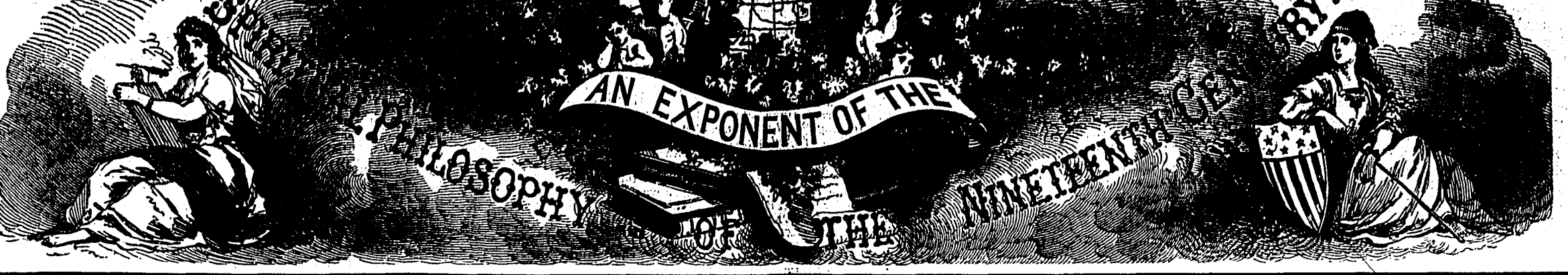


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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THE EARLY OWL.

An Owl once lived in a hollow tree,
And he was as wise as he could be.
The branch of learning he did not know
Could scarce on the tree of knowledge grow.
He knew the tree from branch to root,
And an Owl like that can afford to hoot.
And he hooted—until, alas! one day
He chanced to hear, in a casual way,
An insignificant little bird
Make use of a term he had never heard.
He was flying to bed in the dawning light
When he heard her singing with all her might,
“Hurray! hurrah for the early worm!”
“Dear me!” said the Owl, “what a singular term!
I would look it up if it were not so late;
I must rise at dusk to investigate.
Early to bed and early to rise
Makes an Owl healthy and stealthy and wise!”
So he slept like an honest Owl all day,
And rose in the early twilight gray,
And went to work in the dusky light,
To look for the early worm all night.
He searched the country for miles around,
But the early worm was not to be found.
So he went to bed in the dawning light,
And looked for the “worm” again next night.
And again and again, and again and again,
He sought and he sought, but all in vain.
Till he must have looked for a year and a day
For the early worm, in the twilight gray.
At last in despair he gave up the search,
And was heard to remark, as he sat on his perch
By the side of his nest in the hollow tree,
“The thing is as plain as night to me—
Nothing can shake my conviction,
THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS THE EARLY WORM!”
—Oliver Herford, in August St. Nicholas.

*This Ornithological Fable is respectfully recommended to the attention of “Seiberts,” “Psychic,” and other Commissioners for the investigation of Modern Spiritualism; also to skeptics and inquirers, generally, concerning it. It will clearly be seen, on reflection, that “The Early Owl,” by his blundering and ignorant failure to comply with the requisite conditions in the case, arrived at a conclusion exactly converse to the natural fact.—Eos. B. of L.]

The Spiritual Rostrum.

A VOICE FROM THE PAST.

Each year when the Camp-Meeting season returns, New England Spiritualists, at least, remember with mingled pleasure and regret the late Ed. S. Wheeler, who was once a tower of strength on these public platforms. The manuscript discourse, a printed reproduction of which we here place before our readers, was in our possession for some time before the decease of Bro. Wheeler, but without opportunity for its use; we now give it as a kindly comrade's Voice from the Past, to the people assembled at the camp-meetings of '92.—Eos.

Away back in the dingy ages, in the sixth century before Christ, about the time that Solon lived, and the fiery furnace of the Old Testament was in operation, there lived and flourished a Chinese Philosopher of great wisdom, deep thought and vast learning, and his writings have come down through some three or four and twenty centuries with the bloom of their original inspiration upon them. This man's name in Roman characters, whatever it might have been in the Chinese of that day, is CONFUCIUS, and from his writings I take my text. It is as follows:

“Those who know the truth are not equal to those who love it; but those who love it are not equal to those who delight in it.”

To do and to be are two verbs that possess two forms of expression, the active and passive forms of doing and being. In the conjugation of these words we unfold an epitome of life. The unfolding of our life is a revelation of the being and action of the body, soul and spirit. These, distinct in their union, and united in their distinctness, manifest their triune powers in physical, mental and spiritual worship as the proceeding of body, of mind and of spirit, in self-elevation and aspiration after the useful, after that which is good and true, and after all that is in itself beautiful.

Here are what may be called external doings, as the mind works outward through the body, but here are also interior forms of being, as the mind works inward to the central spirit. A true life is both the truth in the life, and the life in the truth; it must be both being and action; and as speech is the outward expression of our inward thought, what we think must be truthful to secure truth in the utterance. Thoughts are greater than speech, for while-thoughts overflow the mind, speech only escapes by a single stream from the lips. Thoughts are like inhabitants running to and fro upon a world of feeling and sentiment. There is a world of feeling and sentiment not mapped out to the common mind. It is too interior to be reached by any common perception. It is like the honey in the red clover, rich and abundant, but beyond the proboscis of the common bee.

There is also a world of pseudo-feeling and pseudo-sentiment.

The first world is yonder, far away in the heaven of heavens, and there the telescope of the pure, the good and the true finds it; but those who do not possess the power to see, to feel and to know this alcyon of soul and spirit, disbelieve it altogether. Why? Because they belong to the other world, the world of pseudo-feeling and sentiment.

I will tell you now what is not feeling and what is not sentiment, as I understand the reality of which those terms are the symbols. Go with me to the hustings, and look at that demagogue holding forth in floods of eloquent trash and deception. You are led after him and follow his subtle allusions to party strifes and victories and defeats till you feel that he must be fearfully and wonderfully made, to sway your own rooklike sentiments to and fro like a weaver's shuttle. This is neither feeling nor sentiment—it is its false alliance.

Now crowd in, if you can find room, to that political caucus, where a mixed crowd vociferate and declaim; and pack and pinch their heresies and hearsays into the little measure of their hopes, and roll volumes of passionate verbiage over the laden air. There you are, but you have not struck true feeling yet, not seen the first glimmer of sentiment.

Now leave the narrow limits of that audience chamber and follow me to the woods. Yonder is a camp-meeting; it is a colored gathering; the people there are away to and fro, because only their physical is acted upon, and they have to move in eccentric circles; they are all in motion, and the contagion is upon the air, and that moves too, and volumes of unintelligible jargon are escaping like the air of a gas-meter or the screech and whistle of a boiler; now and then enough mouthpieces say the same thing at the same time to discover the nature of their emotions: Like the tum-tum of the banjo it is monotonous, and because there is no sense to it, one sentence often repeated is as good as fifty in a string. But there is no feeling or sentiment there; all there is to it is noise and erratic motion, resulting from an over-excited sensuous feeling that passes like an unexamined counterfeit for the true article.

“In the name of humanity”—we fancy we hear the question—“where are true feeling and true sentiment, then, to be found?” Our answer is that if it be true that the kingdom of heaven is within, and the throne of God there also, true feeling and true sentiment are door-keepers in every such interior, and if not, it is vain to look for them outside, for no centre was ever seen or known to trot itself out on to its own circumference.

We spoke of sensuous feeling; we might have said sensual, and not been far away from the truth, for the direct appeal of abnormalisms is to the nervous system, and the vibrations are felt through all the channels of physical sensation whenever the battery is applied. The battery of sensual magnetism, the forces of human passion, are the powers that sway humanity and impose upon the credulity of earnest souls in exchange for a mess of pottage driving them out of their true paradise of feeling and sentiment.

There are various forms of this development, and while we have illustrated our subject from the coarser instances at our command, we may not forget that human nature is the same the world over, and it is to the same phenomenal family we must attribute the eccentric views and acts of all classes. We cited the overpowering emotional rush of the colored assembly, but equally remarkable performances in this direction must be charged, also, to the good old Orthodox revivals and revivalists. The only terminal differences (like our China and Japan teas) are that one is colored and the other is not. The derived solution is the same. From such results we may profitably inquire through their retrospects what operating causes have been at work. And here we have a word to say upon the subject of physical developments and alimentary training:

You may tell character by food and food by character, for what we eat becomes a part of ourselves, and we partake of its qualities. The potato and mud-hut life go together in Ireland; beef and burliness in England; cakes and canynism in Scotland; cabbage and broad heads in Germany; black bread and dark looks in Russia; rice and frailty in Hindostan; and everything and omnipotence in America! We cannot disconnect our developments from our physical supplies, nor our training from our aliment; we are essentially what we eat, and what we eat plants itself to control us at every stopping place chosen by our blood.

It is just so in the mental man: whatever he devours feeds upon him in return, and he becomes what he reads, what he hears and what he feels. All countries reveal their larders in the mentalities of their people, and all people discover their mentalities through the instrumentality of the food they eat.

In passing we would allude to a singular fact in the Scripture narrative of Peter's call to preach a universal gospel. Nothing common or unclean, so reads the record, had ever been eaten by Peter—he lived a restrict in a restricting religion—but when called to preach a broader gospel he was commanded to arise, slay and eat, from the omnivorous supplies of all creation; being assured that such were already made fit to be the aliment of God's preachers, who preach the broad doctrines of a broader humanity.

Opposite extremes meet in likeness of each other, it is said in philosophy, and there is no doubt of the truth, for the over-fed and starved both crave rest and exhibit lethargy, just as extremes of heat and cold both make burns and exhibit blisters. The *via media* or middle path is always the safe one, because it is the healthy one, and because it is the middle one.

To be, is to have true being; to do, is to have true doing. He who is and does as he should be and ought, is in the likeness of his Maker.

We Americans are marching on like an army, rather than locating a people, from east to west. We are great in deeds, but greater in being. Being is an art with us, and we abound in illustrations of the fact.

The essence of this idea of the superiority of being is the old Quaker sentiment, such as actuated Wm. Penn and a host of other sterling old Friends, but it is not the ruling ambition now in Philadelphia or New York, where the rule is to make every personal sacrifice for the purpose of doing a good business, as the gathering of unhallowed gains is called. In our large cities men, from the attritions of commercial activities, become sharp, keen, clear and active, but they remind us of the piece of machinery that uses up all its manufactures in the necessary supplies of fuel, and too often the machinery itself follows in the wake of its manufactures by consuming its own operating powers.

It is eating and drinking and clothing to do business; and the object of doing business is to eat and drink and clothe; and this is the commercial cycle nowadays of doing business.

The aim ought to be, first of all, to be healthful, to be harmonious, and then to be complete; that the physical may be able to work without destroying both its object and itself, by following the *ignis fatuus* of a false system to its bitter end, and ignoring even the knowledge of the truth, and consequently never rising to a love of it, or taking delight in it. For, as our text affirms, “Those who know the truth are not equal to those who love it, but those who love it are not equal to those who delight in it.”

We have the name of being the highest in point of education, and we are besides the most tremendously active people in the world. The best symbol I can think of to represent this activity is that of a hen folioating herself in a dust heap. The Europeans are much slower, but we might learn from them and become wiser, and pay them with our inspirations. The beautiful needs no temples for its devotees; it is worshiped everywhere. Beauty may be said to be its own temple and shrine; it is worshiped from the interior of our being. The grand tones of the organ roll in volumes of sublime sound along its aisles and corridors; the accents of elocution indicate its many harmonies of thought in the music of the human voice; and the great dome of nature, supported on the pillars of unerring truth, gives the yearning soul its knowledge of the law of beauty, bathes it in love, and permeates its being with delight.

From the harp of David to the harmonies of Heaven: from the “ting-ting” of a tuncful anvil to the orchestration of a Handel; from the whispers of a Paganini upon a single string to the roar of drums, there are beauties which refresh the thirsty soul with their charms, even as does the descent of looking-glass dew, that fall as minute spheres upon the waiting herbage of the earth, and impart it with life refreshments, making it glad with beautiful adaptations.

Is there no beauty in the drama? Is not the stage the trying-ground of bygone truths, the place of awakening to our love of the past—the grave of the past opened, to waft its hallowed dust to the precincts of our present delights? Is there no beauty in the truth that man is an actor, and that, the *being* of our ancestors can become the doings of our companions? Is there no beauty in this repetition of the doings of beings, in its connection with the endlessness of repetition, thus pointing to the vast succeeding harvests of revival that shall forever and ever prove their deathless nature? From the architecture that canopies and endomes the earth, to the tarantula's small-wrought wonder of constructiveness, there are degrees of beauty that the soul recognizes in their glory.

I have stood where the capitol was bathed in moonlight, and an unwonted halo of lunar effulgence beamed on the surrounding effects of umbrageous foliage and sleeping city: I have felt, as grandeur upon grandeur seemed to grow, and positions became changed, that within me aspiration upon aspiration rose also in my soul, contemplating higher changes and grander positions. I have felt stirred within me all the God-like instincts of the beautiful and grand that slumber in my human selfhood; and absorbed for the time by a huge digestion of the truth I was delighting in, felt as if I was standing in one of the chambers of the Most High, and in the depths and profoundness of my nature was honored with a holy welcome. I thought of Emerson's lines:

“As sunbeams stream through liberal space,
And nothing jostle nor displace:
So waved the pine tree through my thought,
And fanned the dreams it never brought.”

There are inward things that logic cannot trace, and magic sentiments “too subtle but to feel.” There is knowledge which makes man arrogant, and there is a belief that does not; it is better, therefore, sometimes to have less knowledge and more belief—for a life of appreciation is better than one of cold perception.

As we look up to the stars and see their light, we feel their music, we know the star-beams are making melody in concert; and we catch the stary benison, and shower it on our imperceptive little ones in the nursery, and they catch the inspiration, and mingle in their primitive rhymes the rhythm of the scene, and chant to it:

“Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!”

When we tread the pathways of our part-terres and gardens, wander on the lawns and among groves, and see how nature revels in effects and contrasts, in shade and sunshine, in green, in vermillion, in azure, and in the russet hues of the comely forest, we are entranced with sentiments that truth and beauty have painted on our hearts.

The human eye cannot follow the insect world into their homes of beauty, but the human brain has constructive faculties, and it finds out the way to uncover the mystery. The eye is a lens, but not powerful enough to see into the wonderful laboratory of insect formation; so the human brain contrives and the human hands construct a stronger sight—lens is added to lens till the wondrous tale of illimitable perfection is told to every one who delects in the investigation of these truths. While we besmear our temples of devotion with contract paints and “Cheap-Jack” cements, the insect worshippers are enrobed with tracery that defies even the microscope to its full revelation; their completeness is their worship.

In the ephemeral insect even—whose life is but for a moment, as measured by the appreciative standard of mortal apprehension—we see Nature's prodigality of beauty; her law,

rich in resource, and rich in formative power, shows itself in its divine proportions, profuse in attractiveness and full of benevolent purpose. Tracing the course of beneficence, from the humble worm and its outcome, we can say, as proportion is added to proportion, and endowment is joined to endowment in the growing heritage of man, Truly we are born of God?

If man does not love and delight in the truth; if he has no holy embers to enkindle in his soul; if he cannot feel the great value of pure sanitary conditions; if he does not see beauty everywhere as the radial outpouring of a central God—and if there is no spiritual respiration in the life that now is, it is a vain and useless thing to live; but written on the adamant of ages, with the pencil of all good, by the All-Wise, is inscribed immortal truth; and they are wise who love it, they happy who delight in it!

Coming from regions of the blessed, the link between heaven and earth, the fact of an Eternal Progress in physical conditions from Worm to Sun, involves and reveals that other spiritual unfoldment, whereby finite man rises to comprehend through unfolding Natural Law a juster conception than the ages have thus far known of the Infinite Central Power.

Let us rise up and love Truth as we have never loved before; let us unfold our powers and learn our wisdom in her mighty halls, that we may secure a oneness with her in our true nature, that shall eventually bear us onward to the achievement of all that makes man a fit companion for his God—forever knowing, forever loving, and forever taking a supreme delight in every living truth.

Original Essays.

LIFE, ITS ACCEPTANCE AND VALUE.

BY M. R. K. WRIGHT.

What a wonderful thing it is to realize that we live. How strange it is that we can think and reason about it. We are conscious that all life has a beginning. Shall we believe that it also has an ending? Life comes to us unsolicited and unexpected. We steal into the world, when the hour arrives, like a new star from out the azure vault of the heavens. When we enter upon the stage of being we are kindly recognized and received.

All life is welcome to the possessor of it, in whatever form it may appear. However faulty or imperfect it may be, it is precious to those who inherit its legacies of physical and mental worth. Some forms of life are simple and commonplace, while others are exalted, intricate or phenomenal in scope, manifestation and design. The vegetable world is full of marvelous outgrowths and singular features. The animal kingdom is anomalous in all its characteristics. We wonder at the strange appearances presented by the first and the unaccountable instincts and intelligence represented in the actions, movements and purposes of the latter. There is variation and contention in the realm of creative powers and possibilities. We may say life is good or life is bad; it is attractive or objectionable; it is evenly balanced in its physical make-up and mental forces, or irregular and unbalancing in its development and influence.

The consciousness of life settles in good part the patrimony and love of life; but where consciousness begins, as a motive or moral principle of selfhood and sense, or where it terminates as the subject of opportunity and use, it is not easy to determine. That life is fundamental to the growth of all physical structures as well as the cause of the organic order of mental inception and expansion, is constantly attested by the chemicalizations and active processes which matter displays and which belong to all nature.

Motion is the first indication of the presence of energy in living bodies. The activity and intelligence of the conscious spirit or mind are fostered and promoted by processes which involve the constant accretion and dispersion of the objects of thought and the things of experience. Mind, like matter, rises or falls with a momentum in proportion to its inherited vigor, trials, motives and efforts. Our aspirations and solicitudes constitute the incentives to human ambition, and we gather and manifest worthy or unworthy acquisitions of intelligence and influence as a consequence of their varied phases. The secret of personal success, advancement and progress, lies in the proper use and application of precepts of justice and wisdom to the needs of existence, to self-analysis and the pursuit of worthy convictions. We should examine ourselves, and prune away our many defects and faults. The more deficient we are the more earnest and watchful we should become in all matters of self-effort, relief and interest.

The principles of life, as well as the elements of mind, are, characteristically, disposed to fall into sympathetic association, and become merged in similarity of life and mind. It is not an easy matter to rise above the conditions and agencies that support and perpetuate mediocrity, or sameness of action and thought. In the lower kingdoms of nature all the vital energies that prompt to growth, that induce expression and establish organic life, seem to manifest a characteristic and monotonous uniformity in their methods of generation and representation. The tree may bear sweet fruit or sour. We may improve either, but this must be done in the quality of which it partakes, in order that human life may be benefited by proper aid and guidance. Self-discerning reflection and self-correction are gifts that belong almost exclusively to man. The animal has no voluntary power to add to its re-

sources of being or doing. It must linger in the individualized sphere of predetermined conditions. It is anchored, so to speak, in its commonplace and uninspiring state of being, and must conform to all the requirements of its specific form and measure of existence.

The functions of life belong to every tree and shrub and plant. They are seen at work in the accumulation and concretion of atoms. They promote molecular action and the development of microscopic germs and forms. Life is enhanced in the sunshine and augmented in the shower. It is transposed in all the objects of creation, and restless in its purpose to make itself the servant of variable and eternal use and utility. It is amusing in some things and disgusting in others. It invites us to the enjoyment of feelings of pleasure and happiness, or it makes us miserable even in our own acts and realizations.

The doctrine that life is of special divine origin is founded upon a misconception of nature, and is wholly fictitious and wrong. The elements of vitality and force abound in every nook and corner of the universe, both in diffusion and in control of organic bodies. Nothing could exist without the presence of moisture and the light and warmth of the sun. Oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, all the acids and alkalies, electricity and magnetism, enter into the support of life. In body and mind all living beings are dependent upon the functions and forces of nature. We see and feel the presence of inert matter, but the restless energies that abide within its labyrinths, and move and fashion it into forms and organisms of marvelous shape, are beyond our measure of knowledge, insight or vision, yet not altogether removed from our reflective discernment, comprehension or control. All external substance is but the result of an outlay of orderly action and force in the union of original atoms.

Life is first manifested in diminutive cell-forms. From the microscopic germ it augments and expands by the accretion of concurrent matter and vitality. The little atom embraces the material and life qualities which produce, in the course of formation, the various kinds and characteristics of vegetable and animal bodies. There is no “special providence” in man's existence nor in the make-up of objects and things. The conditions of life determine the question of the status of life. The human world, no doubt, represents the highest and most harmonious state of being. It embraces the fullness of the law of nature in the development and application of all the substance and energies that tend to produce and support body and mind.

But man is not perfect! Even in his most exalted state he is not only susceptible to but is anxious concerning his own improvement and elevation. We all rise out of subjectivity into self-assertion of being and doing. There is no knowing what burden of faults or glorious qualities lie buried in the infant soul. Its life begins in darkness and obscurity. Its first inheritance is given in its involuntary motions and movements, then it breathes and smiles without the consciousness of its own emotions. By-and-by it observes the presence and feels the friendly touch of a loving mother's hand. The new-born child has no knowledge of its own existence. All the qualities that are to combine in its character and constitution lie dormant and are hidden from our inspection. They may be good or they may be bad. In the germ of that infant mind may repose the inceptive principles of greatness or littleness. Its development may reveal the presence of a smothered passion or the happy impulses of a generous heart. It may embrace the golden gift of wisdom or the ignominious sense of selfishness, cruelty, craft or crime.

There is no knowing, exactly, as to what life may bring forth. It is a thing of certainty and yet of great variability. It pleases us, yet it often disappoints us. It induces happy thoughts, yet we realize the frequent imposition of sad and sorrowful realizations. We sing and we weep. We enjoy the blessings of abundance and suffer the pangs and pains of want and woe. We have to encounter many changes and meet many trials and dangers. How needful it is, therefore, that we should properly guide the little craft of life, over which we have control, on its journey through the billowy sea of years. It matters not so much as to the port from which it sails or what port it may finally enter, as that it should be directed by a strong and dutiful pilot, one who will safely carry us over the waves and through the storms that beset us on every hand.

THE LEAVEN AT WORK IN CANADA.

I note that several correspondents have of late, through the columns of THE BANNER, given evidence that a feeling is afloat in the Dominion as to the remarkable struggle now going on within and without the churches in “The States”; also that some minds in these provinces are reaching out, even further than the most liberal sentiment which the general opinion allows, and are boldly taking up the standard of Spiritualism.

Allow me to call attention to an incident in the way of what has occurred “over the border” in proof of my statement, as far as least as the liberalization of theological views is involved. Prof. Workman of Victoria University, Canada, after much reflection, finally decided awhile since to resign his professorship, on account of a disagreement between his views on Messianic prophecy in harmony with the law of theistic evolution and those of the Board of Regents. He was, at the time, Assistant Professor of Philosophy in the faculty of arts, and Professor of Old Testament exegesis in the

faculty of theology. He delivered a lecture on the subject of the evolution of Christianity, which was the product of years of study, having first taught his view over ten years since. Dr. Lyman Abbott's recent series of lectures on the evolution of Christianity are much on the same lines; though Prof. W. is understood to hold his own views to be original with himself. The lecture in question was highly endorsed and commended in *The Old and New Testament*, edited by Prof. Harper, formerly of Yale, and now President of Chicago University, and most evangelical scholars have, as a rule, on examination accepted or approved of it.

Some time after its delivery he addressed a long letter to the Board of Regents, going over the whole ground of their differences. Instead of holding that prophets belong to a different race of beings from that to which we belong, he declared prophetic inspiration, though differing in degree from that of other men, was the same in kind as that possessed by consecrated men of God in every age. Messianic prophecy, he considered, was a development from certain inspired germinal ideas, which, under the constant influence of the divine spirit, culminated in the teaching of Christ. The Messiah was foreshadowed by Isaiah, by Micah, by Jeremiah, by Ezekiel, and by Zechariah, not personally, but spiritually and officially.

He would always have prophecy and prediction left distinct. Prophecy is a more comprehensive term than prediction. It signifies to foretell as well as to foretell. Throughout the Old Testament it means especially to disclose something concealed, or to reveal something secret, rather than to announce something distant or to manifest something remote. While he does not deny a measure of prophetic inspiration to the heathen, holding that certain general features were common to all primitive prophecy, whether Hebrew or heathen—the dream, the vision, the power of insight and foresight, being phases of prophecy common to all the great historic religions of the ancient world—he nevertheless maintains that Hebrew prophecy has two distinguishing characteristics, its nature and its contents. It is a special Divine revelation, and it unfolds a special divine purpose.

He maintained that the superhuman element common to all prophecy is greater in degree in Hebrew than in pagan prophecy, as Judaism is purer and higher than heathenism. To this view it seems probable altogether that the Hebrew seer occupied a place in his religion corresponding to that occupied by the soothsayer in heathen systems. The difference in the religious faith of each only made the difference between the functions exercised by seer and soothsayer respectively. Saul went to a seer with a suitable fee, to inquire about the lost asses belonging to his father; and the parenthetic note furnishes convincing evidence that the Hebrew prophets might be consulted on such matters, and indeed on any matter pertaining to ordinary life.

Of course the word "Heathen" rolled easily from lips that had long been taught to ascribe to the Hebraic-Caucasian system of religion the entire compass of all earthly possibility of truth; but it seems to me, the admissions made by this writer offset his temporary fling at the older systems and those who held them. Spiritualists have found it practical to welcome truth wherever found; and we can therefore—while we give the fullest credit to the value of all that the "heathen," so called, gained for us in their rough battle with the earlier world—accept for further consideration, as an evidence of theological outbroadening, what this modern gentleman has to say of prophecy, prediction, etc., etc. Still for my part, I am unable (if he is correctly reported by the press) to see why his remarks in this direction do not involve a distinction without a real difference. Why should phenomena, mental and physical—whose presentation he practically admits—be more valuable when found among the Jews, than when produced among the Gentiles or "heathen"? Is there indeed a "Trust" in divinity, and did the Hebraic prophets hold all rights reserved in the premises in the name of the Jehovah of Sinai? Why should Samuel give Saul a clairvoyant "sitting" for the finding of "lost property," in consideration of at least a proffered quarter of a shekel of silver, and be held blameless, when a like deed by a Gentile would be credited to a fellowship with demons, and if done by another Hebrew would be regarded as witchcraft, and, according to Mosaic statutes, punished by death? And why should modern mediums be assaulted and derided because they exercise the same gifts for fee or reward?

New Publications.

ESAU; OR, THE BANKER'S VICTIM. By T. A. Bland. 8vo, paper, pp. 103. Washington, D. C.: The Author.

The writer of this volume is known to our readers as an active worker for reformatory measures, more particularly for the adoption of such as will better the condition of our Indian brethren. In this story he gives a vivid pen-picture of the evils growing out of the prevailing monetary system under which a vast majority of our people are struggling. He has drawn his lines none too dark and deep, as thousands of the victims of the system can testify. As a romance it is fascinating; as the history of a mortgage it is tragic, and as an exposé of the financial policy of the ruling powers it is clear and forcible.

We are informed that the story is not fiction; that every important statement in it can be verified by facts, and that it is a true history of the career and fate of one of the bravest and most patriotic men who responded to the call for volunteer soldiers in April, 1861.

LORETA, AN ALASKAN MAIDEN. By Susie C. Clark, author of "A Look Upward," etc. 16mo, paper, pp. 171. Boston: Lee & Shepard. The heroine, Loreta, is early orphaned, but her deep trust and pure faith draw around her many loving, sympathetic friends. Notably of these are some travelers, who induce her to leave her native home, the result of which is to bear her to her father, a Russian soldier, who had given up all expectation of seeing his child, supposing her dead. The book is rich in its descriptions of travel, and the reader is soon brought in rapport with the kind and loving spirit of the pure hearted Alaskan maiden.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN. Part One. By Chas. F. King, author of "Methods and Aids in Geography," 12mo, cloth, pp. 240. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The third of "Picturesque Geographical Readers," a delightful series for the lower classes in Grammar Schools, Public Libraries, and the Home, not intended to supplant the regular text-books, but to supplement them. The text is a familiar description of visits made to the industrial centres of the Eastern and Middle States, and their principal cities, with one hundred and fifty-three illustrations, mostly from photographs.

IT CAME TO PASS. By Mary Farley Sanborn. No. 19 of "Good Company Series," 12mo, paper, pp. 339. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A bright book for girls, smoothly written, with no unnatural incidents to break its harmonious make-up. A capital book for summer reading.

If out of order, use BEXCHAM'S PILLS.

"HOPE, WATCH AND WAIT."

BY ANNA MORRIS WHALEY.

What though results are yet
In Time's dark cabinet,
Let fears abate.
The light from Heaven has shone,
The truth to man is known,
Hope, Watch and Wait.

On earth's cold bosom sleep,
In rugged furrows deep,
The hidden seed;
Yet each in kind doth spring
To glorious blossoming
As man hath need.

Judge not by fleeting word
The depths of being stirred
To slower deed.
Thoughts are immortal things,
And words but transient wings
On which they speed.

Truth through the ages rings,
And ever broader flings
Her robe of light;
But slow the mind of man
Heaven's harmonies to scan
Through earthly night.

Yet cycles onward roll,
Each bringing to its goal
Some hope of earth.
Till dawned this age of Mind,
Evolving for mankind
A higher birth.

With powers immortal crowned,
Thought, in its latest round,
Supreme has reigned;
And vast events will sweep
Swift as the lightning's leap
O'er heights attained.

Borne on the wings of Time
See rise new powers sublime
In realms of Soul;
And vibrant now the chord
By angel whispers stirred
To bless the whole.

Then Hope and Watch and Wait,
Man's hope will come, though late,
His crown to be;
Nor let vain wishes grieve,
For only Good can live
Eternally!

Literary Department.

(From the New Zealand Mail.)

WHO WERE THEY?

A MALTESE APPARITION.

BY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

[Concluded.]

"Her eyes soon rested on this letter, and she said nothing to me. I never dreamed of a ghost. I never thought that this lady was a ghost. I felt no fear, and took it at once for granted that it was some one sent to give me a message. 'Yes, what is it?' I said. 'What is it—what do you want?' Still no sound, and the lady's face looked sadder than ever. The thought roused me, I sat half up in bed, and saw every detail of her well-fitting black dress, her fine figure, and the white and gray cap that became her so well. 'Have you a message for me?' What do you want? I now said in rising and agitated tones. The eyes turned on me with a melancholy look. Frightened, I called to my sister in the adjoining room, the short passage to which was veiled by a green baize curtain. 'Mama! Mama!' I heard her reply, and the movement of her skirts. The figure above me fixed on me a look of the most intense reproach, and retired from my bedside backward, raising her hand with the palm toward me over her shoulder, with a swaying, beckoning motion, difficult to describe, and was soon at the curtain, and then she seemed to me to go behind it into the little passage. At the same time, it seemed to me, my sister's face appeared, and she pushed back the curtains as she looked in, anxious probably at the tones of my voice, and asked what it was that made me call. I half shouted, 'Did not you see that woman? Did not she pass you? Who was she?' She had seen nothing, and there is no explanation of the mystery. Nothing has happened since that can elucidate it."

Others of the party had similar stories, and the incredulous among us were smiling at the fancies narrated. One of the gentlemen said: "Well, although I don't think we have evidence enough to make us believe in ghosts, yet we must reject all human testimony if we cast aside the evidence of apparitions just at the moment of and before death. The dying certainly have the power of showing themselves, as if to say good-by. The number of instances are quite overwhelming."

"I quite agree with you," said an old Colonel, who was certainly the last man in the world to have morbid ideas. He had been, as he now was, in perfect health all his life, and the days which were not taken up with military duty had always, wherever possible, been devoted to field sports. A noted shot, his exploits with tigers and big game of all kind were notorious. No one had ever suspected him of any weakness, mental or physical. So, when he expressed himself with such certainty there was a silence, and it was broken by his voice when he continued: "The old thing is that it isn't only to those they care about that they show themselves. They may be seen when dying by others, and they don't expect to be crying. Not a bit of it. They look as if they were all right, but they don't speak. That's the funny thing about 'em. I'll give you a personal experience: My father had a place in Scotland where a modern house had been built at a short distance from our old castle. When a young man, just before I joined the army, I used a shed which had been built in a corner of the old castleyard, against the inside of one of the walls of the keep, as a workshop. One autumn evening I had been working there, I went out from my workshop to go home to dress for dinner. Dusk was just beginning. I passed out of the court, and on the outside of one of the angles of the great wall I saw three men, all fishermen, who lived in the village close at hand. They were leaning against the wall, lounging, as though idling after a day's work. I passed close to them, and saw them as distinctly as I see you. Two had their arms crossed on the crenels, and the third had his hands in his pockets. They appeared to be simply enjoying the evening air. I said good evening to them, mentioning the fact when I reached the house, and asking what they did there. I heard after that, before I had finished dressing, news came that these men had been drowned the night before miles away from the spot on which I will take my dying oath I saw them."

The ladies still insisted that their faith went further, and that they believed in good and bad ghosts, but most of us shook our heads, and I especially remember to have chaffed one who was a good Roman Catholic, and asked her if she thought they were allowed out on leave from duty in another world, and suggested that perhaps, just as the Maltese season of Lent was broken into by a series of festas, during which everybody rejoiced to celebrate a saint's day with gun-firing and music, so the duration of the ghost might be made easier for them by an occasional outing when they could play what pranks they chose."

We broke up rather late, and finding that an acquaintance of mine in a line battalion preferred a walk homeward to driving, we set out together on our return to Valetta, smoking and "taking it easy" as we trod the smooth, white road. I never saw a finer night. The stars and moon made the landscape almost as easily seen as in the daytime. The compact masses of flat-roofed houses stood out with square shadows like children's wooden bricks set on end. The terraced slopes by the waysides looked doubly gray, except where dwarf

live-oaks spotted the land. Hardly a dog barked as the echoes of our tread sounded in the narrow streets of the solid little town, whose only open space was in front of the elaborately ornamented and pretentious churches. All was silent. The inhabitants were all asleep, resting after the easy toil of their daily work. We approached the low wall leading to the harbor, and saw before us the only little plain in the island—a place where cricket matches and horse races came off, and where the parades of the garrison were held. Situated on one of the neighboring slopes is an old cemetery. Here there were lines of cypress and shrubs, which made a small oasis that loomed dark green near our wayside. Just as we were leaving this behind we saw before us on the road two draped figures. The road was straight at this point, and there were walls on each side. I had not seen the figures, which were evidently those of two women, come out from any door or gate. Indeed, there was no door visible by which they could have entered the highway. As I saw them just in front of us a momentary wonder came over me as to why we had not seen them before. They must have been ahead of us since the last turn in the road. But I had not remarked them nor had my companion. Yet we were not so engrossed in any conversation that it was lost to us. I understood why we had not observed them. We walked quicker than they, and soon came up with them, and then we both saw that they were consulting together, and pausing at intervals to look around them.

A peculiarity has struck me since. It is the only one that I can now remember, and yet I did not notice it at the time as odd. They did not wear the Maltese women's black silk cape on their heads. Probably took it for granted that they were at the point of departure, and yet it was unusual to meet any of our country women or any tourist at such a very late hour, and so far from the city. I may have supposed that they, like ourselves, were returning from some party, and that the coolness of the night and its beauty had tempted them, as it had tempted us, to saunter home on foot. We walked past them, taking only a quick survey. A gray, veil-like arrangement about their head was nudged loose to reveal the lower part of the face, and we saw little but two pairs of dark eyes. We had hardly gone a few paces beyond them when we heard the word "Ingilishmen" pronounced loud enough to be a call to us. We looked round and saw that they desired to speak with us, and, nothing loth, we smiled at each other and halted, and then returned to them bowing, for they seemed to be ladies. They came up to us at once, and said, in fair English, one speaking for the other, but the other by her companion, that they thought we were going to Valetta, that they saw we were gentlemen (at which we both bowed), and that they desired our escort for the short remaining distance, as they did not like being alone. Their language, though good, hesitated and seemed old-fashioned, as though they had learned the English they spoke from old books. With all the grace of their voice and gentleness of their manner, they gave a certain staidness and formality to the conversation. Indeed, it was not until they were some way on foot and unattended was a riddle, but we were too polite to inquire, and willingly declared ourselves ready to do their bidding. And then began on their part a regular file-fire of questions. There was nothing that they did not wish to know. It was as if they knew nothing, and had to learn all; as though they were untaught children with full faculties for comprehension, which, however, remained unsatisfied even a modicum of knowledge. We laughed outright at some of the queries. They seemed to be put by inhabitants of another planet. Their curiosity seemed a rage, but a polite one. We endeavored to satisfy their thirst for information, and we gave them sufficient elementary knowledge to fit out an average girl's school for life. Suddenly their questions ceased, and they would answer none of ours. My friend evidently thought that this was slow fun, and when we entered the roads that led through the rock-cuttings to the great ditch and ramparts, he told me in an "aside" that he meant to go home and leave the rest of the duty to me. I remonstrated, but he was firm, and I suspect did not wish to be caught in company about which he might be questioned next day, for he had been paying manifest attention to Miss B., one of the beauties of our little English world at Malta.

So he basely, as I told him, deserted us. Gratefully, and lifting his hat when we had passed the main gate he crossed the street we had now reached, going over to the other side, and disappeared around the corner of the Strada Mezzodi. He need not have been shy, for there was no one about. A picket of a Highland regiment slowly paced the sidewalk; the useless lantern carried by one of them when there were gas-lamps all about, provoked from my fair companions the first question they had put to me for some time. In reply I ventured to ask how far the wanted man was, and company there. But the answer got was the pointing with a lovely hand down the Strada Reale. I felt it would be rude to follow my companion. We reached the square, and descended the slope whence two centuries ago the Turkish fire had been so pitilessly directed against St. Elmo. There, at the end of the vista formed by the street, was the fort, rising from the ground below us, with the sea beyond distinctly visible in the moonlight. I looked at the fort, and then I directed my eyes straight in front of them toward the fort, with a little frown on their brows. The gaslights helped me to take stock of them, and I became more and more interested and puzzled by their appearance. They spoke English fairly, and had decent knowledge of Italian, but said they knew Maltese, and yet that their own language was not Maltese, though akin to it. Their features seemed bolder than the Grecian type, and self-reliant, and the eyes were full, and dark, and their hair, which was parted in the middle, was long and marked. The lady who had put most of the questions, and had first called to us, and seemed to be the elder, was of striking prettiness, indeed, beauty. But the veil concealed the mouth, and I made up my mind to find out more about them, if possible. They turned to the left, and we were soon at the doorway of a very handsome house, not of the largest size by any means, but one of staidness and pretension. A low gate of open iron-work and a narrow entrance led to a paved street. The lady who had spoken so much to me turned to me, and said, with a perfect manner, that she would not say good-by to me until I had seen "her dwelling." I bowed, and she rang a bell that hung at the side of some wide and handsome steps. These rose at least six feet up to a double door. We did not wait a moment before this was opened. To my surprise I saw the large hall within brilliantly lighted. The house was a palace of a sort, and the beauty and size of the entrance hall, the draught from the wide stairs. To these stairs I was led, and we ascended to a large landing, an ante-place to another hall, off which were smaller apartments. To this central one we went, and I observed that it had been the fancy of the owner to have no modern furniture in European chairs and tables, but that the low divans and cushions and carpets of the East were ranged around. I was not alone in my room, and I saw that the guests, at all events, saw the faces unveiled of my two friends.

They sat down Turkish fashion, graciously smiling at me; and I saw very well-shaped little feet cased in embroidery that showed manifest traces of dust, but which shone, notwithstanding, with gold needle-work. Their dress I now remarked was of very fine stuff of a light gray blue tone, but was evidently only an outer garment which concealed, as I thought, some costume which matched more in color with the gold-colored shawl. I was no longer tense, as with the voice coming from an invisible mouth. The veil around the head and throat was laid aside, and a beautifully modeled countenance was shown. My younger companion was small and evidently not full grown; but the one who all along had been chief spokeswoman was, though not of what is called "fine tournure," of most perfectly shaped and attractive figure. The fair skin had almost faded shades, and the little round throat rose in abundance from the bosom of the shoulders, which showed at the bosom a glimpse of scarlet and gold, apparently a part of a very rich dress, worn below the fine gray "overalls."

A servant, looking as though he had been imported from some old-fashioned bazaar at Constantinople where turbans may yet be found, came, as soon as we were seated, with coffee in a tray of wondrous workmanship, and then—wonder of wonders!—I was offered cigarettes, and my hostesses began to smoke. There was throughout my short experience of them nothing "flirtatious" in their ways. They smiled, spoke and acted as though they were well-born, inquisitive children. Their manner was perfectly natural, and was lively and charming, without a tinge of coquetry. It was unlike anything I had ever met with, and I did not, as I said afterward, "quite know how to take them." I may have been a little confused. Certainly I felt strange, and not quite at ease. I felt inclined to ask as many questions as I could, but I had no opportunity. I remember fumbling for my cigarette holder. I remember thinking the time had passed very quickly, when I found both ladies on their feet and wishing me good-night as a manifest signal that my visit was over. I remember vowing that I must see more of them, and making my best bow as they retired through another door than that by which I entered. A servant saluted me as I went, and I followed him down the stairs and took another look at the hall. Above an arch there was a word inscribed which I had not seen on entering. It was "Bismillah" in ornamental letters. I heard the doors of this brilliantly lit hall close behind me. I went home and slept soundly.

Next morning when at the club I called for tobacco, and searched my pocket for my cigarette-holder. "I must have left it at home," I thought; and as it was a favorite I went to my quarters, searched, but could not find it. I went to the club, and thought I must have left it at the strange ladies' house. I went down stairs, and giving the porter the address, asked him to go and inquire for it of one of the servants. I was reading one of the last English papers just arrived by the mail when he returned. "Well, have you got it?"

"No, sir; you can't have left it at that house. There's no one there."

"No one there?—to-day, sir," he said.

"Oh, nonsense," I replied; "I'll go myself," and in no patient temper sallied out again. There could be no mistake about the street or house. There it was. A small chain was round the centre bars of the little folding iron gate. I climbed over and rang the bell. It sounded loudly, apparently in the hall. No answer. I rang again, and then knocked, and rang repeatedly. Then an old Maltese from the other way came, and said, "You want anything, sir? What can I do for you, sir? Get woman, sir?"

"What do you mean?" I said, angrily, ringing again.

"No one in house, sir; woman got key."

"Go and fetch her, then," I said, wondering if I could possibly have made a mistake. No; it was impossible. I had taken special note of the address. The woman came with the key—an old woman with a large key.

"Give me some tea," she said, and I replied impatiently: "open the door, will you?"

I did not believe I could have been mistaken. I was sure I was not. But why did the place look so unlike the appearance it bore yesterday? The woman applied the big key to a lock that looked as rusty and old as if it had been left out in the rain for a month, and had been unattended to.

"Open, here, sir," said the woman; but I swore under my breath and only said, "Open, will you?"

The key grated and turned with difficulty. I pushed the door violently and almost rushed into the hall. There it was, just as I remembered it, as far as space and height was concerned; but where were the plants in splendid vessels, where the turbaned servants, the fine marbles and the polish and brightness of yesterday night? All was dust and dilapidation, and gloom and decay. There was no marble, there were no plants. Even the court beyond showed a waste. I felt my head spinning. Well, had it been spinning the night before? Certainly not. My friend could bear witness that I was as cool as a cucumber; as sober as Mohammed in his most unalcoholic moments. Goodness gracious! What! could I be mad? I sprang up the wide stairs up which I had been led by my (were they fairy?) hostesses of the night before. No; I must have been in my sober senses, for I remembered every step. There was no large landing place, therefore the great room at the top, and there were the doors leading to the smaller apartments. But all was dusty and musty and dusty. Pah! how it got up one's nostrils! I stormed into the little room. No cushions, no divans, no carpets! Dust, dust everywhere! "Ah! but there at least is my cigarette holder!" I stooped and picked it up from almost half an inch of dust. I blew upon it and cleared the dust away. On the mahogany, above the amber, I saw letters. I tipped it easily on my sleeve. "Bismillah," apparently burnt into the half-brown colored meerschaum, stood out in dark letters. "What can be the matter with me?" I kept on saying to myself. I have that cigarette holder yet, and it proves to me that I was not dreaming.

BUT WHO WERE THEY?

August Magazines.

ST. NICHOLAS.—This is a vacation number, replete with descriptions of outdoor life and activities. Five of its articles deal with the sea: "Midshipman," "The Cat," a Kitten of amphibious proclivities; "A Quiet Beach," descriptive of an ideally old beach; "How Ships Talk to Each Other;" "What News—In Mid Ocean," and "A Fishing Trip to Barnegat." Mr. Lummis in his "Strange Corners" describes "Pueblos and Cliff Houses" in New Mexico. Kate Tannatt Woods contributes an amusing story, illustrated by G. B. Fox, entitled "The Jollivers' Donkey." For "Very Little Folk" Katherine Pyle gives four verses, each with a silhouette illustration, about "The Robber Rat and the Poor Little Kitten." New York: The Century Co.

THE ARENA.—The present month's issue is a "Woman's Number," nineteen of its twenty-two contributors being women. The leading feature is a symposium on Women's Clubs, to which the foremost women in their organization and support discuss the various aspects of the subject. Louise Chandler Moulton gives a copy of a letter in her possession written by Elizabeth Barrett Browning to Dr. Marston in December, 1833. It occupies two and a half pages, and relates mainly to her experience with and views of Modern Spiritualism. The charity with which she met the comparative crudities of its early-day manifestations, and the patience she advised and practiced in its investigation, are indicated when she says: "I should not have in mind speaking of difficulties, there is a difficulty on both sides the veil; and that if this is intercourse, it is not intercourse by miracle in the proper meaning of miracle, but by development of law; and that all development must be gradual. I do not have patience, then, and remember it is only the beginning. I say do not throw up the subject for any possible moment of impatience."

MARY A. LIVERMORE, whose portrait is the frontispiece, gives, in the opening paper, interesting incidents of her "Twenty-Five Years on the Lecture Platform." Edwin Reed, in "Bacon vs. Shakespeare," resumes his brief for the plaintiff, advancing strong evidence in favor of his client. Helen H. Gardner writes

upon "The Danger of an Irresponsible Educated Class in a Republic"; Frances E. Willard on "The Coming Brotherhood"; and Frances K. Russell contributes a valuable historical sketch of the dress-reform movements of the past among American women. Boston: The Arena Pub. Co.

MAGAZINE OF ART.—"The Old Spinet" is the subject of the frontispiece, a photograph from a painting by the rising young Austrian artist, Herr Poetzberger. The "New Gallery" exhibition is the title of the leading paper, with seven charming illustrations. The town of Corfu is the subject of a lively description from the pen and pencil of Tristram Ellis. A special feature of this number is a poem by Th. Watts on Ellen Terry as Queen Katherine, accompanied by a full page picture of the popular actress in her assumption of that character. Prof. Herkomer gives his second paper on scenic art, with a portrait of himself and drawings of his model stage. New York: Cassell Pub. Co.

THE QUIVER for the present month is quite up to the high standard of this magazine. "Life Songs" is a fine poem, to which the frontispiece is an accompaniment. A thrilling installment of the serial, "A Lincolnshire Lass," is given. A new serial is begun in this number, called "Luna Gordon's Stewardship," and there are also a number of pretty short stories, poems, etc. Cassell Publishing Company, New York.

NO GOD; NO MASTER.

Specially translated for the BANNER OF LIGHT from *Le Messager*. BY W. N. EAYRS.

M. Tournier writes in *Le Messager* of March 15th as follows:

"Certain persons assert that there is no God, no Master. Very well, so be it; there is no God, no Master; but there is, nevertheless, an authority from whose control we shall never be able to escape; to which we must yield, whether we will or not. This authority is Law; not the law inscribed in our codes which we have made and which we can change when we wish. This is not the law of which we speak. We are speaking of the eternal, immutable, inflexible law which no will has made, and which no will can change; for it is merely the expression of the necessary and essential relations inherent in the nature of things and their sovereign rule. We may violate this law when we wish, but sooner or later it inevitably strikes us. Man has needs which he must satisfy if he wishes to live well and be happy; but if he does not satisfy them, or if, while satisfying them, he ignores the rules of hygiene he suffers."

"The moral law commands obedience as imperiously and punishes as inevitably as the physical law. Man, because of his numerous wants, cannot get along without the aid of others; compelled to rely upon his own forces alone, he could not live. There is, then, a close bond of fraternity between all men who are necessarily obliged to live in societies. It is the law that men should so live. Every act, therefore, which tends to break or even to relax the social bond, being a violation of the law of fraternity among men, ought to be punished, and it will be; for the moral law smites the offender as inevitably as the physical. A certain chastisement, then, waits the murderer, the thief, the hypocrite, the cheat—in a word all who disregard the rights or welfare of others."

"But to this statement the objection will be made that in all ages although there have been men who, trampling beneath their feet every moral law, have attained fortune, honors, even glory, have lived and died happily, while the honest man, devotedly following the lead of duty, has lived in obscurity, humiliation, misery, persecution, and has often met a painful death."

"To this objection I will make this reply: that it is not undeniably true that this triumphant immortality is as happy as it appears. We all bear within ourselves, the successful villain as well as others, something which mars our ill-deserved joy, an interior voice that reproaches us for our faults, threatens us and mixes bitterness with the pleasures of a culpable success. This voice we call conscience. But what is conscience, and why does it strenuously attack as evil the violation of law when that violation brings us pleasures? Why does it call good the observance of the law when the result of such observance to us is only trouble and suffering? It is because it knows that this life does not end all; that another life is to follow, in which the law which has been slumbering, awakes and is avenged. This conscience is perhaps the indistinct remembrance of that other life in which we have lived, and to which we shall return. So that the triumph of the wicked and the humiliation of the good in this world would be the proof, or at least strong presumption, of the existence of the other."

"But there is something else for him whom this reasoning would not convince: there is a fact, old as humanity; a fact always affirmed by some, by others always denied; a fact which to-day man has decided to study seriously; and from the serious study of this fact the evidence comes forth clear, palpable, incontestable, that conscience is not deceived; that there is another world; that that world is peopled by the souls of those whom we call dead; that there each one will find himself in that situation which he has himself created by the manner in which he has lived on the earth; and that, if we suffer, we can blame no one but ourselves for our sufferings. And these sufferings are graded, from the horrible torments of the great rascal who, having in his human life enveloped his soul in moral darkness, finds himself after death plunged into utter darkness which his terror peoples with the threatening phantoms of his victims, to the simple regrets of him who has committed only light faults."

"This study is within the reach of all; to pursue it, it is necessary only to wish for it; but the fear that the knowledge resulting from this study will force them to reform their lives, deters the majority of mankind from desiring to know more. The ostrich hides his head and thinks himself safe because he sees not the danger; so the ignorant and the indifferent violate in fancied security the moral law, but will be struck with its avenging rod."

Pamphlets Received.—Pulpit, Free and Ordeal. By Helen Gardner. Truth Seeker Library, No. 18. 16mo, pp. 30. New York: 28 Lafayette Place.

What Our Government Should Be. Concluding Chapter of a Fortnightly Work entitled "Our Government Analyzed." By John B. Keelo. 12mo, pp. 43. Longmont, Col.: E. B. Keelo.

Has Christ Crucified? By Austin Elderbrooke. 16mo, pp. 24. New York: Truth Seeker Co.

Thomas Paine: How He Justified. By W. H. Burr. 8vo, pp. 26. San Francisco: Free Thought Pub. Co.

What is Homogeneity? A New Exposition of a Great Truth. By W. H. Holcombe, M. D. 8vo, pp. 28. Philadelphia: Boocker & Telford.

In His Humiliation. By Susie C. Clark. 12mo, pp. 20. Cambridgeport, Mass.: The Author, 15 Centre Street.

The Gospel of Senior Living. An Address by James H. Jackson, M. D. 16mo, pp. 32. Danville, N. Y.: Free on application.

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 wild colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The Reviewer.

God's Image in Man. Some Intuitive Perceptions of Truth, by Henry Wood, author of "Ed. Burton," etc. 12mo, cloth, pp. 258. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A keen perception and appreciation of spiritual truths is so fully manifest in this book, that all of a similar trend of thought will be attracted to a studious reading of it, upon catching the spirit that imbues its every page with an exalted inspiration. No one will fail to be impressed with the beauty and verity of the following passages descriptive of the entrance of a mortal to the companionship and homes of the immortal:

"Gathered to welcome the new initiate, are the dear friends and neighbors who already are citizens. Hands are clasped, and a warm union of love thrills through reunited souls. Everything which has been lost is found. Parents find long absent children in fond embraces; brothers, sisters, and dear ones are restored and welcomed. The newly arrived celestial candidate is taken by the hand and introduced to grand spiritual activities, and his willing powers enlarged in unexpected and delightful ministries of loving service."

What those activities are is so clearly and attractively outlined that one is led to ask, "Why dread the change? Why cling to earth when such a feast of spiritual glories that shall overwhelm with satisfaction every human sense, awaits him in the Great Beyond? Says the author:

"Amazing opportunities for spiritual advancement open before him. What wonderful vistas! What restoration and compensation! What a succession of reaching vistas! How many mysteries explained and questions answered! What a blossoming of new beauty, color and fragrance, of which he has been all unaware! How many new spiritual senses unfolded! What journeys of exploration, untrammelled by the limitations of time and space! What an expansion of knowledge! What a golden sunshine of love, revealed to the enraptured gaze, as rapidly as its brightness can be endured! What grand missionary tours to places below to carry help, guidance and instruction."

As remarks a denominational monthly of this city: "The book cannot fail to prove helpful in the renaissance of Christianity that is going on in our day."

"H. M., Newton Centre, Mass., writes us as follows concerning two standard works, which are for sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore—where also can be found copies of the work "God's Image in Man" above noticed:

"Two books worth reading are 'Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?' and 'Why He Became a Spiritualist.' I have read both, and many who will undoubtedly offer a more ably-presented and just tribute to his excellence than I can; but I feel constrained to add my testimony to their worth in token of the joy and inspiration they have been to me. The one, a plain and simple narrative of facts, bearing upon a most momentous period in modern history; the other, the personal experiences of a woman having prestige of birth and education, related in so fearless and candid a manner as to bear the impress of truth in every word, and carry its conviction to all unprejudiced minds."

These, which so largely shape her reasons for becoming a Spiritualist—clearly and undeniably given—form together, even were their source less authoritative, an unequivocal plea for the truths that have so nobly inspired her pen.

"Was Abraham Lincoln a Spiritualist?" invariably claims the first attention, and all who would know to what purpose this question has been asked, and in what manner answered, must seek such knowledge where alone it is to be found, in the volume which the question forms the title. And not only Spiritualists, but all who cherish an interest in each and every event connected with the name of Abraham Lincoln, will owe a lasting debt of gratitude to Mrs. Maynard for her faithful delineations of the deeply significant and distinguishing features of that memorable time, forming, as it does, the most eloquent chapter of a profoundly eloquent life.

Is not this a most significant fact? When earthly wisdom had bestowed its choicest counsel, and his own clear vision could no longer penetrate the darkness surrounding him, that then, with unaffected simplicity and childlike trust, characteristic of his noble nature, he turned to the only source that could illumine his way, and through human lips sought wisdom and guidance from those who had passed to a higher sphere. With what benign certainty was his trust rewarded! No longer must he bear alone the burden of a nation in tears; for through the lips of an inspired medium had been uttered words of prophetic force and power, and the bending heavens seemed willing to bear strength to his fainting heart."

A peculiar interest attaches to the author through whom have come these sacred revelations, who from a bed of languishing and pain sent forth a book which in every time shall be a precious inheritance to all loyal Americans and true progressive souls, of whatever name or tongue.

All who have, through the book above mentioned, had their interest sufficiently awakened in the subject upon which it treats to wish to learn more of it, I refer to the excellent book, "Why He Became a Spiritualist."

To the orthodox world there could come no greater surprise than the publication of this book creates. That the daughter of Dr. Judson, the pioneer missionary, world-renowned for Christian heroism and zeal, should forsake the religion of her childhood, and for which her father yielded lifelong devotion, is a fact which will be received with not less interest than gathers around Mrs. Maynard's disclosures.

Were it possible now for this revered father to view from an earthly standpoint the seeming degeneracy of this beloved daughter, how would his soul cry out in anguish, 'Alas! that the heathen should be of my own household! But thanks to the immutable law of Progress, the light which has become her guiding star long ago dawned upon his sight, and in its clear rays the mists of earth have been swept from his vision; and in place of condemnation there can come from this noble spirit naught but beneficent help and approval."

What less benevolent design than to light kindred souls groping in the dark could have given to this woman the courage to lay bare the painful secrets and struggles of her own heart in finding the path, which, when found, she knew full well could but lead her into difficult and thorny ways: The disfavor of her church; painful apprehension by her most cherished friends; words of derision, and doubt of her truthfulness and sanity from not a few."

Nor is her courage more conspicuous than her reasons for becoming a Spiritualist logical and convincing. Twelve lectures, delivered in Minneapolis, form an argument for the naturalness and worth of Spiritualism that the most specious reasoning will fail to refute.

We are forced to believe that those who deny her premises and conclusions—the last inevitably following the first—will be compelled to make their escape through one of but two possible ways: materialism, which is black negation, or superstition, another name for paganism. To quote at length as ineluctable evidence, and to make my article of unacceptable length; while a few disjointed extracts would fail to give an adequate conception of their force and power, which from first to last is the charm of her book."

In the choice of topics which should represent to her hearers the many legitimate claims upon their attention of her all-absorbing subject, Miss Judson has been especially felicitous; and as there is often suggestion in title, it may be well to name one or more of these, awakening curiosity where before was but indifference. Her answer to the question which forms the theme of lecture third, will furnish food for thought to those who have hitherto entertained the opinion that to avow one's self a believer in Spiritualism is to disavow a belief in the existence of God. And if never so little, it may be a lifting of the veil that hides from their vision the dawning of the new day, preparing their minds for a calm

attention to her comprehensive interpretation of the teachings of Jesus in chapter sixth. And you, with doubt, sorrow-stricken heart, learn how she has comforted you, and answered the one profound and solemn question which men in all ages have asked, and sought with tireless zeal to answer. Let all, irrespective of name or creed, read these two books. In their perusal will be found pleasure and lasting profit."

Banner Correspondence.

Colorado.

ASPEN.—Mrs. S. S. Lutes writes: "My family, eighteen months since, in earth-life, consisted of four children, two sons, and twin daughters, Mary and Myra Lutes. In 1887, Mrs. E. R. Wendemuth of Dorchester District, Boston, Mass., earnestly was stopping with them, and many opportunities were given us to witness spirit-power or spirit-return. The result was the conversion of four of us, three children and myself. I spent five months very pleasantly, of which two were at Onset Bay, after which we returned to our home in Pennsylvania, and from Pennsylvania to Aspen, Col., where I have resided very happily until May of last year, when our sweet Mary was taken ill, and we took her to Denver, thinking she could recover, but after a few weeks she was taken to her bed, and on the 18th of the following August she passed to spirit-life."

She left her earthly body at twelve o'clock a. m., and at five p. m. of the same day returned and described the flowers which she wanted at her funeral; she also requested that we should have a body laid on a couch as if asleep, and have a photograph taken of her, as I would like to see her form so many times. This was done; the picture was perfectly lovely, and no price would induce me to part with it."

On Saturday, after burial, my son heard of a young girl who was a medium, one of her phases being independent slate-writing. He called upon her, and to our great surprise our darling Mary wrote and told us what we intended to do that afternoon, before her brother would return to Aspen. We were going to the cemetery to put flowers on her grave; but she said, 'Dear ones, I am not there, only my body was laid away.' She also wrote that she was with her papa, and could come back if opportunities were given her."

My son returned home, and I did not go for a slate-writing for over a month. One day I felt sad and discouraged, and thought if I could only hear from Mary I should have new hope. I went to the same young medium, having never before met her. She took me to her room, held the slates a minute, when I heard writing, and then three raps to hand me the slates. I opened them, and there were the words 'Oh! mamma, mamma! Mary.' I said to the medium I should think she could have given her full name. 'The medium, only seven years old, said, 'I suppose she thought you would recognize her, as she has not been in the spirit-world long.'"

She then held the slates a moment more, when three raps came. I opened the slates and found written, 'Why, I am Mary Lutes.' 'Oh! I said, 'if it is sweet Mary, please write me all about yourself, and she did, telling me how her brother had come to this medium, and she had written for him, and I was satisfied it was Mary. Several weeks passed, and my son visited us in Denver, and we went to a trumpet circle of this same young lady, and received double proof of spirit-return, for through the trumpet we talked with Mary. It was wonderful for us, for we were engaged at a known edge of spirit-return. This being the first time we sat in a circle for physical manifestations, we only expected to hear what others would get, as many were weekly attendants to talk to their loved ones. We had two young ladies with us who knew Mary in mortal, and when the hour came for us to go up to the large parlor used only for circles, the mother of the medium seated us, and then her daughter came in and took a chair on one side of the table and the mother on the other. After turning out the light and singing a music box was started, and in a few minutes the medium's control opened the circle by speaking through the trumpet pleasantly to all, and welcoming everybody, and assuring them he would, with their good wishes, assist all their spirit loved ones to come. His promise was verified that evening and many times since."

Mary soon used the trumpet, welcoming each one of us most lovingly, calling me 'mamma, mamma,' and 'Ernest' and 'Myra' then she called the names of the two young ladies with us, and said to Ernest she wished her brother Frank could believe, and thought an opportunity would be given him to learn the truth of spirit-return. I asked her what he had done that day, and she said, 'You all drove out to the cemetery, but I did not go with you, for I don't like to have you feel as though I was there, and I would rather you would keep the flowers in your room for me.' As this was the first attempt of our darling to speak, her voice was low, but a test was given of the little by present whose mother often came to visit with him, and as they were singing together in earth-life, so did he grow strong to sing with her in spirit, through the trumpet. He chose his own pieces, and sang alto while his mother sang soprano. I will hereafter give a few more items of my experiences."

New York.

ROCHESTER.—Lathan Gardner writes: "Last evening, sitting in my quiet corner after the labors of the day were over, I heard a voice (as I often do); the voice said: 'I am here. I am Massachusetts'—a name I had never heard before. The voice said, 'I am speaking, and will listen.' The new voice then said, 'I was a child, and was known to many of the tribes of the East and by some of my white brothers, and I used my influence and I tried to teach my people that peace, not war, was best for all. I succeeded in measure; but the white man had come with gun and rum. The great trouble I had was men calling themselves Christians would sell or give away rum to my people, who had a natural or an acquired taste for it. Then I found that I was powerless to keep them quiet. It's many moons since I lived on the earth. I often meet some of my white brothers, and we meet as friends. We often come to earth in company to visit friends. I have spoken. There is a big chief standing by brave. He want to talk to brave.'"

Then a new voice said: 'I am here again, for while there is one drop of our blood still remaining on the earth we have the desire and the power to follow it, which I am now doing.' He talked for a time, and I was satisfied who was talking."

Now to go back twelve or fifteen years to explain the work again: My wife went with a few friends to visit a Mrs. Stevens (sister of E. V. Wilson) at the house of Aunt Amy Post in this city. When they had had their visit, Mrs. G. asked Mrs. S. home with her to stay for the night. She did so. I had never seen her before. At the breakfast table next morning she said to me: 'I see standing by you a tall old man dressed in a uniform I have never seen before; I judge him to be English. He says he is your grandfather. He is a great-grandfather, and was pleased, and ready to divide my crust with him. I find, by consulting history, that John Gardner, Esq., (my great-great-grandfather) settled on the Island of Nantucket, Mass., about the year 1690, and his body was laid away in May, 1705, aged eighty-two years. As I am but seventy-five years old, I could not be very well acquainted with him. But Massachusetts says he was. There is one thing I know: that when a boy five years old (seventy years ago) my grandfather Gardner took me by the hand and led me to a hill, and when there he said to me, pointing to the only stone remaining standing: 'There is all that is left of your great-great-grandfather.'"

Though my grandfather counted him as dead, I have learned he is not, for if he was he would not be skimming around yet with his old friend Massachusetts. I know that the John Gardner of 1690 is not dead, for he comes and talks with me. I heard Massachusetts's story; and wishing to know more of him, I called on friend R. D. Jones. He took from a shelf in his library a book and read to me, which corroborated all

that had been told me by Massachusetts while in my quiet corner. I know friends do come to me, and that they come to bring me joy. They come to light my pathway while I journey through the mundane, and gently lead me into the Celestial City, where there is no night."

California.

SUMMERLAND.—W. H. Cornell, Sec'y, says: "The Spiritualists of Southern California are invited to join with the Summerland Spiritualist Association in holding a Camp-Meeting in Summerland, commencing Sept. 11th and closing Oct. 2d, 1892."

This Association is an incorporated body, holding a charter from the State, has a substantial membership, owns its own hall, etc. We will do all in our power to make the camp a memorable one, both in the line of pleasure and spiritual food. We have secured the services of eminent lecturers and test mediums, among them W. C. Bowman, Ella Wilson Marchant, J. S. Loveland, J. L. Bailey, Marion Cannon, State President of the Farmers' Alliance and Industrial Union, will be with us on the day specially announced as Farmers' Alliance day. Of music, there will be good quantity and quality. James G. Clark, the eminent composer and sweet singer, promises to aid us in the vocal line. Should any friends of the great cause of Spiritualism desire a few weeks of instruction, and pleasurable and profitable recreation, we can assure them such if they attend our annual Camp-Meeting. For further particulars, address the Secretary as above."

SANTA CRUZ.—"Wanderer" writes: "I find a good Spiritualist organization here, known as The Unity Spiritual Society. A six months' engagement with Mrs. M. E. Aldrich has lately terminated, and such was the satisfaction given by her that a reengagement has been made, and she will continue with us the remainder of the year."

Among the many who visit this place at this season of the year, we are just now favored with the presence of Mrs. Carrie Downer-Stone and husband and Mr. and Mrs. Gilman, the latter finely-developed mediums for materialization and independent slate-writing. THE BANNER here as elsewhere finds appreciative readers."

Michigan.

GRAND RAPIDS.—Mrs. M. E. Miller writes: "Notwithstanding the intense heat, a goodly number greeted Dr. H. T. Stanley upon the occasion of his last lecture before the Union Society of Spiritualists, Sunday evening, July 24th. The Doctor, who is to hold a Park Camp July 27th, where he was engaged as test medium, but expects to return here one day in each week during August to attend his many patients."

He speaks for the First Spiritual Church of Pittsburgh, Pa., during September, and while we regret his departure, we congratulate that Society upon securing his services, as he has fully demonstrated his power to present the truth of our philosophy clearly and forcibly, and no one can listen to his inspired words from time to time without receiving benefit therefrom."

Dr. Stanley has made many warm friends here who will wish him God speed in his future work, while grateful hearts will ever remember him and his guide, 'Big Wolf,' in thankfulness for health and strength restored through his divine gift of healing."

VICKSBURG.—"Aragon" writes: "The Spiritualists, and many others, of this city, have their minds fixed on the 12th of August, anticipating much pleasure and instruction from the services at the Camp-Meeting, which is to open on that day, to continue until Aug. 26th. The Doctor's Grove, a beautiful location half a mile out of this city, easily accessible by railroad and carriage, both conveyances being constantly available. Mrs. Helen Stuart Richards, Mr. L. V. Moulton, Mrs. E. C. Woodruff, and others, will speak, and several excellent mediums will be with us. A great impetus will be given to the advance of our Cause by this gathering."

The solar system contains some twenty moons, and a wicked "Prohibitionist" asserts that they are often all seen at once by a man on his way home from the Lodge."

Passed to Spirit-Life.

From Hudson, Mass., June 25th, Philo Randall, aged 80 years.

Mr. Randall's wife had preceded him by several years, but during her life in the mortal she had shared with him an unflinching faith in Spiritualism, and the doors of their hospitable home were always open to their friends; Sunday meetings were often held there."

Later years he was tenderly cared for in the home of his son-in-law, Mr. Donald Ross, where children and children's children had found him loving attention; yet he was ever cheerful and home body, and his spirit was free."

An attack of paralysis, for a few days, weakening the physical but sparing the mental, opened the portal, and ere he passed to spirit-life, he had received a revelation, which he has left us in the form of a book, which he has named 'The Spiritualist's Creed.' It is a book of great value, and one which every Spiritualist should possess. It is a book of the most important character, and no book in the entire range of Spiritual Literature is better calculated to enlighten the mind and to give a clear and correct view of the nature and character of the spirit world."

From Rush Co., Ind., June 25th, 1892, Thomas S. Folger. Mr. Folger was born in North Carolina, and in early life moved to Indiana with his parents. He was an advocate of all the great reforms of his day and time, and had for more than thirty years a firm belief in the doctrine of Spiritualism.

For over twenty years he had been an interested reader of the BANNER OF LIGHT.

He leaves a companion and a host of friends to mourn their earthly loss, but confident of a reunion beyond the veil. Funeral services conducted by Mrs. Anna Moore, of the Friends Church, Indianapolis, Ind., July 25th, 1892.

[Obituary notices not exceeding twenty lines published gratuitously. When they exceed that number, twenty cents for each additional line. For special notices, or for notices of a more permanent character, the price is \$1.00 per line. No space for poetry under the above heading.]

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Subscriptions to the BANNER OF LIGHT and orders for our publications can be sent through the Purchasing Department of the American Express Co., at any place where that Company has an agency. Agents will give a money order receipt for the amount sent, and will forward us the money order, attached to an order to have the paper sent for any stated time, free of charge, except the usual fee for issuing the order, which is a cent for any sum under \$5.00. This is the safest method to remit orders.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 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.*

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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 aid and our behalf.

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

COLBY & RICH, Publishers.

THE BANNER will contain next week No. XXII. of Dr. F. L. H. WILLIS's valuable series,

"Spiritual Facts of the Ages,"

which he has for some time past been contributing to our columns. The theme of this installment is

Emanuel Swedenborg.

The Vindication of Labor.

The name of Carnegie has suddenly become synonymous with haughty monopoly, threatening the overturn of all trades' unions at whatever cost. Not to indulge in expressions of merited resentment at this stage of the case, it occurs to us to impress it most seriously upon this and all other monopolies, trusts and corporations that it would be far better for the welfare and happiness of those composing them if they would set out with a proper appreciation of the inherent and indestructible manhood of American workmen in all recognized departments of industry. They are to bear in mind continually that the men who labor for them are engaged in their interest equally, at least, with the securing of wages; that the workman is a man equally with his employer, and that the service rendered is mutual; that it is man himself who imparts all worth, whether it takes the form of money or character.

The employers of large bodies of men are apt to forget that all wealth is but the created fabric of industry, and therefore that honor is due to the creative force rather than the mere results of its energetic activity. It cannot be seriously questioned that multitudes of workmen are fully as good, as intelligent, as faithful and as single of heart as are their employers, and in numerous instances even more so. Let all exceptions to such an estimate be duly allowed for, and still the great body of American workmen must be conceded to be respecters of the law, civil in speech, considerate and courteous in demeanor, and if not educated up to the accepted high standard, yet determined to secure for their children the educational advantages which were unfortunately denied to themselves. They constitute, too, a living portion of the body politic, and are a part of the governing power itself, and an element in the society of which all men are members.

It is a fatal mistake for the wealthy heads of any sort of corporations to affect to despise the workmen they only employ, and to treat them with any measure whatever of hostile superciliousness and contempt. Nor should the case as it stands be slightly treated by the whole people of the country. It is a condition that confronts us, not a theory. We are all of us to remember that the laboring man is a man with sensibilities and sympathies like the rest, that he has a family which he loves, and that he is continually conscious that his own interests are closely identified with those of society at large. Therefore he is deserving of the treatment due to a genuine man, and should be dealt with as considerably as is the rich man, whether he be his employer or simply his neighbor. He is to be treated always as a member of the common society, and not as a mere hewer of wood and drawer of water for others' service.

The folly is an extremely dangerous one that refuses to give to employed men who live

by their wages whatever hearing they justly ask when they feel that they are unfairly treated, and are bearing grievous burdens. They surely can claim a clear right to be heard in a tribunal for arbitration. No course could be more unwise, as well as dangerous, than to refuse to refer mutual disputes to impartial arbitration for peaceful and rational settlement, since all such disputes bear heavily on their individual interests, and consequently on their families and the comfortable ordering of their homes. This is a question of equal citizenship, not one of the service of serfdom. If that citizenship is to aspire to a higher range, then it must be treated with the respect and fairness which are consistent with its hopes and character. It is wholly preposterous, first to angrily refuse arbitration, and then to import an armed body of strange men to shoot down united complainants.

But it is likewise to be understood and sternly asserted that no such poison plant as that proffered by professed anarchists and destroyers of all social and industrial order is to be allowed to strike its pestilential roots into American soil. There is no place for it in a free country like ours. Its insane devotees may as well expatriate themselves first as last; they need never hope to demoralize the sturdy character of industrious and intelligent workmen with families to maintain in respectability and children to educate. The anarchist can no more remain here undisturbed at his nefarious work than the armed detective and private soldier can be tolerated. We are all of us alike committed to the support of a free and equal government of order and peace. Such a government can nowhere expect or count on solid and steady support like that rendered by the great body of its industrial population. And the deliberate and premeditated disturbance of the regular industry of that population, whether by privileged wealth or desperate devilry, is to be met with the crushing power of the whole people.

Spiritualism as a Religion.

To a very candid and not less intelligent correspondent, expressing his regret to find Spiritualism disappointing as a religion, the editor of *The Two Worlds* (Eng.) replies in an equally candid, and indeed noble strain. He says that, personally speaking, if Spiritualism is not a religious movement he wishes to drop out; he will sorrowfully turn away if it is not to help us in life's battle to attain the higher levels of love, sympathy and helpfulness.

Theosophy, remarks the editor, has for a while attracted a number of minds, but its Eastern methods lead to no great success. It is not by retiring from the world that power to overcome the world is to be gained.

Religion is, after all, a personal matter. It is life, love, expression, service, inspiration, exaltation and sacrifice.

Spiritualism, he pertinently declares, is phenomenal, philosophical and religious. They who seek will find in it the priceless gem of truth, whose beauty will satisfy their aesthetic natures, and whose revealing ray will illumine life here and hereafter, making manifest the working of that Divine Intelligence who doeth all things well, and by its ministry of angels and the development of the angelic in mortals lead on to the establishment of the kingdom of heaven on earth.

Nevertheless, he thinks that Spiritualist meetings and services might be improved, and that the higher aspects of our religious life and its needs ought to receive more attention, so as to make Spiritualism a more decided power for good.

The phenomena are presented to us chiefly as proofs of a fact that the soul is immortal; that it is ushered from this mortal life into another, where its existence is continuous without end. Upon this substantial and reliable evidence, which converts doubt to certainty and faith to knowledge, the highest religious aspiration ought surely to find a firm support. To believe this, to accept this testimony, to be satisfied that life is unending—ought it not to appeal with such force to the human spirit as to compel it to a devoutly religious attitude, and elevate it to the heights of grateful joy? Surely it is no common truth that is revealed by Spiritualism. It is not to be measured by any of the standards recognized on earth. It should raise the soul to a state of tranquil ecstasy, lifting it above the contentions of this shifting career to a level where worship is the truest delight.

The frequent remark, therefore, that Spiritualists should be religious above all others, is one which all of us may profitably take to heart and practically apply. The exhibition would not fail to produce its effect on the minds of those observers who either reject the phenomena outright or are indifferent to their significance. Outsiders and unbelievers would be impressed with the fact that Spiritualists are not content with the mere husk of doctrinal and dogmatic truth, but are diligent and devoted searchers for the kernel that is hidden beneath all forms and phenomena. But beside this influence of a deeper religious spirit upon others who are questioning the worth of Spiritualism to the life, the religious attitude and aspiration of Spiritualists would undoubtedly constitute their own richest and highest endowments of life and character. Theirs would be the unspeakable benefaction; theirs the peace that passeth all understanding.

Right to the Point.

Science helps the revelation of spirit mysteries even against the intentions of those who, for the time, assume to hold its reins in their feeble hands. Of late it has been made to appear that the spectrum of lightning is able to show that sodium, which is the element from which common salt is formed, exists in the atmosphere. The fact has been distinctly demonstrated by Mr. W. E. Wood of Washington. When a flash of lightning darts through the air, it instantly vaporizes any minute particles of floating matter that may be in its path. When the light of lightning is then examined with the spectroscopic, it is possible to determine the nature of these vaporized substances, because every known element in nature shows in its spectrum certain lines that belong to it alone.

A study of the spectrum of lightning in this way revealed the presence of sodium, which Mr. Wood suggests may be accounted for in various ways. The most interesting explanation offered by him is that it may have come into the air from interstellar space. Meteoric dust is known to be continually falling upon our globe from beyond the limits of the atmosphere. If it should be established that microscopic particles of sodium are included in this continuous shower with which the heavens salute the earth, it is argued that it would be

only another proof of the unity of composition that extends from the earth to the sun and from the sun to the stars.

Now here is an impressive instance, the proof of which chemistry establishes, that what is called by us a material substance exists all the time impalpably in the atmosphere. Spirits averse and Spiritualists claim that all the so-called material substances known to the earth-plane are similarly in a state of disintegration or solution in the air, and hence that the phenomenon of spirit-materialization is entirely possible and natural (given the proper conditions for the temporary crystallization of these particles into ocular and tangible human shape).

Since chemistry clearly proves this to be a fact in regard to sodium or salt, why is it not equally a fact in respect to all the other elements of so-called material substance? There certainly is no reason why.

If this be so, then the inquiry follows closely upon it—why is not the theory of the materialization of spirit forms, when proper conditions exist, demonstrated by science to be entirely practicable? What are the obstructions that can be raised to its convincing character? Certain elements exist in the common atmosphere; returning spirits desiring to manifest in recognizable form, find themselves capable of selecting from those elements such as in combination will distinctly express to observers the outlines by which they may best be known.

In this instance, as in various others, Science, while working along the lines of materialistically-positing investigation, has really reached conclusions that assist in clearing up a mystery, which to its votaries, at least, hangs around a profoundly-interesting spiritual problem.

In Re Madame Valasca Topfer.

We referred in our issue of July 30th to this celebrated case. Since then we have received the July number of *Psychische Studien*, from which we learn that the interest in the case is unabated. Upon the final result depends the life of Spiritualism in Germany. If the verdict stands as the law, the Berlin Courier is right when it says: "In all events, the Spiritualists will be obliged to admit that the verdict which the law pronounced yesterday will have a far greater influence upon the future of Spiritualism in Germany than all the writings and experiments of all the psychic research societies in the land; if, indeed, any one dares now to speak of a future for Spiritualism. It will be impossible for any one to pretend with impunity to be a medium again in this city; for when the judge sentenced the medium to two years' imprisonment and five years' privation of all civil rights in addition, he signed the death warrant of Spiritualism."

This being the case, the excitement of the friends and of the enemies of Spiritualism is not to be wondered at. We are glad to learn, moreover, that the Spiritualists are not going to allow this verdict to stand. Already preparations are on foot to raise a fund by subscription to carry the case to the highest court.

The issue interests not only Spiritualists, but fair-minded men of science as well, and such men as Dr. Egbert Müller and Dr. Hans Spatzier are really protecting the cause of freedom and science while they are vigorously defending Madame Töpfer.

The conclusion of Herr Aksakow's searching review of this trial will be given in the August number of his magazine, and we shall make a condensation of it for our readers.

Tooley Street Once More.

It appears that as many as thirty-eight clergymen of the Church of England have issued a proclamation declaring their unwavering belief in every word and line of the Old and New Testaments. They assert that the Scriptures were wholly inspired by the Holy Ghost, and that "they declare incontrovertibly the actual and historical truth of all the records both of past events and of the delivery of predictions to be thereafter fulfilled."

This is the very important public manifesto of belief on the part of thirty-eight out of the twenty-one thousand clergymen of the Church of England. The wonder is, what the greater minority of them believe on the subject. This little handful of clericals makes one recall the bold action in convention of the famous "three tailors of Tooley street." Is it now to be taken for granted that the question of plenary inspiration is fully answered, and that neither philological science nor historical criticism can have any further bearing on it? What can be the reason that these self-inspired and all-knowing parsons of the church of Bluff Harry the Eighth of England have not come to the front long ago to dam up the divine current of knowledge and run it into the canal that is to turn their own diminutive bobbins?

We recently "unearthed" a letter written some time ago by our old friend, Mr. P. O. Jenkins, of Washington (formerly of Louisville, Ky.), in which he speaks of the grand workers of the long ago, with some of those still on the platform. "We may," he says, "contemplate such names and characters as Judge Edmonds, Gov. Tallmadge, Prof. Hare, John Pierpont, Bros. Wright, White, Ferguson, Foster, Sargent, Owen, Brittan, Hazard and others now in spirit-life, and such living pillars (if I may call any one a pillar) as Profs. A. R. Wallace, Crookes, Mrs. Richmond, Mr. Baxter and many others. Remember one thing, Bro. Colby, and that is that Truth is mighty and will prevail. I have no fears for the fate of what is God's Eternal Truth. Therefore have no fears. Short-sighted and weak men in our ranks may fail, but what is true must stand forever! In this life we shall perhaps never have that state of perfection we could desire, and so we as philosophers knowing this, can endure what is annoying to us. By-and-by—and not a very far off by-and-by—you and I shall soar above these jarring elements of today and contemplate God's infinite wisdom free from them all. Here we have dress with gold; but hereafter gold freed from dress. Till then let us patiently endure."

THOMAS LEES of Cleveland will accept our earnest thanks for his report of the dedicatory services at Lake Brady Camp (see eighth page) and his good words for THE BANNER. We trust his recommendation in our behalf may be practically acted upon by Spiritualists everywhere.

Phenomena in San Jose.

The reader's attention is called to a report on our fifth page—transferred from the columns of the *Evening News* of San José, Cal.—wherein is set forth interesting matter, which, bearing the editorial or reportorial endorsement of that paper (secular), is worthy of careful perusal—although we are not familiar with the name of the medium therein mentioned.

The files of the BANNER OF LIGHT have been filled for years past with recitals of phenomena going to demonstrate the truth of spirit-communication; but the average secular newspaper man has had no faith in what has been recorded, and has exercised his "alleged" wit, or his most severe denunciatory expulatives upon and against the carefully rendered testimony of honest men and worthy women, who know they were not deceived in what they have witnessed.

Within a brief time, however, certain gentlemen have, for reasons best known to themselves, given another name to Spiritualism and spiritual phenomena, and presto! the daily press welcomes "Psychic Research" to columns of room, gives its recitation of phenomena a respectful hearing, and slowly wags its wise head, meanwhile it soliloquizes: "There may be something we do not know—after all!" What a comment on human consistency!

J. W. DENNIS of Buffalo, N. Y., has an interesting letter on our sixth page regarding the Lake Brady (O.) Camp, and the purposes of the managers. We shall be glad to hear from Mr. Dennis again regarding the camp and the Indian mound.

Dr. J. A. Shelhamer has returned to Boston from his season of rest at Maranacook Lake, Me., and is now ready to attend to patients at his office, Room 5, 8½ Bowditch street.

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

The Sad Fate of Teresa Urrea.

We have already printed two brief articles in reference to the Mexican healing medium, Teresa Urrea of Caborca, the first stating that the authorities became jealous of her great and growing influence with the Indians, and for that reason had her arrested; that she was tried, convicted, and ordered to be shot; the second that they had banished her from Mexican territory, and that she was safe on American soil.

A sad sequel to the whole matter now comes to us in a cutting from the *Sunday Morning Eagle* of July 24th, it being a recital of the wonderful cures performed by Teresa, contributed to that paper by the well-known Spiritualist, Mr. H. W. Booser of Michigan, and giving the finale, from which it appears that she and her father having reached Nogales, A. T., were cared for by the citizens, who persuaded them that the Mexican officials had no authority to order them further on. Once located the news spread, and multitudes of the old devotees flocked over the border, and the cures went on. But Teresa began to pine for her childhood's mountain home, while her father was ill at ease away from the accustomed rounds with his herds of goats. Conscious of no wrong to a living soul, they resolved to brave the authorities' wrath and go quietly home, avoiding the people. Of what followed, Mr. Booser says:

"D. M. Morley, a merchant in Nogales, aided them to reach the boundary line at an early hour in the morning. They crossed into Sonora on foot, and struck across the desert toward their mountain home. The news was telegraphed to the governor of Sonora, who notified his subordinates to capture them and show no mercy. Late that evening they were discovered by the frontier guards, arrested and taken to Culiacan, and on the public plaza of the town Teresa was shot to death. Her aged father, the Señor Urrea, was placed in irons, and taken to Guaymas under a heavy guard.

Thus perished the beautiful Teresa Urrea, the healing medium of Caborca and the Hypatia of 1892, for the crime of—kindness and of doing good!"

October 21st.

The President, in his proclamation issued pursuant to act of Congress, appoints Friday, Oct. 21st, a general holiday, in order to give the people of the United States an opportunity for a general observance of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. And he especially recommends the celebration of the anniversary by the public schools of the country with public demonstration and suitable exercises. The day is appointed a general holiday, for the expression of honor to the great discoverer of the New World, as well as for the appreciation of the great achievements of the four completed centuries of American life. The President regards it as peculiarly appropriate that the schools should be made by the people the centre of the day's demonstration. Therefore he urges that the national flag float over every schoolhouse in the land, and that the exercises be such as shall impress upon the youth of the country the patriotic duties of American citizenship.

The governors of a number of States have already issued proclamations of similar import, and those of other States are to do likewise. To make the day a special school holiday is a feature of its appropriate observance that could not be made more impressive. The children are the future guardians of the country, and it is the part of wisdom to instruct them in so large and important a matter by means of commemorative exercises whose lessons will leave their meaning always in their memory. They thus are likely to feel the living influence of a high devotion to the performance of noble deeds and plain duties, with a direct view to being worthy citizens, and leading exemplary lives.

Special Notice.

If there are any friends of the Cause in Canada who would like to engage the services of W. J. Colville for a few lectures, on their own terms, he would be glad to consider a proposition for Sunday, Aug. 28th, and four following week-days, as he will then be in the Dominion.

MR. CHAS. A. BARRY, the artist, whose sudden demise took place a short time since, made the first portrait taken of Abraham Lincoln, at the time of his nomination for the presidency in 1860. This crayon likeness was pronounced correct and striking by leading men of that time. Beside the crayon Mr. Barry produced one in oil, held to be the best portrait extant of the deceased President. The greatly admired picture, "The Motherless," highly praised by John G. Whittier, who made it the subject of a poem, was from Mr. B.'s easel, as also were many others of great repute.

Mr. Barry was born in Boston in 1830. In an appreciative notice of his transition, the *Phrenological Journal* says:

"Now England has lost a valuable worker in the death of Prof. Barry, and a large circle of artists and designers in Massachusetts that knew and valued him as a teacher and representative must keenly regret his departure from their midst."

The deceased was a confirmed Spiritualist in belief, and was a frequent visitor at the Banner of Light Bookstore.

THE ANNUAL FAIR AT ONSET.—Mrs. H. M. Wood, Secy., informs us that the ladies of Onset will give a Ball in the Temple Monday evening, Aug. 8th, at eight o'clock, preliminary to the opening of their annual Fair for the sale of useful and fancy articles the next day, Tuesday, Aug. 9th, at noon, to continue the afternoon and evenings of that and the three days following. An entertainment consisting of vocal and instrumental music, tableaux, fancy dancing, recitations, etc., will be given each evening. Mrs. Webb, the well-known astrological medium, will give readings each afternoon. Refreshments may be purchased at the Ball and at each session of the Fair.

Dr. Lucy Barnicot has of late attended the Camp-Meeting at Harwich Port, Mass., where she has accomplished good work as a platform speaker and medium. She has now returned to her office, No. 178 Tremont street, Boston, where she will be found ready for business until she goes to Onset Camp.

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

ADVICE FOR THE SEASON.

Go forth to meet Dame Nature in her pride!
Or weariest plodder in the dusty streets

She spreads the greenest couch—o'er-tented wide
With branching boughs; anon the priceless sweets,

By summer breezes called from drowsy flowers,
With incense rare speak to a world like ours

Of life beyond Transition's mortal sweep,
Where gladden'd hearts their tear-soaked harvest reap.

JOHN W. DAY.

The most crowded spot on the whole earth is not in London, Paris or Naples, nor yet in Canton or Peking, it is alleged, but in New York City, and within an easy walk from the City Hall.

Statistics show that the losses by fire this year in the United States and Canada are large. In June the total was \$9,265,000, and during the first six months of the year ending with June, they were \$65,437,250.

The wedding of Mr. Theophilus Mint to Miss Georgiana Julep, out in Chippewa County, Minn., ought to fill a cup of happiness to the brim.—*Esmerald Ez.*

England, France and Italy are credited with the benevolent intention of dividing Morocco between them this fall. The Moors, being a military people, are expected to serve up a little powder and ball first—in honor (?) of the movement.

The people who attend the Fair will not go there for a drunken frolic. We may rest assured that neither American nor European intemperance is to be one of the exhibits. Nor should the Exposition be made an occasion for the display of any sort of bigotry, intolerance or fanaticism.—*Washington, D. C. Post.*

Kansas has four cities in which the vote of the women is larger than that of the men. One entire set of councilmen is women.

No, Miltiades, you are altogether too jocose when you ask us if a lawyer's fee is not a court plaster.—*Nes.*

Chill has paid \$75,000 to the United States to be distributed among the families of the men killed or wounded at Valparaiso.

Many lives contain whole chapters of goodness, not a word of which is ever put on a tombstone.—*Ham's Horn.*

The average ministerial salary in the United States is \$700. Dr. Morgan Dix of Trinity gets \$25,000 and Dr. Talmage \$12,000.

WHAT IT IS CRACKED UP TO BE.—"You are in rather a demoralized condition," said the Oleomargarine to the Cracked Ice. "Yes," replied the latter, "but I'm what I'm cracked up to be, anyhow."—*Dartmouth Free Press.*

Poetry is quite rightly defined as rhythmical, imaginative language, expressing the invention, taste, thought, passion and insight of the human soul.

Resignation is an attitude of grace occupied by the mind after it has fully demonstrated the futility of rebellion.—*Ez.*

Twenty-eight States and Territories have already made appropriations for exhibit at the World's Fair, Chicago, and thirty-five nations and nineteen colonies have also formally accepted the invitation of the commissioners, and are preparing for the event.

AUGUST.

The green-haired maize her silken tresses laid,
In soft luxuriance on her harsh brocade;
The coarser wheat that rolls in lakes of bloom—
Its coral stems and milk-white flowers laid
With the wide murmurs of the scattered hoed.

—O. W. Holmes.

The Vienna municipality calls the attention of the ladies to the deleterious effect of trailing dresses, and requests them to shorten the skirts so as not to whirl dust about. Wise, but in vain.

A man living in Racine ordered from a firm of booksellers in Chicago, a copy of Archdeacon Farrar's "Seekers after God." His letter came back with a clerk's indorsement: "No Seekers after God in Chicago."—*Twentieth Century.*

It must be a painful sight to see a shoemaker breathing his last.

A German newspaper recently contained the word "Neapolitanersdudeleackysfergeestlichschafteunterstutzungsverein." If there is any living man who can pronounce the word without dislocating his palate, his name will go thundering down into history.—*Ez.*

Longfellow said that every man in the world must be a hammer or an anvil. That is, he must pound or be pounded.

A CAUTIONARY DRUGGIST.—*Juvenile Soda Clerk.*—"Do you live here, mister?" Customer: "Yep." "Then you'll have to wait until the boss comes back from dinner. I ain't allowed to put up prescriptions 'cept for strangers that's travellin'."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Beware equally of a sudden friend and a slow enemy.

In view of the recent heated term, and the increase of the death rate everywhere, it will be well to remember that the want of pure air, especially in large cities, is the direct cause of the larger part of the mortality list. The same want fully explains the hopeless condition of nine tenths of the invalids. The human race exists on air, and the purer the air, the more invigorating the life it bestows.

DE GREEDY PICKANNINNY.

[Recorded in the Wide Awake.]

Dar war a watermillyn
A-growin' on a vine;
Dar war a pickanniny
Watchin' it all de time.
An' when dat watermillyn
War ripepin' in de sun,
An' de stripes along its jacket
War comin', one by one,
Dat pickanniny hooked it,
An' toted it away.
An' ate dat entire millyn
Up in one single day!
He ate de rine an' pieces,
He finished seed and 'vin'—
An' den de watermillyn
Jest up an' finished him!

Congress has during the past week taken no decisive action on the Fair appropriation question; the Sunday "opening" or "closing" issue seems to have been put out of sight—intentionally or otherwise. Aug. 4th was the time last appointed for a settlement of the matter.

St. Petersburg dispatches for Aug. 1st report that July fifty thousand Barts at Tashkend, Asiatic Russia, died on account of the sanitary measures used by the government to repress the cholera; the deputy-governor's palace was wrecked; the Russian troops opened fire; sixty Barts were killed, and hundreds wounded—the soldiers losing fifteen killed, and many injured.

A man is born natural, but in proportion as his understanding is elevated into the light of heaven, and his love at the same time into the heat of heaven, he becomes spiritual and celestial; the understanding is not made spiritual and celestial, but the love; and when the love is, it also makes the understanding spiritual and celestial.—*Swedenborg.*

Princeton College has in the Brokaw Memorial Athletic Building a remembrance of young Frederick Brokaw (one of its most popular students), who was drowned at Elberon, N. J., while chivalrously endeavoring to rescue a girl employed by one of the neighbors.

An army of 40,000 men is, it is alleged, needed to harvest the northwestern grain crop, and North and South Dakota are joining in the (heretofore revivalistic) cry: "Where are the reapers?"

We confess that we have but little sympathy with the call for the closing of the World's Fair on Sunday. If all the rum-shops and other devices of the devil which are so numerous in Chicago could be closed on Sunday, it would perhaps be safe enough to close the Fair. The people who want to go to church can do so, even if the Fair is open; those who do not

For sale by COMPTON & BROWN.