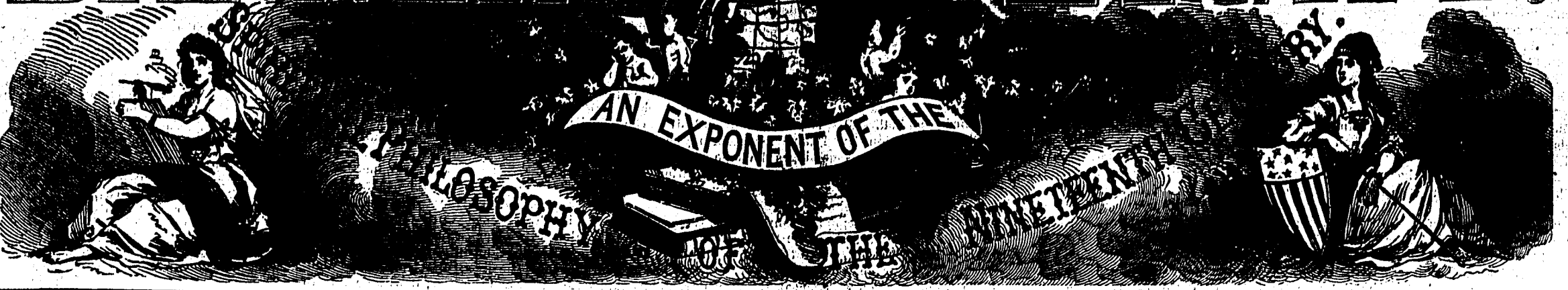


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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NO. 1.

Written for the Banner of Light.
TOLLING.

BY MYRA WENTWORTH EMERSON.

Tolling in the shadow, tolling in the sun—
Does it matter which it be if the work be done?
Tolling up the pathway, sowing as we go,
Ours shall be the harvest like to what we sow.

Let us then be watchful—sow the golden wheat—
Thorns are all too plenty for the weary feet;
Tears are all too plenty; may the sad hearts be
Gladder for thy coming, as the world shall see.

Tolling up the pathway, though the way be steep,
We shall gain the summit if we courage keep;
Tolling up life's pathway, sowing as we go:
Rich will be the harvest if we wisely sow.

The Spiritual Rostrum.

What is the Difference Between the Fruits of Spiritualism and the Fruits of Christianity? Spiritualism as an Impelling Force in the Orderly Movement of Society.

A Discourse Delivered Aug. 23d, at Onset Bay Camp-ground, Mass., by the Guides of
MRS. CORA L. V. RICHMOND.

{ Reported for the Banner of Light. }

In order to judge of a force we cannot always wait for the fruition. There is something that people know in the beginning, and even if the results are not always seemingly in accordance with human wishes, that very fact shows that they are in accordance with Divine wisdom.

Every human life must have an impelling force from within or without, or both. We claim that the spirit of the universe is the impelling power that creates and employs all the forces in the universe for the purpose of expressing what the creation of the universe is intended for. In human life it must be either the spirit or the dust.

If the materialistic claim is true that man originated in the dust, and that he is but a piece of differentiated protoplasm, and that by process of evolution he has achieved his present position only at last to be resolved into dust again, the impelling force of such a thought, if adopted by the whole human race, would be degenerating, for it would leave nothing for man to hope for; it would leave no future as the fruition of his aspirations; it would make the basis of life on a level with the senses. And you would say as the Epicureans in Greece did: "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die." That was transcribed into the materialistic scriptures of the Jews as a part of their religion. On that basis human life becomes simply a devotion to the senses. However refined the intellect, however exalted the aspirations, they become subjugated at this shrine of mother nature. But it was the Platonists, born of the wondrous teachings of Socrates, that produced on the materialism of the age in which they lived, in an exalted and divine philosophy, the claim of the immortality of the human spirit. This system exalted the ancient Greeks above the mere worship of the senses, and aimed to point that the aspirations of mankind should be for a broader, higher and diviner existence here as being commensurate with the source of life from within and above. If Spiritualism bears any one word more than another, it is that the basis of man's existence is not with the senses, and that the life that he is to lead here is to so govern and guide the material kingdom that all will be obedient to the highest purposes of mankind.

Without the Spiritualism of ancient philosophy there would be no inducement to fulfill the ideals of poetry; the imagination would be left idle and dull; music would have no essential charm; the painter could not transfigure the canvas with the work of his exalted genius; the great poets, seers and sages of the world would be left without a cause of existence.

The plan of the universe seems to be that that which is greater shall include and control that which is less; as the greater province of the mind and spirit should include and control the senses. Spiritualism declares that the mind and spirit should pervade and govern the material universe, and the physical form of man.

We are not of those who arrogate to Spiritualism the first and last and all the good there is in the world. No Spiritualist of any intelligence can refuse to understand that the beginnings of all philosophies and religions have been inspired; that spiritual gifts have been the accompaniment of each dispensation of spiritual truth; and that the primal Christian church was founded upon spiritual manifestations. No one can deny that the oracles of Greece and Rome were merely consulting mediums to whom Solon, Lycurgus and the great patriots had recourse for the unfoldment and perfection of the laws that were to govern the Greeks and Romans. No one can deny that in every age of human enlightenment and civilization the principles upon which each system of religious philosophy has been founded were principles of the intercommunion between the two worlds. Your theologians have purposely lost sight of this; your materialists relegate it to an age of superstition and barbarism. The materialists of to-day deny the spiritual manifestations recorded in the bible, and say they were the results of superstition; they also deny the teachings concerning immortality of Socrates and Plato. While willing to accept the scientific teachings of such minds as Pythagoras,

ras, they deny any perceptions of spiritual truth that came to giant minds in the past.

But Spiritualism stretches out its inclusive arms, and says: I am the child of that which was and that which is to be; I include in this proposition man's spiritual existence in every age; I recognize the communion of the Buddhist and Parsee; I understand from whence the Brahman derived his wonderful resources of spiritual lore; from whence the ancient Egyptian discovered the wonderful meaning of "Isis and Osiris"; I have been at the fountains where the ancients bathed and were made whole; I have been with the messengers beside the ancient shrines in the Egypt of the past; I have come with gifts to every sanctuary; where there have been gifts of tongues, of healing, and pouring out of the spirit, there was I.

But neither Christianity, nor Spiritualism, nor Buddhism, nor Parseism, nor Hebraism, are responsible for the evils wrought in their names. When Christ said, "By their fruits ye shall know them," he meant not only those who, professing to follow after the prophets and seers of old, had fallen away from their ancient shrines and standards, but all in more modern times, who, professing the name of Christianity, still were not Christ-like.

The history of Christendom is not the history of the Christ in religion, but the history of a man-made theology, that has borrowed the name of Christianity, and thrust it upon the world under systems of ecclesiastical law; the two great ecclesiastical divisions: Roman Catholicism and Protestantism. Within those two great bodies are to be found many Christians; outside of those great ecclesiastical bodies are to be found many more Christians; for Christians are those who in spirit and in practice conform to the teachings of Christ. If you will place the Sermon on the Mount beside the decalogue, or the Westminster articles—the thirty-nine articles of belief—you will be very likely to perceive the difference. If you place Christ's simple golden rule beside the Presbyterian articles of faith, you will know what we mean. If you place the lives of Christian kings and ecclesiastical pontiffs beside the simple teachings of Christ at Galilee, you will then know what we mean.

Christianity is not responsible for the errors and cruelties wrought in its name, any more than freedom is responsible for the holding of chattel slaves in this boasted republic, "the land of the free." Freedom is not responsible for the shedding of blood, except because of the bondage that exists in her name.

We can afford so well to be just, and not only to be just, but to be generous, that we deplore the unnecessary use of hard names. When people are talking about religion or theology, one may oppose the creeds and not oppose Christianity; one may oppose dogmas and not oppose the Sermon on the Mount; one may oppose that which has been wrought under the sanction of the name of Christianity without degrading the spiritual gifts recorded in the bible. Why! In Paul's letter to the Corinthians on spiritual gifts, you have the enumeration of what transpires in the spiritual sciences of to-day; yet it is quite customary for Spiritualists to deny that any of these manifestations occurred in ancient times because they are recorded under the name of "miracles."

Do not make a bugbear of the word miracles; for if you will look in any dictionary that is convenient, you will find that it simply means the "working of wonders"; and if you have become a Spiritualist without witnessing the "working of wonders," then you may be considered a natural curiosity; for we do not know of any Spiritualists within the sound of this voice, or throughout the length and breadth of this land, or all lands, who have not seen that which in ancient language would have been denominated miracles. They are only not called so to-day because you have a prejudice against the word miracle, thinking that this word means the setting aside of some law for the purpose of expressing a favor to you. Now when it comes to be shown by your men of science that the manifestations recorded and testified to by themselves as witnesses are what the same men of science cannot explain on any known basis of natural law, on any known scientific basis, what will you call them then? You object to the word miracles; then call them manifestations of the spirit. That they set aside the usual known laws of nature you are perfectly well aware. When a table is lifted there is a force that is invisible and impalpable, that cannot be detected by any human instrument, that chemical analysis cannot detect, that electrical instruments cannot detect, and that is wholly beyond the usually recognized realm of natural law.

When substances are disintegrated, as when a coat is put on or off, and the medium set free without unclasping the hands or untying the cords, it is the setting aside of the usual processes of nature by a power that is more potent. When an object is made invisible in the presence of a number of witnesses, like the table that was rendered invisible in Professor Zöllner's presence, it proves the existence of a power that can set aside the usual laws of nature and substitute a process and employ forces for which science has, thus far, no name.

We cannot afford to be captious about these things, because in in schoolboy days, or later, theological terms became obnoxious. It is a miracle every time the splendid orb of day materializes the glory of the earth and sky. Each spring-time is a miracle, and the scientist does not even know the principle underlying the term that he calls a ray of light.

And now we are whirled into the new hypothesis of science for existence, the vibratory theory and vortex motion, until the shades of

past scientists seem to rise and say: "What next?" As changeable as the shifting and shifting sands upon the seashore are the explanations of science; as permanent as Truth itself is the foundation of the spirit. And why not call it spirit; is not that enough? We neither need a prefix nor a suffix for our Spiritualism. It is neither Christian, nor ethical, nor scientific. It is Spiritualism. You can make of it all that you will, for the universe declares it.

The force in society that Spiritualism exercises is to make human minds so broad that they reject no intelligence, even though perverted and benighted people have endeavored to make that intelligence subserve their individual ambition. It rejects no spiritual manifestation of any age, but declares that the outpouring of the spirit in the manifestations of intelligences beyond death have been possible in every age, and will be more and more possible in all the ages that are to come. Instead of rejecting the past religions it restores them. It says to this blind, bigoted, ecclesiastical age, You have tried to shut out the great religion of Christ; you have tried to obscure and fetter it by the narrow bondage of creed. We claim Christ as our elder brother; we claim the manifestations by the sea of Galilee, and in the "little upper room" in Jerusalem, as portions of the Spiritualism of the past; we claim the outpouring of the spirit at the pentecostal feast just as we claim the outpouring of the spirit here and now. Why, your mediums are illustrations of the truth of the manifestations of that past age! The time is coming when instead of a few weak-kneed Spiritualists turning to the authority of the Bible for evidence that Spiritualism is true, the Church will turn to Spiritualism for proof of the things recorded in the past, and will make Spiritualism the confirming voice to prove that these things, devoid of creed and dogma, were real manifestations of the spirit in past times. With the restoration of the ancient religions of the East, attempted somewhat in Theosophy, but beautifully and wonderfully revealed in the poems of Edwin Arnold, and in the researches of Thos. Wentworth Higginson, you have the knowledge of many of the spiritual manifestations and truths of those past ages. How wonderfully do these teachings and records blend with that which is in your midst to-day. With the new lens of Spiritualism you are not only able to look into the future life, but also to see what the past has received of spiritual manifestation and power. "A moving force!" Why, take away the Spiritualism of every age and there is nothing left!

The prayer at Valley Forge might have been a greater power invoking the angels of Liberty to aid the nation, than even the heroism of the small band of patriots. Beware how you trifle with any of the avenues that lead to this spiritual outpouring. A great many Spiritualists say: I have no need of prayer. Then you do not aspire; then you do not seek the messages from the skies; then you do not ask your spirit-father, mother, child or friend to come to you. For every petition for added knowledge or guidance is prayer. If you aspire to ministering spirits, and through them to the great cause of things, it does not matter what you call it, it is prayer, for as the poet says of prayer: "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, unuttered or expressed." Who is there that does not aspire? Who is there that has no uplifting for something higher? Who is there that does not long for a broader, higher view of spiritual truth? Who is there that is not hungering and thirsting after added knowledge? Who is there that does not have a longing for greater and more divine things that are yet to come? All these are prayers. Reject the word if you will, but the spirit is there just the same.

Then as a moving force in the world, Spiritualism begins with the individual, restoring you to yourselves. We say this advisedly; we know what we mean; restoring you to yourselves, to the individual consciousness of your own lives, of your eternity of existence, and restoring that responsibility of which you have been robbed, alike by Church, State, and society. The sins which you have endeavored, possibly, to think were overcome by another, are to be overcome by yourself. The responsibility which the Church has taken for you is to be taken by yourself; and the individual light that you are to receive or have received must be the only recourse, the only forgiveness for sins. When people arrive at this they begin to realize that their souls are just as important in an eternity as any other soul. When you place people upon that basis, you place them upon the basis of moral, spiritual, social and political strength that is unknown outside of it. You cannot have a republic with a theocracy; you cannot have a State governed by individuals when the individuals are governed by the Church; you cannot have individuals do not know the meaning of the word patriotism; do not understand that it means the welfare of the whole. The true system of the true republic begins with the individual. And in reply to another question that can come in here: We do not believe so much in Nationalism as we do in the individualism that makes man responsible to every other human being for his actions. We say his actions, and we say it advisedly, because her actions have not been considered of enough importance to make her individually responsible unless she is tried for murder by a jury of peers.

But when the time comes that each human being has a responsibility, he or she will form the aggregate of human society and human safety; then every individual life will yield

{ Continued on second page. }

Literary Department.

LED.

Written Expressly for the Banner of Light,
BY MRS. EMMA MINER,
Author of "Bars and Thresholds."
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CHAPTER I. The Owl.

"It's a bitter night, Hannah, a bitter night! Seems as if it never would stop snowing and blowing! I felt as if I must take one more look at the barn to make sure the critters are all comfortable!" and good old farmer Haskins gave a weary sigh of relief as he shook the snow from his old chore hat, and hung it in its accustomed place.

"So it is," replied Hannah; "and this is the third day of the storm. Shouldn't think there would be much left to come down, but I declare, it keeps on and on, as if it really enjoyed itself!" and with wisely solicitude she brushed some of the flakes from Mr. Haskins's shoulders as she spoke.

The supper was waiting, and so was little Ned Massey, the boy of all work. He sprang to his accustomed place with alacrity, somewhat impelled by the cravings of the appetite of growing boyhood. He watched Mr. Haskins's face with interest, who, after seating himself at the table, remarked:

"I'm almost sorry that Harvey planned to come home just now. Much as I want to see him, I can't bear to think of him as being in that stage in such weather as this!"

"Nor I," replied Hannah; "and I do hope his wife is n't a weak, sickly thing, for she'll surely catch her death!" and she mentally took an inventory of various roots and herbs hanging in the attic, which she might be called upon to prepare for the expected bride.

Harvey was Mrs. Haskins's son by a former marriage, for Mr. Haskins had married "the widow Mayne."

"But it is n't likely they can get through in such a storm as this, so I concluded we might just as well have supper without waiting," and Mrs. Haskins passed a plate of gingerbread a second time to Ned, for her was no miserly hand.

Under her generous and thoughtful care, little Ned Massey was growing tall and strong. "More like his father every day," said Mrs. Haskins frequently, as she glanced at the face rounding out and glowing with color.

Ned's father and mother had passed on to another home, and had left the little boy with kindred who were careless of his health and comfort. Mr. Haskins, with a kind remembrance of the lad's father, who was his friend, could not bear to see the son suffer, so two years before he had taken him to live with him, and Ned had known all the comforts of a good home since.

"I really wish I knew just where and how they are," continued Mrs. Haskins anxiously, as she finished her second cup of tea.

"Well, all we can do is to wait," replied Mr. Haskins, as he pushed his chair back from the table.

Ned, always helpful, assisted Mrs. Haskins in various little ways, and the tea things were soon put away, and the three sat down before the glowing open fire.

The farmer took his paper, the wife took her knitting, while Ned, with true Yankee instinct and ingenuity, began to whittle. He was making a box, which he was curiously carving. The work was really artistic, although Ned would hardly have understood the meaning of the word.

Presently his fingers moved slowly. The bit of wood was held lightly in one hand, while the knife dropped from the other with a rattle upon the brick hearth which startled them. Mr. Haskins dropped his paper, Mrs. Haskins dropped a stitch, and then they observed that Ned was "having one of his spells."

Ned's "spells" were of frequent occurrence, and were a mystery to the good old people, who had never considered the matter to any but their minister and doctor, who had counseled them to secrecy.

"A queer kind of fits he will grow out of," said the doctor, in answer to their questionings.

Ned's "fits" might be described in this way: He would grow strangely quiet and pale. Sometimes his eyes were closed; sometimes if opened, seemed fixed on some object invisible to the rest of the family. He sometimes muttered low, incoherent words, and again spoke distinctly, describing houses, various objects, and people who were dead.

When "dead folks" appeared to him, Mrs. Haskins was truly frightened, but sufficiently curious to ask questions, all of which Ned answered in an intelligent manner.

When he resumed his normal state, he was always surprised at what he was informed had passed, and persistently denied knowing anything about the facts of the case.

Many were the conferences held over these occurrences, upon which Mr. and Mrs. Haskins could hardly agree. This evening, while Ned remained quiet, the old folks conversed in a low tone, watching him closely.

"Well, Hannah, it's queer enough. When

Ned talks about houses an' different things in 'em, an' says he can see what some folks are doing that live a great ways off, an' all that, why it's curious, very curious, an' there do n't seem to be really any harm in it. But when he comes to talk about dead folks, that's quite another thing. 'Pears like to me he had n't oughter meddle with them. Let 'em rest in their graves 'till the resurrection day the bible tells about!"

"But supposin' they don't want to rest in their graves? Graves aint the most comfortable places in the world! Take my mother, now. If she does n't rest in her grave it is n't because she was n't as good a woman as ever breathed; and according to Ned's tell she's round considerable!" replied Mrs. Haskins, earnestly.

"That's all true, Hannah. Your mother was a good woman, and I've no objection to your having her spiritooal company if you want it; but, to tell the truth, I do n't. Not because it's your mother, but because I do n't want to think spirits is around. It don't seem nateral like, an' it makes me creep all over to think of it. An' even if it did n't, it seems to me to be really wicked and contrary to scriptur!"

"It does beat all," said Mrs. Haskins, pausing in her knitting a moment, "how many different ways one can read the bible, if you sit right down to it and put your mind on it. Seems to me I look at it different from what I used to. 'Pears to me I find some of the same things in it that Ned does when he is in his spells, and it has just set me to thinkin'!"

"Why, Hannah! Surely you can't mean that!"

"Yes, I do mean it, and when I get a good chance I would like to pick out some of them to show you; but now it looks likely Ned will talk pretty soon, and I am curious to hear what he has got to say."

"You can do as you like. As for me, I wash my hands of it. I do n't want to meddle with it. If it is n't the devil's work, it is next thing to it," and Mr. Haskins retired to the bedroom to rest.

There was no sound of vexation in his voice, and no trace of annoyance upon his good-natured face as he left the room. Mrs. Haskins turned toward Ned, quite undisturbed in her mind. Presently Ned began to speak slowly:

"Aunt Hannah"—for this was the name by which he familiarly addressed her—"I can see Harvey, and he is just getting out of the stage in front of a big house; and there's two men out there with lanterns. And right over the door of the house is a great, big owl. It must be made of wood, 'cause I don't believe any owl ever grew as big as that. And now I see a lady going up the steps. She is all muffled up, and all I can see of her face is two big, black, shining eyes. And now the horses are going off, and I guess they are going to stay in that house to-night. Looks as if they are safe enough."

"How far off should you think it is, Ned?" whispered Mrs. Haskins.

"I'm sure I can't tell. Wait a minute. Now I see the figure 25. Do you suppose that means twenty-five miles?"

Mrs. Haskins sat in deep thought.

"I'm sure I can't think of any place anywhere where there is an owl. Do you know of any, pa?"

She raised her voice a little as she spoke. The bedroom door was open, and she knew that although Mr. Haskins would not openly countenance these inquiries, he was quietly listening between the sheets.

"No, I don't; an' it 'pears to me Ned had better go to bed than be huntin' owls at this time o' night. Reckon he won't find any in this storm, dead or alive. There's no such place within twenty-five miles o' this!"

"Anyway, I can see Harvey, and the lady, and the owl!" persisted Ned, in a low tone.

"I should think you ought to know Harvey when you see him," replied Mrs. Haskins.

"But we will wait and see what comes of it. If his wife has got black eyes, I shall think there is something to it, owl or no owl!" and she rolled up her knitting, which was the signal for retiring.

CHAPTER II. Watson's Quone.

It was a chilly, disagreeable day which greeted Mr. Haskins as he looked out of the window the next morning.

"Looks discouraging yet," he remarked, as he took down his old woolen frock. "We don't seem to have no fair chance at the weather yet."

"I hope they will have a chance to get through to-day," said his wife. "Before the shades of night had fallen, they were all delighted to see the stage stop before the door. The travelers were heartily welcomed. Mrs. Haskins looked straight into the

eyes of her son's new wife for two reasons. First, because she said she "always could tell what sort of people folks were if she could get a good look at their eyes." Secondly, she was curious to see their color. They were black. A sudden fear crept over her as she noted the fact that they were half-averted; what she called "sly and shiftless eyes."

They were soon ready for supper, and then discussed their journey.

"Yes, we did have rather a hard time getting through," replied Harvey, in answer to his father's questioning. "We had to stay in Blakesville last night."

Mrs. Haskins suddenly remembered that Blakesville was about twenty-five miles distant.

"But we were comfortable," he continued. "It was very neat and nice there. The new hotel is just finished."

"And it had such a funny name!" chimed in Eunice: "'The Owl.' And there was an immense owl over the door. I felt as if it must be winking and blinking at me all night."

"Sho! An owl, did you say? That does beat all!"

"What's the matter, father? You look perfectly amazed. What is there so strange about the new house and its owl?"

"Nothing—only Ned saw the house and owl in one of his spells, and I could n't really believe it was so."

Harvey and Eunice glanced furtively at Ned, as if wondering what it all meant, while poor Ned shrank back abashed.

"Oh! you needn't be afraid of Ned," said Mrs. Haskins; "he never hurts anybody in one of them."

Eunice smiled: "No, mother, no fear at all; I understand something about it. I suppose Ned is a medium."

"A medium! What's that?"

The expression conveyed to Mrs. Haskins's imagination something of the idea of a lunatic.

"I will talk with you about it by-and-by, when there is some convenient time; and Ned shall hear too, if he likes," said Eunice, noting the look of eager interest in his face. And so the subject was dismissed.

The disagreeable journey did not seem to have particularly affected Eunice, for she unpacked, and went about the house in an easy, familiar way that set Mrs. Haskins's heart quite at rest so far as her fears about her son's aristocratic wife were concerned. Still, she felt an uneasiness, which after a few days she confided to her husband.

"I like Eunice well enough, only there seems to be something in her that I can't get at," she said, one evening after they had retired. "I only hope she isn't given to queer streaks, but sometimes I can't quite make her out; but as long as she and Harvey get along so pleasantly together, it isn't for me to say anything."

"I do n't exactly like the look in her eyes once in a while," he replied. "By the way, has she ever said anything to you about Ned's spells? She said she thought she understood them, you know."

"No, not yet, but I guess I will ask her about them to-morrow. I'm curious to know about them."

But the next day something happened, and there was no need to inquire, for Eunice had a "spell" herself.

Mrs. Haskins and Eunice were sitting by the fire, paring apples for next day's baking. Mr. Haskins and Harvey were reading, and Ned, as usual, was whittling. Mrs. Haskins, with knife and thought equally busy, had not noticed that Eunice had apparently fallen asleep.

The first thing they knew they were the most astonished company in the world, for Eunice uttered a soul thrilling war-whoop.

Mr. Haskins started in amazement, and Mrs. Haskins looked up to see Eunice waving her arms wildly, and heard her utter some unintelligible language.

"Do n't be frightened, mother," said Harvey. "It's only Watsequequo; and Harvey moved his chair near Eunice and took her hand quietly."

"Only Watse—what?" exclaimed Mrs. Haskins.

Another wild whoop, accompanied by a violent chill and shake, interrupted her.

"Good gracious, Harvey! Eunice has got an ague fit—a hard one!"

"No—no—it's only her Indian control. She's all right. This is the way he always takes her," and Harvey made a few quieting passes over her head.

"Takes! I should think she was taken! Who did you say had took her?"

"Watsenequo, an old Indian chief."

Mrs. Haskins thought she saw a look of uneasiness on Harvey's face.

"An Indian! Do tell! What does he do to her? Ever hurt folks?" and Mr. Haskins moved his chair back a little uneasily.

"Oh, no! He won't scalp you, father! Don't be frightened," and Harvey smiled faintly.

"Well, I don't know about that. I'd as lieve die as be scared to death. My sakes! What a yell!"

Mr. Haskins made this comment as Eunice gave another heart-rending shriek.

Harvey, seeing the state of mind of the small audience, began to address some invisible intelligence, with a view to calming hostile demonstrations. He was evidently succeeding, for Eunice became quiet, and then, her face changing strangely, began to speak a strange language, in a voice quite unlike her own.

"That's Ishuonca," said Harvey, leaning back in his chair, evidently quite relieved from further anxiety.

"You don't say! How many more are there of 'em?" queried Mrs. Haskins.

Eunice found voice to answer that question herself:

"We have for this medium a large, powerful band. All wisdom, all power, all knowledge is given her through these guides," said Eunice, waving her right hand majestically.

"Hum—" said Mrs. Haskins, doubtfully. "That means that she knows as much as God Almighty himself!"

Eunice, unmindful of the interruption, proceeded:

"We have come here to-night to do a great work. It is no other than to develop this young man here," pointing to Ned, who sat in the corner, shaking with fear.

"Develop? What's develop?" asked Mr. Haskins.

"To unfold his mediumistic powers, and awaken the sleeping forces within his soul! Whoop!"

"Well—well—I guess you hadn't better meddle with Ned," said Mr. Haskins; "he appears to be doing well enough. It's a fact he has queer spells, but something generally comes of 'em, an' he don't rave like a lunatic, either."

Ned drew his chair a little nearer Mr. Has-

kins, feeling quite sure of his protection. It was a little embarrassing to have two invisible Indians seizing upon him in this unexpected manner.

All watching Eunice saw another change coming over her face. Presently she began singing in a soft, sweet tone the tune of "Bonny Doon." Mrs. Haskins became agitated. How like her mother's voice singing to her! Could she really believe her ears? Line after line fell from Eunice's unconscious lips until the song was completed. Then she reached her hands to Mrs. Haskins, and said: "My child, I am your mother." She made no reply.

"I will give you some proof that I am really your mother," continued the invisible intelligence. "Do you remember the time your brother Robert tried to learn that tune on Mr. Crockett's violin?"

Mrs. Haskins recalled the time and understood the allusion.

"Yes, I remember. Mother, can it be you, come back in spirit?"

"Yes, child. I have been able to make Ned see me many times, but I could not control him to speak; but now I have found a medium who can give voice to me, and I will clear away many doubts in your mind if you will allow her to be controlled."

Mrs. Haskins was too much overcome to reply. Mr. Haskins said slowly: "We have no objection to getting some information about spirits an' things, only we don't like to hear you holler quite so loud."

And then Harvey spoke.

"That does not always happen, father. It is only because she is in a new place and under new conditions."

"I am tired. I will go now, but I will come again and be a light unto your path"; and Eunice sank back in a very limp condition.

Mr. Haskins retired and left them sitting there, but Mrs. Haskins waited to see Eunice "come to," which she presently did without any apparent bad effect; and after a little discussion all retired.

CHAPTER III. Isles of Clay.

The morning dawned bright and cheerily, and with the new day there was an arrival.

The lumbering old stage stopped at the door to leave Mildred Symonds, Mr. Haskins's niece. Mildred had recently become an orphan, and it had been decided she should make her home with her uncle. There was a movement of welcome on the part of the family directly.

"Oh, Uncle Rufus! I am so glad to get here!"

Mr. Haskins suddenly found himself possessed of an armful of daintiness, made up of slender form, a fair face, clear blue eyes, and a pair of little hands that clung nervously to his.

"I'm right glad to have ye here, Millie. Come right in, you poor, tired child, an' get warm!"

Mildred entered the door so hospitably opened to her, to receive an equally warm greeting from Mrs. Haskins, and a cousinly one from Harvey. And then she turned to take another extended hand. Eunice's lips spoke a welcome, but her eyes—what was the language they expressed?

Millie hesitated, and drew back a little as she met those shining black orbs. They expressed an instantaneous dislike, and she feared that Eunice and herself would not soon become friends.

The evening passed in listening to Millie's relation of various occurrences since they had met.

A few days passed before there was any allusion to the strange event of the advent of the Indian chief.

They were all sitting together one stormy afternoon. Mr. Haskins began the conversation:

"So you call all those queer doings Spirit-ualism, do you?"

Harvey looked up quickly. He laid aside his paper, preparing to give his undivided attention to the subject which, he felt impressed, had been in their minds for several days.

"Yes, some of it, I suppose," he replied.

"What is Spiritism, anyway? An' what is it good for after you get it?" asked Mr. Haskins.

"Father, I am glad you have asked that question," said Harvey. "I have been wanting to talk to you about it ever since I came. There is a great deal to be said on the subject," and he faced squarely about toward his step-father, a man for whom he had great respect and affection.

"In the first place I am aware this subject has not been presented to you in its most favorable light, so far as Eunice is concerned," and Harvey flushed a little as he remembered the disturbance of that evening. "I will tell you what I think of it. So far as I understand anything about it, it is to me a good, happy, helpful belief."

Harvey's voice became emotional as he continued:

"I tell you, father, it is something to those who have to push about in the world, miss a great many high aims, and lose their loved by death, to be able to believe this world is not all of life, that there is another life than this, where they may again behold those dearest to them, and have the chance to attain to something of that which the work and cares of the world cause them to miss in this."

Harvey paused a moment, and Mr. Haskins replied slowly:

"I have always believed in immortality, if that's what you mean; but that ain't Spiritism, is it?"

"Yes, a part of it," said Harvey. "But Spiritism gives us something more than you have described. It gives us some knowledge of what we may expect to do during eternity."

"When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shining as the sun, We've no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first begun."

Mrs. Haskins quoted with a strong emphasis on every other syllable. Harvey smiled as he recalled the old-time hymn.

[To be continued.]

LONGFELLOW'S CREED.

My work is finished; I am strong In faith and hope and charity; For I have written the things I see. The things that have been and shall be, Conscious of right, not fearing wrong, Because I am in love with Love, And the sole thing I hate is Hate. For Hate is death, and Love is life, A peace, a splendor from above; And Hate a never-ending strife, A smoke, a blackness from the abyss Where unclean serpents creep and hiss! Love is the Holy Ghost within. Hate is the unpardonable sin. Who preaches otherwise than this Betrays his master with a kiss.

People with hair that is continually falling out, or those that are bald, can stop the falling and get a good growth of hair by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

[Continued from first page.]

to society and the nation the best that is within it, because every individual life will be held responsible for his or her portion of the human safety in society. Thus the force in the world of Spiritualism throws a distinctly upon the basis of your individually out-working of the best and highest that is within you. What is the message that spirits invariably bring when you ask, are you in heaven? No. Are you in hell? No, not the theological hell. What is your condition? Just the condition that I have made for myself. On this one message hinges the hope of the rising humanity of the world. In the condition that I have made for myself, my heaven or my hell must be within.

So your republic, your society, the welfare of humanity, must be that each individual is taught to live up to the highest and best that are within. If you can be forgiven for an offense you will repeat it every day, and pay for your forgiveness if necessary; if you can be condoned at the last moment then will your lives be thoughtless, believing that at the last moment some one will be responsible for your wrong-doing; but if every individual works out his or her own salvation with fear and trembling, with the consciousness of human weakness, but aware that strength will come from within and above, then society has a better basis and the world will grow stronger.

We do not choose to blame Christianity for the fruits that have been sown and gathered in its name. Jesus said, however, "I come not to bring peace but the sword," because he knew what would be done under the name of his religion, and he knew how the spirit of it would be slain by the letter a thousand times. But let us ask you now if the Golden Rule had really been practiced, if the Sermon on the Mount had been the only creed, would Christendom have reaped the harvest of bloodshed and desolation and ruin? Of prisons, charnel houses and churches? By no means! Try it to-day; let human society be governed by each doing that which you wish others shall do and express for and to you, and to-day the world would be redeemed without another effort. Let this be tried anywhere, in any society, in any family, in any small community—as among the Shakers, among the few who followed George Fox and the Quakers, among the physical non-resistants, and you will find a little piece of that millennium you so earnestly seek.

But Spiritualism does not set people away by themselves and say, "Now we are going to have a little kingdom of heaven here"; any one who has attempted this has always been forgotten. You are having a small epidemic now of "Messiahs" and leaders of that kind who want to set a few apart from their fellows and say, "Now this shall be the kingdom of heaven, and the outpouring of the spirit will descend upon us." But nobody knows anything about it, and Messiah, community or society alike pass into oblivion. No doubt there are prophecies of some future time when the people of the world shall be able to live in peace.

Spiritualism comes into your lives, not to take you away from the world that you may be saved, but to save you right here in it. Let your light shine in it; let the light of Spiritualism pervade it, until it "leavens the whole lump" with the renovating power of the spirit.

It is wonderful the work that Spiritualism is performing. Aside from the crudities, the discords, sometimes contentions and imperfections, see what it is doing! Death is robbed of one-half its terror, ay, nine-tenths of its terror, among Spiritualists. Very many of the terms which you used to express the transition from one life to another are forgotten. The minister stands up in his pulpit serenely announcing the departure to spirit-life of the dearly beloved one. He uses more comforting terms in speaking of the transition. You never hear the horrible things said in connection with death that you used to. People do not sing, "Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound," as they did fifty years ago.

As a moving force in the world Spiritualism has conquered death, because it is here with the evidence of life immortal. As a moving force it places itself side by side with the great powers of spiritual revelations in past time, and says, while that was true in those days, while it was the outpouring of the spirit then, you do not go to Jacob's well, nor yet to the mountain, nor yet to Jerusalem, to worship, any more than they did or should in the time of Jesus.

Your shrine is here and now. This sunshine poured out upon the world to-day is for your use; that which shone upon ancient Egypt was just as good; it was a portion of light from the same fountain; it overflowed from the great urns of light in yonder central orb just the same as it does to-day; but no one asks you to bask in the sunshine of Egypt and be satisfied; no one asks you to drink of the waters of those ancient streams and quench your thirst; but the inspiration of to-day is for you; the sunshine of this hour is yours, the fresh air and leaves on the trees, and the voice of God in nature and the voice of God in all ministering spirits. This is why it is of value to you; just as much as you make it a portion of your lives, just as much as it is a part of your exalted affections; so let the fruitage be in the inheritance of peace and good-will and fraternity among the nations of the earth.

We do not think the world is ready for the full adoption of spiritual truth. We do not think all can yet come into a knowledge of its highest and divinest meaning; but it is so simple that any child may hear the rap and know it is a voice from the other world; it is so grand that any poet may sing the song of the communion with the skies and exalt humanity thereby. We know that the fruits of Spiritualism must be the fruitage of every fair tree of knowledge that the human spirit yields. We know that the spirit within you, the animating force of your life, will reach out in all the different avenues of thought and gather all the treasures that are to be found; we know that in all social and moral propositions, in all that concerns the welfare of society and of the State and of the world, you will consider that the whole world is greater than your country; that your country is greater than your State; and your State is greater than your county; that your county is greater than your township or village; that Spiritualism will teach you to do that which is for the benefit of the whole world of humanity as your fellow-beings; and if it does not this, then it does nothing, for the greatest of statesmen said: "My country is the world, my countrymen all mankind."

While preparing a comfortable resting place for the oppressed and down-trodden of every nation, see to it that your Spiritualism includes all nations and people, and all the world, and all souls, and a religion of philosophy that is

broad enough, deep enough, high enough to reach every soul within God's universe, and is able to uplift and strengthen humanity to the uttermost.

Meanwhile the lily that grows in yonder lake or the leaf upon the tree absorbs such portion of the sunshine as is needed for the individual growth, never attempting to run away with the rest of the sunshine that others may not use it. Let all the inspiration flow freely, and flow through the several appointed ways that Spiritualism has brought, remembering that the smallest words and simplest utterances, the manifestations that seem to be most child-like, may bear the message of immortal life and comfort to some sorrowing heart.

We cannot contrast the fruits of Spiritualism with the fruits of Christianity. The bitter salt sea fruits of theology have had their day. We are coming unto the Eden-time when we gather all the first fruits from Jesus, Buddha, Zoroaster and the rest; it will be left to you to decide what the fruits shall be in this fair garden of the angels' planting; when the centuries shall roll away may no ambitious men seek to use it to serve their own ends, thinking that a little ray of truth may represent the whole, and endeavor to crystallize it into a creed or dogma. Heaven forbid that ever that time should come when there shall be crystallized a creed that shall be called Spiritualism. For it is as broad as the ether's arching dome of this perfect heaven, as bright and as resplendent as the glory of yon unimprisoned sun, as ethereal as those floating clouds, that seem like arcoses of light laden with angelic messages, as wonderful and deep as the depths of the sea or the human spirit. Let Spiritualism be the one unimprisoned sunlight of the soul, the one broad expanse of illimitable eternity, the one deep and everlasting voice of God's love and angelic ministry to man. You will then reap such fruitage as angels will gather in the gardens of Paradise, not far away beyond time and sense, but here in the paradise of a renovated, redeemed and glorified humanity, that shall clasp hands with the angels and gather the fruit of the Eden-tree of immortal life.

Spiritualist Camps.

Queen City Park, Vt.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

August 28th.—In the afternoon J. Clegg Wright addressed an interested audience, speaking on "Hallucinations and Clairvoyance." He was followed by Mr. Wignin, who gave very satisfactory tests, a lady from Wisconsin receiving one which illumined her pathway made shadowy by the death or departure of nearly her entire family. Precious, indeed, are the comforts brought to mourners in this day and age.

Mr. Clegg Wright, a well-known character reader, improving the occasion to impart a great deal of useful information. His purpose is to educate, and he does not fall in his object.

Saturday, Aug. 27th.—The regular address of the day was given in the afternoon by the Ladies Aid Society might have the hall in the afternoon for its Annual Fair. Mr. R. H. Kneeshaw gave the address, in which he expressed many practical thoughts. He prefaced his lecture with an exquisite poem from Shelley. Mr. Kneeshaw speaks under inspiration, and quite rapidly. His effort was well received, as indicated by the applause accorded him at its close.

The fair was opened at 4 p. m., and continued through the evening. It was well attended and patronized by every class of the community. The ladies, constant and untiring through the season, to advance a great cause, are worthy of the highest commendation. Without such assistance the Association would not stand upon the solid foundation it does to-day.

Sunday, Aug. 28th.—The day, though a little cool in the morning, has been favorable. A goodly audience assembled in the hall in the forenoon. After a fine session by the choir, Mr. Wignin, Dr. E. A. Smith, introduced Mrs. Shelhamer-Longley, favorably known to the readers of the BANNER OF LIGHT, as the speaker of the morning. She spoke upon "The Needs of the Hour," and emphasized the necessity of every one taking his own part in the work of the world. Her address was well received, and the ministrations of Dr. Clegg and others soon restored the gentleman, when Mrs. Longley availed herself of the occasion to speak of the love and sympathy which go with a magnetic and healing force, in the hour of need. Her remarks, kind and helpful, were subject in a pleasing, practical way.

While some may be and are a law unto themselves, there is need of statute law to hold in subjection such as otherwise might override the rights and privileges of others. The spiritual man, needs no law, no restrictions, and the existence of legal law is no burden or offense to him. The germ of the primitive man was touched by a higher and spiritual power, and he became developed; came up step by step to a higher conception of God. We see truth only in parts, detachments. We need to read books; we need to come in contact with others, to exchange experience for experience. The address was well received, and the audience was well favored the audience with a choice selection of music.

In the afternoon one of the largest audiences of the season met in the hall. Mr. Wright spoke on "The Pleasures of Spiritual Culture." His lecture covered a wide field, and the poor and the rich, the old and the young, the ignorant and the educated, the selfish and the unselfish, all were drawn to the help, were considered quite fully. The exhortation of high interest on loans, secured through the necessities of another, received a scathing rebuke. He said that the poor man would be drawn into the outer world with nothing—would go there a lump-backed spirit. Spiritualism came to teach the necessity of philanthropic work, and not to do any whitewashing. Justice and kindness should be the great forces of the world. It is to reach out to the soul to do a kindness. You gain no growing pleasure from any form of revenge. Civilization can never be built on destructiveness. Nothing tends to eternal happiness but the exercise of love and the doing of exact justice.

My duties and distance from the speaker forbid my giving a suitable report of the address, as of all others. Prof. Longley sang a piece, after which Mr. Wignin gave many tests in connection with the reading of sealed letters. The session was a lengthy one, but the large audience were pleased to remain to the end.

In the evening Mr. Wright gave a lecture on "Mediumship," following it with character-readings. The writer was unable to be present, being obliged to get this hastily written report ready for the morning's mail.

Four weeks have now passed, and the interest continues good. A. E. S., Sec'y.

Grand Testimonial

AND PRESENTATION AT QUEEN CITY PARK.

[Specially Reported for the Banner of Light.]

On the evening of Monday, Aug. 29th, a grand testimonial was tendered to Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith—the well-known and popular spiritual lecturer, and wife of Dr. E. A. Smith, President of the Queen City Park Association—by the campers and visitors at Queen City Park camp-ground. The occasion which brought the large assembly together, and which occurred in the spacious parlors of the hotel, was that of publicly presenting to the Association a life-size portrait of Mrs. Smith, which had been executed by Mrs. J. Clegg Wright.

The meeting was opened and conducted by Mr. Hubbard of the board of directors, who introduced Dr. E. A. Smith, the general President of the Association. Dr. Smith, in a few happy remarks, stated that one year ago Mrs. Clegg Wright had brought and presented as a personal gift to the Association the finely-executed portrait in oil of himself—Dr. Smith, in his massive gift frame, also the gift of Mrs. Wright, adorns the wall of the hotel parlor. At that time, so pleased were the members at the generosity of the gift and at the fidelity to likeness which the artist had portrayed in her work that the subject of securing a portrait of Mrs. Smith, which would be a fitting tenance and form of Mrs. Smith was mooted among them. The cost of such a portrait was announced would be about fifty dollars, and after contributions had been gathered the result proved to be about \$100. Mrs. Clegg Wright, and the artist, the picture should be produced—she herself contributing the work, which would make up the required amount. This year, on their annual visit to the camp, Mr. and Mrs. Wright brought with them a fine oil portrait of Mrs. Smith, handsomely framed, and in every respect the companion piece to that of the speaker, Dr. Smith, which the Association was now called upon to receive and to acknowledge.

Dr. Clegg Wright, then introduced Mrs. Smith to the Association in the name of his talented wife, whose faithful brush and tender heart had so

carefully wrought upon the canvas the lines and lineaments of a face beloved by all. Mr. Wright said that he believed in the encouragement and in the cultivation of art. He thought that camp-meetings should be held by the producers of art as well as of nature, and he would like to see the highest and best of art and genius, that those who assemble in them may find inspiration and instruction from the contemplation of those contributions to the development of woman, in the refinement of her natural capacities. He thought that she should give every opportunity to cultivate and express the mental ability and the artistic genius of her nature. And so he had encouraged Mrs. Smith to devote her practice, her artistic gifts in the direction of painting and music, but also to study and perfect herself in the department of medicine, that she might bring out all that was within her soul and become a benefactor to her kind.

It would be impossible to give even a synopsis of the eloquent remarks of Mr. Wright without the stenographer's aid, but it is needless to say they were received with the greatest applause by the attentive throng. At the conclusion of Mr. Wright's address, the Chairman stated that as Mrs. Smith in her endeavored condition—the result of a dangerous illness two years ago—did not feel equal to say anything in public, although she was present, and deeply appreciated the occasion with the love and sympathy which she brought to her, she should call on Mrs. Abbie W. Crockett, a prominent member of the Association, and a well-known platform worker, to speak for Mrs. Smith. Mrs. Crockett stated that she could not express the deep love and gratitude which Mrs. Smith felt for the help and toward her many friends, nor could she frame the tender sentences and beautiful language which Mrs. Smith would express could she give voice to her emotions, and therefore she would attempt to do so. Mrs. Crockett then proceeded to deliver a brief but earnest address of delicate construction and earnest thought, which went to the depths of every soul present and seemed to bring the glory of the work of Mrs. Smith very vividly, receiving the gift from Mrs. Wright and the friends in behalf of the Q. C. P. Association.

Dr. Smith then called attention to the crayon of "Mother Webb" upon the wall, mentioning the grand traits of character which this woman had embodied. He had ever displayed toward the Spiritualists of Vermont, and in his daily life, and stating that he would not be satisfied until a companion picture of Mrs. Webb, whom all the campers love, hung by its side. And here Mrs. Webb arose, and in a few words it was decided that a crayon portrait of Mrs. Webb should be secured, and a contribution toward paying the expense of the same was taken up.

The chairman of the Association, Mr. C. P. Longley, then spoke of the departed members whose names are honored in our hearts and whose features linger in the memory of each one, and as he enumerated them he said he hoped to see the time when a picture of each should be hung in the hall.

Dr. Gould, Judge Crockett, Mr. Williams, Mr. Stanley, Mr. Usher and Mr. Webb, of the board of officers, were all mentioned by Dr. Smith among those who ought to be heard on this occasion, but as most of these gentlemen were unable to be present, they would have to dispense with their remarks. Dr. Fowler of Boston and Mr. Williams of Utica, N. Y., responded to a call with fitting and inspiring words, each paying tribute to the life-work and character of Mrs. Smith in glowing words. Mrs. Webb then offered a contribution to the exercises an enthusiastic and thoughtful speech, and also a rendition of that beautiful song, "I Live for Those who Love Me," which was heartily received.

Mrs. M. I. Longley of Boston said she had come as a stranger within the gates, but she had found the surroundings of this spot, and so harmonious the spiritual atmosphere of the camp, that she already felt at home, and hoped to be adopted into the hearts of the spiritual workers and sisters who were gathered to Queen City Park. Mrs. Longley then spoke feelingly of the great, good work performed through many years of faithful service in the name of Spiritualism and of humanity by Fannie Davis Smith, paying a tender tribute to the dear soul whose work she had contributed so frail, but whose spirit shines through the clouds with the immortal lustre of hope and love. Dr. Smith responded by saying that all who loved the BANNER OF LIGHT would be happy to adopt Mrs. Longley into their hearts and homes.

Mrs. Mary Gridley, the well-known psychometrist of Brooklyn, N. Y., followed with an eloquent speech concerning the BANNER OF LIGHT and its course; also in relation to the works of Mrs. Webb, who had wrought yeoman service in the cause of Spiritualism, and depicted in choice terms the love and greeting which angel co-workers and guides brought to Mrs. Smith in that joyful hour. The audience, led by C. W. Sullivan, then sang, "There Are Angels Hovering Round," and Dr. Colburn told how he and his friends had been encouraged and blessed in their work by the sympathy and counsel of Mrs. Smith.

Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing, who had just arrived from Sunapee, made one of her ever so interesting and eloquent speeches, speaking of the pictures that hang on memory's wall, and giving expression to many lovely thoughts; Chas. W. Sullivan responded to his name in earnest words and cordial sentiments that were warmly received. Mr. Sullivan then offered to donate to the Association a fine collection of pictures in his possession of many of the prominent workers in our ranks, also a crayon portrait of some of our public leaders—an offer which was enthusiastically received with elastic applause. Dr. Smith stated that the Queen City Park Association was based upon the principles of harmony and of spiritual truth, and he hoped it would ever remain so. He believed in making this association strong to live and to do good works, and it was his intention to make over all the stock owned by himself in this Park to the Association, that it might remain in the hands of the Spiritualists for useful work after he had passed to the higher life. The speaker then hoped other stockholders would follow his remarks were highly appreciated. A unanimous call for C. P. Longley to sing one of his spiritual songs brought that gentleman to the organ to sing, "We'll All Meet Again in the Morning Land," to the manifested approval of all.

The occasion was one of the happiest known in the social experiences of Spiritualists, and gave evidence of the concord and sympathy existing between the members and officers, and also the visitors at Queen City Park.

Onset-Lake Sunapee-Queen City

BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

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Banner of Light.

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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.

Another Leaf Turned.

Again, and for the seventy-second time, the BANNER OF LIGHT this week opens a new Volume. The inauguration of THE BANNER, as recently stated by us, was under the auspices of a band of spirits, who deliberately made choice of the corps of mortals to be summoned to cooperate with them in their intended work, and who declared as the future title of the paper THE BANNER OF LIGHT. This inauguration by the spirits occurred in consequence of the assurance on their part that the heavens were again to be opened, and their spiritual influences were to descend upon mortal life in greatly increased measure to affect its future destiny.

Under the authoritative direction of spirits, Benjamin Franklin, William E. Channing and others, THE BANNER was issued and the SPIRIT MESSAGE DEPARTMENT established. The first issue of the paper was on April 11th, 1857, and its issue has been uninterruptedly continued save during four weeks in November, 1872, when its office was wholly destroyed by the great fire.

THE BANNER has, in this period of thirty-five years, witnessed the appearance and disappearance of many professedly spiritualistic papers, some of them energized and expanded with the true spirit, while others, mercenary and malignant in their character, have invited the fate that has overtaken them. It is not for us to sit in judgment upon any, yet the occasion warrants our repeated assertion that THE BANNER has proceeded in its destined path, exercising charity toward offenders and the unworthy, and striving ever for the harmonious and happy fulfillment of the designs of the invisibles upon the affairs of mortals.

Nevertheless, it is as essential to the final success of those designs that the tares should be pulled out from the growing wheat as it was when the Master pronounced the sowing of them to be the work of the enemy. Right culture demands the radical separation, at some time or another, of the two opposing growths. The widespread and marvelous development of mediumistic powers naturally furnished the opportunity for good and bad spirits alike to return and impress mortals. And unfortunately, as human judgments go, the evil influences have actively wrought with the good, to confuse temporarily, though certain to be themselves confounded in the end.

But it was positive, not merely negative, work to which THE BANNER was called by the spirit-world. It was not appointed to exercise the censor's office in this or in any other matters, but rather to advance along its chosen pathway and proclaim to the world the broad and living fact of spirit-communion with the dwellers of earth, and exhibit the constant illustration of the blessed truths it inculcates. It has striven to be the active medium of communication between the two worlds, and the ready and free interpreter of the messages conveyed. Confident of results in this unceasing employment, its work has been mainly creative rather than critical, seeking to abound in teachings rather than in warnings. Its managers have steadily believed in the power of truth to make its way among men, in despite of the machinations of jealousy and the drawbacks of selfishness.

They have from the first felt the inspiration of the summons to them to take up the work that was waiting to their hand. It has confessedly been a work of self-abnegation, of enmities without and within, of the suppression

of self for the sake of the cause of truth, of doubt and contumely; but it has richly repaid us in the reflection that it was being done under angelic guidance and with spirit companionship, and that it was for the deepest and highest good of those for whom it was undertaken. What though some fell away from our side, and entered the hostile camp because unfitted to remain in that of the invisibles who invited their cooperation, there was all the more need of inflexible constancy on the part of those with whom visible responsibility rested. The evils of defection are sure to be felt everywhere and at all times. We knew that the call to us came from the angel-world, and that what it commanded was by some hands to be performed.

So that all apparent inharmonies promise to eventuate in the greater good, and what seems hostility and treachery will in the end work favorably for the Cause we all ought to love. It was not to be expected, nor indeed was it promised, that there should be no struggle, considering the warring elements which always beset the introduction of a great truth. It is as true now as it has ever been that mankind loves its flatterers more than its benefactors. Perfect concert of action is hardly to be hoped for in even the holiest and highest of causes, in this age of the world. Nevertheless, a knowledge of it is spreading widely and rapidly. It has acquired a momentum that sends it forward of itself where it was once carried with exertion and difficulty.

The world is assuredly awakening to the meaning of the New Truth—new yet old as creation. The spirit-world has come to mingle with the world of mortals, to illumine their thoughts, expand their vision, enlarge and ennoble their lives, and qualify them by its closer contact and companionship for a higher and purer life. Is not a truth like this of inestimable worth to every individual soul?

Suppressed Songs.

Protesting against the practice of huddling together in the closest possible contact, and without any distinction, convicted prisoners and those under arrest and constraint, and not yet proved guilty, a writer in the Washington Star proceeds to make the propriety of their separation apparent. And in order the better to illustrate the hardships attendant upon prison life, he relates a single and simple incident.

On a certain superlatively beautiful morning recently, the fragrance of the new-mown hay in a certain jail-yard seemed to inspire all the prisoners with one common thought, one universal yearning for the free sun and air of heaven. Along all the corridors, from out the close cells, as if from the animation of a common impulse, arose the low, half-suppressed hum of voices in song. Every prisoner seemed to feel the benign influence of God's beautiful handiwork about him in sky and air, field and tree. Every heart seemed attuned to song, and all the songs were plaintively suggestive of some unsatisfied longing.

One voice, a girl's, fearful in its smothered sadness, seemed to echo the soft refrain of the dove, as the notes of "My Old Kentucky Home" floated forth from her lips. Another voice poured out in touching tenderness the air of "Down on the Farm." Another prisoner sang with a pathos the listener confessed he had never known before, "Oh for a Closer Walk with God," as if there was a soulful longing for a closer communion with the purer spirits, the guardian angels of the world to come. With similar feelings, another was humming "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Still another plaintively sang "I would not live away." Altogether it was a scene and sound never to be forgotten. One moment thus spent does more to purify the heart, reform the evil nature, and sow the seeds of good resolves, than weary months of punishment in the loneliness of a cell.

But even this poor solace of humming an air that wafted from the vanished years of childhood, one fond memory of a better life, was denied the songful prisoners. The gruff, harsh voice of a profane "trustee" was soon heard, commanding the prisoners to "knock off that noise." A dead silence at once fell on all. But it seemed to be not the silence of a willing acquiescence, but of despair. As if it were too great a lightening of punishment to let the prisoners have a morning and an evening hour to sing or hum the songs that reach the heart and restore for the time the severed communion with all that is brightest and best, purest and noblest in their lives—lives too often darkened by sin and want, suffering and sorrow.

It is enough for a tender heart and loving nature to be shut out from the free sun and air, to see no more the tender light in the tear-dimmed eyes of loved ones, to hear no more the soft words that thrill the soul, to feel no more the magnetic touch of hands outstretched in sympathy, to feel athwart the heart the fell shadow of humiliation and disgrace, often unmerited, and to see, day by day, the sands of a brief existence swiftly pouring from the upper to the lower bulb of the hour-glass.

Then let us not be too severe on the unfortunate prisoner. If all other links that bind us to the sweet past must be broken, and the fading of life's dreams must finally come to his eyes, let us at least span the thickening twilight for him with a bridge, not of sighs merely, but of that unbidden song that tells to the sympathetic ear the tension of the heart-strings, as the notes of a harp show the strain upon its chords. It will do harm to no one, and who knows the good it may work, in the heart now and in the life hereafter.

What specially impresses the foregoing sketch, but briefly outlined, upon the sympathetic reader's heart, is the fact that it was written by a prisoner.

Re-opening of Our Free Circles.

As several people have already made inquiries at our counting-room to ascertain when the Banner Free Spiritual Circles commence for the season, it gives us pleasure to state that they will be resumed on Sept. 13th, and held every Tuesday and Friday afternoon during the usual term. The public is cordially invited. Flowers are solicited.

Mrs. S. S. Martin resumes her séances for materialization at No. 55 Rutland street, under the management of Mr. Geo. T. Albrow, Sunday, Sept. 13th. See advertisement.

The Way to Settle Labor Disputes.

"Labor Day" has just passed, and was widely and generally observed in this vicinity. In its light, we are led to consider for a moment the question of disputes between labor and capital, and the best means for their prevention or rectification.

The multiplying conflicts that beset industry constitute one of the very serious facts of our time. How to prevent, to alleviate, or to silence them, is a question fairly wrested from the uncertain and unsafe condition of affairs for which they are responsible. Arbitration opens one way out of the difficulty. But as things go it must be more than a merely voluntary act; it must be compulsory. Suppose, for instance, the State law compelled an appeal to a court of arbitration in cases where workmen are employed above a fixed number. Does any one question that it would terminate all differences about wage rates, compelling both sides to recede if necessary and obey the highest mandate?

If an employer or an employing corporation were to make a change in the scale of rates for wages with which a body of employees were dissatisfied, all they would have to do would be to summon the aid of legal arbitration. In case such a court should give a final decision that was unpalatable to the employers, it is not to be supposed that the latter would first defy an united public opinion and afterward the full strength of the civil power of the State. They would have to comply with the arbitration court's finding and make a concession, and the body of employees, having submitted their case, could not fail to be equally satisfied. Even if both sides should feel that there was reason for dissatisfaction, the dispute would be ended at any rate, and the threatened interruption to industry, with its attendant waste and suffering, would be obviated.

It is not to be disputed that powerful corporations, owning and operating large masses of property, have the workmen in their employ at an individual disadvantage. It is a fact that the very power which labor so largely creates is fast becoming the controlling superior of its creators. Hence not only the propriety but the necessity of the interposition of the State. When the individual, and he, too, the producing and wealth-creating individual, is notoriously in danger of being crushed by the competitive attrition, the supreme law in which resides the highest safety is manifestly justified in stepping in and offering its needed protection. Because the State, on which the last reliance is placed for the protection of life and property and the preservation of order, has the largest interest of all at stake. It undeniably possesses rights in the matter that are deserving of the most serious consideration. The recent troubles, socially as well as industrially, with the very great expense entailed to the tax-payers, might easily have been escaped if a law as above outlined had existed. Compulsory arbitration would have adjusted the dispute and saved all the ensuing cost.

There would then be no more screening of themselves by great corporations behind their corporate privileges. If they did not like the new statute of arbitration, neither would they be forced to adopt the advantages offered by incorporation. They would be obliged to recognize in full those individual rights and claims of labor to which they are now too much inclined to pay an indifferent attention or turn a deaf ear. And the State, that is, the whole people, would retain and maintain the supremacy.

More Indian Schools.

The Colonist, of British Columbia, advocates the cultivation of new principles in the general system of dealing with Indians in Canada, and especially the education of the Indian children. It points with satisfaction to the Indian schools of the United States, in which at the present time over five thousand pupils are undergoing the necessary training for industrial vocations, while six or seven thousand more are being prepared at the usual government boarding-schools. Surely, remarks The Colonist, this is a great work, affording unlimited scope to the hearty, intelligent and humane efforts of those who have official supervision of the Indians; and it congratulates the Dominion government upon its first attempt to educate Indians on the industrial plan, the result of long years of urging. But it insists that more schools should be established as rapidly as circumstances permit. And it regards it as essential that different lines of work be taught. Practical instruction in scientific dairy, stock, fruit, or general farming, the various mechanical trades, fish-canning, or a knowledge of best utilizing the diverse products of sea, of mines, and other resources most applicable individually or in the district where the training school is located, it is thought should be particularly provided for. It advocates for the Indians of British Columbia an act by which the educated Indian may be insured an opportunity to use his acquired skill and intelligence. Although such a policy might be fraught with difficulty, it would nevertheless be possible.

The First Society of Spiritualists of New York City, under the auspices of President H. J. Newton, will commence regular Sunday meetings Sept. 11th, at Carnegie Hall—entrance on 87th street—with Mr. Walter Howell as speaker for September and October.

The Sunday morning subjects will be left open, the evening topics are as follows: Sept. 11th, "Our Attitude Toward Christianity," Sept. 18th, "What is Our Religion?" Sept. 25th, "Is a Reconciliation between Science and Religion Possible?" Oct. 2d, "Christ Sought and Found," Oct. 9th, "Marriage Here and Hereafter," Oct. 16th, "Skepticism as an Aid to Human Progress," Oct. 23d, "Is the Voice of Conscience an Infallible Guide?" Oct. 30th, "The Need of Moral Inspiration."

Mrs. Emma Hardinge Britten, editor of the *Unseen Universe*, desires us to state that she will not receive any more "half-paid" letters, as correspondents are in the habit of submitting her frequently to a tax she does not wish to pay. Parties in England are supposed to know the letter rates of their own country—while transatlantic writers are reminded that letter postage to England is five cents per half-ounce.

Mrs. A. S. Haynes will please accept the thanks of the publishers for her successful efforts in obtaining subscribers to THE BANNER. An example we hope others interested in a dissemination of the truths of Spiritualism will follow.

The publication of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* is continued by the widow, Mrs. Mary E. Bundy.

Asiatic Invasion of American Industry.

In vigorously combating the protest of Mr. Channing Burnes against the exclusion of aliens from American soil, in *The Twentieth Century*, Mr. Edward J. Leavitt states what is momentarily true when he says that "there are causes too numerous to mention that are swiftly forcing us to the European and Asiatic level of poverty and misery—the land and all our splendid resources are swiftly passing into the hands of a few. Improved machinery has strengthened capital at the expense of labor—by reducing the labor market to the minimum, and in the near future we bid fair to become a nation of masters, servants, and beggars. Already the great majority are disinherited from the soil, they have no legal right to one foot of another earth, and in all this vast domain there is little land worth taking to be got. The great question of industrial emancipation clamors to be resolved, and upon that solution depends the lasting weal or woe of this great race."

Then he proceeds to describe the Chinese situation with respect to our own. A nation, he says, of four hundred million people on the further shores of the Pacific, whose main question for thousands of years has been how to evade from day to day the grim specters of famine and death, who have learned the grim lesson of poverty so well that six of them will live in comparative luxury upon what one American laborer demands and receives, cunning and persistent, servile and thoroughly saturated with superstition and vice, without the remotest conception of the meaning of the words liberty, equity and justice, and each one of whom is but a human machine to take the place of an American laborer and his family.

He defends the action of the people of California, who believed that a nation of American workmen, with their families and happy homes and their temples of education, their sturdy manhood, their sympathies and affections, their love of liberty, justice and purity, was far preferable to a nation of white plutocrats and yellow slaves. He thinks that before long the American people will fully realize the danger they are passing through, and that the measure which forms the effective barrier against "this oncoming tide of yellow scum" will rank with the emancipation which shattered the shackles on the slaves.

The contention is made for the industrial question that China, by the mere force of numbers and the Mongolian capacity to live upon little, could utterly crush the industrial masses of America, and that to-day only two things prevent it: first, the superstition cherished by immigrant Chinamen that their bodies must be buried in Chinese soil upon pain of eternal torment; and, second, the restrictive measures adopted by the people of the Pacific coast in the exercise of their indisputable right of self-protection. He regards it as but wild folly to talk of the "universal brotherhood of man," in the face of this threatened Asiatic invasion. We will not, he concludes, yield our country and our future to barbarians for sentimental considerations.

Ocean Worship on Sunday.

A local daily, speaking of the rapidly increasing numbers that make a summer-day's excursion to Nantasket Beach, that cooling-off place of resort which is to Boston what Coney Island is to New York, remarks that on Sundays it simply overflows with the number of those who visit it for the sake of recreative rest. Nantasket Beach is the glory of our Massachusetts coast in its free service for the people at large. The excursion itself is so cheap, too, that there are very few who cannot afford it at least once in a season. Especially is the beach on which the ocean tides roll in with unwearied regularity, a place to find refreshing coolness during this usually hot month of September.

How bigoted and narrow, in view of the great good it bestows on the multitude, appears the action and spirit of the Sunday League of the ministers, who would deny them the sorely needed restoration which this only day in the seven furnishes; surely the ministers cannot expect to gain converts for their own proclamation in this way. It requires more than a proclamation from a pulpit, or from any number of them, to drive people off from what is rightly theirs and what they chiefly need, so long as the general health is helped to be preserved, and the general tone of morality in consequence.

The Trial by Newspaper.

Many people might be led to think the trial by jury was practically being superseded by trial by newspaper. The tragedy at Fall River affords another illustration of the tendency in that perilous direction. No stone is left unturned that will help to create a prejudice in the public mind that will make subsequent trial by unprejudiced and impartial men an impossibility.

Newspapers are wholly outside of their legitimate sphere that, in acting the part of voluntary detectives for the sake of gaining more readers, virtually judge and condemn beforehand those whom they assume to be criminals. It is no part of their business, because they are competitors as news gatherers, to attempt to corrupt and destroy justice as it is supposed to be meted out to high and low equally. The giving of all the minutest details in a criminal matter is sickening enough, but the growing practice of accusing, trying, convicting and condemning persons in advance is an outrage to which no vigorous public sentiment will quietly submit.

The Moral Law.

Whenever the material supersedes the spiritual, then disaster to mortality ensues. Then come war, pestilence and famine. It is inevitable. It is the result of the disobedience of the universal law of infinite justice. When mortals come to comprehend this law, then all these terrible catastrophes will cease. Not till then. The great study of humanity to-day is to repel these disasters when they threaten the lives of the community. They had much better in the first place study natural law, and conform to it, and then they would have no occasion to apply a remedy.

Mrs. Richmond at Onset.

We give our readers this week a fine report of a sterling discourse delivered at the Onset Bay (Mass.) Camp-Ground, by the guides of this gifted worker for the Cause. It cannot fail of doing a good work among those who weigh, in the right spirit, its reflective sentences.

We shall print in the next number of THE BANNER a full report of the public reception given to Mrs. Wallace of New York, in London, during her recent visit to England.

Mars has the Elements!

Are there sentient beings on Mars—people, it may be, something like those of Earth? asks the Hartford, Ct., *Weekly Times*. The planet has an atmosphere. This is shown by its seas, its polar snows, its storms. It has also very notable divisions of seas and lands—oceans and continents. It has a summer and a winter corresponding to our own. If the planet is thus provided with the conditions of life so like Earth's that gave rise to the human race, why may not Mars also be inhabited? We believe it is, says *The Times*, and so says THE BANNER. Our Connecticut neighbor remarks in continuation:

"However that may be, Mars may even yet be, like our own globe, a green, verdurous, beautiful planet, and not an inconceivable red world. The basis for this idea is supplied by Professor Pickering, the Harvard astronomer, writing from his new observatory on the hills above the Peruvian port of Arequipa. It is his own discovery, and is nothing less than the unexpected disclosure that Mars is not in reality the red planet we have all supposed him to be, and which he certainly seems to be, to every eye on Earth, but is largely a green world."

Important, if True.

The latest information from Hamburg is to the effect that Professors Northnagel and Kahler have discovered a potent remedy against cholera. The treatment is neither more nor less than administering to the patients enemata of salt warm water. It is claimed by those who have followed this course of treatment that its result is marvelous. In some cases where the patients were in such a state of collapse that it was impossible to discern the pulse, recovery has followed the application of the enemata. All which is highly important, if true.

A beautiful rainbow spanned a portion of the heavens last Sunday evening when we left Onset Bay, at which place at least three thousand persons of culture listened to the grand lectures, the music and the sweet singing. Brother Colville, the grand orator, overdid even himself upon the rostrum. Was the rainbow symbolic of a successful season at Onset next summer? We so think.

Every reader of the present issue of THE BANNER should turn to the third page, and peruse the valuable letter of William Tebb, Esq., of England. His advice to American parents is to the point, and worthy of being reduced to practical action.

Flowers are solicited for our Free Circle-Room table, which room opens for the season on the afternoon of the 13th inst.

Vivisection in England.

We have before us the Seventeenth Annual Report of the Victoria Street Society of London, for the protection of animals from vivisection, united with the International Association for the total suppression of vivisection. It is full of timely and most interesting information. It appears that the present Act, instead of acting in restraint of cruelty and torture, absolutely promotes it. *The Zoophilist* is issued by the same society. In a report of a lecture in London by Dr. Berdoo, on the question whether vivisection advances the cause of science, the secrets of the torture chambers of science are detailed—the mutilations, the baking and boiling alive, the slow starvation, the injection of the veins with irritant poisons, the hooks in the heart-valves, the crucifixions, the vitriol burnings and the mangling of the brains. A medical man in reply asked how it was the doctors were all in favor of vivisection, and yet were the kindest of men. A Dr. Ruperts said that as we killed animals for food and hunted them for pleasure, it was plain that we might use them for medical research.

A NEW BRANCH OF LEARNING.—All sorts of devices have been invented for measuring force, but never before did we hear of one for measuring fatigue. A new chair has been set up in the curriculum of Yale University, called the chair of physiological psychology, to be filled by Prof. Scripture. The new branch of study is devoted to the discovery of everything that is wonderful in the make-up of our being. The experiments are conducted in a dark and noiseless room, with all sorts of novel instruments. For example, the Professor will take a student of base ball, foot ball and boat racing, and tell him just how tired he is. The machine used will register the exact degree of his tiredness. There is no chance for shamming. Pleading the worn old "tired feeling" will not work, when it will be so easy to get at the real fact with the help of this new and wonderful machine. A man cannot come home to his wife to tend to run the lawn-mower or even to tend the baby, without being liable to have his convenient plea tested by her with the help of this registering machine. The Professor will also be able to show that there are hot and cold places in spots all over us, which knowledge may prove serviceable in many ways. Harvard is appealed to not to be behind Yale in establishing the new chair of philosophy.

The Boston Sunday Herald, in speaking of that shining example of a thrifty religion, Mr. John Wanamaker, says:

The truly good Mr. Wanamaker has given Philadelphia theater managers something to talk about and to think over. The pious dispenser of gospel and dry-goods has openly warned the members of his congregation and the employees at his shop that he regards attendance at the theater with extreme abhorrence, and that no one who hopes to win his distinguished consideration, whether in the form of moral teachings or an advance of wages, may enter the temples of sin.

To which the Boston Investigator comments as follows:

Here is a boycott of a most contemptible kind. This would be saint not only assumes to know what is best for other people, but proposes to enforce his assumption to the injury of others. He strikes at the theaters; but, in doing this, he tramples upon the sacred rights of thousands of human beings who are probably just as good as he himself is. A man who insists upon having his way in morals may be just as irksome a tyrant as a man who insists upon having his way in government. Mr. Wanamaker, by taking this step, has forfeited the respect of every one but pious bigots.

The public schools have reopened after their two months' vacation, and thousands of children are attending them. But it is a somewhat notable fact at this time, when all means possible are being adopted to prevent the spread of cholera in our communities, that Boards of Health manifest no disposition to compel all healthy children, before they enter a public school, to be vaccinated with cholera virus, to protect them from an attack of that much dreaded disease. Yet for them to do so would be as consistent and as imperatively their duty as to adopt the same course in reference to smallpox.

George V. Cordingley of St. Louis had a fine séance for physical manifestations, materializations, etc., we are informed, at his rooms, No. 33 Hancock street, Boston, on Saturday evening last. The session was well attended, and the parties present were well satisfied with what they witnessed. He was to hold séances on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at his rooms, and will also have a séance there on Saturday evening next. He is willing to make arrangements with parties who desire séances held at their residences. Address him as above.

W. J. Colville is giving two courses of lectures in Boston on week days at 18 Huntington Avenue, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 p. m., Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 2:30 p. m. His address is 208 Dartmouth street.

Dr. Dumont O. Dake has returned from his vacation, and can be consulted at his offices, 231 West 42d street, New York City.

The Annual Harvest Festival will be held in the Onset Temple, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 17th and 18th.

NEWSY NOTES AND PITHY POINTS.

New is the time to subscribe for The Banner—the best paper in the world.

NOW AND THEN.
Why do poor mortals suffer many pains?
Because Kings "Gog and Magog" hold the reins!
Till the Diakka in this earthly life,
Whose constant aim is breeding daily strife,
Shall be consigned to shades where they belong,
Sin's mustering vermin will continue strong.
But powers of Light shall squelch the power of Dark!
And truthful souls yet sing like early lark!

DIARY.
A mine explosion, resulting in the loss of twenty-five lives, occurred Sept. 1st at Norange, in the province of Hainault, Belgium.

The Western Reserve, one of the largest and finest of the new steel steamers on the lakes, and valued at \$220,000, founded Aug. 30th on Lake Superior, twenty-eight persons being drowned.

HALE'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH. [Sept.]—Dr. Mary F. Russell is the writer of the opening paper, treating upon "Proper Food for Children." Of other instructive papers are "Science of Ventilation," "Poverty of the Blood," "Heat as a Remedial Agent," and a series of anatomical rhymes entitled "Something to Pick." New York: 340 W. 69th street.

Liberalism teaches human responsibility, says the *Leadville Herald-Democrat*, and that whatever man sows that shall he also reap. It donates the doctrine of atonement and forgiveness of sins. It teaches that our supreme duty here is to strive to make ourselves worthy of veneration and love by those we leave behind us, and worthy of reunion with the loved ones who have gone before us, and this world shall be a little better and brighter for our having lived in it.

SEPTEMBER.
Laden deep with fruitful cluster.
Then September, ripe and hale;
Bees about his basket fluster.
Laden deep with fruitful cluster.
Skies have now a softer lustre;
Barns resound to flap of fall.
—Austin Dobson.

Money "Syndicates" have it in contemplation to swallow the territory composing Onset Bay, where the Spiritualists hold their summer camp-meetings. But they are reckoning without their "host," as it can't be done. We warn the cottage-owners there not to dispose of a single inch of ground to non-Spiritualists, no matter what the price may be that is offered. Take warning in season, or King Mammon will obtain control to your detriment. The sooner you become a unit in the matter, the better it will be for your future prosperity in every respect.

An *Angell* recommends the use of sulphur placed in one's stockings in order to ward off the cholera scourge. But our Christian zealots doubt its efficacy, as that is supposed to be the ingredient with which sinners in the other world are everlastingly punished.

When fire occurs in a shoe-town many a workman loses his awl.

Do the authorities of Boston know that more than half the cellars of dwelling houses within the city limits are in an unclean condition—regular typhoid fever breeders. If nothing worse? If they do not, an examination will prove the fact.

At time of going to press, the venerable poet, John G. Whittier, was prostrated by disease, and no hopes were entertained of his recovery.

Labor Day celebration in Boston last Monday was a great success. No less than twenty thousand workers were in line.

Should the cholera plague get a footing in the State of Massachusetts, we consider it the imperative duty of the Health Commissioners to order the cremation of the remains of those whose cases end fatally.

Men are good, and men are bad;
Men are pleased, and men are mad;
Men with vanity profuse,
Who their better self abuse;
Men who think each medium fraud;
Men who swear there is no God.
This latter set, we fully know,
Spitter and fume with little show.

RECIPE FOR SCANDAL.—The following is said by those who claim to know to be a first-class recipe for the manufacture of a pure article of scandal:
Take a grain of falsehood, a handful of run about, the same quantity of nimble tongue, a sprig of herb backbite, a spoonful of don't you tell it, six drops of malice, a few drachms of envy; add a little discontent and jealousy, and strain through a bag of misconception; cork it up in a bottle of malevolence and hang it up in a skein of yarn; keep it in a hot atmosphere and shake it occasionally for a few days, and it will be fit for use. Let a few drops be taken before walking out and the desired result will follow.

The world is full of men who have things they want to sell for less than they paid for them.—*Achison Globe*.

What of it?
The man who got cheated out of his aspiration is now pooling his issues.

It is said there are three million young men of marriageable age in the United States, who neglect to provide themselves with wives, while there are double that number of young women waiting for proposals. If this thing goes on thusly, the girls will have to take up with old men, as some have already done, rather than die old maids.

Wed-lock is easily picked, don't yer know?

The Reading coal barons are an ungrateful set, as they are attempting to freeze out all competition.

The swiftest method to stamp out the cholera is to cremate all dead bodies, and the sooner the world understands this the better it will be for the living.

I have seen scores of parents, who tell me they honestly believe that their children have died from vaccination.—*P. A. Taylor, M. P.*

We have seen hundreds who have been ruined for life by being vaccinated.

Life is a weird and unseen path:
'Tis sometimes filled with happiness,
But often dimmed with wrath.
The purest love will turn to hate,
To mar our peace of mind,
Engendered by the demon, Fate,
That curse of human kind.

Capt. George W. Cressy, Treasurer of the Board of Trustees, has been elected Superintendent of the Massachusetts Soldiers' Home, to succeed the late Gen. James A. Cunningham.

A recent Haverhill, Mass., dispatch says Mrs. Potter, mother-in-law of Raphael St. Onge, became unconscious, did not move, and her flesh to all appearances slowly became ossified till she died. It is regarded by physicians as a very remarkable case.

Wisconsin, through its World's Fair board, has asked that May 22d, 1893, be designated as a "Wisconsin day" at the Exposition. That date is the forty-fifth anniversary of the admission of the State into the Union, and it desires to celebrate it in an appropriate manner at the Fair. It is expected that each State will have a day set apart upon which to monopolize public attention as far as possible.

George William Curtis, editor of *Harper's Weekly*, and advocate of civil service reform, died at West New Brighton (Staten Island), N. Y., Aug. 31st, aged sixty-eight years. His decease was caused by cancer of the stomach.

Rabbi Solomon Schindler is a publicist whose writings are always interesting and instructive, but he has touched high-water mark in his analysis of Nationalism in the September *New England Magazine*. It is the best exposition of the subject which has appeared in periodical literature.

The German Emperor was present at some experiments conducted at Meppen with a new twin gun, against armor plates. The idea is that by firing the guns simultaneously at one object, the crushing force of the two projectiles will be such that the stoutest armor must give way before such a shock.

VACATION RAMBLES.

BY GEORGE A. BACON.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

Accustomed for many years to make some kind of record, however brief, of my summer wanderings—probably more for my own satisfaction than for that of others—I send THE BANNER these hastily-prepared reminiscent notes.

Since Time was, the circling years keep up their eternal round. The seasons come and go with the regularity of the Infinite's clock. Congresses meet, wrangle and adjourn, while the places that knew many of their members know them no more. Some return to the sections from which they came; others, in due time, passing beyond the veil impeneferable to ordinary mortal sight, yet who, by virtue of their greater experience and well-rounded developments, have become active participants in that Spiritual Congress which is specially concerned in trying to improve the legislation of our National Congress.

Such was the intensity of the summer's solstice in this city that all who by lawful means could extricate themselves, did so with a celerity that but naturally added to the heat and increased the difficulty. The struggle to minimize the population, following closely upon the adjournment of the long session of Congress, became alternately comical and serious—first a rally, then a stampede, finally a blockade.

While perhaps the mercury registered no higher figure than in many other localities, the atmosphere here seemed saturated with moisture to a degree scarcely felt elsewhere. Here, also, but little change in the temperature would be noticeable till in the early morning hours, thus almost continuously keeping its worthy inhabitants in a kind of steam-bath, and effectually preventing them from securing that necessary rest and recuperation which comes from invigorating sleep.

The government is exceedingly liberal in allowing to its executive force a full calendar month for outing purposes, and in case of illness an additional month, sixty days in all, with no deduction of pay.

Gratefully accepting the proffered time, I quickly, and on a scorching Sunday, the last day of July, accompanied by the same young Miss, now a young lady two years at Lasell, who was one of my companions *du voyage* twice across the Atlantic and on the Continent, and who stands to me in the relation of granddaughter, proceeded to Baltimore and took steamship down the Chesapeake to Norfolk, thence to Boston, a three and a half days' sail. A two days' stop at the Hub, and then another steamboat sail across the entire length of Massachusetts Bay to Provincetown, thence by rail to the town of our birth on the Cape, where after a few enjoyable days with relatives, visiting the scenes of our childhood, tramping again over the familiar fields and well-remembered places of earliest boyhood, we (employing the use of the reportorial pronoun, though now alone) returned to Boston, again by the steamboat line, being determined to make the most of these salt-water privileges.

After spending a few days here with the dearest of mothers, and a brief resting place, we started with gripsack in hand for our annual visit to Onset, where, as usual, we met a number of old-time friends, whom it was better than medicine to see and grasp by the hand, while others whom we expected and wanted to meet with were not there. Some had come and gone, while others had not yet arrived.

Tarrying there as long as time permitted, we resumed our march and brought up at Lake Pleasant, another memorable locality whither our feet annually find a brief resting place. Here the cordiality and kindness of cherished friends, as well as the social hospitality of others, lessen not with the advancing years, and the memory of which grows fragrant with age. Here, as elsewhere, loved ones on the further shore spoke to us as of yore, voicing their sympathy, their wisdom and guidance, while emphasizing their promise for the coming years and specifically assuring us of the fulfillment in the near future of predictions previously made.

While in Boston, in company with an old and valued friend, we found opportunity to visit Revere, on the Bay, where we spent a hallowed hour at the shrine of the priestess of Vernon Cottage, Lady S—, and her attendant immortals. As in the days of ancient Greece, modern American Athens and its neighborhood—as everywhere else throughout this Republic—have their sybils and oracles, whose renown transcends those of famed Delphi and Dodona. The messages and prophecies which came from over the fabled Styx (supposed to divide the living from those recognized as immortals) were such, compared with those of the present in reference to number, variety, scope, character and personal relation, as to properly mark the progress between those of ancient and of modern times.

If representative modern Psychics were privileged to enjoy the protecting care and exclusive surroundings, conducive to the most desirable conditions that characterized those who, because of their favored gifts, were once so ardently set aside for this special purpose—correspondingly grander results would naturally follow.

When will practical wisdom manifest itself in this direction? Psychical Research Societies would do far better than they are now doing, and have very different reports to submit to the public, if they would first seek to establish certain indispensable prerequisites favorable to their operating sensitivities.

Realizing the intimate, dependent and interdependent relations existing between the physical and the mental and spiritual, my chief aim, during the annual outings, has been to gather all the forces I reasonably could toward the unbuilding of the body, as a fundamental basis for the better exercise of other forces and faculties.

Responsive to even the slightest improvement of these triune relations, I return to my official duties strengthened physically, clearer mentally, and encouraged spiritually.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 1st, 1892.
THE UNSEEN UNIVERSE. [Sept.]—Mrs. Britten gives a "Memorial Tribute" to Kate Fox-Jencken, remarking that the reflections she places before her readers have been suggested "by observing the slight, scant and indifferent notices called forth from the various journals devoted to Spiritualism" by her demise. "With the exception," she adds, "of THE BANNER OF LIGHT, there is not a single record worthy of the place one of the first spiritual telegraphists of history should hold in the memory of men." Following this, *The Universe* reprints from THE BANNER its remarks upon this life, transition and obsequies of Mrs. Maynard. New chapters are given of "Historical Spiritualism" and two other serial articles, and "Spiritual Gleanings from Far and Near." London: John Heywood. For sale by Colby & Rich.

THE BANNER printed not long since the report that lady physicians are not allowed in the Institutions of Virginia, (to the wrath of all liberal-minded men in that State,) yet one of her women students has graduated from a hospital in Philadelphia, ranking ninety-nine in surgery. Her marking in the medical department was one less, which causes an exchange to remark with truth:

"We do not believe that a doctor in 'Old Virginia' who is practicing medicine to-day, ranked as high in his studies as did Miss Leunhardt, yet every one of them would probably say that women cannot master the science of medicine. Go to!"

The two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Gloucester, Mass., passed off with great success Aug. 24th, 25th and 26th. His Excellency, Gov. Russell, and many State and other dignitaries were present, and the great procession was all that could be desired. Among the literary and musical exercises were the grand execution on the violin of our friend and correspondent, Prof. J. Jay Watson, of New York, and his daughter, Miss Annie Watson—in the course of which Ole Bull's famous Cremona violin, made in 1616, was led to give forth its stirring strains. Prof. J. J. Watson and his daughter—who received a royal welcome—are both natives of Gloucester.

Spiritualism and Occultism.

(By Rouzel, Paris.)

Since the men of science, the solists and the pseudo-scientists began to study the spirit phenomena, the most widely differing and peculiar theories have been proposed as to the nature of these phenomena and the causes which produce them. Different schools have been formed, of which the most important are Spiritualism and Occultism.

In this little volume of seventy-two pages, the author presents concisely but very impartially, with arguments and facts to support him, the points on which these two schools agree and those on which they differ. The reader who may be interested in this subject will be able, without loss of much time, to make himself acquainted with the question which is so strongly occupying the attention of the public.

The question is of the gravest importance by reason of the moral and social consequences which flow from it. Nothing less than the destiny of humanity is involved in the subject, and the determination whether mankind is subject to the law of liberty or of fatalism.

In these days of intellectual, moral and social anarchy, we cannot too earnestly urge the reader not to blindly endorse this or that doctrine, but to examine the arguments presented in this volume, and, in the last resort, to appeal from them to experiment.

W. N. EAYRS.

One of the Veterans.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

Permit me to call attention to the wonderful power of Miss Lottie Fowler, now living at 278 Seventh Avenue, New York. I have had opportunities of seeing the great mediums in the leading capitals of the world; and judging Miss Fowler by the high standards of the best, I have no hesitancy in saying that there is not a medium in the United States with a greater clairvoyant power or more honest in its exposition. She is in every way worthy of the prominence given to her by the celebrated novelist, Miss Florence Harraty, in her book entitled, "There Is No Death."

Miss Fowler should have the protection and care of wealthy and disinterested people who wish to see the truths of Spiritualism made clear. I called upon her as a perfect stranger, having heard much of her from English friends, and I never had a more marvelous experience. Without a single word from me concerning myself she described accurately my surroundings, named exactly the characteristics of my friends as if she had known them for years, and made predictions that within six weeks were fully realized.

For business or spiritual purposes I know of no one her superior, and few her equal.

A. C.

New York, Sept. 3d, 1892.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Eagle Hall, 616 Washington Street.—Sundays at 11 A. M., 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M.; also Wednesdays at 3 P. M. E. T. Dole, President; Mrs. T. Dole, Treasurer.

Veterans Spiritualists' Union.—Public meetings will be held the first Tuesday of every month in the Banner of Light Free Circle-Room, No. 145 Bowdoin street, at 7 1/2 P. M. Dr. H. R. Storer, President; Mrs. T. Dole, Treasurer; Wm. H. Banks, Clerk, No. 77 State street; Boston; Mrs. M. T. Longley, Corresponding Secretary. All individuals interested in the objects of the Union are invited to attend.

Bathhouse Hall, 694 Washington Street, corner of Macauland.—Spiritual meetings every Sunday at 11 A. M., 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Thursday at 2 1/2 P. M. N. P. Harmon, Secy.

Harmony Hall, 724 Washington Street.—Services every Sunday at 11 A. M., 2 1/2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Every Tuesday, at 7 1/2 P. M., meetings for tests, speaking and psychometric readings. Mrs. M. Adeline Wainwright, Conductor.

Thursday meetings for speaking, psychometric readings and tests, at 2 P. M. Mrs. C. A. Smith, Conductor.

Eagle Hall.—Last Sunday services were attended by large audiences. The morning developing circle was enjoyed by all. Afternoon. Prayers, service, invocation and remarks by the Chairman. Readings by Mr. William Franks, Mrs. J. K. D. Conant, Mrs. E. J. Bowtell, Mrs. Burt and Dr. Conant, the latter making remarks. Closed with singing. Evening. Invocation, remarks and tests by Mrs. Buck. Piano solo by Mrs. Anderson. Remarks by the Chairman. Solo by Mr. Anderson. Mr. Wm. Franks, Mrs. I. E. Wainwright, Mrs. A. Wilkins and Mr. Anderson gave tests. Remarks and tests by Osmond F. Stiles and Mr. Anderson. Closing remarks by Mrs. B. W. Sawtelle.

New Music.—We have received from White-Smith Music Pub. Co., 62 & 64 Stanhope street, Boston, Mass., the following: "Tiddewinks," four pieces for the piano, viz: "Waltz," "March," "Polka," "Galop," by O. A. White; "Bicycle March," Laurent L. Comes; "National Fife and Drum Corps Journal," containing "Col. Goetting's March," F. E. White; "On to Victory," Quick March, F. Nethen; "Poetic Thoughts," F. J. L., (for violin and piano.)

The Andover heresy case, says the *Boston News*, is open again. Dickens's "Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce" was hardly more of a cause celebre than this is becoming.

A Common Fact.

The prejudice against advertisements is such that the most valuable discoveries are often overlooked because the reader will not read any. Many people say: "Oh! I never read advertisements; they are all humbugs," etc.; and they carry their hatred to such an extent that they get to hating the papers which print them, forgetting that advertisers by their patronage sustain the papers and enable the publishers to furnish them news at a much lower rate than could be done without them.

A real good article should command attention, as it may do for the reader what nothing else could, and is as deserving of a place in any well-conducted journal as any other fact.

As an evidence in point, please read a letter from A. J. Gonzales, giving some interesting facts of the value of the Water of Life. He says:

COLUMBIA, S. C., June 2d, 1892.
MR. J. R. PERRY, 34 S. M. St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.:
Dear Sir:—Your Water, which has been a blessed thing to me, arrived last Saturday, May 28th. I took three tumblerfuls from 3 o'clock to 10 P. M.; had dreadful pains for the last three months; was stiff with cramps, and seemed nailed to my bed without the power to move in any direction. After drinking the Water, I passed more than a half gallon of urine that night; the next night was free from pain, as I have been since the first night I took it, and at midnight I was delighted almost out of my wits to find that I could move my legs up and down in bed to the right and left side, and lie squarely on my left hip—things which I had not been able to do for months. The use of the syringe and warmed Water of Life on the following day caused me to discharge a great quantity of bile from the system. The Water gave me a new lease on life, and my kidneys as at first, but seems to be guided as if by some unseen intelligence to operate as it sees fit on the organs that require it. In other words, it has acted consecutively on the kidneys, liver and bowels, and now seems to be acting on the skin. And anxious to keep using it steadily, and not omit it even for a single day; and desire, now that I have tested its virtues, to have you send me two carboys, to arrive here by about the tenth of the month. I want to get strong enough to start for New York. I am indebted to Mr. Perry for the Water of Life. Yours truly, A. J. GONZALES.

P. S.—Since receiving the above letter, we have sent the Water to Key West, Florida, to which place he never would have gone but for the Water of Life. And this is an evidence of the use of reading advertisements. Send for a large pamphlet giving full particulars of this medicine, Nature's own remedy. Write to 34 S. Main St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

J. R. PERRY, Manager.

"Put Money in Thy Purse."

Our lady readers will be deeply interested in the advertisement of Glasgow Lace Thread Co., which appears on our fifth page.

Milk Men and Milk Maids

must have their tin cans, tin pans, and everything else faultlessly clean, and there is nothing half so good for such cleaning as

Gold Dust Washing Powder.

Housekeepers too have much to clean, and they can't afford to do without GOLD DUST WASHING POWDER, which makes things clean in half the time, and keeps them clean for half the money.

Gold Dust Washing Powder is sold by all grocers.

Less than ONE HALF the price of others.



N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., Sole Manufacturers,
CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, BOSTON, BALTIMORE, NEW ORLEANS, SAN FRANCISCO, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., PITTSBURGH AND MILWAUKEE.

Movements of Platform Lecturers.

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

Mrs. Ada Foye is engaged during September in Grand Rapids, Mich.; in October at Cincinnati, O.; November and first two weeks of December at Conservatory Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. Her permanent address is P. O. Box 517, Chicago, Ill.

Thomas Grimshaw, the young English trance speaker, late of Lawrence, Mass., has the following open dates between this and April, 1893: Oct. 16th and 20th, Nov. 12th, 20th and 27th. Address, Onset, Mass.

E. J. Bowtell is now in Boston, at 223 Shawmut Avenue, and will accept engagements for the fall and winter wherever his services are desired. His time, later, has been devoted to Lake Pleasant Camp.

J. W. Boocock, 4 Bradley street, Bingley, Yorkshire, Eng., informs American societies and Spiritualists that he intends visiting this country about April or May, 1893; he desires that he may be addressed at once for lecture engagements.

On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 30th and 31st, and Sept. 1st, W. J. Colville, lecturer at St. Catherine's Hall, Montreal, to large and enthusiastic audiences. Arrangements are contemplated there for an extended course of lectures later in the season.

R. H. Kneeshaw will answer calls to speak wherever his services are desired. Address Saratoga, N. Y.

Mrs. Emma Miner, inspirational speaker, improvisatrice and test medium, will accept engagements for the season of '92 and '93. Address 33 Water street, Clinton, Mass.

Mrs. Julia E. Davis, one of Boston's well-known workers, is taking needed rest with friends in Westboro, Mass. She will return Sept. 10th, ready to take the field once more in the glorious cause of Spiritualism. Home address, 232 Windsor street, Cambridge, Mass.

George A. Fuller, M. D., lectured for the Worcester Association of Spiritualists Sept. 4th. Will speak at Hanson, Mass., Sept. 11th. Would like engagements near home for the 18th and 26th. He will speak in Worcester, Oct. 2d; Salem, Oct. 9th, and West Duxbury the 30th. For dates and terms address 5 Houghton street, Worcester, Mass.

Mrs. Sawyer, the materializing medium, who has been located at Onset the past summer, has returned to New York.

Good Cooking

Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc., use Gall Borden's "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label. Sold by your grocer and druggist.

Concessions to Naval and Grand Army Veterans.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad will grant most liberal concessions in the way of stop-over privileges on the tickets sold for the Reunion of the Naval Veterans at Baltimore, Sept. 15th to 18th, and for the Grand Army Encampment at Washington, commencing Sept. 20th. Tickets will be sold at the offices of the Company and at offices of the principal railroad companies of the West, from Sept. 13th to 20th inclusive, at very low rates, and will be valid for return journey until Oct. 10th. Both going and returning tickets will be good to stop off at all stations between Cumberland and Baltimore, a region rendered familiar to all veterans by the constant warfare along the Potomac. The signature of purchaser to tickets will not be required, nor will it be necessary to have them stamped to make them valid for return journey.

For more detailed information as to time of trains, rates and sleeping-car accommodations, apply to L. E. Allen, Asst. Gen. Passenger Agent, The Bookery, Chicago, or O. F. McCarty, Asst. Gen. Passenger Agent, Cincinnati, O.

Spiritualist Camp-Meetings for 1892.

Onset Bay, Mass.—Meetings will continue at the rostrum until further notice.

Liberal, Mo.—The Second Annual Camp-Meeting closes Sept. 19th.

Pine Banks, Malden, Mass.—Union Spiritualists hold meetings first Sunday in each month. Dodge & Logan.

Camp Progress, Mass.—Grove meetings every Sunday until further notice. (Spring Pond road, off Boston St., Peabody.)

Sumnerland, Cal.—The camp-meeting will be held from Sept. 11th to Oct. 2d.

Parkland, Pa.—Meetings will continue until Sept. 11th.

THE SPIRITUALISTS' INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SOCIETY.—Information and assistance given to inquirers into Spiritualism. Literature on the subject and list of members will be sent on receipt of stamped envelope to any of the following International Committee: America, Mrs. M. Palmer, 301 North Broad street, Philadelphia; Australia, Mr. Webster, 5 Rockville street, North Melbourne; Canada, Mr. Woodcock, "Waterloo," Brookville, Holland; Van Stratten, Middelland, 632; India, Mr. Thomas Hutton, Ahmedabad; New Zealand, Mr. Graham, Huntley, Waiakato; Sweden, B. Fortenson, Adels Christania; England, J. Allen, Hon. Sec., 14 Berkeley-terrace, White Post-lane, Manor Park, Essex; or W. C. Robson, French Correspondent, 164 Eye Hill, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

ROBERT COOPER, Free 2 Manchester street, Brighton, Eng.

An airy front room, up only two flights, with water and steam, situated on the corner of Bosworth and Province streets, is to let. Terms moderate. Apply to Colby & Rich, 9 Bosworth street, Boston.

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.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis may be addressed at Glenora, Yates Co., N. Y. Jan. 2.

Andrew Jackson Davis, Physician, will be in his office, 63 Warren Avenue, Boston, Mass., Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, from 8 A. M. to 3 P. M. No new patients after 2 P. M. July 2.

J. J. Morse, 36 Monmouth Road, Bayswater, London, W., will act as agent in England for the BANNER OF LIGHT and the publications of Colby & Rich.

James Burns, 15 Southampton Row, London, Eng., is agent for the BANNER OF LIGHT and keeps for sale the publications of Colby & Rich.

For Foreign Subscribers the subscription price of the BANNER OF LIGHT is \$3.00 per year, or \$1.50 per six months, to any foreign country embraced in the *Universal Postal Union*. To countries outside of the Union the price will be \$3.50 per year, or \$1.75 for six months.

If each subscriber to the Banner of Light will charge himself with getting one new subscriber, the circulation of the paper will be doubled at once, and with little trouble. Let each subscriber try it.

A NEW Twilled Lace Thread Crocheting Book No. 3
FOR CROCHETING.
BEST in the world!
50 Illustrated Patterns.
Send 10c. for sample book. TEN CENTS.
Series of 24 Beautiful Illus. Tidy and Bed Spread Patterns from London and Paris. 5 cents each, or 60 cents a dozen including copy of above Book—No. 2.
GLASGOW LACE THREAD CO., Glasgow, Conn.

The Proprietors
OF THE
Banner of Light
Have established a
BRANCH BOOKSTORE
AT
Onset Bay
Camp-Meeting
HEADQUARTERS,
Where the Publications of
COLBY & RICH
Can be had. Also
The Banner of Light.
Subscriptions to The Banner received as above.
SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.
Until further notice the undersigned will accept Clubs of six yearly subscriptions to the Banner of Light for \$12.00. We ask for the united efforts of all good and true Spiritualists in its and our behalf.
COLBY & RICH, Publishers.

Message Department.

It should be distinctly understood that the Messages published in this Department indicate that spirit-communication is a fact, and that the character of the messages is not a matter of opinion, but a matter of fact. The messages are published in this Department for the purpose of giving the public a knowledge of the fact, and of the character of the messages. The messages are published in this Department for the purpose of giving the public a knowledge of the fact, and of the character of the messages.

Notice.

The Banner of Light Free Circle Meetings will be resumed Sept. 13th.

Questions Answered and Spirit Messages GIVEN THROUGH THE TRANCE MEDIUMSHIP OF Mrs. M. T. Longley.

Report of Public Seance held May 24th, 1892.

Spirit Invocation.
Oh! thou Omnipotent Spirit, thou Beneficent Over-Soul, that dost hold thy humanity in a glorious embrace, who art intuitive feel the pulsation of thy great, loving heart, and know that we are thy children. The atmosphere is fragrant with the breath of spring-time, and we behold the beauties of Nature's handwork on every side. Blossoms springing from the soil smile in joy because life is theirs. The sunbeams falling upon them bring gladness and warmth to their beating hearts, and all creation rejoices in life, beautiful life. So should thy children sing a song of praise to thee for the marvels of existence, for the wondrous life which is theirs, bringing to them opportunities for grand unfoldments, pointing them to possibilities of achievement which may be theirs, drawing them onward to higher scenes and contemplations, and forever bringing into their lives something new, something more wonderful, something that is filled with greater power.

We join to-day in sending forth our thanksgiving to thee who art the Author of all things, the Ordainer of all law. We praise thee that we are here in this day and generation. We thank thee for the knowledge that is ours of a continued life, of a continuity of progression for humanity. Oh! we ask at this time that the spirits of light and truth may impart to our minds some new instruction and comprehension of some higher law than we have understood before, that they will give unto us some beneficent manifestation that will reach down into the heart and bear fruit in the coming time through more tender, sympathetic love and dealing with our fellow-men. We ask that we may be enlightened upon those questions and themes which are not only of interest to us now, but which are of importance to each one in his future progress and unfoldment. We ask that we may receive an influence from divine spheres which will assist in the purification of our own lives and in their consecration to helpful works for the benefit of our kind. May we in this hour and in the hours to come send out to the world and to angel friends who come to us from other spheres, a sympathetic atmosphere that is pure, and good, and aspirational, that we also may be helpful to our fellow-creatures here while we are receiving benefits and blessings from the heavens beyond.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

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

Ques.—[By E. C. Medford, Mass.] Will the Controlling Spirit please explain what is most generally the process of control to the susceptible medium?

Ans.—It is difficult to explain the various processes of development through which different mediums may pass in order to become receptive to the influence and operations of spirit-intelligences, because they are infinite almost in variety. There are no two mediums precisely alike either in the manifestations of their powers, or in the manner in which they are controlled by the spirit-intelligences, and, therefore, what may be the line of development for one may be decidedly different from that of another medium; but it should be generally understood that all mediums must yield themselves in thought and aspiration to the spirit-intelligences who seek to manifest through their organisms if they would become good instrumentalities.

It is therefore desirable that one seeking to develop mediumistic powers should aspire for the attendance of pure-minded spirits, those of a high order who are good and wise, who understand the laws of control, and who also have in view the purpose of operating in accordance with those laws for beneficent purposes. Having this aspiration constantly in mind, the medium may be assured that he will most likely attract to himself unselfish and pure spirits, especially if the sitters are surrounded by harmonious conditions in their lives, and if his companionships and associations are pure, true and good.

There may be exceptions to this rule, and a sensitive who is surrounded by harmonious associates and companions, and who is himself pure-minded, may possibly become obsessed or influenced by some carnal-minded and selfish spirit; still if the desires of these companions on earth are to the end that this inharmonious element shall be removed and the selfish spirit overcome by kindness or by the power of a higher spirit, and if the medium continues in a prayerful mood, invoking the presence of those from celestial realms, the annoying influence will in time be vanquished and his place taken by higher intelligences.

A medium seeking development, after having yielded himself as far as possible to the influence of the attendant spirits, may be moved upon in various ways. If he is clairvoyant, he will find his sight operated upon, and a gradual unfolding of that inner vision which belongs to the spirit. There may be at first the flashing of lights, or the appearance of misty substances before his eyes, but after awhile there will come faces, and even forms and landscapes, to his view, all of which belong to the process of the development of that phase of mediumship.

So with clairaudience. The medium may at first hear indistinctly little feeble sounds, which, perhaps, deepen into strains of music, or the one of human voices; and these will continue until he can hear and understand words and sentences spoken by invisible intelligences. And so on with the different phases of mediumship. Each one has its own peculiar line or process of development, which we cannot delineate here.

One who is sitting earnestly and sincerely for the development of mediumship will soon be able to understand when the influence comes. A cold wave passing over the hands or the entire person, when he knows there is no possible chance for such a draught of air from the external world, may indicate the presence of unseen attendants. Many spirits operate through the magnetic aura, which, being positively and even forcibly charged, causes the sensitive to feel this cold wave of which we speak.

Others may sense the presence of the invisible in different ways, but if the sitters are desirous of paying as much attention to the spirit-communications as to the words of the sitters, they will find that the spirit-communications will in time be possessed of mediumship—become more and more satisfied of the presence and helpfulness of spirit-friends.

Q.—[By the same.] The various departments of mediumship: What of their relative power to convince the public mind of the truth of spirit return and communication with mortals?

A.—We shall not dwell upon this subject, Mr. Chairman, but will point your questioner to the history of Spiritualism during the last four and forty years, recorded and unwritten, yet plainly brought through the experiences of thousands of human beings.

Modern Spiritualism has presented to humanity a large number of mediumistic phases through which manifestations of spirit-intelligence and power have been repeatedly given to mortals, and which have brought, we think, not only internal evidence of their truth, but positive, scientific, external evidence which cannot be controverted; and if your questioner will turn to the literature of Spiritualism, its recorded facts, as well as seek to come in contact with Spiritualists and learn by their experiences, he will gather a mass of valuable information concerning the relative value of these various phases of mediumship.

It would be impossible for us in the few minutes allowed us to outline the different evidence and decide through which phase re-

turning spirits have brought the most convincing manifestations from the other world to identify themselves and substantiate their claims. But we have this evidence at hand: Spiritualists who have had large experiences with mediumship and the occult laws of Spiritualism know that what they claim is true, that life is continuous, that spirit is immortal, and that their departed friends can return and communicate intelligently with them, referring to the past and relating events and circumstances of their life in the present which belongs to the spiritual state. Therefore we shall leave this question with the recorded history of our Cause, knowing that it will supply to every investigator adequate facts and substantiated testimony which cannot be controverted in any court of justice which the world contains.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Helen Hunt Jackson.

The beautiful spring-time, with its breath of fragrant flowers and its sunshine of liquid gold, bringing life and warmth and loveliness to the old earth, is passing onward, and the glorious summer-time is coming, with its wealth of bloom and beauty. What more fitting time for an immortal spirit who feels the vigor and the life of immortality surging in her veins and pulsating through every fibre of her being, to return into contact with this world and seek an avenue of expression?

Oh! life to me is glorious. It was glorious while I dwelt in the physical form. As I viewed it, I beheld something more than the pulsations of physical life merely in the song of the soaring bird or in the beauty of the blooming flower; I beheld something more than the manifestations of nature in the lofty mountain that reared its stately head toward the azure skies, and in the waving forest-trees, that gave shade and shelter to the forest dwellers; I beheld something more than the soft, sweet, and tender, that was something more to me than the song of nature in the tinkling of the brooklet, or in the surging waves of the ocean, that beat upon the sandy shore; for I felt that within and beneath and above all this external evidence of creation vibrated the great Spirit of Eternal Love, the great, immutable Law and boundless Soul-Life of Progression and Omnipotence. So to my mind all life seemed thrilling with this wonderful sense and spirit of the eternal, and my soul seemed filled with a knowledge that I was under divine protection.

I have never before manifested through your medium; not because I was ignorant of the existence of this office, or because I did not wish to identify myself as a spirit with this great abiding truth, which is destined to live in the heart of humanity, and make such a place there as will prove to be a shrine of holiness and an incentive to higher living. It seems to me that Spiritualism is the great and noble one of the great factors in human progress which will help the race to reach out and take hold of the higher things of life; and in holding fast to these, it will be able to rise above the lower conditions and shake them off.

I am in sympathy, such deep sympathy, with those who are oppressed and held in bondage. I am in sympathy with human beings of every race and clime who are held down by the shackles of ignorance or the bonds of persecution and oppression. I am in sympathy with the one great factor in human progress which will help the race to reach out and take hold of the higher things of life; and in holding fast to these, it will be able to rise above the lower conditions and shake them off.

As is well known to the world, I took a most abiding interest in the condition of the Indian, the untutored child of the forest, that without education, without books, without the advantages of social refinement and position, yet possessed and possesses an internal grace of spirit and of character, a loftiness of expression, an eloquence and an intellect that, all combined, make of him a strong and beautiful member of the human family. In spite of the ignorance and unloveliness which I have been told cling to the red race, I know that these children of the Living Spirit learn more of the truths of real life and of the spiritual existence from their own contact with Nature and their own intuitive perceptions than hosts of civilized and educated white individuals have ever begun to understand.

I feel impressed to return to-day and speak a word, that the world may know I have not lost my calling nor laid my mission aside. It is not finished; I have still a work to do; perhaps not through song or speech in the material world; but, by using my influence and by combining what little forces I may possess mentally and spiritually with those of congenial souls who are interested in freeing mankind from the bondage of ignorance and suffering, I continue on with my labors.

In the spiritual world I have received greetings and good cheer, and none have been more sweet to me than those extended by bands of Indians. Braves and squaws, youths and maidens, have all brought their tokens of love and appreciation for the few feeble words I have been able to express in their behalf, and in their mountain homes, or by their lodges at the side of a running stream, I have learned new lessons of life, beheld new evidences of their nobility of character, and felt that I have not been mistaken in them. [To the Chairman:] Having watched, sir, the almost infinite tenderness and fidelity of hosts of Indians who return to mortal life seeking to express through medial agencies some beneficent work or service to humanity, bringing healing to the sick, imparting strength to the weary, speaking words of consolation to the sad, bearing messages from spirit-land to mortal friends of earth, I have felt that here is the key to the longed-for human nature that our own boasted white race will do well to study and emulate.

I bring my greeting, good friends, to the world. I sing my song of love and cheer to humanity at large, and to each one who has been near to my heart in the past. I would say to my personal friends, I have not put one of you far away. My heart beats in sympathy with you still, and loves you as in days before. Do not put me away from your lives. Do not feel that I have passed beyond the gates to unknown worlds, for I am often very near your homes. I frequently behold the aspirations of your souls, and know better than you can what inspirations are given you from on high, which, wrought into outward expression, you may conclude are the result of your own mental operations. Do not put me one side as one who is lost or who has departed, but let your hearts throb in love as my own beats for you. Helen Hunt Jackson.

Henry A. Weaver.

[To the Chairman:] How do you do, sir? I am happy to say that I am comfortable in my spirit-home, and that the associations there are very agreeable to me.

I have learned lessons since I departed from the earthly body. I needed to learn much concerning the eternal world and the progress of mankind, for, in stepping into that other world, it is like going into a great school of learning with any number of departments of training and teaching for the unfolding mind. I have been filled with wonder and joy when a child would be when he first enters a great school and begins to understand that he knows but very little indeed.

Well, sir, I return to bear my compliments and regards to my relatives and friends who still walk this earthly side. I trust they are happy and prosperous, that life is kind to them, and that health is their portion. I wish them every good thing that this world can bestow, and will do all that is possible to help bring them the good things of life; but I do not envy them these possessions, for I feel that the spirit-world offers all these and more to the soul that has reached its portals and passed into the inner life.

I was a man of years and experience when I passed from the body. I had occupied official positions, and I had busied myself in concerns of the life that belong to material interests, so that I had, I think, quite large experiences. I feel I have been useful to men on this side in helping to stimulate my mind in its effort to understand life, and useful to me on the spirit-side in assisting me to comprehend the life of the past as it is related to the life of the present and the future in the spirit-world. I find

that no experience that comes to a human being is lost or useless, but that each one takes a place of its own in the individual's life, and has much to do not only with the formation of character, but with the development of the spiritual mind, so that if one grasp and take part in the affairs of life on the spirit-side.

I would like to communicate with my friends through private channels; and I will certainly do all that I can to that end if they will do what they can to bring me into contact with them. I will find a medium that I can handle, I will be very pleased to communicate concerning my affairs of the past, some of which I would like to talk over, and also concerning the interests of friends on earth, perhaps giving them an outline of the life I have found on the spirit-side, that they may know something of that which is to come to them.

I was at one time, but long ago, mayor of Pittsburgh, Pa. I gained many experiences in the office subsequent to that which I gained while in office, and I do not hold that the official part of my experience was, after all, the most important, but it helped to make up a certain line of life and discipline which even now I find of use to me as I take hold of affairs on the spirit-side. I am Henry A. Weaver.

Joseph E. Thayer.

[To the Chairman:] Well, my friend, do you want to let in an old veteran fireman? [You are welcome.] I am glad to come, and I thank you that I can come.

I do not suppose it has been so very long since I responded to the last call, but I think it is about time for me to come back and to say that Joe Thayer is all right, and he has not since he went out of the body. I have been very well off, and have been in the company of hosts of friends on the other side; then there have been so much to see, to look over and to study up, that I feel as if all the years of eternal life will be none too long to find out all there is to be found out.

I was a Mason, connected with the brotherhood. I took an interest in the Order, and I believed in dealing on the square with all men. I find that the Order is not unknown in the spirit-world. You have no idea, I think, of the great temples there that the brotherhood has founded, the principles of which are far beyond those we take so much pride in on this side. I have been recognized as one of the craft, and taken in hand by some of the wise ones over there, who are helping me to rub up, so that I will shine like some of the rest of them. I take it kindly of them, and feel that I must do my best, so as to be a credit to my teachers and brothers.

I thought I'd come back and tell of these things. I knew it would do me good, and perhaps it will do some good to others as well. Tell the veterans of the old fire company that they must not think I have gone away, and sometime when they speak of me I do not want them to think of "poor old Joe," for I'm alive and not dead; I'm full of life and energy, and ready to respond to their invitation as best I can.

I know it is getting near to Decoration Day, and they will be getting the flowers ready for them. I know the graves of comrades that have gone out of the body. That is good; I like it; but while they are doing that just give a thought, friends, to those old comrades and associates as not dead, but as alive and with you, and looking on, and feeling in their souls the hearty sympathy which you give to their memories. Do not give it all to their memories, either, but let a little of the love go out to them as living, conscious entities, close beside you.

All my dear ones that everything is all well, and I will do all I can to make things pleasant for them. As the good man said, I will try my best to make all my friends happy; and that is the way to do, for we love our own no less because we are spirits; and, in fact, I think our love is sometimes a little sweeter and stronger, and a little more unselfish, because we are not pulled down and hampered and held fast by the chains of material conditions as we are on this side.

I lived over in East Boston, in Paris street. I was ship-calker by trade. I am nothing but a humble scholar now, trying to learn all I can to push my way up, take hold of things and be ready to fill whatever place the Master-Craftsmen points me to.

I am glad to come back and send my love to my friends and say, "All is well." Joseph E. Thayer.

Mary A. Amphlett.

[The spirit apparently gazes at the flowers on the table.] Flowers always breathe a message to me of love and brightness, of cheerfulness in spite of shadow and storm, that I feel I can take to heart. If our human spirits are sweet and pleasant as the flowers, we shall bring fragrance and beauty into the lives of our friends, and that is the lesson the flowers teach.

I was a medium on earth—a trance medium—and I knew something of the trials, the uncertainties and the perplexing conditions that attend mediumship. I knew that one cannot always tell when the influence will come, how it will be, whether it will be just what is wanted or something the reverse, and I also knew that mediumship was one of the sweetest and most blessed gifts to a human being that life can bestow. It has its shadows and it has its sunny gleams, but, take it all in all, I think no true medium would be willing to part with the mediumship which has grown into his or her life. I know that was so with me, and I know that the blessed angels did have the power sometimes to impart through my organism something helpful to human beings who needed help, so I did what I could in the line of my work. I will not speak of it much, because my friends understand it, and those who knew me in my labors know that I tried to be conscientious.

I lived a long while on earth. Many strange experiences and much discipline were mine; but I do not regret anything that came. Even the heaviest shadow was, I think, beneficial, and helped to develop the medial powers and also my own spiritual qualities.

I have been out of the body for nearly twelve years. I have never controlled this medium, I think, before—indeed, I am sure that I have not; but I have come in contact with mediums and have learned a great deal from them, and I feel that I have passed beyond the gates to unknown worlds, for I am often very near your homes. I frequently behold the aspirations of your souls, and know better than you can what inspirations are given you from on high, which, wrought into outward expression, you may conclude are the result of your own mental operations. Do not put me one side as one who is lost or who has departed, but let your hearts throb in love as my own beats for you. Helen Hunt Jackson.

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[To the Chairman:] How do you do, sir? I am happy to say that I am comfortable in my spirit-home, and that the associations there are very agreeable to me.

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a few words, to tell my name, and say that I have not forgotten the old days of earth and the associations which I held. This world seemed beautiful to me. There were times when I felt that it ought to be good enough for any one, and it was strange that any should think they were tired of this life and long to go to another.

While I remember the old days, they now seem somewhat afar off, less distinct and more dreamy, as if mingled with mist, because the life of the present is to me so real, so substantial, and has not the sense of being something fleeting. Life here does not have this feeling, especially if one gets sick and tired, and feels that the physical body is frail. Our spirit bodies do not weary us, and therefore we have more of a sense of being, in a place that is substantial and lasting.

I could not begin to tell my friends what I have been doing since I went away from the body. For a long while I went to school, and I studied with some of the artists who are in the other life; that is, I did not claim their attention, but I followed their works—I studied them and tried to understand them. I did not expect to be able to do as well as they had, of course, but I had in my nature a love of the beautiful, which expressed itself in trying to transcribe the scenes, as well as faces, that I had beheld in the spirit-world. I did not try to depict them, but I tried to understand them, so that I might give them expression here.

I do not know as any one who has known me will ever investigate Spiritualism through mediumship, but perhaps so. I would be happy to have them, and would do my best to bring them something that they will understand. I am Sarah Marshall.

George S. Duell.

Perhaps you people would call me an old man, but I think you would be mistaken, judging from my feelings now as a spirit. It seems to me that I never can be aged, for, in taking a new lease of life in the other world, I have seemed to renew my youth while retaining memory and the experiences that I gained on earth.

Man, in passing through this life, learns more from his vital experiences in contact with human nature in the external existence than he can ever pick up from books; and however much book-learning one may have, he will be one-sided and only informed in certain directions if he shuts himself up from his fellows and does not come in contact with the great, moving world.

I do not come in contact a great deal with the world of late, but I did meet many different people, and I gained something of discipline from my experience which I feel was good for me. In serving as county commissioner, and also through acting in my capacity as deputy sheriff, I of necessity was thrown among different classes of human beings, and gathered some knowledge from each one. [To the Chairman:] Then, sir, I also had other affairs to occupy my thought and time, so I managed to pick up a little to carry with me to the spirit-world. I come back now to tell my friends that I did not leave anything behind. Though we must leave material things that belong to this physical life, we can take with us other things that will be useful in our journey to the spirit-world, and I found that I did take some things with me that were very handy, so that I could commence with a little foundation of understanding in the new life.

I give my greetings to the friends and neighbors of the old time. Tell them up in Brookfield that I have a good feeling for all, and that I am very sure we shall meet again in the new country and renew the associations of the past life, bringing up ideas that will be beneficial to us all. I have been very glad to find old neighbors on the spirit-side and to talk over the past with them, but it is nothing to talking over the present and what we are expecting to find in the future. It is like a lot of grown-up men sitting down together and discussing the old affairs of school-boy life, which seem to be but of little account, because they have gone out into mingled with the concerns of mature life which are of more importance; and while they love to recall school-boy times, yet they turn to the serious questions of the present day and discuss them with more earnestness. So in the spirit-world, when they talk over the affairs of earth life, they will smile over them and refer to them with interest; but when they come to the discussion of matters that concern our immortal souls, and ask how we shall go to work to bring out the best that is within us and make it serve us so to speak, in a place that will be a credit to us, then the attention is great and the interest more pronounced. That is the way I feel about things, and that is the way my neighbors feel.

[To the Chairman:] I thank you for this opening. I know it will do me much good, and I hope my coming will do no one any harm, for I come in the best of spirits. George S. Duell.

Report of Public Seance held May 27th, 1892.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Ques.—[By "Inquirer."] Is the belief in astrology a superstition, or does the position of the planets at the birth of a child indicate or affect its earthly career?

Ans.—There is so much we do not understand in this vast universe of ours, that it would be presumptuous for any one to declare that there is no truth in any such theory as that presented to the world by investigating minds as that which in the present day is called astrology. Assuredly there is much in connection with the movements and position of the planets in relation to this earth and to each other that may call for study and investigation.

Personally we do not understand very much concerning this subject, which may, after all, perhaps be grasped only by some of the great minds who have made of the movements and position of the planets, and also in regard to their relationship to this body, earth, we are strongly inclined to believe that there is a great underlying truth in astrology, and that it may properly be called a science, since it is capable of revealing facts to human understanding. This so-called science, then, may be only in the infancy of its revelations to humanity. There are, however, a studious mind, one that is open to external teachings, that is intuitive likewise, may come to a close understanding of this law, and so be able to reveal something of its operations to others.

We have come in contact with intelligent minds in the spirit-world who are very close students of the movements of the planets. We do not now refer to those savants who may properly be called astronomers; we do not refer to those minds that associate themselves with material things, but to those who are sweeping the heavens with telescopes in order to learn of the position and the movements, the origin of the various planets and the elements of which they are composed, but we have in mind those individuals who are studying the planets because of their belief in an influence that is exerted by those heavenly bodies upon each other and upon the inhabitants thereof, and these minds are in rapport, so to speak, with the astrologers of earth.

The influences of the higher life assert that astrology is a science which is akin to all the other physical sciences with which earth is familiar, and that a knowledge of it has been revealed to mankind. These intelligences declare that not a human being is born upon this planet that is not under the domination of some other planet that happens to be in conjunction with the earth at the moment of his birth; that the magnetism coming from that celestial planet that is nearest has an influence in the life of the infant born under it, so that the various events and circumstances of his career are more or less affected by that magnetism. They further affirm that sometimes when the planet thus related to him has withdrawn to a distance from the earth there will be a waning of magnetic force in his own life, and at such times he may meet with reverses of fortune, with misfortunes of some kind, or perhaps bodily disease will seize upon him, and the magnetic force will seize itself when the planet reappears.

We do not give this as a personal opinion, but as the declaration of spirits who are students of astrology, and who affirm that they know whereof they speak.

Q.—[By W. T. W., Washington, D. C.] Was the Salem Witchcraft, as called, an exhibition of Modern Spiritualism as understood at the present day? and if so, was it prevented from developing on account of the darkness and narrowness of human thought as it existed at the time? In other words, did the world of spirits foresee that destruction of human life would accompany such evolution, and thus decide to await the dawn of a more tolerant and spiritual generation?

A.—We believe that in every age of human history there have existed mediums, individuals who have been susceptible to the approach and encroachment of spirit-influence and intelligence. We believe that these sensitive have always seemed to be different from their kind, and have been looked upon by their fellows as strange individuals—uncanny, as a Scotchman would say. Feeling the approach and the influence of invisible intelligences, these mediumistic souls have, undoubtedly, in all the ages, given expression to their occult thoughts of desire, and thus have drawn the attention of those who could not understand or interpret their expressions and their signs.

So mediums have been obliged to trod a rugged and an uphill path through many periods of the earth's history, misunderstood, misrepresented, maligned and in various ways ostracized by the world's people. They have been obliged to live their peculiar lives and pass through their strange experiences without the sympathy of those who gathered around them. Perhaps now and then some congenial soul would be brought into association with such sensitive minds, who, if he could not interpret the strange and the significance of the life beside him, might, at least, have felt that although here there was something he could not understand, yet it was more holy and more significant than the world gave it credit for; and so perhaps the congenial associate has been able to give something of sympathy and tenderness to the one whose path seemed marked out to walk alone.

Undoubtedly in the times of the Salem Witchcraft the entire manifestation of power which the community felt, and in many cases witnessed, came from the spirit-world through its avenues of expression among those sensitive whom to-day we would call mediums. Unquestionably many of those who were accused really did possess occult powers and medial qualities which were acted upon by unseen intelligences who desired to reach out into external life with manifestations of their power and with knowledge of their existence. But the world was not ready for them; humanity had not advanced sufficiently to receive and to welcome them; bigotry still held its sway over the minds and the homes of the people; superstition was abroad wide and fast, and therefore Spiritualism could not send forth its grand revelations through its chosen instruments. Undoubtedly those intelligences who approached this quarter of the earth, hoping that the time had come when humanity had grown sufficiently into sympathy with nature and spiritual law in this country where man sought for freedom of thought and expression, were obliged once again to retreat because those whom they had chosen for their instruments were persecuted, maligned, ostracized and even wrought unto death.

Yet this very manifestation known as the outbreak of witchcraft in the history of New England has done very much to point humanity to the spirit-world and to give them an idea of spiritual things. It has done much to draw attention of thinking minds to the bigotry and superstition of the past, and to show the world how far they can go in their zeal to persecute themselves in the heart of man and prevent the spread of tolerance and liberalism.

To-day we look back and say that the witches who were condemned to death were mediums—or, at least, most of them. No doubt some of them were accused who had no medial qualities, and were perfectly innocent of working any strange manifestation in the life of any one; but human beings were so easily wrought up to a great height of excitement, that those who had enemies, who had a spite against some of their fellow-men, and only to point to those individuals and declare that they had tormented them; that they were witches, and were working spells upon their victims in order to have them brought to trial and condemned. Unquestionably, however, what occasioned the excitement was the endeavor of spirit intelligences to manifest their power and thought to the world through mundane agencies.

INDIVIDUAL MESSAGES.

Horace D. Knight.

[To the Chairman:] How do you do, sir? [How do you do?] I was reminded about a month ago that a year had passed since I answered to the last call and went home—a year; but it had slipped away so quietly and swiftly that I did not dream it had passed. When the thought did come to me, I said: It is time for me to go back and send a few words to friends, that they may know of my welfare and where I am.

Once I lived in Massachusetts, in the western part of the State, and I felt at home in this country; but later on I went to the West, and I was taken from the body at Chetopah, Kan., which is in Labette County, sir.

I want to give my greeting to friends in the West and to friends in the East, and tell them that I do not feel as one who has passed the three-score years and ten mark of man's allotted life. I had passed that here, but I feel renewed in life, in spirit, in all parts of my being, and as if I was starting out young again in the race of life.

Tell my friends that I have met the dear ones who went before me, and it is well with me. I am situated as comfortably as I could ask. There are many things to learn that are strange, but I am getting accustomed to the new life, and like it well.

I will not take your time, sir. I came because I felt I ought to speak right out for the truth as I find it on the spirit-shore. Horace D. Knight.

James Applegate.

[To the Chairman:] Well, sir, I thought I would like to come and say that, as a friend who has had many friends on this side, I do not forget those who are here, not one who is related to me by tender ties of home-life, not one who has been connected with me by the old ties of friendship and business association.

[Continued on seventh page.]

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[By Our Own Correspondent.]

In the evening another test séance was held by Mrs.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

own individuality. Your spirit-home is fashioned by your daily life, and you will surely gravitate to your

the Union presents to each member, also the large
piece containing a copy of the By-Laws, surrounded

[SEE CAMP-MEETING REPORTS, SECOND PAGE]

The First Society of Spiritualists holds its meetings in a new and spacious hall in the Carnegie Music Hall Building, between 66th and 67th streets, on Seventh Avenue; entrance on 67th street. Services Sundays, 10 A. and 7 P. M. Henry J. Newton, President.