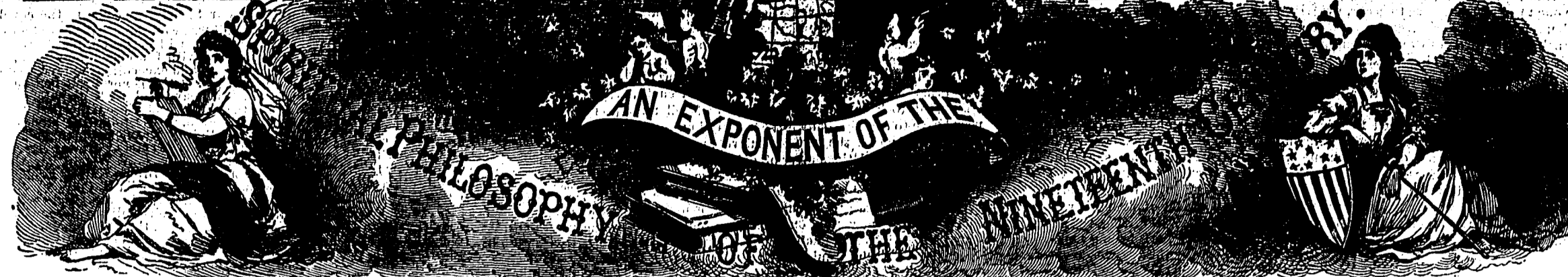


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 20.

## AFTERNOON TEA.

When Polly puts the kettle on  
To brew her choicest Bohea,  
And asks me, with a witching glance,  
If I am fond of tea;  
Although I hate the horrid stuff,  
I hasten to reply  
That few regard that beverage  
With such delight as I.

For oh! to watch her dimpled hands  
Go flitting in and out  
Among the quaintly flowered cups  
That edge the tray about;  
To see her pour and hesitate  
Above the sugar bowl,  
And wonder if one lump or two  
Is nicer on the whole.

For privileges such as these,  
'T would be a foolish man  
Who did not swallow all the tea  
Imported from Japan;  
And in my heart I drink myself  
The happiest soul alive  
When Polly puts the kettle on,  
Each afternoon at five.

## The Spiritual Rostrum.

### SPIRITUALISM.

An Address delivered before the Spiritual Alliance of Albany, N. Y., at Van Vleet Hall, Albany, N. Y., on the evening of June 20th, 1892, by

JOHN D. CHISM, JR.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

The subject which I have chosen to talk upon to-night is appropriate at all times and in all places where Spiritualists are gathered together. It is a subject we never tire of discussing. When earnest Spiritualists meet, there is felt a bond of love and sympathy that binds them close together as of one brotherhood. Experiences are recounted, elevating thoughts are exchanged, and each one feels that he has been benefited by the hour passed.

Spiritualism as a fact is too well authenticated to render necessary any argument to-night. It is comprehensive; it conveys so much to the mind of man; it is so all-embracing, that it comes to be the *ism* of *isms*—the *divine* *ism* of *isms*. It does not ignore one single truth that has been handed down from the ages. Its work to-day is to bring us to see the unity there is in diversity. It is doing a work that no other *ism* ever attempted. It is not sectarian. It does not superciliously set itself aside—it simply asserts the truth, and invites you to investigate. It is a religion of love, and does not seek to compel any one through fear of a God of vengeance to believe it. It presents its claims freely to all who may desire to investigate, and says, take it or leave it at your own discretion.

Spiritualism has come at this stage of the world's history for several reasons, the most important of which is because of the unrest caused by educated, intellectual persons becoming thoroughly dissatisfied with the peculiar doctrines and dogmas that have been presented to the world for the past fifteen hundred years as the religion of Jesus: Doctrines proclaimed by the religious teachers with all the earnestness that they could command. To these men—the clergy—the populace looked for divine instruction, with a veneration worthy of gods. I can remember the time when I, through early teachings, viewed the minister of a church with a deep feeling of awe, as if he were something more than man. Is it any wonder that the dogmatic theology of Calvin, Edwards, Knox and others became so prevalent throughout Christendom? These "divine" men forced their ignorant dupes to believe, through fear of eternal pain. Listen to what Jonathan Edwards said less than two centuries ago. This great leader of religious thought and follower of Jesus then remarked:

"I shall mention very good and important ends which will be obtained by the eternal punishment of the wicked. The saints will be more sensible how great their salvation is, when they shall see how great the misery is from which God has saved them, and how great the difference he hath made between their state and the state of others who are by nature, and perhaps by practice, no more sinful and ill-deserving than they. It will give them a sense of the wonderfulness of God's grace. . . . The views of the misery of the damned will double the ardor of the love and gratitude of the saints in heaven. The sights of hell-torments will excite the happiness of the saints forever. It will give them a more lively relish of their own happiness."

"When they shall see how miserable others of their fellow-creatures are; when they shall see the smoke of their torment, and the raging flames of their burning, and shall hear their shrieks and cries; and consider that they in the meantime are in the most blissful state, and shall surely be in it to all eternity, how they will rejoice! . . . How joyfully they will sing to God and the Lamb when they behold this!"

"Do but consider what it is to suffer extreme torments from one age to another; in pain, in wailing and lamenting, groaning and shrieking and quashing your teeth—with your bodies and every member full of racking torture, without a possibility of moving God to pity by your cries!"

"How devil will it be under these racking tortures to know that you never, never, NEVER shall be delivered from them; to have no hope when after you have worn out the age of the sun, moon and stars without one minute's ease, yet you shall have no hope of ever being delivered; but the same groans, the same shrieks, the same doleful cries are incessantly to be made by you; and the smoke of your torment shall ascend forever. Your bodies, which have been burning and roasting all the while in glowing furnaces, yet shall not have been consumed, but will remain to roast through an eternity yet."

What a delightful picture! This eminent divine, this leader of the common people must have had little thought of the proverb, "Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver." This blood-curdling doctrine, for many hundreds of years was dinned into the ears of the people until cruelty and vindictiveness became prevalent throughout the world.

Men naturally decided that God being so cruel and heartless a creature, it behooved them to be similar to him.

The results we see on every hand to-day. Wealth and misery, poverty and crime are but the natural consequence of such terrible dogmas and teachings being represented for ages as the highest of religious thought.

Can it be asked, "What good does Spiritualism do?" If it did no more than to disabuse men's minds of such a view of the attributes of the divine power that controls the universe with perfect harmony, it would have accomplished a wonderful work. But it does not stop at such things. It takes up the present, and teaches mankind to be kind and charitable to all of God's creatures; to abstain from the selfish greed for wealth that is the curse of the present day. It teaches us that each day we may learn the lesson of life. It teaches this also, that the lesson of to-day means more to us than that of yesterday, and that we need not trouble ourselves about the morrow, if we do our task of to-day properly.

Spiritualism makes life practical for to-day. If you to-day are living the best you know, if you to-day are doing all you can to alleviate the sufferings of those about you, then I say the morrow will be prepared for; and this kind of living becomes easier to live, as we become used to it by practice. Then you will become strong when to-morrow comes.

The peculiar doctrines of the religion that is passing away are claimed to be based on the sayings of one who, it is said, lived about 1800 years ago; whether he lived or not—whether he said and did all that the records claim for him—is unworthy of the bitter criticism and contention that is going on all over the civilized world. The history of his life is so obscure and contradictory that argument brings no definite conclusion. It matters not to this practical age whether Jesus was divine or not; what we need is something to better the condition of mankind, to make us more kindly and sympathetic amidst suffering. If a belief in Jesus makes a person better, let him believe in him—I would not disturb it; he has not arrived at that point where he feels the need of something better and more comprehensive. However, the world at large feels the need of more advanced truth; it is pulsating with the grand revelations that Spiritualism has brought and is still bringing to earth. All through Christendom, and heathendom as well, Spiritualism is making rapid strides toward universal adoption. It has passed its experimental stage, its childhood has merged into manhood, and it is becoming a giant in strength and stature. It has arrived at a point where its adherents may say to its opponents: Come and investigate if you will, not for the purpose of vindicating our claims, but for your own benefit. If you will not investigate, you may ridicule to your heart's content—we fear you no longer. We have struggled for many years against the most determined and far-reaching opposition that has ever been pitted against the introduction of a newly discovered truth—whether it was in the realms of science, religion or governments—and though this struggle has been long and tedious, though the persecution has been severe, we have never faltered or fainted by the wayside, but have fought on, with the soul-satisfying thought of *knowing* we are right, that all things come to the man who patiently waits, that we have found a truth which the world sooner or later must recognize. And how grandly our expectations have been realized!

The opponents of Spiritualism have been legion! They comprised the clergy of all denominations; the literary and scientific men of all countries; the press never failed to publish every item against it, and declined whatever was presented in its favor. All combined to crush this beautiful truth, and since its inception, forty-four years ago, it has sustained the greatest intellectual contest ever known in the history of this world. And what is the result? Grand beyond all conception is the conquest it has won! All grades of society, from the highest to the lowest, are permeated with a knowledge of the fact that the spirits of the departed can and do return and communicate to us in an intelligent manner.

From the mighty press, the pulpit, and the laboratory of the scientist, come a confirmation of the truth that has been known to the common people for years. "The common people"—how lightly these words are spoken by those persons whose brains have been so overcrowded by education that a fossilized condition has been produced, thereby preventing the entrance of a truth that may be new to them. God bless the common people! To them we may look for the future progress and advancement of mankind. They will drag the pulpit after them in the grand struggle for progression. Here is a true story illustrating this statement. It is one of many that can be told:

"Some months ago, ten or a dozen of the leading clergymen in an eastern city were discussing the subject of Spiritualism. One said: 'What shall we do? My church is permeated with it. Many of my members attend circles regularly, and some openly avow their belief in spirit-communication.'

"Well," observed another eminent divine, 'Why don't you preach a rousing sermon against it, and give the individual members who attend séances a general hauling over the coals?'

"I dare not do it," said the first. 'I did talk with one of my deacons, whose wife died about a year ago. He is a particular friend of long standing, and I felt that I could advise with him confidentially. I told him that I had heard many of our church-members were at-

tending séances and inviting mediums to their homes, and thus drawing their families into the error. Then I asked him what to do, and what do you suppose he said? He said I had better attend a few séances myself, and after a thorough investigation I would be better qualified to judge of the matter. As it was, he said he did not consider me capable of passing a correct opinion, or of even expressing an opinion. 'Now,' said he, 'if Spiritualism is a friend to the truth the church should find it out, and use it as an auxiliary, as dynamite is used, for they say it breaks up at a single explosion those hard old skeptics whom the church has been pounding at for years, and they have come out from their first-aidence willing for the first time to confess their belief in immortality. On the other hand, if it is an enemy, the best plan is to explore its works, find out its weak points, and if you have to fight it you will know how and where to strike.' Well, this was such good logic I could not help saying I thought he was right, and I asked him how I could attend a séance privately. He said, 'Come to my house to-night, and sit, and you will be perfectly safe.' His words were like a clap of thunder from a clear sky. I had never suspected Deacon Brown would be guilty of tampering with Spiritualism. And then he told me marvelous stories of what he had witnessed at his own home; how, under strict conditions, his deceased wife had appeared, and talked face to face with him. Now, gentlemen," said the speaker, 'what shall we do?'

After long arguments *pro* and *con*, the majority thought it best to investigate. Of course curiosity had something to do with their decision, but how would the world know anything if nobody had curiosity? So Deacon Brown was consulted, and a night set for the séance. The reverend divines were present, except those who had reconsidered the matter, and concluded not to risk their reputations in anything so disreputable. (?) This reduced the number to five. Deacon Brown and his two daughters received the delegates cordially, and they held their séance, and found more truth than they expected.

They have continued these séances regularly, and three of the five have obtained mediumship in their own families. The question they are now asking one another is, 'What are we going to do about it? Shall we continue to preach the old orthodox religion in the face of this new light, or shall we come out boldly in favor of the new revelation, and be ostracized, and called soft-brained, etc.? If we have the strength of our convictions, and admit the truth, away go our salaries and titles, with a whole train of misfortunes to follow. If we take the other horn of the dilemma, our own consciences will condemn us, not exactly because we are preaching a lie, but because we are withholding the whole truth from thousands of hungry souls who are so constituted mentally that they cannot accept the teachings of Christ on faith alone, but must have positive evidence.'

"This is the dilemma in which many clergymen are placed to-day. Here in our city we know of prominent ministers who are interested deeply in the study of Spiritualism, and who have the courage to boldly acknowledge it. Were it not for the social and pecuniary interests that naturally hamper the intelligent and well-meaning leaders of thought of the present day, there would be a grand stampede to the ranks of Spiritualism, and that once displaced and "accursed" belief would be accepted as the guide to lead mankind in the direction of a heaven on earth—to teach them to live in such a manner that the world would be the better for their having lived.

The renunciation of the Orthodox tenets by thinking men among the ministry is going on every day, to the alarm of the "regulars" in religion, who see themselves gradually being stripped of the more valuable element among the pastors, and are forced to plod along with the "humdrums" who never have an idea outside of what they were taught in youth from the theological text-books handed down to them at the seminaries by the disciples of a bygone age. This renunciation is what the Rev. A. J. Wells, formerly a Methodist clergyman of Fort Wayne, Indiana, and more recently of California, has done in a public discourse, announcing himself a Unitarian hereafter. (\*) The reasons he gives for this change of his religious views are interesting in the extreme:

"I have been through it all [he said]. For years I have hesitated, resisted, feared, doubted, gradually advanced, and finally triumphed. Now I am free, and without self-inflicted blindness I cannot deny that science and criticism have changed the whole aspect and character of religious questions."

He surrendered all that is fundamental to orthodoxy because it is not reconcilable with modern positive knowledge. He said there could be no orthodoxy without the doctrine of the trinity. Yet it is nowhere taught in the Bible.

He demanded that we look at some of the great facts of to-day. The nineteenth century deserves to be heard as well as any of the centuries before Christ. It has a message from God as certainly as the first century. It teaches the unity of God. Nature knows nothing of a Trinity, nothing of dualism—God and nature—only God in nature. The mythologies and theologies, the unnatural in nature and the unscientific in religion of bygone ages, he said, are strongly absent from the world of to-day. Nature teaches unity among the creative forces.

Can there be any doubt that such a man as Mr. Wells, breaking loose from the chains of bigotry, will become a grand worker for the

(\*) As chronicled at the time of his change of views in the columns of the BANNER OF LIGHT.—EBS.]

right, when he is fully developed out of the theologic darkness that has surrounded him all his life?

Ought we not to feel enthusiastic for the future of Spiritualism when we contemplate the many accessions that are being made to our ranks day by day. Every man and woman who comes out boldly for our Cause is the means of bringing others sooner or later. Let us, then, not hide our light under a bushel, but let the world see that Spiritualism is something to be proud of. We can none of us expect to be perfect, but we can live the best we know, and thus compel our opponents to admire a religion that can produce happiness and contentment such as only true Spiritualists can enjoy.

There is nothing like a full belief in Spiritualism to make one forget the cares of life, and banish to a large extent the selfish greed for wealth.

Spiritualism is destined to free the world from the conditions that hold it, as it were, in chains. Progress shall be the watchword of mankind, and when this life is done we shall begin the life above better prepared than we possibly could be were we ignorant of the sublime teachings of Modern Spiritualism.

## Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### MY STORY.

I am growing old now, but when I was young an incident occurred in my experience, so strange, so weird, that I have often been tempted to relate it, and have as often for various reasons refrained from doing so. In these days, however, when the wonderful, the occult, the impossible even, claim so large a share of interest and attention, I see no reason why my little story should not take its place in the endless procession. Believing, also, that truth, even though obscure and beyond our present ability to comprehend, should not be suppressed, but on the contrary brought forth into the light of day with the certainty that its heaven-born mission of reforming the world will ultimately be accomplished—thinking and believing thus, I say, I proceed without further apology or explanation to my pleasant task.

My youth was a happy one, but I often thought would have been far happier had not a certain incubus rested with some weight upon it. This incubus was that condition of things commonly described by the term straightened circumstances. My father, once affluent, became involved in unfortunate real estate transactions, which greatly curtailed his income. This income, eked out, however, with meager gleanings from the practice of the law, afforded us all the necessities and a few of the luxuries of life; and what with a well-ordered and cheerful home, and that physical elasticity which uniform good health always brings in its train, we children felt that there was no reason for complaint. Furthermore, I for my part possessed a brave heart, an independent spirit and an abiding consciousness that the right to live and enjoy life was as distinctly my prerogative as it was that of beings better circumstanced than I, and if occasionally discontent invaded my domain, I would follow the advice of our dear mother—remove my eyes from contemplating with envy the delights of the rich, and fix them upon the struggles of those less fortunate in the scale of existence, thus invariably restoring the lost equilibrium.

In my seventeenth year it was decided, after much mathematical calculation of income and outgo, that I should have, for a limited time, the benefits of a long-established metropolitan school for young ladies, where my mother had spent several years of her youth. To go away to school had been a cherished dream of mine, and so I bore the grief of parting and the pangs of homesickness with what courage I could muster, and soon reached a point of enjoyment in my new life.

Among a score of classmates I had of course my likes and dislikes, but formed only one strong attachment. Margaret Steele was a girl of about my own age, possessed of a large-eyed, quiet type of beauty, a poetical temperament and manner, which bespoke culture and refinement. To me there was something exceedingly attractive and restful in her calm presence, while she declared that my sparkling vivacity was just what she needed most.

Thus a friendship of the strongest sort arose between us. Ah! those girlish friendships—they are indescribable, for there is nothing quite like them under the sun, and ours grew and flourished until we two became almost inseparable, and Margaret declared that I must accompany her home to spend the approaching holidays. To this delightful plan I obtained, after some difficulty, the consent of my parents, and Time never proved himself such a laggard as during the interval before our departure.

It being my purpose to give a plain, unvarnished statement of facts, I must not fail to mention that Margaret had a brother George, three years older than herself, who, coming often to the city on business, came always to see his sister. Of course "Brother George," as she invariably called him, must become acquainted with her dearest friend; and singularly enough, it soon transpired that I became apparently as much the object of these delightful calls as Margaret herself. Delightful calls they were, because of the agreeable variety they afforded in the monotony of school life, and also delightful because "Brother George," himself was delightful. Strong, intelligent,

manly and honest, he possessed a combination of characteristics beyond which, in my opinion, nothing was required to make up in proper form that complex mechanism—a young man.

Having always until now considered myself quite impervious to the fascinations of the opposite sex, I was surprised and somewhat startled to find that the personality of "Brother George" was becoming prominent in all my thoughts and feelings, and I could not conceal from myself the pleasure I felt in anticipation of daily association with him in his own home during my visit there.

It was on the morning of the day before Christmas, in the year 1887, that Margaret, "Brother George" and I left New York City for a thriving town in the northern part of the State, where the Steele family resided.

What a light-hearted, merry little party we were; and as we took our winding way through fields gleaming in their glory of virgin snow, and forests clothed with fleecy whiteness, it seemed to me that never was there so perfect a winter's day.

Night had fallen when we reached our destination, but it was not dark, for a full moon shed floods of silvery light over all.

The house, a fine, substantial old building, stood on the crown of a low hill in the outskirts of the town, and was visible for some time, as we approached through a long drive. The mansion, facing east, was constructed of stone, the main part being a massive square, the homestead of the family for several generations, together with a wing, also of stone, extending to the south—this last having been added by the present occupants.

Nearly all the windows were brilliantly lighted when we arrived, as if an illumination had been planned to celebrate our coming, and I noticed particularly the light from rather a small aperture, high up and at the extreme south end of the building, this proving upon nearer approach to be the last of a row of dormer windows opening from the roof. In playful mood I asked Margaret if she lodged there beneath the stars. "Oh! no, dear, that is not my room," she replied, with a sort of shudder in her voice, and a quick glance at "Brother George," which I could not but observe.

Upon reaching the main entrance, the great doors were thrown wide open to receive us, revealing a picture of warmth and cheer and beauty within that I shall never forget.

It was Christmas eve; the yule log burned in a wide and deep fireplace at the end of the hall; holly and hemlock contributed their peculiar grace and fragrance to the scene, while the welcome extended by those who gathered around us was most heartfelt, and caused me to feel from the first moment that I was no stranger among them.

Mrs. Steele, a woman of perhaps forty-five years, still retained a remarkable degree of beauty—beauty so mingled with the natural grace of true refinement that it was difficult to separate the one from the other. A quiet dignity marked her every movement, and the tones of her voice were melodious in the extreme.

Mr. Steele was an excellent specimen of the well-to-do gentleman whose half-century of life had been most comfortably and agreeably spent, and who bid fair to overstep by many a year the allotted span of three score and ten.

Besides Margaret and George, there were three younger children—Anne, aged eleven, Herbert, aged eight, and a fairy-like child of five named Lillian.

Christmas day was a festival, indeed, with its gifts innumerable; its church service attended by all; its delightful home-banquet; and last but not least, its generous remembrance of the poor.

If, a little while ago, we called Time a dull laggard, now he sped with winged feet. The precious days flew by, each vying with the last in the pleasures it had to offer us. And for two at least of the youthful merry-makers, all things were tinged with the rosy hue of "Love's young dream." Ah! rare and halcyon days, that once and once only can brighten with your glow of beauty the rugged path of mortal life.

Sleighting parties, skating parties—parties of every sort—followed in quick succession; but it was arranged that the last should be best of all—a *bal en costume*, in honor of the guest of the house, to occur on New Year's evening—Margaret and I being obliged to return to school upon the following day.

Mrs. Steele, always unselfish and thoughtful for others, took a lively interest in our plans and pleasures, and often gave us a helping hand; but there was something about this lovely woman that perplexed me sorely, and at times caused a momentary shadow to fall upon my happiness. It was evident that a deep-seated melancholy clouded her life, shown now in an expression of extreme sadness upon her beautiful countenance, and again in an unwonted abstraction of manner.

Why this state of things in the midst of surroundings such as hers—a devoted husband, exceptionally affectionate children, a perfect home, not a single element of inharmonious to mar the exquisite picture!

I pondered often over the question, but could by no possibility answer it.

Mrs. Steele seemed to me also to be a person of fixed habits; much given to routine. For instance, invariably after each meal she would absent herself from the family for perhaps an hour, and I observed that she always took with her from the table some little delicacy in the way of fruit or confectionery. Upon returning, the sorrowful expression of her face was deepened, and at times even there were evidences of recent tears. These things were

never commented upon, nor apparently noticed, by either her husband or children.

Of course Margaret and I had much pleasant preparation upon our hands in the way of comforting ourselves and the children for the approaching fête; in fact, on the day preceding the one upon which it was to occur, my friend rather overtaxed her strength, and consequently retired directly after the evening meal, with a view to fortifying herself against the morrow. George was absent upon an important embassy, and I was thus left to the tender mercies of the children. Many a delightful romp had they and I enjoyed together, and now nothing would do but another. Clinging to my skirts they begged of me to come up into the south gallery for a frolic before their much-dreaded bed-time should arrive.

The south gallery was a corridor through the entire length of the second floor of the wing, from which doors at each end opened upon staircases leading to the rooms beneath the roof, these being lighted by the dormer windows already mentioned. This gallery was carpeted and well lighted, while upon its walls hung many an old family portrait.

Up and down we raced to our hearts' content, the children and I, until nurse appeared and relieved me rather peremptorily of my companions. Quite breathless, I was glad to be alone for a little, and while recovering myself, examined with a good deal of interest the portraits, tracing family resemblances among them to both the present master and mistress of the house, then retiring to a deep, curtained window at the extreme end of the hall, I stood contemplating the beauty of the night and the dusky landscape, studded here and there with glimmering household lights.

Presently the door leading to the attic staircase near me opened gently, and a low conversation was carried on between the person opening it and some one within, while at the same moment the soft tones of a guitar reached my ears, repeating again and again a refrain so mournful, so like a bitter wail, that the tears sprang to my eyes as I listened.

Directly Mrs. Steele emerged, closed and locked the door behind her, and passed down the gallery out of my sight.

Riveted to the spot I stood, for I know not how a long time, then mechanically making my way to the drawing-room, excused myself upon the score of weariness, said good-night, and retired to my own apartment.

In the room, as in many others of this good, old-fashioned mansion, there was an open fireplace, and the warmth and cheer of crackling logs and dancing flames awaited me; but these could not dispel the gloom and the chill, almost of fear, that oppressed me, and flinging myself without disrobing upon the bed, I gave way to wild and fruitless speculations.

This mansion harbored a mystery, perhaps deep and dark, for had I not inadvertently discovered evidences of it?

What could it be—what could it be? I had fallen asleep; this I knew, because I awoke with a sudden start, just as the clock upon the great staircase struck two, and sitting up on the bed, looked about me.

The fire still flickered above a glowing bed of coals, and oh! horror unspeakable, there beside it stood a motionless figure, gazing fixedly upon me.

How shall I describe that appalling apparition! It was a woman, tall and emaciated, robed in plain, dark stuff, with long hair of snowy whiteness falling over her shoulders. Her face, though not handsome, bore a strong resemblance to that of Mrs. Steele; a scar deformed her left cheek, as of a deep wound that had healed; one hand hung limp at her side, while with the other she shaded her eyes as from the noon day sun, and bending forward glared upon me with orbs from which reason had fled, giving place to the fierce light of insanity.

She did not approach me; she did not stir, nor did I, for those eyes paralyzed and enchained me.

After what seemed an age of horror, the form began apparently to sink, as though through the floor. Slowly and steadily it grew less and less, until nothing but the head remained; but never once was that gaze removed from mine, until eyes and all had disappeared from my sight, when instantly arose upon the air the low wail of music that I had heard before, then all was still.

With a deep groan I buried my face in the pillows, and knew no more until the blessed dawn glimmered through my eastern windows. Rising quickly I stood beside the cold hearth, whitened now with ashes, and shuddered as I recalled with extreme vividness the nightmare (for such it surely must have been) from which I had suffered so intensely.

At this moment a gentle tapping at the door startled me, for my nerves were utterly unstrung; and furthermore, at so early an hour, I naturally supposed that all in the house but myself were sleeping. Margaret entered the room, pale, and under a strain of nervous excitement, and laying her hand upon my arm, said:

"I have bad news for you this morning, dear. An aunt of mine died last night. You have never seen her, but she has lived in this house for many years."

"Margaret, at what hour did she die?" I asked eagerly.

"At precisely two o'clock," was her answer. With choked yet rapid utterance I said: "She was tall and very thin, she wore a dark dress, and snow-white hair fell over her shoulders, she looked like your mother though not so handsome, and there was a great scar on her left cheek, she shaded her eyes, bent forward and gazed in a way to chill one's very life-blood."

Aghast with astonishment, Margaret exclaimed: "You have described her most accurately; but how is it possible, when I know positively that you cannot have seen her."

"I have seen her, Margaret, I have seen her. As the clock upon the staircase struck two last night, I awoke and saw her standing before where we now stand; and oh! the horror of those eyes, and the mournfulness of the music that I heard."

The door of my room had been left open, and Mrs. Steele passing through the hall at this moment, and seeing us in earnest conversation, entered, and greeting us each with a gentle kiss, said to her daughter, "Margaret, tell your friend what happened beneath this roof last night; relate also the sad, sad story of her who is gone; and may Heaven ever defend you two from such sorrow as it has been my lot to endure," then with streaming eyes she hurriedly withdrew.

Seating ourselves, Margaret took my hand in hers, and proceeded to impart to me the following mournful incidents of family history:

"My mother and her elder sister, Rachel, were left orphans when respectively eighteen

and twenty-four years of age. Alone in the world, yet they were possessed of ample means, and their home was a model of comfort and luxury."

Rachel had always been a delicate child, much given to seclusion, and the death of her father, followed after a short interval by that of her mother, proved such a shock to a system already feeble, that she became morbidly nervous, and occasionally subject to attacks of an epileptic nature. These increased in violence and frequency until her mind gave way, and she sank into hopeless insanity. Through all the mental changes experienced by poor Rachel, her affection for and devotion to my mother were extreme, she alone being able at times to soothe, and even for short intervals to cheer her unfortunate sister.

The marriage of my mother, however, served to aggravate still further the morbid condition of Rachel's mind, jealousy and hatred of my father rendering it necessary to seclude her entirely from the family. The south wing of this house was built, and a room in it prepared especially for her occupancy, my mother being determined that nothing but death should remove the unhappy one from her watchful care.

Thus for many years has my poor aunt lived in charge of a faithful attendant, the dreary monotony of her days relieved only by the visits of my gentle mother, and the playing upon her guitar of a single mournful melody, remembered from the music of her youth.

Soon after my brother George was born, mother, thinking that perhaps a sight of the babe might soothe and please Rachel, took him into her presence, but the result was disastrous. Gazing at the clinging infant upon her sister's breast, the maniac became wild with jealous rage, and flinging herself toward them, fell and wounded her left cheek severely upon a heavy piece of furniture.

Since George and I have grown up we have occasionally, at unusually quiet times, been allowed to see her for a few moments, when she has only gazed wonderingly upon us, uttering no word nor sound.

The younger children have never yet known of her presence in the house.

She died at two o'clock last night, and you say, dear, that you saw her then—how can it be possible?"

"I saw her at that hour, Margaret, looking exactly as I described her to you. You said that the description was most accurate, although you knew that I had never seen her in life, nor even known of her existence. I cannot understand it—it is as wonderful to me as it is to you; but that ghastly apparition, those eyes, and the wail of that music, I shall never forget while I live."

The funeral, with all its solemn accompaniments, took the place of our projected fête; and yet why this grief and dole for a soul just liberated from a prison?

Custom has indeed gained ascendancy over reason.

After a strong effort, I brought myself to look upon the face of the dead; but what a transformation was there. The wild and fearful eyes were gently closed, the snowy hair formed a crown of beauty upon the brow, and all lines of age and suffering were gone, as if mightily reason, regaining its sway for one moment before the parting of spirit and body, had left its impress of peace upon the deserted casket.

Soothed and comforted I turned away, and have never since been able to look upon death as other than a friend to suffering humanity.

George and I and our children have called the dear old mansion home for many years, but the door opening upon the little staircase in the south wing is always locked; and now for the first time is told the story of poor Rachel, and of that long ago Christmas-tide.

C. H. BRINTON.

## THINGS WORTH RECORDING.

BY OBSERVER (MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS).

ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK TWISS.

In reviewing the lives and work of the earnest men and women of our own time, we are always confronted with the fact that their work and sacrifices in the past have no general recognition. Remembered by the few they may be, but the great thinking world is as ignorant of all they have done as they are of the underlying forces that keep the great world of mind in evolutionary movement. When the wheel turns under the action of water, it is not this or that spurt of power that we recognize, but the whole force as a unit. Whoever gives impetus to the power that is working for human weal is a force for the right; but all individual effort is lost in the great whole—a power that we can only call God to express its greatness, its strength, its eternity of action.

Thus in searching in our memories for the items that shall bring before us once more the individualities that have crossed our path and become personalities, we feel a degree of sadness. It seems as if the world were ungrateful to its most earnest workers; as if to labor earnestly and then pass out of this sphere of action were all that was evident to the external. Let us learn to look deeper; let us remember the unmoving thought of the world, and with grateful hearts learn that all that is done for human progress is an everlasting work.

There is no question of the influence of such labor on the individual who performs it. Weak and irresolute men become earnest and vigorous thinkers. Tender, sensitive women are transformed into angels of mercy, who do and dare for the sake of the right, and minister with joy to the suffering, counting all loss as gain.

We are led to these thoughts by searching in our notes and memories for facts in regard to the life of a well-known worker for humanity, ANNA M. MIDDLEBROOK TWISS. We did not know her personally until her work was nearly over for this life, and she was reaping the personal reward of weak nerves, impaired vitality, and a soul still unsatisfied and longing for fresh achievements and victories. Although the external expression of work was gone, yet the internal fires burned, and her heart was sympathetic with every movement for the right and true. The inability to do was a source of sorrow, and the ability to suffer was ever present.

Like many who have been "called" to work in the spiritual field, she knew the discipline of life, and had been educated by suffering. When the first voice came to her inner self it bade her be up and doing. But doing

This interesting series is contributed to the BANNER OF LIGHT exclusively by one of the earliest and ablest writers on Spiritualism and its history, and constitutes as it were a biographical tribute—drawn from the memory and notes of the author—to men and women publicly known in the opening days of the Cause, the surprising value of which to present (as well as future) Spiritualists cannot well be overestimated.—Ed. B. of L.

what? How could she work for a higher cause who had been compelled to serve in the humble, and had been wholly unprepared for any public office? It was the much abused but over assertive physical manifestations that aroused her first attention. The first communication she received alienated her ridicule: "Dear sister, be submissive to the will of God; a great work is before you." That was the message. Then there came the inner growth, and a sense of oneness with the higher life that brought unwonted peace and strength, that took away the irksomeness of toil and gave to earthly struggle a heavenly joy.

By degrees the gift of clairvoyance was developed, and the power of diagnosing disease by interior vision was used with good effect. Spiritual vision followed, and revelations of the great need of humanity for an uplifting power, a new religion, a fresh proof of the divine in the human, came to her urging her again to be up and doing. At last she broke through the barriers that bound her, and went forth to preach the gospel as revealed to her. She obeyed the apostolic injunction, taking no purse or scrip, but giving freely of the bread of life. What reward did she receive? She was told that as the gospel was freely given to her it should be freely bestowed. Thus she reaped poverty and fatigue for her labor.

At last, when almost heart-weary and willing to turn again to worldly toil, she received an invitation to speak in Boston. There new friends rallied around her, and a career of usefulness opened before her. She spoke then in the condition of trance in response to subjects given by the audience, but afterward the condition called inspirational was developed. Her life was then active and full of the best kind of reward.

We have the record of a meeting held at the Melodeon, Boston, Sunday afternoon, June 7th, 1857, in which is given her replies to questions propounded by the audience, a few extracts from which must, we think, be interesting to readers of the present day. It is thirty-five years since the words were uttered, yet they do not contradict utterances of the present. Are there many volumes of sermons of that period that can be studied with profit? Certainly not, unless it is profitable to compare the progress of religious ideas during that time.

Q.—Is the Deity still employed in the work of creation?

A.—Does the grass grow? Does the sun continue to shine? Is there any cessation to the operations of universal nature? Neither is there nor can there be any cessation of that creative energy—the Universal Spirit—which works in all.

Q.—Persons still living in the body sometimes become visible to other persons at the distance of hundreds or thousands of miles, speaking, acting, and having the same appearance as they were in reality. They are at the same time unconscious of producing such an effect. Can this be explained so as not to invalidate the theory of spirit intercourse?

A.—We think it would rather tend to establish that theory; for in the same way that spirits hold communion with those they love in the form, so may our spirits commune with and manifest themselves to each other. When spiritual philosophy is understood, this phase of it will be made clear. The magnetic operator produces an effect on his subject at a distance, and by concentrating his will to effect his purpose, can often make himself visible to the subject. So does the spirit sometimes leave the body in sleep, or in a state of abstraction, and go forth and hold communion with friends. By precisely the same law, when spirits would commune with any person, they fix the mind on that individual, and control the means by which they magnetically impress him. There is a beauty in this thought, for it shows us that minds are connected together by some invisible link—that there is an interior language by which soul may speak to soul. When men have more fully learned the laws of their nature, they will see that their spirits can go forth from the body, and such things will be much more common than they are at present.

Q.—Will the phenomena of dreaming throw any light upon the nature of the human spirit? We have been told that during sleep the spirit often becomes an active and conscious inhabitant of the spirit-world, but that the memory of this is not revived till after the death of the body. Is it possible for the spirit to sleep so deeply as to entirely lose its consciousness?

A.—It is not true sleep when the body is reposing from the toils and feverish anxieties that have agitated it through the day. If man were free from passions, and he sought sleep naturally, to fit him for the highest exercise of his faculties rather than as a mere relief to an overtaxed and diseased system, then would the spirit rise free through space, and be refreshed by visions of bright, joyous objects which fill the spiritual universe. But worn out with care and labor, the spirit sympathizes with the body, and is influenced by it. In the dream of the healthy and natural man, the angels would often minister to him; he would meet with kindred friends, and could bring messages from them to the outward. But in his present perverted condition, his dreams are far from harmonious or reliable.

Q.—Will the spirits definitely point out those qualities, either physical or mental, which constitute one a medium?

A.—It would be impossible to do this, unless we could point out the peculiarities of every person living. No two persons are alike, and consequently when we control them, as mediums, we take control of that portion of their minds which is most susceptible. Therefore, no two mediums can be alike. In the present instance we act upon the intellectual faculties and the organ of language; and though the medium is unconscious, yet she speaks much as she would do if these organs were developed by education to perceive and express the truths which we are enabled to pour through them.

Q.—Swedenborg says that when an individual enters the other life, his internal memory is at once thrown open, so that every sin that he ever committed, though it may have been in thought, is brought up to his view, and exposed to the gaze of a universe of spirits that can read his heart through his own mind. In view of such a mortification, how is it possible that spirits can be so happy as they represent themselves, when even the best of men cannot review their lives without dissatisfaction and self-condemnation?

A.—Would it be thus mortifying if the person could prove that he was free from sin? It is not the fact that you have sinned, ignorantly, but the fact that you now continue to sin, that can be in the highest degree mortifying. Advanced spirits can, if they choose, look back upon the past; but if they do, so they can look with calmness on sin. They are not disposed to point the finger of scorn, for they see the motives, the temptations of the sinner, and they endeavor, to aid him upward. They rejoice to see him brought above such trials. It emboldens a man to know that he has resisted temptation, has conquered, and is now free.

It may be asserted that there is nothing remarkable in these replies to common questions. But certainly the answers are very direct and explicit. They have no uncertain sound. In selecting these we are not seeking to show the marvelous, or to discuss their merit, but to prove how valuable the work of the early trance speakers was in enlightening the minds of the seekers for spiritual light.

With the exception of Swedenborg's writings, there was then no available means of learning what the spirit-world could reveal, and the dogmatism of Swedenborg made many doubtful as to the reliability of his revelations.

Later in life Mrs. Middlebrook Twiss did no able work for women. A notable address was given by her in 1869 before the select committee of the General Assembly of Connecticut. It is full of forcible argument, of direct illustration, and could well serve as a campaign document in our day. We have not room for

full extracts from this address, but give one to illustrate her mental grasp, and the directness of her replies to objections. As far as we can judge, in this lay her especial power!

"If I am an American citizen, subject to taxation; if obedience to the laws of our country is required of me; if I have a nature in common with other citizens—sensitive to suffering or enjoyment in proportion as these laws are just or unjust; if disobedience to those laws must be punished by me in prison, or on the gallows, I cannot see why I am not, in every moral and political sense, precisely similar to those other citizens who have the privileges and immunities guaranteed by a republican government."

Upon what rule of justice can all other classes, without exception, be allowed the one especial right that insures protection, and my claim to the same right, simply because of sex, be utterly ignored? Is sex a crime to be punished with disfranchisement? It is objected that custom is against us. What of that? Are we living in an age of such absolute despotism that we are obliged forever to cherish a wrong, rather than abolish it? Or does every moral nature admit that a wrong, once known to be such, is worthy only of the obnoxious past?

Every candid mind must see that the world is changing, and that old customs are daily 'thrown to the wind.' Are our law-makers so barbarous that they must cherish this relic of past tyranny while allowing others to slip imperceptibly away? The plea of custom in regard to this matter amounts to about as much as the cry of our grandfathers against the innovations of railroads and steamers into our unutterably grand and glorious old customs of stage coaches, packets and canal boats. But let us inquire whence originated this custom, or why did not our fathers, in forming this government, make it truly republican by enfranchising all its citizens? I answer, in the great part where many of our laws originated, brute force was the one essential mark of power necessary to establish and sustain governments. Even kings could retain their thrones only by the strength that lay in the numbers of their loyal subjects!

Our republic was the result of the despotism of brute force—the extreme of a great wrong producing reaction; and our fathers found it necessary to meet the foe with the like power—guns and swords.

Muscular strength in the arm of the male sex (simply because it is more largely developed there than in the female arm) was the invincible power that met and conquered the foe and established our national government. The protection of those who were physically weaker was implied or left for future legislation; and the fact that there have been fifteen amendments to the original constitution, is conclusive proof that the work was not finished at once at the commencement of our national career."

This imperfect sketch will serve to revive the memory of one of the early laborers who went out at the call of their master, Truth, to toil in the fields white for the harvest. We feel ready to say "Well done, good and faithful servant." Though earthly reward is not necessary for the perfection of your spiritual joy, yet it is sweet to be remembered, and that seed sown long ago is bearing fruit in the eternal now.

## July Magazines.

CASSILL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.—The opening chapters of a new serial story are given, "Barbara Merivale," by Arabella M. Hopkinson, illustrations by W. Poget. Two complete stories, "A Good Deal Abroad," "Managed at Ramsgate," are also given, with new chapters of "Formed for Conquest." In addition are "Through an Eastern Desert on Foot," "Mystery of the Aurora," etc. New York: Cassell Pub. Co.

WIDE AWAKE.—A leading feature is a finely illustrated historical paper, "Sir Philip Sidney and His Oak." Lieut. Col. Thorneick contributes one of his thrilling narratives of adventure, "In the Changing Moods," illustrated. A story of more than ordinary interest is entitled, "Betty Martin's Ghostly Grandfather." Included in its remaining contents are: "Joek's Journey," "A Grasshopper's Fireworks," "Summer Sweethearts," and "Something Else That Almost Happened." Ella Wheeler Wilcox, F. T. Merrill, and others, contribute poems. Boston: D. Lothrop Co.

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.—A paper upon "Law Parties and Outdoor Fêtes" is timely and useful. A descriptive sketch of "A Day in an Adirondack Camp," is interestingly told by a daughter of Bret Harte. An interesting sketch (with portrait) is given of the wife of Edward Bellamy. Mrs. Palmer gives a paper on "Women and the World's Fair." Sarah Orne Jewett closes her story, "An Every-Day Girl," and two stories are given in full. "The Brownies" celebrate "The Fourth in Independence Hall." The usual variety of practical home matters are dealt with. Philadelphia: Curtis Pub. Co.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY has the following among its table of contents: "General McClellan," Eben Greenough Scott; "In a Japanese Garden," Lafcadio Hearn; "Chicago," Edward G. Mason; "Don Orsino," (XIV, XV), F. Marion Crawford; "Arabian Horses," H. C. Merwin; "Looking Toward Salamis," William Cranston Lawton; "The American Idealist," Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.; "The Calumniator," Charlotte Fiske Bates; "A Florentine Episode," in two parts, part first, Ellen Olney Kirk; "The Prometheus Unbound of Shelley," L. Vida D. Seudder; "Comment on New Books," "The Contributors' Club," etc. Its most valuable paper, for July, to our thinking, is Thomas Bailey Aldrich's poem, "Unguarded Gates"—an eloquent warning against the opening of our land to the "wild motley throng" of men alien to the spirit of our institutions. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, publishers.

THE HOUSEKEEPER contains stories, poems and good reading upon all branches of domestic economy. Minneapolis, Minn.: Buckeye Pub. Co.

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

## Seven Stone Images.

There were recently found by A. B. Walker of Dayton, Tenn., while plowing over one of the mounds on the Jolly Island at the mouth of the Highwasie River, in Meigs Co., Tenn., seven images. These "heathen" gods are carved out of stone or terra cotta, and seem to represent a race of the human family. The images have all the limbs, and features of man. One of the images is that of a woman, with full breast. The images are about fifteen inches high, and weigh about twenty pounds. They have had loops cut in the back of the head, so as to insert cords to suspend them. The images were buried in the mound side by side, face down. There was also found a stone in the shape of a biscuit, and about the size, with figures on each side of it, thus, &c. There is a blue granite stone found near the large mound of the upper point of the Jolly Island, with inscriptions on it, which, it is said, will weigh about six hundred pounds. The stone has been covered by the high waters washing settlements upon it. There have been found other images of hammered copper in the shapes of buffaloes and elephants.

There have been as many as twenty or thirty mounds on the Jolly Island, with immense beds of mussel shells. The tourist can find skeletons of the ancient races by hundreds. Wm. F. Duncan of Chatkita has taken up some of these skeletons, which are tolerably well preserved. The head of one had all the teeth perfectly sound. The freshets wash over the banks of the Highwasie and Tennessee rivers, leaving the bones to be bleached by the sun. Pottery of ancient manufacture—decorated, carved and plain—is found on the rivers by the wagon load.

## False Economy

Is practiced by people who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. This is an enticement to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

## Banner Correspondence.

Pennsylvania.

PITTSBURGH.—J. H. Lohmeyer, Sec'y, writes: "Reviewing the last nine months' work of our Society, we come to the conclusion that all was well done. We have had experiences which will be lessons for the future. The meetings, with few exceptions, have been well attended, and exceedingly appreciated by all, judging from the general satisfaction expressed. We have had with us as speakers during the season just closed the best talent we could obtain, as the following names will show: Hon. Sidney Dean, Mrs. Jennie B. Hagan-Jackson, Mr. Lyman C. Howe, Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twigg, Mr. F. A. Wiggins, Mr. G. W. Kates, Mrs. Zaida Brown-Kates, Edgar W. Emerson, and Mrs. Amelia H. Colby-Luther. Mr. and Mrs. Kates, who are our great favorites with Pittsburgh Spiritualists, were with us the month of March, therefore conducted the Anniversary exercises. These two energetic workers in the spiritual ranks never fail to make everything they undertake a success, consequently our Anniversary exercises, held March 30th and 31st, terminated with the best results. We remember them with kindly feelings of fellowship as workers for societies, never wearying in their efforts to do all in their power for the benefit of the oppressed."

For April we had Mr. Edgar W. Emerson. Through his grand mediumship sorrowing and aching hearts were made glad, and rejoice to know that their dear ones whom they believed dead are alive, and with them in their homes.

Mrs. Amelia H. Colby-Luther closed the season, being with us seven weeks. Mrs. Luther, who is always entranced when delivering her lectures, gave to the people of our city grand expressions of thought from the spirit-side of existence. Her guides, judging from the work, are earnest in their efforts to benefit earth's children. Mrs. Luther's lectures are appreciated by all thinking and progressive minds. Audiences greeting her at each successive meeting did honor to her, in large numbers and appreciation of the work. We are glad to say Mrs. Luther is enjoying the best of health, and is at liberty to make arrangements with societies for the coming season. She can be addressed at Crown Point, Ind. We have re-engaged Mr. and Mrs. Kates, Mr. Emerson and Mrs. Colby-Luther for the next season.

At the annual election the following officers were chosen: J. H. McElroy, President; C. L. Stevens, First Vice-President; Dr. N. Schenkel, Second Vice-President; C. L. Stoner, Treasurer; J. H. Lohmeyer, Sec'y; John Robson, Frank Reutter, George Marker, Trustees, John Grayburn holding over for one year. The financial report shows the Society to be in a prosperous condition. Spiritualism is making rapid progress in Pittsburgh, as seen from observation. A few years since only a small number of Spiritualists were known; now they can be counted by thousands. We surely must acknowledge in this wondrous work of a few years the untiring efforts of the spirit-forges through the instrumentality of our noble workers in the public field, as well as the mediums in private homes. May the seeds be sown, grow, ripen and bear fruit in the future, for a better understanding of all."

## New York.

GENEVA.—H. L. Suydam writes: "I feel I should be very derelict in duty, and also disobey the command 'Let your light shine before men,' etc., if I did not give to the public a moiety of my experience with Mrs. J. E. Allen of 155 Baldwin street, Elmira, N. Y., who, by invitation, spent a week with me, from June 9th to 17th, 1892. During this time she favored us five consecutive evenings with eloquent inspirational discourses. On one occasion I sang the familiar hymn 'Rescue the Perishing.' The medium at once arose, and repeated the words, and said: 'Do professed Christians of today obey this admonition? No, they are too busy in striving to maintain their several creeds.'

For some fifteen minutes we were favored with a scathing lecture in this line. The speaker then said, 'My name is John Wesley.' As I had united with that denomination fifty-five years since, I was much pleased to hear the doctrine of that sect so plainly laid down by its founder, and wished that many more of the credists could have been present.

On one occasion 'Kneewauke,' Mrs. Allen's guide, said, 'Willie be here.' Willie was my son, who, at the age of thirty-five years, died nine years ago. Willie then said many things relating to family matters, which were all strictly true. In closing one of our talks, of which we had a dozen or more, Willie said: 'Pa, when I came over you were reading and studying the Bible most all the time to find the truth of the matter [I being a believer in the truth of the Bible, or destruction of the wicked], but now I know that I live; I know that Grandma lives; I know that Ma, Grant, Fred, Louie, Alfred and Aunt Eliza live, and that we all meet together at times, and are happy. Good-by.' I now have in our Washington-street Cemetery just this number of little silent mounds, with marble tablets on them bearing the initials of these eight persons—all of my family except one.

How came Mrs. Allen's guide, 'Kneewauke,' to know the names of all of my family that had passed over, tell me their locality in spirit-life and their occupations? To whom am I indebted for this glorious news, if not from themselves, through Mrs. Allen's spirit-control?

In August, 1882, I attended the Springfield Advent Camp for one week. On leaving, I said I could not be an Adventist, but I became a firm believer in the sleep of the dead, and erected a granite cross on my lot, with many quotations to prove the truth of that belief.

Now I take comfort in visiting the little plot, knowing that at all times there is some one of them there to enjoy the privilege of viewing the rose-bush that marks each little mound."

## California.

ALAMEDA.—Mrs. Goldie Landes writes: "The many friends of our dear worker, Mrs. F. A. Logan, will be pleased to know that though in her seventieth year she still continues to labor for the good of all who come within her sphere. The Circle of Harmony, which for three years was so successfully carried on at 909 1/2 Market street, San Francisco, is suspended for the present to establish the same in Alameda, just across the bay, where in a city of 60,000 inhabitants no spiritual meetings are held. Next Spring Mrs. Logan, her husband, and in which she successfully carried out the first camp meeting eight years ago, is her present field of operations. It is now in the hands of Senator Fair, a railroad magnate, whose business manager rented to Mrs. Logan's brother the entire grounds, with the three residences, including pavilion and saloon, the last named being a suitable place for public meetings after having been thoroughly renovated and furnished for such a purpose. Already three meetings have been held, in which talented speakers and mediums participated. Many, upon leaving, affirmed that they were the best and most spiritual meetings they had ever attended."

Mrs. Logan and her brother occupy one of the houses, and rent unfurnished rooms to those seeking development, or who prefer to live away from the din of a crowded city. The waves of old ocean surge against its base on one side, and the local trains stop in front of the gate every half hour through the day and late in the night, connecting with the boats to San Francisco. Parties visiting the meeting will leave the cars at Webster-street station. Our good brother, W. J. Colville, will remember the place, as he gave ten lectures in the pavilion."

Already clairvoyance, clairvoyance, trance-speaking, rapping, and independent slate-writing are being had by several different parties residing on the grounds; for further particulars address the writer.

## For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for children 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.

## SPECIAL TRANSLATIONS

## For the Banner of Light.

## A MIRACLE IN MAGNETISM.

[Translated from *Annali Dello Spiritalismo*, of Turin.]

For the truthfulness of this account of an extraordinary cure of paralysis of the throat by magnetic treatment, Sr. Nicoforo Filalete, editor of the journal from which we quote it, after a careful examination of the facts, personally vouches.

The gentleman upon whom this cure was wrought is Sr. Beniamino Ches, Professor of Music in the Imperial Conservatory at St. Petersburg. He says:

"A severe attack of apoplexy left me paralyzed in the right eye, the left arm and the throat. I was just able to speak, however; but it was impossible for me to swallow anything, and death from starvation appeared to be inevitable. No one of the prominent physicians who attended me could give me any relief; all of them predicted a fatal result of my malady, and that in a very short time.

"The news of my distress spread rapidly among my countrymen, who hastened to me, and, by turns relieving one another, faithfully kept watch at my bedside.

"On Saturday, the 26th of November, toward midnight, I received a call from one of my countrymen, a man of venerable appearance, Giuseppe Tani, whom, until this time, I had known only by name.

"After the others had gone, and only those remained who were to watch with me during the night, Sr. Tani seated himself by the side of my bed, and, looking upon me with great earnestness and sympathy, said to me, 'Do you know, Sr. Ches, why I have come to see you? I have heard of your cruel suffering, and that the doctors have exhausted all the resources of their art, but without success, to relieve you. Well, then, I have come to cure you, if such be God's will.'

"This statement greatly astonished me, and I asked him with what remedy he expected to cure me. 'Wait, said he, 'and do not interrupt me.' Saying this he began to make passes with his hands over the parts of my body which were paralyzed, and especially over my throat. After this had continued for a little while he ceased his passes, and asked me, 'How do you feel now?' 'A little better,' I replied, 'but a raging thirst is consuming me; my throat is so dry that it seems as if it were on fire. Oh! if I could swallow, even if it were but one drop only of water.'

"At this, Sr. Tani, offering to me a cup half filled with water, which he had previously magnetized, said, 'Drink this.' 'How can I drink?' I said; 'it is impossible for me to swallow anything whatever. Do you wish to suffocate me?' 'Have no fear, my friend,' said he, extending the cup to me a second time; 'God will sustain you. Make the effort to drink, and I will try to help you.'

"Impressed by his earnest and confident manner I took the cup, and carried it anxiously to my lips. He placed his hands around my neck and gently pressed and rubbed it, while I drank with the greatest caution, fearing that I should strangle myself. To my unspeakable astonishment and joy I felt the water going down my throat without pain or obstruction. I drained that cup and then another, and, as I could swallow the precious liquid without difficulty, I felt that I was saved.

"My savior then said to me, 'You are positively cured. Would you not like to eat something?' To my reply, 'Oh! if I only could,' he responded by causing some tea and biscuits to be brought, and, soaking the bread, I ate freely. I could no longer doubt; the paralysis of the throat was gone; and, more than this, the state of my arm and eye had during the time greatly improved.

"On the following morning, Sunday, the physicians came to hold a consultation about my case, but were confounded by my restoration to health. Learning from me the facts, they had honor enough to acknowledge that my cure was due entirely to the method adopted by Sr. Tani."

Sr. Ches desires that the widest publicity should be given to this statement; first, because of the incorrect accounts of his case which have appeared in some of the papers; and, secondly, to bear witness to the value of this treatment in cases such as his; and, lastly, to make an open acknowledgment of the service which Sr. Tani rendered, who for thirty years has been a benefactor of suffering humanity.

## PRINCESS PAPANTZIN.

[Translated from *La Ilustracion Espiritista*, Mexico.]

The important Mexican review, *La Ilustracion Espiritista*, published in July, 1891, an account of the curious entrancement of a Mexican princess, in consequence of which she predicted the overthrow of the Mexican government, and the conquest of the country by the Spanish. The event referred to here was a matter of public notoriety, for it took place in the presence of the king and the nobility of Mexico. It is reported as a fact by Clavifero, a celebrated historian of Mexico:

"Papantzin, a Mexican princess, sister of King Montezuma, had married the Governor of Tlalteoloco. After his death she lived in retirement in his palace, until her supposed death, which occurred in 1509. Her obsequies were attended with the magnificence due to her exalted station; the King, her brother, and all the nobility of Mexico and Tlalteoloco being present. The interment was made in a subterranean crypt, the entrance to which was closed by a light slab of marble. This crypt was in the garden of the palace, and near a fountain of water in which she was accustomed to bathe.

"The day after the burial, a young girl, five or six years of age, on her way to her mother's house, which was near to that of the steward of the deceased princess, saw the princess sitting on the steps by which descent was made into the water-basin of the fountain, and heard the princess call to her.

"The girl, too young probably to reflect upon the recent death of the princess, believed that it was really she who was about to take her customary bath, and approaching her without fear, received from her the commission to go and call the steward's wife. When the lady heard the message which the child had brought, she said, 'My little girl, what do you mean?' Papantzin is dead, and was buried yesterday. The girl persisted in her statement so strongly that the lady, more to please her than because of any confidence in the truth of the story, accompanied her to the palace, and

seeing the princess, she fell to the ground in a swoon.

"The child ran then to call her mother, who, with others, hastened to aid the fainting lady, and, had not the princess given them courage, by assuring them that she was alive, all would have fallen in terror.

"Papantzin then, by their influence, caused the steward to come to her, and charged him to carry the news to the king. This, however, he refused to do, on the ground that the king would believe the story to be a lie, and would consequently punish him with severity.

"Well, then," said the princess, 'go to Texcoco and beg the King Nezahualpilli to come at once to me.'

"The steward obeyed, and the king repaired immediately to Tlalteoloco. When he arrived, he met the princess, who entreated him to go to Mexico and tell her brother that she was alive, and that she had a communication to give to him upon a matter of the greatest importance.

"It was difficult for the king, on receiving the message, to believe what he had heard; but, out of respect to so august an ambassador, he consented to go, and, accompanied by a large number of Mexican nobles, he went to Tlalteoloco. Entering the hall in which the princess was sitting, he demanded of her to answer truly his question, 'Are you really my sister?'

"Sire," said the risen one, 'I am your sister Papan, whom you buried yesterday. I am really alive. I have sent for you to tell you what I have seen and heard, for it concerns you most closely.' The two kings thereupon seated themselves, while the rest of the company, stupefied at the scene, remained standing."

"The princess spoke to them as follows: 'When I was dead, or, if it pleases you better, I will say when I had lost my senses and my power of motion, I found myself in a great plain; through the middle of it ran a broad street, and beyond the street a tumultuous river. I was wishing to throw myself into it in order to swim to the further shore, when suddenly there appeared before me a glorious youth of lofty and commanding stature; he was clothed in a flowing dress, white as snow and as brilliant as the sun. Two wings of graceful form adorned his shoulders, and on his brow he bore the sign of the cross. He took me by my hand and said to me: 'Pause; it is not yet time for you to cross to the other side. God, though you do not know him, loves you much.' Then he led me further up the bank of the stream to a place in which I saw many bones and skulls of human beings and heard groans so deep that they moved the heart to pity. I looked toward the river, and saw in the distance some large ships, and upon them many men wearing strange garments. They were white, and wore beards. In their hands they carried spears, and helmets were on their heads.

"Then the youth said to me, 'Princess, God's will is that you should live to witness the revolutions which are about to occur in this country. The groans which you heard issuing from the bones are the lamentations of the souls of your forefathers. Those men whom you see upon the ships are coming to make themselves masters of this country by force of arms.' After he had said this he disappeared, and I felt myself restored to life. I arose from the bier on which I was lying, and, forcing back the stone from the opening of the sepulchre, I came into the garden, where, in answer to my call, my servants found me."

The explanation of this singular event, if it is accepted on the authority of the historian to be a fact—and it is not inherently impossible—is undoubtedly this: The princess had fallen into a state of deep, somnambulic sleep, so profound as to induce the belief that she had died. In this state she foresaw the end of the Aztec dynasty. This state may have been induced by the invisibles for the express purpose of revealing the fate of her country. The young man in the shining garments was some spirit of high degree.

## MAURIZIO STANNER.

AN INTERESTING CASE OF THE TRANSFERENCE OF THOUGHT TO A DISTANT PLACE.

[Translated from *Annali Dello Spiritalismo*.]

"About six years ago," says the writer of this report, "I joined at Arica the young physician Maurizio Stanner, a native of Frankfurt, Germany, where his family were living. He was on his way to the interior of Bolivia, to execute a commission with which he had been entrusted by the Botanical Society of Berlin, to study the flora of Bolivia, and take back to his native country a collection of new varieties. He was accompanied by an old servant of the family, who was much attached to him, and, like his master, spoke Spanish fluently.

"A few days after our arrival in Bolivia we went to La Paz, a forest of vast extent, whither we were obliged to take whatever was needful for our support while there. During our stay in this wilderness there burst upon us one of those tempests of Bolivia, which comes so rapidly and so unexpectedly and rages with such terrible fury as to arouse in even the stoutest hearts a feeling of fear.

"Shut up in the tent, we listened for two long hours to the horrid din of the thunder, the howling of the wind, and the furious pelting of the rain. Toward six o'clock in the evening the storm abated, but the wind remained so violent that we were compelled to strengthen the fastening of the tent. The night came, black, gloomy and cold. We lay down in our hammocks, and disposed ourselves to sleep in spite of the horrible roaring of the wind, which threatened to sweep away both tent and travelers.

"Thus passed two or three hours, during which the consciousness of our complete isolation from the world of men, far from human aid, in the vast solitude, and in the midst of great peril, made it impossible to sleep. But, later in the night, fatigue and the overpowering need of rest conquered our terror, and we fell into a profound slumber."

"It was about two o'clock in the morning when the doctor awoke in terror; a voice was calling him by name, 'Maurizio, Maurizio.' His hair stood upright on his head, and a cold sweat bathed his body.

"Giovanni, Giovanni,' the doctor cried to his servant, 'did you hear that?'

"Yes, master," said the old servant, 'and it is the voice of your mother.'

"A minute had not elapsed before there came a second call, 'Maurizio, Maurizio,' in a tone much louder, and expressing great anxiety:

"In God's name, Giovanni, what is the meaning of this?" cried the doctor.

"I don't know, master," replied Giovanni; but that is surely your mother's voice."

"Speechless, bewildered, we remained to listen. Immediately there broke through the roaring of the wind the call for the third time, 'Maurizio, Maurizio.' This time the cry uttered such distress and entreaty that we leaped from our hammocks, ran to open the tent, notwithstanding the fearful violence of the whirlwind, and rushed out of doors, only to be horror-struck by the awful sight before us. The forest was on fire. The mighty tide of flame was advancing rapidly upon us, and had already nearly hemmed us in. We had scarcely time to turn back, seize the herbariums, and flee for our lives. Ten minutes' longer delay, and we should have been inevitably burned alive.

"Whence came this voice that had warned us and saved us? What was it that had called the doctor's name in the depths of this lonely forest?"

"The mystery was explained: about two months later the doctor received from his mother a letter stating that on that night she had dreamed that he was in great danger, and that she called to him loudly three times to arouse him. She wrote, in consequence of the anxiety which this dream had given her, to ask if he were well.

"Dr. Stanner, whenever he tells the story of that night in Bolivia, exhibits this letter, and maintains that it contains the solution of the mystery."

W. N. EATNS, Linguist.

## ORIGINAL POEM.

Delivered at *Alexander's Lake*, Tuesday, June 28th, 1892, for "The Children's Progressive Lyceum" of Norwich, Conn.

BY JOSEPH D. STILES.

Little children, young and gay,  
Gathered by this lake to-day,  
Whither youth's glad hours away—  
To you I would something say;  
So, please let me as a friend  
Some advice to you extend;  
Counsel, which I trust will fall  
Like rich dew on each and all.

May ye live lives good and true,  
Which through years will follow you;  
Lives with truth and virtue blest,  
Striving ever for the best.  
Let no word or thought unkind  
Find a home in heart or mind;  
Let your young lips, I beseech,  
Tremble but with golden speech!

On the hopeful Present's base  
Will the future and its place;  
Characters ye form in youth  
Tell for error or for truth;  
Lives ye live at present will  
Be for either good or ill.  
And this precept bear in mind—  
In it ye a truth will find—  
"Long a structure cannot stand  
That is built upon the sand."

Labor, then, with love imbued,  
For the beautiful and good;  
In the sweetness of your life  
Make each day with goodness rife;  
In life's drama act your part,  
With a brave and trusting heart;  
Never let the chance go by  
Some poor soul to satisfy.

When at last your eyes shall close  
To all earthly pains and woes,  
There, where trouble never rolls,  
In the land of loving souls,  
Shall your spirits pass to dwell,  
Glad that ye have done so well;  
And with friends ye dearly love  
In the Lyceum schools above,  
For the good deeds done in this.

And for each one whose kind hand  
This good feast season planned,  
Doing service great and grand  
With the means at their command:  
I would ask that on each head  
Heaven's divinest gifts be shed;  
Praying that your lives be long,  
Rich in deed, in purpose strong.

Mortal ones may never know  
What good ye have done below;  
Of the sad hearts and distressed  
Which your generous hands have blest;  
But the angel who records  
All our actions, thoughts and words,  
In the heavenly Book of Life,  
Filled with deeds of peace and strife,  
Will, in lines with love afame,  
Write "well done" against each name.

When across the Bridge of Light  
You, too, make your onward flight,  
Oh! how many hands will clasp  
Yours in recognition's grasp!  
And in that Immortal Zone  
Where all know as they are known,  
Shall ye find 'mong angels fair  
True appreciation there.

To the Leaders would I say:  
Do your duty day by day;  
Lead these young hearts to the light,  
And their feet may walk aright;  
And they surely will expect  
That your lives will be correct,  
And examples ye will set  
That they never will forget,  
And which ye will ne'er regret.  
Thus, with Present good and pure,  
Will the Future be secure,  
And your recompense shall be  
A most bright eternity!

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## Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1892.

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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 Pierpont.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

We have decided to offer those of our patrons, who feel disposed to labor for the extension of the circulation of THE BANNER, a pecuniary incentive, namely: until further notice we will accept Clubs of six yearly subscriptions to the Banner of Light for \$12.00. We ask for the united efforts of all good and true Spiritualists in its and our behalf.

Specimen copies will be furnished gratuitously to canvassers and to those who desire to increase the circulation of this paper.

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## Special Notice.

THE BANNER was inaugurated, as to its publication on earth, by a band of spirits. Its corps of mortal coöperators were selected by this band to issue a paper, titling it THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

It was told us that the time had come when the heavens were to be again opened, connecting the mundane with the spiritual spheres of life.

Benjamin Franklin and William E. Channing were the committee selected by the spiritual band to communicate with us in regard to the issuance of THE BANNER, and the establishment of A SPIRIT MESSAGE DEPARTMENT. We so promised, and the first number of the paper was issued April 11th, 1857; it has been published ever since, except for four weeks, when its plant was destroyed by the great fire of 1872.

Many professedly Spiritualist papers since that time have come up and gone down; and they are still coming up and going down today. This was foretold us at the outset would be the case.

THE BANNER welcomed the advent of these papers, only to be repudiated by some of them, as selfishness and jealousy seemed to be the governing motives of some of their editors and publishers. But we continued on in the even tenor of our way, neither turning to the right nor the left in consequence. And to-day, looking over the ground of the past thirty-five years of THE BANNER's existence, we have nothing to regret, although we have repeatedly suffered from the selfishness of various individuals who espoused our Cause, for the sole reason of making money, as they mistakenly thought they could by claiming to be Spiritualists, although they possessed not a tittle of spirituality. Why many of this class have passed into oblivion, was because they built their fabrics upon the sand.

Then, again, mediums were developed; and the heavens being opened for all classes of spirits to return—the progressed and the unprogressed alike—consequently some persons possessed of genuine medial powers, but with little conscientiousness, under the influence of the Diakia, deceived the people—and some are still doing so. By reason of this the Cause has been injured in the estimation of many good people who favored the movement at first.

Then the bigots of the church attacked us, and called to their aid the learned pedants of our colleges, the result of which was war against us from many quarters.

As our Cause was based on Truth, all the powers of earth could not, however, put us down. The light, nevertheless, has been a terrible one, especially in consequence of the defection of those who should have been our warmest friends and adherents; but love of notoriety crept into their minds, and the result has been disastrous in many ways.

This has been, and still is, our experience in the work which the angel-world wished us to perform, and which we have from the first endeavored to carry out with the utmost integrity of purpose.

We have still faith to believe that notwithstanding the present inharmonies in our ranks, the time is not far distant when all the public advocates of Spiritualism—mediums, speakers, writers, editors, et al.—will unitedly concentrate their energies for the advancement of the interests of our holy Cause among mankind!

## Arbitration—Not Private Armies.

A mass meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, on Friday evening, July 15th, to utter an unmistakable protest against the employment of the armed Pinkerton men by the Carnegie Steel and Iron Company of Pennsylvania. The temper of the assembly was not to be mistaken. It was that of open and continued hostility to the newly-introduced method of hiring hessian bands, residents of any State or none, for the purpose of silencing the united voice of labor in its earnest protests against the arbitrary action of employing capital, and its steady and rational demand for the settlement of all labor disputes and differences by the rule of arbitration.

This is no mere property issue—a question of whether the great Corporations, Companies and Trusts now rapidly building up in this country can do as they choose in regard to their employees. It involves an altogether different principle. Can a body of manufacturers or other employers, whenever a disagreement occurs between themselves and their workmen, bring suddenly upon the ground a force of hired armed men, ostensibly to protect their property, but really to overawe and defy the intelligent spirit of their workmen, and even to slaughter them, if so they will? Where is the local, legal authority at such a time? What has become of the supreme power of the State? Are we indeed brought to that condition where any one is at liberty to establish private armed power if he thinks he can accomplish his ends more effectively in that way? Is society to be rent and torn with factions that are licensed to shed blood, openly and defiantly, if they believe that to be the shortest cut to the attainment of their purpose?

This is a much more deeply serious matter than may perhaps strike the casual reader or the surface thinker. As one of the speakers said at the Faneuil Hall meeting, our rich men should study reflectively the history of the French Revolution if they do not want to see like scenes enacted in this country. And as another one remarked, the hour of danger is at hand. It is not a time for fierce denunciation. The issues are too weighty. Judgment, not passions, should actuate us all. If that which has occurred at Homestead be rebellion, it is rebellion against a system which will tear down the props of our nation.

The Congressional Committee appointed to investigate the recent disturbance at Homestead have finished their work at Pittsburgh, and expect to continue it at Chicago, and perhaps elsewhere. It is understood that a bill will be introduced at the present session of Congress that will make the hiring of armed men from within or without a State for such a purpose as that avowed at Homestead an illegal and punishable act, and put an end to such perilous experimenting in this country forever. As the Constitution of Massachusetts expressly declares, "armies are dangerous in times of peace, and should never be permitted to exist except by special permission of the Legislature, and should always be under control of the civil authority."

The Faneuil Hall meeting adopted a series of resolutions expressing its sentiments on the subject of the employment of private armies under any circumstances imaginable, and calling on Congress to pass such laws as will forever suppress them in this country.

The labor issue presents itself in its most serious aspect in this recent bloody contention. It must be met, but all depends on the spirit in which it is handled. Why should our boasted civilization continue with its increasingly heavy load of misery under monopoly, rendering modern society more and more an increasing contention of hostile camps? As a highly intelligent writer observes, "the general mind is undeniably settling firmly upon the conviction that no further marked advance is possible to our civilization under conditions that continually engender hatred and enmity rather than peace and prosperity, and take away instead of multiplying the natural incentives to productivity and distributive abundance."

The new and more enlightened theory of labor, as briefly but emphatically laid down by Senator Palmer on the floor of the Senate, assumes—to quote from a timely editorial of the Boston Transcript—"on the one hand that the workman is not a tool, differing from the rest of the machinery chiefly in degree of unreliability, but a human being, entitled not only to his daily livelihood, but to a chance for development; and, on the other hand, it takes for granted the growth of discipline and responsibility among workmen to a degree which they have not heretofore been required to possess. It is simply the expression in the economic world of that sense of the dignity of the individual which is to-day making the new literature and the new theology no less than a new basis for social relations." The vital issue lies deeper than the mere question of wages, or who fired the first shot, or whether the Pinkertons were properly sworn in as deputy sheriffs; "it is," adds the Transcript, "the question of how far the spirit of equity and the sense of responsibility has had control, and what has been contributed toward the solution of one of the difficulties which this generation has to meet."

The first resort should be, in this matter, to arbitration! That is the way all other disputes are adjusted under a government of laws. Violence is in no case to be tolerated. Either the law court, or the court of arbitration; to this all interests alike are held in a country like ours. There is no other way to establish right relations, and therefore lasting ones, between labor and capital, employers and employed, but this reasonable and always peaceful one. Before that court of reason both sides to a dispute can be heard to the last particular of their complaint or grievance. If there is injustice, there it will be shown. If there is arbitrary conduct, it will come out in the evidence. If the question of wages and rates is the main one in controversy, that can be presented on all its sides, and the facts made to comply with the principle of common justice.

## Indian Myths and Traditions.

The customs and beliefs of the Cherokees are very curious. Their medicinal plants furnish strange illustrations of their interpretation of the products and phenomena of nature. They held that talking voices in the old time were given to quadrupeds, birds, fishes and insects, and that they all lived in peace and friendship with the race of men. But with the rapid increase of the latter the animals found they were being steadily deprived of their needed room. Men, too, were inventing weapons with which to kill the larger creatures for their food and skins, while they trod upon and crushed the smaller ones without mercy.

The bears were first to hold a consulting convention. But after some experimenting in self-defense they only made a failure of it. Then the deer held a council under their chief, Little Deer. They resolved to inflict rheumatism upon every hunter who should kill one of their number, unless he asked pardon for the offense, and sent notice of their decision to the Indians. Next the fishes and reptiles held a joint council, and determined to make their oppressors dream of snakes twining about them or of eating raw and decaying fish, so they would lose appetite, and sicken and die. Thus are snake and fish dreams accounted for. Finally the birds, insects and smaller animals came together, the grub-worm presiding over them. Only the ground squirrel voted for man, and for it the rest fell upon him, and tore him, leaving the stripes on his back we now see.

Then the assembly began to invent and name a variety of diseases to afflict mankind. But when the plants, who were friendly to man, heard what the animals had done, they determined to defeat their evil designs. Every tree, shrub, grass and moss volunteered to furnish a remedy for some one of the new diseases. Thus medicine originated, and all the plants supply antidotes for the evils wrought by the revengeful animals. The spirit of the plant suggests to the medicine-man the proper relief for a suffering patient.

The Cherokees believed primitively that disease and death are not natural, but are ascribable to the evil influences of animal spirits, ghosts, and witches. For a complaint caused by the rabbit the antidote must be "rabbit's ear" or "rabbit's tail," plants known by that name; for snake dreams "snake's tooth"; for worms a plant resembling a worm; for inflamed eyes "deer's eye" is a specific; "yellow root" is good when the patient vomits yellow bile; a decoction of burs is a cure for forgetfulness, because they stick so fast. The Indian collects his roots, herbs and barks as a physician, ties them in a package, and throws them into a running stream. If they float, they are expected to prove successful in treatment; if not, he must gather a new package.

## In Re a Spirit Message.

We were much pleased of late to hear from our good friend, Mr. A. E. NEWTON, whose writings in THE BANNER from time to time were for years so well-known and so highly appreciated by our readers. The message from him, which was published in our issue for July 16th, is fully characteristic of the spirit, showing that he is a living entity to-day, with the same intelligence he possessed while in the form. He was an outspoken Spiritualist while here, and his writings did much toward advancing our Cause the world over. He says, from his new abode, that he would, if he could, give good cheer to every soul that is struggling onward amid the difficulties and trials of the flesh.

He brings a word of encouragement to the workers in the field, whose labors seem very hard and the reward slight; but he says the grand fruition of life and its works is piling up all around these faithful souls, who by-and-by will discover how beautiful it is, how ennobling to their spirits, and how beneficial to their inner lives.

Bro. Newton also remarks that he has looked over the field, and realizes what great service has been accomplished by our spiritualistic workers on both sides of life; he feels to say that in all the generations that have gone no such stupendous task has been essayed or achieved in enlightening the world and freeing human souls from the bondage of superstitions that were sown so thickly in human hearts in former generations—errors that have raised a large crop of thistles and thorns to sting those harboring them, but which are being banished by the clear light of spiritual revelation.

We believe, as does our ascended brother, that the grand work will go on conquering and to conquer, until the whole human race comes into a full knowledge of spirit-communion.

## How do they Like their Wages?

The Rev. George Savory having been asked by Rev. James M. Gray, rector of the First Reformed Episcopal Church of Boston, to preach a sermon on Sunday newspapers, he promptly complied by denouncing them as the greatest of all evils, widely disastrous in their effects upon public morality, and tending to bring about a state of neglect, forgetfulness and indifference as to religious worship. He acknowledged that the pulpit cannot compete successfully with the Sunday newspaper, and hence insisted that social reformers should attack it boldly and without fear.

After indulging in a long and furious diatribe in this vein, he demanded legislation to suppress the Sunday newspaper, and gave utterance to the following choice specimen of blind bigotry: "Journalism must be made our servant, not our master."

"We must not tamely submit," he cried out from the pulpit. And he warned the people against being "enslaved in the toils of this monster"; and he wants Christian readers everywhere to "boycott" the Sunday press, and Christian merchants everywhere to refuse their advertisements in the same direction, etc. After a tirade of this sort we should say that he had finally succeeded in emptying his mind. Possibly he feels better; but the question which arises in our mind just now is this: How do those firms who are publishing papers each day of the week and on Sunday like the threatening attitude businessward of this rampant reverend; and how do their editors, who have ever been the cringing lackeys of the church, and who have hastened Sunday and every day—early and late—to defame and misrepresent Spiritualism and all other reforms at the beck of the church bigots, like the wages with which this pulpiteer and his ilk propose to reward their selfish work?

"Ikabod" is at Onset, as quaint and comical as ever. Reader, do not miss holding a séance with Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing at Alcyone Cottage, Onset, as she is a truthful medium. This we know from previous sittings with her.

## The Camping Season.

The season for indulging in the tranquil enjoyment of rest and recreation in camping out is now open, and Spiritualists above all others appreciate its precious privileges. By the lakes and on the seashore, in the shady groves and fields, in the favored places in which Mother Nature spreads forth her plentiful invitations, they are now gathered for their customary summer sojourn, like children in a kind mother's lap, soothed by the soft, low voices which are from all sides whispered in their ears, and rested from the cares and perplexities of ordinary life among scenes of quiet beauty and enchanting attractiveness. This outdoor season is anticipated by them with the utmost pleasure, and its recollections are lived over again in the future with indescribable delight. The experience is both that of a close and endearing communion with nature in her happiest mood and of social companionships that draw human hearts by the strongest bonds.

Those who can release themselves from daily tasks and throw off the burdens of prolonged labor, and join the annually increasing multitude that seek refreshment and inspiration in a season of outdoor life in the groves and by the sea and lake, feel an added energy and a new vitality to be theirs, which cannot be drawn as readily from any other source, and store up in their being the wealth of pleasant memories not to be compared with those of any other experience. The instinct of humanity turns to nature's sweet and simple suggestions, and always obtains a full and ready response. Sky and water, tree and grass, vine and rock, bird and animal, each and all contribute to the tranquil pleasure in which the spirit delights to bathe itself. A worshipful temper steals over the entire being, and lends a purer light to the life. Friendships are formed that run forward through the years, and meditations are enjoyed that become most precious memories for the remainder of the life.

## Insanity from Preaching.

A case of insanity has been developed in the neighborhood of Norwich, N. Y., that may well be called sad, and excite general sympathy. It is that of a young, active and highly-esteemed minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Rev. Mr. Truesdell, who—report avers—was seized last fall at the camp-meeting with mania, but from which he was thought to have recovered sufficiently to resume his pastoral duties. Within a few weeks, however, he has shown symptoms of insanity again. On a recent Sunday morning he occupied his pulpit, when his congregation noticed a return of his malady. From that time he has continued to grow worse, and it was found necessary to administer drugs in order to keep him quiet. Subsequently he underwent an examination at the hands of two physicians, who pronounced him insane, and directed his immediate removal to the State hospital at Binghamton.

A contributor to the Norwich Sun, however, improves the occasion to remark that, while he deeply sympathizes with the unfortunate young clergyman, it is by no means improbable that his present pitiable condition may be accounted for, wholly or in part, by the ideas, doctrines and teachings entertained and proclaimed by him. The evangelical camp-meeting annals are studded with such melancholy cases, and the popular "Revivalists" also often have to enumerate them when "counting up their jewels."

The writer further remarks, too, in which we earnestly join, had this stricken young minister been an exponent of the religion of humanity—Spiritualism—or, indeed, any other religion, and been thus afflicted, how quick many prejudiced people would have been to claim that it was due to the teachings of the latter, or that it was a judgment from an all-wise God as an indication of his displeasure. As in the old fable, it makes all the difference whose ox it is that is gored.

Modern Spiritualism adapts its manifestations to every phase of life. It enters the lowliest hamlets as well as the loftiest palaces. It reaches out its beneficent arms everywhere—over all the earth. It teaches man his duties in this life, and what he may expect in the life to come. But woe unto him who does not improve by its teachings. The great law of compensation is far-reaching. None can escape it. The man of truth, however much he may have suffered in this world, is sure of happiness in the next. The dishonest man, on the contrary, who is governed by policy, and cheats his fellow-man—as well as the slanderer and the murderer—will receive their deserts, as Divine Justice will mete out to such what they have meted out to their fellow-men.

There were at least from five to six thousand visitors at Onset Bay Camp-Meeting last Sunday—men, women and children. It was the most orderly congregation of people we ever met—not a police officer on the grounds! There was no necessity for one. Mr. Colville's morning lecture was exceedingly interesting. Such was the universal opinion of his immense audience. Mrs. Hagan's afternoon discourse, too, was a brilliant effort. Everybody was satisfied. The day was charming, Dame Nature wearing her best attire. Many mediums are on the grounds, and Onset never was so popular as it is at present, under the discreet management of its efficient President, Dr. H. B. Storer. For an extended report, see eighth page.

American Rabbits have been in New York of late discussing the subject of "cremation from a Jewish standpoint." Rev. B. Feinthal argued in favor of cremation, illustrating his position by copying extracts from the Old Testament, which demonstrate that burning the bodies of those who had cast off their mortal habitations was a well-known method of disposing of them in the time of Israel and Judah. The question arises in the minds of modern scientists who favor cremation on sanitary grounds, why is it that Christians, who believe every word of the Old Testament, are opposed to this beneficent method. Many Spiritualists believe in cremation.

A brief account of the disposition of a friend's body (whose spirit passed on recently at Onset), written by Mr. William F. Nye of New Bedford, Mass., will be found on our eighth page.

Lake Pleasant Camp, Dr. Joseph Beals of Greenfield, Mass., President, opens officially on the 24th instant. We understand many people are already flocking to this popular summer resort to listen to the talented speakers who have been engaged to give light to the people. All are splendid lecturers. We understand every phase of mediumship will be represented.

## A Curious Mission.

The Rockville (Cl.) Journal reports an experience of George A. Mesler, a well-known resident of that place, the substance of which is that a few weeks since, shortly after retiring at night, the form of a woman suddenly appeared in his room, passing in the direction of a sink. He at first thought his daughter had come in. In a few moments it approached noiselessly the bed, and he recognized the form to be thin and shadowy. Mr. M. felt no fear. He closely scanned the face, and gazing up, for the purpose of determining who or what it was, when it instantly vanished. He made a search, found nothing, and learned that his daughter had not left her room.

A week later the strange visitor again came, and Mr. M. saw that it was a neighbor who died a few weeks previous. She beckoned him, and he followed her to the dining-room, reaching which he inquired what he could do for her. "Pay that bill," said the apparition, referring to a bill the dead woman had worried about before her death. The voice was recognized by Mr. Mesler as that of his dead neighbor. "I will see that it is paid," said Mr. Mesler, and the figure disappeared as suddenly as it had appeared. Since then Mr. Mesler has seen no more of the apparition. He made arrangements to pay the bill, which was a small one, and why the debtor should worry so much over it was a mystery.

The Journal closes its narration by saying: "Mr. Mesler is not a Spiritualist, he only relates what he has seen and heard. He does not pretend to explain it, but leaves that for those who have made a study of Spiritual Manifestations."

Not So Fast with your Verdict!—The San Francisco Chronicle publishes a despatch concerning the recent decease of Mrs. Jencken (Kate Fox) in New York, and appends certain comments to the effect that the Fox sisters made a confession in 1888 that the "raps" were made by the manipulation of certain muscles of the toes and fingers. "By this means they fooled the world, creating a positive belief in Spiritualism." They made sounds, says The Chronicle, "which were said to be spirit rappings. The trick was not discovered until this confession." Now this statement is simply nonsense, and we incline to think the time-serving Chronicle editors themselves know it is. The Fox girls afterward recanted from this "confession" of theirs, and that fact is a matter of general history. Did The Chronicle never hear of it? The raps have never yet been shown to be merely a "trick." They are a great, a universal fact—a fact that is proven every day and in all parts of the world. It is false in the extreme to assert that the raps stand in the pillory of public execration as "tricks." They continue to be the comfort and stay of a great multitude, who know them to be the primary signals for intelligent communication with exalted spirits.

Gen. James A. Cunningham—an efficient and honorable soldier in the late civil war, Adjutant-General of the State of Massachusetts for thirteen years, and Superintendent of the Soldiers' Home in Chelsea ever since its formation—passed to spirit-life July 17th, the cause of his decease being La Grippe. He was born in Boston in 1830. As Superintendent of the above-named Institution, he was sympathetic and just, and has always held the respect of the veterans and the grateful appreciation of the trustees. He leaves a widow, who, as matron, has ably seconded his worthy labors in the Home. Gen. Cunningham was liberal in his beliefs regarding the future of universal humanity, and just previous to his demise requested that no display of "black" should be made at his funeral, and that "Reverie," not "Taps," should be sounded at his grave. A brave and noble spirit has indeed entered the Eternal Morning!

MARSHALL W. WAITT passed to spirit-life at his family residence, in Victoria, B. C., at 11:30 p. m., on July 10th, after a brief illness of a week's duration. He was beloved and respected by all those with whom he was socially or otherwise connected, being the soul of honor in all his transactions. He was a former resident of New England, and has been for years an outspoken Spiritualist, doing his best to circulate the literature of the Cause on the Pacific coast. THE BANNER publishers have often had occasion to return thanks for kindly contributions to the fund for the support of our Free Circles, also "God's Poor Fund," from this generous brother, who has now entered into the reward of good actions done.

"New Thought."—The second number of this monthly, edited by Moses and Mattie E. Hull, reaches us, with contents attractive to all Spiritualists. Mr. Hull continues "The Spiritual Alps, and How to Ascend Them." Mrs. H. gives a poem, "A Waking Dream," and more "Hulled Kernels." Abbie Lindsay Lynch, U. G. Figley, Leonora and Lole J. Winters contribute excellencies in prose and verse, and the editors furnish in the "Portfolio," thoughts on current events. The frontispiece is a portrait of Mrs. Hull, the leading facts in whose life's experience are given by Mr. Hull. Chicago, Ill.: Moses Hull & Co.

The London Anti-Vivisection Society has issued its sixteenth annual report. In it the committee making the report says the work of the past year, though accomplished in the face of enormous opposition, and apparently insurmountable difficulties, has gone far to prove that by its consistent action it has materially advanced the prospects of the ultimate accomplishment of its aims—the prohibition of vivisection. There has been a notable increase in the number of members, subscriptions and donations. The offices of the Society are at 32 Sackville street, Piccadilly, W.

To Secretaries.—Owing to the great demand on our space during the Camp season, and the fact that many of the local societies close their seasons during the summer—while the proper officers fail to inform us to that effect—we have discontinued printing for the present the standing notices heretofore appearing under the heading "Spiritual Meetings," etc., etc. If any society therein mentioned is still continuing its meetings during the summer, the Secretary can notify us of the fact, and we will reprint and continue his or her notice, as before.

Those who reject the evidences of Modern Spiritualism which have been given to the world for nearly half a century, in order to be consistent must also reject the evidences that have come down through the centuries in behalf of the inspirations and alleged miracles recorded in the bible. Theologians are requested to consider this.

A Word for the Past.—There is a pathetic truth in the introductory remarks with which Mrs. Love M. Willis prefaced her sketch of Anna Middlebrook Twiss, which all the old workers will fully recognize and acknowledge.

Henry Lacroix, one of THE BANNER's foreign correspondents, is now at Onset Bay, Mass., for a brief season—having journeyed thither from Montreal, Canada.

Spiritualism is progressing, in the way of public work, in Pittsburgh, Pa.—as will be seen by J. H. Lohmeyer's letter on second page.

We had a pleasant visit on Tuesday last from our friend and correspondent, Prof. J. Jay Watson of New York City, who is now summering at Gloucester, Mass. He was at the time en route for Onset Camp, where he was to give a concert, and perform on the famous violin presented to him by Olé Bull. If the proper arrangements could be perfected, which we have no doubt will be.

Mrs. Sawyer, the materializing medium, is at Onset. We know that, under favorable conditions, her mediumship is perfectly reliable. We tested her to our entire satisfaction in New York several years ago, a full account of which appeared in THE BANNER at the time.

Sunday visitors to Onset from Boston should take the 8:15 A. M. fast train from the Old Colony R. R. dépôt. It returns at 6 P. M.

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