

BANNER OF LIGHT.

AN EXPONENT OF THE

VOL. 70.

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Spiritualism Abroad.

EARLY GLASGOW SPIRITUALISM.

The Experiences of Mr. Andrew Cross.

Our friend, Mr. Cross, has been interviewed by us, and from what he writes, and what we know, we give—as much as possible in his own words—some of his early reminiscences in connection with Spiritualism.

He states that his father was one of the eminently good and advanced men of his time. Stern and exacting in all things pertaining to religion, but advanced, for being infected with Morisonian heresy he was turned out of the church, and his son seems to have inherited the father's speculative mind, along with his good and noble mother's strong physique. Yet though trained in the free air of the E. U. Church, he was afraid of hell; that prison-house of souls, whose gates never open to let one escape; built by a Father of Love, that therein he might roast and torment his unruly children forever and forever.

The boy was afraid, and tried to be good. He asked his father, if God loved his soul as much as Saul's why he did not speak to him personally, that he, too, might believe and be saved? and a religious war broke out within him; he fought and struggled in darkness with terrible doubt. Tossing hither and thither, like Noah's dove seeking rest but finding none, those were dark days. He was advised to see Prof. Kirk, who would likely speak words of peace to his soul, but the reverend gent gave him a book on Predestination to read, and so the war went on.

The family were spending the season at the then village of Dunoon, and Andrew was down from Saturday till Monday. On Sunday morning he got up right early, and wandered by the banks of Milton Burn, until he was out of sight of the passing crowds. At the foot of a tree, by the side of the silvery stream, laughing and dancing past, with the sun looking down like the eye of God upon him, and the birds warbling their praises on every hand—with all the elements of inspiration around him, he knelt down in an agony of soul indescribable to pray for help; but the prayer came back like an echo through the darkness. He struggled there for two hours, and arose at last, with tear-stained eyes, unanswerd, unheard. He had not faith, and prayer without faith is vain; so this was his final effort in that direction. But he asked: Should others suffer the intense mental agony he had endured? Not if he could help it. So he began to teach what he believed to be a GIGANTIC DELUSION, that they might believe it, and be saved from such a hell as he had endured; and the soothing lullaby he sang to others would soon have wooed his own soul into lethargy, whispering, "Peace, peace, where there was no peace," but that of painless mortification, invariably ended in death. But, again, fortunately the fever in his soul broke out amid deeper gloom; a wilder unrest, a fiercer fury than ever raged before, and troubled with a hot, parched and insatiable thirst to know. That fever once roused, the peace of mortification was gone, and he said with Solomon: "Better a living dog than a dead lion."

THROUGH MESMERISM TO SPIRITUALISM.
At this time Mr. Cross resided for a few months in the town of Hamilton, and by way of amusement, a few friends being met at a house there, he tried, and to his own astonishment, succeeded in mesmerizing a young man named Templeton, now a large dry goods merchant in Liverpool; his subject turning out a splendid clairvoyant. He industriously pursued the study, until, with an electric thrill, he received the conviction that "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

With heart and mouth full of the story of his deliverance, and convinced that, after all, the Bible fables might be true, he flew to his old friends with the "glad tidings." James Brown and Robert Colquhoun did not jump with joy, and rejoice with him, but sadly shook their heads, and on his departure bemoaned the fate of poor Cross, whose brain so soon showed signs of decay. He however went on with a series of experiments, which led him far in the study of Psychology, before he took time to look back. These experiments were too varied and numerous to be given here; suffice it to mention that first he found that he could control his subject by an exercise of will, without mesmerism passes, and therefore concluded that it was not "A subtle fluid passing from the extremities of the body of the operator into the

system of the subject." By many tests he found that the subject could inform him on matters of which he knew nothing, until subsequent inquiry proved them true; therefore, mysterious as thought-reading is, this was more baffling, and more complicated still. He tested clairvoyance alone, and also in a large audience, on the evening of the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales; the clairvoyant read books through brick walls, read notes in gents' pockets, described parties, and their occupations, in houses at a distance, etc., and while Cross was struggling against the spiritual hypothesis in every way possible, the fates introduced him to a real live Spiritualist, Mr. Sharpe (here was a curiosity), and through him to a most remarkable and reliable clairvoyant, Maggie Townsend: With two good clairvoyants in hand, it may well be understood that he made rapid progress in the unpopular but fascinating study. He says: "At this time, my good, upright and truly religious father passed on, a non-Spiritualist in life, but an exultant one in death, for ere the waters of Jordan touched his feet, he warned those around him that he was not delirious, but that he saw himself surrounded by an immense cloud of angelic witnesses, and amid the seraphic songs of well-come, audible, he said, to him, he bade his loving friends not farewell, but simply good-by. He has gone forward. I possess immense advantages over him to-day, but I would to God that with them all I were half as good a man."

THE PIONEERS OF SPIRITUALISM IN GLASGOW.

Mr. Cross continues: "On removing to Glasgow, after my father's departure, I received a circular, inviting those interested in Spiritual Phenomena to meet at Buchanan's Hotel, Carlton Terrace, where to my amazement I found that if I was mad, my old friends Brown and Colquhoun were stark, staring crazy, for they were the promoters of the meeting. Here I formed associations which I cherished in after years, and which I will always cherish in this life, as well as in the next. The memories are still green and sweet of Robt. Colquhoun, the intelligent and cultivated gentleman, later M. D.; Jas. Brown, who though not now traveling along with us, will doubtless come right in the end; tough, gruff, blunt, and honest he aye was, and still is. He says Spiritualism is as true to him to-day as it ever was, but he found it to be of evil origin. With a belief that the devil is doing this work, I think him safe. Jas. McInnes: quiet, ever smiling and good-natured; now, or recently, editing the *Free Press*, Wakefield. J. McFarlane: always busy, full of drive, push, and sometimes playful humor; now M. D., near Glasgow. Gavin Clark: impulsive and ambitious, but kindly at all times; now M. P. for Caithness. Hay Nisbet: with his old familiar smile, stroking down his long Garibaldi beard; and dear old Mr. Marshall, the first President, who has gone to join the great majority. Jas. Nicholson, too: quiet, retiring, and though a poet of no mean ability, yet so unobtrusive that he was seldom heard. Then there was gentle, genial, affectionate and emotional Andrew Glendinning; and jolly, bluff, David Duguid (Scotch for Do Good), and he has done much good, for who has not heard of the Painting Medium?"

On this subject Mr. Cross goes on to say: "Mr. Duguid's development at Nisbet's was most interesting as well as instructive to those who, like me, followed it through its various evolutions. He was visited by half the clergy of Glasgow and neighborhood, while literary and scientific men from all over the country came to see him. He was as usual tested, and toasted, and roasted, more than I have ever seen any medium, and has come out unscathed. But the strict rules, rigidly enforced, at the séances held night after night at the Nisbet house—rules enforced alike on priest and pauper—were doubtless the reason of his retaining his mediumship to this day, not only undiminished, but evolved and developed beyond conception. The first I saw of his mediumship were some scrolls and writing, mediocre, if not inferior. Then I saw an elaborate sketch of some Temple of Truth (I had not seen it produced), and feared its foundations were laid in mist. Then came the water color drawings; under the conditions, wonderful productions enough. The pill grew larger in my mouth, or my throat more constricted, when there swept upon me the Waterfall test, which washed the pill down with a gulp, and I found I had swallowed the whole. The strict order and decorum were enforced upon all at these sittings by Mr. Nisbet, and the result has proved the wisdom of what, to many, appeared unnecessary severity at the time. For a full account of those séances read 'Hafed, Prince of Persia,' a book dictated by Mr. Duguid in unconscious trance. It contains *fac similes* of some of the instantaneous drawings given at these unsurpassed sittings."

MR. D. DUGUID'S MEDIUMSHIP.

Mr. Cross continues: "I have been present when this medium's coat was whisked off from his body, and found on me. I have assisted to tie him on a chair, when a privately-marked card was put on the table, under a musical-box, and in less time than you take to read this story of it, he was carried through the wooden partition, into a cabinet, without visible disintegration; the musical-box wound up and floated round the room, while the card was found to have a pretty little sea-piece painted on it in oil, the colors, of course, still wet. I feel bound to say here, for the sake of young aspiring mediums, that undoubtedly the ultimate success of the painting medium is due to the tender care of conditions, etc., taken by Mr. Hay Nisbet—quiet, easy-going as he was, but enthusiastic; and when opposed in such matters, firm and determined."

While referring to Mr. Nisbet, Mr. Cross

states that on one occasion he (C.) was much troubled by the passage running in his mind, "Be sure your sin will find you out." Musically he leaned over a table, with pencil in hand, and while studying what application the passage had to him, he unconsciously wrote it out, and addressed it to Mr. Greatrex, photographer. He then mentioned the matter to Mr. Nisbet, who advised him to send the note to Greatrex. He declined; and two weeks thereafter the Union Bank forgeries were discovered, and Greatrex fled; the sequel being that he was arrested in America, brought back, and sent to penal servitude for twenty years. The question presents itself: What would have been the result if Cross had not "quenched the spirit?"

This was a brave band of men—united, and filled with the spirit; and it is no wonder that a prominent Glasgow Magistrate, one who had been decrying them, should say when he saw them, "Is it possible that you gentlemen are Spiritualists? You look respectable and intelligent; you are not at all the men I expected to see." These men had received the truth, the truth had made them free, and they were anxious that others should share with them this glorious Gospel.

PUBLIC SPIRITUALISM.

Casting their eyes southward, they hailed Miss Sarah Chapman, from Yorkshire, who was the first medium they ventured to bring before the public. Her mediumship was crude and undeveloped, therefore unsatisfactory, though doubtless genuine. She was visited privately, at Mr. Cross's home, by many prominent gentlemen, amongst others, Jas. Bain, Esq., who had published something on the subject, and freely acknowledged his belief in the phenomena; and doubtless would do so still, notwithstanding the fact that he is now Sir Jas. Bain, Bart. All through the society's early struggles he was their friend, and his check-book, by his generosity, was often a blessing to many.

England, at this time, was being visited by a lady from America, whose reputation had preceded her, Miss Emma Hardinge, now Mrs. Hardinge-Britten. Her movements were brought prominently before the public by the wide circulation of *The Medium*, in which Mr. Cross says he first learned of her good qualities as an inspirational lecturer. He then corresponded, and succeeded in making terms with her to appear in Glasgow. Each individual member was anxious for success, and toiled for victory. As an instance of the enthusiasm, we give one case in Mr. Cross's own words: "Along with Gavin, now Dr. Clark, M.P., I set out after 12 o'clock, on Saturday night, carrying paste-can and bills, and proceeded to adorn the doors and pillars of the churches—climbing the railings when necessary—with the flaming announcements of the New Gospel to be preached that day by Miss Hardinge. As we went round next day we found groups of people at the church doors discussing the subject. Indeed it may be truly said, 'She Came, Saw, and Conquered.' Four lectures were announced in Merchant's Hall; three passed off quietly, but the fourth was to be on a subject given by a committee selected by the audience. Rev. Mr. Craig, now Prof. Craig, of Edinburgh, was chairman of that committee, and the subject given: 'State the processes, and mode of procedure, by which we attain an approximate estimate as to the weight and density of the sun.'"

"Dead silence for a moment preceded the storm. The chairman tremblingly stated that he thought it would have been better if the committee had chosen a subject of more general interest. The lady instantly announced that she threw herself on the protection of her committee, and declined the subject. I gave my opinion that the lady should not be expected to accept that subject, for who were to judge of her treatment of it when finished? Surely it was monstrous, with both her and Spiritualism on trial, to risk the reputation of all in the hands of one man, and he rendered incompetent to judge by an already acknowledged prejudice."

"The storm had burst. The scene was one of indescribable uproar. Shouts, yells and catcalls came from every part of the hall. The treasurer, in dread agony, offered to give them their money back. Mr. Nisbet was gestulating wildly, the president pleading tearfully. J. W. Jackson—the noble, peerless, too-often forgotten J. W. Jackson, then a non-Spiritualist—stood on a bench, shouting: 'Fools! you ask what the apostle Paul could not have done.' I heard some one whisper, 'Cool as a cucumber,' and, turning, I saw the medium, a smile on her face and a twinkle in her eye, sitting with ease and grace in an easy chair, the picture of complacency, waiting. A thrill of confidence inspired me, and I, too, became calm, and others appeared likewise affected."

"The storm raged around us with unabated fury for an hour and a half, after which Miss H. was allowed to proceed, when she gave a short, but pithy and eloquent address, and one of the stormiest meetings ever held in Glasgow came to a close. Not, however, until the reverend gentleman had, of his own accord, apologized for his part in debarring the audience so long a time from such a treat. Whether or not the source were supernatural, it was a treat, at least, to him. Subsequently another lecture was given in the City Hall, on 'Garibaldi,' presided over by the late Rev. Hately Waddell, of Burns fame. These events, and the strong opposition, toned our enthusiasm a little, but did not deter us from going on with the good work."

Mr. Cross then informs us that they altered the name to "The Psychological Society," and thus opened the door to admit

Prof. Jackson, and many others, who stood outside waiting. Prof. Jackson gave the inaugural lecture at the opening of a new season, and at the annual *soirée* addresses were given by Mr. Andrew Glendinning, Port Glasgow, now of London; and also the Rev. A. Brown of Galashiels, now of Aberdeen, who openly acknowledged his convictions. The society was also visited during that session by Mr. Robert Harper of Birmingham, Mr. E. H. Green, and others; and during this session many interesting events took place. Mrs. Harriet Law, the Secularist lecturer, made some strong but friendly opposition to us; and though the parties differed so widely, we have reason to believe that it helped the society, and Mr. Cross has a knowledge that it did Mrs. Law no harm.

A CONFLICT WITH CHURCH MEMBERS.

About this time Mr. Cross's connection with the E. U. Church was severed, but their Mutual Improvement Society kindly invited him to address them on Spiritualism, which he consented to do. Some models were lent him by Miss Hardinge, and some paintings and writings by Mr. Duguid. Armed with these, and inspired with a determination to flash upon them the electric light of Immortality from across the Styx, he went to the hall, to find instead of twenty or thirty persons, as expected, the larger hall filled with probably three hundred or four hundred people. After the lecture and the illustrations were past the onslaught was furious, personal friends with tears imploring his return, and begging others not to go near them. "Come out from among them." "Touch not the unclean thing." At eleven o'clock P. M. the meeting was adjourned till the following week, and two gentlemen (one a lawyer) were appointed to take up the question, with a view to counteract the influence of the effort made by friend Cross.

As large a meeting as before assembled, but Mr. Cross had only to sit still and be criticised—pretty harshly, too—till 10:30 o'clock, when he was allowed ten minutes to reply to his critics. He rapidly reviewed some of the statements made and thoughts put forward by his old friends. Then Mr. Andrew Wallace, Inspector of the Poor, who presided, called, "Time up." Mr. Cross then said: "One phase of the subject I have not been able to bring before you, but as it is an important one, I shall do so shortly, and then leave you to ponder over the matter at home. I shall quote from a gentleman for whom I have the greatest respect—a deep thinker and profound scholar: 'This is a marvelous power which the soul possesses of wandering away from the body... of separating itself from the body, and wandering amongst suns and moons and stars whilst the body lies dormant and still;... yea, beyond suns and stars, even within the veil of the Holy of Holies, while the body lies still in a corner at home.... This is a wonderful power possessed by the Soul.' Considerable interruption took place during the reading of the quotation, and some one near Mr. Cross muttered, 'Horrible blasphemy.' But the lecturer said: 'Ponder these words well; they contain sound doctrine, and are the words of Rev. Prof. Morison, D.D., your minister.' Silence for a moment, then loud cheers by his sympathizers followed. On leaving the hall Mr. Cross said, quietly, 'The ball is rolling, and as it rolls, it grows,' again quoting from the same source. Shortly afterward a part of the lecture was stereotyped, issued by the society in tract form, and circulated by thousands."

This lecture evidently had made an impression, for Mr. Cross was asked to deliver it in Paisley, Renfrew, and various other places. At Paisley, the local press gave long and quite favorable reports, and a spirited controversy arose in the leading journal on the subject."

Glasgow was visited just then by various other mediums in rapid succession, some fairly good, some better; among these were a (not the) Mr. Robt. Owen, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Everitt, etc., etc., some helping, some retarding the work in that city, but doubtless all trying to do their best for the best. During this time a circle was held at Mr. Cross's house in Hospital street, and he ventured to ask Dr. George Sexton, the noted Secularist, to be present. Messrs. Harper, Clark, Brown, and others were there also. Mr. Clark was—and likely still is—an abstainer. Becoming possessed by a force declaring itself to be the spirit of an old sailor, he demanded "whiskey" ere he would tell his story; whiskey being forthcoming, the medium drank it, something we all knew he would not have done of his own volition. That séance was the unhappiest point with Dr. Sexton, and we regret that when he was cut adrift from Materialism he has not been able to moor himself firmly anywhere since."

RESIDENCE IN YORKSHIRE.

At this period friend Cross was called to leave Scotland and reside for a few years in Yorkshire, where he made the acquaintance of a large number of warm hearted, sturdy, honest and earnest Spiritualists. He says: "Every name I give was a nucleus round which a galaxy of stars revolved, each one trying to outshine the others in spreading the new Gospel. There was Mr. Wade of Bowling; Mr. and Mrs. Smith of Bradford; Mr. and Misses Culpin of Halifax; Mr. and Mrs. Lingford of Leeds; Mrs. Butterfield, and Mr. and Mrs. Bradbury of Morley; Mrs. Scattergood, and many others, humble but noble 'Defenders of the Faith.' At this time I also made the acquaintance of that old apostle, John Lamont; also of George Thompson, declared by Lord Brougham to be the greatest orator of his day; also George Thompson's co-laborer—if not in the spiritual vineyard, yet in the anti-slavery movement—Fred. Douglass, American Consul at Hayti; and I must not forget Charles Bradlaugh, who

said he liked to talk with me on any subject except Spiritualism. But above and beyond all these, there was that profound thinker, powerful speaker, and most accomplished lady, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond. The first time I met her was at Halifax. The audience at the suggestion of a medical gentleman had selected for a subject: 'The mode of operation by which the optic nerve conveys the impressions from the eye to the brain.' I put my objections to the subject before the meeting, as I had done in a similar case in Glasgow. The majority of the audience voted for Spiritualism, but the medium immediately arose and asked, as a personal favor, that the Spiritualist majority would give way this time to the minority, which they did, and the lecture was given in such an intelligent and popular form that all were interested and instructed, the M. D. referred to expressing his personal gratification. I believe she stands alone in her peerless, as well as fearless, advocacy of the truth."

Mr. Cross then returned to Glasgow, and succeeded in inducing Mrs. Richmond to pay Scotland a visit. Her first lecture in the City Hall, Glasgow, to three thousand people, was a magnificent success; indeed, it seems there was a regular "outpouring of the spirit." The Society by this time had made an acquisition in the person of our old, esteemed friend, James Bowman, to whose house the Duguid séances had been transferred; after which, it happened that friend Cross never again had the opportunity of being present. Previous successes were eclipsed, however, and genuine advancement made. Mr. Cross informs us that at this period he also met with the worthy and well-known President of the Glasgow Society, Mr. James Robertson, whose estimable friendship he still holds dear."

Our friend has since moved to America (New England), where he seems to have gained laurels as a lecturer and elocutionist. His lectures on Spiritualism and kindred subjects, though seldom given under Spiritualist auspices, have been widely reported and read in the outside press.—*The Medium and Daybreak*, London, Eng.

Spiritual Phenomena.

Phenomena in Ohio in 1861.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

I have before me a copy of the *Ohio Repository*, printed in Canton, O., and dated April 10th, 1861. It contains a lengthy account of spiritual manifestations that occurred at a circle in Massillon, O. As it would fill nearly a page of THE BANNER, if given entire, I propose to omit the unnecessary details. Mr. G. K. Baugh, now residing in Wilmington, was a member of that circle, and vouches for the truthfulness of the account. The circle was composed of the following persons: Mr. and Mrs. Baugh, Mr. Lowe, Dr. Martin, Mrs. Fletcher and her brother, Mr. C. The writer says of the gentlemen that if any suppose them to have been either knaves or fools they are mistaken. They were all well-known business men of Massillon. The first manifestation worthy of note was at a circle when only three of the men were present, and none of the women. They sat in the dark for some time, and thought they were getting nothing, but when they struck a light they found a card on the table, on which was written:

"The hands of spirits are now lifting the veil fold by fold. Be not afraid."

Upon each asking of the other, "Did you put that card there?" all answered No. Each suspected the other, and whilst doubting each other's word, the card slipped out of Mr. Baugh's fingers and was never seen afterwards. That settled the question. They had no doubts after that. At the next meeting of the full circle a piece of paper was put in the drawer of a show-case and a pencil laid on top of it for the spirits to write upon, as they had promised to do. Soon five distinct raps were heard as a signal that the writing was done. Upon opening the drawer the paper and pencil lay just as they had been placed, but on the under side of the paper was written:

"Persevere, you will have wonderful manifestations."

At a subsequent meeting a card was dropped on the table inscribed:

"On the south-west window of Madison Hall there is a message—depart ye hence and receive it. Take no light but the light of your faith. The key you will find hanging on a nail to the right of the first entrance door about four feet from the floor." Mr. Lowe and Mr. C. were deputized to go to the hall and investigate; went as directed in the dark, and on reaching the door failed to find the key until Mr. Lowe's hand was raised without any effort on his part and placed on the key. They unlocked the door, and proceeded to the south-west window as directed, and found a card on which was written:

"Faithful servants, what inconceivable pleasure it gives us to know how true, persevering and steadfast you are in your belief. A prophesy: Some of you are to be to this earth as Elisha, and Elijah were in golden days that long since have flown." Return to-morrow evening at same hour, half-past eight."

They met again the following evening, and at half-past eight o'clock three of the members went to the hall, as requested, unlocked the door at the foot of the stairs, and groped their way in the dark to the second story, when the door leading to the hall swung open unopened, and the three entered, and all saw a light on the platform. Presently there arose at the desk a materialized form of majestic bearing

and a commanding appearance, with full, flowing beard and radiant countenance. The form was surrounded by a halo of soft mellow light that illuminated the entire apartment, making it so light that the smallest objects were visible. The form was that of a man robed in white drapery, holding in his left hand an urn, and in his right hand a scroll or roll of paper. This scroll he reached toward the men as if desiring them to advance and receive it, but by that time they were each quaking with fear, and dare not venture up to do so. Immediately at the right of the apparition, and toward the corner of the hall, appeared another light, accompanied by a hissing sound. When the sound ceased the light faded away, and was followed by a low rumbling sound like that of far off thunder. That was too much for the men to stand, and one of them made a break for the door; the others followed in quick succession, and made no stop until they reached the séance-room.

They resumed their sitting, and soon another card was dropped on the table, inscribed: "Oh ye of little faith, how it saddens our hearts that ye should flee at the critical moment when important revelations were about to be made." Soon after a private séance was held at the house of a friend, when Mr. Baugh asked if they could not have on the following evening a photographic likeness of that "presence" (as the writer called it) seen in Madison Hall, and by raps he received an affirmative reply. When the circle met the next evening they received another card, on which was written: "The fulfillment of the promise made yesterday you will find in the window near the door leading to Madison Hall." Accordingly two of their number went to the hall as directed, and returned with a photograph which they found at the place designated. All who saw the mysterious "presence" in the hall pronounced it an exact likeness in every particular. The writer of the account speaks of it thus: "I have examined the photograph, and find it different in every respect from any I have ever seen. It is on white paper, and the likeness and drapery are white. The background is a singular blending of light and shade remarkable in its appearance, and wholly unlike anything I ever examined." That photograph was highly prized by the members of the circle, and several attempts were made by photographers to copy it, but it was found impossible to do so. When Mr. Baugh removed to Wilmington it was left with the other members, and now is lost sight of altogether.

Soon after that remarkable occurrence, the propriety of publishing to the world the things they had seen and heard was discussed in the circle. The controlling intelligences were consulted in the matter, and another card was received, inscribed: "Be ye faithful, and proclaim to the world the things ye have seen and heard, for in due time men will believe." The publication of those things was still delayed, and at a subsequent meeting of the circle the following message was received:

"Oh ye faithless ones, how long must we bear with your unbelief? Have we not manifested ourselves unto you? And have not some of you witnessed things which but few mortals are permitted to behold, and yet ye turned and fled at the moment when great revelations were about to be made. Have we not commanded other things which ye have not done? If ye cannot keep these light commandments, how can we trust greater ones to your keeping? Obey our directions at once, or we must seek another and more faithful circle through which to make our revelations to the world. (Signed) YOUR GUARDIAN SPIRITS."

The next development was the hearing of audible spirit-voices, and thus mortals and spirits were enabled to hold conversation together. The next question discussed was, what paper can we get to publish these things? The spirits replied, "Publish them in the *Ohio Repository*." Mr. Lowe knew the editor of that paper, and he said: "He won't publish them; he is a blue-light Presbyterian." The spirits replied, "Take them to him, and I will see that they are published." They accordingly sent the account of what they had witnessed, and it was published entire.

In abridging the lengthy narrative the phraseology is necessarily changed, but the messages received are here given *verbatim*.

S. N. Fogg.

Wilmington, Del., September, 1891.

September Magazines.

THE VACCINATION INQUIRY.—The International Congress of Hygiene and Demography lately held in England, felt itself called upon to defend itself "from," says *The Inquiry*, "the terrible indictment brought against it by Mr. Tebb, in the matter of leprosy." The anti-vaccinationists have met with a serious loss in the demise of Dr. Beany of Melbourne, the most eminent medical man of Australia. English papers are asking whether there is not some "anti-vaccinator Brother Jonathan to protest" against a proposed observance of the Centenary of the introduction of vaccination May 14th, 1896, the special feature of which is to be a eulogy on Jenner. The inquiry is timely, and should be considered by those who recognize the fact that vaccination is more of a curse than a blessing. London: E. W. Allen.

THE HOME-MAKER.—In the series of "Typical Homes," the home of the Champneys—authors and artists—in old Deerfield is made the subject of the opening article, finely illustrated. "From the Pastern of Vanity Fair"—Newport in the height of its society season the latter, and a quaint out-of-the-way locality the former—is a pleasing, quietly atmospheric sketch by Mr. J. P. Tuck. The serial "The Three Fates" is continued. An "Old-Time Jersey Wedding" described, a number of poems, helps and suggestions given in domestic economy, and much else to interest "home-bodies" supplied. New York: 44 East 14th street.

THE PARENTOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—William T. Harris, Commissioner in the United States Bureau of Education, is the subject of a portrait and brief biography, and "The Physiognomy of the Month," that of an instructive illustrated paper. A facsimile is given of the manuscript of the words of "America," and Hester M. Poole contributes an article upon "Thought-Transference." New York: Fowler & Wells Co.

STORYS OF THE TIMES gives its usual variety of astrological information, and in its narratives those of T. T. Barnum, and Ed. Burgess; the famous yacht designer, both with portraits. Boston: Grant & Co.

The Greatest of All Gifts.

There is no gift to be compared with health. None realize this like the sufferer from some chronic or long-standing disease. To such the gift of renewed health is priceless. And yet it is within the reach of all such sufferers. The great specialist in the cure of all forms of nervous and chronic diseases, Dr. Greene, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., who has long stood at the head of the profession, has decided to give consultation and advice hereafter free. His medicines are all purely vegetable and harmless, and his success in curing disease is unequalled. His wonderful discovery for the nerves, Dr. Greene's Nervura, is probably the greatest medical discovery of the age. Remember, however, that you can write him a description of your case and he will return a carefully considered letter, fully explaining your disease, giving advice, etc., without charge of any kind. Send for his symbolical blank to fill out, and follow his advice if you want to be cured.

It does not take a shipbuilder long to learn that it is the steadiest yacht which has the quickest sale.

KING PHILIP AT ONSET BAY.

Poem Extemporized Through the Mediumship of JOSEPH D. STILES.

All hail! All hail to Onset Bay!

King Philip sounds thy praise to-day! His heart rejoicing in the thought Of battles, bravely, nobly fought, And victories honorably won, He sees at last the rising sun— The dawning of a better day For this, our much-loved Onset Bay.

He looks into your faces here; He sees them bright with hope and cheer; He sees them flushed with joyous smiles, As Philip Chief, through Medium Stiles, Makes proclamation that at last Young Onset's trial hour is past; And that sweet peace with vestal ray Hath come to herald in the day.

The shadows dark have disappeared; The clouds from Onset's sky are cleared; No more are felt the shades of gloom, For Onset has begun to "boom"; The air is fragrant with the bloom Of Hope's sweet flowers, whose rich perfume Fills all your hearts to-day; and ye Rejoice that Onset now is free: Free from past trouble, and of strife Which threatened once its lovely life; And that peace cometh to abide, As Philip last year prophesied.

The Chieftain speaks no word of blame; His soul with triumph is aflame: For through the years all heaven turned out To bring this happy change about. He feels for all a love so great, That words are powerless to state; For words of earth, I can assure, To state his feelings are too poor; So to your hearts ye all must feel What Philip fathoms to reveal.

His joy he fails not to declare To see "BRAVE STONER" in the chair; Filling the place—ye know 'tis true— With credit to himself and you; And we will breathe the fervent prayer That many years may find him there; For our good "brave," in years ago, The babe attended when 't was born; And hardly then he realized, When Baby Onset was baptized, 'T would reach its present height sublime— Within so brief a space of time— From baby's growth to manhood's prime.

And for "BRAVE CROCKETT" a kind word From Chieftain Philip must be heard; Who did, ye well know, what he could For Onset's triumph and her good. And were it not a better place Awaits him in yon shining space, The Chief would hope—he is sincere— That he might live forever here!

Nor think the Chieftain will forget The ones who formed his cabinet, Who worked, with willing hand and heart, Most faithfully to do their part, Regardless of emoluments, For Onset's glory and defense.

Nor will he, pale-faced friends, forget A pearl of memory to set In this poetic coronet For him who worked so hard to save Our Onset from dissolution's grave. Should I do so, you might at once Proclaim me as a thoughtless dunce. So let us pitch our voices high, Until they probe the very sky. And raise this grand, triumphal cry: "OUR ONSET'S MOSES! BROTHER NYE!"

The Middleboro' Band forget? Not till King Philip's star shall set! Not till fair Reason's Lamp of Light Is lost in black, Cimmarian night! For to Queen Music's fairy touch Our glorious Onset owes much! So Philip, King, with feelings good, Expresseth his soul's gratitude For those delightful strains of cheer We have received from year to year. Breathe he this benediction grand, The best one now at his command: "Long live the Middleboro' Band!"

Nor would this rhyming be complete Without a fond remembrance sweet For those kind friends, whose vocal song Has helped so much our Cause along. The Chieftain hopes they long may live Most sweet concordant sounds to give. And yet the Chieftain fails to see, Why, friends, it otherwise could be— Why they should not evoke sweet strain, When so much hangs upon a CRANE.

Nor shall your speakers be forgot, Who've given you such choice food for thought, As they upon this platform stood, And held communion with the Good: Who wove their thoughts in threads of silk, Who gave you cream, and not "skimmed milk!" Who labored well, with zeal and might, To warm your hearts with Wisdom's light; And when from here ye go away, Leave not those thoughts at Onset Bay, But take them home with you, and strive By them to better live and thrive.

Thus Chieftain Philip gladly shouts A blessing on both "ins" and "outs," And hopes sincerely they will try To live in peace and harmony. He looks into the upper air; He sees the swarming legions there; So many in that gorgeous train, Trailing along yon stellar plain, It seems as if—to be sincere— All heaven itself had gathered here; Its angels waiting to proclaim Their presences in thought or name, To such loved ones at Onset Bay As they can easily reach to-day.

And bayward Philip turns his eyes; He sees in store a glad surprise; For on yon blue, upleaping waves Are seen uncouth squaws and braves, Their faces beaming with delight, That things appear so fair and bright, Do ye not hear the cleaving oar, As they draw near fair Onset's shore, Clothed with immortal strength and power, To join you in this festival hour?

This spot they love! 'Tis hallowed ground! Here many braves and squaws were crowned With life immortal. Here they found The open gate which led the way To peace and heaven's eternal day. They come with love-songs on their lips; No pain or woe their joys eclipse; No silly creed the spirit blinds, No dogmas false befog their minds; God made the red-man Nature's child, By creed or dogma undelimited; And on fair Nature's vernal breast He knowledge found, and peace and rest.

An outlet Philip means to find For such thoughts as may sway his mind To-day. To sage and tender youth He wishes to propound the truth; The truth—as God gives him the power To see, this swiftly flying hour— In language strong, if not sublime, He means to make his thoughts to rhyme. And not in flowery talk or speech; For not such words the senses dazzle, They make a spark, but leave no blaze; No warmth your beings to inspire With Inspiration's holy breeze.

So Philip means, in language plain, His course of action to maintain.

To give his views, to speak his mind In just such words as he can find. These thoughts he claimeth as his own; If cause for blame, blame him alone. And should you aught discover there That seems unjust, or seems unfair, Why, then, 'tis yours to reject— A thing all honest minds expect.

And here let Chieftain Philip quote What once a truthful spirit wrote Through medium's hand, long years ago, When mediumship was in its dawn; And these opinions here expressed, Will find response in every breast; At least in souls which have arisen From Superstition's gloomy prison:

The creeds and dogmas of the past, Which bound men in their fetters fast, Are fading like the mists of morn, Before Truth's bright, resplendent dawn. Belonging to a church does not Make surer man's immortal lot. The way to heaven and all its bliss Lies through a different route than this.

Man's progress from conditions low Is necessarily quite slow; He works his passage by degrees. A mighty truth at once he sees: There are no lazy souls in heaven; An acting part to each is given; Men need not think to cast their load On other shoulders, however broad:

Nor deem that sacrilegious blood Will prove acceptable to God; Or that a hobby they can ride, And into heaven safely glide. For Philip once more doth affirm, To use a theologic term, That God will speedily disown All "loafers" round "the Great White Throne."

Professing faith in filmy creeds Will never answer human needs; For faith without the works is dead, As Ancient Writ hath truly said. The devil from King Creed remove, You instantly his weakness prove; You leave him wounded on the ground, Dethroned, disabled and disowned; Thus forced, by lucky turn of fate His glided throne to abdicate In favor of the Queen of Truth, The Royal Friend of Age and Youth.

Let but this monster be removed! Let but his boasted power be proved— King Creed has lost the best of friends, And all his vaunted prestige ended. This scarecrow in the Lord's great field To stronger forces now must yield; The glory of his strength is gone, Where men once worshiped, now they scorn!

His days are numbered! 'Tis well! Already do ye hear the knell That soundeth his approaching doom, His exile to Oblivion's tomb! You feel it in the very air, You see the omens everywhere; The sentinel fails at his post, He rallies, then gives up the ghost!

Oh! when this phantom of the mind, This fiend by artful priests designed, This vital essence of all creeds, This prompter of ignoble deeds, Shall meet from heaven his fatal blow— His bloody banners trailing low— What loud huzzas will rend the skies, As the foul despot writhes and dies!

Yet in man's present sinful state, 'Tis well this devil to locate; To improve a hell for him, And vote him as his ruler grim; Impossible, 'tis very plain, For men their passions to restrain; To walk, as rational beings should, With virtue, right, and truth imbued!

Such souls errant need a hell— As you and I know very well— To keep their feet from deep disgrace, Or walking in forbidden place; Through fear they therefore must be ruled, In sternest disciplines be schooled; In fiery furnaces be tried, Till they are changed and purified:

Till they have learned that love alone Will lead their feet to Wisdom's throne! And then, and not till then, Will Fear, That Prince of Devils, disappear! To-day his power is waning fast; The world is moving right at last! The priestly frown, the mitred head, No longer fill men's souls with dread.

With hell and devil out of creed, On what new food will bigots feed? What other scheme will they devise To blind or hoodwink people's eyes? To strategy they may resort, To keep the sinking ship afloat; With zeal and energy may strive To keep their soulless forms alive.

Their craft is doomed! 'Tis plain indeed To all who can discern or read; With hell expunged, the devil lost, Must not King Creed give up the ghost? When Love becomes the Law Supreme, And men are really what they seem; When Truth assumes its regal throne, And governs nations as its own:

When Error takes its downward flight Into Oblivion's starless night; When slavish fear no more controls The destiny of human souls; And all things to the right opposed Their ignominious lives have closed; The world with peace and love will glow, And heaven will rule and reign below; The devil then will leave his throne, And hell will nevermore be known.

Supposing for a while 'tis true That there's a hell for me and you: A hell such as the past has taught, With never-ending misery fraught; Where we fore'er its depths shall range, Without the prospect of a change; And where, through God's eternal years, Will be but anguish, pain and tears.

When we consider for a time That men of every grade of crime Have, at the mandate of a priest, When of their mortal forms released, Been changed at once from demigods low To angels pure and white as snow— I ask, will you with me concur? Or tell me which place you prefer:

A heaven made up of such a crew, Or hell, with all its good and true; Its martyrs, who would not forsake From fear of halter or of stake The truth, which their earth-lips inspired, And every generous impulse fired? For death to such grand spirits shrines, 'Tis but the open gate to heaven; Through which, from martyrdom and night, They marched as conquerors to light!

No such a heaven as some portray, No such a hell as I pray, If I got there, 'I'd got away; And quickly make a rank and file, With all its hell-souls to avail; With spirits such as H. C. Wagon, And DENTON, and good brother WHITE, With ACHA-SPEAKS and GARRISON, Whose work was well and nobly done; With sister HOWARD, who for years has been A dweller of the spheres, and has been One of your early pioneers:

With FANNY CONANT, best of souls, (Through whose beneficent controls

So many hearts have found the way From earthly night to heavenly day! Who through the glorious BANNER spoke, And countless souls from darkness woke; Through whom the sire, the dame, the youth, Have been inspired to speak the truth, And through whose work, with beauty rife, The world is richer for her life!

In yonder mansions fair she waits Your passage through the pearly gates, In joy to meet you face to face Somewhere in God's unbounded space. And ye may hope, in worlds of bliss, In fairer, sweeter life than this, In realms near or realms afar— It matters never where they are— To greet her and all kindred souls, Where Love's grand law all life controls;

With FANNY BURBANK FELTON, who Passed years ago from mortal view, And left a name, in love enshrined, For faithful service to mankind; With LEAH UNDERHILL, whose soul Not long since reached the heavenly goal. Who flinched not from the rightful way For filial love or display; Who led your feet from darkness out, Who gave you hope when there was doubt; Who turned Death's chilling, sunless night, Into a day of dawning light, And made the grave a bright abode, A milestone on Progression's road.

Your deepest gratitude, your love, Soar on to her blest home above; Your thanks to Him that she was given, To find the shortest route to heaven. For she it was, of all the earth, Who nursed the infant at its birth, And guarded jealously its fate, Till it had grown to man's estate. God bless her true, heroic heart! She blessed her for the noble part God played! The brow of heaven around The angels have this jewel bound; And God, the Spirit Great, hath crowned Her risen life among his own.

Forever near Love's shining throne; With our dear Bro. WARREN CHASE, Who lately run his mortal race, And who our Cause so ably served, Nor from his line of duty swerved; With Bro. WHEELER, brave and firm, Who made the bigots writh and squirm— Who gave us freely without stint Truths fresh from Inspiration's mint; Who lived in noble thought and deed, Nor ever knuckled to King Creed; With Bro. GREENLEAF, whose good words Were like the warblings of the birds, As he in language choice portrayed The truth his honest soul obeyed; With GARDNER, who with tireless tongue Our Cause espoused when it was young; With FORSTER, who 'I remembered be, And who, with fearless soul and free, From human eyes removed the scales— His frontal name was THOMAS GALES; With E. V. WILSON—cherished name, And FERRIS—of poetic fame; With TOOKER, who in years ago Our Cause defended in its dawn; With LINCOLN, of immortal name, Of world-wide and illustrious fame, Who left the scenes of life below In halls of Thespis, as ye know; With SEAVEL, MENNUM, THOMAS PAINE, Whose honored deathless names I faint In humble verse to-day would wreath, As grand as human lips could breathe; With other souls who led the way For you to travel in to-day, And others still ye call your own, Nor noble less because less known.

And best of all, THE BANNER brave Waves over all, the truth to save! Its light is shed o'er all the world; We hope its folds will ne'er be furled Until we reach the other side, Across the "River" deep and wide. There may we meet on shining shore The dear old BANNER as of yore— Its "LIGHT" undimmed though ages roll— With "HEATH" to write the final scroll.

Would not hell be a heaven most fair, And would ye not be happy there With such minds glorious, grand and free, To keep you endless company? Why, that would be a heaven, not hell, If those ye love and cherish well Are only there with you to spend The years of God without an end. But God is just! His loving heart Will yet bring all from him apart Unto himself! Stern discipline Shall open the gates and let them in; For toward the Perfect, Good and Great, All souls at last must gravitate, And e'en the lowest yet shall find Through Progress' law sweet peace of mind; Advancing, by the power of right, Forever toward the Perfect Light; To rest in arms most kind and broad, Anear the throbbing heart of God.

But ere I close let me extend A little counsel as a friend— As you in truth and right believe, And gratefully our thoughts receive: To rid the world of every sin, Must you the work aright begin: First trace the fountain to its source, Then measure take to stem its course. To do this must ye closely search Inside and outside of the church, Through every aisle and avenue With will and energy to do; And ye will find that sure success Your persevering work will bless. I would not have you warfare wage With bloody weapons in this age; For such but bring a lasting curse, And only make the matter worse.

Benevolence—I oft have said— Reigns queen supreme of heart and head; And only through this attribute Can men be raised above the brute; Ye'll find, when ye the matter test, That peaceful measures are the best, And that the dire disease is cured, When of its whereabouts assured.

If I have seemed somewhat severe In my poetic limnings here, Remember queenly Truth demands Bold utterances at my hands: When error frowns, shall I be dumb? Or shall I stop upon the brink, Or from the path of duty shrink, Or question what will people think? Because they cannot realize The truths of the eternal skies, Shall I to wrong and ignorance yield, And coward-like leave Duty's field? And leave the trophies to the foe, Without the privilege of a blow?

No! Duty plainly points the way, And her behests will I obey; Where her unerring tapers burn, My feet in confidence will turn. For rest assured her beacons bright Will safely lead us to the light. To teach the truth, the right proclaim, Will be the Chieftain's highest aim.

And may ye work with might and main, Perfection's bill-tops to attain, Or just as near them as ye can, In accord with Progression's plan. From Duty's highway never shrink, Though 't may seem an uphill work, For hark and stony as the road, 'T will lead at last to Heaven's abode.

By doing right and living well Shall ye escape the pangs of hell! The hell born of ignoble deeds, Of faulty faith and selfish greed; A happy, joyous heaven to win, Lies through exemption from all sin; A heaven which ye can all attain, A heaven of everlasting gain.

This is sufficient. I am done; The Chief's poetic race is run! Yet ere he mounts the heavens above, The hunting-fields of light and love, Would he advise, with friendly heart, That each and all may do their part To make this place a fair resort, A truly consecrated spot, Destined by happy fate to be A little city by the sea.

Forget, then, ye have pulled apart, And come together, heart to heart; And work in union, as ye should, For Onset's best and highest good; To make it an earth-paradise, A golden gateway to the skies. Then, from your mighty moving train, Stretching along the Border-Plain, Shall come the sweet, accelerating strain, Of which this is the glad refrain, "Fair Onset Bay is born again!"

The Lyceum.

Right Education of the Young.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light: Education is of the utmost importance to all; but education must harmonize with the fixed and immutable laws by which men and women are governed, or erroneous acts will be the result, and suffering inevitable.

Spiritualist parents must realize the importance of educating their children rightly, so that they may grow up symmetrical and beautiful—both physically and spiritually.

Some of the modern scholars attending liberal schools have much to say in regard to environments, as having a great influence in shaping one's future destiny for usefulness and moral action in this world. Spiritualists believe in eternal progress, and that this mundane life is designed to be a school in which to learn by experience and education, to fit and prepare, to graduate with high honor in a ripe manhood and womanhood, to a higher school in the spirit-world, when the indwelling spirit leaves the physical form.

Considering such to be the fact, in the matter of education, it behooves Spiritualists to be very careful how they educate their children, and what environments they place around them. To illustrate the essential and momentous importance in the matter, let me give a fact which has come to my knowledge and to my life-experience within the last fourteen years:

A young lady of seventeen summers not long since passed to the spirit-world, and forty hours after her transition from a physical form she stood before me and clairaudiently I heard her whisper the following words: "It is so different than I was taught, I ought not to have passed on. I did not need to have passed on if I had been taught right."

This young lady from childhood to beautiful young womanhood was a model lady, in speech, actions and decorum; very affectionate, sensitive and honest, forgiving when wronged and repentant when in the wrong. Her parents are believers in spirit communion, and have received much light and knowledge through Spiritualism. They have taken a great deal of pride in educating their children, and this daughter they sent to a seminary conducted by an evangelist minister of a very rigid type, and of considerable note. One part of the instructions of the seminary was sectarian, and this young lady being sensitive and honest, and confiding in her teachers, by their instructions, and through their psychological influence, received and accepted a religion which was foreign to her nature and temperament. The continued strain of such a belief upon a kindly and sympathetic nature, to whom it was an entirely new thing—her years previously having been passed in the sunlight of Spiritualism, which cheered the home of her parents—brought on conditions which ultimately in her disease; and, according to her own statement, she passed to the spirit-world prematurely. There she must be taught anew, and be deprived of the experiences in this life essential to her progress in that.

Probably there are thousands of Spiritualists who are having their children educated in this young lady was, and never stop to think of the consequences of erroneous teachings or of surrounding influences and environments.

It would seem that it was time for Spiritualists to begin to profit by the knowledge that they have received through mediums from the spirit-world. No tongue can tell what agony many mediums have suffered in order to give the knowledge to Spiritualists which they now possess; and why will they not as a class profit by it and educate their children aright?

South Deerfield, Mass. DR. C. SHEPARD.

The Influence of Hunger for the World's Good.

The subjoined paper was read before the First Spiritual Temple Fraternity School, Boston, on Sept. 13th, 1891, by Lizzie M. Nolen:

Is unrest occasioned by a want of food or an intense craving for aught else for the world's good, or is it not? I think we may say it is, for were there no hunger, but every desire of man satisfied, there would be no need of labor, the world would stand still, and there would be little or no progression; but it is a fact that all are reaching out for something unattained, something hungered for that makes progression.

Hunger is in the world in many forms; one of its phases most commonly heard of, and one which causes many sad deeds to be committed, is that hungering for food to keep soul and body together. That is physical hunger, which under a proper management of affairs might be avoided in a great degree. When we think of the many people in the world to-day who have nothing to eat, and on the other hand of those who have plenty and to spare, we can readily see that there is something wrong in the management of the general affairs of our country. There are many people now laboring to have those matters settled in a more equitable manner, and it is hoped they may succeed, and physical hunger, over every desire of man, and if man has good food and plenty of it, he will be able to attain higher aims in life.

But physical hunger is not the only hunger which we find, though more readily perceived than the hunger of the soul for something it desires to obtain. The hunger for power is another phase. All nations in their hunger for the acquisition of land and power have gained in growth and importance in the estimation of the world.

Another phase of hunger which we are quite familiar with in the present day is that for truth. This stimulates all to a higher understanding of life and its principles. The religions of the past have satisfied many, but now their natural hunger is beginning to assert itself among many of their number, and they are beginning to cry out for something more; something more realistic, more readily understood than the old Bible lessons taught our fathers, and grandfathers imparted, and the young people of to-day are beginning to experience a hunger for truth, beginning to be more independent, and to think upon these subjects for themselves, learning to feed themselves, and not be fed by the teachings of others, as in former times. There are many other phases of hunger upon each of which much might be said, all have their place in the world's progression.

For Ever Fifty Years.

Mrs. WYNONA'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children's teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures whooping cough, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Banner Correspondence.

Massachusetts.

SALEM.—"A. G." writes: "The Spiritualists of Salem opened their meetings for the season on Sunday, Sept. 13th. In the absence of the President, the chair was ably filled by W. A. Peterson, the Vice-President. There being no speaker engaged, the meeting took the form of a conference, and was the means of bringing out many to speak for the first time. I am confident such meetings held occasionally would be beneficial to all communities, as they encourage those not in the habit of speaking in public to express their views. If one should start the ball-in-motion, by telling how he first began to seek for the great truth, many would follow."

On the afternoon and evening of Sunday, Sept. 13th, the meeting was addressed by Mrs. Nettie H. Harding of East Somerville, a test medium of pleasing manners and good command of language. She left a good impression, and will be welcomed again."

FALL RIVER.—Mrs. Ann Hibbert writes: "I commenced meetings for the fall and winter season the first Sunday in September with a fair-sized audience, considering the stormy day. Sunday evening, Sept. 13th, we had a packed house to greet our young speaker, Miss Florrie Salmon of Providence. She is only fifteen years of age, and is truly wonderful in her mediumship. Her control takes subjects from the audience, and discourses upon them in a masterly manner to the entire satisfaction of her hearers. At close of the lecture Miss Salmon gives clairvoyant descriptions of spirits present in a very satisfactory manner. We were very fortunate in being able to secure the services of this young worker for the month of September, and other societies who are in want of such fine mediums will do well to correspond with her, as her dates are being rapidly taken."

We have also with us as a resident of this city Mr. J. S. Scarlett, late of Leeds, Eng., a fine trance speaker, who will be pleased to accept engagements. Societies in need of a good trance speaker at reasonable terms will do well to confer with him. He comes well recommended. A letter addressed to 7 West Warren street, Fall River, Mass., will reach him."

Maryland.

BALTIMORE.—Charles A. Zipp says: "The season for the opening of the various meetings in this city has arrived, and they are being resumed. First are those of Mr. J. D. Roberts, a young man and fine medium. They are held in a populous part of the city, and so thronged with visitors that one finds it a relief when dismissed. Mr. Kuhn, at whose residence the meetings are held, has opened his doors in the past to all who chose to come without charge, until a crowd attended he was forced to check the attendance somewhat by charging a small fee. This did not keep people away; they came just the same as before."

The Religio-Philosophical Society, which meets at 635 West Saratoga street, opened on the evening of Sept. 17th. Mr. J. D. Roberts had been engaged to give tests, and as usual there was a good attendance. Among the list of speakers engaged is the favorite, Mrs. A. M. Gladding, for January. Her coming is anxiously awaited."

Miss Maggie Gaule, of whom the readers of THE BANNER have been much informed recently, is at home, and has reopened her Monday evening séances; she also holds séances at the above hall. Words commendatory from my pen concerning her mediumship are unnecessary. In attending her meeting on the 14th inst., I found the hall packed from wall to wall."

Colorado.

COLORADO CITY.—Mr. C. E. Trowbridge writes: "Mrs. Jeannette Crawford of Boston, who devoted the summer months to Manitou Springs, this State, favored our people with a lecture on 'Duties of a Spiritualist,' Sept. 15th, from his residence aged fifty-four years. He was a Mason, and that fraternity conducted services over his remains. His body was taken to Lynchburg, Ohio, by an affectionate brother, and will there be interred."

Our people are sincere, intelligent and energetic, but have had little opportunity to study the philosophy or investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism. Here in the far West we have few opportunities, indeed, to listen to a lecture, even an indifferent one, on Spiritualism. Why is it so few good lecturers and test mediums visit the West? or rather why do not more of them come West, locate here and grow up with the country? I have lived in the East and in the South, and know there is more liberality and less superstition, bigotry and orthodoxy here than Spiritualists have to contend with there. Could our people receive the instruction and witness the manifestations vouchsafed to you of the East, I believe there would be such a rallying round our standard as there never has been. Truly the harvest is ripe and abundant, but laborers are few."

Our little society meets in Woodman Hall every Sunday at 2 o'clock, and a few members are added at each meeting."

Connecticut.

NEW HAVEN.—J. O. Banning writes thence: "My father, Henry S. Banning, formerly of Harrison Avenue and Indiana street, Boston (twenty years a resident), a sacrificing, earnest worker in the cause of Spiritualism, passed to spirit-life at 6 A. M. Sept. 14th. He has many sincere friends in Boston. He died in firm belief, and (apparently from conversations) longed to go. He passed quietly to his rest. He has been a constant reader of THE BANNER, and has compiled large files of that paper—the accumulation of thirty years. His means were limited, from the fact of his sincerity of purpose, his scrupulous honesty, his benevolence and generous-heartedness."

Rhode Island.

MIDDLETOWN.—William Peckham writes: "I fully endorse what H. W. Beecher said of the theory of evolution—it is rationally accounts for everything in heaven and earth. With my inner vision I look into a heaven of harmony and behold countless millions who are glad with exceeding great joy, and rejoicing beyond measure in knowing that the children of earth are in the line of receiving a true knowledge of life on earth and in worlds beyond."

Soreness in body or limbs promptly relieved by Johnson's Anodyne Liniment used external.

Founded on a Dream.

The oft-repeated and fruitless search for treasure traditionally supposed to have been buried by Capt. Kidd, is about to be repeated—though the wealth is not that of Capt. K.—by a stock company organized in Nova Scotia, and incorporated by the Legislature at its last session, the hope of success being based on dreams of thirty-seven years ago.

Charles Johnson of Belmont, near Truro, had a dream, in which he met two men who told him to follow them, asserting that they were captain and mate of a pirate ship. They took him into a part of the Stewick valley forest, and showed him two piles of human bones, which they asserted were the mortal remains of those who stood beside him in the night. He was conducted to other points, and was shown boxes and sacks of treasure. Mr. Johnson asked the spirit of the captain if he was Kidd, and he answered: "No, I am Red Beard, once the terror of the Atlantic Ocean. When we captured a ship we did not immediately put the crew to death, but brought them to this island, and made them dig these tunnels, pits, etc. When completed we put them to death, and buried them in one of the pits. One day we saw several men-of-warships heave in sight, and then knew our hiding-place was discovered. The mate and myself set off from the island in a boat, and landed at a distant point, entered a forest, and for days wandered about, until, overcome by hunger and exposure, we laid down and died where you showed you the bones."

At this point Mr. Johnson awoke from his dream. Two years ago the captain, without the mate, appeared to Mr. Johnson in a dream, and told him it was time to lift the treasure. As a result of the last dream the company was organized, and commenced operations.

A Page from the Past.

It was fortunate for the family of the Rev. Dr. Eliakim Phelps that he lived in Stratford, Ct., at the time it did rather than two centuries earlier, for it is plain to see what might have been its fate, or that of some one of its members, had the events it experienced in 1830 transpired in 1830, in which year, simply for entertaining views on religious matters not in accordance with the prevailing belief, an old lady was charged with being a witch, tried and convicted, and in compliance with the Scriptural command, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," hung on a gallows."

Stratford is one of the most venerable of Connecticut towns. It was settled in 1633, and named at the suggestion of one of its founders, a Mr. William Barsley, who emigrated thither from Stratford-on-Avon, the memorable birthplace and home of Shakespeare. The demolition awhile since of one of its oldest landmarks, the old "ferry house," was an event that led the New York World to give in its columns an interesting recital of historical events that had taken place in and around the structure that had outlived its usefulness.

One of these events is worthy of note in our columns. There resided in Stratford in the middle of the seventeenth century a thoughtful, pious woman known to her friends and neighbors as Goody Bassett. She held peculiar views—radical in those days, but doubtless very conservative in our own—on matters of religion; and as she freely expressed them her Christian associates became convinced that she was a witch, and so reported to the General Council at Hartford, which august body adopted the following resolution in May, 1650:

"The Governor, Mr. Cullick, and Mr. Clark are desired to go down to Stratford to keep Court upon the trial of Goody Bassett for her life, and if the Governor cannot go, then Mr. Willis is to go in his room."

We are not informed which of the parties summoned proceeded to Stratford to "keep Court," but it was kept, and convicted the pious old lady and sentenced her to death for being a witch. In the absence of a jail building she was removed to the old ferry house, and spent her last night on earth within its walls. On removing her to the gallows she broke away from the officers and seized hold of a large boulder by the wayside. Tradition says, and the old settlers believe it, that on the rock were peculiar marks, traces of the finger-prints made by the victim of bigotry and intolerance as she sought to retain her hold against the powerfully armed men who represented the law. The spot where the gallows was erected from which Goody Bassett was swung into eternity was called Gallows Brook, now known as Tanner's Brook, a small stream close to the railroad."

J. Fenimore Cooper a Spiritualist.

An article in the New York Times confirms the truth of a statement that some years since went the rounds of the press, and has lately been revived, that the novelist James Fenimore Cooper was a Spiritualist. The writer, Richard B. Kimball, says that when the Fox Sisters for the first time visited New York, it was proposed to invite them to meet a number of gentlemen at the rooms of Dr. Rufus W. Griswold, those who suggested the meeting feeling assured that they would be able to, as they termed it, "expose the humbug." The invitation was accepted, and at the appointed hour J. Fenimore Cooper, George Bancroft, W. C. Bryant, the Rev. Dr. Hawkes, Dr. John W. Francis, Dr. E. E. Marry, John Bigelow, R. B. Kimball, and the three Fox girls met in Dr. Griswold's apartments. After a half hour's waiting, which served to strengthen the incredulity of the company, raps were heard. What followed we give in the writer's own words:

"Questions were at once in order, and Dr. Francis took the floor, but at the end of a few minutes he resigned in favor of Dr. Hawkes. When Dr. Hawkes finished, Cooper exclaimed, 'Let me have hold of them.' He began accordingly. Here are the questions and answers: 'Some years ago I lost a near relative. Was it a male or female?' 'A female.' 'By a natural death or otherwise?' 'Otherwise.' 'Please rap the number of years since the person died.' The rappings began. We all listened attentively, counting the number. As it ran from twenty to thirty, from thirty to forty, from forty to fifty, we began to hold our breath. The rappings stopped at the number fifty-eight. There was a pause. It was fifty-seven or fifty-eight, and it was rapped over again at fifty-eight."

I had watched Cooper narrowly. As the raps proceeded he became deadly pale. At the conclusion all eyes were turned on him. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'when I was about two years old my sister was killed by being thrown from her horse. The years since then have been correctly rapped.' I saw that Cooper was profoundly affected. Mr. Bancroft suggested that the rappings be transferred to the door, he being on one side and Mr. Bryant on the other. No questions were asked, but the raps came out strong. After some further experiments we adjourned, with the feeling that we had not succeeded in 'confounding the Fox girls,' and we agreed that the least said about it the better."

J. Fenimore Cooper died about eighteen months after this occurrence. Two or three years later I was dining with Mr. Phinney, of the book firm of Trisler & Phinney, and a near connection of Mr. Cooper's. In the course of conversation he asked me if I knew Cooper had become a confirmed Spiritualist before his death. I said I did not. He asked me if I believed I could not account for it. I told him I believed I could account for it, and I repeated to him what I record here."

The Times and Miss Lord.

The medium in Lowell, Mass., with whom a committee of the new Psychical Research Society, lately held three séances, a report of what occurred in their presence having appeared in our columns, has lately given an exhibition of her occult power to a reporter of the Lowell Times. It took place on the evening of Sept. 10th, at the home of the medium's father, Robert Lord, on East Merrimac street, Lowell, and an account of what was witnessed appeared in The Times of the next morning.

There were present beside the reporter, Mr. and Mrs. Lord, David Whitaker and John A. Tucker. The first demonstration on the part of Miss Lord was that of playing a piano, or causing a tune to be played thereon, while her hands were tied behind her. She seated herself in front of the piano, and the reporter tied her hands firmly behind her with a stout line. Then a semi-circle was formed near her, and the usual clapping of hands took place. The reporter sat close to Miss Lord, holding both her hands and also the line firmly. Next him sat Miss Lord's mother, with hand resting on his wrist. The room was darkened, and soon the notes of the piano were heard, but no tune was played.

Lights were brought, and Miss Lord, blindfolded, under control of an Indian spirit, Starlight, played several games, and gave other proof that her vision was not impaired by the bandages over her eyes. Various phenomena took place quite familiar in spiritualistic circles the last forty years. The last was tipping those present from the chair in which they seated themselves by Miss Lord simply placing her hands on the back of the chair. She did this with nearly all present."

The Times account closes by saying: "Interesting manifestations are expected before long. The tests last evening were exceedingly interesting, and the part of the spirit on this first occasion was not so much one of spirit investigation as to witness what could be done by Miss Lord. Other tests will follow later on."

There is so much intelligence about now-a-days in books and newspapers and talk that it is hard to write without getting something or other worth listening to into your essay or your volume. The foolishest book is a kind of leaky boat on a sea of wisdom; some of the wisdom will get in anyhow.—O. W. Holmes.

A Japanese Spirit Festival.

Perhaps the most interesting of Japanese festivals is that called the "Fest of Lanterns," which is celebrated about Sept. 1st of each year. It is actually nothing more nor less than a formal reception given to all the spirits of the dead, and for this reason thousands of people flock into Nagasaki from the neighboring country to take part in the ceremony, dressed in their best attire.

Upon the first day of the fest the departed are supposed to leave the spirit-land in order to revisit their homes upon earth. On this day the head of each family, in his best apparel, sits in the reception room of his house, the entrances to which are all thrown open. At frequent intervals he bows ceremoniously and utters words of welcome, in order that the spirits as they enter may not feel themselves to be neglected. This procedure is carried on far into the night, especially by such conscientious Buddhists as have numerous spirits to receive.

On the second day all the spirits are supposed to have arrived, and the household temple (a small cabinet apartment which is to be found in the house of every believer in Buddha, set apart for the use of the dead) is gayly decorated with flowers, and filled with choice stores of fruit, rice, tea, wine, and other delicacies. The family of the house, sitting in the room to which the spirit-chamber is attached, hold high festival, eating and drinking, and enjoying themselves after the Japanese fashion. This feasting of the living with the spirits of the dead continues throughout the whole of the second day, and the greater part of the third, but the night of the third day is the time appointed when the ghosts must return to their places in the spirit-land, and as the evening draws on the people, young and old, in vast numbers betake themselves to the burial places and deck out the graves with bright paper banners and many-colored lanterns, which are lighted as the sun goes down and darkness comes on. This decoration and illumination is made as beautiful and brilliant as possible, so that the last view of the earth taken by the departing spirits may be pleasing and happy."

Toward midnight, as the time for departure draws nigh, the male portion of the people form themselves into processions, every individual of which bears aloft a lighted lantern suspended to a bamboo pole about ten feet long, and, like so many torrents of fire pouring down the hillside, proceed to carry to the sea the boats in which the spirits are to return to the land whence they came."

These boats are made of plaited straw, and are more or less elaborate models of the ordinary native craft. Each is decorated with flags and streamers, and has a stock of provisions and money on board—the money for the ferryage of the Styx. The size of these straw boats varies from two to ten or thirty feet in length, and they are all provided with one or more lanterns to enable the spirit crew to steer their course."

The processions having reached the shores of the bay, and the lanterns on board the straw boats having been trimmed and lighted, the fragile barques are launched upon the waters and sail away into the western sea, carrying the spirits to that far-off land where the sun and stars go to rest, and where is situated that glorious Nirvana where the spirits of all good Buddhists pass the time in happy oblivion."

The myriad lights of the boats scattered far and wide, dancing upon the slightly ruffled water, make a scene, viewed from a distance, of almost fairy enchantment. The cries of the people, the chanting of the priests, the sound of gongs, the music of shamisens, the naked (except the girdle cloth), bronzed figures of the people flying hither and thither in wild excitement, blended with the shadows of the night, form altogether a picture impossible to describe.—Washington Post.

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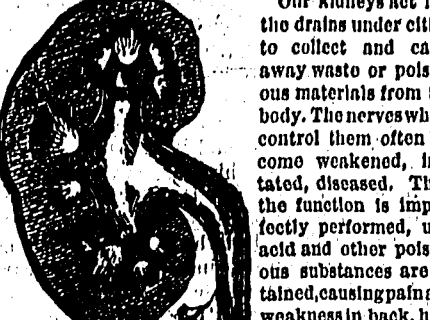
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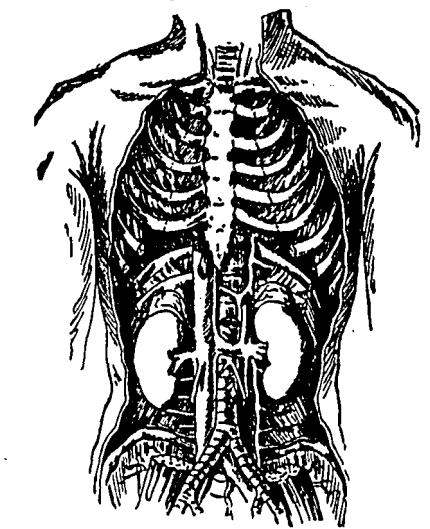
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Before the oncoming light of Truth, Creeds tremble, Ignorance dies, Error decays, and Humanity rises to its proper sphere of knowledge.—Spirit John Herpont.

Nothing New—The Same tiresome Story.

Once in about so often, the interval being as regular as a spasm of virtue is believed to overtake the English people or the civic morality of New York, there is heard a dismal croak up and down the slime-covered pool in which these prophets of ill-omen hide their insignificance and display their native jealousy, that Spiritualism is surely on the eve of some catastrophe of which only they know, that the old and faithful workers for the Cause are useless and gone by, that truth has got to have more "snap" in it or else perish from the earth, that they alone are capable of furnishing the desired snap, and that no further progress is possible except across their particular bog, and with their exclusive dark-lantern pilotage.

The undisputed truth is that poor, weak, pitiful human nature averages about as near its old weight and measure as possible, and that figs are not yet to be expected of thorns nor grapes of thistles. Also, that timber with an inherent twist and turn to it is not growing straight all at once, nor are night-owls heeding any more harmoniously or wisely. When was the time in the history of human effort and devotion, in which souls filled with an inspiration of belief in better and higher things were not exclusively selected by the helots of the human race as targets for their jealous hatred and insensate rage? All this is to be freely allowed in charity to that common humanity which at stated intervals seems happiest when standing in its own light and admiring its shadow.

But is anything gained by denouncing pessimism of this sort and by finding fault? Has not that return been tried times without number to little or no purpose? Unquestionably sheer malignity merits occasional chastisement, if only on account of the obstruction it needlessly begets; yet in the case of the discovery and faithful reporting of vital truth it may seriously be doubted if it does not on the whole belittle and even degrade the Cause by suspending larger effort in order to administer individual discipline; and if a truly great cause is not generally preached as effectually by the senseless hostility of unworthy opponents as it can be by the unwavering devotion of its faithful advocates and friends. In all humility and sincerity, are we best capable of being the judges? Will not truth take care of itself best, and need we meddle for the result?

Here and there, and always where it was to be specially expected, Spiritualism is assailed with a willful pertinacity that readily relieves the assailant from the remotest suspicion of being either a Spiritualist, or in the slightest degree inclined to the spiritual habit of thought and action. Sometimes such an assailant patronizingly affects to be the sole and only interpreter, representative and hierophant of Spiritualism, and complacently summons every one else to his temporary tripod, as the throne from which the thunders of his terror can only be heard in the entire gamut of their guttural. But all that is insignificantly childish and vain. It is nothing more than the bloated bullying Ego, placing itself voluntarily on exhibition, for the pity of some and the contempt of all, or it must also be allowed to humanity to exercise its contempt on occasion as well as its conceit.

As for Spiritualism, it is to be regarded as one of the strongest evidences of its broad and lasting genuineness: that it is abundantly able to withstand all, and the worst, that can be alleged against it, by even those who derive all their current importance, be it much or little, from professions of continued attachment to its principles and philosophy. One may fairly say that if it could not endure thus much and come out unscathed, it might indeed be suspected of a fatal insufficiency of enduring life. All truth, as affairs go among men, thrives most vigorously in the strong soil of unpopularity, of hostile criticism, of threats of martyrdom. The modern seer is only another form of the old spirit of persecution. It is harmless, perhaps, but it is not the less hateful. And slang and slander follow close on the heels of the sneer, and so would the rack and dungeon if there were still power.

It is hardly worth while to animadvert against a certain kind of person who in no event can be other than what he is. If I am

the child of the devil, once said Emerson to a damnable Calvinistic minister, then I will not, because I cannot, be untrue to my father. So with the braggart and the bully, who assumes to rule and guide the possibilities and preferences of spirit phenomena, but whose conceptions and utterances are all included within the little limits of his own timid and tortured being. Is there anything to be gained by rebuking him? Would it help the cause of Spiritualism to have his long ears cropped or his nose slit? Is it that rather the real spirit and temper of the one who challenges our just rebuke? But the lamentable thing is that he too often obtains a temporary hearing from those on whose sincerity he preys, and hence is credited with an influence proportioned only to the mischief he can work.

Without troubling themselves much, if at all, about these marplots and open enemies of Spiritualism, it is perfectly safe, as it is likewise sufficient, for all genuine Spiritualists to treat them one and all, first and last, with that unnoting silence which, while it expresses charity, is the most effective punishment that could be administered to their cheap swaggers. For why should Spiritualists show greater readiness to enlist in the endless warfare of jealousy and malignity than to devote themselves to the possession of the truth which not only brings life but is life itself?

Matter Through Matter.

On our first page, among the experiences of Mr. Cross, as chronicled by the *Medium and Daybreak* of London, will be found the following:

"Mr. Cross continues: 'I have been present when this medium's [Mr. D. Duguid's] coat was whisked off from his body, and found on me. I have assisted to tie him on a chair, when a privately marked card was put on the table, under a music-box, and in less time than you take to read this story of it, he was carried through the wooden partition, into a cabinet, without visible disintegration, the musical box wound up and floated round the room, while the card was found to have a pretty little sea-piece painted on it in oil, the colors, of course, still wet.'"

The amount of public curiosity aroused by the recent experiments with Mrs. Etta B. Roberts and a wire cage at Onset Bay—an account concerning one of which is to be found in another column—leads us to remark that the phenomenon of passing "matter through matter," or sometimes over, is one of the oldest known to the investigators of Spiritualism.

Some years since—more than a score, if memory is correct—Mr. Wash. A. Danskin, a prominent Spiritualist of Baltimore, informed us that a young lad of that city came out publicly as a physical medium, and evinced great power in that direction. He was introduced to the leading Spiritualists, and to satisfy them of the extent of his gifts, the spirits controlling him agreed that if a certain number of them would go out to the Park on some evening which they might select, and take with them an iron ring sufficiently large to go around the limb of a tree, they (the unseen operators) would put it about said limb. The experiment was made, Mr. Danskin being present, and to the astonishment of those making up the party, it proved successful—the solid iron ring being easily closed about a limb of one of the Park trees, as promised.

A similar phenomenon occurred many years ago in Derry, N. H., and was described by us at the time in the columns of THE BANNER—our informant being Mr. Tubbs, then postmaster at that place (who was a brother of the late Mical Tubbs, landlord at one time of the National House, Boston). He said that it was discovered by repeated experiment that when three young men of the neighborhood met together most wonderful phenomena eventuated, they proving to be physical mediums of great power. A skeptic in the vicinity offered one hundred dollars to the boys if they (or the unseen agency they claimed) could pass a solid steel ring around the neck of one of their number, he (the skeptic) to superintend the operation. They agreed, and he procured several garden rakes, and from the steel rims thereof caused the blacksmith of the place to forge out a ring—he having first ascertained the size necessary, so that the medium might not be injured by any constriction of the throat after the ring was on—if it was put on.

When all was ready the spirits ordered the skeptic to place a felt hat upon the medium's head, and hold it there himself—when to his surprise and consternation the ring was found upon the boy's neck. He was obliged to confess that everything had been honestly done, and met his part of the contract quite willingly.

Phenomena of a like nature, such as tying knots in an endless cord, etc., occurred in presence of Prof. Zollner—Henry Slade being the medium—as set forth in his (Z's) work on "Transcendental Physics."

Many Spiritualists new to the work, also press reporters, et al., seem to be very much exercised over the "why and wherefore" of this—really old-time—phenomenon; but such are informed that no violation (?) of natural law is involved in it; if a person—Mrs. Roberts or any one else—is taken out of the cage which has figured so prominently in secular press columns of late, the result is attained by the temporary (and practically instantaneous) disintegration of the material composing the wire netting.

Confessing is Believing.

A writer in the *Christian Worker* of Chicago feels forced to confess that, while he has "no sympathy with Modern Spiritualism," he does believe the souls of our departed friends are sometimes permitted to return to earth as messengers of mercy. And he adds that to the truth of this many reliable witnesses are ready to testify. "And he enters upon an eulogy of the Society for Psychical Research, which he thinks is doing a noble work and is deserving of the widest support. He gives copious extracts from its proceedings in the form of letters sent to the Society."

Then he wants to know how the wonderful things described are to be accounted for. For himself, he accepts but one conclusion, and that is that the cases described are those of returning spirits and spirit-communion. He goes to his Bible in corroboration of this theory, and instances the familiar narrative of Jesus and the two disciples, Peter and John, going up into a mountain, apart, and seeing Moses and Elias. Here, he says, is an instance of the return to earth of its former inhabitants.

And he reminds his readers that the belief in the return of spirits was common in the time of Christ, and that he, at no time, discounted the belief. He did not chide his disciples for believing they saw a spirit when he appeared to them after his resurrection. He said naught against such a belief. And this writer, who certainly shows himself a believer

in spirit-manifestations, proceeds to cite other cases from the Bible, among them that of St. John, in Revelation. So he settles himself in the belief, and is apparently happy in it, that the people of earth are "watched by the hosts of heaven, and bared for by ministering angels." How far is such a person from being a good Spiritualist?

Prayer—Aspiration.

W. M. Wilkinson in his book entitled "Revivals" says: "See how the very organs of the man are attuned to show him how he should pray; how he should hold himself as an open and an empty cup to be filled with the strength that is not his own. The higher portions of man's brain, when he is in the act of devotion, tend to form a convexity upward, and they fall again into a depression when he ceases from that state." How true this is scientifically we are not prepared to say.

Sankey sings, "Oh to be nothing, nothing!" "Only an empty vessel," which is perhaps a good scientific petition, if not poetic sentiment. To lift the soul in aspiration no doubt brings man's brain into a receptive condition, and in that condition a union is formed with a force that is greater than that belonging to the aspirant.

The self-satisfied person seldom feels the need of help. He feels no need of union with a higher power. He asks not for a strength beyond his own. But consciousness of need, and a desire for the better and higher, puts man in a condition for receiving outside strength. It matters less in what form the petition is made than the effect produced. If Mr. Wilkinson's theory is true, and the brain forms a convexity upward by aspiration, all forms of aspiration may be helpful in producing that condition. But forms alone will not create aspiration, and aspiration may be higher on the sands of a desert than under the gilded mosque; in the arches of a primeval forest than in a sanctified cathedral.

Yet as there are persons whose word can be trusted, persons having true religious sentiment, who declare they are greatly strengthened by religious ceremonies, let us not deprive them of this aid by treating with discredit their assertions, or ridiculing what to another seems like mere formality. There are certain spiritual laws not well understood, that aid man in the attainment of higher conditions of spirituality, and if we seek carefully for a knowledge of these laws we shall help the world more than by uttering protests against that which does not appeal directly to our own understanding.

Hypocrisy, deceit and mere formalism must be contended with as foes to true spiritual unfoldment; but whatever tends to lead the human soul to unite itself to a purer and truer life should be considered as a real help to spirituality.

Our thanks are returned to S. M. Pearson of Stratham, N. H., Mrs. Thorpe, Abington, Mass., Mrs. P. L. Knight and Mrs. M. J. Stewart, Everett, Mass., for donations of flowers for our Free Circle-Room table.

We are informed by a correspondent that Mrs. Etta B. Roberts, the wire-cage medium, is to hold a séance in Music Hall, Fitchburg, Mass., next Sunday evening, Sept. 27th.

"An Eulogium," by Hudson Tuttle, was put in type for this issue, but is unavoidably delayed till next week.

Mrs. Ada Foye called on us on Monday of the present week, full of health and energy, and determined that her prospective work in the East shall be valuable to the Cause to the interests of which she has devoted the best years of a long life. She arrived in Boston from Indianapolis, Ind., where she had been speaking two Sundays with most remarkable success—as borne witness to by correspondents in our columns. Since Mrs. Foye last left Boston she has devoted some sixteen months to the work in Denver, Col., and in two years past has been idle but six Sundays. Mrs. Foye commenced on Sunday, Sept. 20th, a six weeks' engagement at Lynn, Mass.; her remarks and tests then given in Cadet Hall called out the manifest satisfaction of large audiences. Mrs. Foye speaks in Boston in November, then goes to Brooklyn, N. Y. She has engagements for every Sunday till June '92. Her address till Nov. 20th will be No. 42 Smith street, Lynn, Mass.

F. P. Almsworth, North Amherst, Mass., writes: "Alden Adams of Leverett, Mass., passed to spirit-life, Aug. 12th, 1891, after one week's paralysis. Age, 73 years. He was descended from the celebrated Adams family of Quincy, Mass.—last but one of a family of eight, all born upon the homestead now occupied by the fourth generation. He was for many years an outspoken and consistent Spiritualist and reader of the BANNER OF LIGHT. He was one of nature's noblemen. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. J. H. Holden, of the Amherst University Baptist Church."

A telegram to the Montreal *Star* reports the development of a healing medium of great power in Quebec, in the person of a girl only eight years of age, who is credited among her friends as having produced some very remarkable cures in that city, among which is that of a cancer, two years old, which decayed, so it is affirmed, under the touch of the child, and the woman is now in a fair way of recovery. Great popular excitement has been caused by this event.

We understand that Capt. Richard Holmes, who formerly held spiritual meetings in Horticultural and Berkeley Halls, this city, has secured Horticultural Hall, 100 Tremont street, Boston, wherein to hold Sunday lectures the ensuing season, he being the president, Hiram C. Young, treasurer, and Oscar L. Rockwood, secretary, the first of the series to commence on Sunday, Oct. 4th, at 10:30 A. M.

Mr. ANDREW CROSS, an interesting narrative of whose experiences many years since in introducing Spiritualism to the people of Glasgow, Scotland, is given in this paper, called from New York last week for a brief visit to his native home and kindred. He has our best wishes for a pleasant voyage, a happy reunion with his relatives and friends, and a safe return to this country.

Mrs. H. W. Cushman, the veteran medium—whose gifts she has been the wonder of investigators for over a quarter of a century at least—has returned from Lake Pleasant, and is now located at 7 Walker street (Charlestown District), Boston.

We learn that a gentleman connected with the Government Life-Saving Service at Newburyport has recently developed mediumship of remarkable power.

Demography is a new word, recently come into vogue, which signifies social and vital science and statistics—literally, a writing of the people.

The friends in Dayton, O., have resumed meetings for the season at Grand Army Hall.

Attention is called to the advertisement of Helen Sloane, on our fifth page.

An Ohio correspondent writes: "None of the Spiritualist papers to my mind, reach the dignified, opulent tone of the dear BANNER."

After eating, does your food distress you? Albro's Regulating Cordial gives INSTANT relief.

"The Gates of Hell"

Have been discovered by Rev. Mr. Hoole, who in a recent sermon before the Worcester (Mass.) Y. M. C. A. on this sensational topic tabulated as chief among these "ports of entry" "Sabbath desecration," "contumacious," "a licensed liquor traffic," etc. He denounced all things looking toward anything less than creedal Sabbath-keeping; and said such "desecration" should be put down by law, which caused the "young men" aforesaid to applaud violently, much to the scandal of the worthy chairman, who said that "amen" was always in order, but not the giving of applause—the exercise necessary to make it, we presume, being regarded by him as a sort of Sabbath breaking in itself!

Creedal bigotry, we have no doubt, would, if possible, put down everything but church-going on Sunday by law, but in this age the power is lacking to do it. People think for themselves now-a-days, and an attempted revival of obsolete and quiescent laws framed by former generations will fall of success every time it is made.

The liquor business, Mr. B. stated, was one of the broadest and best traveled ways toward the creedal Gehenna. He claimed (as reported) to know that—

"The amount of money annually given for religious purposes is but 1-10 of 1 per cent. Last year 10,000,000 people gave an average of \$3 each for religious work; 10,000,000 others gave \$20 on an average for liquor. The licensed liquor traffic is one of the strongest gates of hell. In New York City there are 400 churches, gates of heaven, but 9,000 saloons, gates of hell. People there expended \$40,000,000 for \$ and 10 cent drinks. More people are destroyed in a year, morally and physically, than the churches save in two years."

No doubt his figures are correct, but to an outsider it would seem plain that the church itself is largely involved, through the greed of its laity and the "policy" of its clergy, in keeping open this ghastly avenue. Indeed, we note that that brave and outspoken journal, *The Voice*, of New York, (organ of the temperance cause) openly declares this to be a fact, and is out with a stinging editorial condemning the churches for their practical and "ungodly" alliance with the saloons—which reminds one of Parker Pillsbury's bold philippics against the churches of his day, because of their open endorsement of human slavery.

Let the churches close this "gate of hell" (the liquor traffic)—which they are keeping open for reasons best known to themselves—before they seek to abridge, for their own benefit, human liberty of action on the Sabbath, under the plea that they are the sole conservators of the public morality!

Albro's Regulating Cordial cures the most obstinate cases of Dyspepsia. 50 cents bottle.

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

European statesmen should at the present crisis remember that fighting is a variety of fruit better nipped in the bud than picked after it is ripe.

BRIGHT PROSPECTS.—"Doctor, how am I coming on? Do you think there is any hope?" said a very sick man to Dr. Blister. "Your chances are the best in the world. The statistics show that one person in ten recovers," replied the doctor. "Then there is not much hope for me?" "Oh yes, there is. You are the tenth case I have treated, and the other nine are dead. I don't see how you can help getting well. If the statistics are to be relied on."—*Texas Sittings*.

The full bench of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts has sent down an opinion dismissing the petition of the plaintiff in the case of the Onset Street Railway Co. vs. the County Commissioners of Plymouth County. The case was a petition for a writ of *certiorari*, the plaintiff complaining that warrants of distress had been issued by the County Commissioners for land damages awarded to owners of lots which abut on streets through which its railway, operated by steam power, is constructed.

She's very religious, they say. Unselfish and generous, too. But she flirts in a desperate way. For, you see, she's too good to be true. —*Cape Cod Item*.

Emperor Billy's cheap and vulgar fling at the Great Napoleon is one more illustration of the regrettable fact that a live donkey can always kick a dead lion with impunity. It neither requires courage nor good breeding on the donkey's part.

Efforts are being made to make illegal the practice of hypnotism, except by a doctor. It is a little curious. For years these doctors have been deriding mesmerism, and everything connected with it, and now they want to turn the occult region in which it occurs into a private preserve.—*Light on the Path, London, Eng.*

As the evenings grow longer good light is a desideratum, and the modern lamp is both ornamental and useful since important improvements for safety and steady light are secured. Jones, McDuffee & Stratton have an extensive department now ready for inspection.

"Well, Mr. Pedagogue, does my boy show any special aptitude for work?" asked the proud father. "I think so, Mr. Bronson," returned the school-master. "I am uncertain as yet whether John will make a sculptor or a bricklayer. He is unerring in his aim with paper wads, but the condition of his desk top convinces me that he can carve with considerable facility."—*Harper's Bazar*.

NINE LIVES!—Balmaceda, the ex-Chilian ruler, has already been killed in the interior of Chili; and has killed himself (Sept. 19th), by pistol-shot at Santiago; but London dispatches aver nevertheless that he is still alive and "kicking."

The Prince of Naples is, it appears, a master of humor and anecdote, and amongst his other stories is the following relating to his father, King Humbert: "The King, unlike the Queen, has no artistic taste, and is a capital ball player. He is unerring in his aim with paper wads, but the condition of his desk top convinces me that he can carve with considerable facility."—*Ex.*

TRoubles IN THE SOUTHWEST.—No wild fowl, it is said, will pass under the Mississippi river bridge. A wounded goose floated down the stream the other day until it came to the bridge, but would go no further. It stemmed the tide till completely exhausted, and then swam to the shore, permitting a boy to capture it. While the geese seem to have the worst of it in this case, the "humans" are the sufferers in another, as we note in an exchange that "the citizens of Athens, Ga., are beseeching their Council to pass an ordinance for the muzzling of cats, because the animals are too noisy at nights."

First actress.—"Did you ever have an attack of stage fright?" Second actress.—"Yes, once; when I thought my sawdust was leaking."

There are twenty-three acres of land to every inhabitant of the globe.

Albro's Regulating Cordial is a sure cure for Diarrhoea. 50 cents bottle.

Dr. F. L. H. WILLS.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:—One of the most pleasurable incidents of my stay at Cassadaga was meeting my friend Dr. Wills. He came to the camp overworked, and suffering from illness. The magnetic influences he there met with invigorated his vital energies almost miraculously, and his lectures were scholarly productions, appreciated by large audiences, and on every hand we heard nothing but well-deserved praise.

We were favored by the doctor with a private reading of several poems from the forthcoming volume of his *glittered daughter* Edith. They breathed the true fragrance of poetry, as distinct from the ordinary magazine article as the delicate flower is unlike the paper and paint imitation.

It is to be hoped that the volume from the inspired pen of Dr. Wills, of which mention was made in a recent number of THE BANNER, will be issued as suggested—no one can better prepare it, and it will fill a niche in spiritual literature which at present is unoccupied.

Man is often deceived in the age of a woman by her gray hair. Ladies, you can appear young and prevent this grayness by using HALL'S Hair Renewer.

Through the Cage.

The manifestations occurring on Aug. 20th at the séance-room of the materializing medium, Mrs. Etta Roberts, proved so very unusual and astounding that I think a record should be made of them.

At a séance held the night previous, Dr. Ordway of Boston asked the controlling spirit in the cabinet, Gen. Slough, if the invisible agents could put him (O.) out of the wire cage while it was securely closed and locked, in the same manner as they seemed to pass the medium, Mrs. Etta Roberts. The reply was, without any hesitation, "Certainly we will; and you may choose your own company, and make your own conditions."

Arrangements were made to have this test séance on the following night (20th), and the appended names represent the persons who were in attendance on that occasion. The cage was thoroughly examined by all present, and everyone was satisfied that to human understanding there was no way for any individual to come from within the cage unless the door was opened. Dr. Ordway claimed the right to send the circle according to his pleasure, as he was the one to be locked in; which was done. He remarked to the people present that he came there *honestly and truly* to test the power of spirits to pass him out through the wire cage. "And," said he, "to tell you the truth, I do not believe it can or will be done." The cage door was then opened in full view of all present, and Dr. Ordway walked in and took a seat. Rev. Mr. Lauer closed the door, securely locking it with a spring padlock, giving the key to Mrs. Mühlhauser, and Dr. Ordway was seen in the cage after it was so securely closed and locked.

The lights were turned down, and almost instantly manifestations began to appear. Voices spoke from the cabinet in language unknown to most of the circle; forms brilliantly illuminated issued from the cabinet, and arose from the floor; some of the forms were life-sized, others small, like children; one, apparently not over two or three years old, clothed in illuminated garments, danced in the centre of the circle for at least one minute. Drapery hanging from the ceiling to the floor, and highly illuminated, was seen by every one. Fifty different manifestations in all occurred. At this juncture the controlling influence with Dr. Ordway requested Mrs. Roberts, the medium, to come to the cabinet. Mrs. Roberts, being extremely nervous at this time, declared she could not go, but, encouraged by the writer, she at last moved to the front of the cabinet. Her control, Gen. Slough, addressed her in his own peculiar voice, independently, saying: "Good-evening, Mrs. Roberts!" At the same time "Little Rosie" had her say, and the Indian time was heard while Mrs. Roberts was holding converse with the spirits. *Distinct* voices at one time being heard by all present.

The writer's position was such that had the door of the cage opened six inches, it would have come against his person. General Slough then said, in a voice loud and distinct: "I think it is about time to put this big fellow out of here." Instantly Mrs. Roberts, seemingly unconscious, was thrown back into the circle, by the side of Mr. Brooks and Mr. Gillett. My position remained the same, and at that moment Dr. Ordway was by my side, standing outside the cage and cabinet. I assisted him into the other compartment—for he seemed to be wholly unconscious—and put a curtain over him, to exclude the direct rays of light when it should be brought.

All joined hands, and after singing a verse the light was brought and Dr. Ordway was found seated on the floor, with his coat removed. After a little more singing he came to himself sufficiently to stand and walk to the outer door. A friend asked him where he was going, and his reply was "Home," adding "where am I?" The friend replied: "You are at the séance, and you have not your coat on." He then returned for his coat, and found it in one corner of the cabinet.

The key was handed to Dr. Storer by Mrs. Mühlhauser, at the request of some of the company, and he was asked to examine the lock, the strap hinges, and the cage generally, which he did, and found the door locked and everything in the same condition as when Dr. Ordway was put inside the cage; with the key he (S.) unlocked the door, and on opening the cage it was found empty.

Dr. Ordway, weighing 295 pounds, had under these test conditions been passed out and through the wire cage, according to promise made by the guides the night previous.

This is, without doubt, the most astounding manifestation—occurring in a public séance under the most strict test conditions—that we have any record of.

DR. NATHAN J. MORRIS.

24 Union street, Boston, Mass. This report bears the endorsement of the following responsible parties: Dr. H. B. Storer, Boston, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. Mühlhauser, Cleveland, O.; George Peirce, New Bedford, Mass.; D. A. Tucker, T. S. Hodgeson, M. D., Middleton, Mass.; Mrs. J. A. Wallace, Washington, D. C.; James J. Brooks, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. Gillett, California; Mrs. A. D. Hawkins, Central Falls, R. I.; Rev. Mr. Lauer, Chippewa, Mass.

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

Mr. Frank Baxter lectured in the Union church at Sutton Mills, N. H., last Sunday, Sept. 20th; in Plymouth, N. H., Tuesday evening, Sept. 22nd and 23rd. Sunday, Sept. 27th, he will lecture in Salem, Mass., and it is expected, during the following week in the vicinity—Pigeon Cove or Middleton. In October he will be in Ohio—Sundays in Cincinnati.

Walter S. Eldridge, M. D., and Mrs. Eldridge, are now lecturing in New York City.

Mrs. Mary F. Lovering is in Washington, D. C., for the present, but will return to Boston in October.

W. J. Colville is engaged at Norwich, Conn., Sundays, Oct. 4th and 11th; Haverhill, Mass., Oct. 18th; Hartford, Conn., intervening days; Sunday, Oct. 26th, Philadelphia; five Sundays in November, Adelphi Hall, New York, at 4:45 P. M.; only Brooklyn, Conn., Nov. 1st, 3 P. M. He will also lecture in New York commencing Wednesday, Oct. 21st, Union Square Hall, at 3 P. M., and the following day in Kingston Hall, Brooklyn. He is open to consider offers of engagements from societies, or of reliable business managers, commencing Dec. 1st. Address all communications, Room 1, No. 4 Berkeley street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. H. S. Lake, who speaks each Sunday afternoon at the First Spiritual Temple, Boston, may be addressed for week evening and Sunday evening lectures, at 170 West Chester street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. Clara Field-Conant lectured for the Ethical Society of Spiritualists of St. Louis, Mo., Sunday, Sept. 6th, giving psychometric readings at the close of the evening lecture, which were all pronounced correct. She will speak for the same society all the month of September.

Mrs. S. J. Gurney announces that she will answer calls for platform tests and psychometric readings. Address 41 Crescent street, Brooklyn, Mass.

Mrs. Abby N. Barnham spoke in Hartford, Conn., Sunday, Sept. 13th. Her address is: Post-office, Station "A," Boston, Mass.

Mrs. C. L. Bascam writes: "We are anticipating a fine series of meetings this season, and have already secured speakers on our list. Sunday, Sept. 13th, Mrs. Abby N. Barnham, of Boston, will be the first of our favorites here, hence friends were pleased to welcome her again. The good BANNER is ever appreciated in our midst."

T. E. Casteline, Edgar, Nebraska, writes that he is very desirous of engaging a good test medium for platform work. He can be addressed as above.

Deadly Coal Gases.

A chemical preparation which by sprinkling upon the coal saves twenty per cent, destroys all objectionable and poisonous gases which often permeate the home, producing diphtheria and all other nasal and membranous diseases. It is said that this invention renders the coal perfectly combustible, makes a quick and hot fire, lessens the smoke and soot, prevents the escape of oil fumes, and produces without difficulty, and even throughout the building. The name of this wonderful invention is Kem-Kom. It has been successfully used for the last fifteen months by different railroads and hundreds of factories. The Standard Coal and Fuel Company, whose offices are at 66 Equitable Building, Boston. Hundreds of people are killed every year by deadly coal gases escaping from the furnace, and burning and injured in this way; the danger from this deadly poison is something physicians have not been able to overcome. By using Kem-Kom these dangers are entirely averted. Kem

Message Department.

SPIRITUAL MEETINGS

Are held at the Hall of the Banner of Light Establishment on Tuesdays and Fridays of each week at 8 o'clock P. M. Free to all the Public.

Hereafter answers to questions, and the giving of spirit messages, will occur on the same day, and the results be consecutively published in the Banner of Light. At these meetings the spiritual guides of Mrs. M. T. Longley occupy the platform for the purpose of answering questions propounded by the audience, having the power upon human life in its development of thought or labor. Questions forwarded to this office by mail, or handed to the Chairman, will be presented to the presiding spirit for consideration.

Mrs. Longley, under the influence of her guides, also gives examinations of individuals anxious to send messages to relatives in another world, reports of which are printed on this page each week an opportunity to do so.

It should be distinctly understood that the Messages published in this Department indicate that spirits carry with them to the life beyond the characteristics of their earthly lives—whether of good or evil; that those who pass from the mundane sphere in an undeveloped condition, eventually progress to a higher state of existence, and that the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

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

Natural flowers are gratefully appreciated by our angel visitors, and the placing of such flowers in the friends in earth-life who may feel that it is a pleasure to place upon the altar of Spirituality their floral offerings.

Letters of inquiry in regard to this Department must be addressed to Colby A. HILLMAN, Chairman.

Report of Public Séance held June 23d, 1891.

Spirit Invocation.

Oh! thou most Holy Spirit of Truth, thou Divine Intelligence, whose power is law, and whose will is order, and whose voice is harmony ringing throughout the universe with peace and everlasting power, we come before thee at this time with our souls uplifted, and our hearts glowing with devotion. We would be refreshed in spirit by the influences of harmony and of purity which thine angels bring from higher life to bestow upon the souls of mortals here below. We ask for instruction concerning spiritual things. We desire guidance, that we may see clearly the path which we have to follow, and know the steps we must take. We would expand our minds to an understanding of the great truths we seek that our inner being may be illumined by that glorious light from on high which streameth downward in order to guide and save our souls.

May we in this hour come under the inspiration of bright souls who have passed through the experiences and the discipline of mortal life, and who are now in the inner comprehension of divine things. May we grow into sympathy with the beautiful angels of heavenly life, whose will is to do good, whose hearts are full of love, and who will assist us in our future days and in the great work which will be ours to do in the future. We would be a conscious soul of all love and tenderness and goodness, whom we may call upon as our Heavenly Parent, the giver of all things in life.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will now attend to your questions, Mr. Chairman.

Ques.—[By "Economist."] Much discussion is rife at present as regards the comparative merits of Nationalism (as taught by Edward Bellamy and his disciples) and Socialism in all its various branches, from the conservative "Christian Socialism" of some to the frenzied "red flag" Socialism of others. One writer, himself a Socialist, has epitomized his creed by the comparison, "No man is an island, and every man according to his needs, while Socialism seeks to give to him, according to his deeds."—leaving the impression in favor of his own mode of thought. What is the opinion of the Controlling Intelligence on this vexed question?

Ans.—There is apt to be a confusion in the ordinary mind concerning the direct meaning of the term Socialism, one defining the word to mean the largest liberty of thought and action for the human individual irrespective of the rights of others, and another defining the word to mean freedom of thought and expression along the line of human progress, in harmony, however, with the law, and according to each one just that right and privilege which he desires or demands for himself. If this latter definition is the correct one, we will accept Socialism, and be ready to admit that it has the largest measure for human action which one may desire, and is the highest standard.

Nationalism, however, is defined by many to mean a sort of paternalism, which, in the exercise of its power and prerogatives, tends to restrict the liberty of the individual in thought and expression. The devotees of advocates of this system, called Nationalism, do not admit this to be so, but claim that it only desires to outline a system of protection for human beings which will assist them in the exercise of their own God-given thoughts, abilities and powers, while they will not in any sense be especially restricted.

We personally find much to favor in the scheme of nationalistic life and power outlined by Mr. Bellamy, and have been standing by this platform. We by no means believe that Mr. Bellamy has discovered all there is in this line for human thought and activity; but we certainly do believe that he has come upon a great truth, and that he spoke wiser than he knew when his literary work entitled "Looking Backward" was given to the world.

If the United States government, for instance, can manage its great postal system with such facility, good judgment and executive ability as we know that it has done, and is doing, although the government does not do so, that it has perfected this system, and the postal authorities are constantly studying that which shall tend to a better discharge of their duties in this line, and if the government can do as much as we know has been done in forwarding your postal communications from State to State, to so much better advantage than this work could possibly have been achieved by private individuals or monopolies—if, we say, it has been done in the postal department, why, we ask, may not the government take charge of your telegraphic systems throughout the country, and your offices for the expressage of packages and parcels independent of the postal service? If the government can, with good judgment, manage the telegraph, the express and the postal service, why may it not take under its charge all railroad transportation, whether of freight or of human beings, and discharge its duties and responsibilities in the industrial world, providing means of employment to every individual who is of sound mind and healthy physique; that the young people of the country shall be placed in training schools of manual as well as of mental instruction, where the natural tendencies, habits and constitution of each student shall be studied, in order that he may be placed under such training as to bring out his best qualities and develop his native talents, and eventually be employed in that line of manual labor, mechanical life, mercantile business, art, or profession for which he is best adapted. Nationalism also claims that it is the duty of the State to care for the imbecile, for those of unsound mind, for those of debilitated physique who are unable to provide for themselves, and see to it that none shall suffer for the necessities of life.

We are quite in harmony with such a scheme as this, but it will never be developed into practical, useful, and profitable means of providing means of employment to every individual who is of sound mind and healthy physique; that the young people of the country shall be placed in training schools of manual as well as of mental instruction, where the natural tendencies, habits and constitution of each student shall be studied, in order that he may be placed under such training as to bring out his best qualities and develop his native talents, and eventually be employed in that line of manual labor, mechanical life, mercantile business, art, or profession for which he is best adapted. Nationalism also claims that it is the duty of the State to care for the imbecile, for those of unsound mind, for those of debilitated physique who are unable to provide for themselves, and see to it that none shall suffer for the necessities of life.

delves in the outward life for the purpose of acquiring vast personal possessions and to create a great personal influence and authority over his kind, but that, on the contrary, it is best for him to come into harmony with his fellow-men as to consider wisely and generously the welfare of his human brothers and sisters, and to desire to see them placed upon an equal plane with himself of comfort and happiness.

When humanity comes to this condition, it will be willing to add its quota of labor, of thought, of achievement and of spiritual power to the common wealth of the people, that all may partake alike, be cared for and sustained, in order that they may gain a beautiful conception of life, and begin to express their spiritual powers even before they pass from the material world. We have no sympathy with that grade of Socialism that hangs out the "red flag" of anarchy, and declares war upon all people who do not conform to its own opinion. We are not in harmony with that grade of Socialism in the human spirit which wages battle against systems that do not conform to its own idea of right and justice. We believe in the educational elements of spiritual life, and think man is to be instructed all along the way of experience through the discipline which comes to him by the observation he gains of life, and also because of those influences which reach his own being through contact with others. We believe that society owes a great debt to man, that it is the duty of society as a whole to afford to its people means of education, industrial training and spiritual environment which will tend to bring out the best qualities of human nature. Society, as it is here to-day in Boston, the higher grade of human life banded together for purposes of common protection and interest, owes a debt to the lower grade of human life. It is responsible for the outcast in the streets of this city. It is its business to take the wails in who need its protection, and provide them with proper training for their intellectual powers, and see that they are so surrounded by good influences and conditions as even to bring their bodies into a state of purity, which shall be of benefit not only to themselves but to posterity.

Q.—[By Virginia C. Forward, Santa Barbara, Cal.] If spirits cannot control matter except through a medium, and one were buried alive, how could he escape from the coffin?

A.—Spirit-intelligences in returning from the spiritual world may not be able to sufficiently overcome matter in objective life as to make it subservient to their will to that extent that it moves or is acted upon perceptibly by the spirit, so that mortals can behold the movements, or become aware of the action, unless a medium is employed from whose atmosphere may be gained, by the operating spirit, certain elements and physical forces for his use. But spirit is not the servant of matter, by any means. Spirit is superior to the physical elements of this objective world; consequently a human being whose powers of animation are suspended to that extent as to have him appear dead, so-called, and thus to have his friends place the body in the bosom of Mother Earth while the spirit is still attached to that body, will not be obliged to remain in that state with that material form for any length of time.

Spirit is enabled to penetrate matter by its own peculiar force, and thus to subject the physical elements to its will sufficiently for it to rise above them. The confined form may for a time hold the spirit in contact with it; but just as soon as the body really passes under the process of dissolution, the spirit begins to free himself from that material form. Subtle is the power that lies in the force of the spirit-intelligence, and the various elements, particles and atoms which go to make up the physical form are unable to hold this spiritual force and intelligence called man.

A spirit coming from the other life may desire to make his presence known in physical ways, so that he may appeal directly to the external senses of mortal man; therefore he must collect a certain amount of physical power and electrical force, which is taken partially from the atmosphere and in part from the environment of some one or more persons on earth called mediums. This electric and magnetic force is utilized by the spirit as an agent through which to make his power known; but that does not imply that the spirit is obliged to have the services of a medium before he can enter one of our houses, if he so desires. You may close and bar your doors; you may shut your windows so that there may be no opening through which the smallest individual might be able to pass; you may fasten your eyes within your home and say, No spirit can come to me, because matter prevents his entrance to my domain; but the spirit who desires to reach your side for any purpose whatever will find that the bolts and bars of objective life do not prevent his entrance. He can pass through the side of your house as readily as you can pass through the open doorway into the outer air. So the spirit whose body has been buried before life ceased to vibrate within it, and that reside from the interior of the casket, through the feet of soil that may have been placed upon it, into the upper air, finding his own environment, and gravitating to his own true condition in the spiritual world.

Q.—As there is much controversy as to the materializing phenomena of the present day, I would like to ask, Is it possible for one spirit to materialize the form of another spirit, and in this form assume the character and act the part of that other spirit?

A.—Yes, it is possible for this thing to be done. It has been done more than one occasion. It is up to a fact that the operating spirits attending some of the materializing mediums have the entire work of manifesting in charge at the séances which they hold.

They open their home to spirits and mortals. You are invited to attend the séance, and the invitation, of course, is extended to your spirit-friends to accompany you. They enter the séance-room with you, but it may not be possible for them to take upon themselves the conditions, the elements of matter, and the knowledge by which they can give to you a tangible manifestation of their presence. It may be as impossible for one of your spirit-friends to enter the séance-room of a materializing medium, and at the first visit present himself in materialized form to you for recognition, as it would be for you to enter the studio of an artist or a sculptor, and at once, with no previous training and study, proceed to produce some artistic work, perhaps that of a fine painting or that of a marble statue. The artist and sculptor have had their training. They understand the work, and know how to produce it. You would not be able to do this upon entering the studio for the first time, and so with most of the spirits who visit our materializing mediums. They know nothing of the modus operandi. They have had no training in this special department of spirit manifestations. They may be even unfamiliar with the operation of that psychological law with which one must be acquainted somewhat in order to affect a sensitive known as a medium. Therefore we should hardly expect one of these spirits to at once come from the cabinet of a medium, made up in materialized form, ready to present himself for identification, and claiming that it is he himself, and no other. But the attendant spirits of those mediums do understand the work. They have been trained in it, have studied its laws, experimented with the elements of the atmosphere, and also become familiar with the law of chemistry in all its various parts, the action of the elements, attraction, cohesion and disintegration. Consequently, they know how to proceed in collecting the necessary elements, particles and atoms from the medium and from the atmosphere, and to utilize them in preparing a form to be presented in mortal life.

ences first of all, thus demonstrating the power of spirit over matter. It proves that invisible intelligence must be present, since this form shows an acquaintance with you, with your past life, and with the past life of your spirit-friend. The spirit whom this form represents may be close by it, manipulating it, if he understands how to do so, and even directly operating upon the image thus presented. He may be in rapport with the attending spirit, and thus to convey to you, and this is presented through the materialized form.

Why, you will say, in such an instance the materialized form is not the spirit of my friend, it is not the spirit of my child, my companion, or my brother, as the case may be. No, that form is not; but it may be under the manipulation of your spirit friend, just as an automaton is under the direction of the operator behind the scenes, but the automaton is in rapport with the operator, and through the action that image, some thought or some intelligence. Remember that the materialized form is made up of material elements, physical matter, atoms taken from the atmosphere, from yourselves, from the medium. It belongs entirely to this world of matter, is not the spirit form of your friend, and, consequently, is not your spirit friend. It is only the image, temporarily created, built up, made to respond to the will of your friend, or to that of some other spirit near, who has the power of intelligent mind over material form.

Many times in such a circle as that, the form receding from the sitters' gaze and entering under the direction of the spirit operators, so that it again appears lengthened in stature perhaps, changed in thought somewhat, or shortened as the case may be, and made to look like some other individual; yet the same atoms, the same forces, the same elements are utilized to make up the figure that previously appeared in your gaze. Then you will say, this is not my spirit friend. No, it is a representation of your spirit friend, who conveys intelligence to you through its instrumentality, that you may know your friend is present, desires to aid you, and to give you knowledge of immortal life. Very much depends not only upon the condition of the medium and the right assimilation and sympathy of the sitters present with each other and with the medium, together with the condition of the atmosphere at the time, as to what kind of material will be produced for the work of the spirits, and thus what kind of a manifestation you will receive, whether it will appear in the likeness of your friend or not; but much depends upon the skill, knowledge and ability of the operating spirits. One who claims to be a sculptor on earth may seek to carve out a marble image representing the form of some friend who has been familiar with you in life; but his skill may be imperfect, and the result may be like a betterment, and not appear to be particularly good of your friend. It may not resemble him as clearly as you feel it ought to have done; and so, if the operating spirit is unskillful, does not understand his art, even though your friend is by your side, he will not be able to build up a form that will exactly resemble your friend, and you may not be satisfied, although if your spirit friend could reveal himself in his spirit body, just as he is in the spirit-world, you might be able to recognize him at once; but such a manifestation does not occur.

Q.—Your questioner has seen it stated by writers in the spiritual press that direct communication with the world beyond exists much opposition from a certain class of spirit intelligences. What is the reason for such opposition?

A.—Spirits do not all occupy the same plane of thought, aspiration and knowledge, any more than individuals on earth all occupy the same platform in these directions.

There are many here who know of Spiritualism, have partially studied it, but do not care particularly, and, perhaps, for purposes of their own, are opposed to its progress and to the world becoming familiar with it. There are individuals in the spirit-world who are particularly desirous of having Spiritualism spread upon the earth. Some are in harmony with minds here whose whole bent of thought, so to speak, is in another direction. They are violently opposed to the advocacy of Spiritualism or to its spread throughout the world. They attract spirits to them of a like order, and these intelligences would be pleased to close every channel of communication between the two worlds.

Then there are spirits whom we have seen speak of what use it is to try to communicate with mortals? Why not let earth's people move along, gain their experience in this world, and wait until they get to the higher life before they discover that there is a continuity of vital, active existence throughout eternity, and that it is possible for spirits to come into direct contact with earth? There are spirits as well as mortals who believe that one world at a time is sufficient for human thought. Some spirits are there who are so concerned with the forces of life that they have the special desire to come into the earth atmosphere, or into communication with its inhabitants, believing that as eternity is before them it will be as well by-and-by to come into direct reunion with their friends on the other side as to attempt to do that while their friends are gaining the experiences of this mortal life. These latter intelligences, however, are not opposed to the spread of Spiritualism, or to others communicating with their friends who desire so to do, only they think it is not their place to communicate themselves or to attempt to come into direct contact with the interests of earthly life.

We have in our world as great a variety of human thought and expression as you can possibly have in this world. Human thought and manifestation are free, are unrestricted on the spirit-side so long as they do not conflict with the interests, rights and happiness of other minds; but when they do, we have systems of restraint which we can bring to bear upon individuals as you can bring to bear upon mortals in the same manner, which keep them in check to a certain extent.

Let us dwell for a moment upon another thought in connection with this, for you may ask, if we have systems of restraint in the spiritual world under which the offender against moral law may be brought, why is it that certain undeveloped spirits come in contact with mortals and exercise an injurious influence upon them? and we will say, Because these mortals attract just such classes of spirits. Pure-minded individuals on either side of the line are not greatly troubled by undeveloped intelligences. These impure spirits who come through back are weighted by physical elements, passions and tendencies which they have not thrown off even though they have slipped from the mortal form, consequently they do not rise into the spiritual atmosphere of the other world. They make their home in the material environments of this world, and are what you call earth-bound spirits, who send out the psychological force upon mortals in order to affect them according to their will. Yet, as we have said, there is a higher moral law, a stronger psychological force and magnetism possessed by the exalted intelligences than those possessed by any carnal-minded spirit, and these higher laws and influences are operating as systems of restraint upon the wrong-doer to bring him into subjection, but principally to cause him to face himself, to see how and where he has done wrong, and to create in him a desire to rise and do better in the coming time.

Q.—[By O. M.] Will the Controlling Spirit favor us with a definition of what he regards as the distinctive features of Spiritualism?

A.—The basic platform, or rather the rocky foundation, if we may use the term, of Spiritualism is the demonstration of immortal life through intelligent channels by intelligent denizens of that immortal state. This is the first platform upon which to build your structure of Spiritualism as understood in the nineteenth century. This modern movement, in which we take a part, has come from the eternal world to bring evidence of the continuity of life. It bears testimony to the fact that there is no break in the chain of existence; that a soul living here lives forever. It may change its conditions and surroundings, take upon itself new forms, and manifest its powers in diverse ways, but it is not extinguishable; and this is what Spiritualism comes

to teach. It reveals immortality in a natural and soul-satisfying manner by bringing individuals from the other world whom you have known and associated with here, and who were your friends when in the body. You recognized and understood them, at least to an extent. They have passed out of the physical form, and finding themselves in another world, occupying homes that are natural and substantial, pursuing employments that are adapted to their abilities, they naturally desire to return and acquaint you with the fact. Mediumship has opened the way for them to do so, and through mediumship they return to you of earth, manifesting their peculiar personal qualities and traits, so that you recognize them as your friends, not only by what they tell you of their past associations with your lives, but by those characteristics with which you have been familiar, and which they now display.

That is the foundation-principle of Spiritualism, the demonstration of immortality for humanity; then comes the teaching of Spiritualism, which seeks to guide man toward a higher or a more unfolded condition. It appeals to his spiritual nature, and seeks to arouse within him, if he has it not, a desire to unfold beautiful qualities, such as unselfishness, love of mankind, a sense of justice toward his fellows, an aspiration to grow into loveliness of character, so that he may become more like the angels than like the beasts, and more like the carnal-minded who deal only in material things. Spiritualism teaches that like attracts like, and that those who are carnal here attract influences or intelligences from beyond that are also selfish and impure, not having yet arisen to a more perfected state; that if one has these unholy influences, propensities and desires on earth, he generates a darksome atmosphere, which surrounds him like a cloud, and is offensive to pure-minded individuals of either world; that this dense atmosphere may be converted to unclean spirits, but that it is by no means to be desired. Spiritualism teaches that as a man sows, so shall he also reap, and if he goes through this world sowing the tares of impurity, selfishness and moral turpitude, when he steps into the spiritual world, and sees himself as he is, recognizing that he is also seen in this dark atmosphere of which we speak by others who are perhaps higher and purer, he reaps only what he has sown, measure for measure of unhappiness, discord and unrest. Spiritualism seeks to inculcate pure principles in human hearts, and yet always with the desire to banish the shadows of unhappiness and wrong in human life, and to bring forward the sunlight of love, peace and good-will. It recognizes the existence of great evils in the world, but points to reformatory measures which may be adopted to lessen them, and perhaps in time to banish them altogether. Spiritualism also insists that one cannot go forth as a reformer in any day, unless he is himself a human being betterment, unless he is himself pure, true and good. He who goes about proclaiming that evil exists, that his brothers and sisters of the human family are crushed beneath the weight of persecution and oppression, must see to it that in no way, not even in the smallest degree, does he persecute any one in the world, does he oppress any because they do not hold the same opinions that he holds, even when he feels that his opinions are correct. He must be willing to accord the largest liberty of thought and action to his fellow man, and stand forth as an exponent of human freedom to the world. He who comes forward as a reformer in the social relations of life, who claims that there is immorality abroad, and that wrong-doing exists in society through all its various degrees of caste, saying that he has a better and higher code of moral conduct to present to the world, must see to it that he is essentially pure in all his thoughts and deeds if he would hope to be a successful worker in such a broad and open field.

Spiritualism, then, teaches this: that those who desire to go forth as teachers of spiritual culture, high principles and moral ethics, must begin with their own lives, weeding out that which is unlovely, and implanting and cultivating that which is pure and beautiful, and which dispenses a high spiritualizing aroma that attracts and blesses other human lives. Then may they expect and hope to win others to a contemplation of elevating thoughts, self-sacrificing deeds and noble principles, and thus be truly efficient in helping to reform those who are in need of such reformation.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF Mrs. M. T. Longley.

Report of Public Séance held June 26th, 1891.

(Continued from last week.)

Franklin Drury.

[To the Chairman:] Good afternoon, sir. I am pleased to step in for a moment. I am a Frank Drury, from Warren, Mass. I have a warm regard for the old place and for this state. I am familiar with different parts of it, and I am as pleasant for me to claim a part of this fair earth as my home as it is for me to claim a spot in the spirit-land for my dwelling place.

I had a large experience on earth in business and in other lines, so that I did not feel altogether as a child when I stepped out of the body, though at first the weakness that came over me made me as helpless as a little babe; but after a while I began to rally my energies and to feel myself filled with new power, and from that time to this I have been taking hold of the things of that life and trying to make an impress upon them. I had a good many friends here. Some of them, and some very dear to me, passed to the higher life before I was summoned. What joy it was to me to see their familiar countenances! Kind hands were stretched out to give me welcome to homes filled with those good, hospitable friends, and it seemed glorious to me.

I was an old Mason, and I had many friends in the Fraternity, of them good, staunch friends, tried and true, are with me on the spirit-side, and join with me in sending greetings to the friends who are left here. They wish to tell the brothers that the bond of union held fast and strong even after the body became dissolved, and its elements were taken up by Mother Earth. There is a union of purpose and concord of spirit, as the friends will find when they come to our plane, where all is dealt with upon the square. Tell them I am quite ready to meet any friend who wishes to hear from me in a quiet way.

Juliette Manly.

This is not my first visit to your circle and to friends. In our beautiful home I still labor with earnest zeal for its advancement on this earth-plane, but I have waited all through this season of your work to step forward and give a brief message to some of those friends.

I was requested months ago to come to your circle and give my opinion concerning certain affairs belonging to my friends in the material life. I do not know as my opinion is of value, but I will say to those friends, and especially to two have seen to a mental request to me in the spirit-world to respond to them, that it is probable you will live to see a reaction in the direction of those affairs that have been taking a strange course during the last few years. You will see, I think, a reaction in the minds of those having them in charge, so that these matters will be brought around into shape as they should have been before this. Some of my friends in Erie are getting discouraged, or have been discouraged for some time, over the state of affairs concerning our Spiritual Movement around them, and also in other places of which they know. It seems to have been an indifference manifested toward its progress by many of those who know that Spiritualism is true, and that communication between the two worlds is a demonstrated fact.

Now, I wish to say to those friends who feel sad over this, Be of good cheer, and try to feel encouraged. You to spirit-friends know that you have been doing all you can to keep up an interest and to give light upon this great question to minds who are in darkness concerning it. We know that you have constantly tried to send out an influence for good in these lines, and we have responded to the best of our ability. I have myself manifested through

writing and in other ways to friends far from this place, and have privately told them my ideas of things; and it seems to me that by-and-by, although it may not be for a few years, there is to come a revulsion of feeling in relation to Spiritualism and its work, so that now power will be felt from beyond, and now interest created and maintained on this side, regarding it. I think the old forms will be revivified, and new life be felt; and so I come with a message of cheer, good-will and affectionate sympathy to all the friends, and say to those who are still imbued with a desire to be of use and to help mankind here and in the spirit-world, we appreciate your efforts, we know what you have done, and you will receive your blessing by-and-by. Juliette Manly, from Erie, N. Y.

Charles C. Elmer.

I feel that my hour has come to say a word from your platform. I have visited this place unseen and unrecognized, but with a curiosity, or I might say an interest to learn what you are doing, and why and how spirits control the medium to make themselves heard. But I was taken, and I have no complaint to make, for lines of work are open to me, life is pleasant, and I find that a man can press on there and make his mark just as well as he can here, and perhaps a little better, for there is not quite the pushing and crowding that we have here, and not quite so much of a desire to get ahead in spite of the rights of any one else.

My life on earth was comparatively short, thirty-three years only. I cannot say that I would have preferred to go if I had been given the choice, for if I could have lived here in a sound, healthy body, so as to use the brain and vital forces in practical ways, I would much rather have staid on earth. But I was taken, and I have no complaint to make, for lines of work are open to me, life is pleasant, and I find that a man can press on there and make his mark just as well as he can here, and perhaps a little better, for there is not quite the pushing and crowding that we have here, and not quite so much of a desire to get ahead in spite of the rights of any one else.

I left home, I might say, or the body, in Hartford, Connecticut, and the friends there will perhaps be pleased to hear from me. I hope so. Give them my love, tell them I come back sound and well, full of buoyant thoughts, looking to the future with ambition and hopefulness, knowing that it will work out something for me which will be worth having. I formerly lived in Springfield, Mass. I have friends and relatives there, to whom I send my word of greeting. Tell them that I am pleased with certain things I have seen accomplished since I went from this life, that they may know I am looking on and understanding what takes place, at least to some extent, and that I am not altogether shut out from knowledge of this world or of those whom I have known in the past.

John Pierpont.

Mr. Chairman and Friends: We shall now draw our circle to a close. This is the last session of the season, and a season of work that has been in a large measure gratifying to many of us on both sides of life. We of the spiritual world who stand upon your platform from week to week, guarding the entrance to this mediumistic life so that it may not be vitally affected by the conflicting magnetic forces and strange visitants that approach it from the spiritual world, can perhaps better judge of the results of our year's labor than can any one who views them merely from the material side of life.

We know, from observation and experience, that hundreds of spirits, intelligent individuals, have manifested through our medium, giving their word of love, instruction and identification according to their best power. Many of them have so individualized themselves through the instrument giving characteristic messages, as to be received and acknowledged by their friends on earth. Others have not been able to do this to the extent that they have wished, but all have done as well as they could. Many have been obliged to leave their sentiments voiced by an attending spirit, because they could not personally control the medium's organism and manifest for themselves, but all have been in some measure benefited by the experience gained at our circle; and so we feel that, independent of any external result, a great good has been done for spirit intelligences and for the spirit-world.

Looking at results from a mortal's standpoint, we find that many human hearts on earth have been refreshed and comforted by the words which they have read the columns of our MESSAGE DEPARTMENT in the BANNER OF LIGHT. Some of these have received no direct word from personal friends, but have gained knowledge of spirit-life, or in some way been spiritually elevated by that which they have seen in the messages and the answers to questions printed in our paper. Others, again, have gained direct communication from their own loved ones, and have thus been consoled in hours of affliction and distress when in mental doubt as to the life and its uses, and in other ways been lifted to a higher plane of thought and observation.

We go over these matters briefly, Mr. Chairman, as it is the closing moment of our season's work. We feel it is our right and duty to point to these achievements of the BANNER OF LIGHT, that minds on earth as well as minds in the spirit-world may ponder upon them, learn a lesson of the usefulness of this great work, and also to come into closer affiliation with it.

We shall not detain you longer than to express our loving appreciation of the kindly thoughts and sympathies that have come to us from thousands of human hearts on earth. All these have been received and recognized by the spirit-band of this place. They are treasured up as so many blessings in our possessions, and they have given to us strength

(Continued on seventh page.)

ORIGINAL No. 46
Breakfast Vanities
BY MRS. DEARBORN,
Principal Boston Cooking School.
Mix and sift together 1 pint pastry flour, ½ tea sp. salt and 1 heaping tea sp. Cleveland's Baking Powder. Mix to a stiff dough with milk, using only sufficient to make it stiff enough to roll.
Toss out on a slightly floured board, roll out very thin, cut into small squares with a sharp knife or pastry wheel and drop into boiling lard.
Shake the kettle gently to facilitate their rising, and when well puffed up turn them and brown the other side. Drain on paper. They should be cooked in fat hot enough to brown a piece of bread while counting sixty, and are quite hollow when cooked. Serve with maple syrup if liked. (Copyright, 1891.)
Use only Cleveland's baking powder, the proportions are made for that.
Pure crystal cream of tartar and soda make a perfectly wholesome leaven. There is no other leavening power in Cleveland's Baking Powder.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1901.

Harvest Moon Festival, Onset Bay, Mass.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:

Saturday, Sept. 10th, opened beautifully, and all nature seemed to conspire to render the festival one of the grandest in the memories of Onset. The services were held in the Temple, decorated throughout with flowers and evergreens. The platform was especially beautiful, and so artistically arranged that a full description would be beyond the range of possibility. In front of the platform was a fine specimen of the large-leaved plant, Caladium-Espaladum, surmounting a grand collection of squashes, pumpkins and melons. The entire front of the platform was covered with flowers, and the back of the platform was the right was a "Ladder of Progress," on the upper step of which were roses of all shades and colors. At the base, upon the right, a pyramid of golden-rod, fully five feet in height, over which, upon the wall, were the pictures of our loved and highly respected workers, William White and Isaac F. Greenleaf. At the extreme left was a fine pyramid of wild asters, surmounted by a beautiful anchor formed of evergreen, and upon the wall pictures of two other well-known spiritual workers, Henry F. Gardner and Edward S. Wheeler. Baskets, an inverted umbrella, bell, and various emblems covered with flowers were suspended from the ceiling over the platform, the entire display being of a most beautiful and artistic character. The picture of a beautiful Indian maiden, "Silver Bell," added not a little to the attractiveness of the decorations, while on the side of the building, and seemingly overlooking the festival, was the picture of "Aunt Hannah," well known as one of the early settlers of Onset. Above the platform decorations were the words: "WELCOME TO OUR HARVEST MOON," surmounted by a canopy of stars and the picture of a full moon. The picture of a pair of wings spread, was an American eagle, and suspended from the ceiling a white dove of peace.

The public services of Saturday afternoon were opened by Dr. H. B. Storer with a brief address of welcome, and a half-hour service of song. Dr. Storer gave a brief history of the origin of this Harvest Festival. Our old friend and brother, I. P. Greenleaf, had a beautiful vision of the Indians in their canoes celebrating their Harvest Moon, and in conjunction with Mr. Bourne, he was enabled to inaugurate what we now celebrate with so much significance and beauty. We believe its natural beauty must fill the eye of all our departed warriors, and could they be present in material form we should hear again the Indian strains of joy and pleasure. The Indian manifested in death more than in words his love in the white man. Dr. Storer, in speaking of the Indians, paid them a high compliment for their bravery and native goodness, and proposed that this festival be theirs to enjoy, and a small memento of our high appreciation of their grandeur and moral worth.

Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes was the first speaker. She said that, as she entered the Temple, her Indian control gave her a vision of the future of the Indians, and she said, "Is it not grand?" surrounded by the beauties of nature, why should we not be really lost in wonder, love and praise?

Dr. A. H. Richardson said he had visited eight camps, and in this year, and every year, he had seen Indian spirits present with their influence and healing power. He was glad to be present at an Indian "pow-wow" like this. By this meeting together we renew our pledge to work for humanity, the grand mission of true Spiritualism. The Indian, who was young, the age of seventy-three, was introduced, and sang, "For What Art Thou Building?"

J. W. Fletcher said he recognized the day as set apart for the Indian, and the externals are all arranged for their pleasure. To the Red Men we are largely indebted for all that is true and useful in the matter of spiritual truth. These truths come to us as acceptably from the mouth of the Indian, untutored as he might have been, as from the grandest theologian. What a disgrace it has been to our Christian country that it should meet our red brethren with the Bible in one hand, and with the sword in the other drive them from the East to the far West, and by this and other methods nearly exterminate them.

Mrs. Carrie E. Loring spoke of the Menasac tribe of Indians that once lived upon the ground where her house now stands in Braintree, Mass., and of the noble "guides" that grand tribe of arisen braves has given to the world. The electric force gained from the natives of our soil is a wonderful power, and a voice speaks to me from the unseen which tells me that the power gained has placed us upon a footing we could never have reached but for these noble sons of the forest. Amid the most vociferous applause, the Hon. Luther R. Marsh of New York was presented as one who had stood true to his convictions amidst the most severe persecution. He spoke interestingly of the valor and honesty of the Indian tribes. Having descended directly from them he knew them well, and many a pale-face would do well to profit by their example of honesty and fidelity to the truth. Mr. Marsh closed by giving us the Onondaga war-whoop for Spiritualism.

Saturday evening the services in the Pavilion consisted of an eloquent address by Mrs. Dr. Heath upon the "Law of Compensation," which was listened to with the closest attention by the largest audience of the season, the old Pavilion being completely filled with aged and middle-aged people who came to congratulate Mrs. Heath upon her very successful work during the present season. Mr. Frank W. Jones of New York, who so successfully conducted meetings in the Pavilion last season, was present, and spoke upon the changes that have taken place in the year, and the grand progress of spiritual truth and its power to elevate humanity. Mr. F. A. A. Heath spoke upon the power of the Press to assist in the great work of religious reform, and maintained that the success of the Onset Camp Meeting was largely due to the reports that had been sent through the columns of THE BANNER all over the world. Mr. Heath closed with an earnest appeal for THE BANNER, as a true and faithful exponent of the Spiritual Philosophy. J. E. Young of Onset spoke upon the living power as manifested in the creation of man, demonstrating the fact of immortality and man's inherent divinity. Mrs. Jennie Reed of Brooklyn, N. Y., gave interesting readings and descriptions of spirits present, all of whom were thereby recognized. Dr. Heath illustrated the power of psychometry by reading several articles in the pockets of persons in the audience, without coming in contact with them. These readings were so eagerly sought that the audience was twenty-six persons in the hall at eleven o'clock, waiting to receive something that should give light upon their future through this wonderful psychic power.

The evening's entertainment at the Spiritual Temple opened with an overture from the orchestra composed of members of the Middleboro' Band, followed by the reading of "Our Folks," by Miss Maggie Vaughan of Malden, and the rendering of "He and She," by J. William Fletcher, in his usual pleasing manner. The violin solo by Miss Annie and the harp selections by Mr. G. T. Albro and Abbie Ripley of Boston, were heartily applauded. Miss Vaughan in her usual artistic and effective manner recited Hood's "Bridge of Sighs." Miss Amanda Bailey sang with much feeling, "The Living Hope," and J. William Fletcher gave a report of some very interesting and ludicrous investigations said to have been made by the "New Psychical Society," which proposes to "settle this matter once and for all." At the close of the entertainment a social dance was engaged in by young and old, all entering heartily into its enjoyment, not excepting Dr. Albro's pet dog, who danced very finely.

Sunday morning, Sept. 20th, the exercises of the Harvest Moon Festival were resumed at ten o'clock the Temple being well filled. After listening to a grand concert by the Middleboro' Band, Dr. Storer introduced Mr. W. D. Packard, who sang several selections. Eben Cobb, Esq., of Lynn, was the first speaker. He referred to ancient Egypt, Rome, and all that was known of them being buried centuries ago, and of the Latin and Saxon languages, not now spoken, and therefore called "dead," but still living and exerting their influence upon the two laws, he said, "that govern all things: The survival of the fittest and that of natural selection, the latter represented by the beautiful flowers upon our platform." Passing from ancient Egypt and Rome down through the ages we come to the glorious fruits of the forest, who are also passing away, and the places that now know them will soon know them no more forever. But we are here to speak of the dead, those who have traveled over these hills and valleys in the years of long ago, yet are now a living, eternal power among men, silently working as true Messiahs, influencing every medium they can control, and doing more for the world's education than theologians have ever been able to achieve. These dead are bound up in books, but the red man comes to us with a knowledge gained from nature, and in harmony with our souls, uplifting and leading us nearer to the Great Spirit.

Miss Bailey and Mrs. Penney sang several fine selections during the day, and received the most hearty congratulations. Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes spoke of the "Harvest of Spiritualism and the Nature of the Fruitage." "Spiritualism stands above every other religion in its recognition of the power and influence of woman, thus emancipating the world from the ignorance of the past. These beautiful flowers and plants have grown in the domain of nature, the same as we have been growing, and now we are seeing the glorious fruits of the work of woman carries us back to the days of our dearly-loved worker, Achsa W. Sprague, who was one of the noblest women that ever lived upon earth, and did much for the elevation of her sex. Spiritualism is as much a religion as any other, and we ask the same charity from other religions as we extend to them, no more, no less. Let not all our Spiritualism be in symbols and signs, but in living thoughts and words that shall burn their way through the world."

After another song from Mr. W. D. Packard, Mrs. Carrie E. Loring spoke, inspired by our ascended worker, Isaac F. Greenleaf, who passed to the life beyond from Onset. He gave expression to his pleasure and happiness in coming from the spirit life

to enjoy this Harvest Moon, and extended the blessing of his love and gratitude to all who had aided in the development of a festival which, under the guiding influence of the Indian council in the spirit-world, he was enabled to present, and which he hoped would be continued until all meet at a grand Harvest Moon Festival in spirit-life.

J. Wm. Fletcher gave the closing speech of the morning. He asked, what is the object and meaning of our gathering here at Onset from year to year? "Nothing," he said, "has been accomplished! Spiritualism has become more popular in this community than ever before. Many say the pulpit educates the people. This is not true. The people educate the pulpit, and when the people are educated they will give the truth, the pulpit will give it to them. Our Christian friend says, believe, and you will be saved; the Spiritualist says, do, and all will be well, placing our salvation more upon doing than believing. The religion of the future deals with what we have done, and we after this life! Spiritualism begins with this life and carries us all through eternity. The highest and best thoughts given from our platform mark the success of our gathering here this year, and are seeds sown that shall bear fruit through all the years to come." Closing, Mr. Fletcher said that another year he would have a temperance day, and also a ministers' day, when the utmost liberty would be allowed for a comparison of the two systems of religion.

At the afternoon session Mr. D. Packard told the story in song of "Paradise Square," much to the pleasure of the audience. Mrs. Augusta W. Fletcher of New York was the speaker, and expressed her deep joy that all races of men can unite to-day in this grand festival. The grand question before us to-day is, "What have we gained?" The freed slave owes his freedom largely to the power the spirit-world exerted through the brain and organism of woman. We may talk about the learning of our schools, and the wisdom of books, but the wisdom of all learning is compared with that coming through the Infinite and its ministering spirits. One good woman can be the mother of a dozen good men; one good man may be the President of a great country, and upon our men and women rests the burden of our government. When I look back forty years, and recall the early workers in the spiritual field, and the difficulties under which they labored, and now see the advance in spiritual thought, I find the answer to my question. Thomas Gales Foster, how well I remember his magnificent presence as he stood upon the platform. F. B. Randolph, too, I remember so well for his untiring efforts to promulgate the truth of the equality of soul. Grace old men, they are back to-day, are carrying the warm glow of truth and peace which comes to us through the years that have passed away, and as the result of their self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of humanity Spiritualism has reached a height for which we should be thankful, but the future no prophetic eye can foresee."

Miss Amanda Bailey by request sang, "Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer," very finely. Dr. H. B. Storer said that the President of the Association had asked him to read an original paper which he had written, and which was entitled "Onset Memories."

Mrs. Coleman of New York said that in her father's home the Indian braves and aqua were always made welcome. Notable among them was Red Jacket, who came back to our Christian country to influence different mediums. When she began in this work there were only seven Spiritualists, but before a year and a half they had gathered around them a society of a thousand. Thos. Gales Foster and Cora L. Y. Richmond, who remembered as among them. There is now a question whether planetary spirits can come to us, and we are getting communications from several in the home of Mrs. M. E. Wallace of New York, who report themselves as inhabitants of other planets, and the thought is well worthy of investigation.

After another song from Mr. Packard, Hon. Luther P. Marsh addressed the meeting. He said: "I should feel at home in a court-house and in a political meeting before the people, but in this elevated position I am abashed, and would add that if any one ever doubted the poetic power of our President he must yield the palm to him as one who can weave un-

poetic Indian names into rhyme. From my early days I have been an advocate of the rights of woman. From early time whenever woman has had an opportunity she has shown her power from the time of birth of old down to the present. Spiritualism has demonstrated that we shall leave this life with just the capital we possess, and progress through all eternity. I have suffered much persecution from the world at large, but it has not moved me nor in the least lessened my faith in spiritualism. My only feeling is one of sorrow for those who have been foremost in this persecution. I am sorry for those who are gathering to themselves the dross of this world which they cannot carry with them to the world to come, and which will sooner or later, and are so absorbed in the pursuit of wealth that their spiritual natures are closed."

Sunday evening a Peace Council in the Temple closed the meetings of the present season. The Temple was filled to its utmost capacity, and all desired to hear what the Indian controls might say. The exercises opened with the following, written by Miss Helen Berry, and read by Miss Maggie Vaughan:

SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.
"It is spring; the morning of the year;
Soft breathes the air o'er hill and glade;
The dews from winter's cold are gone;
Rush slings through sun and shade.
Winter's cloud-curtains, backward rolled,
Reveal rich depths of blue and gold;
Oh, life! whose life quivers through me,
Tell us: What shall the Harvest be?
The woods in varied greens are clothed;
In pink and white the fruit trees bloom;
Grapes-vines drink in the dew of heaven,
And lilacs shed a sweet perfume.
While pears from every woodland tree
Of silvery stores of life are made;
Oh, life! that thrills with ecstasy,
Tell us: What shall the Harvest be?
In noontide glory Summer comes;
The flowers are in actual life to greet;
The yellow rose, of sunbeams sweet,
The white rose, saintly-cold and woe.
The President of the evening gave.
Oh, life! abundant, full and free,
Tell us: What shall the Harvest be?
Palmettes leap through trunk and stem;
Mid light and fragrance, scent and flowers;
What influence of living force!
Moistened with dew and summer showers.
The sky-lark soars on buoyant wing,
So glad he cannot choose but sing.
Oh, life! God's gift of mystery,
Tell us: What shall the Harvest be?
Autumn! thou twilight of the year!
Thy yellow leaves a halo seem.
Studded with buds the chestnut stand,
The grapes with purple lustre gleam,
Blushes the peach, mellow the pear,
The apple trees rich fruitage bear.
Oh, life! whose life quivers through me,
Tell us: What shall the Harvest be?
How full the bounty of thy reign!
The splendor of thy sunset dyes
Thy wide-spread wings, where tucked the corn
For merry plowmen frolic lies.
In vernal meadows, see, the wheat
The golden harvest of the year;
Oh, life! that gives ungrudgingly,
Tell us: What shall the Harvest be?
So stirs Creation's living force
The wind spreads forth the flowering flowers,
The hidden Wisdom works its course,
And on the earth the Harvest showers.
Thy wide-spread wings, where tucked the corn
Thou Nature gives the generous yield.
Oh, life! that is, and is to be,
Tell us: What shall the Harvest be.
In human soul of plant and beast,
If ready kindness thou dost show,
If good for ill thou canst turn,
Then wilt thou reap the seed thou sow.
For springing tares to choke the way.
Oh, life! thy work fulfill in me,
Thou shalt be glorified through eternity!"

Dr. A. H. Richardson, under the influence of his Indian control, "Big Moon," gave the opening speech. Louis F. Jones, controlled by "Roanoke," spoke of the power of the Indian to lift the clouds of superstition.

"Sunshine" spoke of the harmony and peace that has gone out from this Camp during the summer, remarking that there was more harmony in the whoop of the Indian than in any music upon earth. It is nature, and, of course, is full of harmony. "Great Heart," gave greetings from all to the braves of earth, and, Wilbur, speaking for "Golden Age," counseled peace and blessings upon the pale face until we meet again another Harvest Moon. Other mediums were controlled, and after a parting benediction from Eben Cobb the service closed with singing "Auld Lang Syne."

J. Frank Baxter in Maine.

To the Editor of the Banner of Light:
On Sunday, Sept. 16th, Mr. Baxter began a series of lectures in Ellsworth. The opening one was free, and dealt largely with his early experience in Spiritualism, showing how the mediumistic and spiritual organization inherited from his mother, the spirit-world appeared, and demonstrated itself to him and others; and how, with his positive and cautious nature, the law of his father, he carefully considered peace and blessings upon the pale face until we meet again another Harvest Moon. Other mediums were controlled, and after a parting benediction from Eben Cobb the service closed with singing "Auld Lang Syne."

In the evening an audience of 200, by count, assembled, notwithstanding a door-fee was charged and rain was expected momentarily. The lecture offered many valuable lessons and suggestions in view of the rapid strides of the past half century, and the great progress Spiritualism was making, notwithstanding vehement opposition.

At the conclusion, Mr. Baxter gave an hour's exercise in mediumship, which was a great eye opener to many, and aroused great inquiry and discussion. All were intensely interested.

"Prof. C. W. Starr and Coterie" were in town, planning and working up an attack. Himself and his agent, a boy were present, and as Mr. Baxter began in the afternoon they all came to the very front to be sure they were seen and to see. In the evening the "Starr" and its "satellite" had a conspicuous place in the balcony, just over Mr. Baxter, to the light of the stage, and within railing-rod's length of him. They could but attract attention, as probably they intended, and the word was whispered as to who they were, and what their movements signified. They were also present on subsequent occasions.

Tuesday evening, Sept. 18th, Mr. Baxter gave another lecture and séance. His subject was, "The Persistence, Permanence and Purpose of Modern Spiritualism." His argument was forcible, and the matter engrossing. The séance was peculiarly conclusive. Several business men, one lawyer and Judge, and one clergyman, were very favorably impressed, and some sought Mr. Baxter for personal interview. Mr. Baxter has made a grand impression as a lecturer and a medium, and a capital one as a gentleman and a scholar.

Wednesday evening, Sept. 19th, an entertainment of song and recitation was to have been given for the benefit of the Spiritual Society, but through mismanagement or accident was not the success it might otherwise have been.

On Thursday evening, Sept. 17th, Mr. Baxter delivered a fine lecture on "The Value of Phenomena," replete with excellent points. At its close the audience was treated to a wonderful descriptive séance of great interest and force.

Great praise is accorded Mr. Baxter on every hand by the unbiased for the gentlemanly bearing he has maintained, and the independent and fearless course he has pursued. Utterly ignoring his enemies, who have been only too glad, for obvious reasons, to have been noticed, he presented his lectures and exercised his mediumship, leaving his hearers to judge between the true and the false in exhibition, matter, manner, ability, and purpose.

Mr. Baxter left Ellsworth, and Maine, on Friday, Sept. 18th, for work the following week in New Hampshire.

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