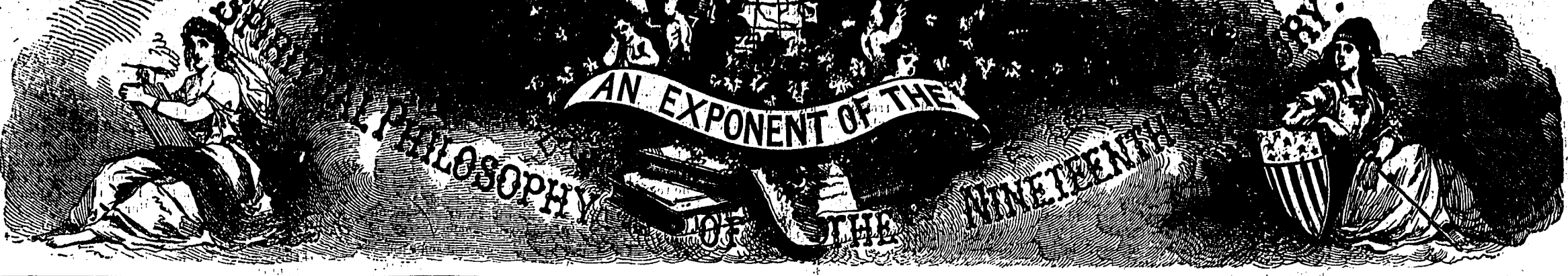


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Historical.

Spiritualism Sixty Years Since.

BY JAMES ROBERTSON, ESQ., OF GLASGOW.

Modern Spiritualism dates from March, 1848; but twenty years before that period a marked religious movement took place in Scotland in the neighborhood of Glasgow, which seemed for a time likely to extend over the earth, as the present movement has done. What a careless age neglects, another picks up and carries forward, if it be of service, and so America picked up and treasured what Scotland passed by. The spiritual movement which began at Port Glasgow on the River Clyde made considerable noise at first than did "the Rochester knockings." Amazement, wonder and fear were the feelings with which it was witnessed by some, whilst a few received the light gladly, feeling that the old day of miracles had come again. The story of the rise and progress of the spiritual manifestations which had their birth have been oftentimes told. Mrs. Oliphant, in her "Life of Edward Irving," explains it, and the letters of Thomas Erskine throw a flood of light on the events and characters of those early spiritual mediums. Erskine was a man of wide culture, pious, earnest, and yet indulgent to those who might differ from him; the close friend of Thomas Carlyle, he was also in sympathy with men who might be considered heretics. Erskine gave the closest attention to this spiritual outburst; lived for weeks in the neighborhood of the manifestations, and published several tracts dealing with the subject.

For some years before 1830 a truly fervent religious spirit seemed to have prevailed in the district called Gareloch, the beautiful lochs which flow out of the Frith of Clyde. John Macleod Campbell, minister of Row, was a man of saintly character, and his neighbor, Mr. Story of Loosenath, on the other side of the loch, was a man of similar mold. Their preaching had affected the thoughts of many, but in particular there was a young woman, named Isabella Campbell, whose piety was like that of Madam Guyon and Fenelon; not the active piety of working people, but, dwelling in an atmosphere of religious emotion, she poured forth prayers and gave utterance to speech which was considered of a very exalted kind. She was dying of consumption, and was visited by many who were elated with her sayings. Her death caused considerable emotion, which was increased by the publication of a volume written by Mr. Story, entitled, "Peace in Believing," in which the life-story of this young saint is recorded with beauty and pathos. The house where Isabella Campbell had lived became a kind of Mecca, which was visited, on Sabbaths in particular, by great crowds. The religious thought of to-day in Scotland is labelled the same as it was sixty years since, and is still called Christian, but it is to-day of quite a different tone and color from that of sixty years since. It was a terrible heresy to state that Jesus died for ALL men. Some good men, whom their neighbors would have considered sinners of the worst type for harboring the thought, wished it might be true, but the Church was clear on the point. It was set down in their Confession of Faith that Christ's death affected only the elect. The omnipresent personal devil, going about like a roaring lion, made off with the great mass of mankind, while God, Christ and the Holy Ghost could only succeed in saving about one out of a thousand. Thomas Erskine had written a volume called "The Unconditional Freeness of the Gospel," which was deemed by many to be heresy of a most malignant type.

Being a layman, he could not be deposed from any position, but his friend Macleod Campbell, of Row, gave utterance to many of his sentiments in his preaching, which raised such a hue and cry that he was put upon his trial, and finally deposed from the ministry of the Church of Scotland. The Row Heresy was not yet forgotten. The country has mourned the circumstance ever since as a huge blunder, to root out the noblest man within her borders. Putting Socrates to death for impiety and immorality, and Jesus of Nazareth for blasphemy, are events pretty much akin to Macleod Campbell's deposition. A halo surrounded the man's whole life, and his preaching had done much to awaken new life in many, and bring about conditions for a spiritual outpouring.

Isabella Campbell, whose life-story Mr. Story had told, had a sister called Mary, a domestic servant, who became a victim to the same disease of consumption that had carried off her sister; the same pious view which had characterized Isabella dwelt in her. A community of those who thought and felt with her gathered round her while she lay on her bed, and held meetings for praise and prayer. The Bible was to them a book to be believed, so that their prayers were for the restoration of the gifts bestowed upon the Primitive Church who were real prayers of belief. Amongst those who had been to visit Mary Campbell were a family named Macdonald, who resided in Port Glasgow, on the opposite side of the Clyde. These consisted of James and George, twin brothers, ship builders, with their sisters. Two years before this period (1830) they had become exceedingly devout. Their knowledge of creeds and dogmas was limited, they read no religious books, had listened to no heresies, and though

classed at first as Irvingites, they had never read a line of Edward Irving's books. Spiritual gifts did not occupy their attention, much less their expectations. In March, 1830, one of the sisters, called Margaret, had been confined to her bed, being so very ill that she was thought to be dying. The doctor, on being appealed to, held out no hope of her recovery, regarding it as impossible. All at once, while a sister and a friend were sitting by her bedside, a power seemed to control her, and she said, "There will be a mighty baptism of the spirit this day." She then continued for some hours, with little or no intermission, in mingled praise, prayer and exhortation. At dinner time, the brothers, James and George, came home as usual. She addressed them at great length, concluding with a solemn prayer for James, that he might at that time be endowed with the power of the Holy Ghost. Almost instantly James calmly said, "I have got it." He walked to the window, and stood silent for a minute or two, and a marked change came over his countenance. With a majestic step he moved up to his sister's bedside, and said, "Arise, and stand upright." He repeated the words, took her by the hand, and she arose. That same night James Macdonald wrote to his friend, Mary Campbell, at Gareloch, who was patiently awaiting the summons to go hence, without any hope that her life could be prolonged many weeks. The receipt of this letter produced the most wonderful effects upon her. "I had scarcely read the first page," she said, "when I became quite overpowered, and laid it aside for a few minutes. As I read, every word came with power, but when I came to the command to arise, it came home with a force which no words can describe—a mighty power was instantly exerted upon me. I first felt as if I had been lifted off the earth, and all my diseases taken off me as at the voice of Jesus, I was made to stand upon my feet, leap and walk, sing and rejoice."

Such was the beginning of a work that shortly afterward assumed great proportions; the seeds and buds of a great spiritual movement which afterward gave blossom, and in these days of ours some fruit, but which, in the years that are to come, will produce abundance. Mary Campbell rising from the point of death is one of those events which are most clearly attested, and the sensation it made was indeed great. Strong minds were embarrassed by it more than they cared to acknowledge. It became one of the unsolved wonders which perplex the world. As Emerson says, "Our eyes are hidden that we cannot see things that stare at the face until the time arrives when the mind is ripened." Mary Campbell, after her recovery, held meetings in the town of Helensburgh, where she had removed. To the speaking was added writing in the unknown tongues. When the moment of inspiration came, Mary would seize the pen, and with a rapidity like lightning, covered sheets of paper with characters like letters and words. Crowds gathered round the new prophetess, men of position sought to her decision regarding points of Scripture. The Rev. Dr. Chalmers wrote eagerly asking for information from Mr. Story, and wanting some of the writings. Mr. Story, the loving biographer of her sister Isabella, was a strong believer not only in the genuineness of the power, but also that its source was divine, and that it had come in answer to the prayer of the Church. He wrote Dr. Chalmers: "For an hour she uttered sounds which seemed, certainly, to be language. Both in writing and speaking her words and movements are, in every respect, independent of her own volition. I am persuaded," he writes, "these things are of God, and not of man."

Dr. Chalmers was too cautious an ecclesiastic to commit himself to anything that had not gained popular favor. Many times in that active life of his he postponed becoming true to his convictions till they gained popular applause. In Port Glasgow the Macdonalds exercised the gifts constantly. Visitors came from all parts of England, Ireland and Scotland. Five delegates came from London, and stayed three weeks in Port Glasgow. One, a Scotchman, called, reported thus: "These persons, while uttering the unknown sounds, or while speaking in the spirit in their own language, have every appearance of being under spiritual direction. Their whole deportment gives the impression, not to be conveyed in words, that their organs are made use of by supernatural power. In addition to the outward appearances, their own declarations, honest, pious and sober individuals, may with propriety be taken in evidence. They declare that their organs of speech are made use of by the Spirit of God, and that they utter that which is given them, and not the expressions of their own conceptions or intentions."

It is not to be wondered at that a man like Edward Irving, hearing in London of the bestowal of miraculous gifts, should have rejoiced in heart. For several years before he had been convinced that the spiritual gifts, so largely bestowed upon the apostles, were not exceptional to one period alone, but belonged to the Church of all ages, and had only been kept in abeyance by the absence of faith. One thought dominated Irving's mind at this period, namely, the Second Advent, when to him was an actual fact. His friend, Story, had written him as to what was taking place, and the effect on him was instantaneous. Assured of the personal piety of Mary Campbell and the Macdonalds, he felt his own distinctive teachings were confirmed. Meetings were held in his church to pray for the bestowal of the miraculous gifts of which news came from Scotland. On the 24th of June, 1830, he was writing Dr. Chalmers (whose helper he had been in Glasgow, before London and fashion made him famous), about the hardness of heart of poor Scotland, which regarded with scorn the signs of the Holy Ghost beginning to be again vouchsafed to the Church. Mary Campbell had entered on the career of a prophetess, and full of active life, she married, becoming Mrs. Caird, and moving about from church to church. To Irving she was a sign of God, with the gift of prophecy. Soon phenomena similar to what were taking place in Scotland, were heard of in London. Miss Fancourt, in London, from a couch where she had lain for years as a cripple, was raised up at the bidding of an evangelist in a similar way to Mary Campbell. No wonder Irving thought the Second Advent was at hand.

And now began scenes which filled not only London but all the country with amazement. Each friend of Irving's felt he was entering upon courses which meant ruin. Colorful, whose feet he had often sat, and his close friend, Thomas Carlyle, both in turn adjured him to leave the tongues alone. But what could he do? Noble-minded, courageous and brave, had he not asked for these signs and wonders with his whole heart? And when they came, how could his lofty nature conceive that after asking for bread he had got a stone? For a time he did not permit the "voices" to be heard in his church, but they told him he was restraining the Spirit of God. Believing with his whole heart that the Apostolic times had come again, he stood up and

said he would not be a party to the hindering of what he believed to be the Voice of the Holy Ghost. No thought crossed him as to the real nature of the phenomena that were transpiring. He, indeed, needed the key which has come with the later manifestations. Had he caught the thought as it has been interpreted in these times, what pain he might have been spared, and a truly heroic life been saved to the world. Carlyle says of him, "He was the freest, brotherliest, bravest human soul mine ever came in contact with."

What could be the result of mediums giving way to the influence that lay upon them? but, as Carlyle has said, scenes characteristic of Bedlam and chaos?

The confusion increased day by day. Newspapers gave reports of what was taking place in a Christian church, all of which sounded indecent and irreverent. Louder waxed the babel, one extravagance followed another, so that Irving's best friends walked no longer with him. "Irving clings to his belief," to quote Carlyle's words, "as to his soul's soul," following it whithersoever through earth or air, it might lead him; toiling as never man toiled to spend it, to gain the world's ear for it. Story, Erskine and others lamented they had said so much on the subject when these scenes of disorder appeared. Irving tells Story of a night when he was standing afar off from the work of the Lord, scanning it like a skeptic instead of proving it like a spiritual man. The Church was soon closed against Irving, and his followers went with him to a room where at other times Robert Owen held forth. The end was to be shortly. Irving traveled up to Glasgow only to die. Erskine began to slacken, as has been said, in his devotion to the manifestations, and withdrew much that he had said. He began to doubt that the spirit which moved in the matter was altogether good, but his faith in the honesty of the Macdonalds was not changed. What shook him somewhat was, that hearing James Macdonald speak with remarkable power, a people acknowledged by all the other "gifted" people there, he discovered the seed of his utterances in the newspapers. Macdonald had read in the newspapers a false rumor about his brother's death. This having remained on his mind came forth as an utterance while under influence, but wrapped up in obscurity of language. Other prophetic utterances regarding a war in the north of Europe, spoken in language largely employed in the Book of Daniel, were also found to have had their origin in the newspapers which had come under Macdonald's notice. Erskine put the matter before him, and was quite satisfied of Macdonald's integrity, but he saw for the first time how things could come into the mind and remain there for a time, afterward coming forth as supernatural utterances, though the origin was quite natural. Macdonald could not say that he was conscious of anything in these two utterances different from the others. He could only say these two were of the flesh, evil spirits. To the last, James Macdonald said the voice that spoke by him was the voice of the Spirit. He died in February, 1835, blameless and clean in all he said and did. His brother George died the next year, and to the last he was satisfied that the power which moved him was supernatural and divine. Many a one declared that at times the faces of these men were made to shine with a glory like what Stephen was said to possess at his martyrdom. "Simplicity, truth of character and godliness were the traits of their whole life."

Such is a chapter of spiritual history which was soon forgot, but which forms a link in our present manifestations. As none of the men and women understood the nature of the influence that moved them, they had to suffer much contumely, and felt what many in this age have done who have had the burden of mediumship thrust upon them. Still, it is certain the actions were true and honest in their declarations that a spiritual power moved them. Another age will perhaps better understand their history. The bible of Spiritualism has yet to be written.

A Spiritualism which only mumbles over those words which once flamed out of the inspiration of saints and martyrs will not again appear; but a Spiritualism which produces better institutions, better forms of religion, will appear, and the Spiritualism of the future will gather up every good thing that has been brought to light, and put it in the golden urn of history, to be kept forever.—*The Two Worlds.*

A Plea for the Speechless.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Sympathy for the maimed and suffering as the result of patriotic effervescence on the nation's natal day is felt in all quarters and by all classes. The unfortunate have come to be regarded as heroes stricken down in a fight for the common liberty. Doubtless they are consoled, if old enough, by this only reflection in their favor.

But there is, it seems to the writer, another class of unfortunate that appeals to the public consideration as well. Possibly they are balanced numerically by the known-cracker cripples and the wounded from pistols and premature explosions. They are the sick and dying, who lie on uneasy beds all through the raging storm of our strident national holiday, their sensitive nerves racked with its ceaseless detonations, their senses drowned in the riot of sounds and uproar of shouts, their faint pulses fluttering as the vehement volleys of discord rage nearer, and their feeble remainder of vitality wasted and torn by the riotous chorus of explosions that rend the very atmosphere with their tempestuous storm. The case of Ex-Vice-President Hamlin, while dying on the 4th inst., is one strictly in point, and has called marked attention all over the country to this side of the question.

Are not these helpless and patient sufferers, Americans equally with us all, worthy of a sympathetic thought at such a time? Is the patriotic sentiment so fierce a fire in our breasts as to shut out effectually the tender appeals of human sympathy? The sick and the suffering, the feeble and the dying—shall they be denied consideration year after year in the court of human feeling? The hospitals on the day after the glorious Fourth present no scenes that appeal to pity more strongly than do the beds and sick chairs and couches occupied by the helpless invalids in the homes that are all around us.

Still, responds the vociferous and detonating patriot, let Mardi Gras have it all by day and Walpurgis by night! On with the dancin'! Let confusion be unconfin'd! Let those of us still live to enjoy unrestrained liberty who may—and as for those whose pulses are low, and on whose pale brows the damps slowly gather, let them take the chances. Hurrah for liberty to do as we will!

Literary Department.

THE ONWARD WAVE; OR, THE "LIFE-LINE" OF A SENSITIVE.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,
BY WILLIAM PHILLIPS,
Of Clackamas, Ore., author of "Nirva, The Orphan Girl," Etc.

CHAPTER V. "He be Yo' Doah."

The summer months passed by in the usual way. The hot days brought many cases of chills and fever, of which some of the inhabitants of the village died. Yet festivities among the people in general did not cease. Picnics and parties, in addition to religious meetings on a large scale, were of frequent occurrence. Autumn at length arrived, with its cooler days and ripened fruit, its barrels of cider, and large heaps of corn for the huskings, to which gatherings John and I were permitted to go, provided always we were at home at a reasonable hour. Then came winter, with its frosty mornings, and cold north winds; snow covered the ground, and water congealed to the shores of creeks and lakes.

The time of the chief workman of the establishment, Mr. Dobson, was to expire the last day of December, and as the custom of those who had preceded him in that capacity had been to exhibit superior workmanship in the last article of furniture completed by them, he applied his skill in the construction of a bureau. It was finally brought into the saleroom, and as each workman, from the least to the greatest, knew that Mr. Dobson's utmost skill as a cabinet-maker had been applied thereon, they had a curiosity to see its excellence, consequently crowded about it for that purpose; while it was being thus examined, each giving praise for its beauty of finish, I felt "Cuff's" presence near; he approached the bureau, and scrutinized it closely, then turning, with his fingers pointing to it, said to me:

"Boy, you beat dat ar."

"How so, 'Cuff'?" that bureau is of fine finish."

Pointing to the gilding on the mirror, he said: "Dat come off by-and-by." Then to the veneering: "Dat no 'hoggy'; he only cherry tree close de ground." Then to the staining: "I sho' you how to fix de paint; I fix him, an' de varnish, so dey sho' de brighter." Then to the mirror-plating: "He must be ob silber." Then to the handles of the drawers: "Dem must be pure ebony; dey sho' brighter on de varnish."

"Cuff," I said, "do I understand you to mean that by your assistance I can make a nicer finished bureau than this one?"

"Yes, boy; 'Cuff' help you mak' one better; an' when you git him done he be yo' doah."

"My doah, 'Cuff'?" How is that?"

"You wait, boy. By-and-by you see. You go to work; make him soon."

He then disappeared. By this time all the workmen had gone to their rooms, and left John and myself standing by the bureau. John had perceived by my peculiar actions that "Cuff" was near, so he began to question me:

"Jack, wasn't 'Cuff' talking to you just now?"

"Yes."

"Well, what did he say?"

"He said he would show us" (I reckoned John was included) "how to make a nicer bureau than this."

I then gave him all the particulars of "Cuff's" information in regard to the proposed work.

The practical difficulties in the case at once suggested themselves to John, but we decided to make the endeavor, and on a cold morning in the first week of January we inaugurated our enterprise in the apprentice's shop. We had much to do to carry out the directions given by the spirit-adviser. It was necessary to send to Louisville for mahogany veneering, also for ebony handles ready carved and turned, also for ivory tips for the imitation posts and for mirrors of large size, silvered, and of best French glass—and the money had to accompany the order! Here was a dilemma for two almost penniless boys. Could we raise it? Estimates were made, and by the union of our joint pecuniary possessions (John being further aided by a loan from his ever-indulgent mother), we were enabled to obtain the supplies necessary to our work through the agency of Mr. Tucker, the most prominent merchant at Bakersville.

In those days, when freight was to be brought from Louisville or Baltimore, it was necessary to perform the service by the use of large freight wagons, each drawn by from six to eight good horses or mules. Consequently several weeks sometimes passed before we could get a return in goods. It was on the first day of February that we received word from Mr. Tucker that our supplies had arrived as ordered, and we hastened to put them into the shop. Next day the work of constructing the bureau began in earnest; as usual, John assigned to me all the work requiring particular care. Each of us seemed to be in haste to push the work to completion; and it seemed that "Cuff" perceived our condition, for drawing near he said to me: "Go slow, boy. You spoil him all." After this I was extremely cautious in every move I made in the work.

The work progressed slowly but surely, until the spring days appeared; robins were chirping in the trees, and the bluebirds were seeking where to build their nests, when, near the close of an April day, John and I viewed our work over and pronounced it finished! Carefully moving it to the saleroom, we placed it on exhibition. Some of the workmen saw it that evening, while others viewed it next morning, and with the latter came Mr. Beals and his wife—for John had told his mother what a nice piece of furniture we had made. The men all admitted that in every respect it was equal in workmanship and style to any other piece of furniture of the kind that had been in that saleroom since they had been there, while Mr. Thompson, the new chief-workman, declared it was equal in every respect to any piece of the kind he had ever seen anywhere. Mr. Beals looked on, but kept silent. Mrs. Beals showed her appreciation of the piece in her pleased look, seemingly very proud of the fact that her son had attained to such perfection in the art of cabinet-making.

For the next few days each visitor at the shop would stop longer and examine more carefully this piece of furniture than they did any other in the room. Finally thirty dollars were offered for the bureau, then thirty-five, at which price the bidding rested for a few days. But one day while John and I were boxing some bedsteads for a farmer, to be carried into the country, a lady came in, and after a little parleying agreed to take the bureau at forty dollars—two twenty-dollar bills—paying the money into my hands, as she said to be handed over to Mr. Beals, and we were to deliver it in good order at her dwelling in the outer part of the town. I gave one of the bills to John and placed the other in my pocket-book, and locked it in my trunk; then engaged the first conveyance that came by to deliver the bureau. While we were so engaged Mr. Beals came up and wanted to know what we were doing. I told him we had sold the bureau to Mrs. Blythe, and were to deliver it at her home.

"Well, that is all right; has she paid the money yet?"

"Yes, sir, she paid me forty dollars. I gave half of it to John, the other half I will keep."

At this Mr. Beals raised his cane as though he would strike me, but I quivered it again. Then, addressing the driver, said:

"Hold on there, Mr. Buckles; just set that bureau out here again; I'll see if furniture can be sold out of this shop without my authority, and the money be taken by other people."

The truckman demanded his fee, which Mr. Beals paid to stay a demur, and the bureau was lifted to the sidewalk. By this time Mr. Blythe had come up, and on learning that Mrs. Blythe, his wife, had just bought and paid for that bureau, and that it was to be delivered at her residence, demanded of Mr. Beals that he deliver it at once!

"But, Mr. Blythe, if I let my furniture go, I want the money for it. The money has been paid to that boy, Jack, who is irresponsible."

"Is not Jack in your employ, Mr. Beals?"

"Yes, in a sort of way."

"Very well. A bargain made with Jack, and the money paid him to be given to you, according to the laws of Kentucky binds you to the contract."

Mr. Beals, seeing he was as much bound to deliver the bureau as though he had contracted to do so himself, ordered it replaced in the carriage and driven to its destination. Then turning quickly on his heel, he gave me a kick with his foot which sent me off the sidewalk and out on the ground, bruising my flesh considerably, but breaking no bones. At this the bystanders cried, "Shame!"

Mr. Beals went into the shop, while I, being assisted to rise, proceeded to my room, put on a clean suit of clothes, and depositing the remainder of my scanty stock of clothing in my trunk, bade Mrs. Beals "good-by."

The good lady knew all, for John had preceded me and told her what had taken place in regard to the sale of the bureau. She bade me good-by with tears in her eyes.

"Well, I suppose perhaps it may be for the best. You are now master of a good trade, and I hope you will improve it. Be a good boy, Jackson, ever in the future as you have been in the past, and the good Lord will bless you."

I then proceeded to my home, where father and mother, sisters and brother were much delighted to see me return. In answer to my father's questions—when he found I had left my employer—I explained the privilege which Mr. Beals had always granted his apprentices, and detailed the work which John and myself had been accustomed to do, each boy sharing equally in the pecuniary results, which privilege and promise Mr. B. had at last seen fit to abrogate and violate for his own special bene-

It—relating in full the story of the violin and the bureau.

"Don't you think, father," I then said, "it was time for me to leave Mr. Beale's?"

"Yes, Jackson, I am glad you came home; I will look into this matter," he replied.

This closed an eventful day to me. I remembered "Cuff's" words, "He—the bureau—shall 'be your doer' and truly it was my door from Mr. Beale's shop—from an apprenticeship to the place of a master-workman.

CHAPTER VI.

School Days.—Rescued from "Little Sandy."

The sun ushered in a beautiful May morning. The air was rich with the perfume of wild flowers, while the fields were decked in the green of wavy growing crops. I walked out with my sisters to gather bouquets of flowers and to visit the scenes of our former rambles. Few changes had taken place in the last two or three years, but time had moved on, and we children had grown older, and had become more observant of things and events. The day closed with a beautiful golden sunset, succeeded by a night of sweet repose. Thus a few weeks, day by day, melted into the eternal past, until father said: "Jackson, our district-school begins next Monday. I think you had better go to school while and try to learn something."

That was just what I had been wanting to do, and I promised I would learn all I could while there.

The morning came, and my two sisters and myself, with lunch-baskets in hand, proceeded on our way to school. The school numbered about forty scholars—boys and girls, from six to sixteen years of age. The teacher was a lady, Miss Nancy Hager by name; tall, slender, firm in disposition, yet mild in action, with spirituality predominating. Her rules were strict, and must be observed by all. The scholars were agreeable, and everything in the school moved on smoothly for several weeks until on a certain day while one of the smaller classes was reciting I was seized with a strong impulse to leave the school-room in haste, and without so much as saying "By your leave, teacher," ran down the road a few hundred yards, turned to the left, through the thick woods and the undergrowth of cane, for about one-half mile; there I found a poor dog fast by both jaws in a steel trap, which had been placed there for a wolf. It was but the work of a moment to release him, when the poor animal, not being much hurt, hastened to his home, and I to the school-room to meet the frowns of the teacher, who demanded the cause of my absence without her permission.

"Please, Miss Hager, I am one of those persons whom some people say are gifted with 'second sight' and hearing; I have also another gift, that of ungovernable impulse. It was this impulse that moved me to leave this room this forenoon in the way I did. I was led into the woods, where I found a poor dog fast by both jaws in a steel trap. I loosed him, then returned to school as fast as I could."

Miss Hager stared at me with seeming astonishment for a few seconds, then said:

"Do you expect me to take that statement as an excuse for leaving?"

"I do, Miss Hager."

She seemed puzzled again for a few moments, then, as if to entangle me in my statements, said:

"But why, if you have 'second sight,' could you not have seen the dog from here, and have told me of the fact?"

"I do not know, Miss Hager. I have never yet seen anything in that way so far away. But I can tell you what I see now standing by your side."

She involuntarily turned her head a little, but resumed her position again, and said:

"Well, what is it?"

"I see a gentleman standing by your side, with his left hand on your right shoulder. He is about six feet tall, dark hair, dark curly full beard, gray eyes, broad forehead, hollow skin—with rather a sad look. He says he is your brother Nat."

Before I had finished the description Miss Hager had turned pale, and trembled visibly, then put her handkerchief to her eyes to hide her tears. She remained in that position a minute or more, during which time the gentleman still stood by her side. He stooped, as though he were whispering in her ear, and said:

"Nan! remember the time we gathered hazels at school."

I repeated what he did and said. She trembled more violently than before, then dismissed me, cautioning me hereafter, in any event, to tell her I must go, "for we must preserve order in school."

Time and the school moved on, and soon the hot days of July came. On one of these days, as I was reciting in my class at school, I felt a strong impulse or influence to leave my seat, and run three miles away to a creek called "Little Sandy." I tried to resist the influence until the recitation should close, but it came too strong for me. I threw down my book, and said: "Miss Hager, I am going," seized my hat and away I went, to the great surprise of both teacher and scholars. I ran through the woods in a southeast direction, until I came to a broad, deep place in the creek, just below a small island on the upper end of which had lodged some slabs from the saw-mill above. I pushed one of these slabs into the creek, and swam with it before me as fast as I could for about fifty yards below the island, where I found a young girl in imminent danger of drowning. About a dozen girls of the immediate neighborhood had gathered at this place—secluded as it was in the wooded pasture of Mr. Marshall—for a bath, and one of them had slipped into deep water. Just as my slab got within a few feet of her she sank a second time, but as she arose to the surface she threw her hands upward, caught the floating support, and was saved. I moved the slab to the shore, where her mates received her with open arms; I then swam down the stream until I was out of sight, came out of the water, walked back to the school-room, and went in with my wet clothes upon me. Miss Hager seemed bewildered, but she ventured to ask:

"Where have you been, Jackson?"

"I have been over to 'Little Sandy' to save a girl from drowning; and I saved her, too."

"Who was she, Jackson?"

"I do not know; she is a stranger to me."

"You had best go home and get on some dry clothing; but come back to-morrow."

I went home, and met both father and mother in the house. They were curious to know how I came so wet, and I told them all the facts in the case. Mother shed tears at my recital, and said:

"The good angels are guiding you, Jackson. But father was full of doubts. With him it

was, 'the same old story. All play and no work. All play and no school.'"

"But the fact, Thomas!"

"Well, mother, if it is a fact it is something curious. Some boys have strong imaginations."

I returned to school on the morrow, and was surprised to find the directors of the institution and a good many of its patrons there. Miss Hager had sent word to them to come and assist in investigating this curious case. She had sent over to "Little Sandy" to ascertain if any girl of that vicinity had been near drowning in that stream the day before, etc.

I was accused of violating the school discipline—and being called upon for my statement of the case, detailed the facts as just given, affirming I had no power against the influence which compelled me to undertake these errands of mercy. After I had taken my seat a stranger gentleman arose, and said:

"I live over on the 'Little Sandy.' Yesterday I was plowing in my field about one-half mile beyond the creek, and opposite the little island. I heard several voices, which sounded like the voices of girls, screaming. Suspecting some one might be in danger I tied my team and hastened in that direction. Just before I reached the creek I met several girls, two of whom were leading a third, Minnie Monroe, whom they said came near drowning a few minutes before, but was rescued by a stranger boy, who left so quickly they did not have time to thank him for his kindness. I regard this as an act of Divine Providence. That young man," pointing to me, "was an instrument in the hands of God to save that girl's life."

The directors, charged with preserving the discipline of the school and the dignity of their representative, the teacher, then proceeded to question me as to the source of this mysterious power—one of them demanding to know if I ascribed it to the direct impulse of the Divine Personality; another wished nothing of a religious nature introduced into a discussion bearing on the concerns of a secular school, claiming that I should be judged by my fruits, rather than the preconceived opinions of the members of the board. The matter ended, however, by the passage of a vote to "dismiss without prejudice during this term of school," and I returned home to meet the frowns of my father, who said:

"It seems, Jackson, you can neither work nor go to school."

[To be continued.]

Spiritual Phenomena.

An Unconscious Medium.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

No sounder advice could have been given to the "Psychic Investigation Association" than the suggestion offered by a correspondent of THE BANNER some time since that the members of that Association should form private developing circles, whence, doubtless, the mediumistic gifts of some of them would be unfolded—patience being the principal condition.

In support of this opinion I wish to give you my own experience, and to relate events that took place at my house last winter. Three years ago we formed a small circle—only three of us, my wife, another lady and myself—and have met regularly twice a week. Our spirit-friends communicated with us principally by table-tipping; now and then I wrote, semi-mechanically; but we had never obtained any of the more wonderful manifestations so common now-a-days.

Last winter Mr. Pierre L. O. A. Keeler of Washington, D. C., came here, once a week, to give slate-writing tests and public sances for other phenomena. I called on him, and obtained—under conditions that made trickery an impossibility—six communications, signed with full names, and characteristic of my spirit-friends. In the evening I went to his public sance. There I saw, felt and pressed materialized hands, and received further written messages. I was greatly impressed by these phenomena, the first of the kind I had witnessed, and, the next day, conversing with Mr. A. C., a French artist recently arrived in Baltimore, I described them to him.

"How can a man of your age and experience believe such things?" he cried: "It is all trickery, legerdemain; I have seen Robert Houdin do more wonderful tricks!"

"Have you ever attended a sance?"

"Not I! It is all humbug, I know, and I have never felt any curiosity that way."

"Have you read anything relating to Spiritualism?"

"Nothing more than the exposures of frauds published in our Paris papers."

"Then, my dear sir, permit me to say that you are not competent to pass judgment on things you know nothing about. I don't pretend to stand up for Mr. Keeler, though I can't see how he could have resorted to trickery; but I can tell you this much: I have been investigating Spiritualism for three years in my own family circle, unaided by any medium, and I have long since come to the conclusion that it is a truth—a great and most consoling truth."

C. was somewhat abashed by the serious earnestness of my words. He remarked that of course he believed me to be sincere, still he would like to see for himself; there must be some explanation for these phenomena. I invited him to come to our next sance, warning him, however, that he need not expect anything more extraordinary than intelligent answers by the tipping of the table, or at best a written message through me. He accepted, and we met as agreed.

C. had no sooner placed his hands on the table than it commenced to move with unusual force, rushing to and fro, vibrating, and finally tilting over toward him. He was astonished, yet looked suspiciously at our hands. I questioned the spirit. It wanted to communicate with C.; was the spirit of a woman; no relation of his; had not known him in earthly life; had come to convince him; he would be her medium. Asked to spell her name: "Julia."

A pair of slates I had bought that day were on the table. I asked if the spirit could write the name so promptly spelled. Would try; let C. take the slates. After a short delay we heard the faint noise of the pencil. It ceased. We untied the slates, there it was, "Julia," in the centre of the under slate!

Having succeeded in this first attempt, Julia required no further solicitation, but wrote repeatedly, of her own accord.

The sentences were short, and each was signed with her name. Five were given at this sance:

1. Hope... (illegible)... me... friend. Julia.

2. Hope; life is dark; death is light.

3. Think of me; walk in the straight path of life. I guide thee; I am there.

4. I have chosen thee. Believe and pray; the shadow is light.

5. I am here, hope. It is I.

I have translated these sentences, originally written in French. The writing is regular, and so small that we often had to use a magnifying glass. After the first communication we had inadvertently let drop the piece of slate pencil; the other messages, and the subsequent ones I shall describe, were written with what appeared to be a lead pencil, or, seen in a certain light, a blackish, liquid stuff.

C. was mystified. What unseen agent was this? Suddenly the table was seized with a violent trembling, then it rose, slowly and steadily, about six inches from the floor. This ended the sance.

Our artist, if sorely puzzled, was no less interested; he wished to continue his investigations, and during several weeks he came regularly. To describe in detail all that happened during those weeks would be trespassing upon the hospitality granted me in the columns of THE BANNER. I must confine myself to the most striking points.

Levitation of the table—a plain, pine table, three feet square—became the first thing in order; at each succeeding sance it rose higher and higher; so high at the last that we had to let our hands slide down its legs, not supporting, but simply touching it. Thus it would soar about the room, return to its former place, and settle down gently.

Once I asked the meaning of this. The answer was: "Let this ascending motion be to you an emblem. Yes, let your souls rise also by the force of your will, and soar in space, tending always to the desired end, God, who awaits you, and toward whom we wish to lead you. Believe, pray, hope! Julia."

These three words: "Believe, pray, hope," Julia never tired writing. At each sance she made the same appeal. Her communications no longer consisted in single sentences. I translate one which is very striking:

"Thy eye shall dilate with fright before the splendors of the infinite. I want you to believe. Though thy hair should bleach with fear, and thy knees quake under thee, the infinite shall be unveiled before thy eyes. I hold thee in my powerful grasp; thou shalt believe, or thou shalt die despairing! Love, love and believe, my medium. I will soon appear to thee. Be prepared for everything; strengthen thy courage."

I discovered, then, that C. was an unbeliever in other things besides Spiritualism; his religious convictions were nil.

But Julia did not confine herself to slate-writing, or to controlling my hand, which last she did when the communications were of unusual length. She wrote on the walls, on the marble-top of the bureau. She declared that she had taken our home under her protection, and directed us to look outside the door. On the jamb, and further, on the vault of the stairway, was "Julia," in the well-known hand, but in large letters.

At the last three sances Julia tried to materialize, but failed, owing to one of the ladies screaming with fright at the extraordinary noises, or at having her chair suddenly jerked. On these occasions we were sitting, by request, in utter darkness, and the mysterious preparations were such as only a stout heart could withstand: rappings, scratchings, sledge-hammer blows on the table and on the back of the chair, unseen hands touching us, and pulling or lifting our chairs.

But the last sance closed with phenomena more surprising still. When, at the lady's outcry, all noise and motion had ceased, and we brought in the lamp, we discovered that several objects had been moved about: a bouquet had been taken from the vase on a small stand in a corner of the room, and deposited on a sofa at the other end of the room; two flowers had been detached from this bouquet, and placed before me (a message which I understood, it having been promised by one of my guides), a candle was taken, with its heavy brass socket, from a candlestick on the stand, and laid also on the sofa, together with a large pin-cushion taken from the bureau at the other end of the apartment. Several objects, among others a large magnifying glass with a heavy handle, were taken from different parts of the room, and laid on the table between our hands.

C. gave up his investigations after this. He feared that he would be compelled to believe. Spirit Julia says she will make him believe, or he will die in the throes of despair, as she had warned him. She still comes to the circle, occasionally, and communicates by tipping the table, or by controlling my hand, but none of us possessed the necessary element for the other phenomena—for the present, at least, for our spirit-friends have promised to aid in unfolding our gifts. We wait, hope and trust!

P. F. DE G.

A Voice from Spirit-Land.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Through the mediumship of May Bangs, (from Chicago), on July 1st, at the Home of the Spiritual Phenomena Association of this city, came the following message, under very unusual conditions. The writing was produced between closed slates with pencil fragment, while suspended by my handkerchief to the gas-fixture above, the medium meanwhile making herself busy in moving about the room, head and hand otherwise occupied.

Grand Rapids Mich. H. W. BOOZER.

My Dear Husband: The greatest desire of spirit-life is to communicate with mortals—our friends on earth, and also to strangers who will welcome us—even to our enemies, if we can do them any good. This privilege is often denied us for lack of facilities—that is, mediumistic power, and a proper state of mind in the persons with whom we are anxious to communicate.

Under the most favorable circumstances, I can give you but a faint idea of the beauty of our surroundings in this beautiful sphere.

We sometimes wonder that you do not more deeply sense our presence; but we know that in your circumstances you cannot. The spirit of mortals, though alive to the things of earth, seems to sleep amid the bright beauty, sweet melodies and eternal harmonies that we enjoy here, and which at times seem to us to encompass them.

But this is nature's law. When the body decays, the spirit arises with newness of life. You then for the first time in your existence have the consciousness of real being.

Dear husband, you are doing the work of "the spirit," and in time shall reap your reward.

Your loving wife, MARY.

"SCARPOLOGY," or the science of telling the character of a man by the wear of the soles of his boots, has been attentively studied by a Swiss doctor of the name of Galli. Wear at the back of the heels indicates conceit, pride and vanity. Soles worn toward the toes demonstrate deceit, and even criminality; a sole that shows an equal amount of wear on every part of the surface denotes a frank, upright, and fearless character, etc.

The bald man's motto: "There is room at the top." This top may be supplied with a good crop of fine hair by using Hall's Hair Renewer. Try it.

THE NEW PSYCHICAL "CALL."

Written for the Banner of Light.

BY MRS. KATE H. STILES.

There hath gone forth a "Call," But it is not to all That this "Call" doth relate. Nay! it plainly doth state, Without any disguise, That "none but the wise Should to it give heed, Of such, there is need."

Now this "Call" doth declare That some men there are To whom Indulge laws, With their meaning and cause, Can be clearly revealed, With no point concealed, If together they wait, At the Psychical gate.

Thus, these men great and wise, With their keen, searching eyes, Propose now to do; Though the work is not new, Which they now undertake. If we make no mistake, By this Psychical door, Have stood thousands before.

Yes! again and again Have thousands of men, With minds quite as keen, Declared they have seen A spirit in white, Or some mystical sight Which to them has been proof, That not far, nor aloof,

Is the bright world of bliss! That, impinging on this, Are the spheres of the blest, Where earth's weary ones rest. Yet the wise of to-day, Now come forward and say— "All this goes for naught, These men falsely taught."

"We will now formulate A plan good and great, By which men may know Whether knee joint or toe Has produced the strange sound, That has gone the world round, Causing hearts so to thrill. We can tell good from ill."

"We a way have prepared, By which may be ascertained All who write upon slates, At 'exorbitant' rates, And unless they are true They their folly will rue, For our far-seeing eyes Will detect their disguise."

"By our methods complete We shall know if they cheat; We shall have the slates 'caged'; Ah! how greatly enraged The Psychic will be, If no word he shall see When the caged slates we ope, (That there may be, we hope.)"

"When we go to that class Of psychics, who pass Like ghosts through the room, In its stillness and gloom, We shall certainly know, As they glide to and fro, If the form that we see Is a spirit made free."

"With our wisdom combined, The key we shall find To clairvoyant sight; We can judge of the right, Of the false and the true, By our methods so new. We shall ferret them out, Those of whom we have doubt."

"It is high time, forsooth, That the world knew the truth Of this mystical power, Which has caused such a din. If not true, 'tis a sin, And has done harm enough, And should meet with rebuff."

"We will 'settle it' all, We, who send out this 'Call,' We are long will declare Whether foul means or fair Have by psychics been used. We shall not get confused; When we study the laws We can get at the cause."

Ah! wise men and great, Who so loftily wait At the mystical door Of the soul's hidden lore, With your science and rules! 'Tis the wisdom of fools With which you draw nigh, The truth to descry."

How readeth the Book, Into which you oft look, To which you oft turn God's laws to discern? It reads: "Who would know Of the Spirit must go In spirit to seek, Must be humble and meek."

This is true, thousands know, Therefore, wise men, forego Your methods man-made, Your plans nicely laid; When you enter the gate Where you purpose to wait, Leave outside your rules, And the wisdom of schools."

Pluck the beam from your eyes, Oh, ye scientists wise, That your sight may be clear When you enter the sphere Where the psychical hides, Where the mystic abides; If the mote you would see, Let your own eyes be free."

If to truth you aspire, If this be your desire, Your purpose and aim, You will make no false claim; When the Psychic you seek, No false name will you speak; As the truth you expect, You the same will reflect."

When, by searching, you've found That there really is ground For what has been said Concerning the dead: That they still with men walk, And oftentimes with them talk, Of course you'll confess From the pulpit and press,

What you've found to be true. Men are looking to you The Truth to receive; Therefore, what you believe, You will, without doubt, With boldness speak out, You nothing will spare, But the whole truth declare."

You could do nothing less, For the Pulpit and Press Are the teachers of men, And whatever they ken The people will heed. Therefore, hasten with speed Your search to pursue, And your "Compte rendu"

Pray as speedily make, That henceforth no mistake May be made by mankind, In their efforts to find The meaning and cause Of God's mystical laws. When you speak, men will know That "Cadet questo." Boston, Mass.

"Experiences of a Magnetic Physicist."

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

In your issue of July 4th I was much interested by the "Experiences of a Magnetic Physicist," and while perusing it I felt moved to pen some of my own personal experiences as a healer of the sick. The only thing I regret seriously to-day is that I did not go about the work thirty years earlier than I did. I was admonished on every hand to do so, but I could not feel fully settled regarding my ability for the work; therefore, for years I stilled and held the powers at bay.

About thirty-five years ago Dr. Chas. S. Woodruff, now in spirit-life (who, by the way, was a very fine physician of the Homeopathic school), was sitting with me in the presence of a Mrs. Bassett, an excellent clairvoyant and clairaudient medium; among some of the many seemingly strange things given us at that early day was the following: She (under influence) turned to me suddenly and said: "Sir, you will yet weigh two hundred pounds, and will heal the sick." At that date I was a slim, sickly person, with the weight of one hundred and thirty-five pounds. The prediction struck me as so absurd and out of character that I made light of it, and for many months after I believed it to be the simple nonsense of a clairvoyant. I was deeply interested in the spiritual movement of that day, and attended circles weekly, witnessing the development of mediums for the various phases of manifestation.

I was at that time (1855) a resident of West Troy, N. Y., and doing business there; the circles referred to were held in Troy, across the river; therefore, when I visited them it called me out of town, and, after the day's labor, the late hours necessary for their attendance, I found, were reducing my strength physically; so I determined to organize a circle, composed of the most liberal minds on my own side of the river. I succeeded; the body was composed of six members. Its progress was very rapid. One of the members of the circle, Mr. Wm. B. May, became, in a very short time, a fine writing-medium; the control of his hand was finally so perfect that ten or fifteen spirits, writing a brief sentence for us within the space of a half hour, would vary from each other in their chirography as perceptibly as though ten or fifteen individuals in the mortal form had entered the apartment and written their signatures. We commenced sitting twice a week, on Wednesday evenings and Sunday mornings. On one of these occasions a spirit announced himself as Dr. Abernethy; he said he was the Queen's physician in 1400 and something—I forget now the actual date. I, however, procured a very old medical work he cited me to and found him to be truthful. This spirit wrote rapidly through the hand of the medium one evening as follows, and passed it over to me: "My Friend, if you will drop entirely the use of pork for three months I will guarantee that you shall become a sound man. We desire to prepare you for the work that is before you."

"What will the work be?" I inquired. "Healing the sick," he answered. I strictly followed the advice given me, and have not eaten an ounce of the article since; and I have come to believe it is not fit to be put into the human stomach, in that it charges the blood with disease in various forms. I am pleased also to state that what the lady predicted for me as regards "weight" has also become a truth, and that I have been healing the sick for twelve years past. I was "on the road" for a number of years, representing a Philadelphia house, and being deeply interested in spiritual matters, I would seek out the Spiritualists and mediums in the towns and cities where I was called, and invariably the first thing given me would be: "Sir, you are not following the instructions given you, and you must will be compelled to drop everything else and go about it."

I was once thrown unexpectedly into the presence of Charles H. Foster, the medium, and although he was earnestly engaged with a number of friends standing around him, he turned to me, seated some distance from him, and said: "Friend Vosburgh, your work is mapped out for you, and you will have to obey the call. Why do you hesitate?" I healed the sick voluntarily when coming into their presence for some time before I entered the practice as a business. I have been successful, and have been assisted by the unseen ones to make many remarkable cures—pronounced by the patients, their friends, and those of the general public knowing thereto. I invariably give the credit where it is due. I could not heal the sick without the aid I receive, and I never will deny the fact in order to come in possession of pecuniary emolument. It is time the truth was told, and I do not care to take the responsibility of misrepresenting it. The devotees of the church believe the man of Nazareth healed the sick, and they also believe that there would those who follow after him who would do even greater things—and yet they will turn with scorn upon healers and mediums who are doing the very work he referred to!

As your previous correspondent gave an interesting description of how disease affected him on his going into its presence and seeking to remove or allay it, I will briefly speak of my experiences when coming in contact with suffering patients: If the party afflicted is filled with great heat, fever and inflammation, with acute pain, has a quick pulse, etc., immediately on coming in contact with that patient, there seems to be drawn into my own organism a great superabundance of heat, which I seem to have the power to throw off by washing in cool water and breathing in deeply the pure air. The patient being thus relieved, the normal temperature is quickly restored, and a warm, soothing and natural condition quickly ensues.

On the other hand, if the patient is cold and chilly, with semi-suspended animation, sluggish circulation, nervous exhaustion and great want of vital force, in all cases when coming in contact with such patients there are immediately given off from my body waves of magnetic aura and vital power, which seem in the majority of cases to equalize the circulation and arouse the life-energies of the sufferer, until a perfect glow is induced and a restoration of the bodily functions is brought about.

While I am under this afflatus or healing influence, I seem to be in possession of three times my usual power. W. H. VOSBURGH, Magnetic Physicist.

Troy, N. Y., July 10th, 1891.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures liver complaint, rheumatism, and all diseases of the blood.

New Music.—We have received from White-Smith Music Publishing Co., Boston, the following: "Focal"—Leonora (Romanza), Favorita (Serenade), and "It Matters Not" (Motto Song), for contralto, also the same for soprano or tenor voice, words and music by C. A. White; "Watching the Waves," words by E. O. Boswell, music by E. B. Bailey; "Wert Thou Sincere," and "I Come," by John Campbell Tipton. Instrumental—"Teresa" (Schottische), W. Blum; "Perles et Rubis" (Mazurka de Fantasia), W. Leger; "Jowa Polka," J. N. Coleman; "Carnival de Venice," Op. 37, Th. Osten; "The Huguonots" (Fantasia), Sidney Smith; "Jowa March" (Waltz), Henry Bollman; "Sounds from the West March," and "Western Star Quickstep," Charles Koett; "The Valley Gem Polka," J. H. Rheem; "Rippling Stream" (Schottische), J. J. Sullivan; "The Doves," Trede; "La Paloma," H. Gram; "The Vienna March" (Brilliant), G. Bachmann; E. Grieg's Piano-forte compositions, "Peer Gynt" (Suite), Op. 23; "Minerva Schottische" (George J. Adams; "Chicago World's Exposition Waltzes" by Francis R. White; "Edgelyetto," Edward Dorn; "La Danse de la Flamme," Louis Campbell Tipton; "Thinking" (Romanza for cornet and piano), "Tyrolean Waltzers," and "Water Sprites" (Ballet Characteristique), by C. A. White.

Small boys and green apples are now one in body. Use Johnson's Anodyne Liniment for colic.

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

SPECIAL NOTION.

Colby & Rich, Publishers and Bookellers, 9 Bowditch Street (formerly Montgomery Place), corner of Province Street, Boston, Mass., have for sale a complete assortment of the following works: *Wholesale and Retail Agents: THE NEW ENGLAND NEWS COMPANY, 14 Franklin Street, Boston. THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 89 and 41 Chambers Street, New York.*

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In quoting from THE BANNER OF LIGHT should be taken to distinguish between editorial articles and correspondence. Our columns are open to the expression of important free thought, but we do not endorse the varied shades of opinion to which correspondents give utterance. No notice will be taken of any letter or communication which does not come authenticated by the name and address of the writer.

Newspapers sent to this office containing matter for inspection should be marked by a line drawn around the article or articles.

Banner of Light.

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COLBY & RICH,

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ISAAC B. RICH, Business Manager.
LUTHER COLBY, Editor.
JOHN W. DAY, Assistant Editor.

All communications relative to literary or editorial matters must be addressed to the Editor. All business letters must be sent to ISAAC B. RICH.

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

PERSONS LEAVING THE CITY DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS CAN HAVE THE BANNER MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF 25c. PER MONTH.

To the Friends of the Cause.

Taking it for granted that you would like to extend the circle of readers for the best family paper in the world—the BANNER OF LIGHT—we call attention to the fact that patrons can have the paper for one year at the recently reduced price (\$2.50), including either a nicely bound volume entitled "A GALAXY OF PROGRESSIVE POEMS," by John W. Day, "VISIONS OF THE BEYOND," edited by Herman Snow, or "SPIRIT INVOCATIONS; OR, PRAYERS AND PRAISES," provided a request for the book is made at the time of sending the subscription.

Keep these Facts in Mind.

There are at least a few primary truths in regard to Spiritualism that are never to be forgotten. THE BANNER has repeated them many times, and will continue to do so as occasion demands and fitting opportunity is given. They ought by this time to be perfectly familiar to all Spiritualists, as they unquestionably are to most of them. Let us again recite a few of them.

The pursuit of truth in the detective rather than the inquiring spirit, is to be disavowed and condemned by every one who loves truth for its own sake, and not for the sake of merely celebrating a victory.

It is also to be continually kept in mind that mediumship is the result of a mental and physical fitness of individual organization for the work designed—not a gift to any one from supernatural sources as a reward for special moral or spiritual excellence; hence mediums need not be expected to be saints in order to exercise the power that belongs only, or mainly, to their organization.

Although, here and there, to-day or some other day, some individual starts up with the human conceit that he or she was born to be a leader, or a prophet, or a something else in Spiritualism, it is to be kept in mind continually that all the leadership really needed for the great movement is that of the invisibles themselves, who best know how to pursue the work in which they are engaged, and may be relied upon to guide it successfully to its close.

Ambition, and, indeed, every form of selfishness, is to give way entirely in this great movement to the single and supreme desire to benefit and bless humanity. Therefore, mortals need not indulge in any complacency over an imagined distinction because of their work with the angelic hosts, but should rather feel that the larger the degree of their self-consciousness in the matter, the less the amount and the worth of their cooperative endeavor. Ambition unites, rather than qualifies, an individual to do that service which becomes the greater in the ratio of the doer's singleness of devotion and faithfulness to duty.

Another thing: the one who pretends to investigate Spiritualism, but hunts for alleged or suspected fraud instead, may be depended on to find just what he looks for, and nothing different, no matter how convincing the phenomena may be to unprejudiced and candid minds. It is only fraud itself, that cares to find fraud; and where it cannot find it, it is pretty sure to make it. The fraud-hunter in Spiritualism is much like the person with colored glasses; the world and all who are in it look of the same color as the medium through which he gazes. Finally, Spiritualists are to keep in mind the

significant fact, attested again and continually again by the phenomena, that the other, or incarnated, life is not a locality, as we within the walls of the senses esteem locality, but a condition of the spirit simply, even more than life here is a condition modified, bounded and restrained by its environments. The sorrowing and unhappy spirits that return to give proof of their existence after physical death testify to this in the most distinct and convincing manner. The state of their mind shows only too clearly that it is a condition rather than a locality in which they are, more real, indeed, than they ever could recognize here, and out of which they could have no existence.

Every Spiritualist can at best be but a mirror that receives the rays of divine truth only to reflect them again with such increased clearness as will most benefit and bless all others around. He or she can do no more. If such person assumes to be specially singled out and commissioned to teach and guide and lead all the rest, it is thereby confessed that it is not a receptive but rather a self-assertive attitude that is taken, and that ambition, if not conceit, has obtained the mastery in the one thus assuming.

The work demanded of us is to reflect the truth as fast and as far as it is given to us from the spirit realm. THE BANNER OF LIGHT presumes only to be the faithful and vigilant servant of the invisibles who are its inspiration and guide. And it is all the more able to perform its allotted—not assumed—service with the constant assistance of the hosts of believing Spiritualists in this and every other land. It is a great and a permanent work in which it has long been engaged, and it appeals in all earnestness to Spiritualists everywhere for that active cooperation which it has the best right to expect.

New Law for Intemperance.

In the published statement of the abstract of a paper to be read before the International Medical Congress at New York by Mr. Spalding, Secretary of the Massachusetts Prison Association, on the subject of Intemperance, is clearly sketched the new system of dealing with criminal drunkenness by Massachusetts. While it does not change the fundamental idea of the old law that it is a crime to be intoxicated, but punishes more severely than that did, it treats rich and poor alike, those who are sentenced being sent to prison, not because they are poor, but because they were drunk. The old machine methods of trying cases of drunkenness are at an end.

If an arrested person cannot show that he is only an occasional offender, he is imprisoned. Seven things have been attempted in the new legislation: the fine as a penalty for drunkenness has been abolished; imprisonment has been made the only punishment for this offense; drunkards are treated by the courts as individuals, and not as a class; a person who is only occasionally intoxicated is taken into custody until he is sober, and then released with the knowledge that succeeding similar offenses will be severely punished; full and complete records of this class of offenders is kept, making it possible to recognize habitual drunkards; probation officers, appointed by the courts, investigate all cases, and undertake the surveillance of such persons as the court thinks may be better cared for at liberty than in prison; and provision is made for hospital treatment of dipsomaniacs.

Thus it will come about that it will be seen that the community has too much interest in the future of each drunkard to let him be treated as one of a class. The man occasionally intoxicated, the habitual inebriate, the drunken hoodlum, and the dipsomaniac, each requires and deserves different management. The new Massachusetts laws provide methods for securing this.

The State is also erecting a hospital for dipsomaniacs and inebriates at Foxboro', about twenty miles from Boston, to accommodate some two hundred patients of the male sex. Its cost is to be one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and it will be opened sometime during the first half of next year.

The Great Fair at Chicago.

When the British press concedes the ability and readiness of the United States to do a thing, it is time to take it for granted that it will be done, and well done. The London Times is pleased to say there is no doubt that the coming Columbian Exposition at Chicago will in many respects surpass all similar exhibitions previously held.

In the course of a long article on the approaching Fair, *The Times* reviews the growth of Chicago's importance, and enumerates the disadvantages arising from the distance of Chicago from England, the high cost of labor in this country, and the alien labor act of Congress; but on the other hand it recites the fact that the supreme control of the exhibition is in the hands of the Government, and hence that all obstacles to the success of the Fair will be readily removed by its united power and willingness. The Fair has become a national enterprise, to the support of which the enormous resources of the country will be freely applied. The means thus employed will be of immense magnitude, and the result can hardly fail to be commensurate.

But the United States has no need as a great nation to wait for either encouragement or praise in the matter from foreign sources in any quarter. The popular intention is to make the World's Fair at Chicago fully worthy of the deserved fame of a round century's success of republican liberty and free institutions. Chicago could no more afford to disregard this resistless national purpose than she could afford to make confession of bankruptcy. Not only the national government but the nation itself is behind her to assure her of the formation of this great purpose and of the full determination to carry it out.

In consequence, the Columbian Exposition will prove the grandest enterprise of the kind yet conceived in the brain of man. It will be the all-sided representative of the life of this country; and of all the countries of the globe with it, in its various forms and features. It is to be the triumph testimonial to the arts of peace.

Ideas of interest will be found embodied in the notices of the current magazines, on our third page.

The Way the Current Trends.

To any one who has access to the newspapers published in various parts of our country, and who has the leisure to look them over, one change that has taken place within the past ten years must be apparent: Accounts of psychic phenomena are given a prominent place in their columns. Sometimes these phenomena are called *ghostly*, sometimes *singular*, but they are all illustrative of the great fact that immortality is revealed, and that the denizens of the higher life have somehow a link to this life. It is apparent to all observers that newspaper items are selected to please readers. Obnoxious subjects are avoided. Matter that does not please the public goes to the wastebasket of the popular journal, even if the "staff" find it interesting.

We may readily be convinced of the progress of free thought in all directions by noting carefully not only newspaper literature, but that of the popular monthlies. Broad liberal ideas find a prominent column, and liberal writers are commended for their noble utterances in the reviews. The following clipping illustrates what we have said. It appeared originally in the *Cleveland World*, but was quickly copied into other papers. Of course we have no way to apply the test to such narratives—and it is not in our province to do so—but fact or fiction, they indicate the public hunger for psychic phenomena, which we predict will go on increasing until columns of news concerning the soul of man on earth and in the spheres will be a part of the daily intellectual food.

SET UP BY GHOSTLY FINGERS.

A Typesetter's Story of News-Getting That Beat the Telegraph.

"In the summer of 1881," said a compositor, "I was running a paper in a little backwoods town in Pennsylvania. The paper was not so metropolitan in its make-up but that I was able to do all the work myself with the exception of the printing. Publication days I called in the services of a half-witted fellow, who, under my instruction, had developed into an expert roller. I was the only man within a radius of twenty miles who knew how to set type, and if I had fallen sick the paper would not have come out until I was well again. Naturally I am not a superstitious man, but an incident occurred while I had charge of that paper which I cannot explain, and, until it is explained, I shall believe that anything is possible in the way of ghosts, spirits, wraiths, etc.

"It was the morning of June 10th. I had looked up my forms the night before so that I could begin printing early in the morning. I was pulling the old lever promptly at seven, and at nine the local list was in the post office. Soon after the delivery had begun one of the merchants of the hamlet—a very intimate friend—came into the office.

"How did you come to hear of the death of your brother so soon?" said he. (There was no telegraph station within fifteen miles.)

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Mean?" said he. "You ought to know what is in your own paper. Have you forgotten that you heard this morning that your brother is dead? Have you forgotten that you set up a notice of it an hour or two ago?"

"Are you crazy?" said I. "I swear that I do not know what you are driving at."

"At this juncture he opened the damp sheet that I had so recently printed and folded, and pointed me to the following item at the bottom of the third column of the local page:

"John Jones, brother of William Jones, was killed at Peoria, Ill., at five o'clock this morning."

"My breath was fairly taken away from me. The merchant was right. There was the notice of my brother's death in my own paper, and I had not set it up nor heard of it."

"You are right," said I, "but this is the first that I have known of it. If there ever was a mystery this is it."

"I went over to the 'form.' There was a three line item. The moment I saw the type I was more amazed than ever. It was the typesetting of my brother, who, like me, had been bred to the printer's trade. I could tell his work from that of a thousand. He was a marvelously even spacer, and he carried his taste so far that he always put less space after a comma."

"But how were the lines put into the looked form? No item had been taken out. I examined the form closely. Yes, there was some more of my brother's work. To gain the space leads had been taken from here and there just as he used to take them. He was a great stickler for good looks in a page, and was very fastidious as to where he pulled his leads. It struck me right away that the notice of the death would not have been so short, would have gone into details more, but for the fact that my brother did not wish to remove any of my matter nor any lead which could not be spared as well as not."

"Though utterly skeptical about supernatural visitations, from that moment I believed that my brother's disembodied soul had made its way hundreds of miles, had entered my office in the early dawn, had set up the notice of his death, and put it into the 'form.'"

"Late that afternoon a dispatch came to the effect that John Jones was killed at Peoria, Ill., at five o'clock that morning."

What Next?

The grandchild of the Prince of Wales was baptized the other day, not in common water—oh, no—but in water brought by Lord Rowton from the river Jordan. That ought to make the rite more efficacious; but in the case of the Prince, who was also baptized in the holy waters of the Jordan, it did not have a more cleansing effect than the ordinary plebeian water.

In matters of religion there ought to be equality, and because one has the means to procure water from the Jordan should not give him preference over the poor who have to receive baptism with water from the nearest pond. Yet now the fashion is set, the Parvenues and Shoddies will follow suit, and there will be a new trade in "holy-water." The druggists will keep bottled "Jordan water," and churches will "attract" by such signs as "Genuine Jordan water only used in baptism." The article is on the "free list" now, and the import properly encouraged would bring it "within the reach of all."

The Godly aristocrat, if he would keep this luxury to his children, should at once besiege our paternal Sunday-school government to place duties almost prohibitory on the waters in which a certain poor and unkempt "fanatic" once baptized the equally poor and "fanatical" carpenter who had set out in the rôle of Messiah.

Now that THE BANNER is from week to week noting fully the doings at our SUMMER CAMP-MEETINGS, we ask the managers to frequently call attention to this paper—which has for so many years stood in the front of the battle against superstition and bigotry and error—to the end that its circulation be increased tenfold.

An interesting account of the marriage of Miss JENNIE B. HAGAN and Mr. BRADFORD D. JACKSON, will be found under the heading "Cassadaga Lake, N. Y.," on eighth page. Our best wishes are extended to the newly-wedded couple.

Spiritualism Abroad.

Gen. Hefugio Gonzales, writing to the editor of the *Review Spirituelle* (Paris), from Mexico, states that a remarkable spiritual awakening is taking place in that city. He mentions among those who have adopted the doctrines of Spiritualism, the President of the Republic and three of his ministers, and several other highly-placed personages, among whom the most distinguished is Don Alfonso Herrera, the learned naturalist, who has espoused the cause warmly, and is engaged in an active propaganda in its behalf.

"This is the case also [observes the General] with the leading lady physicians, who is a first-class medical writing medium, and a rare somnambulist. At first she concealed her beliefs, but to day she has lifted herself with a great number of female Spiritualists, and they are all propagating the truths of Spiritualism so vigorously that they are making enormous progress in our Mexican society."

M. Daniel C. Xygnis, writing to the same publication from Braille, says:

"Spiritualism is gaining ground daily here, to our great satisfaction. We are founding a Spiritualist society, which will propagate our doctrines in Roumania, and will weaken the materialism newly implanted in this country."

M. Ducasse of St. Louis is defending Spiritualism in the leading journal of the island of the Mauritius. Bishop Meunier has been moved to reply to the articles of M. Ducasse; and the controversy has excited the liveliest interest in the minds of the community. As might be expected, the Archbishop has got the worst of it in the conflict with his opponent, who occupies the form of medium of science and of demonstrated facts.

La Volonté Illustrée, a periodical which has been in existence sixty years, describes a remarkable instance of materialization, which took place through the mediumship of Mme. Ballou, who lives in the Rue de Faubourg Poissonnière, in Paris. A séance of a dozen persons was held in her house in December last; among whom was a gentleman who had taken charge of a little girl, seven years old, bequeathed to his care by her dead father. As she had been attacked by the smallpox, he had placed her in the Hospital of the Child Jesus, two days previously, in order to protect his own three children from contagion.

When the medium had passed into a state of trance the little invalid, clothed in white, and weeping bitter tears, presented herself, and was instantly recognized by five of the persons present. "What is the matter?" asked her foster-father. "I died at seven o'clock this morning," was the reply. And in a second or two the materialized form melted in space. Everybody was amazed; and not the less so when it was afterward learned that she had departed at that very hour.

La Revue Universelle, a first-class monthly magazine, published at Nantes, contains an excellent review of *Après la Mort*, by M. Leon Denis; and does not hesitate to declare that Spiritualism "is the supreme conciliation of all beliefs and of all philosophies, upon the ground of reason, enlightened by science, and satisfying at once every generous sentiment and every legitimate aspiration in mutual toleration and universal solidarity."

Not is this a solitary example of the altered tone of the secular press toward Spiritualism, for in the *Revue des Livres Nouveaux*, a purely literary periodical, of the 1st of February last, we find M. Gaston D'Hailly reviewing the book just referred to, and asserting that he does not see "any doctrine more consoling, more comforting, or worthier of respect than that professed by the Spiritualists." After stating that the work presents a rational and scientific solution of the problems of life and death, M. D'Hailly goes on to say: "He (M. Denis) demonstrates the existence, and the reason of the successive existences of the individual being. I have read and re-read the book. It has filled my soul with joy, and if things are as he represents, I can only proclaim and praise the Eternal Providence."

Expressing the wish that journalists and men of letters in its own neighborhood had the courage of their convictions displayed by their French brethren, *The Harbinger of Light* (Melbourne, Australia), from the June number of which we gather these items, says, and the words are applicable to many of the same class in this country:

"We know one influential newspaper, of which it is generally understood that the proprietor, the editor, the sub-editor, and one of the principal contributors are all cognizant of the genuineness of those phenomena which assure us of our immortality, and of the reality of the after-life; but, excepting a timid and tentative article now and then, our contemporary main-tenance every silence on a subject of infinitely greater importance than parish vestry politics."

Certain houses reputed to be "haunted" at Very Noireuil, near Chaunay, in the Department of Aisne, France, and in the village of Covey, in Brittany, have of late been the scene of powerful demonstrations. At both places officers of the law have sought in vain for the cause of the proceedings, but were strongly impressed by severe buffeting they received from the unseen disturbers, that though the operators might not be cognizant of them by their sense of sight, they were most decidedly so by their sense of feeling.

The Federation Conference in England.

The Second Annual Conference of the Spiritualists' National Federation was held Sunday, July 5th, in Prince's Theatre, Bradford, Eng. The first session convened at 10.30 a. m. Mr. John Lamont, President of the Federation, being absent on account of severe illness, Mr. S. Chiswell of Liverpool presided. The auditorium, seating three thousand, was fairly filled at the opening hour; an introductory speech by the Chairman, a hymn, an invocation by Mrs. Britten, reading the report of the preceding conference, and a consideration of articles of the Constitution, occupied the larger part of the morning's deliberations. Mr. Hugh Junior Browne of Melbourne was introduced by Mrs. Britten and received a warm and enthusiastic welcome.

At the afternoon session the attendance was larger than at the morning. Mrs. Britten offered a resolution looking to the employment of well qualified lecturers. Resolutions were also presented by W. H. Robertson. After discussion all were adopted.

At 6 o'clock p. m. one of the largest spiritual meetings ever gathered together in Great Britain assembled, and despite the steady downpour of rain that set in, at the commencement there could not have been less than two thousand people present. One of the most interesting features of the meeting was an address from Mr. H. J. Browne of Australia, detailing a number of most wonderful and convincing phenomenal facts in Spiritualism, not only in Australia, but also during his travels through California and the United States. These experiences included the formation and dematerialization of the spirit forms of several personal friends and relatives, all taking place before his eyes and those of numerous witnesses. From a gentleman of Mr. Browne's noble character, wealth and high social standing, these narratives come, says *The Two Worlds*, with a force which interested or professional observers could not exert. The other speakers were Mr. and Mrs. Wallis, Mr. J. J. Morse, Mr. J. B. Tetlow, Messrs. Armitage, Chiswell, Boardman, Swindolhurst, Peter Lee and H. A. Kersey. All seemed stirred to the very depths of their souls by the enthusiasm of the hour.

The Two Worlds, in closing its report, the leading points of which are given above, says:

"From the beginning to the end of this memorable day one unceasing tide of success crowned all the efforts of the laborers. The discussions were conducted in the spirit of kindness and mutual forbearance. A spirit of true fraternity, deepening at times into bursts of enthusiasm, pervaded every meeting and illumined every face. Nothing, but goodwill and cordiality was manifested; and both in respect to the immense numbers assembled, the high importance of the work effort, and the general tone of exaltation and pleasure that prevailed in every direction, this Conference was the grandest and most memorable meeting ever recorded in the history of British Spiritualism."

Interesting points in the history of the trance mediumship of Dr. Ira Chandler of Duxbury, Mass., have been furnished us by our friend Mr. Edwin Wilder of Hingham—to which facts we shall revert next week.

THE NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC (Frank W. Hale, General Manager), has a card on our fifth page, to which attention is called.

John Calvin in Geneva.

The admirers, or those who profess to be such, of John Calvin, who were it in the order of their church to do so, they would long since have canonized as a second St. John, do not find many words in exaltation of his character in reports of tourists who, in the city of his abiding on earth, investigate his claims to their pious homage.

The Home Maker for July has for its opening article a paper by Florence Grey entitled "Geneva, Real and Ideal," which is very readable because of the evidence it gives that the author discarded her guide-book, and, following her own bent, looked at things with her own eyes, and formed an opinion of them independent of what any "Mrs. Grundy" or otherwise-appointed censor might say or think.

The illustrations include pictures of the châteaux of Mme. de Staël and Voltaire, and an interior view of a church, showing the pulpit and chair of Calvin. "A new tablet, impudently fresh," says the writer, "announces gratitude to God for the 'New Reformed Religion,' . . . but 'the good people of Geneva—the Calvinists—do not show their gratitude by going to church, as religion is not their characteristic. They stay at home all day and read French novels.' Neither do these followers of Calvin appear to have much regard for their leader, or place much estimate upon a memory of his reputed holy life. The writer of this sketch began to look about for facts in regard to Calvin's reputation, and proposed searching the archives for them, when their keeper said, 'I would not if I were you—the fact is (lowering his voice), Calvin does not show up very well in the archives of Geneva. I would not write about him if I were you.' And so the facts slumber in the shadows, and perhaps it is best they should.

Taking Out the Children.

One of the most thoughtful and humane of all the many charities that are worked in Boston is that which regularly takes a certain number of children out of its hot and ill-ventilated streets at this season, and gives them a breath of the sweet and reviving air of the country for a day or a week. For the seven days of last week, the average number of children sent to Franklin Park every day by the Fresh Air Fund was nine hundred and twenty-eight. On another day, forty-five children were taken out to Rosemary Cottage, at Elliot, Me., for a romping freedom of two weeks.

On Saturday of last week the Country Week sent one hundred and fifty children to Rockbottom, Silver Hill, Medfield, Middleboro, Walpole and South Farmington for a stay of ten days. On the following Monday about an equal number were taken out to Maynard, Medfield, Billerica, Hingham, Walpole, Hanover and South Farmington, to stay the same length of time. Fresh air and country scenes are what they get. On eight other days, beginning with the 18th, children were taken into the country by the Country Week, doing the little ones such a favor as could be done in no other way.

Fifty Years!

John and Isabella Beecher Hooker will observe the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage (1841-1891) by an informal reception of friends at their residence, No. 234 Pearl street, Hartford, Ct., Aug. 6th.

Mrs. Beecher-Hooker is well known to Spiritualists, having taken an active part in elucidating the facts and philosophy of Modern Spiritualism. Of Mr. Hooker, *The Green Bag*, a law monthly published in this city, says:

"Hon. John Hooker, the present Reporter of the Superior Court of Connecticut, was appointed in January, 1888, and has already served more than thirty-two years, his work so far extending through thirty-three volumes of the Reports. At a comparatively early period of his life he declined the offer of a seat upon the bench; and the Legislature, in recognition of his abilities, made the salary of his office \$4,000 during his tenure, to be but \$3,000 thereafter. The obituary sketches of deceased members of the bar, contained in appendices to the official reports, are an interesting and valuable feature of his work."

Onset Bay.

The second Sunday of the Onset Bay Grove Camp-Meeting passed on the 19th—an account of the services of that date being given on our eighth page.

Our neighbor, the Boston Daily Globe (for the 20th inst.), says: "It is estimated that there were about four thousand people on the grounds—the *Island Home* making two excursion trips from New Bedford. In the evening George W. Pennington gave a very interesting illustrated lecture in the Temple."

Among the week's attractions the opening of the new depot at Onset Junction and excursion to Cottage City were announced for the 22d.

W. J. Colville's visit to Onset camp ground, Mass., was a decided success. He was most cordially welcomed by the officers of the Association, and greeted with three large audiences at the auditorium, one at headquarters building and four in the skating rink. The hours of his lectures were, July 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th, 7.30 p. m.; also July 14th, 15th and 17th, 2.30 p. m. The number of questions asked was decidedly remarkable, and all agree that every subject presented was handled in a masterly manner. Matters at Onset—we are informed by our correspondents—are very harmonious the present season. Dr. Storor presides admirably, and there is a general good feeling among the campers—while visitors give vent to rapturous praise of this charming seaside grove. Nearly all the cottages are occupied, and all the hotels and boarding places are well patronized; fare is excellent and charges reasonable. Mr. Colville is expected to return Aug. 31st, and close the lecture season early in September.

Marshall P. Wilder, the well-known humorous writer and lecturer, has developed a faculty of so-called "mind reading," the exercise of which is attracting much attention in professional circles. At the residence of Dr. Geo. M. Beard, 82 West Thirty-Fourth street, New York City, he is reported to have performed in the presence of many eminent physicians, theologians and students and learned gentlemen feats in that line that, so far as known, have never been surpassed if, indeed, equalled, a description of some of which we shall place before our readers next week.

Often True Elsewhere.—A California exchange thus "hits off" the total lack of the most ordinary knowledge of sanitary subjects which exists in the "official mind," and its press organs thereabout. "Si-lurian press" is good!

There is a sewer in this city with no outlet. It is connected with a schoolhouse, into which it pours its foul masses. There are three or four hundred little children sent to that school every day. The Si-lurian press solemnly declares that our sewer system is good enough."

The Agricultural Department at Washington has issued in pamphlet form (one hundred and twenty-four pages) "Papers on Horticulture and Kindred Subjects." It is compiled by William Saunders, Horticulturist and Landscape Gardener, and will prove of great value to those for whose instruction it is designed. We are indebted to our friend George A. Bacon for a copy.

R. A. Fuller of Brockton writes that he has been for a period a medium for automatic writing, and wants some of THE BANNER readers to tell him their experiences in this direction, i. e., whether they find it reliable, etc. He says he has addressed letters to several mediums on this subject; but has received no answer. Address him, 102 Walnut street, Brockton, Mass.

Dr. W. L. Jack, whose letter will appear next week, endorses the remarkable degree of success in prospect for this summer's camp at Lake Pleasant, reported by our regular correspondent at that place. Similar reports come to us from Onset, Cassadaga, Parkland, and other localities.

The famous Healer, Dr. Diment O. Dake, and wife, will visit Queen City Park, Burlington, Vt., during August.

Hasty words often rankle the wound which injury gives, but soft words soothe it, and forgetting takes away the pain.

Message Department.

It should be distinctly understood that the Messages published in this Department are not to be taken as the words of the spirits, but as the words of the mediums. The mediums are the only ones who can receive the messages from the spirits. The mediums are the only ones who can receive the messages from the spirits. The mediums are the only ones who can receive the messages from the spirits.

Notice.

The Banner of Light Free Circle Meetings have been suspended for the summer. Due notice of their reopening in the fall will be given in these columns.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

By Spirits through the Mediumship of Mrs. M. T. Longley.

Report of Public Seance held April 28th, 1891.

Spirit Invocation.

From the conditions of ignorance, and folly and error, we would be made free, oh! our Father God. From those things that weigh down the spirit and bind it round about with darkness, we would be saved through the aid of truth, and the light of knowledge which we, as human beings, may gather from this universe, and from exalted minds who have become wise and grand by gaining experience in that heavenly life. Oh! may we, as thy mortal children, become receptive of the light, and grow above the things of this world, and return to earth bearing such ministrations of peace, consolation and instruction as the human heart most sorely needs. We would be uplifted to the sphere of harmony, so that we may come into concord with each other, dispensing only that which is sweet and good, and receiving from our kind that which shall bless, uplift and benefit.

Oh! then you art the Guide and the Parent of all life, may we realize our relationship to thee at this time, and understand that we are thy children, in whom may be found a hint of thy infinitude, a portion of thy great, Spiritual Life; and oh! as our aspirations for more light, knowledge and truth go forth, may they be received by angelic souls who will be pleased to minister unto us according to our needs. We ask for inspiration, we seek for sympathy and peace, not only that we may be assisted to unfold our own spiritual nature, and grow above the things of this world, but also that we may be fitted to extend unto our kind that which will be a blessing unto each one.

L. Judd Pardee.

Your Spirit-President has kindly permitted me to take possession of the medium before he considers your questions. I have visited your circle-room many times within the last few years, although my voice has been silent; but waves of thought have gone forth from my soul upon the atmosphere, and I know that its vibrations have been received by susceptible minds and received as an influence of peace and remembrance from the spirit-world.

Some of my friends, Mr. Chairman, have been exercising their minds concerning me as a spirit. I have felt the thought coming to me in questioning form, and I have desired to respond to it. A long while has elapsed since I spoke from your platform, and some friends are asking if I have lost my interest in the Cause, or if I have given up my work since other good friends and co-workers have passed to the spirit-world. I reply, No, to both these queries. I have lost no interest in the Spiritual Movement; I have given up no labor which has employed my mind, and which has been congenial to me. I, as a Spiritualist, still work from the higher life, seeking to dispense the influence which spirit can give and to disseminate truth concerning immortal life. I do not confine myself to any one channel, but employ such agencies as I can find anywhere, feeling that the character of the work and the influence used is of more importance than any particular avenue as a means of expression. So I say to my friends, though you may not hear the sound of my voice from the public platform, or read my name in the public prints as returning from the spiritual world to express a thought or to utter a truth, yet I would have you satisfied that my work is out in the reformatory field at large, and that I am trying to sow the seed which may spring up in future time with fruitful results.

As I look back over the years that have gone and realize the labor that has been performed by my co-workers and associates, many of whom are still toiling along this weary way, weakening under the burdens and the years of mortal life as they near the spiritual world, I feel that truly a grand work has been accomplished. As I realize how the shackles of ignorance have been smitten from human minds, how the clouds of error have been dispersed, how the shadows of superstition have been banished from millions of homes and hearts, it gives me great joy to feel that we have had a part in the work of this century, and that we have been able to accomplish some little good by our efforts to disseminate this great truth. So much more of human liberality and toleration are exercised to-day in every department of life, especially in the pulpit and by the press, than were exhibited thirty years ago. I feel that we are truly making giant strides along the progressive line, and can congratulate our spiritualistic friends because of the position which they hold to-day.

I am deeply interested in the discussion and the ventilation of opinions in the clerical fold. I see that weapons of thought, polished by wit and by conceptions of truth, flash on every side, and one must truly be brilliant in intellect if he would keep up with the pace of the age. I find that most of the clergymen are determined, and indeed obliged, to exercise their professed freedom of thought, and to employ their minds in the study of the questions of the life, of the power of the human spirit, of the needs of the hour, and of finding solutions to these problems which will satisfy an inquiring world. I am glad of this, glad that, out in the fields of life, among the thinkers in the pulpit, and also in the sanctum of the press, these questions are being asked that must be answered, because I know that a grand, spiritual truth will be exercised and eventually received by this very agitation of thought and ventilation of opinion.

My word to my spiritualistic friends is from the spiritual world: Your old guard keeps watch and ward over the events of the times. That guard is still filled with the spirit of progress and of human liberty. It knows no such term as compromise with wrong. It constantly and fearlessly sends out its power in the defense of human right and of human brotherhood. This valiant host, whose members have done good work in the past, when as pioneers they swept away the rubbish, and passed through the forest jungles, in order to make a clear pathway for you who have come after, are still loyal to truth, are still ready to strike a blow in defense of humanity, as were they in the days of old. These apostles of liberty send down their influences of good-will and words of cheerful encouragement to the toilers in the fields of human reform, and you may be sure, friends, that the old guard will ever lead the way, and never desert the post of duty, but will stand staunch and firm to do battle when necessary, and to give such helplessness as will be of service to mankind.

I have a friend in this audience to whom I bring a special greeting, and word of love; not only from my own spirit, but from those dear souls, who, in the higher life, maintain their ground and accomplish their work. Their magnetic forces are extended to this friend in helpful sympathy, to guide and guard her through the thining years of mortal life, and to form a shield of strength and of assistance for her spirit when she shall rise to the immortal spheres.

I would send not only such words as I have spoken to my many friends, but in particular I would say to my friend in Washington, George Bacon, Good old friend, the years are passing, and many have intervened between our days of social communion and the present time. You have had your experiences on the mortal side,

and I have been gaining mine in the eternal world, yet in spirit we are united still, for thought and sentiment are blended, and there is a reciprocity of fellowship passing between you and I, and I believe, can never be quenched. You called to the higher life. Your mortality is unfolding more and more. I can see how it expresses itself in clear lines that are sometimes a wonder to your own mind; but I know there are times when the intellect is touched upon by invisible powers, and, stimulated by that action, it responds with force. I would say to you, my friend, accept my greeting as from a brother, and feel that I am sometimes with you in friendship and in truth, and that I have gained something of experience through the material channels of life by coming in contact with you and yours. I would also say that the dear, loving ones of your household, who, from the spiritual heights guard and guide you, express a sentiment of love and peace for you, which cannot fail to work a happy result; and that the bright young spirit, Ernest, in the higher life exercises a wide influence for good to mankind. L. Judd Pardee.

Questions and Answers.

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

Ques.—[By A. W. Lewis, Batavia, New York.] Is there any significance in dreams? An incident has recently come to my notice, which seems to point directly to spirit influence. A lady living in Buffalo had a singular dream. She thought she received a letter from a relative, a gentleman living in this country. The letter was unsigned, but she recognized the handwriting. Part of the letter was written with black ink in his usual strong cursive, the rest was pale and faint. Of its contents she could only remember one sentence, which deeply impressed her: "I wish I was as good a man as my father was." This constituted the dream. The next morning she received a package, the contents of which she dreamed had died suddenly during the night. She had not been informed of his ill health. Query: Was it a mere coincidence, or did the released spirit visit her and impress that thought upon her mind? Which is the more reasonable of belief?

Ans.—There are dreams and dreams. There are sensitives yet in mortal form so susceptible to external influence as, under certain conditions, to be able to receive and even to transcribe the impressions or influences impinging upon them from other minds incarnated or de-carated.

Sometimes you may fall into a slumber, and the spirit, becoming semi-detached from its body, enters more fully the spiritual atmosphere, and at such a time your spirit may be acted upon by some other intelligence, or even by some surrounding influence, which, during the hours of bodily activity, you might not be able to receive. At such a time you may pass, spiritually speaking, through certain experiences and come in rapport with other minds, receiving mental impressions from their surroundings or from those who are in contact with you. You may hold certain convictions of life, perhaps new objective forms with which you are unfamiliar, and the fact is impressed upon your mental sensorium. When you recover external consciousness, a portion of that impression remains with you as an indistinct memory. Perhaps you have a fragmentary recollection of some important event taking place in your dream, as you call it, and yet this very memory may be the transcription upon your brain of some vital experience which your spirit has met during those hours of bodily repose.

Probably the person referred to in your question is mediumistic, that is, sufficiently sensitive to be impinged upon by external influences. Now, we do not know why she might not have been visited at the time mentioned by the spirit of her friend, and why he might not have held interior conversation with her, so that the thought of his mind as expressed to her was transcribed upon her brain, just as it seemed to her his thought was transcribed in legible, and later on in fainter characters upon the letter which she supposed she read. If these thoughts were imprinted upon her brain by the spirit intelligence, she received them, interpreting them according to her own mind, and thus really came into communication with the spirit of her friend.

As we have said, there are dreams and dreams. Some of them are really spirit visions, given to the interior man or woman by extraneous intelligences, or perhaps the spiritual perceptions of the dreamer are sufficiently awakened and vitalized at the time to pass out into contact with the spirit-world, or into line with other parts of this world, coming into nearness with individuals not close at hand, physically speaking, and gaining experience in this way. Then there are other dreams that belong especially to the physical state, because of the operations of the various organs and functions of the body. The mind may be disturbed; there has been mental anxiety, or some other emotion at work during the day, which has caused either a deviation of the nerve fluid, or has brought an excess of nerve aura to the brain. The dreams, therefore, are indistinct, fanciful and grotesque, belonging especially to the material state. Perhaps the digestive apparatus of the body is disarranged, and does not perform its work, then the dreams are correspondingly disturbed or unreliable. These are dreams that truly belong to the physical life, and have no part in the spiritual kingdom of activity and intelligence.

Q.—[By Fred L. Hildreth, Worcester, Mass.] Myself a student in the temple wherein the beautiful truth of reincarnation is taught, may I not ask if there are not many souls encased in human frames throughout our fair land to-day who were our schoolmates in beautiful Hellsas centuries ago? Does not the bright, free spirit of the Greeks speak through the lips of America's children at the present hour?

A.—This is a subject that also agitates many minds in the present day, but it has not grown to that vastness of importance to which it undoubtedly will in the close of another century. It is one that cannot be fully interpreted or defined by returning spirits to-day, because the human mind properly asks for proof of any question that is brought before it. It refuses to be satisfied with theoretical opinion, which is wise, and therefore this subject of re-embodiment cannot take hold of the popular, thinking mind of the present time with that degree of vitality which the subject, for instance, of spiritual revelation can do, since the latter is capable of demonstration by practical knowledge on the part of those who claim its existence.

Personally we believe not in the theory, but in the law of re-embodiment. To our mind it is a beautiful law in the universe, set in operation along the lines of progress in order that man may thoroughly develop every part and portion of his nature; yet we are satisfied to have the world study this question for itself, and to form its own conclusions in regard to it. It may be in the present day that there are many souls clothed in materiality, requiring a new experience, coming in contact with vital truths, unfolding new energy and power which they exercise through new lines and avenues such as they have not known or experienced before, who, perhaps, dwell on earth in other forms ages ago. This may be true, but if it is, no soul loses its individuality, because the soul itself is, to our mind, the offshoot of the great, Intelligent, Supreme Mind of the universe, and ever retains potency, activity and intelligence. The same is true of the human mind, yet remains distinct and individualized, if so, by-and-by, in the eternal years, when it has reached its grandest height of unfoldment and achievement, it may gather to itself all the experiences of the past, classify them for its own instruction, and be able to understand all the deviancy ways and methods by which it has gained its then position.

These are great subjects that we do not feel competent to deal with; for the instruction of mortals. We are only able to state ourselves, seeking to learn and understand the great laws of being. As we realize that in this vast universe of ours great laws operate and stupendous forces are employed in the manifestation of life, and know how little we comprehend of this intricate machinery of being, we must stand and hesitate to consider for mortals such profound subjects as these, which arise from time to time. When we think that

eternity does not mean merely a million of years, but untold millions upon millions, and after that countless ages more, we realize that in every time, or even a year, we are studying what the human mind is to reach and learn and accept as it passes onward over the heights of progress, through the lines of study to the infinite heights beyond. As your correspondent suggests, it may be true that the same intelligent spirits that animated the ancient Greeks may be in your midst to-day, bearing a part in the events of American life.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

Given through the Trance Mediumship of Mrs. M. T. Longley.

Report of Public Seance held May 1st, 1891.

Augusta Currier.

There are many places on the earth where returning spirits are made welcome, and where we may gather up the elements of love and good-will sent out to us by congenial hearts, which warm and invigorate our being as we again come in contact with this external life and seek to exercise an influence of good in connection with it. I always feel, as I approach a medium, that I am nearing a shrine where I may gather up something beneficial to my own soul, and where I may also leave something that perhaps may be helpful to those to whom I seek to minister.

When I come to the Banner of Light Circle I do so with the hope not only of leaving some influence or expressing some thought that may be of use to a weary heart in the mortal, but also of gaining some new light or some instructive force from the bands of influences here, because to me this is a school-room where we may assemble to gain new light or knowledge of spiritual things. It may seem strange to me for me to express myself thus; but I feel that I could be opened to behold the objects and conditions of the spiritual world, and could they direct their clairvoyant gaze to your Circle-Room when your meetings are in session they would behold many sights that are unseen by the physical eye. I have been to this place when I have seen wise, strong intelligences, filled with love for humanity, exercising their thought and their magnetic forces upon other spirits who have come seeking guidance and knowledge, and I have listened to words of wisdom beyond what mortal lips, mortal lips, could ever utter. I have seen the light of truth only for spirit hearing, which have given me new thought and new conceptions of life and its purpose. Therefore I say that when I come to this place it is as to a school-room, where I may gather up bits of knowledge and gleams of truth for the enrichment of my soul.

Once more, through mortal lips, waft a greeting of love to my friends on the earthly plane. I know that the ranks are thinning of those old workers who stood in the field of spiritual reform with me, and also did their best to make every word tell, and every blow effective in the cause of truth. Yet there are some remaining for whom I feel a tender affection, and with whom I am in utter sympathy, while there are some whom I did not personally know, yet who are doing their part in this great labor of love for humanity, and are wielding an influence for good. Unselfish workers are these, whom I recognize as my brothers and sisters, and to all of these I would send forth a warm and genial ray from my own soul that perhaps might have the effect of kindling a feeling of tender regard for all people I behold, many of whom are struggling amid scenes and conditions of vice and misery, and I would help lift them out of this state if I had the power. I feel that they are all members of the great human family, and children of the Divine Spirit, worthy of all love and attention, and that by-and-by, when they are lifted to the higher plane of purity and unselfishness, they will, perhaps, because of the very darkness they have groped through, shine as do those souls shine in the great beyond, with the splendor that only a pure life can bring to any intelligence.

I have felt for some time that I would like once more to say a word from this platform. This is a Mecca to many spirits. They turn their faces toward this place, feeling that here they may bring a blessing and receive one in return. Having your open field, where messages may be received from the higher life and sent broadcast over the earth, it seems to us that some wave of love may be sent forth or some ray of light may be shed upon the spirit of good cheer, or with some thought that may be instructive to those mortals who turn their attention this way; and so, Mr. Chairman, I speak.

I do not come to give any extended discourse, for this is not the time or place for that. Other work is to be done. Intelligences are waiting to express some little message, hoping it will reach their friends; and if any of mine can realize with what a heart full of love I come to this day, sending you my good-will and friendship, I am sure I shall be more than paid for making the attempt to speak.

I sometimes behold memories of my life and work in the hearts of those who knew me in the past. I gather up those thoughts as I would gather up precious jewels, and take them to my spirit home, where they are more than riches to my life. For every gem of thought and memory that has gone out to me in the spirit-world I would bring one in return, and say to each friend: Heaven bless and guard you, and by-and-by, when the Angel of Release shall come to carry you home, you will meet the friends who have gone before, and among them that worker in the field of Spiritualism, Augusta Currier.

General Gilman Marston.

As I turn my attention to the spirit-world, with its great unfoldments, with its strong evidences of continued existence for mankind; as I behold the wonderful life that is surging around me, and find that I have so many important branches of learning to pursue, studies which old Dartmouth never unfolded before me in my busiest days, for knowledge, wisdom, and this great beating, pulsating, distance means to unfold before the advancing soul. It seems to me that the tide of life, like Tennyson's "Brook," can truly sing,

"Men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever."

Why! in this spirit-world I behold intelligences whom we have come to consider as dead and gone with the past, and whose lives have become only a memory or a tradition in the history of mankind on earth; yet I find these human entities strong, full of character and firm purposes, and vitalized by active energy, whose every thought and action is a revelation of importance and utility. I am amazed at the great panorama of life that unrolls before me, and I hardly feel competent, my friends, to express a thought in regard to it, so imperfect had been my experience, so little the knowledge gained of the immortal world. I am, nevertheless, impelled to come here to-day, and to try to manifest myself to friends on this mortal plane. They may not receive me as a living spirit; they may not believe that I have come from beyond the tomb to speak a word of remembrance and recognition to those who have come after me; yet I am here, sending out a thought of kindly greeting to those who have known me in the past. Many went on to the unseen country before I was called, and I have been privileged to meet many of those dear souls and to renew former associations.

My experience on earth was rather extended. In course of law I gained knowledge of human nature, which serves me well and am glad to have. On the field of battle, which I maintained a just discipline, I gathered that which I believe has been of service to myself and also to others. Amid scenes of action I collected data and information, which I, as a progressive mind, realize now will continue to be of practical use in my life. So I can look back over the material life and say, I would not have had one line marked out differently from what it has been, because, undoubtedly, only by just that experience could I have become what I am in the spirit-world. I had much before me that I do not understand, yet I am studying. I know there spread out before me many fields of beauty, many heights of conquest which I have yet to gain; so my position is not the most exalted one a soul can claim, but I know it is pleasant as far as I have advanced, and what lies beyond may be gained after a while.

How grand the reflection that I can, in this great spiritual center of thought and power, have access to the great corners and stations of this country who have gone on to join the hosts uncounted! I have come into the presence of Clay, and have listened to his strong, beautiful words, each one expressing a volume of thought, each sentence polished and rounded to completion, and speeding forth with an interior influence, which bears its weight and must work its mission in those circles toward which it is directed. I have seen Sumner, standing in the majestic presence of that purity of soul which he ever cultivated, and which seems to be an inspirational force of his own life, and I have listened to words that he has uttered in the name of humanity. More than this, I have beheld the influence going forth from his life and reaching other existences, creating a special atmosphere around them, which has been helpful, and which has surely tended to lift them to a higher condition of happiness and peace.

I might mention many others, but I will not take your time. I will only add in this connection, that as I think of this great unfolding life of progress that awaits humanity on the eternal side, it seems to me that I cannot find language to express my gratitude for the boon of immortality.

I have found much pleasure in the spirit-world in being greeted by many who had passed out to that country, and who recognized me in years gone by as their old commander. Some went out on the field of battle, and have come to me with outstretched hands, hailing me as "General," and expressing their gladness to behold me. Others have lingered through years of weariness and pain, and have at length been translated to the higher life, and all have been as rejoiced to meet me as I have been to recognize them. So I feel that this eternal life is free, and broad enough for all, and I say to friends of earth: Have not one shrinking fear at the approach of death. It is the grand Conqueror, who makes conquest over all things temporal, and is also the great Deliverer, who lifts the human soul out of the bondage of materiality into the clear light of the eternal world. Be of good cheer; do your duty as it appeals to you; stand at your post, and falter not, and when the Deliverer comes it will be to bear you in triumph to a happier condition, where your vital forces may be stimulated into stronger action and power.

I claim the good old "Granite State" as my home, although I love the entire land. This American nation is to me something almost sacred as the home of a great people, and I look forward to the coming years, feeling that it will stand upon a high pinnacle of prosperity and peace; and I claim the whole country as my fatherland, my thought and my heart go out to old, good New Hampshire, to friends and old familiar scenes of early days, and especially to Exeter, where I have associations, and toward which I send my greeting at this time. Gilman Marston.

Abbie Bennett.

I come from New Hampshire, also, and wish to send my love to my dear ones at Newmarket. Tell them, please, that Abbie Bennett has returned just to express her affection to those whom she loved on this side, and to say that she is happy in the beautiful heavens beyond.

I felt, in passing out from the earth-life, that I was weary, and that it would be a relief to get through. That seemed almost my last thought, indistinct and yet clearly felt; but a great light shone around me, and I saw in it bright faces, smiling and beautiful, and I knew that it was well. So it has been well, and to-day, and I rejoice that I have passed through the trial and gained the other side.

I was the wife of George A. Bennett. I have many friends on both sides of life. I feel that my love is large and strong enough to take in all the friends, and yet be ready to care for more souls who may appeal to me for sympathy and affection. This spiritual life is so sweet and bright it seems to me that I cannot possibly make it known to those who have not tasted it as I have done.

David L. Oakley.

David L. Oakley is my name, and my home was in Yonkers, New York State. I feel identified with the past, and I have a strong regard for it, its people and interests, even now that I have left the physical body and risen from its decay to this higher condition of life.

You might have called me a good old Methodist when I was in the body, and I have not yet renounced all that faith and the belief which clung to me here. I am revising my opinions, because I am brought face to face with the realities of the eternal life; but I cannot help holding an interest in the old Central Church and its people, though I would like to have them look out more broadly into the fields of spiritual truth, and to take up for their light the light that the spirit which cometh from above, but yet which worketh in the hearts of humanity, that law which showeth everlasting love and goodness, reaching out unto all nations. I find in the spirit world individuals who believe in the Methodist faith, not as we did here, but in a larger and broader sense. I can fellowship with these kindred souls, because they impart to me something that I need, and I hope that I shall be able to give them something which may be beneficial to them.

Not long since I was invited to attend a lecture delivered by John Wesley in the spirit-world. Well, it was very much, perhaps, what he might have given here, only that, with all the years of his life and experience on the other side, he has gained an illumination of spirit and a quickening of mentality which are expressed in his words and works, and which, of course, draw others onward in the same search for knowledge which he pursues.

I was exceedingly interested in the narration of his life experience, or a portion of it, as given by himself, and I could see how a soul can grow outward and upward by being aspirational and seeking for the higher light. It seemed, he said, in looking back to his mortal existence, large and broad as it appeared for the time and generation, as if he had been shut up in a little dark room, into which there streamed a ray of light from some outside field of splendor, and that this ray of light that he had seen, and that he continued, was really an illumination from the spiritual world brought by unseen intelligences, which acted as a quickening power upon him and his associates. After he went to the spirit-world, it was as if he had been removed from a dark room into the light of day, where there was much of beauty, and yet where groves of trees hedged him round about, so that he could not see the vast universe beyond. Then he had to grow, study, learn and inquire, and by-and-by, he was lifted to that condition into a broader field, where he could behold more than was more elevating and ennobling for the soul.

I cannot express to my friends what I received at that time, but it made an impression on my mind, and I thought I would relate it to others who could not have these advantages in the spiritual world. So I come to speak and to express a thought for those who are here, saying to them: Try to receive the light as it comes, and let it lead you from the upper kingdoms of truth and righteousness. If you are in dark rooms, open your windows that the rays from the sun of knowledge may come in; open your doors that the light may reach your minds and warm your souls, and, by-and-by, you will grow out into the broader field, as I am beginning to do now, not knowing what may come in the years that are ahead.

[To the Chairman:] Now, sir, if you will just say to my friends that I have come, bringing my greeting and love, and anxious to do them good, I have laid aside the spirit of fear, and some of the more narrow opinions that seemed broad enough to me when here, but which did not fit my conception of life in the spirit, I will be thankful to you.

E. Pierpont Goodsell.

I wanted to come for myself. Only a very little while has passed since I was taken home to the spirit-life. I have no fear of what the future contains. I know, Spiritualism was a truth, and I know it is to-day; but I do not know if any stronger or any better now that I am in the spirit-world, and can come back to

communicate as spirits have done for forty years than I know it before I went from the body. It was a vital truth to me, and had taken hold of my life so as to become a part of it. I thought for years that after I got out of the body and free from its entanglements, I would come to the Banner of Light Circle and speak for myself, and so I am just carrying out that intention.

I may have had some peculiar ideas of life, and formulated opinions upon many subjects; which many did not receive or understand; but the seemed of great enough to me, and I felt that after I got to the other world, had shaken hands all round with the good friends whom I expected to meet, and had had my social chat with them, I would go to work and study out these problems and questions to my own satisfaction. Already I have entered on that line of thought, and I feel more than pleased with the knowledge I am gaining from the great souls who, as wise teachers, stand ever ready to assist the enquiring mind.

I have a friend in Plainville, Conn., to whom I have been coming lately with impressions and with influences, not exactly physical movements, but yet vibrations, if I may call them so, from my spiritual atmosphere, which I think have been sensed as coming from me. I feel that I am doing a certain work by attempting this, and so I do not need to apologize for trying to manifest my presence there.

I send my greeting to friends in New Haven, and in various other parts of the "Nutmeg State." Tell them I am busy, am going to undertake the same journey I thought of doing on this side, but I shall not confine myself to travels in the physical life; I shall make some explorations in the spiritual world with those who understand the country and its situations.

I would like to say more, but I know I have no right to take up the time, for I see a crowd of existences pressing around this place eager to speak, and only a few have got into the inner circle, or magnetic environment, which has been generated and spread over this platform, and into which those who manifest must first come. Others stand just outside, looking on with longing, some with interest, and others with curiosity, as if they would give much to get into this interior circle, and so I will go, hoping that some other will be able to come and express himself, if he can do no better than I have done. Call me E. Pierpont Goodsell.

Mary H. Lane.

I may not be able to say much, but if I only say a few words to the dear ones whom I left on this side I shall feel that I have done well. I bring them so much of my love. Tell them I knew the kindly thoughts and memories they had of me, and that I saw and understood the best of them, which they brought for me after my spirit had slipped from its earthly form. I received those emblems of their love, and bore them with me to the other world.

Life on earth had much to hold me here. Many things seemed promising, and were beautiful to me, yet I had to give them up. It did not seem as if my life had been long, and at first it seemed almost a pity that I should go comparatively early from this state; but I am becoming fully reconciled to the change, and I have no regrets. I have left here also becoming fully reconciled to my going, because I think it was all for the best. I cannot possibly express the tenderness of feeling I have for them. How I long sometimes to step right out into the material form, that they may hear and see me, and know what I have to give them. I hope soon to be able to express all that I wish through some mediumistic way in private to those I love.

I lived on Union Park street. My husband is G. W. Lane. I am Mary H. Lane.

Silas, to W. H.

[To the Chairman:] You will pardon me, sir, if I do not make myself known as thoroughly as you have a right to ask that returning spirits shall do in your Circle-Room; but I have a special motive for coming to-day, and my purpose could not, perhaps, be fulfilled as well should I manifest in any other way than what I do. I come because I take an active interest in the career and the spiritual unfoldment of a dear friend whom I consider one of my own. We are not relatives in the material sense of that word, yet there have been social ties existing between us which bind his soul to mine; and there were also ties formed between a parent of mine and a relative of his, which drew us into a social relationship.

I want to say to that friend, I come to give you a word of warning; I feel that it is needed for your own happiness. I have been watching the state of your mind for some time, and I perceive how unsettled it is. I realize that you, as a spiritually-minded man, long for congenial associations and harmonious conditions in daily life, so that you may be practically benefited, so that you may own your own peace and gain peace. All that is well; but I perceive that, because you do have the congenial associations in daily life that you crave, you are growing into a morbid condition, which is detrimental to your soul's welfare. It is not helpful, either to your mental or physical state, and so I come to warn you.

You are susceptible to external influences, and therefore, my dear friend, attract to your atmosphere intelligences from the other life who will be of that character of which your aspirations or your desires are made up. Now, if your morbid condition engenders within you a longing for change in the external life which must necessitate the removal of one or more who are on the mortal side, it may attract to you influences of an undeveloped class, which you would not associate with on this mortal side. I must speak plainly, because it is necessary; and I want to say to my friend: If you feel that it is important for one to be removed from the earth-life, that thought encourages a feeling which is not healing to mind or spirit; not but what you are willing to wait until the removal takes place in accordance with natural law, but the very feeling or desire to have such a change occur brings psychological conditions and spirits which will only increase your restless state and make you more unhappy.

I was a preacher when here; I am one still; and I believe in going right down to the root of the matter. I also believe in using the surgeon's knife to let out any dangerous growth, and to cut down the cancer, remove the ulcer in order to save the individual, and to do so plainly to my friend, and tell him to cut down deep, to look down closely into his own mind and see

[Continued on seventh page.]

Make two cakes, one with Cleveland's baking powder; the second with any other.

Note the difference.

The Cleveland cake is fine grained, keeps its natural flavor and moisture; "the other" is coarse grained, as if the sugar was too coarse, soon dries out and becomes husky.

Cleveland's leavens best because its strength is produced by cream of tartar and soda only, not by ammonia or alum.

(Continued from sixth page.)

whether his desires and thoughts are tending, and to turn his attention in other directions, doing his duty day by day. He will say he is trying to do it, and he is; but while doing so, look to the present, and not the pure pleasures possible from it. Take comfort in those whom you can, and leave the future with God. Divine Providence will certainly shape its own ends for its own purpose, and our longing and craving will not alter immutably. Consequently it is best to make of the present all one can, to be of the greatest usefulness to others, and to gain all the happiness possible, leaving the results with higher powers. Every day as it comes becomes the present, and has its duties and its work, and so I again say to my friend: Be careful what influences you attract to you. You do not wish to drive away the sweet little spirit who has gained her light knowledge and purity in the immortal world. She is a safe counselor. The old Indian friend will bring strength and courage, if you do not send him back from your atmosphere by your broodings over material conditions; and as the time goes by you will find that in doing your duty—even accepting the cross, if it be laid upon you—with a submissive spirit, you will gain more of peace and soul-happiness than you can possibly gain in any other way.

Some time perhaps, I may come to my own family in California, and send greeting to former friends and associates in the "Golden State"; but I cannot do this to-day, as my mission is of another kind.

My friend reads your paper every week, and will see my words. You may call me Silas, and my message will go to W. R. of Somerville.

Controlling Spirit.

Now, Mr. Chairman, there are a few spirits within this inner circle whom we feel have the right to be mentioned to day, and for whom we will speak at this time.

Ellen Kline.

One presents herself as Ellen Kline, and claims friends in Cleveland, Ohio, whom she is anxious to reach. There seems to be a little child on the mortal side that the spirit is deeply interested in, and we should judge it to be ill or surrounded by darksome conditions. This spirit feels if she can gain an understanding of mediunistic work, it will help her to get to this child and other friends, and bring them some spiritual power that may be of use. The spirit sends her love to her friends, and wishes them to know that she is pleased with the spirit-world, only the anxiety that she sometimes has for those who are here prevents her from understanding fully that life around her to which she now belongs, but which she will comprehend better by-and-by. We should think she had been gone a good while, and we should say she was a young woman when she passed away.

William Montgomery.

A spirit, calling himself William Montgomery, says he has friends in Tiffin, Ohio, and from him we get these words: "I am with the members of the 'Horseshoe Band' and I send out with them magnetic forces that I feel will be helpful to our friends in Tiffin. It seems to me, as I look over the ground, that there is an increase of power from the spirit-side in that place. New mediunship will be developed soon, higher forces will be expressed, and a better work done. We are looking for this, and expect to see it established before a great while."

There seems to be another William connected with this spirit-world whom we do not see, and he is also in the higher life. He wishes his influence and magnetism with those of the band, who are sending them out for some special work. We think perhaps it may be understood by those who will read it in your paper at that place.

John Graham.

A spirit, calling himself John Graham, says that he hails from Liverpool, Eng., that some of his friends are in this country, and others still are in Liverpool, to whom he has been trying to manifest in physical ways. One, he thinks, has felt the power, but has become frightened by the strange manifestations, and has grown so positive as to shut out the intelligences from the spirit-side. This influence hopes that he may be recognized and received. He says he has not been able to find his friends in this country, but thinks he may do so by coming to such a place as this, and getting into line of communication with the external world.

Charles Raymond.

Another spirit gives his name as Charles Raymond. He has been gone from the body some time, because he says he has been trying for nearly ten years to get back to his friends, but has never succeeded. They live at St. Louis, and he says that he has been able to keep track of the changes some of them have made, but others he has not seen, and does not know what their state is now. He sends greeting, and would like, if possible, to have his friends arrange a sitting with some medium, or else to hold a circle in their own homes, because he thinks it possible to be able, after a while, to make himself known.

There are other spirit-friends with him, and we see the name of Sarah and also that of Charles as coming from the spirit-world into his family circle. They would like to be remembered, and also would like to come into personal communication with their mortal friends.

White Plume.

Now we have one more communication to give from a beautiful Indian maiden, who calls herself White Plume, and tells us that she has a medium in Wisconsin, through whom she sometimes comes to reach the outside world with magnetic forces and helpful words. This spirit brings a loving thought and greeting to her medium especially, though she would like to have all the friends she has made on this side among the pale faces feel that she gives them a personal thought of kindness and affection. To her medium she says: "Be full of courage; do not get weak or ill because the shadows fall about you. Go out into the sunlight, because when you brood over those things that are not pleasant, you close the door by which I come, and you keep away others of the band who wish to do you good. You have helped other lives; you have brought good cheer to mourning hearts; you have given strength to many weak ones; so you have done good work, and you have the right to feel this, to realize it, for it will give you strength. The shadows are passing. You know they are not as heavy as you feared. Look up, and the light will stream down into your face. All things will work out for good, as you will see before the snows fly again."

We wish to thank our friends, Mrs. Richings particularly, for the beautiful flowers that she has sent to our Spirit Circle. Indeed, especially, wishes to have her thanks conveyed to her.

Individual Spirit Messages

To be published next week.

Passed to Spirit-Life.
From Waukegan, Ill., June 15th, 1891, Jared W. Fenkell, aged 67 years and 10 months.

The funeral occurred at the old homestead, Mrs. Anna Orvis of Chicago officiating. He married Miss Mary J. Hallford of Jefferson, O., Nov. 18th, 1847. They resided in Clinton Falls, O., until 1861, then made their home in Waukegan, where they resided until four years ago. There their son Emmet and daughter Ida grew to manhood and womanhood. Mr. Fenkell was a man of more than ordinary intelligence and energy; he lived, he loved, he wrought, he suffered. During his last illness he expressed himself as not desiring to live.

His companion of twenty-five years and daughter Ida could not be with him, but anxiously awaited daily news, and in their little home, where he had lived, a flower pillow, with the name "Father," was sent to the funeral by them, and Mrs. Orvis kindly read a poem of their selection.

Obituary notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously. When they exceed that number, twenty cents for each additional line. For a full page, \$1.00. No poetry admitted under this heading.

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To correct the constipated habit, remove sick-headache, relieve dyspepsia, to purify the blood, cure jaundice, liver complaint, and biliousness, Ayer's Pills are unequalled. They are an excellent after-dinner pill, assisting the process of digestion, and cleansing and strengthening the alimentary canal. When taken on the invasion of a cold or a fever, they effectually prevent further progress of the disease. Being sugar-coated and purely vegetable, they are the best

Family

medicine, for old and young. Ayer's Pills are indispensable to soldiers, sailors, campers, miners, and travelers, and are everywhere recommended by the medical fraternity. Dr. J. W. Haynes, Palouse, W. T., writes: "Ayer's Pills are the most evenly balanced in their ingredients, of any I know of."

"For more than twenty years I have used Ayer's Pills as a corrective for torpidity of the stomach, liver, and bowels, and to ward off malarial attacks, and they have always done perfect work."—E. P. Goodwin, Publisher Democrat, St. Landry, La.

"I was master of a sailing vessel for many years, and never failed to provide a supply of Ayer's Pills, for the use of both officers and men. They are a safe and reliable

Cathartic

and always give satisfaction."—Harry Robinson, 62 E. Pearl st., Fair Haven, Conn. "For a long time I was a sufferer from stomach, liver, and kidney troubles, and having tried a variety of remedies with only temporary relief, I began, about three months ago, the use of Ayer's Pills, and already my health is so much improved that I gladly testify to the superior merits of this cathartic."—Manoel Jorge Pereira, Oporto, Portugal.

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Miss A. Peabody, Business, Test and Developing Medium. Sittings daily, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Development of Mediumship a specialty. Test Circles Sundays and Wednesdays, 8 P. M. No. 8 Dwight street, Boston. July 25.

Mrs. Hattie A. Young, Business, Test and Developing Medium, will hold Circles every Sunday evening, at 7.30. Also every Tuesday afternoon at 2.30. Sittings daily. Also the Indian Remedy for Piles; a sure cure. 22 Winter st., Room 16, Boston. July 25.

Osgood F. Stiles, DEVELOPING, Business and Test Medium. Sittings daily, from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Development of Mediumship a specialty. Test Circles Sundays and Wednesdays, 8 P. M. No. 8 Dwight street, Boston. July 25.

Dr. E. A. Pratt, A T 130 Dartmouth street, Boston, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, every week. At Onset, Pleasant Avenue, Sundays and Mondays of July and August. July 4.

Adelaide E. Crane, TEST and Business Medium. Magnetic Treatments. 83 Bowdoin street, Room 4, Boston. Hours 9 to 5. June 20.

Mrs. A. Forrester, THIRAGE, Test and Business Medium. Also Magnetic Electricity. 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. 57 N. 1st St., Boston. July 4.

Mrs. M. E. Johnson, BUSINESS and Test Medium. Hours 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. Circles Thursday and Sunday evenings, 8 o'clock. 41 Winter street, Room 8, Boston. July 25.

Mrs. Fannie A. Dodd, MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN and Test Medium. No. 23 Tremont street, corner of Elliot street, Boston. July 25.

MRS. CHANDLER-BAILEY, 26 Cazenove street, Boston, after 10 A. M. and before 5 P. M. Sittings daily. Also the Indian Remedy for Piles; a sure cure. 22 Winter st., Room 16, Boston. July 25.

Miss Helen A. Sloan, MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN. Vapor Baths. No. 178 Tremont street, Boston. July 11.

Mrs. M. R. Stebbins, Clairvoyant Physician, 1388 Washington st., Suite 6, Boston. July 4.

MISS E. B. CLOUES, Test, Business and Medium. Sittings daily, from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. Sittings Sunday and Tuesday evenings, 8 o'clock. 16 Cazenove street, near Columbus Avenue, Boston. 5 o'clock. May 30.

MRS. LOOMIS-HALL, Test and Business Medium; Massage Treatment. Sittings daily. Six questions for 50 cents. 128 West Brookline st., Suite 2, Boston. Aug. 1.

PSYCHOMETRIC, Psychometric and Business Reading, or questions answered, 50 cents and two stamps. MARGUERITE BURTON, 1472 Washington street, Boston. 5 o'clock. July 4.

MRS. J. C. EWELL, Inspirational and Medical Physician, 542 Tremont street, cor. Hanson, Boston. June 6.

DR. L. BARNICOAT, Lecturer, Test, Medium and Magnetic Medium. 14 Tremont street, Boston. June 6.

DR. M. LUCY NELSON, MAGNETIC, Massage and Vapor Baths, 33 Boylston street, Boston. Hours 10 A. M. to 5 P. M. 2 o'clock. July 18.

DR. JULIA M. CARPENTER, 303 Warren street, Boston, Mass. 11 o'clock. Mar. 14.

The Psychograph, DIAL PLANCHETTE.

This instrument has now been thoroughly tested by numerous persons, and is found to be a most reliable and accurate method of developing mediumship. Many who were not aware of their mediunistic gift have, after a few sittings, been able to receive astonishing communications from their departed friends.

Capt. D. B. Edwards, Orient, N. Y., writes: "I had communications by the Psychograph from many friends. They were so clear and distinct, and so full of interest, that I am induced to try it. I have had the greatest comfort in the severe loss I have given of my dear and the most precious."

Dr. Eugene Crowell, whose writings have made his name familiar to those interested in psychical matters, wrote to me that he had been able to receive communications from his departed friends by the Psychograph. He writes: "I am much pleased with the Psychograph you sent me and will thoroughly test it the first opportunity."

Gen. A. B. Stebbins writes: "I have used this new and curious instrument for getting spirit messages and was much surprised to obtain one. Having no gift for its use, I was obliged to wait for the right medium. At last I found it in the person of a friend who, on a first trial, the disk swung to and fro, and the second time was done still more readily."

Also an edition, securely packed in box and sent by mail postpaid. Full directions.

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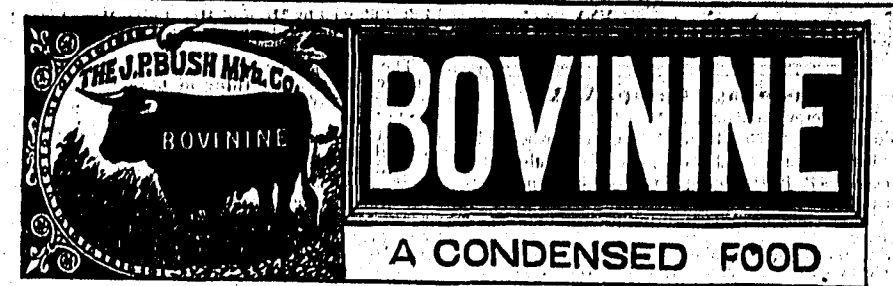
My Beautiful Home Over There. 25 cents.

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The Golden Gate is Open. 25 cents.

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Who Sings My Child to Sleep. 25 cents.



ATTENTION, MOTHERS! Has your BABY any of these Symptoms? Twelve Questions of Vital Importance to Mothers. For BABY'S sake read what follows: 1st, Are your baby's cheeks wan and pale?—2d, Is it losing in weight?—3d, Is it inclined to be puny and feeble?—4th, Does its flesh lack firmness?—5th, Is it fretful and peevish?—6th, Is it inclined to sleep all the time?—7th, Does its milk pass through it undigested?—8th, Does it seem to get little or no nourishment from its food?—9th, Is it troubled after feeding with throwing up its food or with colic?—10th, Is it recovering from illness?—11th, Is it backward about cutting its teeth?—12th, Has it symptoms of cholera infantum, such as vomiting or diarrhoea, with great weakness and debility?—In all these conditions BOVINE alone or added to its regular diet. BOVINE is a pure Raw Food Extract—the vital principles of Beef concentrated.

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Mrs. H. B. Fay, B LUFF COTTAGE, Onset, Mass. Seances Sundays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 7.30 P. M. July 18.

Mrs. Hannum, MASSAGE, Electricity and Baths. Room 21, Pelham Studios, 88 Boylston street, Boston. 13 o'clock. May 18.

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A BIRTHDAY IN HEAVEN. Song and Chorus. 25c.

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In the above-named Songs the words are by MRS. W. H. CHURCHILL. Music by H. P. BANKS. For sale by COLBY & RICH.

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THE VOICE OF NATURE represents God in the light of Reason and Philosophy—in His unchangeable and glorious attributes.

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The God of Moses has been defeated by Satan, from the Garden of Eden to Mount Calvary!

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The author from a recent photograph. Printed in large, clear type, on beautiful tinted paper, bound in beveled boards. 160 pp., postage 10 cents.

Persons purchasing a copy of "THE VOICES" will receive, free, a copy of the author's new pamphlet, entitled "ORTHODOX PLANCHETTE WITH CHANGE OF DIET," if they so order.

For sale by COLBY & RICH.

"Glad Tidings of Immortality."

FINELY executed lithographs bearing the above title have been recently issued. The size is 7 1/2 x 10 1/2. The principal figure is a female, evidently designed to represent a materialized spirit, crowned with a wreath of flowers, and bearing a long scroll in her left hand, white in her right hand. The scroll is inscribed with the words: "Message of Love Over her head are three stars. The drapery on which she appears to be the curtains of a cabinet, between which she stands in an exceedingly graceful position, suggestive of the line, 'A thing of beauty is a joy forever.' From above a ray of light radiates over the entire form. Vignette like—houses Mrs. Brigham, Mrs. Richmond, Mrs. Little and Mrs. Britten, and Messrs. Howell and Colville, are given, and excellent ones they are. The artist is Mr. Shobe, who, we are informed, has executed many beautiful drawings illustrative of the Spiritual Philosophy.

Price 50 cents. For sale by COLBY & RICH.

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Three Inspirational Lectures: HEREDITARY INFLUENCES—How Acquired and How Mastered. SPIRITUAL SCIENCE OF HEALTH AND HEALING. KARMA; OR, SEQUEL TO "THE VOICES." Our Greatest Need, and the Divine Attributes. Price 25 cents. For sale by COLBY & RICH.

GENESIS: The Miracles and Predictions of the Bible. By ALLAN KARDEC, author of "The Spirit Book," "Book of Mediums," and "Heaven and Hell." Translated by the Spirit-Guides of W. J. Colville.

The object of this book is the study of three subjects: Genesis, Miracles, and Prophecies—and the work presents the highest teachings thereon received during a period of seven years by its eminent author through the mediumship of a large number of the very best French and other mediums.

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Dr. Willis is permitted to refer to numerous parties who have been cured by his system of practice when all others have failed. All letters must contain a return postage stamp. Send for Circulars, with References and Terms. July 4.

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During

past was served in the most approved and gratifying manner. Mr. and Mrs. Gaston occupied the seat of honor at the head of the table, with Mr. and Mrs. Skidmore on the right, the bride and groom at the

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the Doctor and we found that his injuries were slight. Next day he was apparently as well as usual, thanks to the magnetic treatments of Dr. Eldridge.

Our meetings have been of such a character as to

rest ever point to the heights beyond, soothed by
the musical rhythm of the waves, all trace of worldly
care and anxiety is entirely obliterated. In this fa-
vorite haunt of Mother Nature the simple fact of be-

The Woman's Spiritual Conference meets at parsonage No. 231 St. James place, corner Fulton street, every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Seats free; all invited. A. McCutcheon, President.

