic Belt is the Most Powerful Curative Agent ever made for Lame Back, Weakness of Spine and Kidneys, and pains arising from derangements of the abdominal organs. It is Nature's Substance concentrated, and will give immediate comfort and relief by restoring Natural Action to every organ in the body.

IT IS NATURE'S BOON TO WOMANKIND! Language but faintly describes the health-giving power of this Natural Support.

The Belt is made of genuine magnets, and the genius of man has not produced its equal since the days of Paracelsus, the world-renowned physician, who cured all diseases with magnetism. Every lady, young or old, should wear this vitalizing health-giving Belt and Abdominal Support. Our Book "Plain Road to Health" is free. **MAGNETIC BELT CO.,** No. 6 Central Music Hall, Chicago, Ill.

July 5.

PROVIDENCE LINE
FOR NEW YORK.

EXPRESS Train leaves Park Square Station, Boston, at 4.45 P. M., with Parlor Cars direct to Hartford at Providence is booked true, and time communicated to and returned. Tickets and State Rooms secured at Park Square Station, and at 207 WILKINSON STREET, Agents. O. H. BIRGGS, J. W. MILLER, President. Gen. Pass. Agt.

May 24.

A LIBERAL OFFER.
BY A RELIABLE CLAIRVOYANT AND MAGNETIC HEALER. SEND four 2-cent stamps, lock of hair, name, age and sex, we will diagnose your case FREE. Address DR. J. S. LOUIS, Worcester, Mass. Aug. 30.

"IF YOU WOULD KNOW"
YOUR Future Business Prospects, consult FRED A. HEATH, the Blind Medium. Enclose Postal Note for 50 cents, or register your letter, with lock of hair and stamp. Address 6 Park Place, Detroit, Mich. 4m. Sept. 20.

ASTONISHING OFFER.
SEND three 2-cent stamps, lock of hair, name, age, sex, one leading symptom, and your disease will be diagnosed free by spirit power. DR. A. B. DOBSON, Maquoketa, Iowa. July 12.

The Psychograph,
OR
DIAL PLANCHETTE.

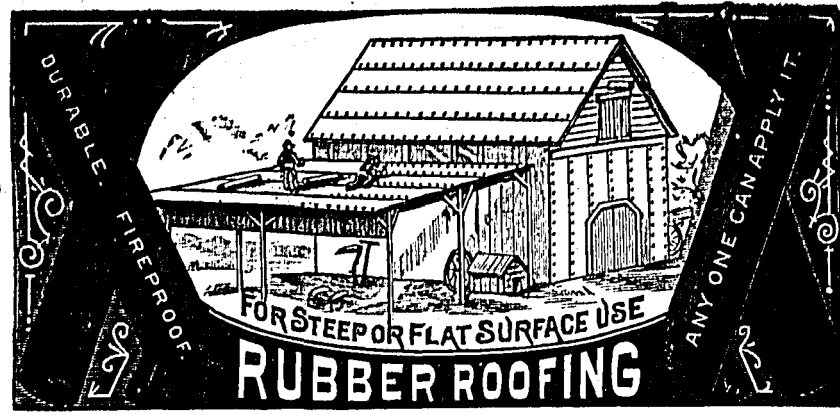
This instrument has now been thoroughly tested by numerous investigations, and has proven satisfactory as a means of developing mediumship. Many who were not aware of their mediumistic gift have, after a few sittings, been able to receive astonishing communications from their departed friends.

Cap. D. B. Edwards, Orient, N. Y., writes: "I had communications (by the Psychograph) from many friends. They have been highly satisfactory, and proved to me that Spiritism is indeed true, and that communications have given me heart the greatest comfort in the severe loss I have of son, daughter and their mother."

IF YOU WANT ANY ROOFING

SAMPLE FREE

If you state size of roof.



RUBBER ROOFING

For Church, Dwelling, Factory, Barn, Silo and all Out-buildings, be sure and order

GENUINE RUBBER ROOFING.

It is half the price of shingles, iron or tin; easily applied on steep or flat surface or over old shingles, and is durable, fire-proof—ornamental and water-proof.

Send for Book Circular, 42 West Broadway, New York City.
Free if mention BANNER OF LIGHT.

INDIANA PAINT AND ROOFING CO., NEW YORK.

Camp and Grove Meetings.

Cassadaga Lake Camp, N. Y.

The eleventh annual camp-meeting of "Cassadaga Lake Free Association" closed Aug. 31st, and proved to be a full realization of our most sanguine anticipations.

The course is said to reserve the best of the wine for the last of the feast, in anticipation, no doubt, of the surfeited appetite whose must be gratified with something keenly delicious if it would be aroused to continued enjoyment. But not so at the spiritual and intellectual feast at Cassadaga Camp, where the best of the wine of Truth has been served every day for about six weeks. Instead of our appetites becoming surfeited and dull of appreciation, we daily gained the sparkling wine of the spirit with the keenest relish, and in the bonds of fraternal love and sympathy broke the bread of life. The Father's table, which has been continually spread with the choicest bounty. The only thought that marred our happiness being that of parting with the many who in our annual gatherings have become endeared to us, even as brothers and sisters of one family, and of the necessity of their going to the outside world where they have not come to a knowledge of the truth as it is in the Spiritual Philosophy, and who have sorrows and burdens, many of which, that truth, when brought to light in their souls would help them to cast aside or at least be made lighter to bear.

Sunday, Aug. 31st.—The closing day was cool and pleasant. Heavily loaded trains came in at an early hour from the north and the south, and there was a long line of carriages and pedestrians almost as far as the eye could see, coming from every high-way leading to the Camp. Mrs. J. S. Little occupied the rostrum in the forenoon. In her prefatory remarks she spoke of the many friends of the many who had been continually present, and of the generous patronage of the people. A just tribute was paid to the BANNER OF LIGHT as being the oldest and one of the ablest, most just and loyal spiritual papers in existence. It would, if possible, be found under the table not only of every Spiritualist, but every lover of truth and fair-dealing in the country. The *Better Way*, with its live, young Western blood, full of energy and intelligence, was referred to as another indispensable organ of the spiritual world. The *Golden Gate* and others, all excellent in their locality and sphere of work, were also named. She then entered upon the subject of her discourse, "Equality and the Spiritual Philosophy." As follows: The individual, the home and the nation. It was a live and inspiring discourse and commanded the rapt attention of an immense crowd of people.

In the afternoon Mrs. Elizabeth L. Watson of Santa Clara, Cal., rostrum, and there was a long line of carriages and pedestrians almost as far as the eye could see, coming from every high-way leading to the Camp. Mrs. J. S. Little occupied the rostrum in the forenoon. In her prefatory remarks she spoke of the many friends of the many who had been continually present, and of the generous patronage of the people. A just tribute was paid to the BANNER OF LIGHT as being the oldest and one of the ablest, most just and loyal spiritual papers in existence. It would, if possible, be found under the table not only of every Spiritualist, but every lover of truth and fair-dealing in the country. The *Better Way*, with its live, young Western blood, full of energy and intelligence, was referred to as another indispensable organ of the spiritual world. The *Golden Gate* and others, all excellent in their locality and sphere of work, were also named. She then entered upon the subject of her discourse, "Equality and the Spiritual Philosophy." As follows: The individual, the home and the nation. It was a live and inspiring discourse and commanded the rapt attention of an immense crowd of people.

The mother bending over the waxen figure of the pulseless babe, and with streaming eyes lifted heavenward, crying woe, as if it were her own child, and she made a splendid beginning, and must be long entered upon the full effulgence of the perfect day.

The discourse was an embodiment of deep and far-reaching thought, so wreathed and embellished with poetic words that it might be likened to the golden sun, and the many who were bound to rally round the flag, and make the most of our reserved forces. Tuesday being the tenth anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Little's marriage, their friends left in camp planned to give them a party. Mrs. Little, however, more, who has a heart for every such occasion, invited Mr. and Mrs. Little to her house to tea. Mean-while, Mesdames Tuffin, Dunklee, Wright, Berry and others, set to work at decorating the Little cottage, and soon transformed it into a beautiful scene of forms, sunflowers, bouquets, Chinese lanterns, etc.

After tea Mr. Powell invited Mr. and Mrs. Little to join his party for a boat-ride, and kept them until about eight o'clock when the boat had been secured and the signal that all was in readiness to receive them. As they walked up to the cottage the bell in the amphitheatre rung out a merry peal, lights flashed from the trees, and the seats inside the cottage and around the outside were filled with happy guests. It was a complete and delightful surprise to Mr. and Mrs. Little, and exceedingly enjoyable to all.

In the back parlor were two tables piled full of presents—everything that could be thought of in the line of amusements and gifts. Mrs. Little made a beautiful little speech, expressing her gratitude to the friends, and also giving a little reminiscence of her courtship and marriage. Mr. Little said that everybody knew that his wife had been a blessing to the family, and would gladly excuse him, though he could not refrain from expressing his heartfelt thanks for so pleasing an evidence of the esteem of friends. One of Mrs. Little's guides christened the cottage, "The Little's Retreat," and gave a poetical improvisation.

Mr. Emerson made remarks, and a "Sunbeam" added her mite in a very pleasing manner. Then a "Sunbeam," through Mrs. Dunklee, closed that part of the proceedings and the company adjourned to the dining room, where choice and ample refreshments were served. Everybody was happy and glad they were in the most successful camp held at Cassadaga—not only in point of high spiritual attainment, but financially. The money receipts from ordinary sources (not including stock sold) during the August meeting last year were \$6,335.95, against \$5,657.35 last year. This shows a healthy growth. While our Sunday gate receipts fell below last year, the ground collections and season tickets sold more than made up the deficiency. Many of the people now attending have cottages of their own, and spend the entire season in camp. This is a fact that should be showing permanency and a sound basis.

Fraternally, ORPHEA E. TOUBEY.

Queen City Park, Vt.
Monday, Sept. 1st.—Many were called home to-day to attend the State election the 24th, myself among the number, so I cannot report, further than in a general way, the exercises for Tuesday and Wednesday as given me.

Tuesday, 2d.—An interesting conference meeting in the forenoon. The afternoon's address was by Rev. J. E. Appleton.

Wednesday, 3d.—Conference in the forenoon. In the afternoon Mr. Appleton gave his closing address, sustaining his high reputation as a thinker and speaker. His addresses are eminently helpful. They take hold of the people, and the people are able to grasp them, clear and comprehensive are the thoughts presented. The gentleman was the profound respect of a large circle of hearers. In the evening Prof. J. Clegg Wright, who arrived on Monday, accompanied by his wife, commenced a series of scientific lectures.

Thursday, 4th.—At the conference meeting in the morning, which was well attended, Mr. Tisdale related his experiences during his development as a medium. His narrative was interesting as well as thrilling. This showed the truth of the truth of spirit communication and control could scarcely be better illustrated and proven than in the person of Mr. Tisdale. His inspirations at times excite the wonder and admiration of not only the average thinker, but the clear and sound scholar as well. Mr. Tisdale's life

is one of struggle, being compelled to grope his way through this world through slightest ors. That a higher light is given, he needs no further encouragement, and substantial assistance that wealthy Spiritualists are so able to bestow, not in charity simply, but as a spiritual investment, which shall insure to the upbuilding of the most glorious cause on the earth.

At 2:30 P. M. Mr. Wright gave the first of his five lectures announced in the circular. His marvelous use of language enables him to deal with any subject which he chooses to bestow his mind. Life to him is action. The future life, said he, will be one of higher activity. Nature never goes back. If I would grow, I must stir; absolute rest is nowhere; where there is something to do there will be progress; indolent happiness is said Spiritualism is a great movement of reform. It starts a new species of thought; it rests upon phenomena and facts, which cannot be explained except by the existence of a spirit-world. The great end of Nature cannot be death. As it was said, dirt is matter in the wrong place; death is life in the wrong place. All things which have life have eternal life: If the dog lives not, I live not. A king is an animal on two legs. It is no crime to be on the lowest step of the ladder; to do the best we can under existing conditions is the thing to do, and the fittest thing to be done is the right thing. A man who weakens a man's reverence for law and justice is an enemy of civilization. A thing is good that does its work well. It is better that we have a hard fight to live than that we have manna sent down from heaven.

At the close of his lecture Mr. Wiggins gave some very satisfactory tests, though at an advanced hour of the day, and while the people were weary from long sitting. Mr. Wiggins' tests at previous meetings I am assured were good.

In the evening a concert was given in the Pavilion, interspersed with recitations and amusing personations. J. Frank Baxter, president of the association, assisted in making the entertainment a very satisfactory one.

Friday, 5th. The Ladies' Aid Society held its annual fair, continuing it through the evening. It was a success in every way, and the ladies are to be highly commended for their untiring labors in carrying many Association and the great Cause that it so earnestly endeavors to advance.

Saturday, Sept. 6th.—A largely attended conference was held in the forenoon, opened by J. Clegg Wright. At 2:30 P. M. a large audience assembled in the Pavilion to listen to J. Frank Baxter.

At the opening he read an excellent poem, following it with a fine song. He dealt a short time upon the nature and value of evidence upon the question of Spiritualism, and truthfully said that no one that lives can assert that the reappearance of the departed is an impossibility. He then gave an extended and interesting account of his experiences and development as a medium. He said that he had been a skeptic until he had seen the extraordinary manifestations described on any other hypothesis than the spiritual. His remarks were supplemented with many tests, which were strikingly convincing. He said that he had seen a spirit-return. The session was a lengthy one, but the audience remained attentive to the end.

In the evening Mr. Wright gave the second of his series of evening lectures. He never paddles near the shore, but his aim is to reach the heart of the spirit-world. The session was a lengthy one, but the audience remained attentive to the end.

Sunday, 7th.—The day has been beautiful and the attendance good. In the forenoon J. Clegg Wright spoke to a very attentive audience. He said: We have facts and phenomena, and a belief in the spiritual world is built upon them. Two forms of thought stand before us, God working specially behind phenomena, and the evolutionary thought. The more ignorant the intellect, the more it is in harmony with itself and its surroundings. He liked distinctive utterance. He liked puritanism with its strong form of backbone out of a man. They have been a deterioration of theological magnificence since 1662. The people of Russia are not yet full grown. When they become men they will assert their manhood. He saw in the backbone of the world the grandest civilization the world has ever seen.

Spiritualism is a mighty factor in the world's progress. Immortality is ours; it does not depend upon our opinions. Immortality is natural. The spiritual world is higher than this, with less conflicts; but associated with it will be intellectual wear and tear. The religion that will get the best there is in man is the religion of the community. Advocate principles that will permeate the community. Humanity is the pivot of man's being. We must have love; it is the pivot of man's being. Spiritualism must be the moral sentiment. Mr. Wright pleaded eloquently in behalf of the sacredness of spirit-union, and against the indulgence of levity and frivolity the season-long.

At the close of the lecture Mr. Wiggins made a few remarks in keeping with Mr. Wright's plea, then gave tests, many of which were recognized. The interest in the evidence of the spirit-world was very much increased. It was a complete and delightful surprise to Mr. and Mrs. Little, and exceedingly enjoyable to all.

In the back parlor were two tables piled full of presents—everything that could be thought of in the line of amusements and gifts. Mrs. Little made a beautiful little speech, expressing her gratitude to the friends, and also giving a little reminiscence of her courtship and marriage. Mr. Little said that everybody knew that his wife had been a blessing to the family, and would gladly excuse him, though he could not refrain from expressing his heartfelt thanks for so pleasing an evidence of the esteem of friends. One of Mrs. Little's guides christened the cottage, "The Little's Retreat," and gave a poetical improvisation.

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best lectures delivered here—if not the best (the verdict of thousands who heard him)—for years. He stands second to none as an orator on the spiritual platform, and as an exponent, philosophical or otherwise, cannot be excelled. Lake Pleasant was fortunate in having secured his services, and a demand is now prevalent for his presence and lectures here next season.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes of Boston delivered a grand lecture here, her subject being "Woman in Spiritualism." It was fraught with deep pathos and practical facts, and her address at the conference she has done a work of real merit, her aim being to devote and stimulate her hearers to more harmonious feelings, and to the recognition and adaptation of a spirit of love. Mrs. Byrnes is deserving of constant employment by our people.

Miss Olive Reynolds is quite a favorite with the residents, and an old camper among us. Mrs. Clara A. Field Conant, husband and family, have been with us the present season. Mrs. Conant is an old time lecturer, and her presence should be at once engaged by societies everywhere for the season of '90-'91.

Mr. E. P. Hill, a prominent Spiritualist of Haverhill, Mass., was an occasional visitor at the camp this season; he found here many friends and a warm welcome.

Onset Bay, Mass.
To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
The Onset friends have not lost their relish for sound logical teaching, although a great amount of such has been given during the season. The large audience that greeted the veteran, Dr. H. B. Storer, last Sunday evening, at the Temple, spoke well for the people, considering the extent of the cottages generally. "Evolution in the Spiritual World" was his theme, and a grand lecture it was. Mrs. Geraldine Morris and Mr. Willie T. Baldwin discoursed fine singing, to the edification of all. H. H. Warner spoke in the afternoon.

The meetings which have been held in the Pavilion are now held in the small hall of the Industry Hook and Ladder Company. A very excellent session was held there last Sunday evening. Prof. Wm. A. B. Hervey spoke to acceptance, and Mrs. Morris and Mr. W. T. Baldwin regaled the people with choice selections of song. The services were instructive and soul uplifting. A conference meeting was held Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 10th, in the Pavilion. Mrs. Mary L. Baldwin and others made remarks—spiritual and instructive. These meetings should be kept up during the year in Onset. Meetings will be held next Sunday afternoon and Ladder Hall. F. W. Jones.

Harvest Moon at Onset.
A correspondent writes that arrangements have been made with the Old Colony Railroad for a reduction in fare for the Harvest Moon Festival, Sept. 27th and 28th. The price of excursion tickets at that time from Boston and return will be \$1.50; from Brockton, etc., \$1.00; Middleboro, etc., 60 cents; Haverhill, etc., 50 cents; Falmouth, etc., \$1.00; Taunton, etc., 85 cents; Fair Haven, etc., 70 cents; Providence, etc., \$1.50. These tickets are to Onset station only.

The following lecturers are expected to be present: Mr. M. T. Shelhamer-Longley, Mrs. Ida P. A. Whitlock, Mr. Carrie F. Loring, Dr. A. H. Richardson, Dr. H. B. Storer, Mr. Joseph D. Stiles, Mr. Henry H. Warner and others.

The Harvest Moon was inaugurated some nine years ago by the spirit-guests of Dr. P. P. Greenleaf, and has since been annually participated in by a large number of Spiritualists. The speakers and all connected with the arranging and carrying out of the exhibition give their highly appreciated services on each of the festival days. The Harvest Moon is to be held at Onset, Sept. 27th and 28th. The price of excursion tickets at that time from Boston and return will be \$1.50; from Brockton, etc., \$1.00; Middleboro, etc., 60 cents; Haverhill, etc., 50 cents; Falmouth, etc., \$1.00; Taunton, etc., 85 cents; Fair Haven, etc., 70 cents; Providence, etc., \$1.50. These tickets are to Onset station only.

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Medical Laws in New York.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
While at Saratoga Springs I carefully inquired as to the legal rights of non-residents of the State, and as to what was required in case physicians from another State desired to practice, or have their patients visit the Springs under their care. I found that in case a regular M. D. from another State should prescribe for the sick, a law to the following effect was laid down to deal with them (in case any one could be found mean enough to enter a complaint against them): Two hundred and fifty dollars fine, or imprisonment for six months for the first offense; and for a subsequent offense five hundred dollars fine, or one year imprisonment, or both, at the discretion of the court. Assuming the title of Doctor of Medicine. For practicing physics or surgery a fine of fifty dollars for the first offense; and each subsequent offense not less than one hundred dollars—or imprisonment for one year, or both, at the discretion of the court.

In all cases, as above described, if the physician will go before the State Boards of Regents, or pay twenty dollars to the legalized medical colleges, such person can register and practice, but not otherwise. Family physicians who wish to have the law as given to me by an attorney while in Saratoga.

I recently received a letter from a lady resident in New York State, saying that she learned that I had been at Saratoga Springs, and she wished she had had the good opportunity of bringing her daughter to me for magnetic treatment, as I had greatly benefited her, also a friend's daughter, while at the Centennial Exhibition. Ought a law that prevents such treatment when the results of it are attested by the citizens, to be allowed to remain on the statute books, thus preventing the people from deriving benefit when they desire it?

The New Jersey "regulators" to offset the inroads of the "regulars" from New York, caused to be enacted a similar registration law in that State, which acts admirably on the Jersey coasts at the watering resorts—all the practice going to the New Jersey M. D.'s. The New York doctors being barred out of New Jersey the same day, the Massachusetts and New Jersey doctors are from New York; and just here is where the ridiculous nature of such laws is made apparent to the people who visit the various popular resorts in the summer months and desire to take their family physicians with them.

Such laws are eminently selfish, and show, as well, a great amount of absurdity; but the time, I believe, is near at hand when merit and cures will stand higher in the estimation of the public than mere legal and scientific diplomas obtained from colleges that do not pretend to know or to recognize anything of that gift of healing which has been known in all ages, which is so prominent in its beneficial results at the present day, and which is one of the most prominent citizens of the United States to recognize and employ when the regular physicians fail to benefit.

Here is a case in point as to how these medical laws work in New Hampshire: Sept. 1st I received a call to visit a lady who had been ill for some time, and who was not being able to visit me in Boston—and at the risk of arrest, fine and imprisonment, I complied with the request for treatment. Sept. 15th a letter from the patient states: "Since your treatment I have had no more of those dizzy or faint spells." If the present law in that State had been enforced in that case I might now be behind the bars of a prison.

Will it be well for the people of the State of Maine to sit idly by and allow a law to be enacted, as is proposed by the diploma-bearing doctors—which will produce the same restrictions in the Pine Tree State that now disgrace other States in the Union? Massachusetts is yet free—thanks to the intelligence of her people, and the exertions to show the fallacy of the registration act that was suggested to the General Court in 1889 and 1890.

A. S. HAYWARD, Magnetic Physician.
Boston, Mass.

In Memoriam.
Mr. and Mrs. Wallace A. Rowell of Charlestown, Mass., have been bereaved by the transition to the higher life of their only child, B. HOWARD ROWELL, at the age of twenty-one— which event occurred Sept. 10th.

He was a young man of great promise, and was universally beloved. He possessed considerable musical ability. He had been a member of Richardson's Orchestra, and had been a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He had been a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He had been a member of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

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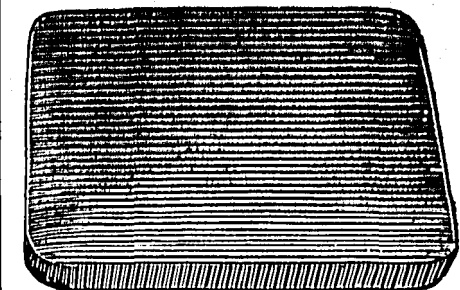
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A Good Bed.



It is claimed that the majority of Englishmen accept the glories of the sunrise upon the evidence of others who have seen it, since, for themselves, they do their bed the honor of not parting company with it upon such slight provocation.

Those who have not felt the sensations of the Englishman, and are guilty of the bad taste of enjoying early rising, may see above these lines the temptation materialized.

A good bed! Which means good sleep. Who can with mere pen and paper do justice to its claims? It is health for the sick, food for the hungry, strength for the weak, and the best medicine of nature for every one.