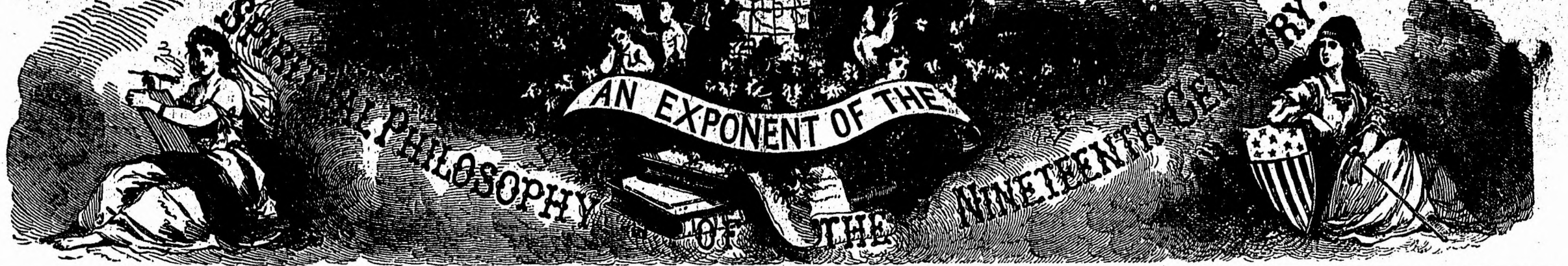


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NO. 18.

Original Story.

MARY ANNE CAREW:

WIFE, MOTHER, SPIRIT, ANGEL.

BY CARLYLE PETERSILEA,

Author of "Oceanides: A Psychological Novel," "The Discovered Country," "Amy Lester," Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

Tobacco and Marbles.

JOEY, with Willie, came running in to hear the sweet music, and stood breathlessly, with clasped hands, and bright, eager eyes, while the music flooded through their little souls.

"Ah!" exclaimed Willie at last, when the music ceased, "I think I would rather have a harp like that, learn to play and give up the marbles; would n't you, Jo?"

"Well," replied Joey, thoughtfully, "perhaps we can have the marbles and the harp besides; may not we, Mr. Herman?"

"Willie," asked Herman, "do you like playing at marbles so very, very much?"

"Playing marbles is bully!" exclaimed Willie.

"By which you mean," continued the professor, "that you like to play at marbles very much? Well, how many have you won from Joey since you went out?"

"All! Every one!" replied Willie, at the same time taking a large handful from his pocket and displaying them with immense satisfaction.

"So you have completely robbed poor little Jo?"

"Oh, I won 'em fair!" replied Willie; "did n't I, Jo?"

Joey hung his head and looked at Herman.

"Do you feel quite sure that you won them all fairly?"

"Certain! Sure! I did n't cheat once, did I, Jo?"

But Joey's eyes were intently fixed on those of his teacher.

"Willie," said the professor, "you are somewhat older, as well as larger and stronger than Joey; then, do you think it fair to take Joey's marbles from him?"

"I just hit 'em all, according to rule; did n't I, Jo?"

"Joey, not having your strength, could not play at the game as well as you could?" asked the professor.

"Well, big boys play at marbles with little ones," said Willie, slightly indignant, "and they always call it fair when they beats 'em."

"But do you think that calling it fair makes it fair?" again questioned the professor.

"Well, I dunno," replied Willie. "Guess it's fair, though, when you hits 'em all right."

"Did you consider it fair for the captain of your ship to kick and cuff you, and send you aloft in a gale, because he was older, larger and stronger than you were?"

"But that was werry different from playing marbles," pouted Willie.

"How different?" asked the professor.

"Why! I did n't kick and cuff Joey to git his marbles away."

"But you won them from him because you were older and stronger than he, and the captain compelled you to go aloft for the same reason: he was older and stronger than you. Now, you have been treating little Joey, here, in the same way that the captain treated you, robbing him because you were older and stronger than he and understood the game of marbles better. You understood how to beat little Joey, and, therefore, you robbed him. The captain understood how to beat you, and, therefore, you lost your life, at least, your earthly life; the captain robbed you of it. Willie, do you think it was all fair play between you and the captain?"

Willie's hands clutched at the marbles, his eyes opening to twice their natural size.

"Come!" said the professor, "speak up! Answer me, my boy! Was it all fair play between you and the captain? If you had been as old, large and strong as the captain, and a captain yourself, would you have allowed him to kick, cuff and send you aloft in a furious gale?"

"You jest bet your bottom dollar I would n't!"

"Well, what would you have done?"

"I'd kicked and cuffed him back agin, and nary aloft would I go!"

"Then, if Joey had been as old, strong and expert as you, you would not have been able to rob him of his marbles. Do you think now that you won them fairly, or do you agree with me that you robbed him of them?"

Willie made no reply.

"I suppose, Willie, you would consider it very unjust if I were to call you a robber and a thief?" Willie hung his head.

"Yet such you really are," continued the professor. "Your captain was a robber and a murderer, while you are a robber and a thief: the principles underlying the acts are the same: the stronger wrenches by force and expertness from the weaker that which he possesses, and appropriates it to himself; this is theft and robbery, is it not?"

Still no answer.

"Do you love little Joey, Willie?"

"I do, sir," answered Willie, respectfully; "leastwise, I thought I did."

"Do you think you love him just as well as you love your self?"

"Guess you've got me there, sir," replied Willie.

"If you loved little Joey just as well as you loved yourself, you would be very sorry to rob him of his marbles, or of anything else which he might possess. You would not like to have Joey beat you, and take all your marbles away: you would not think it just or fair if he were older and stronger than you. Now, I want you to think of Joey as your brother, as well as all the other little boys whom you will shortly meet. I want you to love Joey and all the others just as well as you love yourself, and never, under any circumstances, to do any one of them anything that you would not like them to do to you: they are all your little brothers, every one, and you must love them just as well as you love yourself, and never rob them of anything whatsoever. All play wherein there is robbery had better be left unplayed. The principle is the same, be it boy or man, to whom it is applied. The scales of justice must balance evenly. There is no justice in robbing Peter, that Paul may gain; all should be brothers in wisdom, love, justice and truth."

"Then 'tain't any use for me to play marbles no more,"

said Willie, "is it? You jest bet, though, I allers loved to play marbles. Don't know what I kin do if I can't play marbles. Marbles was allers my hobby, and I allers beat all the other boys. If I can't beat no boys, I guess I won't enjy myself much."

"Suppose you were to think of how much you could do to help the other boys, instead of beating or robbing them. Suppose you were to look upon each boy as a savings bank in which to deposit your treasures, and every time you met a boy you were to drop in whatever treasures you were possessed of?"

"Well, by Jiminy! that's a funny notion!"

"You would like to be very rich, would you not, Willie?"

"Rich? Oh! When? You bet I would!"

"Well, if a person never saved anything he could never be rich, could he?"

"No; 'less it all come to him to onc't," replied Willie.

"Heavenly treasures never come to any one all at once; they must be sought after diligently and with great care. When once a jewel has been obtained, the possessor can never lose it under any circumstances; and he can divide it again and again, and give to every other boy he meets a jewel, just like his own, and of equal value: still he may go on dividing it forever: instead of being robbed, he will have just so much more treasure laid up; he will grow richer and richer forever. Don't you think, Willie, that such a way would be much better than playing at marbles? To rob your brother is wasteful folly. To divide your jewels with him would be riches untold."

Willie became exceedingly interested, his eyes sparkled and his cheeks glowed; giving the marbles a contemptuous toss he exclaimed:

"Guess I'd rather have the jewels: aint that funny, though, 'bout the dividing of 'em up?"

"Where did you get the marbles with which you and Joey were playing?"

Willie's eyes opened to their widest extent.

"Well, by Jiminy!" he exclaimed, "that's the funniest thing of all! I wanted to play marbles with Jo, bad, and I axed him if he had any marbles, and he axed me what was them? Then I jest laffed. Oh! gosh! It was too funny for anything: a boy what did n't know what marbles was. Then I said, 'Look-a-here, Jo; I wish I jest had my old trousers instead of these white things. This stuff is on'y fit for little gals that is rich; boys do n't wear sich trousers; as these where I come from. I've got some marbles, and a spinning-top, and a lot of string in the pockets of my old trousers. Jo, you jest g'win and git 'em for me; they's some the captain did n't find, and we'll have some bully fun.' Then Jo he went in and brought 'em out. Guess you did n't any of you see him, though. Well, they was wet and dirty, sure enough, and then I thought I guess I did n't care to put 'em on agin, but I jest rammed my hand into the pockets, and got out the marbles and top and string and a plug of tobacco, and a good long stump of a cigar that the captain had throwed away, an' I grabbed it, you bet! afore any of the others got it. Then Jo, he looked at 'em, and sort o' turned up his nose, an' he axed me, 'What was all them?' an' then I laffed agin, jest as loud as I could laff, an' I says: 'Oh! my eye! Jo, but you is green. Why, them's marbles an' a top an' string an' tobacco; an' jest look-a-here, Jo, in this other pocket is my jack-knife. Oh! bully! but I'm all right now.'"

All eyes were now turned in the direction of Willie's pockets, which were stuffed out to their fullest extent, and his beautiful white pants were considerably soiled around the entrance to the pockets; his hands were dirty, his mouth and teeth smeared with tobacco, and occasionally he ejected large quantities of the juice upon the spotless golden floor. As I looked at this boy, a feeling of despair filled my soul. Annie and Sigismund sat half-smiling with amusement. Mr. Erricson had taken a seat on the crimson divan, his golden harp resting between his knees, his eyes fixed sympathetically on mine. Captain Daking glanced at the filthy pool on his spotless floor: Willie's eyes met his reproachful glance, and the boy's quailed perceptibly, but the captain turned away without a word. Professor Herman's eyes twinkled mirthfully, and for a short space of time not a word was uttered by any one. Joey stood near Willie, a vision of beauty, his golden curls lying slightly tangled over his blue velvet jacket, his large azure eyes wearing a look of deep perplexity; evidently he was at a loss how to make Willie over again into a good and beautiful boy; and yet, as my eyes still rested upon the little waif of humanity—this little street gamin with all his filthy habits still upon him—I noticed that his eyes were nearly as large and beautiful as Joey's: his hair was also hanging in golden waving masses over his shoulders; his forehead was even broader and fuller, his features were more commanding and prominent. "Surely," I thought, "there is the making of a great, good and noble man in that child. Oh, what a pity that his natural self should be so warped and covered with dirty habits!" The silence still continued. The boy looked about him uneasily; then his eyes rested on the filthy pool at his feet; then they slowly wandered over the beautiful room and the assembled company. He stood with both dirty hands crowded into his protruding pockets. He noticed the amused look in Annie's and Sigismund's faces, his eyes caught the despair on mine, then they turned to the professor.

"I guess I aint fit for no sich place as this," he at last said, rather dejectedly; "but then, how about them jewels what you was telling me of? Guess you was fooling all the while, an' you're all laffing at me."

He crossed to where his discarded marbles were lying, and gathering them up, he hurriedly crammed them into his already distended pockets. Surely, it needed a wiser head than mine to transform this boy into a white-winged angel. My thoughts ran rapidly over the proper ways and means. I was at a loss to understand what course these wiser ones present would take. Captain Daking might possibly punish him for soiling his spotless floor. Professor Herman could ferule those dirty hands, and compel the boy to empty his pockets of their heterogeneous contents, which he could destroy before the child's eyes, and then with threatening words and pompous, imperious air, he could lay a strict injunction upon him never to be found with such things again under any circumstances; if he were, the penalty would be more severe punishment still. Captain Daking could humble the child by compelling him to clean up his own filth, with hard words and commanding air; yet I knew intuitively that none of the foregoing methods would be resorted to, and I was very eager to see what course would be taken with him.

"Willie," said the professor, at last, "two or three persons present do feel slightly amused on your account, including myself, but that lovely lady, little Joey's mother, looks very sad. Now, as little Joey is to be your brother, and your own mother is not in this world, you must necessarily look upon that lady as your mother. See how pure, clean and white the lady is, and how sorrowful she looks,

all on account of her little adopted son, Willie. Now, Willie, here is a mirror; take little Joey by the hand and stand side by side with him. You think two little brothers ought to look very much alike, do you not? You are the older and taller of the two, therefore you ought to be an example for your younger brother to follow; and you would not like to teach little Joey anything which would grieve his mother's heart, would you?"

Willie glanced at me, then at Joey, and taking the smaller boy's hand, he stepped with him in front of the mirror. The two boys were dressed exactly alike, the only difference between them being the dirty hands, the soiled, protruding pockets and filthy mouth of Willie, whereas Joey was sweet, pure and clean in every respect. The filthiness had not been so apparent to Willie in his old clothes, but now in his pure and beautiful raiment, his dazzling white skin and clear blue eyes, it was simply horrible and fearfully disgusting. The child turned away from his own reflection with a sick look: tears started into the great, intelligent, blue eyes and rolled down his cheeks.

"Oh," he groaned, "I aint fit for this place, I aint!"

"Willie," said the professor, "look into the glass again with little Joey. Now observe, my little man; your mouth is just as sweet and clean as little Joey's, but for the tobacco which defiles it. Now, my child, if you will give me that tobacco and cigar, I promise you faithfully that in return I will give you something in their stead, ten times their value; not to-day, but when once you are established at my school. I will not forget my promise; if I should you may take me to task for it. Willie, take note that I am getting very much in your debt."

And the professor took out a pearl-covered book and commenced to jot down the items:

"Professor Herman, to his beloved pupil, William Smith, debtor: To four jewels: the first a diamond of the first water; second, a ruby, red and exceedingly brilliant; third, a topaz, blue and fair as the skies; fourth, a pearl of great price. Now, Willie, if you will deliver up to me your marbles I will give to you in return the above-mentioned four jewels, and, as I told you at first, these jewels can be divided and subdivided, again and again, without loss, but gain; and these jewels I will put into your hands now, as soon as you give me the marbles; and you may keep them in your pocket until I teach you the proper way to use, or, if you prefer, play with them."

Willie's eyes glittered joyfully.

"Item," again went on the professor. "This tobacco and cigar are worth how much?"

"Well," said Willie, deeply interested, "I guess they're worth 'bout ten cents."

"Well; ten times ten are one hundred, are they not?" asked the professor.

"In course it is," answered Willie. "That makes a dollar, you know."

Herman took a bright silver dollar from his pocket, together with four sparkling jewels, and laid them on the table.

"Now, Willie, the top, the string and the jack-knife; what will you take for them?"

Willie looked thoughtful.

"Well," he said at last, "I whittles with my jack-knife, and makes whistles and things: may n't I keep my jack-knife?"

"How will you swap?" asked Herman, displaying a beautiful pearl-handled knife, which had three keen, bright blades, and a silver plate, with Willie's name engraved in full upon it.

The child actually danced for joy.

"You don't mean it?" he said, at last. "You must be a fool to swap even, for mine's only an old rusty thing what's got only one blade, and the end of that's broken off, and the handle's part gone."

"Yes, Willie," said the Professor, "I'll swap even; besides, I'll teach you how to do many a beautiful piece of work with it when we are at the school again. Now the string and the top."

"Oh! the string's not worth much, only I can't spin my top without it; and the top was gin me: my mother giv it to me last Christmas time."

Again the boy's eyes filled with tears, his chest heaved with sobs.

"Oh! my marm, my marm!" he exclaimed. "She'll never give me no more tops nor things, 'cause I'm drowned! I'm drowned! I want to see my marm! I want to see my marm!" Tears trembled in every eye like pearls, and they rolled freely down my cheeks.

Herman's face looked grave and tender.

"Willie," he said, "if I will take you this very day to see your mother, and allow you to keep the top, will you clean up that filthy pool, and wash your mouth and hands all sweet and clean, like your little brother's here?"

"Oh! yes, indeed," sobbed Willie.

Capt. Daking gave the child a basin of clean water, cloth and towel. Willie washed up the filth, making the place look as bright and clean as ever. The captain gave him another basin and towel; he washed his face, mouth and hands. Having already given all the things which his pockets had contained to his teacher, they lay on the table side by side with the jewels, the silver dollar, the pearl-handled knife; the dirty string had been replaced by threads of strong, fine gold, but the top remained precisely as it had been; no filth now was visible about the child except the soiled pockets.

"Willie, my dear little adopted son!" I cried, for I could not restrain myself longer, "come here, and give me a sweet kiss, and I will find a way to clean those pockets."

The child shyly approached me. I clasped him in my arms, and kissed the little wet face all over, when lo! the pockets had become as clean and white as snow.

"Great love overcometh the filth of evil," said Sigismund, looking at me with his deep, deep eyes.

I led the child to the table, and stood clasping one of his hands, while Joey held the other. The professor had placed the boy's treasures on a bright silver tray, side by side with a filthy, rusty one on which were the things that the child had given up.

"Now, my boy," said he, "the things which I exohange with you for yours are merely symbols of real things; the real things themselves I still owe you. I am your banker, and these things are your cheques. Whenever you fetch me one of the cheques I will return to you, together with compound interest, its value in full of real, true, everlasting treasure, that can be divided and subdivided forever without loss."

"Will you try to remember all this, my child? Mary," he continued, "be kind enough to transfer Willie's treasures to his pockets, that he may have them to play with and gaze upon until he is ready to draw their full value from his banker. My friend, addressing Erricson, 'strike once more the strings of your golden harp.'"

I put the boy's treasures into his pockets, and after a

sweet prelude on the harp, Erricson struck into a chant; we all joined our voices, and the room resounded with the sweet and solemn strains.

"Whatever ye do to the least of these my little ones, ye have done unto me," chanted Sigismund.

CHAPTER XIX.

AN EDUCATIONAL HALL FOR LADIES.

DEAR reader, I do not mean to be understood that the boy, Willie, had material marbles, or that his old wet material clothes were really here in the spiritual world. No. All those things, so far as coarse material substance was concerned, were left with his drowned material body; but the child's thoughts and habits were still with him, and the things which were in his mind were as real to him and to all present as material things are to material sense.

Joey had been in league with the professor and Captain Daking, yet the child did not understand all which the older spirits endeavored to teach; therefore, when he found his own pockets supplied with marbles, he knew at once that they had been put or willed there, by Herman, for him to make use of in the game, also knowing that the professor intended by these means to teach the undeveloped spirit of little Willie valuable lessons. If these things were not so, if the thoughts of spirits and angels did not become objective and appear as real things, how could ignorant and undeveloped spirits and children be taught or make any progress after the death of the material body?

No: spiritual things are the only real, imperishable things, and not the material. The material is fleeting and perishable; only heavenly or spiritual things are real and enduring.

Poor little Willie's material body, with its appurtenances, was lying at the bottom of the sea, food for ravenous fishes, but his spirit, which was his real self (together with all his former thoughts and habits), was here with us in this refuge for lost sailors; and he must be taught with and through those things which he loved best, those things which had become habitual to him and cherished most.

I might go on at great length to tell my readers how, after little Willie was taken into Professor Herman's school, he gradually grew weary of looking at his treasures, which were merely symbols of higher things, and how, one after the other, those symbolic cheques were presented at the bank, and their value paid in full, with compound interest, by his banker, Professor Herman. To sum it up briefly, however, little Willie's diamond signified pure truth unmixed with error; and as a diamond throws back all the colors of the rainbow, so truth and truthful principles reveal all the beauties of the heavenly spheres, that wisdom and truth are forever blended together like the beautiful colors seen within a diamond. Next, that his ruby-red signified love; that true love should dwell within the heart of every man, woman and child, as well as within the souls of all spirits and angels, for every other man, woman and child, spirit and angel. Next, that his azure gem signified the ethereal, never-ending ocean of eternity, wherein all things live and move and have their being; that his pearl signified purity, in thought, word and deed; that his beautiful pearl-handled knife signified that wisdom, love, justice and truth possessed many bright, sharp blades, or ways and means, whereby to accomplish desired results; that the golden threads, or strings, represented the golden analogical chain that bound all things one to the other; his top, the great spiritual or magnetic attraction, that kept all things in rapid motion, so that stagnation and death were impossible; and that this same top, which his mother gave him, should always be a reminder, or symbol, that he could visit this mother whenever he pleased, because he was not dead, but alive, and in constant motion; and that this magnetic attraction, and power of motion, would carry him wherever his love and desire willed: that whatever wisdom, love, justice, or truth he had, could, and ought to be, divided and subdivided again and again, and given to every hungry soul that needed food; that at length Willie himself should possess so much that he would become a great banker, from whom those more ignorant than he could continually draw wealth of wisdom, love, justice and truth.

Willie was taken that very hour by the professor to visit his mother, little Joey going with them, because he greatly desired to go; but the child's disappointment was very great when he found that his mother could not see him, and did not know he was there with her. The professor comforted him by saying that in time, when love and wisdom became triumphant, as they surely would, his mother would recognize him: in the meantime he was to attend school and learn all he possibly could.

Mr. Erricson concluded to remain awhile at the home and assist Captain Daking with other lost sailors who might be brought in, and the captain told him that he would telegraph for his, Erricson's, nearest friends, who were in the spiritual life, to come there and visit him: no doubt they would all be there in a very short time, to say the least.

Sigismund, Annie and myself concluded to return to earth for a short time, as my heart yearned for my loved ones there. My children here were all cared for in the most loving and beautiful way; no anxious thoughts for them disturbed me; but the dear little ones of earth: over them my soul brooded anxiously; things still remained there very much as I had left them. My first desire was now fulfilled, that of visiting the schools wherein the souls of my little spiritual children were being educated, and I now felt a greater desire to visit an educational hall for ladies than I did to visit a saint; for, said Sigismund:

"You will be far better able to understand the true meaning of the word 'saint' after you have visited an educational hall for ladies. There are thousands of such halls within the heavens, but I think we will first visit one which is dedicated to St. Agnes by ladies who were formerly oppressed and forlorn."

This pleased me, and so we floated onward; but Sigismund said he would leave us at the door, for gentlemen were not yet admitted within this hall. He smiled benignly upon us, and we were left to go in by ourselves.

This hall was a grand, elegant structure, and stood in the midst of grounds teeming with life and beauty. I would like to have my readers distinctly understand that this building, with its lovely surroundings, was entirely spiritual, although as plainly visible and real to spirits and angels as material things are to mortals.

If one within the body could have been transported here, and could have looked at this building with material eyes, it would have appeared very much to them as a rainbow appears; and if the rainbow could take on the form of an elegant hall, with all the beautiful colors in proper places suited to the building, with its lovely grounds filled with the most exquisite flowers, a faint conception can be had of this grand spiritual hall. The difference being that a rainbow soon fades, but this hall was fadeless and immortal.

Annie and I stood gazing at it delightedly.

(To be continued.)

Original Essays.

The Spiritual Facts of the Ages.

A Series by Dr. F. L. M. Willis.

NO. XXIV—JOHN MURRAY, THE
FOUNDER OF UNIVERSALISM.

WE find the eighteenth century as richly corroborative of our position as any of its predecessors.

In our last number we presented striking testimony from the celebrated Wesley family. Contemporaneous with John Wesley, the distinguished founder of Methodism, was John Murray, the leader and founder in this country of the sect known as Universalists.

The life and career of John Murray furnishes us another bright link in the chain of evidence we are tracing down from the remotest period of antiquity.

We find positive testimony to the fact that John Murray was a medium from his earliest childhood. He possessed in a remarkable degree those characteristics that we invariably find marking the mediumistic temperament. We find these characteristics persistently presenting themselves in the lives of all the founders of sects, all the men and women who have been leaders of advancement in religious, ethical or social reform from the earliest times, constituting them, as we have before claimed, exceptional men and women; instruments through whom could be poured the power and influence of the spirit for accomplishing the purposes of high heaven for the emancipation of man from bondage unto creedal forms of faith, and to all that keeps him down upon the lower planes of life.

It is to Mr. Murray himself that we owe a simple and beautiful narration of his early experiences. We can nowhere find a more forcible, more touching testimony of the guiding power of ministering spirits than is given us by this pioneer of Universalism.

He tells us that his parents were rigid Calvinists. His father was an Episcopalian, his mother a Presbyterian. The doctrines evolved by this gloomy ascetic reformer, John Calvin, were taught faithfully in all their terrible harshness to the children, and the effect of them upon the sensitive nature of John was to plunge him at times into extremes of terror and agony.

One of the earliest signs of his mediumship occurred at his baptism, which took place before he was two years old. He was received into the Episcopal Church after the usual ceremony made use of upon such occasions, and at the close of the prayer the child, who had never spoken before, articulated the word "amen," so distinctly and audibly as to be heard by the whole congregation. His parents, who were deeply impressed by this phenomenon, affirm that he did not utter another word for a long time after. Although they did not recognize this fact at the time as proof of their child's susceptibility to spirit control, yet the whole subsequent life of Murray gives proof of the possession by him of those gifts which throughout the ages have constituted mediumship.

The childhood of Murray was made wretched by the vigorous and untiring efforts of his parents to indoctrinate his young mind with the terrible tenets of Calvinism. Religion was made a subject of terror to him. He was not ten years old when he began to suffer from the effects of these terrible doctrines. The severe, unbending discipline of his father, and the dreadful apprehensions of what he had to expect from the God who created him, were torture to his sensitive spirit. He possessed naturally a mercurial temperament, with a bright, sunny disposition.

When he was about eleven years old, the family moved from England, where he was born, into Ireland, near the city of Cork. It was about this time that the Methodists made their appearance, and the elder Murray rejoiced in their zeal and vital piety; but they were not Calvinists, so he did not feel that he could unite with them. But the sensitive, mediumistic nature of the young boy was deeply impressed and delighted with their religion. It was full of vitality, full of magnetic fire. It appealed very strongly to his ardent, impulsive nature.

He says: "I was greatly enamored of it; they preached often and in the streets; they had private societies of young people and sweet singing, and a vast deal of it, with an amazing variety of tunes. All this was beyond measure charming."

It was such a contrast to the stern, hard, cold formalism of Calvinism that had thrown over his young life such a black pall that he received it with enthusiastic delight. It was like a burst of sunshine through a sombre cloud.

He gives us an interesting glimpse of his life at this time, and we marvel that out of such rigorous formalism, such depressing influences, could have come such a rich spiritual development, such an unfolding of the mediumistic qualities of his nature. It affords us the strongest proof that he was sought out by those untiring ministering angels who are constantly laboring for humanity's good, as their instrument for advancing the progress of religious ideas in the world, and hastening forward its emancipation from the bondage of Calvinism.

The advent of Methodism, with its great magnetic power, its warm spiritual life, was a wonderful advance from the cold formalism of the Church of England; but it made the pious father more strict than ever.

Here is an interesting glimpse of one day in the life of young John:

"It was my father's constant practice, so long as his health would permit, to quit his bed, winter as well as summer, at four o'clock in the morning. A large portion of his time thus redeemed from sleep was devoted to private prayers and meditations. At six o'clock the family was summoned, and I, as the eldest son, was ordered into my closet for the purpose of private devotion. My father, however, did not go with me, and I did not always pray. I was not always in a praying frame of mind; but the deceit which I was thus reduced to the necessity of practicing was an additional torture to my laboring mind. After the family was collected it was my part to read a chapter in the Bible. Then followed a long and fervent prayer by my father; breakfast succeeded, when, the children being sent to school, the business of the day commenced. In the course of the day my father, as I believe, never omitted his private devotions, and in the evening the whole family were again collected, the children examined, our faults recorded, and I, as an example to the rest, especially chastised. My father rarely passed by an offense without marking it by such punishment as his sense of duty awarded, and when my mother interceded for me he would respond to her entreaties in the language of Solomon: 'If thou beest with a rod he shall not die.' The Bible was again introduced, and the day was closed by prayer."

Sunday was a day much to be dreaded in our family. We were all awakened at early dawn, private devotions attended, breakfast hastily dismissed, shutters closed, no light except from the back part of the house; no noise could bring any part of the family to the window; not a syllable was uttered upon secular subjects. Every one who could read, children and domestics, had their allotted chapters. Family prayer succeeded, after which 'Baxter's Saints' Everlasting Rest' was assigned to me, my mother all the time in terror lest the children should be an interruption. At last the bell summoned us to church, whither in solemn order we proceeded, I close to my father, who admonished me to look straight forward, and not let my eyes wander after vanity. At church I was fixed at his elbow, compelled to kneel when he knelt, to stand when he stood, to find the psalm, epistle, gospel and collects for the day, and any instance of inattention was vigilantly marked, and unrelentingly punished. When I returned from church I was ordered to my closet, and when I came forth the chapter from which the preacher had taken his text was read, and I was then questioned respecting the sermon, a part of which I could generally repeat. Dinner, as breakfast, was taken in silent haste, after which we were not suffered to walk even in the garden, but every one must either read or hear reading until the bell gave the signal for afternoon service, from which we returned to private devotion, to reading, to catechism, and long family prayer, which closed the most laborious day of the week.

It was the custom of many of our visiting friends to unite with us in these evening exercises, to the no small gratification of my father; it is true, especially after he became an invalid, he was often extremely fatigued, but upon these occasions the more he suffered the more he rejoiced, since his reward would be the greater, and indeed his sufferings of every description were to him a never failing source of consolation. In fact, this devotional life became to him second nature, but it was not so to his family. For myself I was alternately serious and wild, but never very moderate in anything. My father rejoiced in my devotional frames, and was encouraged to proceed as occasion was given in the good work of whipping, admonishing and praying. I continued to repeat my pious resolutions, and still more to bind my soul. I once vowed a vow unto the Lord—kissing the book for the purpose of adding to its solemnity—that I would no more visit the pleasure-grounds, nor again associate with those boys who had been my companions.

Almost immediately after this transaction I attended a thundering preacher who, taking for his text that command of our Saviour which directs his disciples to 'swear not at all,' gave me to believe I had committed a most heinous transgression in the oath that I had taken. Nay, he went so far as to assure his hearers that to say 'upon my word' was an oath, a very horrid oath, since it was tantamount to swearing by Jesus Christ, inasmuch as he was the 'Word' who was made flesh of us, and dwelt among us.

This sermon rendered me for a long season truly wretched, while I had no individual to whom I could confide my distresses. To my father I dared not even name my secret afflictions; and my mother, as far as the tenderness of her nature would permit, was in strict unison with her venerated husband. The depression of my spirits on this occasion was great and enduring."

It is most interesting to trace the mediumistic development of young Murray under circumstances so favorable for repressing and killing out every true spiritual aspiration of the soul. All this subservience to form, this pitiable servility to the letter which killeth, this cold indifference to the spirit which giveth life, would seem to be the most unfavorable atmosphere possible for the development of the finer spiritual qualities and susceptibilities of the nature.

It was certainly having this effect upon young Murray, for he began to show it in vacillation from the extreme of devotion to the extreme of indifference, and, saddest of all, began to exhibit signs of duplicity and hypocrisy, the legitimate effect of making religion purely external, a thing of forms and ceremonies, instead of what it should be, the sweet, spontaneous expression of all that is truest and best, of all that is the highest, the noblest and purest, the most divine in the nature.

But he was destined to play an important part in the program of the celestials for hastening the coming of the day when the glad gospel of Spiritualism in its fullness could be presented to the world through a recognized open communion between the two spheres. The idea of God's love, or rather the idea of Love as the Deific principle, had been presented to the world by the Nazarene and his followers, but it had been entirely lost sight of, swallowed up in the theology of the pseudo-Christianity that followed the establishment of ecclesiasticism at the time of the fatal compromise between the Pagan Emperor Constantine in the fourth century and Eusebius, called the father of ecclesiastical history. It was then that Spiritualism died out of the Christian church, and religious Materialism, which is what the Christianity of to day is, took its place; and it has been the untiring effort of the spirit-world, seeking its media here and there, wherever they could be found, through whom to work, to recall mankind to the pure principles of primitive Spiritualism.

It is evident that this boy, Murray, inherited that susceptibility of temperament that could be acted upon by spirit-forces from his mother, who reveals her faith in spirit-presence and influence in many ways, but especially after the death of her husband. When charging the young man with his duties as the eldest of the family, she speaks to him of the presence of his sainted father as at that moment beholding them. "In this very spot in which a few days previous to his departure out of time he so affectionately admonished us." Here she paused and looked, and seemed as if influenced by the very presence of the departed.

It was while passing through this vigorous discipline of his father's, at the very time that it was beginning to exercise a most pernicious influence upon his young mind, that Mr. John Wesley visited his father, attracted by the fame of his zealous piety. How can we fail to see herein the workings of the same wonderful power that we have traced down from the earliest times, seeking out and bringing together its workers or instruments, and establishing its channels of influence.

Young Murray was powerfully attracted by the vital zeal, the spiritual warmth and magnetic power of this new sect, whose founder, as we have seen, was a believer in phenomenal Spiritualism, and became a Methodist.

Mr. Wesley paid him the most distinguished attention, undoubtedly recognizing in him those qualities we have already spoken of, whose unfolding awaited only the proper conditions of development to constitute him an avant courier of the New Dispensation. He became a Methodist preacher. Soon after he made the acquaintance of the celebrated preacher, George Whitefield, who possessed a more gay and genial temperament than Mr. Wesley, and his piety was colored by his love of fun, and he was greatly cheered by his companionship. But it was evident that the guiding influences of his career were at work, and would not let him rest satisfied in that ministry. He was restless and uneasy. He left Cork and went to London, where he fell in with gay and dissipated companions, who led him far astray from the path of virtue and religion; another proof of the mediumistic sensitiveness of his nature, as susceptible to influences from the mundane as from the spiritual spheres.

It is here that he first refers to the Monitor, who through his life spoke to him in audible words; an invisible presence to which he always turned, and which never forsook him. Like Socrates, he never denied this power, was never ashamed to speak of it, and like the great Grecian philosopher, he recognized it as a power to be at all times trusted and obeyed.

When he was fallen from his high position of religious pride, and was humbled by his fall, then the voice of his spirit guide was heard: "Imitate the prodigal son of old. Arise and go to your father." "Whither shall I go?" he said. "Suppose," said the invisible monitor, "you go to the Tabernacle." He obeyed, and there to his surprise found Whitefield was holding forth. He listened to a powerful appeal from him that moved his soul to its very depths, and he abandoned his wild career forever and entered upon a higher life.

He soon met and became attached to a beautiful young woman, whom he married in opposition to the wishes of her family on account of his being a Methodist. Soon after his marriage, a friend wished him to criticize a pamphlet he had written in opposition to one entitled "Relly's Union." Relly was then preaching a new doctrine in London, one that stirred up a vast amount of opposition and bitterness of feeling, viz., the simple doctrine of the Fatherhood of God. He had published a pamphlet setting forth the idea that all men were so united with Christ that his obedience and sacrifice freed the whole human race from the penalty of sin forever. Such was primitive Universalism, the last grand step necessary in the progress of religious ideas to prepare the way for the advent of the Gospel of Angels, as revealed through Modern Spiritualism.

It was a review and refutation of this famous pamphlet of Relly's that was submitted to Mr. Murray for criticism. Soon after the pamphlet itself was placed in his hands. He hesitated almost to receive it; but remembering that the elect thing it should not harm them, he consented to receive it, but he dared not read it until he and his wife had entered their closet and prayed over it, even as a criminal under sentence of death would pray for aid, for light to direct them whether they ought to read it. Finally taking the pamphlet, and opening his Bible, he read and compared the quoted texts tending to prove the idea that Jesus Christ died to secure the salvation of the entire race with no exceptions or conditions.

He went to hear Relly preach. His peace of mind was wrecked; his Bible, as he read and prayed over it, became to him a new book. He found so many texts to prove God's impartial, universal love, that he was confounded. He no longer found satisfaction in the old doctrines. Mr. Whitefield was no longer his oracle. It became noised about among the Methodists that he had been to hear Relly preach, and that sect, although then in its infancy, had already begun to forget its own persecutions, and to place its ban upon others. He was expelled from their organization. But although it was a heavy blow to him he rejoiced, even in his sorrow, that he had come into a recognition of the Infinite Spirit of Love, and was counted worthy to suffer for the glorious truth.

His wife and child died soon after, and he was cast into prison for debt. Utterly broken in spirit, overwhelmed with sorrow and disgrace, he reasoned himself into a condition in which he was just about to commit suicide; when, lo! his prison cell was illuminated with spiritual glory, and in the midst of the celestial radiance, from whose person it seemed to emanate, stood the form of his beloved wife. "She appeared," he says, "as if commissioned by heaven to soothe his tortured spirit." He was comforted and uplifted by this spiritual visitation, and the next day, through the kindly offices of a friend, was discharged from prison.

He determined to visit America. As he departed from his native land his soul was overwhelmed with grief. He felt alone in the world. His mother and friends had no sympathy with his new ideas. With no plan, no prospect before him, the world seemed to him like a vale of tears. In the midst of his grief, came again the voice of his angel-guide:

"Be of good cheer, for God is with you. He will never leave you nor forsake you. Be not afraid when you pass through the waters. The Friend of sinners will come the desert to bloom like the rose. The young lions cry, and thy Father feedeth them. Thou art nearer and dearer to thy Father than all the inhabitants of the deep, than all the tenants of the forest."

He was soothed and comforted by this gentle voice, and wonderfully strengthened in spirit. He repeats the words to us with such sincere faith that it is evident they were to him revelations from the spirit-world. By a seeming accident he landed at Sandy Hook, the ship being detained by a change of wind. Here in an almost unbroken forest he felt again utterly alone, as if beyond the care even of that guiding Providence which had hitherto kept him. As he walked up from the bay, he came to a humble dwelling. He was met by a man of rough but genial manner, who offered to him the hospitalities of his house, and said to him: "I am so glad you have come. I have been expecting you a long time." "Expecting me?" said Murray in amazement. "Yes," replied the man; "the moment I beheld the vessel on shore it seemed as if a voice audibly sounded in my ears, 'There, Potter, in that vessel coast away on that shore is the preacher you have so long been expecting.' I heard the voice and believed the report, and when you came up to the door, the same voice repeated, 'Potter, this is your man. This is the person whom I have sent to preach in your house.'"

Here was another medium listening to spirit-voices. For years this man had been promised by the voices a preacher after his own mind; to preach in his own meeting-house, built at his own expense. He had let Methodists and Baptists and Presbyterians enter it and preach, but of none could he say "this is my preacher." His neighbors often asked, "Where is thy preacher?" to whom he replied, "He will be-by-and-by make his appearance." He knew Murray was the one before he landed, and when he knocked at the door. How did he know it? The spirit-voice told him, and he believed it.

He was astonished at what Potter said to him.

"What could you discern in my appearance which could lead you to mistake me for a preacher?"

"What could I discern," said Potter, "when you were in the vessel? No, sir; it is not what I saw or see, but what I feel."

Murray protested, but all the while he felt as if Providence was speaking to him through this man. He said: "I will take the change of the wind as a sign from God to me. If the wind changes I will leave in the morn- if it

remains as it is, I will think that I have business here."

He wept and prayed most of the night, wondering why he was thus called upon, fearing also lest he was in error as to the truth. He remembered the persecutions endured by Mr. Relly in England; he realized what an unpopular faith he cherished in his heart. Finally, he said within himself: "I am in thy hand, oh, Lord; do with me as thou wilt!" He preached the new gospel of universal salvation through the infinitude of God's love, while the good Mr. Potter looked up at him with eyes sparkling with pleasure, and also with tears of transport, saying, when the sermon was finished: "Now I am willing to depart, oh God! for thou hast granted me my desire."

The wind changed. He went to New York. The captain spread the report that he was a great preacher. He was importuned to preach, and he did so in many churches. He was welcomed wherever he went until his Calvinism began to be suspected, and then the churches began to be closed against him.

In Boston he was stoned in the pulpit. Every indignity was offered him by clergy and laity, simply because he preached a doctrine that denied the monstrous idea that nine-tenths of the human race were doomed to eternal damnation.

In Gloucester, Mass., he formed the first Universalist church in this country and became its pastor, after which churches were formed in New York, Philadelphia, Portsmouth and other places.

George Washington became much interested in him, and appointed him a chaplain in the army. Strenuous efforts were made by his Christian enemies for his removal, on the grounds of his "infidel and damnable doctrines"; but Washington nobly refused to have him removed on account of his religious views. When Washington became President, Murray addressed to him a memorial, congratulating him upon his accession to the government. Washington replied, and his reply was characterized with all that nobleness of nature that has immortalized his name, and that will never let a man become a bigot or a narrow-minded sectarian.

Mr. Murray served ten years in Gloucester, then went to Boston, where he was installed in 1793 as pastor in the "Universal Meeting House." His last illness was long and tedious. Six years was he confined by a most distressing disease to his bed. He was patient and hopeful through it all, never lost his faith in the ministering angels, nor in the infinite love of the universe, and its entire adequacy to the salvation of every human soul.

He died as he had lived, a Spiritualist, a medium, listening to the last to his beloved spirit-voices that interpreted to him the will of heaven. His last words were: "I am hastening through the valley of the shadow of death. I am about to quit this distempered state. Yet a little moment, and I shall be received in the city of the living God with the innumerable company of the apostles and spirits of just men made perfect, and I shall continue in the presence of my Divine Master forever," and with a sweet smile and a word of cheer for all about him, he gently breathed his last.

The views of Murray were tinged by his Calvinistic education; yet, under the influence of guiding and inspiring spirits, he took a grand step in advance of all the sects of his day. How sublime the idea he set forth that infinite love would redeem all men from sin! The world of humanity was crushed beneath a fancied antagonism between the creative power of the universe and its offspring. Murray's interpretation of the gospel through the serene light of love and mercy, rather than through implacable justice, was a sublime revelation to the reason and the moral sense. By it the anguish of many hearts was turned to joy. It was a magnificent step forward, and full of important issues. Had it not been taken, the fuller revelation of the same grand truth in the glad gospel of Spiritualism might have been deferred indefinitely.

We look upon Murray as an inspired man. We reverently place him with the noblest heralds of our faith, with the great company of noble souls who have been voices crying in the wilderness of ignorance, superstition and theological darkness, "Prepare ye the way for the nobler and higher."

We look upon his varied experiences as the sure leadings of the spirit. We revere his implicit faith in the spiritual guidance that he termed his Monitor, and his unshrinking perseverance in the face of all obstacles and all dangers.

THE SPIRITUAL AND UNSEEN:

A Prospect and a Forecast in Science and Art.

BY W. A. CRAM.

Untold centuries mankind lived in the midst of growing grasses, flowering herbs and fruitful trees, yet saw and knew nothing of the electric flood of elements and energies that flowed over and through all, building up the myriad bodies, feeding the abounding life of the world. The streams rippled down the hillsides, man knew not the occult giant forces set free, or stored therein; there was power enough hidden in the drop of water to shatter his dwelling, yet all silent to his ear. He heard the roar of the thunder; the earthquake rocked and rent his world. He saw the terribly gleaming lightning sword cleave the forest giant or smite his flock in death, and crouched and trembled before these demon-forces coming upon him from the unseen. Yet all the while these measureless, occult energies of the world were destined to become his obedient servants, to minister a fuller, richer life to his children than even his wildest dreams conceived.

To-day this is being fulfilled for us. The demons, the destructive powers of darkness that once were so hidden, or appeared only to terrify and destroy, now speak our words of love, and serve our bidding all over the lands and through the seas. They bear us and carry our burdens while we wake and while we sleep; they heal our diseases and minister light and joy to our homes. Whence and how this marvelous change, this triumph of life for us? We have simply discovered and learned a little the will and use of this infinite tide of electric elements and life energies that flows throughout our world. The awful giants and destroying demons of our ancestors have been transformed into servants and ministering angels for us in countless ways; yet if in carelessness or ignorance we bid them forth, they still may appear as the devils of old.

What prophet or seer may forecast or measure the more and better of life the increasing knowledge and use of electricity shall bring to us? Let us carry this lesson and vision one step higher on nature's and the soul's way of ascending life:

Since the dawn of history mankind has dimly seen and known of another, a subtler, more hidden power and life of nature and the universe, generally believed and feared as from the land and darkness of the dead—a life of ghosts, of demons and devils, at times seeming to help, oftener coming to torment and destroy. So through the centuries people trembled in terror and hid before these beings and powers of shadows and ill from out the unknown. As the unconquerable soul of man grew and wrought through ignorance, fear and weakness into knowledge and joyful use of the electric powers and life of the world, so the genius of the ages cries "More, and higher yet!" for we are plainly in the dawn of a new day of wider, richer knowledge, a grander triumph of the soul in the infinite unseen and spiritual realms. We have already entered upon the prophetic beginning of such a wondrous science and art. From over our world's borders come voices, apparitions and manifestations of being and life, out of the vast hitherto invisible and unknown; thither science is reaching, peering and moving to discover these unseen countries and homes of the soul!

Weak and crude and uncertain is this new and higher science and art of the unseen and spiritual; such appears to be nature's way in the beginnings of all new revelations of knowledge or art to man. Consider the growth, the first harvests of electrical science and use, the blunders of ignorance, the charlatanism, the ill and vain mechanics; yet ever the knowledge and skill grew clearer-eyed, and stronger to know and use its heritage of good: Whose vision or forecast of the future science and art of electricity, may outrun their wealth and blessing to be?

Consider the new science and art of the spiritual and unseen worlds and life, to gain as much in the next half century as that of electricity has in the last half. Let us forecast a little on this line of growth and progress. Does not the same natural law of progress and new life obtain in higher states and powers of being as in lower? If we may trust the same universal nature and oversoul to fulfill themselves in the future as in the past, then we may assuredly foresee and forecast a little our larger, richer life in Spiritualism, our growing, widening life into the unseen that infolds us. Thus looking onward we behold the near coming time when the spiritual world beyond death, the lands and homes and inhabitants of the vast ethereal and spiritual realm about us, will become as real and natural to people of our world as Europe or Asia are to us to-day; our relations, our intercourse will be as much a matter of fact and daily thought as with the life and inhabitants of London and Paris, or with the homes and friends of a neighboring State.

We shall no more think of those who pass from our homes through the way of death as dead, or lost, than the friends and lovers who sail over the seas to live in Rome or Vienna. We shall look from off the shores of our little island of matter out into the boundless ethereal ocean whose ceaseless tide flows about our earth, thinking of the absent "dead" who have sailed out thence as naturally and assuredly as now we do of those to whom we wave farewell, and bid God-speed for joyful journey to other lands of our little earth! A few have already attained this vision and knowledge in large measure; I have known three or four whose lives even here seemed bathed and refulgent with spiritual light far up toward the noon of such a glorious day of spiritual knowledge and sight. The faith and vision of such—are they not the soul's immortal promise of that to be for earth's millions? Ay, more than this, for Nature turns not back the morning dawn or the rising sun of the new coming day.

In this dawn we foresee the fuller day, when our children's children will read and study in their homes the poetry and wisdom of the upper life beyond this world's death translated into our cruder tongue and slower thought by the coming science and art of the unseen! Then such revelation and intercourse with the inhabitants of the ethereal lands will be counted no more miracle than to receive the poetry and science of France and Germany.

The thousands of miles of ocean cannot separate us from the great masters of music, painting and sculpture in Berlin, Vienna or Rome. Over and through the sea the voice, the symbols and images of the grandest harmonies, the highest beauty of the fine arts, are borne to us from Eastern lands for our delight and inspiration. All this is no miracle—it has become to us so much our common daily life. How many of earth's grand masters have passed to the upper kingdoms, into the life of music, painting and sculpture, such that the best of this world is still but as the rude pictures, the symbols and drumbeats of childhood: For such is the reality to be if Nature turns not back to thwart herself, if the over-soul deceives not. The knowledge and art of the spiritual and ethereal are growing that shall ere long live to us from those upper homes and schools of the soul the grander, sweeter harmonies and beauties the "old masters" have entered upon through death, in such fullness and richness as the immortal Christ foretold!

This is only Nature in her higher way. The spiritual world borders closer upon us to-day than France or Italy; its home-life touches our homes more nearly and really.

The Holy Ghost of risen Elijah had not so far to come to fold his spiritual mantle about Elijah, who still trod earth's rough way, as when they two walked different mountain sides of Hebrew land, and fain would see and cheer each other! Could we but more clearly see, we should know that the "Holy Ghost" of the death-ascended Beethovens, Michael Angelos or Titians has not so far to come to touch and inspire the living prophets and priests of music and painting and all the finer arts of grace and beauty, as when our seas alone divided! We study the astronomy of Siberia, the tropics and antarctic lands, to learn what new stars and nebula appear in other heavens than those over us; we study the geography, the geology and natural history of Greenland, Oceania, and most unknown lands of our little world, to discover what new facts and laws, what new beauties and delights of nature may be found! So knowledge widens and life is richer grown.

The time is coming when our children will read and study the astronomy, the geography, the botany and chemistry of the spiritual and invisible worlds about us, to learn the higher lessons of the universe: how the starry worlds and suns appear to the clearer vision and wider knowledge of earth's children who have risen through death; to learn what deeper revelations of nature's soul are writ in the mountains and meadows and streams of invisible lands that border our present world of sight and sound; to learn what forms of beauty and more perfect life, the trees and flowers, the

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

THE BANNER will give its readers in the next issue a *verbatim* report—made specially for its columns—of a sterling and practical discourse delivered at Cassadaga Camp, N. Y., recently, by W. J. COLVILLE: The lecture taking the form of a review of that noted work by Thomas Jay Hudson, entitled: "THE LAW OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA."

A Religion Founded on Justice.

Rabbi Schindler expressed a wish, in a recent lecture in Boston, to have some one make up a catalogue of all the "catchwords" by which the human race has been trapped during man's long career on earth. He holds that the masses have always been excited to activity by throwing among them some pithy word or sentence, whether they understood its meaning and application or not. "God wills it," was the phrase that set Europe crazy, in the eleventh century, with the desire of conquering the Holy Land, in consequence of which large armies were moved southward by sea and land to Asia. God, he said, had never expressed a wish that they should go and conquer the Holy Land, yet every soul that enlisted in those invading armies believed he was fulfilling the very wish of God.

One catchy term frequently applied to Christianity, said he, is that it is the religion of love, while Judaism represents rather the rigor of the law. When we dissect the word "love" philosophically, we find that we love only ourselves in the object we pretend to love, and that unrequited love will easily turn into hatred instead, because it offends our very self. All kinds of love but parental love are utterly independent of our will-power. We cannot love at the mere bidding.

"Love thy neighbor," said the Rabbi, is a commandment easily given, memorized and rehearsed, but he did not believe it could be fulfilled under all considerations and circumstances. He believed that to love an enemy is an absolute impossibility. Even the love between the two sexes is not dependent on the will; and it is untrue entirely to say that love can be bought; we can buy a person, but we cannot buy the love of that person. It is all in vain to preach by the century that one type of humanity shall love the other, for the reason that there is a lack of affinity between them; nature has herself seemed to have severed the ties that should bind together one man and his brother, without regard to the race from which he sprung.

Hence the little reliance we can place in love; and since it is an entirely independent force, and cannot be practiced at will, it cannot and it ought not to be made the basis of a religious or a social system. A religion based on love is based on a pretty catchword, but its feasibility is as zero. Christianity proves the assertion. That religion was and is advertised as the religion of love; but if after two thousand years a religion calling itself the religion of love has not been able to do away with manslaughter and warfare, and its very laws themselves drip with human blood, and if it is still necessary, in the name of that religion of love, for the nations of the world to increase their armies and navies, no further demonstration of the fallacy of the doctrine of love is needed!

Such is Rabbi Schindler's pretty close-fitting reasoning on the matter. He then turns to the other word, "justice," never yet used as one of the world's catchwords—justice, as implied in the term "law," which is called the religion of Judaism. Justice, he reasons correctly, is subject to the will-power of man. We can be just; and if we are unjust, we can be held responsible for it. But why, he asks, has not, then, the doctrine of justice borne better fruits than the doctrine of love? And he gives as the reason, because it has ever been falsely interpreted. In its real and true sense, justice is the knowledge of the equal rights of all to life and its enjoyment. Upon that basis alone, he solemnly affirms, the dome of religion as well as the palace of society can be constructed.

All our ideas about justice are perverted, said he. We call it justice, when by the so-called law of "demand and supply" a woman

is forced to finish pantaloons, sew on all the buttons and the linings at the pay-rate of eighteen cents the dozen pairs, enabling her to earn at the most in a week three dollars, by working from early morning to late at night. We call it justice that one child, because born of rich parents, is brought up in affluence, and has at its command all opportunities to a successful continuation of a happy life—while to another child, because born in a garret, every chance of living a human like life is denied. When the latter, raised in filth and squalid surroundings, remains undeveloped physically, mentally and morally, and in his ignorance disregards the so-called rights of his privileged brother, we again call it justice when he is imprisoned and branded for life with infamy.

Such is an illustration of our perversion of the word "justice." In the true sense of the word, however, and not in its perverted meaning, justice would be the first principle, the very understructure of both society and religion. It is the injustice practiced by society that produces criminals, and justice, so called, is kept busy only in retaliating. Let us, concluded the Rabbi, have justice first, last, and all the time, and love may be depended on to take care of itself, while charity would become superfluous. Love cannot be substituted for justice; but justice would produce universal happiness, even if all love should go out of the world. I am proud, therefore, of my religion, said he; I am proud that Judaism is called the religion of law; and if it has not yet succeeded in making justice the acknowledged groundwork of social life, it surely will in the course of time; for a religion founded upon the unreliable and fickle sensation of love will never succeed in producing universal happiness.

Vaccination in Parliament.

We find in a recent issue of "Daylight," a caustic article on "Medical Mahatmas"—the Mahatmas being a class of very superior persons who are said to inhabit the regions of Tibet, alleged sages, mystics and saints, but of whose actual existence nothing can be learned by European travelers. Irreverent people declare these so-called Mahatmas to be really illusions. But illusions are things not peculiar to any land or age. For instance, says Daylight, the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons of England not long since published a manifesto in opposition to the legislative mitigation of the present vaccination laws. Under those laws any parent or guardian is liable to virtually continuous imprisonment while having responsible charge of an unvaccinated child under fourteen years of age. Concerning "vaccination as a protection against smallpox" this manifesto does not hesitate to say, "We consider the evidence in favor of its life-saving power to be overwhelming, and we believe from evidence equally strong, that the dangers incidental to the operation, when properly performed, are infinitesimal."

This sapient Commission declares it would regard as "a national calamity any alteration in the law which makes vaccination compulsory." And it also regards re vaccination as an additional safeguard that should be universally practiced. A Royal Commission has been inquiring into this subject, some of the above Council being members. The London Times reproaches some of them who are opponents of the law with having made up their minds before the Commission has rendered its final report, yet it sees nothing unseemly in these Commissioners publishing their faith in Jennerism in letters to correspondents.

This Council is composed of twenty-four members, of whom but one—so stated—possesses any special qualifications as a statistical expert; and no well-informed person would accept the dicta of any one of them on this highly complex and mainly statistical question of vaccination. The slaughter of fifty children per annum and the injuries to countless others by vaccination are to them an "infinitesimal" evil. If, of old, three thousand per million died yearly of smallpox in England, and if now only fifteen hundred per million are annually killed by vaccination, it is concluded that fifteen hundred lives are thus saved annually! If not, why not? The creedal ministry are being superseded by the modern medicine men, who in turn bid fair to become in time equally noxious and repellent. The various diseases of past ages have declined and died out, not one of them touched by any vaccination; but smallpox will surely sweep the land unless everybody is vaccinated(?) early and often!

In a decade of anti compulsory agitation the number in Parliament opposed to vaccination has increased from eighteen to seventy. It looks as if compulsion was doomed. The Vaccination Inquirer for June makes almost exclusively a Parliamentary number, reporting and commenting on the debate on the report of the Royal Commission. It was the event of the month of May. Sir Walter Foster, a medical man, who is the mouthpiece of the Local Government Board in Parliament, in his speech asserted that smallpox would be of much greater value to the medical profession than vaccination, whereas the truth is notoriously that the doctors get both. To say that they support vaccination against their own interest is a "delusion," to call it by no harsher name. Vaccination is the regular income which is always available to a man out of all proportion to its amount, while it in no way lessens either the probability or the amount of the occasional windfall which comes on the wings of a smallpox epidemic.

The speech of Mr. Hopwood, the parliamentary leader of the anti-compulsory party, was a keen, caustic, incisive, and thoroughly able handling of the whole subject, from inoculation to vaccination, and from mitigation to protection. It is editorially served up in sandwiched comments in *The Inquirer*, and its reading is richly worth the while. He denounced the law as one which stereotyped a remedy which was no remedy, and which muzzled or dulled capacity for investigation. Arthur O'Connor followed him, and the debate was prolonged to the vote, which showed seventy members in favor of abolishing the present atrocious vaccination law.

A correspondent having noted the occasional mention of the term "fourth dimension" in space in our own and other journalistic columns, asks us a question concerning it, to which a reply can perhaps be gained by a perusal of the article from London Light, which we print elsewhere in this issue.

The official report of the Vermont Quarterly Convention is given by the Secretary on our eighth page.

Read the splendid and spiritually-prophetic essay by W. A. Cram, on our second page.

Timely Counsel to Spiritualists.

Bro. J. J. Morse read a paper before the Manchester, Eng., Spiritualist Debating Society, on the 18th of April last, on the best methods of assisting the development of the work of Spiritualism, which is published in *The Two Worlds* of June 9th. He makes "Spiritualism for Spiritualists" the keynote of his purpose; his position is, that until we get the full benefit of our Spiritualism into our own lives, and it is made manifest in our own works, we are not in the best position to teach our friends and neighbors. If, as Spiritualists, we owe any duty to those who are not Spiritualists, much more do we owe the greater duty to ourselves of obtaining to the full all the advantages and blessings Spiritualism can afford us. The circle, the platform and the press, are the outposts on the frontier line that separates Spiritualism as a private movement from a public question. When these are used for propagandist purposes, then our army advances beyond its lines; when these are used to instruct, comfort or extend our knowledge of psychic laws and possibilities for Spiritualists as Spiritualists, then our army works within its lines. But our work of propagandism, in its methods and instrumentalities, ought to express the results of our internal developments and progress as a people, impressing the outsider with our advance in knowledge, experience, culture and intelligence. A cultivated manner and an educational acquirement, outside the statement of facts, are surely needful if we desire to impress either hostile or neutral minds. We have so far won a victory because our facts are unassailable; to keep our grand conquests, we must be represented with at least the culture and education that ordinary intelligence and good breeding express. Our public efforts will certainly express our private growth; our internal work, that which consolidates us, educates us, fraternally unites us, that may even make the internal state of our movement an example to every other movement—that is the thing now to be considered. Without a public and a free press no cause can expect to make any great headway. It is our duty to support our press, to preserve it free, and to look to its pages as a means of intelligence and light concerning all things needful to us. Both platform and press are the needful agencies within our ranks for helping to educate, comfort and unite us as a body possessing distinct opinions and practices. Press and platform should be the vehicles for the dissemination of all things that are in accord with the general character of Spiritualism, the general welfare of Spiritualists and their workers.

For educational purposes, we need suitable classes and competent teachers. The object of the classes should be the development of mediumship for phenomenal or speaking purposes, under such conditions as experience on our side and knowledge on the spirit-side may suggest as being best.

We likewise need some method of meeting the social side of our people's nature, of uniting them through their fraternal sympathies, which shall give some color to our repeated aspirations after brotherhood and comradeship.

Societies, Children's Lyceums, and propaganda work are requisites we cannot dispense with, while all societies should realize their duty toward our young and the need of the existence of such Lyceums for their benefit. Through the splendid devotion of our Lyceum workers, these schools are being recognized as necessities for every properly constituted society and the training-ground for future workers.

The reader closed his essay with saying: "I want to see more of Spiritualism in daily action, more life and less talk. I want to see us all living lives that will invite angels to commune with us. I want to see us preparing our minds to receive the highest inspirations from the life beyond. I want to see us doing more of our duty to our young people, our members, and our workers. For the nature of the effect we produce upon the outside world will at all times be proportionate to our efficiency within our own ranks."

Spirits Guide the Movement.

A new era is dawning in regard to the Philosophy of Spiritualism, its phenomena and its mediums, which have been kept for many years in the background, principally in consequence of the gross, selfish policy which has been, and still is, manifesting itself in our ranks through spiritualistic schemers, who evidently care nothing for the good of the Cause, but rather how much honor and money they may make out of it, not dreaming they are watched by excommunicated individuals, whose plans they are at present antagonizing.

Remember that this is the day of judgment, and that those who have the light, and use it solely for mercenary purposes, will deeply regret the course they are pursuing. We speak in no condemnatory mood; only to show that those who seem at the present time to be planning to aggrandize themselves at the expense of our holy Cause, will find that the great organized forces in spirit-life will see to it that the power delegated to them from the celestial world will not permit any mundane trespassers to usurp the former's prerogatives. But the good work will go on the same notwithstanding, while new men, like Mr. Stead of London, and other honest investigators, will achieve not only fame for their judicious, liberal action, but will be blessed by the excommunicated, who are bound to let earth's people know they are still living entities, with all their mental faculties sharpened by the knowledge they have acquired since passing to the higher life.

LE CŒUR.—A new spiritualistic review has just appeared. Its title is *Le Cœur*; its editor is M. Jules Bois, a name well-known in the literary world as well as in that part of the world that is studying experimental Spiritualism. If we can judge from the past history of the editor, and from some passages in the number that has just appeared, *Le Cœur* will be a powerful defender of our philosophical and scientific ideas.

"Rey." Mr. John H. Dabman, who signs himself "minister of the Gospel," has just issued a work consisting of several hundred pages against Modern Spiritualism, which book he has kindly sent to THE BANNER for review. We hope to accommodate him in a thorough manner, when our time permits.

Since our last acknowledgment of funds sent to THE BANNER in aid of Mrs. ANNIE LORD CHAMBERLAIN, we have received the following: From F. S. H., \$1.00; from Columbus Wells, \$2.00.

Let no reader of this issue fail to peruse Dr. F. L. H. Willis' grand tribute (second page) to the inspired founder of Universalism.

A Liberal Sermon.

Before the recent Massachusetts Convention of Congregational ministers in Boston was preached a sermon of unusual thoughtfulness in the direction of Liberalism by Rev. Samuel C. Beane of Newburyport, which is fairly entitled to a wider notice than could be extended to it by that particular body. His text was the sixth verse of the twelfth chapter of Matthew: "But I say unto you that in this place is one greater than the temple." Jesus was rebuking the Pharisees for their criticism of his and his disciples' plucking the ears of corn on the Sabbath, as they walked hungering through the cornfield. The preacher maintained that one of the most obvious aims of Jesus was his emancipation of the soul from the thralldom of human institutions, and making them implements to assist man's spiritual being instead of tyrants to compel. And he asked—has not every important revolution in Christendom, from that time to this, been a wrestle of individual souls with ecclesiastical and political establishments, not to destroy the one for the rising up of the other, but to award to the one service and to the other sovereignty?

He said that this issue, recurring from age to age, was revived in that revolution in England from which Puritan Congregationalism derived its origin; and for this principle, in the struggle not yet accomplished, does the Massachusetts congregation of ministers stand—namely, the supremacy of the spirit over human institutions. For a long time the human soul has been deeply concerned regarding its relations to the material universe, and systems of philosophy have arisen to define those relations; but the question before all and through all has been, how practically to surmount the world that it may not stand between the soul and the Soul of souls. Puritanism furnished the most determined vigor of the Protestant Reformation; in its last analysis it was not a particular type of theology, or a particular school of ascetic discipline; it was not chiefly a resistance to civil oppression, or a contention with ecclesiastical authority. In its essential meaning, it was the highest billow of the long rising tide that would sweep all earthly and social obstructions from between the soul of man and the soul of the Infinite.

The speaker thought there was special need to insist on these truths in the present age, when there is a tendency and a persuasion to say the same words and go through the same forms. History shows that uniformity does not tend to promote religious experience. Uniformity, as uniformity, is as demoralizing in our religious life as in our social circles. Our spiritual need is more private dealing with God. Let the individual soul in its relations to God be thrown more upon its own resources. Let us not forget that there is no piety but personal piety.

1793—American Independence—1893.

One hundred years ago, 1793, independence from Great Britain was duly celebrated in this city with more genuine patriotism than it is to-day. Then it was noted for its republican simplicity: to-day, with its foreign population, it is saddled with a plethora of amusements entirely foreign to the Grand Day that hailed the independence of its citizens from a foreign yoke by our forefathers. Then our nation's natal day was ushered in with the discharge of artillery, the ringing of bells, etc., the same as now; there was no boat-racing, no ball-playing; but, instead, they had musical exhibitions, wherein intellect excelled over brute force, and patriotic poems were delivered. One was entitled an "Ode to Independence." Then came an original anthem, of the high hallelujah metre, "Columbia, Columbia, to Glory Arise," which is quoted below:

"Hail! the first, the greatest blessing
God hath given to man below;
Hail to Freedom, Independence,
Boundless, boundless may they flow!
Favored people, blest Columbia, happy nation;
Freedom, Peace be ever thine.
Give to God the power and glory,
Own 'twas His almighty hand,
Which from Britain's yoke conducted
Patriot heroes to this land.
Then a desert, waste and howling, then a desert,
Now the asylum of the earth.
Who subdued the warlike savage,
Sifted, hunter of the woods?
Who gave to us the glorious
In the cloud of pillar stood?
'T was Jehovah, 't was Jehovah, 't was Jehovah,
Universal Nature's Lord.
When a parent to the children
Scorpions gave instead of bread,
Who discerning good from evil,
Hungry babes with plenty fed?
Shout Jehovah, ring Jehovah, shout Jehovah,
Praises, praises be to Him.
High exalted, firmly seated,
Independent, Sovereign free!
May Columbia's grateful millions
Glory give to Thee, O God,
Might, dominion, praises, blessings, glory, glory,
All the glory, Lord, be thine.
Ev'ry nation, all the kingdoms,
Bless, O bless, Eternal One!
Man adoring, angels hymning,
Rapture feeling, transports shouting, praises sound—
Sing,
Hail! they cry, Amen! Amen!"

The oration by Hon. John Quincy Adams was unsurpassed, the record says, as to literary merit, which was delivered in the "Old South Meeting-House." Then the authorities adjourned to the "Green Dragon" tavern, where they satisfied the "inner man," about the same, we presume, as their descendants do to-day. The regular toasts, fifteen in number, were decidedly patriotic, and elicited unbounded encores. One—the thirteenth—was strongly put, as follows: "May the Hercules of Liberty, who, while an infant in this country, strangled the serpents of Britain, destroy in Europe the Hydra of faction, and cleanse the Augean stable of monarchy." So mote it be.

We have often wondered why scientists have never more fully analyzed the seeds of the lemon, surrounded as they are by a powerful acid, which the senior editor of this paper has clairvoyantly observed is alive with animalcules—"microbes," some say, which later are considered detrimental to human life. It is a well-known fact that dry Havana sugar is alive with such "microbes." It is only dead microbes introduced into the human system that cause disease. Scientists have never had a definite idea of this fact until very recently, while we have been cognizant of it for a long time. Will some of our active, aspiring psychic adventurers, who are claiming already to know the whole source and scope of the spiritual phenomena, now look into the more "occult" phenomenon of the chemistry of human life, and in their wisdom "tell us all about it?"

Albert Schaefer, who is described to us as a middle-aged man of good habits and temperament, and a Spiritualist of long standing—but who by reason of past illness is at present in needy circumstances—desires a situation to assist some old gentleman wishing a nurse, or some one to make himself useful at light work about the house. Address him 1800 Taylor street, San Francisco, Cal.

Aid for Dr. Bland.

We last week printed the Appeal made in behalf of Dr. T. A. Bland, the Indian's Friend, which Messrs. Hyron Sunderland (pastor First Presbyterian Church, Washington,) and Alex. Kent (President of the National Indian Defense Association,) addressed to the BANNER publishers, and through them to the friends generally. In that Appeal it was stated that by pursuing his unselfish course in life, devoting his dearest energies to the righting of the wrongs of the red man, Dr. Bland finds himself at sixty-three years of age in impaired health, and embarrassed by debts amounting to \$1000.

We endorsed this Appeal, and subscribed our mite to its object, hoping that others would do likewise. We have since received a letter from Prof. J. Jay Watson of New York, (which will appear next week) enclosing \$2 for this worthy purpose—from which letter the following extract is made:

"I am touched deeply concerning the case of Dr. Bland. I wish I were rich; I would do more to assist him. As it is I enclose \$2 toward the fund. I am ready to do all in my power for the good man. I purpose meeting some friends at once, and will read Mr. Sunderland's letter to them, and hope to be able to report good results."

The Fund, as far as THE BANNER is concerned, stands at the present time:

Colby & Rich.....\$5.00
Watneke.....2.00
J. Jay Watson.....2.00
"Sagoyewatha".....1.00

Married:

In Rockland, Me., June 20th, Freeman W. Smith of Rockland, and Matilda H. Cushing of Hyde Park, Mass.

The bride will be remembered as the well-known Secretary of the Verona Park Association. She has been for several years a teacher in the Hyde Park schools, and is a lady of refinement and accomplishments. She has also been identified with the meetings at the Temple (Newbury and Exeter streets), Boston. THE BANNER wishes health and happiness to the newly-wedded couple.

"Echoes from the World of Song."

C. PAYSON LONGLEY's new musical publication is now ready for sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore, and by the author. The book contains fifty-eight beautiful songs, with music and chorus; is handsomely bound in cloth, with gilt illustration upon the cover, and contains a lithographic frontispiece, bearing excellent likenesses of Mr. and Mrs. Longley, with a symbolic picture. The plates of these songs are sheet music size. Price \$1.50 per copy, postpaid.

Gov. Flower of New York has signed a bill permitting the incorporation of a cooperative community, which is to organize and develop into a city that will be an entirely new thing in municipal government. The new city is to be located near Lewiston, in Niagara County, and the citizens are to be shareholders in the municipal corporation. They will as stockholders own all the land, all the electric light or power, gas and water plants, and all the railroads within its limits. Everything is to belong to and be controlled by the citizens. Yet private rights are not to suffer extinction. The power from Niagara River can be made available, the city being located on a bluff overlooking the stream. The idea reached for in the case is to secure equal, just, and as nearly as possible, perfect conditions in municipal and industrial life. Such perfection has not yet been reached. In these cases, except at rare intervals, as in Shaker societies and families, and it is perfectly easy to decry this latest effort to realize the ideal in government and conditions of labor. It is often said that such an experiment must have for its basis ideal individual character; but if that is not yet attained, it nevertheless is made apparent that there is a ceaseless desire to realize it on one side and the other, which will never cease till success is at last attained.

The destruction of garbage and waste by cremation has been successfully tried in several cities, and scientific authority pronounces it the cleanest, safest, and in all respects the best method of what would otherwise be a standing menace to public safety. It is pretty well understood what danger exists in the drainage of sewerage into the rivers and ocean, and along the Massachusetts coast the bathing at a number of the smaller beaches has been spoiled by the casting up of this refuse. After being subjected to the destroying action of fire, the garbage can be sold and used for fertilizers, and thus return some measure of profit to offset the original cost of a crematory. The odor from the furnace chimney is absolutely nil, on account of the intensity of the heat. The system is in operation to a degree in Boston, and the city of Fitchburg has very recently adopted it. A number of letters are published in a Philadelphia paper from the mayors of various cities, and all favor the crematory furnace. All the garbage is burned. Horses, cows and other dead animals are cremated. It is one of the forward steps of our modern civilization. Neatness, health, purification—everything that tends to the perfection of sanitary conditions—are in order now, that humanity may exist on a higher plane.

At a recent Convergence of the London Spiritualist Alliance, assembled in the banquet hall, St. James's Hall—E. Dawson Rogers, President, in the chair—J. J. Morse eloquently addressed a large assembly on "The Privileges and Responsibilities of Spiritualists." His remarks—delivered while entranced—were received with evident satisfaction, and at the close a vote of thanks was extended to "Tien," his celebrated Chinese control, well known to the Spiritualists of America and England. The remainder of the session was devoted to music and the social interchange of thought. The program included numbers by Miss Everett, Miss Clementine Ward, Mrs. Hamilton Tetley and Mr. Tidbury. Prof. Carlyle Peterale delighted the audience with his rendition of the classics on the pianoforte.

THE THEOSOPHIST for June—published at Madras, India—opens with a continuation of "Old Diary Leaves," in which H. S. Olcott still further discusses the production of "Isis"; "Theosophy and Life," which follows, is an address delivered to the Dublin Theosophists by Herbert Burrows; "Sorcery—Medieval and Modern," by W. R. Old, is concluded; "Astrology under the Caesars" is a deeply interesting paper from the pen of A. Bannon; "Colors," "White Lotus Day," and "Modern Indian Magic and Magicians" are short articles that will prove instructive reading to all who are interested in the subject of Theosophy. For sale by Colby & Rich.

The Spiritualist Camp Meetings are in full bloom all around the compass, as the vivid reports in these columns indicate. Don't forget the opening day at Onset, which occurs next Sunday, the 9th.

A Valuable Work.

One of the very best books extant for the enlightenment of those seeking knowledge of Modern Spiritualism, its Phenomena and its Philosophy, is the grand work entitled

"IMMORTALITY DEMONSTRATED
THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP
OF MRS. J. H. CONANT."

Who was a public medium at the BANNER OF LIGHT office for nineteen years.

Even the new generation of Spiritualists, who are more or less familiar with the phenomena, but have never read this book, will gain additional information by its perusal.

It is for sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore. Price \$1.25, postage 12 cents.

Spiritualists visiting the ONSET BAY CAMP-MEETING this summer should bear in mind that THE BANNER OF LIGHT will be for sale at the Headquarters Building during the season; and copies of the Books published by COLBY & RICH of Boston, may be had at our Branch Bookstore, which is in charge of Mrs. H. E. JONES.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1898.

CHICAGO AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

BY HENRY LACHOIX.

As an American by "choice," and not by chance, as Robert Dale Owen once said in the Senate, I claim to know whereof I speak. Some come to this world and land in this or that country to undergo through a lifetime such or such other circumstances—being driven to do so—while the minority take themselves to be and to select for themselves. I range myself under that class.

As a Hoosier and Wolverine, by conception and birth, belonging to two States, Indiana and Michigan, and cosmopolitan beside and above all—I claim to belong as much to one world as to another, visible or invisible—that is my introduction.

Geography and chemistry go together, hand in hand, to make countries and parts of them what they are, and so it has turned out that this great West is looked upon by the world at large as the greatest granary, and the fondest hope of those who suffer and try to better their lot. From every country floods of human beings take this course, and settle here, over this vast, immense and bountiful bosom of motherland, to thrive on and form in time to come, with other regions of the Republic, the greatest country that has ever had an existence. Over sixty millions, at this day, it counts; and yet I remember well when it was but thirty odd millions. I remember well, indeed, in my youthful days, when this great West was but a virgin forest, as I might almost say; when Chicago had but one lone house, built by Beaubien, a French Canadian *trap-pur*: when no roads existed from one place to another—Indians everywhere claiming the soil as their own, where now surveyors have passed, divided and subdivided the land which had laid dormant so long. "Wolverine" Michigan may well have been named, as I recollect, when a boy, that the wolves would at night come and howl at the windows of my father's house, and set me trembling all over.

Reared among Indians and few whites, who lived mostly apart, at great distances from one another, nature in its almost primitive state was my first teacher. And to roam about has ever been since my main proclivity. I move about to know more. That is a practical way of learning. It polishes the prejudices, which wall in every nationality and its members. I stopped on the way at my native place, Monroe, Mich., which was formerly called River Raisin. It was also the home of Gen. Custer. I met there a few members of my family, and went around familiar spots, where a large troop of Kentuckians were massacred by the Indians, led by English officers, in 1812. My attention was there attracted by an old pear tree, dating back about the same time. I knew it, and its slight pleased me much indeed. Memory has a sacred halo as an atmosphere.

But to return to my subject: Chicago! Why, that name is magical, and is known the world over, even in the remotest and darkest spots of Africa. Chicago is a success which has eclipsed all others, either of the past or present. I often call it the *marshroom* city, and it deserves that name. Young men from down East have been the main builders of this extraordinary city. Yankee brains, principally, have wrought out this modern *miracle*—as it might be called; but those brains rested on young shoulders, active limbs accustomed to hard work, and who knew how to take hold of it. Western people never would have been able to achieve that enterprise or success, because they are too free and easy, conservative-like and fond of *far niente*. The spirit of the West, as exemplified in Detroit and St. Louis, where old foginess still prevails, has always been adverse to Chicago. It always predicted its downfall—but the Queen of the Great Lakes kept on her upward dashing course, unheeding every such jealous prediction. A close and continuous network system of twenty one railways, extending out in every direction, has been the means employed here to compete with the natural courses of the Mississippi and Missouri rivers, which center at St. Louis. The Western Car of Progress is moving rapidly, and the reins are held in—Chicago.

Before the great fire of 1871, which almost annihilated this city, I had come here and noted things as they appeared to me. As an observer, so fitted things, I had stated in a newspaper article which I then wrote, that young men here were at the head of every enterprise and corporation, and that they understood and carried through the correct principles of business: of helping up those who failed, instead of leaving them down as stumbling-blocks to others. I believe that the same good system still exists. Moral principles carried out in business can but help it on, and it enables those who practice them. The only other city in the world that I noticed as approaching Chicago in the above remarks is Marseille, France.

Two days after the great fire I was here, and, as I stood looking on the immense desolation, I was moved beyond control, and the tears dropped from my eyes. The body of Chicago was almost all destroyed, but its spirit was already up and stirring. Wooden shanties were already being erected over the still warm embers, and goods piled in them. Chicago thus stood the terrible ordeal, and rose from its ashes fiercer and stronger than ever. And the whole world came gladly to the rescue, willing and anxious to help the brave city in its hour of distress. It was a grand display of fine feelings to see foreign nations running with their offerings, as if afraid to be too late. They were being obliged by obliging. Never before in the history of humanity had such a scene been enacted. As the great favorite of the world Chicago bids fair, with a million and a half inhabitants already, to stride the future with more gigantic steps still, and deserve more and more the good wishes and encouragements it has received.

Pigmees of all shapes and colors rise on tip-toes to cast slurs at Chicago, but venom of any kind does not hurt it. Later, the *New York Sun* sent poisoned arrows into the flanks of Chicago, under the caption of an "Englishman's" views, but as its editor had been here a short time previously the mask became too transparent. The papers here called it a "sour grape" story, and I dare say it was so. It is true that New York would have been the fittest place as a Fair ground; for the commodity of Europeans; but Chicago's smartness prevailed. That's all.

Chicago's climate is very trying to weak constitu-

tions. Four seasons in one day is one of the occurrences to be met here occasionally; and the smoke, as in St. Louis, Pittsburgh and London, floats overhead in thick layers, rather too often.

The activity that prevails in this city is something phenomenal, and it never ceases confusion. There is plenty of room, at this time even, for all the crowds that rush in from every quarter; and, as to "Fair prices," they are not excessive, as claimed by alarmists. Know how to steer your own ship, and it turns out all right. That is my experience, and I go by that rule everywhere.

Chicago is as much a "sight" as the Fair itself—without disparagement to the latter. It is *unique* of its kind, in every sense of the word. Some call it the "wickedest place in the world," as New York used to be named some years ago. The fact of it is, that it is composed of human beings, purely and simply. Where much activity exists all the strangest scenes are sure to come out, but motion, after all, is the surest index of prosperity and progress. So long as one moves he is all right.

Chicago is "running down hill" has ever been the hue and cry of those who could not keep up with her in her upward course. Even in this affair of the Exposition it was to be a "downright failure," and the Sabbath question connected with it was a "monstrosity" which would not be tolerated by the Government or people. Facts, however, are there, evident enough to prove that Chicago's success on those two points rested on her ability to count, to plan out well, and to realize her natural and legal rights of a free city within a free country.

The Sabbath day is now getting to be rather *hote y*, with all the punching at it. As in Paris, it will some day become as free a day as any other of the week. In that respect the West is teaching a lesson to the down East, where Puritanism held sway. That is owing to the foreign element so largely introduced here, which is bound to keep up some of its good ways and doings. The fact of it is that Sunday now in Chicago is getting to be civilized. It is not certainly clerical, either in men or deportment. The divines are decidedly losing ground and influence, as in Pagan times, when the temples were shunned and the gods and goddesses were thrown off their pedestals. Rejection in everything is always sure to take place, to change and ameliorate the established order and prevailing system. But it must be expected to see the teachers of "death" die a hard death. They will cling hard to life, or rather its material benefits, as long as they possibly can, struggling on for power and influence over the "lambs," until these become rams.

There was a time in the short history of Chicago, such as twenty-five or thirty years ago, when the rough element of the population made the city a rather unsafe place, principally at night. It was much of a "gambling hell," such as "Frisco" was at the start. Many murders were of nightly occurrence. That state of things exists no more—not for any want of latent provision in that way, but because of the stringency of measures adopted by the city government to keep down the rough and fiery element from blazing. There is in this city a great number of rough men and women, young and old, literal wrecks and demoralized subjects, hailing principally from other cities and foreign countries. The best evidence of their existence here, in large numbers, is the immense quantity of bar-rooms, or *sample* rooms, as they are called. Chicago beats the whole world for its number of licenses, and the revenue therefrom is about five million dollars, viz., 10,000 licenses at five hundred dollars each. Most of those so-called saloons, sample-rooms, restaurants, dancing-rooms, etc., are neither more nor less than gambling houses.

The moral status of a population, like that of a single individual, is easily appreciated by any one gifted with sufficient sensitive powers. The simple contact is enough to give the exact gauge. By that process I have found here still a great deal of crude substance which requires to be used psycho-chemically in various ways, so as to render it of general benefit. But it were well, to begin with, to cut down the number of licenses, instead of increasing them; that would have also an effect on profligacy, which claims here too much space of the sidewalks, and besmirches many of the best streets with its bold and unrestrained occupancy.

Chicago is still at that age of adolescence when the passions surge up like lava and threaten to become dangerous to the general weal. It is a difficult age to go through, on a collective or individual scale. Every one can understand that, as every one old enough has gone through that experience. Harshness in such cases is not the best policy. The large daily addition to the population here, mostly of a heterogeneous kind, makes it a difficult matter, as yet, to adopt a uniform system of treatment. But the time will come when Chicago will be as much a model city as Boston and Philadelphia, in the general moral sense. I am sure of that.

The common restaurants, which down East are generally well kept and provided, are here miserably instituted. The guests are served as if they were backwoodsmen. It is much better in St. Louis. In the better class of restaurants the prices are as high as in Washington—which is no compliment. The prices also in good stores are much higher than down East, including men's furnishings, such as boots and shoes, hats, rubbers, etc.

Much ado about Eulalia!—and the representative of Columbus has gone by, and the popular level is resumed. Men and women are but grown-up children, we may well repeat. They want here what they have not—titles and hereditary lineage, as in Europe. Oh, republicans! There are "nobles" in this country, in Lodges, and they sport out, in corps and *encore*, to their own delight and that of yawning crowds. The process of making a *man* out of a human animal is a long one. Progress is slow, but happily it is sure.

The liberal profession of the "case" is well represented here. It occupies a high platform and deals out much general information, in the style of the *New York World*. It displays much originality and proficiency in handling questions and news. It is cheap and voluminous, so much so as to stagger the reader not accustomed to such liberality.

Chicago, as an eighteen-mile city in length, is a big, big city; almost everything about it is big; its streets, edifices of many of ten and twelve stories high, without including the ugly Masole Temple of twenty-one stories, its palatial hotels, some of one thousand and eleven hundred rooms, such as the *Auditorium*—and, beside, the World's Fair, which covers the largest and finest site of grounds yet used for that purpose anywhere. With all that accumulation of space, of wealth, comfort and luxury—the two latter extended even among the working classes to a great extent—with all that, I say, Chicago is not a proud or bombastic city. She has no time, indeed, to indulge in such glamour, such idle ways and means. She is hard at work all the time, planning, engineering, increasing her operations and competing here and there against all sorts of difficulties and opposition. But one thing lacking in Chicago is good water.

[To be continued.]

Visiting Bellano after the earthquake, we were taken by our guide to a handsome palazzo belonging to one of the patrician families of the place. It was built in the Venetian style, with marble pillars and staircases, and a central hall from which the living rooms opened. The house still stood, although in a ruinous condition. Beneath one side of the hall ran a range of stables, tenanted by some fine horses of which the owner was extremely fond. On the night before the earthquake these animals kept up a constant stamping and pawing, the noise echoing through the corridors. More than once the head groom and once the master himself went into the stables to see what might be amiss. The horses were in a strange and unaccountable state of agitation, but they could discover nothing else. In what way the coming convulsion was conveyed to their senses who can say? For these dumb beasts evidently had a knowledge of it, denied to man.—T. O. Trollope's Reminiscences.

A church at Fostoria, O., has made up its mind to purchase four hundred little white glass balls, and to use them in the service of the church. This seems to be a case where cold, practical materialism has entered the very precincts of the spiritual.—Indianapolis News.

Spiritualist Camps.

Lake Pleasant.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]

The month of June closes with matters lively here, and a good prospect of a successful season. Each season adds to the number of cottages, so that we have grown to a large summer city. Our citizenship is made up largely of representative people, who come long distances and from widely different localities. As a health resort, Lake Pleasant has more than a local reputation, and the fine intellectual program arranged by the Association serves to attract and interest. That it will continue to grow with the passing years, is more than probable.

With saddened heart we chronicle the demise of Miss Agnes L. Harrington of Barnardston, at the age of twenty-three years. The messenger came on the afternoon of June 23d, and peacefully she passed to the world beyond.

Miss Harrington was well known to the people of Lake Pleasant, having been here for several seasons. She was a brilliant scholar, a talented elocutionist, a faithful school teacher and a lady of culture and refinement. Her death, therefore, was held in the highest esteem by her associates. The memory of her life-work here will ever be fragrant, and some sweet day there will be the "welcome of her beckoning hand."

The funeral service of Mrs. Ripley was held on Sunday, June 25th, at the residence of her son, Mr. N. S. Henry, and was largely attended by the campers in general. The plate upon the casket bore the simple inscription:

"Mrs. Anna Ripley, age 32 y." It was the expressed wish of the deceased that Mrs. Clara H. Banks should speak at her funeral, and in accordance Mrs. Banks was present and officiated. Her address was given, and an emotional exercise upon the organ by Mrs. Katie M. Wentworth of New York, followed by an invocation by Mrs. Banks. Mrs. Addie P. Young of Haverhill then sang: "My Home in the Bright Spirit-Land."

With impassioned eloquence and an earnestness seldom equalled, Mrs. Banks then spoke of the long and eventful life work and character of the deceased, now concluded in the sweetest month of all the year. She was old in years; in nothing else, for her heart was always young. She only took the physical, to mingle again with the elements, but the real survivors and lives eternally. Every soul present, in silence should look up and thank God for life, and above all to know that out of the pain and weariness of the present will come the joy of the future, and every one should say this in memory of Mother Ripley.

The service concluded with the rendering of "Home, Sweet Home."

At the grave a benediction was pronounced, and then "earth to earth."

NOTES.

The Ladies' Improvement Society will hold a grand Fair and Festival some week during August, the date to be hereafter announced. All interested are invited to contribute articles for the sale-tables, and to assist in general in making the grandest festival occasion ever held at Lake Pleasant.

The First Universalist Society of North Adams will have its annual outing here July 13th. Dr. D. D. Hoadley, who has just arrived, and opened a restaurant and grocery store. Recent comers—Miss Jennie Rishel, Mrs. A. E. Barnes, Mr. Bertie Blinn of Boston, Mrs. Fiske of Worcester, and Mr. Lewis Putnam of Brattleboro, Vt. are among the new arrivals. The outing will be under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hayes of Haverhill. As a musical director Mr. Hayes has but few equals.

Lake Pleasant, Mass., July 1st, 1898.

Notes from Cassadaga.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

The grounds are now, after the recent heavy rains, even more beautiful than before; flowers bloom in rich abundance and great variety, and as the weather is all that could possibly be desired, the attendance is increasing with the arrival of every train. So greatly extended is the accommodation that though large numbers are daily pouring in, there seems always ample room for fresh arrivals in the excellently kept hotel and the many new cottages which have sprung up in almost incredible abundance. Sunday, June 26th, was not a clement day; nevertheless the public exercises, which were held in the Auditorium at 10:30 A. M. and in Library Hall at 2 P. M. W. J. Colville officiated at both services, assisted by Prof. Morris, organist, and Mr. J. T. Little, vocalist. Mr. Morris, who presided with his usual grace and geniality, proposed as the topic of the morning discourse, "The Ideal of the Real." Upon this fruitful and exalted theme it was not difficult for an inspirational orator to rise to almost exceptional heights of eloquence and fervor.

In the afternoon the subjects furnished by the audience were "The Purpose of Creation," "Mormonism," "Self Assertion," and "Obsession." The lecturer skillfully combined these four distinctly related themes in a powerful and instructive lecture, which received the enthusiastic plaudits of the assembly. The poems following the addresses were also particularly fine.

The day lectures in the Octagon call together large and representative gatherings. Those who attend them speak in the highest terms of the clear and interesting manner in which the most abstruse questions are answered. Several reports have been taken and turned for publication in the *Banner of Light* whenever the editors find room in their always well-filled columns.

On Thursday and Saturday evenings, June 29th and July 1st, entertainments were given in Library Hall for the purchase of new reading-room furniture, which is one of the most enjoyable and appreciated institutions connected with the Camp; and as many families live on the grounds through the long winter season, the library is a most valuable and appreciated institution. Mrs. Morris, Mr. Morris, Mr. Little, Miss Danforth, Mrs. Stearns, Mrs. Tillingshast and Mr. Pleging, all of whom contributed something of real interest to the cause.

There are a number of active workers now in camp, and among them no one is creating a better impression than Mrs. Andrews, the talented actress, who is now giving lessons every morning to a large class of ladies in dramatics. Mr. Pleging is very actively promulgating excellent ideas in harmony, by the aid of the Shafsbury College system, which he represents and advocates. Mrs. Geraldine Morris arrived June 30th, and is now instructing the audience in the art of singing, and helping Mrs. Tillingshast with the children. Mrs. Morris is thoroughly at ease in kindergarten work, in which she takes great pleasure, and which she has been teaching for many years.

W. J. Colville has not only done an immense amount of work at Cassadaga Camp during the past month, but has also lectured in Buffalo and Jamestown, and has just responded to a call to attend the convention of the American Spiritualists Association at the annual meeting July 8th and 9th. He will return at the earliest possible moment, so as not to disappoint the large audiences at Cassadaga, who seem always hungry for instruction.

Our next letter we will chronicle the Fourth of July festival.

GUSTAV WOLF.

Lake Orion, Mich.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

I was present at the Lake Orion Camp Meeting during its session from the 10th to the 20th of June. By some it was expected that, its eleventh meeting, might be its last, but the prospects changed very much toward the close, and in the selection of new officers enthusiasm and confidence were shown; the future of Lake Orion Camp-Meeting may be said to be assured.

Mr. W. A. Mansfield, the clairvoyant and slate-writing medium, interested and satisfied many with his wonderful seances; Dr. A. B. Spinnery, of this city, gave the closing lectures on Sunday, the 19th, and he is a special command for his enthusiastic eloquence. Mrs. Robinson of Port Huron was the speaker and test medium for the first half of the meeting. Mrs. Bodie of this city occupied the room several times. The conference meeting every morning was of interest, and the prospect of the Society at closing were never better. It is expected that very many changes will be introduced and greater publicity will be given to the meetings in the future. There is no locality more enjoyable in the State for a summer resort for those who desire quite a number of Detroit citizens; it is only forty miles from the city, on the Bay City Railroad. There are here a beautiful lake interspersed with several islands, and the Camp is on the islands with the bridge from the main land—hotels and boarding-houses in abundance, steam yacht and row-boats at reasonable prices. The Camp will be heard from more extensively another season.

Detroit, Mich.

Lake Brady, O.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

The East and West Side Lyceums held their Annual Camp-Meeting at this beautiful summer resort on Sunday, June 25th. A beautiful day, large attendance and a good time, made the occasion memorable one. The closing exercises were given by Mrs. Robinson of Port Huron, who gave a very fine address on "The To-Morrow of Death," and Mr. Harry W. Archer of Cincinnati followed with some excellent platform tests. The Alliance and both Lyceums will take a vacation during the summer months, and on reassembling, the Children's Progressive Lyceum will meet in Army and Navy Hall.

The Formal Opening of the Lake Brady Camp-Meeting took place Sunday, July 2d, at 10 A. M.

Howe as speaker in the morning, and Mrs. Cora L. V.

Richmond in the afternoon. Report will be forwarded for next issue.

Everything is now in readiness for a large attendance at the grounds, the fine array of speakers, and the many potent test and physical medium, cannot fail to attract the Spiritualists of Ohio and surrounding States, and also the investigators. Prominent among the mediums engaged during the season are: Mrs. W. W. Emerson, Frank W. Ripley, J. Frank Baxley, Fred P. Evans, Frank W. Archer, Harvey Chase, M. A. Campbell, John Randall, Charles Barnes, Mrs. Elmo Moss, A. Willis, etc.

Excursion trains will leave Cleveland, Canton and Southern Railroad depot every Sunday at 8 A. M., standard time.

The ladies of the Newburgh Lake Brady Auxiliary have a capacious tent on the grounds, as also has the Good Samaritan Society of Cleveland.

THOMAS LEE, Special Cor.

Report of the Proceedings at the

Quarterly Convention of the Vermont State Spiritualist Association at Morrisville, Vt., June 9th, 10th and 11th, 1898.

To the Editors of the Banner of Light:

First session, Friday, 2 o'clock P. M., in the Town Hall; Mrs. Kate Stafford, Vice President, presided; after singing by the choir, and invocation by Mrs. Abbie W. Cressett, a conference was participated in by Abbie W. Cressett, Emma L. Paul, Mrs. Kate Stafford, Dr. S. N. Gould, and others; after singing by the choir, adjourned till 7:30 P. M.

Friday Evening—President Smith in the chair; after singing by the choir, and invocation by Abbie W. Cressett, A. F. Hubbard gave a fine, logical lecture, followed by a few timely remarks from Mrs. Clara H. Banks (Mass.); after singing, adjourned till 9:30 Saturday A. M.

Saturday, June 10th, 9:30 A. M., President Smith in the chair; a short conference; remarks by Dr. E. A. Smith, S. N. Gould, Mrs. E. L. Paul and Mrs. Clara H. Banks. After a fine selection by the choir Lucius H. Banks gave an interesting lecture, followed by Edgar W. Emerson (Manchester, N. H.), giving tests, which were nearly all recognized; adjourned till 2 o'clock P. M.

Saturday P. M.—Singing by the choir; short conference; participation in speech by George Bush and others; singing by the choir. Mrs. Sarah A. Wiley, Vice President of the Equal Rights Association, then took the chair, and after a few remarks introduced Clara H. Banks (engaged by that Association), who made a fine logical and powerful address to the women of Vermont, upon the subject of Equal Rights. Mrs. E. M. Paul gave a report of what has been done by the Association up to the present time. Adjourned till 7:30 P. M.

Saturday Evening—President E. A. Smith in the chair; an entertainment was given, consisting of singing artistically rendered by the choir, and fine recitations by Miss Ethelma Gould and Miss Madge Gould, also tests, given by Edgar W. Emerson; about forty mediums present, nearly all recognized. Adjourned till 9:30 Sunday morning.

Sunday Morning—President E. A. Smith presiding. Conference, participated in by W. H. Parisi, Geo. W. Ripley, Sabon Scott, A. F. Hubbard and Mrs. Clara H. Banks. After singing, Mrs. Sarah A. Wiley gave the first lecture of the morning; Mrs. Sarah A. Wiley followed with words of love and tenderness that touched the hearts of all present; after singing, Edgar W. Emerson gave very satisfactory tests. Adjourned till 2 o'clock P. M.

Sunday Afternoon—President E. A. Smith in chair. Singing and short conference; Mrs. Emma L. Paul read one of Whittier's fine poems, after which Mrs. Clara H. Banks gave a very interesting lecture upon Spiritualism, followed by tests by Edgar W. Emerson. Adjourned till 7:30 P. M.

Sunday Evening—Met agreeable to adjournment. The closing session consisted of songs and duets by the choir, recitations by Miss Gould and Mrs. Paul, finely rendered; short speeches by Mr. Colburn, Mrs. Banks and Mr. Hubbard, and tests by Edgar W. Emerson.

Mr. Hubbard offered a resolution, tendering a vote of thanks to the speakers, mediums, and assistants who so kindly cared for us; to the railroad for reduced rates; and to one and all who had helped to make this Convention one largely attended and full of harmony.

Waterbury, Vt., June 22th, 1898.

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MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.

Knechtbocker Hall, 44 West 14th Street.—Meetings of the Ethical Spiritualists' Society each Sunday. Mrs. Helen Beattie Brigham, speaker.

Astrucum Hall, corner 54th Street and 4th Avenue.—Meetings every Sunday at 2 and 8 P. M. Talow; also public circle at 3 P. M. All are welcome.

Soul Community Meeting on Friday of each week, 3 P. M., at the residence of Mrs. Mary C. Morrell, 310 West 26th Street.

The New York Psychical Society, June 28th, closed its meetings for the season with a very enjoyable evening, and a very full house. The President commended THE BANNER as the best paper for news of the movements of mediums and speakers. For the benefit of semi-orthodox hearers he read a communication by Mr. Morris, and Mr. Morris, in turn, read a paper on "The Medium," also extracts from a good book, often on the parlor table, but seldom read, showing the exact similarity between the ancient and modern practice of resorting to prophets or mediums for spirit communication.

Mr. Hubbard offered a resolution, tendering a vote of thanks to the speakers, mediums, and assistants who so kindly cared for us; to the railroad for reduced rates; and to one and all who had helped to make this Convention one largely attended and full of harmony.

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